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THE SITUATION IN CUBA

Does Not Seem Encouraging to Cubans.

GLOOMY VIEW OF CONDITIONS.

American Capitalists Recently Purchased One of the Largest Sugar Estates on the Island.

HAVANA, September 24.—The Epoca, describing the present situation in Cuba, says: "There are two hundred thousand Spaniards in the island with the greater part of the little wealth which the country possesses. Their only offence is that they were recently in the political saddle as the rulers of the land. They still possess much influence. There are 500,000 men of the African race among us, former slaves or the descendants of slaves. These are fully convinced that they contributed the lion's share toward making the revolution a success, and they are just as well satisfied that in the hour of victory they have been awarded no part of the spoils. There are 500,000 white Cubans. Yet what remains to them but a few abandoned plantations and a limited number of unfenced cattle ranches without stock? There are 2,000 lawyers and 4,000 doctors. Are these the social and economic elements with which Cuba expects to form a nation and to construct an independent republic?"

"Our floating middle class, with all its personal characteristics, is broken down. Our aristocrats are demagogues, too proud to work and sincerely believing that the Government owes them a living. Our commerce is controlled by foreigners; our tobacco plantations and factories are owned by foreigners; our sugar estates are being bought by foreigners, and the Cuban merchant marine is owned and sailed by foreigners."

The Patria says: "Whatever the reasons the Cuban League and the Cuban National party have for keeping themselves distinct should be laid aside. The two organizations ought to amalgamate."

Cubans who are well informed as to local politics say many members of the national party are really determined to push Gen. Maximo Gomez to the front as soon as an opportune moment arrives.

It is asserted that Guaberto Gomez will hold off until all thought of Maximo Gomez as a common leader is absolutely repudiated.

Congressman R. B. Hawley, representing American capitalists, has purchased the Tinguaro sugar estate, one of the largest in Cuba, in the province of Matanzas. The estate includes 20,000 acres, which, with other large properties along the south coast that Mr. Hawley is arranging for, will, it is expected, produce 100,000,000 pounds of sugar. A large part of the land purchased is virgin soil, upon which \$1,500,000 will be expended, including the cost of improvements.

DISPENSARY SCANDALS.

Douthit, Ouzts, and Probably Others Selling Contraband Whiskey.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Sept. 23.—Concerning the situation at the dispensary Chairman Miles to-day gave out the following statement: "I don't care to have this matter exploited in the newspapers just at this time, until the committee investigating the contraband business makes a report."

"But so far as Mr. Ouzts is concerned I learned from good authority that he had been selling contraband liquor since the last meeting of the board. At that meeting, you will remember, Shipping Clerk Black made charges that contraband liquor was being sold, which did not appear on his books. The board passed a resolution that such liquor should not be sold by any employee to anybody. As chairman I personally informed Mr. Ouzts and Mr. Douthit of the action of the board."

"Having heard last evening that Mr. Ouzts had violated these instructions I called on him and asked him about it. He said that he had sold contraband but did it because Mr. Douthit had said it was all right."

"I did not know until this morning that Commissioner Douthit had been doing the same thing, else I would have suspended him along with Mr. Ouzts. I called on him and told him that such action was contrary to positive instructions, but decided not to suspend him awaiting the action of the board at its next meeting in October."

The intimations are that there are other things behind that Douthit and Ouzts will both be ousted.

It is a strong nature that will question the sincerity of its own imagination. Any fool can fall in love. It takes a wise man to fall on his feet.

It is believed in some quarters that A. J. S. may experience some difficulty in keeping his dictatorship straight.

Both Maine and Connecticut had narrow escapes from lynchings. If this thing keeps up the finger of scorn will be out of joint.

Prof. Atwater declares that man can live on alcohol and sugar. Why does the average man ignore the mint? The average man is polite to a lot of other men he would rather lick.

Never do to-day any wrong thing you can put off till to-morrow.

Germany seems a bit sly about falling in love with us, possibly fearing lest we get to resemble Mama at Mama's age.

Universal peace is the dream of the enthusiast and the nightmare of the army contractor; between the two it is likely to prove quite an impossibility.

Some men run for office and win in a walk.

VANDERBILT PECULIARITIES.

The Working Mania Monopolized by the Cornelius Branch—The Division of the Old Man's \$200,000,000.

New York, Sept. 15.—It seems generally to be agreed that Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt was an estimable citizen. He did not lead a double life. He attended strictly to business, went to church regularly, said his prayers and voted on election day. But he was outrageously rich. If the estimates of his wealth are even approximately correct he could have given a dollar to every man, woman and child in the whole United States and have had \$50,000,000 left for himself. The Sun says he was not particularly bright; but the Times think he was a man of great wisdom and that it was a fine thing for him that he grew up "with the notion that he had to earn his own living." Strange notion for a person of his wisdom, considering that his grandfathers was worth \$10,000,000. His brothers, William K. and George, don't seem to have grown up with that notion, yet they have done pretty well. If Cornelius had not tried to add, by personal effort, to the millions left him by his father he might not have been as rich as he became, but he would have been rich enough in all conscience and probably would have been alive to-day. His father died possessed of \$200,000,000, and just before his death he said: "The care of \$200,000,000 is too great a load for any brain or back to bear. I have no son whom I am willing to afflict with the terrible burden. I want my sons to divide it and share the worry which it will cost to keep it." His son's shared it willingly and it seems to have worried none of them but Cornelius and nobody cares if it did worry him, for it is impossible to arouse any sympathy for a man who worries because he is afraid some of his subordinate wealth will get away from him. A man who has \$200,000,000 in Government bonds is an ass to worry about money.

Cornelius, junior, will probably devote himself to business as his father did. After he left college he worked in a machine shop and became a mechanical engineer. He is a good draughtsman, and all the world has heard how he invented an improvement in freight engines which has proved a success. He married Miss Wilson, said to be ten years older than himself and not as rich as he. That was too bad, but he will have enough income to support her, I reckon.

The working mania seems to be monopolized by the Cornelius branch. William K. and his son, William K., seem disposed to take things easy. They spend their lives trying to have a good time. If they want anything they buy it. William K., Sr., bought a duke for his daughter. To offset this large expenditure a match was arranged between his son, William, and the enormously wealthy Miss Fair. In this case it didn't make any difference at all that the lady was older than the gentleman. They even took young Vanderbilt from college before he finished his studies, lest Miss Fair should change her mind.

THE VANDERBILTS WILL STILL GROW RICHER.

All the Vanderbilts are thrifty. A generation from now they will probably be worth billions. The proverb "rich as Vanderbilt" is likely to last a long time. Their railroads, wherein most of their wealth is, run through the richest sections of the Union and are bound to become more and more valuable as population increases and towns and cities grow and multiply. They can simply hold on to their stocks, receive dividends, and live like princes—finer and with far less care than princes, if they choose to. Indeed, why any of them should ever do a stroke of work is more than I can understand. Why work when you don't have to? Work is the penalty of sin. Nobody would want to go to Heaven if he thought he would be put to work the minute he got there. To carp at a rich man for not working is to be ridiculous.

Cornelius Vanderbilt was liberal as millionaires go. He gave large sums of money to public charities and public institutions of various sorts, and his private charities are believed to have been many. But of the generosity which means sacrifice he knew nothing. It cost him nothing to give. It is said that he remarked one day that he had that day received enough applications for aid to make a sum of money equal to his entire income for a year. Did he give all that was asked? Certainly not. But if he had he would not have had to discharge his ten-thousand-dollar-a-year check or deny himself in any particular whatever. A man as rich as he and as public spirited relieves considerable distress and helps hospitals, libraries and art galleries; but his vast wealth is not half so helpful to society as if it were distributed widely. If the money earned by the Vanderbilts in New York State went into the New York treasury, instead of into the pockets of the Vanderbilts, the benefit to the people as a whole would be a hundred times greater than any benefit to them from Vanderbilt charity. The people of New York get far more benefit from the Brooklyn bridge, which they own, than if the Vanderbilts owned it. Vast fortunes are mighty good things for their possessors; but they inevitably work injustice to the masses. It were better if there were more spendthrifts in our rich families.

The little man wants here below is a little more.

EARTHQUAKE IN ALASKA

Story of Terror and Danger on the Coast.

THE TIDAL WAVE TERRIBLE.

People Fly to the High Grounds and Camp in Tents.

PORT TOWNSEND, WASH., September 24.—Concerning the recent earthquake along the coast of Alaska, the Rev. Sheldon Jackson, educational agent for Alaska, writes as follows from Yakutat, under date of September 17:

"The first shock was experienced on Saturday, September 3, but being slight caused no alarm. During the following five hours there were 52 distinct shocks, culminating at 3 p. m. in a shock so severe that people of Yakutat were hurled violently across their rooms, or if outside they were thrown to the ground, while pictures fell from the walls and dishes and crockery crashed on the shelves and houses rocked and swayed and whirled, while the mission bell rang violently in the shaking church tower.

Panic-stricken, the inhabitants regained their feet and attempted to flee to the hills, only to be again and again thrown the earth, all the while shrieking, rolling and running, they sought safety. Gaining the hills and looking seaward they were transfixed with horror as they saw a great tidal wave, apparently a wall of water thirty feet high, approaching with the speed of a race horse that would engulf their village and sweep away their homes. Before the shore was reached the earth opened in the bottom of the harbor and into this chasm the tidal wave split its force, and around it the sea whirled like a great maelstrom. This saved the village from destruction. The tide would rise ten feet in the space of four or five minutes, and in an equally short time go down again. These sudden fluctuations were frequently repeated. Tents were pitched on the hills back of the village, and nearly the whole population is camping out, fearing that another tidal wave may come. From the 10th to the present there have been frequent shocks, one having occurred this forenoon."

"Near Hubbard Glacier, on Disenchantment Bay, were encamped three miners, A. Fleur, W. Rock and J. W. Johnson, and a mile from them, at an elevation of sixty-four feet above the sea, Messrs. T. Smith, Cox and sons, J. Falls and D. Stevens. When the heavy shock on Saturday, the 6th, was experienced the Fleur party had rigged a machine and were taking the oscillation of the earthquake's waves, when without a moment's warning they were thrown violently across the tent. At the same moment a large fresh water lake, back of their camp and about forty feet above it was split open and the waters were thrown upon the camp and before the miners could regain their feet away they were being swept out to sea. Then at almost the same time they were met by a tidal wave which picked them up and not only washed them ashore, but over a hill forty feet high, landing them on the crest of a divide. Regaining their feet they ran along the crest with the tidal wave boiling and seething at their feet alongside the hill. Afterwards one of the party found his baggage and clothes one and one-half miles up on a mountain side, where the wave had left them. Great spruce forests for miles along the shore were uprooted, broken into pieces and massed into great piles with a roar that was deafening. Large rocks, weighing forty tons or more, were rolling over one another down the mountain like so many pebbles.

"Hubbard Glacier, with its two and a half miles of sea front, thousands of feet thick, extending for miles back to the summit of the mountain broke from its moorings, and with a grinding, indescribable roar that shook the surrounding hills, moved bodily from a half to three-quarters of a mile into the sea. A large creek, down whose bed cataracts were rushing, was flooded so that miners were unable to cross over to the camp on the opposite side. A few minutes later it had sunk back to its former bed and later was again an irresistible raging torrent. Mountains were thrown down, the sea opened and portions of islands disappeared. The earth opened in many places, after the great shock had passed and the miners commenced preparations to get away. A boat with oars was found a mile up the mountain side, where it had been carried by the waves. With this another boat was secured that was floating on the bay.

"In these two small boats they started for Yakutat Bay, forty-five miles away. The first night they made camp on a large moraine, one and a half miles from the mountain, but an earthquake during the night loosened a landslide that covered not only the one and a half miles of plains, but also their tent. Digging out the tent and provisions they again took to their boats. On the second night they were terrified by strange noises that issued from the earth and their tent was blown to shreds by the strange winds that seemed to blow from every point of the compass, and as clouds were pouring down torrents of water they fled to the boats.

"Forcing their boats for twelve miles through fields of fresh forming ice and thirteen miles of rough sea, they at length reached Yakutat in safety. Rumors are afloat that a

portion of Cape St. Elias and Khatkaak Island had disappeared in the sea. Without doubt when scientific exploration of the Mount St. Elias region is made there will be found many physical changes."

Victoria, B. C., September 24.—The seismograph, in operation in the meteorological station here, indicated severe shocks of earthquake yesterday. On the occasion of the recent disturbances at Skagway the instrument indicated it. Yesterday's was much severer than formerly and the official regarded Alaska as the probable scene of another earthquake.

TERRIBLE EARTHQUAKES.

Constantinople, Sept. 24.—The district of Aldin, in Asia Minor, was visited by an earthquake on September 20, and, according to the latest advices, over two hundred persons perished.

THE DOG AND THE LAW.

Remarks of a Georgia Judge Upon Giving a Decision.

One of the most interesting, humorous and entertaining opinions ever handed down by a Georgia Judge is that of Judge J. H. Lumpkin, of the Fulton Superior Court, in which he holds that a dog is property. Judge Lumpkin said in part:

"The dog has figured very extensively in the past and present. In mythology, as Cerberus, he was intrusted with watching the gates of hell, and he seems to have performed his duties so well that there were but few escapes. In the history of the past he has figured extensively for hunting purposes, as the guardian of persons and property, and as a pet and companion. He is the much-valued possession of hunters the world over, and in England especially is the 'pack o' hounds' highly prized."

"In literature he has appeared more often than any other animal, animal, except, perhaps, the horse. Sometimes he is greatly praised and at others greatly abused. Sometimes he is made the type of what is mean, low and contemptible, while at others he is described in terms of eulogy. Few men will forget the song of their childhood, which runs:

"Old dog Tray's ever faithful;
Grief cannot drive him away;
He's gentle; he is kind;
I'll never, never find
A better friend than old dog Tray."

"Nor can any of us fail to remember the intelligent animal on whose behalf 'Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard.' Few men have deserved and few have won higher praise in an epitaph than the following, which was written by Lord Byron on the tomb of his dead Newfoundland:

"Near this spot are deposited the remains of one who possessed beauty without vanity, strength without insolence, courage without ferocity, and all the virtues of man without his vices. This praise, which would be unmeaning flattery if inscribed over human ashes, is but a just tribute to the memory of Boatswain, a dog, who was born at Newfoundland, May 3, 1803, and died at Newstead Abbey, November 18, 1808."

"The dog has even invaded the domain of art. All who have seen Sir Edward Landseer's great pictures will know how much human intelligence can be expressed in the face of a dog. His picture entitled 'Laying Down the Law' will not be forgotten in considering the dog as a litigant."

"Thus the dog has figured in mythology, history, poetry, fiction and art from the earliest times down to the present, and now in these closing days of the nineteenth century we are called upon to decide whether a dog is a wild animal (ferre nature) in such sense as not to be lovable property, or if he is a domestic animal (domite nature), whether he is not subject to levy on the ancient theory that he had no intrinsic value if he was not good to eat."

"Originally all the animals which are now used by man were wild. One after another they have become domesticated and subject to his control, ownership and use. As time progressed they gradually lost their character of wildness, and became more and more regarded as ordinary property. At this day no one would contend that the horse was not the subject of absolute property because his ancestors were originally wild, and the same may be said of other animals now thoroughly recognized as domestic. Even in the days of Blackstone, while it was declared that the property in a dog was 'base property,' it was nevertheless asserted that such property was sufficient to maintain civil action for its loss, (4 Black. Com. 285.) Since that day in the evolution of civilization the dog has not been left behind. He is now not only prized for hunting purposes, as a watching and as a pet, but it is common knowledge that many dogs have an actual commercial and market value. When annually there is held in New York a bench show, at which dogs take prizes amounting to thousands of dollars, and where they are bought and sold at prices which are frequently far larger than are paid for ordinary horses, it is rather late in the day to assert that they are not valuable property."

"Dogs are also trained for purposes of exhibition, being sometimes the sole means of support for their masters. It would be an interesting survival of archaic law to say that a showman could put up his tent, give nightly exhibitions of his valuable dogs, making large sums of money from them, get in debt to any given extent, laugh at his creditors and proceed with his daily exhibitions

on the ground that his stock in trade was not subject to levy."

"If it be contended that the horse, mule and other animals are used for more practical purposes (some of them as beasts of burden,) it need only be asked what animals draw the sledges of the Eskimos and other people in the Northern latitude? Nor is this confined alone to the Arctic regions. Any traveller on the Continent of Europe, and especially through Belgium, who has kept his eyes open, has seen these animals drawing heavy loads, and often taking the place of other draught animals. To indulge in technical refinement and declare that the dog is not subject to levy, although he belong to a debtor, is actually used, may be transferred by him to another, and is as much the subject of bargain and sale as any other property, merely because in the remote past the ownership of his progenitors may have been considered qualified or 'base,' seems to me untenable on its face. The ancient idea that 'animals which do not serve for food, and which, therefore, the law holds to have no intrinsic value,' were not the subject of larceny (4 Black. Com. Side, p. 286), has passed away. Now the stomach is not the only criterion of value. Even then, as already stated, a civil action could be brought for the loss of a dog. Generally property which may be sold and possession delivered is a subject of levy (omitting choses in action and equitable assets.) 7 Eng and Am Enc. Law, p. 127, Division V.)

"The dog has been very often before the Courts of the different States and of different countries, and has been the subject of a good deal of judicial humor and of judicial learning; but it bears a tinge of the ridiculous to contend that, however many and however valuable dogs a man may own, he cannot be made to pay his debts if he will only invest his money in dogs—a contention which reminds one of the very solemn discussions in some of the Courts at a time not very long past, as to whether the oyster was a wild animal."

"After citing decisions in various States as to the status of dogs, Judge Lumpkin said:

"Upon consideration of the whole case I am of opinion that the property was subject to the levy, and that the judgment of the Justice was right. Let judgment be entered accordingly."—Atlanta Journal.

THE SOUTH.

Thousands of Visitors in North Carolina Mountains—Crowd Increases Yearly.

The mountains of Western North Carolina have indeed been a refuge this summer. From every State south of Maryland and east of Ohio the tourists have poured by the thousands, and to-day the counties of Swain, Graham, Polk, and Cherokee are thronged with visitors who have fled from the torrid rays of the sun in the home land to the shades of these great mountains.

The cooling waters of the French Broad, Swannanoa, Davidson and the Smoky Mountains, the Pigeon, the Tuckasee, the Tennessee, the Hiwassee, the Nolichucky, the Clinch and other rivers and creeks have been sought by the invalid, the pleasure-seeker and the sportsman, and the mountains every mountain peak, gorge, and valley, and country side has been filled with those looking for a cooler spot, a deeper shadow.

And none have been disappointed. There has not been a night this summer, between Mitchell's Peak and Chunky Gal, when sleep was not comfortable under more or less covering.

It seems safe to say that between 15,000 and 25,000 people are now in our mountains and still they come. And this throng increases as the years go by. What formerly was confined to Asheville and the surrounding country, is now one of the 12 counties lying west of the Ridge, to say nothing of the half dozen or more on the eastern side of the mountain.—Asheville Citizen, Asheville, N. C.

Life in Old Kentucky.

A Tennessee prophet thus describes life in "Old Kentucky":

Man born in the wilds of Kentucky is of ten days and easy virtue. He fisheth, fiddeth, fusteth and fighteth all the days of his life.

He shunneeth water as a mad dog and drinketh much whiskey.

When he riseth from his cradle he greets the world with his grand-children's enemy and bringeth home in his carcass the ammunition of his neighbor's wife's cousin's father-in-law, who avengeth the deed.

Yes, and his life is uncertain, and his knoweth not the hour when he may be jerked hence.

He goeth forth on a journey "half-shot" and cometh back on a shutter full of hit.

He riseth in the night to let the cat out and it taketh three doctors nine days to pick the buckshot from his person.

He goeth forth in joy and gladness and cometh back in seraps and fragments.

He calleth his fellow man a liar and getteth himself filled with scrap iron and slugs even to the fourth generation.

He bloweth him into the bosom of his neighbor's wife and his neighbor's wife's husband bloweth him into the bosom of Father Abraham before he bath time to explain.

He emphatically denounceth his neighbor's wife into his enemy and his enemy's son lieth in wait for him on election day, and lo! the corner searcher over two townships for the remains of that man.

Woe, woe, is Kentucky, for her eyes are red with bad whiskey and her soil is stained with the blood of damijits.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer the Hundred Dollar Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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STORIES OF DEWEY.

Col. James Morgan the Author of Some Interesting Ones.

NEVER BEATEN IN A FIGHT.

Heroism When the U. S. Steamer Mississippi Was Sunk by Confederates.

While New York is getting ready to greet Dewey, Washington is waiting with impatience. At the Metropolitan Club, where naval and military men do most congregate, Dewey's name is on every lip. There is a verse in Rudyard Kipling's "Ballad of Fultah Fisher's Boarding House" which might be adapted to the occasion so that it would read:

They told their tales of right and wrong,
Of bravely unwrought fraud,
They backed their toughest statements with
The brimstone of the Lord,
And crackling oaths went to and fro
Across the flag banded board.

This revised version of Kipling's verse might be taken as a description of the exciting situation at the Metropolitan Club. Here are some of the tales:

One time, when Dewey was a young lieutenant, he sailed under an eccentric captain. The ship put in at Rio Janeiro, when the commander was much worried about the health of a pet parrot.

He asked the ship's doctor to prescribe, and the latter expressed the opinion that all the bird needed was a chance to climb into the green tree on shore, chew bark and disport itself. So the captain summoned his steward and bade him take the parrot on shore and give it some exercise.

The captain's steward was an important person then. This one was a conceited old darkey, who aped absurdly the authoritative ways of his master, and the men were always on the lookout for a chance to play him some trick. When he stepped to the port gangway to get into the liberty boat, with the cage containing the bird enclosed in an old ammunition bag, they saw their opportunity.

There was a sea running in the harbor which made it difficult for the boat to keep alongside, and, just as the steward put out a foot toward the gunwale, they purposely eased her off, so that he tumbled into the sea. He was pulled out in a minute, but the parrot and the cage went to the bottom.

The steward was distressed. He dreaded punishment by the captain, who had said that he would hold him responsible for the safety of the bird. Having shore leave for three days, he spent his time wandering about the city and figuring to himself how he would put in the balance of the voyage in the ship's brig, on bread and water, double ironed and exposed to the derision of the crew. At length he was struck with a brilliant idea. Rio was full of parrots, and one parrot is much like another, especially green ones. He bought, for the equivalent of seventy-five cents, a green bird with a yellow head which looked to him like the twin brother of the one drowned. He was also lucky enough to find a cage like the lost one, and in it he took his precious purchase back to the frigate.

Now, as Dewey tells the story, the captain was delighted to see his pet once more, and especially to see how much its plumage was improved and how much more sprightly it had become. But his astonishment may be imagined when, being asked whether it would like a cracker the bird refused with a string of Portuguese oaths. Being fed, it expressed its satisfaction with a lot of swear words in Spanish, and this so amazed the commander that he felt obliged to share his feelings with somebody. Dewey who had been walking the quarter deck, was summoned to the cabin, and the parrot was persuaded to swear some more for his benefit.

"Mr. Dewey," said the captain excitedly, "that is a most remarkable bird. He has been ashore only three days, and in that time, upon my sacred honor, he has picked up a thorough working knowledge of the Spanish and Portuguese languages."

Col. James Morgan, now a resident of Washington, was a Confederate leader, and was one of the officers who, after the loss of the cause for which they fought so hard, went to Egypt and enlisted in the service of the Khedive. Said he the other day:

"It's odd that people didn't know that here before. We of the old Confederacy knew it long ago. Don't you remember how the United States ship Mississippi was run down by one of our ships and sunk? Well, Dewey was a lieutenant on board her, and he and his gun crew stood by the gun he had in charge until the vessel was almost under water. In fact, the water was up to the muzzle of the gun when the last shot was fired. Then, because it was too late to escape in any other way, the future victor of Manila got out through a port hole and swam for it. Why, Dewey was always a hero. In his class at the Naval Academy he was always at the top of everything, except in his studies. He was a splendid athlete, a boxer and a fencer. One thing he hated like holy water was a bully. Though far from being quarrelsome himself, he would hunt a fight with any fellow who attempted to impose upon his inferiors in physical strength. Any town boy who developed a reputation as a bully was sure to fall foul of George Dewey, and to get a licking, too. I don't think he was ever beaten in a fight."

It was at Manila, a day or two before the famous colloquy between Admiral Van Diederichs and the

British captain of the cruiser Im-morale, in which the former asked what attitude the latter would assume in case trouble arose between the Germans and the Americans. Chichester replying that information on that point could best be obtained from Dewey. On this occasion Dewey was dining with Chichester, and over the nuts and wine they sat swapping stories. The host expressed his admiration of the confidence of victory exhibited by the Yankee sailors, and his guest replied that there might be too much confidence in one's ability to win a fight. The Englishman did not see how that could be, and Dewey proceeded to illustrate his remark with a little anecdote. Said he:

"An old friend of my grandfather's up in Vermont lent some help to his country's cause in the war of 1812 by fitting out a fine privateer. He took command of her himself, having had some experience in sailing, and called her the New Jerusalem. She was a smart little barkentine and mounted six 12-pounders and a 16-pound pivot gun forward. In the course of the first voyage she took two or three prizes of no great value, and two months or so elapsed before she got a whack at something really worth capturing."

"It was on a foggy morning, in the region of the tropics, the wind having died down to a mere cataspaw, that she sighted the royals and gallant stuns'ls of a huge merchantman carrying the British flag. It was a spectacle to make any piratical privateer's mind water. The privateer, being to windward, crept up to the prey, herself unobserved in the mist, and presently hove to within half a cable's length of her.

"'Heave to, or I'll sink you,' yelled my grandfather's friend, thinking gloatingly of the silks and laces, with who knows what other spoil, he was going to take back to Vermont."

"There was no reply, and just then a puff of wind blew away some of the fog, revealing, instead of a merchantman, a full-armed line-of-battle ship with rows of frowning ports.

"'I was about to say,' shouted the commander of the privateer, 'that, while inviting you to surrender, in case you don't want to do so, I will.'"

"'And he did,' said Dewey. 'Which will serve to illustrate my meaning when I say, that too much confidence in warfare is not always a good thing: Your very good health, Chichester.'"

There has been a great deal of discussion about the things Dewey said at Manila, during the naval battle, but, whatever his remarks may have been, it is safe to assume that they were forcible ones. Though a quiet man under ordinary circumstances, he speaks out when there is occasion, and his flow of language at such times is described as lovely. Sailors do not mind such things as rough talk so much as they do having language addressed to them that they do not understand, when they know that it has an uncomplimentary significance. Most of all they dislike to be called farmers, in irony. Well, it is related that on a day in 1886, when the Pensacola, Capt. Dewey in command, was in the Mediterranean—she was then the flag ship of the European squadron—a shift of wind accompanied by a rapid fall of the barometer gave warning of changing weather. Presently a white squall came up and there was busy work for all hands, the executive officer in the waist, the officer of the deck on the quarterdeck, and the midshipmen in the fo'c'sle bellowing and repeating orders, while the sailors jumped through the tops like monkeys. Just then something fouled the clews of the maintop-sail, at the very moment the squall struck, and bawling for a moment or two nearly cost the vessel a spar. Dewey, from the bridge, was looking on, and everybody was in tremulous anticipation of a severe rebuke. But he only turned to the officer of the deck, and said mildly:

"Will you kindly tell me what was the matter just now with the agricultural population on the maintop-sail yard?"

This remark percolated through the midshipmen to the crew, and, being duly translated, it produced an effect from which the men did not recover for days.

This story seems to be too good to be true, but the writer refuses to be responsible for it. At Mobile Bay, after the fall of New Orleans, Dewey was