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STANTON'S IDEA OF IT. Spain, but the forts of Spain, or rather to try to keep out of the way of the fire

Naval Battle Off Santiago.

OUR SAILORS WERE NOT NAPPING.

the Merrimae Not a Stopper, He Says. Thinks Our Ships Were Constantly Under Way Before the Fight-Mistake That Cervera Made -- How the Action Was Begun - A Giorious Running Fight - The Proper Way to Fight, Fight! - Warm Praise For Lieutenant Wainwright.

Rear Admiral Oscar F. Stanton, U. S. N., retired, one of the best known and ablest tacticians and naval strategists in the United States, has given to the New York World the first authentic and authorized explanation of just what occurred off Santiago de Cuba Sunday, July 3, when Commodore Winfield Scott Schley, with the vessels under his command, so gloriously succeeded in destroying all the Spanish vessels under Admiral Cervera's command.

"That the Merrimae did not block the channel completely is understood,' and Admiral Stanton. "We know from a ports made public some time ago that there was deep water at both bow and Morn of the Merrimac. The Vesuvius, it will be remembered, succeeded in steaming clean around the wreck some nights ago. We don't know as yet which side of the channel was chosen by the Spanish admiral in making his exit. According to the reports printed, we are given to understand that the Spanish warships, after passing clear of Morro, headed in a westerly direction at once. I don't believe that this is correct. My recollection is that the water directly to was first off Santiago in 1858, aboard the Constellation, we hove to outside and sent a boat inside. We did not enter the harbor proper at that time on account of sickness. I mention this in order to explain what I believe to be a mistake in the reports furnished thus far. We are given to understand that the American ships were anchored offshore. I think the water is entirely too deep for anchorage there. I should think that our ships must have been kept under way constantly.

chose to make a dash for liberty and freedom on a Sunday morning was because he believed he would catch cur men napping. It was just there that he made his mistake. He knew that we always held our musters and inspections on board ship Sunday mornings. He believed, no doubt, that we did not have sufficient steam up on our ships to enable us to follow him at once. Hefurthermore believed-and he might have had good reason for such beliefthat he would be able to run away from our ships on account of the superior speed possessed by the vessels under his command. You might say that there was a difference in speed between the American and Spanish warships averaging about four knots.

"The reason why the Spanish admiral

"We find at the time Cervera made his mad dash that the flagship New York, flying the flag of Rear Admiral Sampson, was some distance away, and still proceeding in an easterly direction. She was bound for the landing place where Admiral Sampson intended to communicate with General Shafter of the army. This mission of the admiral, no doubt, was a very important one. He could not know beforehand that the Spanish ships would attempt to make their escape. But at the same time it must be remembered that the other American warships left behind to guard the mouth of the harbor of Santiago were distributed as had been arranged for weeks probably. We find the Inthe finest battleships of our glorious navy, together with the Brooklyn, flying the pennant of Commodore Schley, in a half circle around the mouth of the harbor. The Gloucester and the Ericsson and maybe some minor boats were also on guard. These vessels were, no doubt, drifting leisurely about. The necessary presentions had been taken. The lookout men were at the stations, and the that the Spanish ships are trying to escape. And here we come to the first picture. The fleet of Spanish warships had to leave the harbor in single file. This was necessary on account of the narrowness of the channel, and also because of the shallow water to be found near the entrance to the harbor.

"The reports, say that the Spanish ships the moment they cleared the harbor proper took a course directly west. the torpedo destroyers. The bigger ships must have headed southeast, for some time at least. With that course they Word practically heading for the center of the half circle of our ships.

The very first moment the American leskout men saw the Spanish ships the Beenes aboard our warships had changed. There was prompt action. It is here that the great training of both officers and men came into play. Our men are intelligent men. They are noble men. They are the true sailors of the age. While the Spanish torpedo boat destroytra head right off to the westward, the higher ships of the enemy continue in a southerly direction. Our ships come on towned them, practically closing in on them and pouring a fearful fire upon then.

"You can see from this picture just how the fight progressed. It might properly be called a running fight, and it was in that respect that our commanders showed the greatest skill and abil-My. You must not forget that the forts Were still in existence. Our ships were

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compelled not only to fight the ships of licine. It is ple sant to take, is sold good health, the blood should be kept CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought

of the forts while the sea fight was in progress. The most terrific execution The Admiral's Views on the was done while the Spanish fleet was still within range of the guns of Morro. That our ships succeeded in making such short work of the Spanish ships was due principally to the fact that our officers and men are better gunners. There is no doubt about that. And then, again, we must not forget that credit is due to the men in the engine rooms. Spain has had considerable trouble with her engineers. Mostly Englishmen and Scotchmen have been employed as chief engineers of these big warships. I understand, however, that when hostilities broke out most of the foreign engineers abandoned the Spanish fleets. The running fight is continued. Our ships, after the enemy's entire fleet has passed out of Santiago harbor, steams abreast and continues to fight. Then our battleships are trying to get ahead of the ships of the enemy. In this way we can see

where our ships are practically cutting

the Spanish ships off. "This is the proper way to fight. Push your enemy all you can. Try to get him near the rocks-and this, you see, is just what our men are doing. In this way we soon have the enemy's ships at our mercy, except the fleet Colon, which is steaming to the westward at her highest rate of speed. Ah, but look at our boats! Here are the ships of Spain capable of steaming about 20 knots an hour. We find the Oregon after making a run of 17,000 miles as compared with a run of 3,000 miles made by the armored cruisers of the Cape Verde fleet. The bottoms of our ships are supposed to be more foul than the bottoms of the Spanish ships. And yet, with all these odds against us, we keep abreast of the Colon. We do more -we steam ahead of her and capture her. And look at the Texas! She travels the west of the mouth of the harbor is for two hours under forced draft at the rather shallow. On the other side (the | rate of over 16 miles. Wonderful! Do Morro side) the water is very deep. The you know what that means? Do you high bluff would explain that. When I realize how these brave Americans work and work in the hot firerooms below? It is that kind of work that tells. But I can realize how our men worked. They were fighting for the stars and stripes, and they were remembering the Maine.

> "In this way we find the Vizcava, Ocuendo, Maria Teresa and the two torpedo boat destroyers disposed of in short order. The Brooklyn succeeds in cutting the Colon off. Then the Oregon comes up under her quarters, and finally the Texas is on hand. Can you wonder that under such circumstances the Spanish admiral struck his colors? What has happened is this: First we have succeeded in getting the Spanish ships and our ships at the same time outside of the range of the forts, and then we have kept up a fearful, deadly running fight -from the very start to the very end!

"The part the Gloncester played in this sea fight cannot be estimated too highly. Lieutenant Commander Richard Wainwright, her commander, deserves all the praise that has been given to him. I have the pleasure of knowing Mr. Wainwright personally. He served under me, and I want to state that he is a wonderful man, an excellent officer. At the time I was the commanding officer of the flagship Tennessee, when Admiral Jouett commanded the north Atlantic squadron, Mr. Wainwright was attached to the flagship as senior watch officer. You remember there was trouble on the isthmus of Panama. A revolution had broken out, and the American ships were sent to Colon for the purpose of seeing to it that there was an uninterrupted transit from one ocean to the other across the isthmus. It became necessary to land our marines and sail-

ors. Mr. Wainwright commanded the first division of that landing party. There was fire in his eye when he was assigned to that command, and he certainly proved himself a most efficient officer. Then, later on, he was appointed secretary to Admiral Jonett. He is an author as well as a fighter. He has diana, Iowa, Oregon and Texas, four of written several books. His works are being printed. But, notwithstanding the fact that we have had peace for so long a time, our officers and men have had opportunities at times to land and go into actual service. Such exercise kepes them in practice, of which they

avail themselves most fully. "You ask me what difference there was, if any, between the battle fought at Manila and the battle at Santiago month of the harbor was being watched last Sunday. These two battles are encontinuously. Now comes the report | tirely different, although the glorious results achieved may have been the same. The greatest difference between these two fights was that at Manila the Spaniards were compelled to receive the attack made upon them. At Santiago, on the other side, the enemy's ships were free to make such use of their guns as they saw fit. They could maneuver their ships. At Manila the anchors were down, and at times no doubt certain guns could not be brought to I think this is true only as concerned bear upon our ships. Then, again, there was a difference in the ships themselves at these two points. At Manila we had no regular first class armored ships on our side, nor had we armored ships to fight against. At Lantiago I might say that the strength of our ships lay in the armor. Our armor was probably more powerful than the armor of the ships of Admiral Ceryera. But you must not forget one other very important factor -that is, that the ships of Spain were more speedy than our ships, a fact which went far to offset our advantage

in are ament. He-I would give the world for you. She-Is that all? Why, you offered that much before the war raised prices.

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OUR ROUGH RIDERS

EPISODES OF THEIR FIRST ACTION BEFORE SANTIAGO.

How They Were Surprised by the Spanlards Officers Warne ! Taat the Cooling of the Wood Dave Monat Some One's Peathlenell - Horors of War.

Writing under the date of Jane 25 Post's correspondent describes the first fight of the rough riders at La Quasina werking hours would allow him to.

It is now comprehended that yesterday's skirmish between ambashed Spaniards and rough riders was a mere merup, due to want of the most ordinary military pradence. A few ragged Cubans were ahead, and following, single file, were a drummer, a corporal, a sergeant, and so on-no flanking force-all advancing along the trail through the close growing bush, garrulous as a lot of laborers going homeward after a day's work. Above the tramping noises and the confusion of voices you could hear Jim Smith, who used to keep the store at Red Horse, I. T., arguing with much blasphemy about the capabilities of Sheriff Sukes in sobering up, though nearly insensible with drink, to meet an emergency, or you caught the high rasping accent of Led Jinkson asserting, "Now, -- -- it, his name was Green, I tell ye." There was another sound, too, and correspondents who had heard it during the anxious nights at Camp McCalla felt exciting apprehensions. It was the soft too-coo-coo of the wood dove in the chaparral.

In vain did they warn the officers that the cooing of the wood dove was for Lee university when General Lee was some one the knell of death. These troops were fresh from the transports, dozen men known to be close observers having no acquaintance with the Cuban | how tall they thought a certain soldier bush or Spanish warfare. It is difficult was. The invariable answer was that at first to realize in war that human be- he was not less than 6 feet. Yet his real ings with guns are lying in wait for height was only 5 feet 101/2 inches. you, and that they will shoot to kill. On straggled the horseless troopers, execrating the sun which made them drop out and sit by the wayside or throw off their blankets and half tents as deadly burdensome or suffer pangs of thirst with no relief in their canteens or fall back to the hospital line or tumble, overcome, in the path. Forward the line came across the body of a Cuban. The shot that killed him was not heard above the clamor of marching and talking.

Immediately there was firing from left, right and front. But you know the story-Mauser rifles and machine guna from ambush played among our men with horrifying havoc. As is the American impulse, oaths and imprecations rose from the wounded and their comrades till Colonel Wood commanded. "Don't swear; fight!" It was a relief to swear, but it also was a relief to fight, and with chins set grimly the exasperated troops, at one time flat on the ground, later in extended order, shot blindly in the directions from which bullets came. Overhead these bullets cracked and snapped among the twigs till it was thought they were exploding. Of course the men were a bit demoralized by the sudden attack and the stampede of the mules. The thing to do, the infectious thought of the mo-

ment, was to run. "Come to your senses, men!" yelled one of the officers, and before long Troops L and G were advancing, driv ing ahead the hidden enemy. Here was a Spanish soldier, in his blue dungaree, stretched on his back amid American dead, arms thrown out, jaw fallen and eyes staring at the sun and not blinking any more. To see men bleed, to see them thrash in agony and foam at the mouth, is unsettling to the nerves. You

are not surprised when a friend, face flaming with heat and excitement, rushes up to tell you something, stops still and can find only voice enough to say a weak, choking, inconsequent "Hello." What he wants to say is that Ham Fish is shot, as you learn afterward, and that his head is so badly shattered that only by a watch in the dead boy's pocket can you be assured that it indeed is Fish.

Several give their attentions to one man, wounded in the spine, upon whose brain the hurt is pitiful. In a sane moment (is it a sane moment?) he asks for a cigarette, and on the stretcher, paralyzed below the waist, he smokes in seeming comfort. It is very kind of them, he says, to help him so much, but aren't they missing the fight? He swoons again; again he revives and asks for a cigarette. Then in a pleasant baritone he sings "It Is Moonlight on the Wabash," going through every stanza, wondering perhaps that nobody joins. "Boys," he asks, "will you have a hansom on the beach for me? I've got to meet Mr. - right away." Yes, they tell him, there will be a hansom on the beach for him. It suggests New York to them—Madison square, upper Broadway, with its rumble and life, sidewalks filled with fine women going to the matinee or to shop, where you have but to raise your finger to send a hurt man easily to hospital. It is night before they get this one to the little shed where the dead and wounded lie together, candles making the place weird by their little, bright, undiffused specks of light.

Who were the dead? It was days before it could be known. Looking for the bodies the men found corpses without faces. "Not vultures," explained the Cubans, "but land crabs." There were the ugly, crawling things that had come across the path at the same time the wood doves cooed, frightened from their holes in the bushy ground by Spaniards sneaking up to our unsuspecting line. We did not read the signs, and the crabs feasted. This may not look nice in print, but think of looking upon the thing itself and give up whatever illusions you may have that war is anything but hell.

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GENERAL CHARLES KING.

Fovelist Who Has Returned to the Army to Take Part In the War.

The war has made few men as happy as Captain (now Brigadier General) Charles King, the novelist. It will interfere with his literary work, but, successful as he has been with the pen, his triends say that his larger love is for he sword. In all the years of his retirement he has never ceased to be the solfrom Siboney, Cuba, the New York dier, and in that capacity has found as much to do in his community as his

He is a small man for a warrior, being not more than 5 feet 4 inches in height, but every inch a soldier. He is



and seems taller on that account, as all men of military carriage do. A man who was a pupil at the Washington and in charge of it once said he asked a General King in private life has been in pretty constant demand as the director of parades, the drillmaster of military companies and the like. His dress was always either wholly er in part military, but even apart from this nobody could take him for anything but a soldier. After his service as military instructor at the University of Wisconsin he put the Light horse squadron, a swell company at Milwaukee, through the regular army discipline and made it as useful as its giddy uniform was or-

namental. The translation of Captain King's novels into German brought him into correspondence and acquaintance with a number of officers of the German army. Five years ago, largely through their invitation, he went to Germany to study the forms of military life there. This was not an intercaption to his work, for he kept up his regular working hours even when he was the guest of German officers. The activity of the volunteer army, however, will not leave much time for literary pursuits, but to fight the Spaniards is the most pleasing form his vacation could take.-New York Sun.

The destruction of the Spanish fleet at Santlago has added immensely to the prestige of our navy in European eyes. The Pall Mall Gazette says that since this last achievement the United States | right again, where General Shafter's might, if need be, "dictate terms to Spain in the bay of Cadiz."

Admiral Sampson was instructed to permit Admiral Cervera and any of his officers and men to cable any messages home. Cervera cabled his wife that he was a prisoner, not seriously wounded and well treated. His wife refused to

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amplications, and the man who neglects his iver has little regard for health. A bottle of Browns' Iron Bitters taken now and then will keep the liver in perfect order. If the lisease has developed, Browns' Iron Bitters will cure it permanently. Strength and vitality will always follow its use. Browns' Iron Bitters is sold by all dealers. THE SPANISH BULLETS.

They Are Inclosed In Brass Casings,

Which Civilized Nations Discountenance. Samples of the Mauser cartridges used by the Spanish troops were received at the navy department recently from Guantanamo, where the United States marines, under Lieutenant Colonel Huntington, held their own after several desperate encounters with the enemy. When the cartridges were examined by ordnance experts, they expressed indignation and astonishment at the character of the projectiles. The marines under Huntington believed that the Spaniards were using explosive bullets. While the samples received do not confirm this opinion it is undoubtedly true that the bullets have a tendency to expand, thus causing the miral Sampson and other officers the the next protecting clump of bushes. impression that the marines killed had For hours the Spaniards poured their been mutilated.

But the thing that excited the indignation of the ordnance experts was the discovery that the Spanish projectiles were inclosed in a brass casing, which is almost sure to cause blood poisoning to the person wounded. Officers say that the use of the brass casings is not countenanced in warfare by civilized nations, and it was not believed that the Spanish had resorted to the practice, which is considered nothing short of burbarous, as it frequently results in the death through poisoning of those only slightly wounded .- New York

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CAPTURE OF EL CANEY.

Graphic Description of the Fighting by Mr. W. R. Hearst.

HEROIC ADVANCE OF INFANTRY.

Skill and Courage of American Gunners. Spanish Had the Exact Range of Our Batteries-How Capron Battered the Fort at Caney-Last Great Charge When the Fort Was Taken-Story Creelman Dictated While Wounded and In Pain. How General Chaffee Urged His Men to Meet the Foe.

Mr. W. R. Hearst, editor of the New York Journal, writing under the date of July 1 from Siboney, Cuba, sent the following dispatch to his paper describing the capture of El Caney by our troops:

Tonight, as I write this, the ambulance trains are bringing wounded soldiers from the battle around the little inland village of El Caney. Siboney, the base, is a hospital-nothing more. There is no saying where it will cease. The tents are crowded with the wounded. Surgeons are busy with their mechanical work. There is an odor of anæsthetics and a clatter of ambulances in the one narrow street.

Under the fierce fire of artillery, which it was scarcely supposed the Spaniards had in store, the American infantry and dismounted cavalry have done their work. I have been at the artillery positions all day to see what our guns could or could not do. There is no question to be raised of the skill or courage of the American gunners. Their work was as near perfect as gunnery gets to be. But there was no artillery to speak of. I set out before daybreak this morning on horseback with Honore Laine, who is a colonel in the Cuban army and has served for months as a newspaper correspondent in Cuba. We rode over the eight miles of difficult country which intervenes between the army base on the coast and the line which is being driven forward toward

We arrived at the front, on the ridge of El Pozo, where our batteries were assailing the advance line of the Santiago defenses. El Pozo was ill chosen as the position of our batteries, for the Spaniards had formerly occupied it as a fort. They knew precisely the distance to it from their guns and began their fight with the advantage of perfect knowledge of the range. Upon a white house back of the ridge their first shell exploded in a very unpleasant way, leaving its marks from foundation to roof of the house, whose doors we were approaching.

We turned here to the right toward our battery on the ridge. When we were half way between the white house and the battery the second shell which the Spaniards fired burst above the American battery, ten feet over the heads of the men. Six of our fellows were killed and 16 wounded. The men in the battery wavered for a minute and then returned to their guns, and the firing went on. We passed from there to the war balloon was ascending. Six shells fell in this vicinity. Then our battery ceased firing. Smoke clouds from our guns were forming altogether too plain a target for the Spaniards. There was no trace to be made out of the enemy's fire, by reason of their use of smokeless powder.

Off far to the right of the line of formation Captain Capron's artillery, which had come through from Baiquiri without rest, could be heard banging away at El Caney. We hadestarted with a view to getting where we could observe the artillery operations, so we directed our course thither. We found Captain Capron blazing away with four guns where he should have had a dozen. He had begun shelling El Caney at 4 o'clock in the morning. It was now noon, and he was still firing. He was aiming to reduce the large stone fort which stood on the hill above the town and commanded it. Since that time dozens of shells had struck the fort, but it was not yet reduced. It had been much weakened, however. Through glasses our infantry could be seen advancing toward it, as the cannon at our side would bang, and a shell would swish through the air with its querulous, vicious, whining note. The infantry firing was ceaseless. Our men were popping away continuously, as a string of fireerackers pops, and the Spaniards were firing in volleys whenever our men came in sight in the open spaces. Many times we heard this volley fire and saw numbers of our brave fellows pitch forward and lie still on jagged wound of exit which gave Ad- | the turf, while the others hurried on to

> fire from slits in the stone fort, from their deep trenches and from the windows of the town. For hours our men answered back from trees and brush and gulleys. For hours cannon at our doors banged and shells screamed through the air and fell upon the fort and town, and always our infantry advanced, drawing nearer and closing up on the village, till at last they formed under a group of trees at the foot of the very hill on which the stone fort stood and with a rush swept up the slope, and the stone fort was ours.

Then you should have heard the yell that went up from the knoll on which our battery stood. Gunners, drivers, Cubaus and correspondents swung their hats and gave a mighty cheer. Immediately our batteries stopped firing for fear we would hurt our own men, and, dashing down into the valley, the batteries burried across to take up a posi-

"In a minute" one dose of HART's ESSUNCE OF GINGER will relieve any sea. An unexcelled remedy for Diarrhoea, Cholera Morbus, Summer complaints and all internal pains. Sold by B. W. Hargrave.

tion near our own infantry, who were now firing on El Caney from the blockhouse and were entering the streets of the town. The artillery had not sent a half dozen shots from the new position before the musketry firing ceased and the opaniards, broken into small bunches, fled from El Caney in the di-

rection of Santiago. Laine and myself hurried up to the stone forts and found that Mr. Creelman, The Journal's correspondent with the infantry columns, had been seriously wounded and was lying in the Twelfth infantry hospital. I found him bloody and bandaged, lying on his back on a blanket on the ground, but all the care and attention that kind and skillful surgeons could give him were shown to him, and his first words to me were that he was afraid he could not write much of a story, as he was pretty well dazed, but if I would write for him he would dictate the best he could. I sat down among the wounded, and Mr. Creelman told me his story of the fight. I think it is a good one. Here it is:

"The extraordinary thing in this fight of all the fights I have seen is the enormous amount of ammunition fired. There was a continuous roar of musketry from 4 o'clock in the morning until 4 o'clock in the afternoon. General A. R. Chaffee's brigade began the fight by moving along the extreme right, Ludlow's command being down in the low country, to the left of El Caney. General Chaffee's brigade consisted of the Seventeenth, Seventh and Twelfth infantry, and was without artillery. It occupied the extreme right. The formation was like the two sides of an equilateral triangle. Lieutenant Colonel Ludlow was to the south and General Chaffee to the east. Lieutenant Colonel Ludlow began firing through the brush and we could see through the palm trees and tangle of bushes the brown and blue figures of, our soldiers in a line a mile long, stealing from tree to tree and from bush to bush, firing as

hey went up the heights. "General Chaffee, facing El Caney, moved his troops very early in the morning. The battle opened by Ludlow's artillery firing on the fort and knocking several holes in it. The artillery kept up a steady fire on the fort and town and finally demolished the fort. Several times the Spaniards were driven from it. Each time they returned before the infantry could approach it. Our artillery had but four small guns, though they fired with great accuracy. It was ten hours before the artillery reduced the stone fort on the hill and enabled our infantry to take possession. The Twelfth infantry occupied the left, the Seventeenth the right, and the Seventh, made up of many recruits, occupied the center. The Spanish fired from loopholes in the stone house, and, furthermore, were on, the east side of the fort in trenches. They fought like devils. From all the ridges round about the scream of firing was kept up. General

Chaffee's men were wondering how they were being wounded. For a time they thought that Ludlow's men were on the opposite side of the fort and were firing over it. The fact was that the fire came from heavy breastworks on the northwest corner of El Caney, where the principal Spanish force lay with their hats on sticks to deceive. The enemy poured in a fearful fire. The 17 regiments had to lie down flat. Even then the boys were killed. General Chaffee dashed about with his hat on the back of his head, like a magnificent cowboy, urging the men and crying to them to get in and help their country win a victory. The smokeless powder made it impossible to locate the enemy. You wonder where the fire comes from. When you stand up to see, you get a

"We finally legated the trenches The enemy was making a turning movement to the right. To turn the left of the Spanish position was necessary to get the blockhouse. General Chaffee detailed Captain Clarke, when the artillery had reduced the blockhouse, to approach and occupy it. Clarke and Captain Haskell started up. I had been on the ridge and knew the condition of affairs and could show them the way. We got the wire cutters out to cut the wire in front of the Spanish trench. I jumped over the strands and got in the trench. It was a horrible, blood splashed thing, an inferno of agony. Men lay ouirer. dead, while others with teeth gleaming and hands clutched at their throat were crawling there alive. I shouted to them to surrender. They held up their hands. I ran into the fort and found there a Spanish officer and four men alive. Seven lay dead in one room. The whole floor ran with blood. The walls were splashed with blood. Three poor wretches put their hands together in supplication. One had a white handkerchief tied on a stick which he lifted and moved toward me. It was a perfect hogpen of butchery. The officer held his hands up. The others began to pray and plead. I took the guns from all and threw them outside the fort. I called some of our men to put them in charge of the prisoners. I then got out of the fort, ran around to the other side, secured the Spanish flag and displayed it to our troops, who cheered lustily. Just as I tarned to speak to Captain Haskell I was struck with a bullet from the trenches on the Spanish side. General Chaffee moved en the breastworks and took them. El Caney was ours. Banks, the color sergeant of the Twelfth infantry, raised the American flag."

The forts at Santiago have been silenced so often that they must now be sorry they ever spoke.-New Orleans Picayune.

Relief in Six Hours. Distressing Kidney and Bladder dis-

ease relieved in six hours by "NEW GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE." It is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in bladder, kidney and back, in male or female. Relieves retention of water almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is the remedy. Sold by E. F. Nadal, Druggist, W

ROOSEVELT IN EARNEST.

He Wanted to See the Spanish Flag on a Battlefield Just Once.

"Nothing could move Theodore Roosevelt from his purpose to go to Cuba," said Mr. John R. Proctor of the civil service commission recently. Mr. Proctor is one of Lieutenant Colonel Roosevelt's close friends. He was among those who sought to dissuade the assistant secretary of the navy from resigning his position in order to get to the front. "We were walking through Lafayette square, in Washington, just a few evenings before he left," said Mr. Proctor, "and I took occasion to renew my protests against his abandoning a post which he was filling so much to the satisfaction of the country in order to take a command with the rough riders."

" 'My friends have been making me very miserable with their appeals during the last few weeks,' he said. " 'Yes, and I suppose I have been the

worst of all,' I answered. " 'Yes,' he said. Then he stopped right in the pathway, put both hands on my shoulders and, looking into my face in a way I will never forget, said: 'Proctor, I am going to Cuba. I will take all the chances of meeting death by yellow fever, smallpox or by a Roanish bullet just to see the Spanish and once on a battlefield.

"His earnestness was almost terrible. Further argument I knew was useless, and I made none. The wonderful energy of the man is shown by the fact that although his regiment was one of the last of the volunteers under the first call to get under way, it was the first to get into the fight in Cuba. That he was able to organize and equip it in such a manner that it was in shape to go with the first expedition and form the vanguard of the invading force shows the marvelous determination and resourcefulness of the man. '-Washington Dispatch to St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

GOSSIP OF THE WAR.

The balloon sent up to make observations of the enemy's lines at Santiago was hit by shrapnel and had to be hauled down.

Guahan, the largest of the Ladrone islands belonging to Spain, was seized by the cruiser Charleston on her way to the Philippines.

Spanish sharpshooters before Santiago picked off surgeons and other members of the American hospital corps, besides killing soldiers who were already wounded.

Sampson allowed Lieutenant Commander Delehanty three shots with the Suwanee's guns to tear down the Spanish flag on the fort at Aguadores. Delehanty's first shot tore a hole in the fing and the third broke the flagstaff. The firing was at a range of 1,600 yards.

Lieutenant Commander Richard Wainwright of the Gloncester, formerly J. P. Morgan's yacht Corsair, distinguished himself in the destruction of the Spanish fleet by defeating two torpedo boat destroyers while the guns of all of Cervera's ships and those of Morto Castle were firing on him.

Fifty of the 400 Spanish prisoners on the Harvard secured guns and made s break for liberty. The marine guard shot and killed 6, wounding 15. The mutiny was quickly ended.

An expedition of 350 Cubans, fitted out by the United States, carried to General Gemez two dynamite guns, 4,000 Springfield rifles and a large quantity of supplies, the first Gomez has received since we declared war with Spain.

Every Chinese made uniform recently inspected at San Francisco has been condemned. The volunteers from Iowa, Tennessee, Kansas and Montana will probably have to be fitted out again before they start for Manila. A Good Heathen.

The chief of the Philippine insurgents is generally set down as a heathen, but if he is it must be admitted that he is an intelligent beathen and a good fighter and knows how to appreciate the help of a great government like that of the United States .- Cincinnati En-

Catarrh is Not Incurable

But it can not be cured by sprays, washes and inhaling mixtures which reach only the surface. The disease is in the blood, and can only be reached through the blood. S. S. S. is the only remedy which can have any effect upon Catarrh; it cures the disease perma-nently and forever rids the system of every trace of the vile complaint.



writes: "I was atflicted from infancy with Catarrh, and me one can know the suffering it produces better than 1. The sprays and washes prescribed by the doctors relieved me only temporarily, and though I used them

onstantly for ten years, the disease had a firmer hold than ever. I tried a number of blood remedies, but their mineral ingredients settled in my bones and gave me rheumatism. I was in a lamentable condition, and after exhausting all treatment, was declared incurable. Seeing S. S. S. advertised as a cure for blood diseases, I decided to try it. As soon as my system was under the effect of the medicine. I began to improve, and after taking it for two months I was eured completely, the dreadful disease was eradicated from my sys-

Many have been taking local treat-ment for years, and find themselves

tem, and I have had no return of it."

worse now than ever. A trial of

will prove it to be the right remedy for Catarrh. It will cure the most ob-

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