CHARGE AT SAN JUAN.

How General Worth Led the Desperate Charge.

POSSIBLE TO RESTRAIN THE MEN

itis Orderly, Corporal Keller, Who Was While Bending Over Him and Was Carried Off the Field With Him, Telli the Story - General Worth Has Two Bullet Holes In His Chest, and His Right Arm Is Fractured-Fine Work by Our Enlisted Men.

Lieutenant Colonel William S. Worth, Thirteenth United States infantry, with four bullet holes in his body, proofs of the efficiency of Spanish riflemen and sufficient enough recommendation for his promotion to be a brigadier general of volunteers, which he recently received from the president, arrived at his home on Governors island the other afterneen. Although wounded four times at the charge up San Juan hill, Colonel Worth reached Governors island in fairly good condition, and his doctor says that, with ordinary prudence, he will be up and about in a month.

Colonel Worth, accompanied by his orderly, Corporal John Keller, Thirteenth infantry, left Siboney on the City of Washington last Tuesday, July 12, was landed at Fort Monroe, taken to Baltimore by boat and came to New York by the Baltimore and Ohio, On the arrival of the train he was met by his wife, his sister and his sister-inlaw. Mrs. Coffin, the wife of Captain William H. Coffin, Fifth artillery, ing orders to go to Porto Rico.

Colonel Worth is not above 5 feet 6, and, weighing in good health not more than 150 pounds, looked very much thinner and weaker than when he marched away from Governors island at the head of three companies of his regiment one morning in the latter part of April. His right arm was in a sling and he walked with some difficulty. The soldiers at the island saluted him with the left hand, that the colonel might return the salute in kind.

When he got home, his nephew and family physician, Dr. Sprague of New York city, made a careful examination of his wounds and general condition, and then ordered his patient to bed, directing him to see no one but the members of his family for a week at least. Colonel Worth objected, but obeyed. From members of the family a reporter learned something about Colonel Worth's wounds and how he got them.

Shortly after 4 o'clock on the afternoon of July 1, El Caney having been taken in the morning, the Thirteenth, Sixteenth. Twenty-second and Twentyfourth infantry and the Third and Sixth cavalry (dismounted), with the rough riders and the Seventh, Ninth and Tenth infantry held in reserve, were ordered to attack San Juan hill and capture the blockhouse on the summit. Colonel Worth, when the attack was ordered, commanded a brigade. Soon after the battle began Colonel Charles A. Wikoff, Twenty second infantry, came on the field. He ranked Coloner Worth and took command, and Colonel Worth resumed command of his regiment, Colonel Smith, commanding the Thirteenth, not being present.

In less than ten minutes after Colonel Wikoff had come on the field he was killed. Then Colonel Worth resumed command of the brigade, only to be wounded himself and succeeded by Lieutenant Colonel Emerson L. Kiscum, who was also wounded. The command of the Thirteenth was taken by Major Philip H. Ellis. He was wounded and was succeeded by Captain James Fornance, who was killed in a few minutes after taking command. Captain Harry G. Cavenaugh then commanded the regiment. Cavenaugh was wounded in the groin in the assault.

Colonel Worth was wounded twice in the right arm early in the engagement. One bullet pierced the arm just above the elbow and the other just below the shoulder. He clutched his sword in his left hand and led his men to the fresh attack. Shortly after this Mauser bullets struck Colonel Worth in the right and left breast. The bullets went clean through the body, leaving the colonel all in a heap and unconscious on the field. Keller saw him fall and ran to his assistance. Colonel Worth didn't know what had happened until Keller brought him around and told him. While the orderly was bending over his chief a piece of shell struck the orderly in the back, right on top of the cartridge belt, and gouged out a handful of flesh. Keller stuck by his colonel, and after awhile the two were carried

off the field together. "The best thing that can be said about the fight." said Keller to the reporter, "is that it was a hot time. I've seen some soldiering, but I never knew the bullets to come from all directions at once and come so fast as they did going up that hill. If you've ever been out in a hailstorm when it didn't do a thing but hail, you can get some notion of how the bullets came at San Juan. There were Spaniards in front of us, behand us, on all sides of us and in the tree tops above us. And it's an awful mistake to imagine they can't shoot. I den't know now they are affoat, but they can shoot like the devil on land or

up a tree. But, say, you just ought to have-Beren my little colonel! About all you tould see of him was his little goatee, sticking right out straight, a little gray hair under his campaign hat and the flash of his sword. He headed the procossion as long as he could, and, I tell you, it was amazingly pleasant to hear steady now, boys! Shoot when you see temething to show at, and shoot onick!

We'll teach those fellows a thing or and we'll be up in that blockhouse in a minute.

"That kind of talk makes a fellow feel full of ginger and up to fighting for a week. And the colonel was right. We did show 'em a few things they didn't know anything about. When we started up that hill, the first thing we struck was a barbed wire fence. But it wasn't built as a white man builds a fence. The strands were so close together that we had to pry 'em apart with our finiards pumped lead into us.

"After getting through the first fence we suggested to the Cubans that, since it was largely their funeral anyway, they might as well dance on ahead and cut wires. They evidently preferred to be mourners, though, for we could always see 'em when we had time to look back. When we found they wouldn't go ahead, we did our own wire cutting. It seemed to me as if there was one of those darned fences about every ten feet. We got through 'em somehow, and we advanced steadily in open order, firing as we went. It was fire and advance; fire and advance. And we did it just like pieces of machinery, only the way the rifles of our boys snapped was a caution.

"When we once got into the swing of being soldiers and tinkers at the same time we sailed ahead. The Thirteenth, being in the center, seemed to get the worst dose, but it was bad enough for everybody. It was mighty exasperating to have to stop and cut fences while the trees shook off bullets on us, but that was the game we were up against, and there was nothing to do but take our medicine. After what seemed about a lifetime we clambered over the top of the hill and rallied round the blockhouse, cheered the flag whose battery is now at Tampa, await- that somebody was waving, and that job was done.

> "When we caught our breath and had time to shake all around, some of the boys looked for comrades they couldn't find. San Juan was their last fight, and they're laid away now on the slope of the bill, under the trees that shot them full of holes. The Spaniards that couldn't get down the other side of the hill fast enough staid with us, and I guess they were glad they did. They got something to eat and were treated kindly, at which they seemed to be amazed. About all they could say was, 'You didn't stop coming on at all, so of course we had to get out,' at least that's what the Cubans said they said. The colonel got it in the right arm a couple of times early in the fight. At the first shot he dropped his sword, but he never even stopped running.- He just picked it up with his left hand, stuck it up and told us to come on. Finally, about half way up the hill, he got two Mausers in his chest. That knocked him clean out. I saw him fall and went over to him. He didn't know me at first, but finally he came to. He looked dazed for a minute, then he said: 'Keller, just keep me on my feet. I'm behind the

"Of course, he couldn't fight any more. He had lost so much blood already from the wounds in his arm that he was very weak. We just staid there, and by and by the colonel was carried to the rear. Then we were both put in a wagon and carted over a rough road to Siboney. We got the best attention they could give us, but we had to lie in the doves to some of the men, but they water a couple of days. Finally we were told a steamer was waiting to take ns home, and here we are.

"What about me? Oh, I'm all right -a little uncomfortable in my back, but that's nothing. The piece of shell that struck me hit my cartridge belt and drove the cartridges against my back-bone. It felt as if I'd had an electric shock. It stunned me for a minute and when I came to I thought needles were pricking me all over. But I'm all

Notwithstanding Keller's statement of his own condition, Dr. Sprague, who examined him after attending to Colonel Worth, ordered him to the hospital. He obeyed orders, but he did it under the most vigorous protest. Colonel Worth told his sister, Miss Worth, during the afternoon, that the conduct of the troops at San Juan was magnificent. He said that it was utterly impossible to restrain them. "Why!" said he, "Talk about leading them! An officer had to be a sprinter to keep up with

He added that in all his experience during the civil war, when he was an officer in the Eighth infantry, and in all his service in Indian fighting, he never saw such magnificent bravery as the enlisted men displayed at San Juan hill.-New York Sun.

MONEY WITH MERRITT.

About \$3,000,000 Taken to Manila on the

The steamer Newport, which has sailed with General Merritt for the Philippines, will bring joy to the hearts of our troops in Manila, as it carries a large sum of money for the payment of the soldiers and the purchase of needed supplies.

It is said that the steamer carries from \$1,000,000 to \$3,000,000 in gold. It will be remembered that General Merritt, in addition to the money necessary for the use of the troops in the near future, asked the president for \$100,000, to be used by him as an emergency fund at his discretion. This \$100,000 is probably included in the bein shipment on the Newport .- San Franci co Call.

Why allow yourself to be slowly tortured at the stake of disease? Chills and Fever will undermine, and eventually break down, the strongest constitution "FEBRI CURA" (Sweet Chill Tonic of Iron) is more effective than him say every now and then: 'Just keep | Quinine and being combined with Iron is an excellent Tonic and Nervine Medicine. It is pleasant to take, is sold under positive guarantee to cure or money refunded. Accept no substi- Sarsaparilla. When the vital fluid is

to about this game they don't know. HEROES UNDER FIRE.

STEPHEN CRANE DESCRIBES THE ROUGH RIDERS' FIRST FIGHT.

Heedless of Danger That Surrounded Them, Noislly, Carclessly They Went to Death With Superb Courage - Heroism of Marshall, the Correspondent.

Under the date of June 24, writing from Siboney, Caba Mr. Litenber Cr. ve gers before we could use the wire cut- author of the "Red Badge of Courage," While we cut wires, the Span- describes the fight of the rough rider; at La Quasina as follows:

> And this is the and of the third day, since the landing of the troops. Yesterday was a day of insurgent fighting and rumors of insurgent fighting. The Cubans were supposed to be fighting somewhere in the hills with the regiment of Santiago de Cuba which had been quite cut off from its native city. No American soldiery were implicated in any way in the battle. But today is different. The mounted infantry—the First Volunteer cavalry—Teddie's Terrors— Wood's Weary Walkers—have had their first engagement. It was a bitter hard first fight for new troops, but no man can ever question their gallantry.

> As we landed from a dispatch boat we saw the last troop of the mounted infantry wending slowly over the top of a huge hill. Three of us promptly posted after them upon hearing the statement that they had gone out with the avowed intention of finding the Spaniards and

mixing it up with them. They were far ahead of us by the time we reached the top of the mountain, but we swung rapidly on the path through the dense Cuban thickets and in time met and passed the hospital corps-a vacant, unloaded hospital corps—going ahead on mules. Then there was another point of crackling into a blaze under the rays of the furious Cuban sun. We met | ican success: nothing but blankets, shelter tents, coats and other impedimenta, which tho panting rough riders had flung behind them on their swift march.

In time we came in touch with a few stragglers, men down with heat, prone and breathing heavily, and then we struck the rear of the column. We were now about four miles out, with no troops nearer than that by the road. I know nothing about war, of course, and pretend nothing, but I have been enabled from time to time to see brush fighting, and I want to say here plainly that the behavior of these rough riders while marching through the woods shook me with terror as I have never before been shaken.

They knew nothing but their own superb courage and wound along this narrow winding path, babbling joyously, arguing, recounting, laughing, making more noise than a train going through a tunnel. Any one could tell from the conformation of the country when we were liable to strike the enemy's outposts, but the clatter of tongues did not then cease. Also those of us who knew heard going from hillock to hillock the beautiful coo of the Cuban wood dove-ah, the wood dove, the Spanish guerrilla wood dove which had presaged the death of gallant marines. For my part I declare that I was frightened almost into convulsions Incidentally I mentioned the cooing of said decisively that the Spaniards did not use this signal. I don't know how

Well, after we had advanced well into the zone of the enemy's fire-mark that, well into the zone of Spanish fire -a loud order came along the line, "There's a Spanish outpost just ahead, and the men must stop talking." "Stop talkin, can't ye, -- it," bawled a sergeant. "Ah, say, can't ye stop talkin?" howled another. I was frightened before a shot was fired, frightened because I thought this silly brave force was wandering placidly into a great deal of trouble. They did. The firing began. Four little volleys were fired by members of a troop deployed to the right. Then the Mauser began to pop-the familiar Mauser pop. A captain announced that this distinct Mauser sound was our own Krag-Jorgensen. Oh, misery!

Then the woods became aglow with fighting. Our people advanced, deployed, re-enforced, fought, fell-in the bushes, in the tall grass, under the lone palms-before a fee not even half seen. Mauser bullets came from three sides. Mauser bullets-not Krag-Jorgensenalthough men began to cry that they were being fired into by their own people-whined in almost all directions. Three troops went forward in skirmish order, and in five minutes they called for re-enforcements. They were under a cruel fire. Half of the men hardly knew whence it came, but their conduct, by any soldierly standard, was magnificent.

The rough riders advanced steadily nd confidently under the Mauser bullets. They spread across some open ground-tall grass and palms-and there they began to fall, smothering and thrashing down in the grass, marking man shaped places among those luxuriant blades. The action lasted about one-half hour. Then the Spaniards fled. They had never had men fight them in this manner, and they fled. The business was too serious. Then the heroic rumor arose, scarcel, screamed above the bush. Everybedy was wounded. Everybody was dead There was nobody. Gradually there was somebody. There was the wounded, the important

wounded. And the dead-Meanwhile a soldier pas ing near me said. "There's a correspondent up there all shot to hell." He guided me to where Edward Marshall lax, shot through the body. The following conversation ensued: "Holla Thema"

To make your business pay, good health is a prime factor. To secure good health, the blood should be kept pure and vigorous by the use of Ayer's tutes. The "just as good" kind don't impure and sluggish, there can be flect cures. Sold by B. W. Hargrave, neith health, strength, nor ambition

"Hello, Marshall. In hard luck, old man?" "Yes, I'm done for." "Nonsense. You're all right, old boy. What can I do for you?" "Well, you might alle my dispatches. I don't mean file 'em ahead of your own, old man-but lust file'em if you find it handy."

I immediately decided that he was doomed. No man could be so sublime in detail concerning the trade of journalism and not die. There was the solemnity of a funeral song in these absurd and fine sentences about dispatches. Six soldiers gathered him up on a tent and moved slowly off. "Hello!" shouted a stern and menacing person. "Who are you, and what are you doing here? Quick!" "I am a correspondent, and we are merely carrying back another correspondent who we think is mortally wounded. Do you care?" The rough rider, somewhat abashed, announced that he did not care.

And now the wounded soldiers began to crawl, walk and be carried back to where, in the middle of the path, the surgeons had established a little field hospital which was a spectacle of heroism. The doctors, gentle and calm, moved among the men without the common, senseless-bullying of the ordinary ward. It was a sort of fraternal game. They were all in it and of it, helping each other. In the meantime three troops of the Ninth cavalry were swinging through the woods, and a mile behind them the Seventy-first New York was moving forward eagerly to the rescue. But the day was done. The rough riders had bitten it off and chewed it up -chewed it up splendidly.

WAR SEER IN MAORI LAND. Read In the Stars Last Winter That Amer-

lea Would Soon Be Arming. The following extract from a private

letter written by a clever woman who long, lonely march through the dry lives at Wellington, New Zealand, woods, which seemed almost upon the shows how interested the people in that "Of course I am deeply interested in

> the war and have rejoiced at every advantage gained by the United States. There is much excitement in the colonies over it and complete sympathy with your country. The battle of Manila seems to have been a brilliant victory for 'onr people.' We get cable news daily and fuller particulars every week or so. I want to tell you one curions thing while referring to the war. In January or February last, while Mr. - was traveling among the Wanganui river Maoris on native business, he was talking one night with an oldvery old-man, and drew from him all sorts of quaint savage lore. They were talking in the open, and it was a lovely starlight night. The old Maori drew Mr. -- 's attention to a very brilliant star in a certain part of the heavens and said: 'What country is to the northeast of that star? I ask because that country will soon be involved in a war with a

country a long way from it.' "Mr. -- made a note of the star and its position and drew from the old Maori further remarks to the effect that he could not say which country would win in the coming war but he was sure fighting would soon commence, as he had watched that star for a long time, and its peculiar motion meant what he had said. Mr. - referred to his notes when he could get at a map and compass and found that the first country to the northeast of this star, as near as one could see, was the United States, and, though at the time this little incident occurred there was no apparent likelihood of war, in a couple of months' time it was a fact. "-New York Sun.

Valuable to Women. Especially valuable to women is Frowns' ron Bitters. Backache vanishes, headache lisappears, strength takes the place of weakness, and the glow of health readily somes to the pallid cheek when this wonlerful remedy is taken. For sickly children or overworked men it has no equal. No home should be without this famous remedy. Browns' Iron Bitters is sold by all dealers.

PHILIPPINE RESOURCES.

American Electrical Apparatus In the

Islands-Purchases For Manila. Mr. L. D. Hilles of Yokohama, in a recent conversation with a representative of The Electrical Review, gave a number of interesting facts about the

"Those islands should by all means remain in the possession of the United States." said Mr. Hilles. "Their commercial possibilities and native resources are almost unbounded. The sharpest competitors of the Americans and the Englishmen there are the Germans. Our firm has installed a central electric lighting station in Manila, which supplies current for 12,000 incandescent and 260 arc lights. The machinery is of American manufacture. I am now making large purchases of

which goes to Manila. "There are about 720 miles of teleof steem railway. Manila bas a tele- lows." phone system equipped with English instruments. All electrical conductors are carried on overhead pole lines with porcelain insulators There is also a horse railway in Manila, which would have been changed over to a trolley road had not the war occurred. The concession for this road has already been acquired. There is a wenderful chance for Americans in many industrial undertakings in the Philippines, and I hope our government will hang on to them."-New York Electrical Review.

Distressing Stomach Discus-Permanently cured by the masterly powers of South American Nervine Toxic Invalids need suffer no longer. because this great remedy can cure them al. It is a cure for the whole world of stomach weakness and indigestion. The care begins with the first dose. The relief it brings is marvellous and surprising. It makes no failure; never disappoints. No matter how long you have suffered, your cure is certain under the use of this great health giving force. Pleasant and al-Sold by E. F. Nadal, Druggist,

BRAVE, YET IN AGONY

REMARKABLE FORTITUDE DISPLAYED BY EDWARD MARSHALL.

Scorehing Trip of the Wounded New York Journal's Correspondent to the Hospital-His Greeting to an Old Friend Singing "The Banks of the Wabash."

The first news of the first battle of the rough riders at La Quasimas reached the camp at Siboney about noon on June 25 last. Before 1 o'clock word had come that Edward Marshall, a correspondent of the New York Journal, had been shot in the spine and could not live through out the day unless he was brought to the hospital at once. The messenger explained that the only litters that the rough riders had were all in use, and that there were so many wounded soldiers to be attended to that not more than half of them could be brought in before nightfall. In Marshall's case particularly every moment counted, so George Coffin, the artist; Stephen Crane, H. G. MacNichol and two sailors from the dispatch boat Kanapaha volunteered



EDWARD MARSHALL

to go out and bring him. A steward from the Red Cross society and the New York Sun correspondent went with them. Mr. Crane, who had been in the battle earlier in the morning, led the way. It was a scorehing day, and the 51/4 mile climb over the rugged hills which roll away to within a couple of miles of Santiago made the two fat men in the company blow hard. A narrow road, scarcely more than a bridle path, led to the field hospital, which had been extemporized about 100 yards in the rear of the battlefield.

Marshall and a dozen wounded sol diers lay on the grass. While still some 30 feet away Marshall recognized the voice of one of the men in his party and called out quite loudly: "Hello, old man! This is a funny place for us to meet. Last time I saw you was in London, at the queen's jubilee." As he said this he raised himself slightly on one arm, and we saw that he was puffing away at a cigarette. Seeing this, it was hard to realize that Marshall was a dangerously wounded man. A sight of his wound, however, changed that opinion.

As the men placed Marshall on the litter a slight jolt was unavoidable. The wounded man at once went off into a fit, which lasted about 11/4 minutes. Two of the men held him down until the agony was over. A touch of morphine revived him quickly, and the procession started coastward, with Marshall apparently quite himself again, puffing away at still another cigarette. At this point 'the correspondent left to go on to the rough riders' camp, a mile farther on. It was agreed that he would be able to overtake the litter after interviewing Colonel Roosevelt.

It took 35 minutes to catch up with the party, but it seemed like ten years. Marshall was sleeping under the effect of another opiate, but as we changed off at the litter he woke and had another terrible spasm. When he was quieted, he began to sing "The Banks of the Wabash." This sounds, I know, like an extract from a Rhoda Broughton novel. but it is true none the less. For nearly half an hour, as we dragged the litter along, Marshall kept repeating the chorus of this song over and over. When he finally stopped, we could see that either his pain or his morphine, perhaps both, had made him delirious. He clutched Mr. Coffin by the hand.

"Coffin," he cried, "I'm on the city desk tonight, and we've got to beat the town on the story of this fight. Between it and the story of my falling down that American steam and electrical apparatus | coal hole and breaking my back ought to be installed in the far east, a part of to make a great paper tomorrow. Have a hansom waiting for me on the beach, and we'll drive down to Guantanamo graph in the islands and only 70 miles and knock the devil out of the other fel-

At the end of the fourth mile the two colored sailors, who had tramped all the way in their bare feet collapsed. The Red Cross man and the correspondent decided that the best thing for them to do was to hurry on to camp, secure more help and whisky and get back as soon as possible. Bronson Rea supplied the bottle of whisky, and Mr. Dunwiddie and his soldiers volunteered to go out with us and help carry Marshall down the hillside, a steep slant of fully half a mile. In the meantime an officer of one of the colored regiments on picket duty had met the party struggling along about a mile and a half out. He immediately ordered six stalwart negroes to carry the litter

At 8 o'clock we reached the railroad shed, which had been turned into a tem-

"In a minute" one dose of HART's ESSENCE OF GINGER will relieve any ordinary case of Colic, Cramps or Nausea. An unexcelled remedy for Diarrhoea, Cholera Morbus, Summer complaints and all internal pains. Sold by

porary hospital, and found it crowded to the loors, but in almost total darkness. Three candles were all the light that the surgeons and Red Cross men had to work by. There wasn't even a tarch. As we carried Marshall in and laid him on the cot which we had had sent over from the dispatch boat one of the carriers stumbled and half fell. From the floor came a shriek. "For God's sake, don't, old man!" cried a

stepping on." All afternoon the wounded had been hurried into camp, and the surgeons had not had time and boats enough to carry them to the Olivette before a new crowd had come in and filled the shed as full as ever. Attached to a buttonhole of each patient was an ordinary express package tag bearing his name, his regiment and home. While the three candles were held over him 'Marshall's wound was examined by Dr. Winters. He said that his chances were just about one in a hundred. We laid him back on the litter again and started for the beach. A lifeboat from the Olivette carried him the rest of the way, and the Red Cross steward as he mopped his brow and prepared to start in on another case exclaimed, "My God, sir, but that man had grit."—New York Sun.

Dewey Reminded Him.

When Dewey was first lieutenant of one of the gunboats which Farragut used as a dispatch boat, the admiral used often to come aboard and steam up near the levee to reconnoiter. The southerners had a way of rushing a fieldpiece to the top of the high bank, firing it point blank at the gunboat and then backing down again. On one such occasion Farragut saw Dewey dodge a shot. "Why don't you stand firm, lieuten ant?" said he. "Don't you know you can't jump quick enough?" A day or so after the admiral dodged a shot. The lieutenant smiled and held his tongue, but the admiral had a guilty conscience He cleared his throat once or twice, shifted his attitude and finally declared "Why, sir, you can't help it, sir. It's human nature, and there's an end to it."-Pittsburg Dispatch.

RUINS OF THE SHIPS.

NSPECTING THE WRECKS OF CERVE-RA'S ONCE SPLENDID FLEET.

Mr. W. R. Hearst Captures a Group of Twenty-nine Spanish Prisoners-Spanish Officers Made Their Crews Drunk and Shot the Sailors Who Quit Fighting.

Writing under the date of July from the quarter deck of the Spanish cruiser Vizcaya, now lying beached on the southern coast of Cuba, Mr. W. R. Hearst, editor of the New York Journal, describes the wrecked ships of Spain's navy as follows:

Last night's story of the mighty sea fight, of our glorious victory and of the complete destruction of the Spanish fleet has been told. Early this morning we headed our dispatch boat Silvia down the coast to inspect more closely than we could yesterday, when fire was sweeping them, the wrecked and ruined leviathans of Spain's navy. They lie with their heads buried in the sand, as if to hide from themselves the sight of their own destruction and humiliation.

The first wreck we approached was the Oquendo. She lies in a small bay well up on the beach, her steel sides scarred by many shots, and with one tremendous hole on the port bow, showing where a 13 inch shell from one of our battleships must have exploded. She has also a large rent aft on the port quarter, near the water line. Her mili-



tary masts have been swept overboard, and her decks are clear of top hamper down to the turrets and the guns. We lowered a boat to visit her, and as we came alongside a shocking sight met our eyes. Dead Spaniards were floating all about in the water, stripped to the waist as they had stood to man their guns. We steered nervously among the bodies, feeling much pity, and some satisfaction, too, that the Maine had been again so well remembered.

About this time the Suwanee came up and sent the famous Lieutenant Blue ashore in her whaleboat to look for surashore in her whaleboat to look for survivors of the crews of the Spanish vessels and take them prisoners. We determined to follow, though we had neither lifeboat nor life preservers, as the car teturned, and began to grow rapidly. We gave him many Suwanee's boat crew had, and though the surf was running high and strong on a rocky beach. But deciding to swim for it if we were upset, we dragged off our clothing and headed our jolly boat for the shore. When the first scrape of gravel sounded under our keel, we jumped out and dragged the boat up on the beach. Lieutenant Blue had teen safely hauled ashore by his crew and was in-

Relief in Six Hours.

Distressing Kidney and Bladder disease relieved in six hours by "New GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE." It is a great surprise on ac count 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

terviewing a band of Cubans, who were also looking for Spaniards. But as Spaniards there were none, the lieutenant pushed out through the breakers, boarded the Suwanee and put to sea again.

We concluded, however, that it would be a glorious thing to capture some Spanish prisoners ourselves, so we joined some dispatch boats and headed for the Infanta Maria Teresa, farther along the coast to the eastward. This vessel is voice. "That's my wounded leg you're | not quite in such bad condition as the Oquenda. Blackened by fire and battered by shell she certainly is, but her after military mast still stands, her bridge, though much bent and twisted, is recognizable as a bridge, and she has not such terrible shot wounds in her hull as the Oquendo has. Nevertheless she was the first of the Spanish ships yesterday to give up the fight and head for the shore. We found her still smoldering. In the fire the cartridges occasionally popped, as though feebly endeavoring to continue the fight.

While William Hemment photographed the wreck I scanned the shore for Spaniards and finally saw some score of figures huddled together in one corner of the beach. We shouted to them and made a demonstration with our firearms, and the poor, cowed fellows, with great alacrity, waved a white handberchief or shirt in token of surrender. I jumped overboard, swam ashore and told them we were going to take them aboard our boat to the admiral. They appeared rather gratified than otherwise and seemed to dread the Cubans far more than the Americans. I sent our small boat for the ship's launch, first having landed Mr. Hemment and his assistant. We three stood guard over our wretched Spaniards until the launch arrived. Several Spanish bodies, upon which the vultures fed, lay along the beach. Mr. Hemment took some rather grewsome photographs while I made the Spaniards bury their dead.

Most of our prisoners were wounded, wing boon in the heat of the fight and we learned from them how the gunnery of the Americans had become fiercer and more deadly until the Spanish crews had deserted their guns and had been shot down by their own officers; how, as the conditions of the battle became more and more desperate, the fine wines and liquors of the officers' mess had been handed out to the crews, so that with drunken courage they would fight on in the hopeless fight, and how at last the officers themselves gave up, and, scuttling their ships, drove them

Of our prisoners 16 were from the Vizcaya, 6 from the Oquendo and 7 from the Maria Teresa, making a total of 29. We took them aboard the Silvia and headed for the fleet. As we passed the Texas we signaled our capture and received a hearty cheer from her jackies. Admiral Sampson thanked us very courteously and asked us to deliver our prisoners on board the St. Louis. We did so, receiving a receipt in due form from the officer of marines in charge. This

receipt I have forwarded to The Journal. While aboard the St. Louis we met Admiral Cervera and spoke a few words to him. The old gentleman is a fine. imposing figure as he stands, still proudly, in his full uniform, with all the gold braid and several decorations of his rank on his breast. The full effect is somewhat marred by the fact that his trousers are very damp from wading ashore, escaping from his burning and disabled ship. But only the irreverent would take notice of such things.

From the fleet we went to the wreck of the Vizcaya, and while Mr. Hemment takes photographs of the great hole in her bow I sit on a dismounted gun and write these few notes of Monday's proceedings to be forwarded to you. Great heavens! Is this rent and ruined hull, black and battered, blistered and burned, with the heaps of rubbish on its deck, with the gaping chasm in its bow, bordered by jagged points as if some mighty splash of liquid iron had suddenly turned cool-is this the noble boat we all admired so much and dreaded not a little as she lay in New York harbor just before the war? Is this the deck from which Captain Eulate trained his guns on the tall buildings of New York?

Among the spoils of war there will be also a considerable quantity of spoiled barbed wire fencing. - Chicago Tribune.

Cruel Knife!

It is absolutely useless to expect a surgical operation to cure cancer, or any other blood disease. The cruelty of such treatment is illustrated in the alarming number of deaths which result from it. The disease is in the blood, and hence can not be cut out. Nine times out of ten the surgeon's knife only hastens death.

My son had a most malignant Cancer, for which the doctors said an operation was the only hope. The oper-ation was a severe one, as it was necesremedies without relief, and finally, upon the advice of a friend, decided to try 8. 8. (Swift's Specific), and withthe second bottle he began to improve. After twenty bottles had been taken, the Cancer disappeared entirely

and he was cured. The cure was a permanent one, for he is now seventeen years old, and has never had a sign of the dreadful disease to re-turn. 279 Snodgrass St., Dallas, Texas.

Absolutely the only hope for Cancer is Swift's Specific,

as it is the only remedy which goes to the very bottom of the blood and forces out every trace of the disease S. S. S. is guaranteed purely vegetable and contains no potash, mercury, or other mineral.

Books on Cancer will be mailed free

