

The anti-Butler Populists seem to have things all their own way in Anson since Maynard, Life Flake and Lewis Jones have agreed to pull together. It is an open question whether the combination has been improved by its latest accession.

There is a difference of opinion as to what Maynard has been promised by way of payment for his support of Dockery. That he has been promised something there is no doubt. Some think it is a county office, while others are confident that the old negro organizer will make the thrifty doctor his private secretary, that is, if he is elected.

It used to be Jeffersonian Democrat, but since the Populist office holders have abandoned the great office seeker, Oliver Dockery, they call it Lincoln Populist. There is this much in favor of the new name, that it is more appropriate than the old one. Lincoln Populist describes Dockery pretty well. He is just about as much of a Populist as was Lincoln.

Hon. Oliver H. Dockery, the nominee of the convention, had already been nominated as a free silver and anti-monopoly Republican in New York.

The convention, referred to above, which nominated Dockery also endorsed McKinley's gold bug monopoly administration, therefore the statement that he had been "nominated as a free silver anti-monopoly Republican," is palpably untrue, and the person who wrote it knew it to be untrue.

We used to hear a great deal about ring rule in the Democratic party; about how one or two men dictated not only the policy of the party, but the nominations as well. It may be true that there was some truth in the charge; we don't know. But there is one thing we do know, however, and it is that no high-handed proceeding as characterized the selection of delegates to represent Anson in the Populist Congressional convention has ever been attempted by the Democratic "bosses," in this county. Does anybody suppose for an instant that the Democratic county executive committee would have the effrontery to meet and elect themselves delegates to a Congressional convention, instead of calling a county convention for that purpose. Well, that's just what the Populist executive committee did, and every mother's son of them voted for Dockery in the convention, showing clearly that it was a put up job.

THE SAME OLD GAME.

A few weeks ago the MESSENGER-INTELLIGENCER called attention to the fact that the Populist papers were systematically returning to their old tactics of trying to arm the people of the county against the towns, and now comes along Dr. A. A. Maynard with a plea for the resurrection of the Farmers' Alliance. In a recent issue of the Flow Boy, Populist organ for this county, the doctor writes as follows:

"From many causes the Alliance in Anson has grown cold. This is to be regretted and many true Alliancemen would hail with delight a revival of the old time interest. I believe this is possible. The principles of the Alliance are grand and noble. The farmers need a compact organization. Every other business has its organization. Why should the farmers remain disorganized? No one can present a single good reason why they should not organize and stay on. The secret of success or failure of any farmers' organization lies entirely with the farmers themselves. If we come together and stand together we can succeed. Let this grand old motto control our motives and actions, 'in things essential unity, in all things charity.' Let every Allianceman in Anson who loves the cause bestir himself at once and we will have a good county meeting the 2nd Thursday in July. What say you, brethren?"

It will be observed that the doctor, great and saintly reformer that he is, does not enunciate any of the "many causes" that operated against the Alliance in Anson. If the gentleman will allow us we will give one of the "causes." The Alliance in Anson, just as it was everywhere else, was ridden to death by a lot of demagogues and "pie" seeking politicians, who cared nothing for the poor farmer, that they hypocritically ranted about, but everything for the office they expected to get by their disreputable tactics. Dr. Maynard, probably, will soon be out of office again. He wants to instill a little more life into the Alliance, so that he can use it to get another office.

White People Must March Shoulder to Shoulder.

We understand that an effort is being made to keep former Populists from coming into the Democratic primaries—the idea being held out that the refusal of the Democratic State Convention to entertain a proposition to co-operate meant that the Democrats wanted nothing to do with the men who had been led into the Populist party. This is not true. On the contrary, Democrats realize that the only practicable way in which the true free silver men of the State can get together is in the Democratic party where they can't be traded off for offices by corrupt office-hunting politicians. Everyone who wants to co-operate with us will be welcome, the only test being loyalty to the ticket nominated. We want you with us, not as aliens but as brethren of the household, subject to the dictation of no set of men, and thus help to restore good white Government in the State. Unless the white people march shoulder to shoulder, the negroes will largely control the destinies of North Carolina.

The Sure La Grippe Cure.

There is no use suffering from this dreadful malady, if you will only get the right remedy. You are having pain all through your body, your liver is out of order, you have no appetite, no life or ambition, have a bad cold, in fact are completely used up. Electric Bitters is the only remedy that will give you prompt and sure relief. They act directly on your Liver, Stomach and Kidneys, tone up the whole system and make you feel like a new being. They are guaranteed to cure or price refunded. For sale at Jas. A. Hardison's Drug Store, only 50 cents per bottle.

CERVERA'S END.

His Fleet Totally Destroyed at Santiago.

THEY TRIED TO ESCAPE.

The Wreckage of Every Ship, the Cristobal Colon, the Vizcaya, the Almirante Oquendo, the Infanta Maria Teresa, the Furor and the Pluton, Strews the Coast.—Cervera's Boat Got Out in the Confusion, but Was Chased and Knocked to Pieces—Fifteen Hundred Spaniards, Among Them Cervera Himself, Taken Prisoners and All This Accomplished Without the Loss of an American Vessel, and With but One Life Sacrificed.

Sunday, July 3, with Admiral Sampson's Fleet, off Santiago, (cabled from Port Antonio, Monday).—Scattered along the shore for miles to the west of Morro Castle, lie the armored cruisers and torpedo-boat destroyers that comprised Admiral Cervera's fleet. In a running fight of two hours these vessels, the cream of the Spanish navy, were almost annihilated this morning by powerful ships of Admiral Sampson's fleet.

Admiral Cervera, after making as plucky a fight against overwhelming odds as is recorded in naval history, was compelled to surrender. He was taken as a prisoner of war, together with every man in his fleet not drowned or killed in the action.

The Spanish Admiral was wounded in one of his arms. His splendid ships, the Cristobal Colon, flagship, the Vizcaya, Almirante Oquendo and Infanta Maria Teresa, and the torpedo-boat destroyers Furor and Pluton, lie on the Cuban rocks, shell ridden and smoking hulks.

CERVERA SURRENDERED TO WAINWRIGHT.

Cervera, on the Colon, made the longest run toward liberty. He yielded to fate only in the face of death, and is a prisoner now on the Gloucester, which before the war was J. Pierpont Morgan's yacht Corsair.

When his ship, all aflame, was pounding on the shore, ten miles west of Santiago, a boat from the Gloucester put out to him and he gave his sword to Lieutenant Morton, who was in charge of the boat. When he went aboard the Gloucester he was met by Lieut.-Com. Richard Wainwright, who was the watch officer of the Maine the night she was blown up in Havana harbor.

A SPLENDID NAVAL DASH.

Magnificent beyond description was the bold dash by which Cervera attempted to get his fleet out of Santiago harbor. Cervera himself led the way with his flagship, the Cristobal Colon. It was to be a dash to liberty or to death, and the Spanish admiral made the plunge with eyes open.

Sunday quiet rested over the entrance to Santiago harbor. No signs of life were visible about Morro. Beyond and toward the city of Santiago all was still. After two days of fighting the armies of both nations were resting in their trenches. Off this way, for half a dozen miles from shore, most of the vessels of Admiral Sampson's fleet lay lazily at anchor.

Admiral Sampson had set out in the morning to dislodge the Spanish from their works at Aguadores, where the Michigan troops were repulsed along the line of railway Saturday morning while they were marching westward to seize the Morro battery and blow up the fort.

COLON BARTERED OUT FIRST.

It is not known whether Admiral Cervera blew up the Merrimac or passed it in single column. The Cristobal Colon first glided out of the harbor and shot to the westward. Her two funnels and high black bulwarks showed plain against the green of the hills, her pennant and the Spanish red and yellow ensign waving above.

In a few seconds the American fleet was in motion, the Indiana, which was closest, heading straight in shore to get close range. The Spaniards opened fire with an 11 inch Hontona gun, and mighty fountains of water rose above the battle ship and wet her decks. The shell fell near her bow.

The Indiana replied with her 18-inch guns, and a moment later let go every thing she could bring to bear.

One of the first shells fell on the Spanish cruiser's deck. Cervera was then gone past, and the Indiana rounded to give him a broadside. As the Iowa and the Texas opened fire the Almirante Oquendo was just coming into view in the harbor mouth.

At first one could scarcely believe his eyes, but when the Oquendo appeared and steamed swiftly westward into the smoke, where Cervera's flag still flew, it flashed upon those on the American fleet that here was to be history-making indeed. It was a sublime spectacle of a desperate admiral who had decided to give battle against overwhelming odds in the open water rather than remain and blow up his own ships in the harbor of the beleaguered city.

SPANISH FIRED BROADSIDES.

Cervera's flag was hidden for a time as he fled westward, his port broadside emitting flashes of flame, which marked his progress. For the next five minutes he ran a gauntlet such as few ships had ever run in history.

The Indiana fell on the Oquendo, paying no heed to the Morro battery, whose gunners tried hard to protect the cruiser as she moved to the westward. The Iowa let Cervera go on into the hands of the Oregon, Massachusetts and Brooklyn, and then turned, with the Texas, to pound the Oquendo. Then every American ship in the vicinity was in action. Smoke shrouded the coast and blew away lazily, revealing glimpses about the ships where the Spanish shells from the cruisers and the Morro tore the water.

Another ship emerged from the harbor. It was the Vizcaya, coming at full speed, smoke curling over her bow as she took her course to the westward and brought her bow guns into play. Behind her came Spain's two dreaded torpedo-boat destroyers, perhaps two hundred yards apart.

AMERICAN STRATEGY.

The Iowa steamed for a time forward

with the Oquendo and the Indiana did the same with the Vizcaya. As the fight thus moved westward it became clear that the Americans were willing that the Spanish ships should run far enough from the Morro to lose the aid of the guns there, and in twenty minutes this was done.

This was a bit of strategy which was developed under fire and which was accepted at once by all the American ships without orders. In fact, the smoke often made it impossible to see the signals which Commodore Schley was making from the Brooklyn so tremendous was the firing all along the line.

Both the Oquendo and the Vizcaya were sometimes within 1,000 yards of the Indiana. The range varied, but, as a rule, it was short and extremely deadly. Nevertheless, the high speed and thick armor of their class stood the Spanish ships in good stead as they followed in the path of honor marked out by Admiral Cervera.

Three quarters of an hour after the action began it was evident that the Spanish had many guns disabled and would have to surrender. There were terrific casualties on the enemy's ships. As the smoke cleared a little one could see the Spanish flagship, her port broadside spouting smoke, still holding on to the westward.

The Texas and the Massachusetts joined the Indiana and the Iowa. The Oquendo and the Vizcaya hugged the shore and steamed after Cervera on the Colon, to go with him to defeat and death.

SHIPS SET ON FIRE.

Shells burst on the decks of the Spanish cruisers at short intervals. Often the ships were on fire, but again and again their crews extinguished the flames and managed again to begin driving.

The green coast smoked with the shells which flew over them, and crashing sounds heard amid the thunder of great rifles told of armor-piercing shells driven into and through the protected sides of Cervera's ships. Still they fired. Their shots fell about the Indiana and Iowa thickly.

I could not see that our battle ships were hit. No doubt they were, but it seemed that none of their guns was silenced so terrific continued their fire.

GREAT WORK OF THE GLOUCESTER.

Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright, of the Gloucester, like Nelson, seemed to have a blind eye. If he were signalled to pull out, he remained, with his six-pounders, to do work which was both heroic and astonishing. At one time the Gloucester was being fired on by the Vizcaya, both torpedo boats, boat destroyers and the Morro battery. That she was not and that she had enough men left to work her guns was marvelous.

She lay close in to where the Vizcaya came out, and ran along parallel, firing at the cruiser as fiercely in proportion to her size as did the Indiana and Iowa. Captain Eulate, of the Vizcaya, probably feared a torpedo from the Gloucester, for he turned loose his secondary battery at her as he passed on into a storm of shells from the battle ships.

Then the destroyers came on, and the Gloucester accepted them at once as parts of her contract. These destroyers were strong in machine guns and guns of the three and six-pounder class. It seemed that smoke jets burst from them in twenty places as they slipped along after the Vizcaya. The water all about the Gloucester was kept splashing by shells and by bullets from machine guns. But the yacht steamed ahead, keeping the destroyers directly between her and the shore and hammering them.

The Morro was throwing shells from behind, and occasionally the Vizcaya turned a gun or two to aid her followers.

The yacht was often completely hidden by smoke. I could not but wonder if she had been sunk, but she always forged ahead, and appeared again busier than ever.

In ten minutes the fire of the destroyers slackened, but, although some of their guns were disabled, their machinery was all right, and they moved on until Morro could no longer take part in the battle.

THE NEW YORK TAKES PART.

Then the New York appeared, having been summoned to return from Aguadores. She was six miles away when the destroyers saw her. The Morro thundered at Sampson as he came within range, but the Admiral never heeded, seeing only in the distance the dim forms of the Vizcaya and the Oquendo, hopefully hemmed in by a circle of fire, and in the foreground the Gloucester, fighting two destroyers at short range.

When the destroyers saw the flagship they sped away from the Gloucester and tried to overtake the Vizcaya and get into shelter on her starboard side. If that could not be done there ought to be a chance to torpedo the Indiana and break through our line to the open sea, where speed would save them, but the Indiana steamed in shore and the Iowa went further away.

The Indiana's secondary battery had the first destroyer's range, and rained shells upon her. Splattered, torn, but still with their steering gear and machinery intact, both destroyers turned back to run for the mouth of the harbor and seek safety inside, but it was too late. The fight had been carried nearly our miles west of the Morro, and the New York was already past the harbor mouth.

The Gloucester was ready for the destroyers close at hand. She and the destroyers and the Indiana formed a triangle of which the destroyers were the apex, and the American fire, converging, was too fierce for human beings to withstand.

A CARNIVAL OF DESTRUCTION.

One destroyer drifted into the surf of a battered wreck, and then crept on toward the Gloucester and the New York, with her guns silent and showing a flag of truce. She was on fire, and her crew ran her ashore to save the lives of those who had escaped the shells. She blew up soon after they abandoned her.

I was standing behind Dr. Simonds, of the Iowa, when the Gloucester was in greatest peril, and he could not help turning from the main battle to watch her heroic work, and shouting his hope that she would not run short of ammunition. Her commander's skill and courage were simply magnificent.

The Spanish admiral was lost in smoke to the westward, when the

Oquendo went ashore, with flames bursting from her decks. The Iowa, Indiana, Texas and Massachusetts ceased firing, the Massachusetts going to join the Oregon and the Brooklyn in hunting up and smashing Cervera's ship.

Once headed off the Oquendo turned into a small bay four or five miles west of Santiago where she lay close to the land. With an ever weakening broadside the Vizcaya followed, first heading out as if to break through the line of battle. The Indiana and Iowa closed in, and their formation made her escape in that direction impossible.

Captain Eulate then attempted to reach the east side of the bay, occupied by the Oquendo, but in vain. With a glare I could see that the Vizcaya's bulwarks near the stern had been shot away. Smoke poured out where shells had exploded inside, and she was on fire. Her guns, with the exception of those forward, were out of action. Her bow guns were still fired at intervals. Those who were not working the bow guns crowded forward to escape the smoke and fire aft.

The Oquendo was soon ashore, her guns silent and smoke rising in thick, black clouds from her.

There was a thundering of guns to the westward now, and flashes told that Cervera still fought, but to the eastward of his ship lay the burning wreck of his two destroyers.

The torpedo boat Ericsson was seen coming along with the New York. The Indiana and Iowa were closing in, and shell after shell hoisted and aboard the Vizcaya. Eulate hoisted a white flag as his ship went ashore to save the remnant of men. Simultaneously up went a flag of white on the Oquendo, and down came the flag of Spain.

BUT ONE SHIP LEFT.

An hour and a half had elapsed since Cervera left the harbor, and of the vessels which came out only his flagship was still in action.

The Morro battery still stormed impotently at the New York. The American army, with a thousand dead and wounded, was not yet in Santiago, but Cervera's fleet was destroyed, and Cervera himself was only struggling on because he wished to make his defeat glorious in the eyes of the attentive world.

He had proven, at last, that he was not bottled up so tightly as was supposed. He had lost nearly all his vessels, and perhaps more than half of his men, but his penant was still flying and some of his guns were still in action.

Cervera passed the bay in which the Oquendo had sought refuge and held on to the westward course close to the land, but evidently nourishing the desperate hope that he might break through the line and reach free water. He had passed in succession the Indiana, the Iowa and the Texas, not to speak of the little Gloucester, which spouted six-pounder shells at him. Since his flag had appeared outside the harbor his ship had been struck again and again. By this time the Vizcaya and the Oquendo were beaten, but in spite of the twelve and thirteen-inch shells that were rained upon him at a range which was short for such guns, in spite of the fact that his boilers and machinery were damaged, he held his course. From a point a mile west of the Morro the Cristobal Colon was invisible frequently in low hanging smoke from his own guns and also that which drifted in shore from the battle ships.

CERVERA HEADED OFF.

At half-past 11 o'clock Cervera saw the Oregon coming in shore ahead of him to round him. The smoke was very thick. The firing was incessant.

Cervera's available guns were no longer well served. Shells had set fire to his ship near the stern, and the flames were controlled with difficulty, but the Spanish admiral altered his course and headed off from the coast, as if to attempt to pass between the ships and run for it.

It was impossible. The Iowa and the Texas were already moving down to close the gap, and the Spanish flagship, raked by the Oregon and Brooklyn at a range from a thousand to three thousand yards, and by the Iowa and the Texas at longer range, turned in shore again and ran for the rocks, where the surf was breaking. Cervera still replied occasionally, and I wondered what the smoke hid his ship would be able to do as it lifted.

I could still discern the Spanish ship from time to time, as the smoke drifted away and the flash of a gun at intervals proved that the Spaniard was consistently following the idea which led him to quit the harbor—to make a glorious end.

FLAGSHIP IN A BLAZE.

But his ship moved slowly now, as if disabled, and in a few minutes more his guns were silent. Black smoke replaced the swirling white. The flagship was aflame. Her men were unable either to work the guns or smother the flames caused by bursting shells and she was headed for the rocks.

She struck bow on and rested there. Red flames burst through the black smoke and soon a pillar of cloud rose straight up a thousand feet and then bent against the green mountain.

Cervera's ship was hopelessly lost. The American battleships ceased firing before she struck, and ran in, apparently with the intention of saving the survivors as prisoners. This was evidently expected by the Spaniards, hundreds of whom thronged the forward deck, watching the flames eating their way toward them.

WONDROUS NAVAL VICTORY.

Sampson, in an Official Dispatch, Says the Whole Spanish Fleet Is Destroyed and Cervera Is a Prisoner.

Washington, July 4.—The Secretary of the Navy has received the following report from Admiral Sampson:

The fleet under my command offers the nation as a Fourth of July present the destruction of the whole of Cervera's fleet. No one escaped. The fleet attempted to escape at 9:30 a. m., and at 2 p. m. the last of the ships, the Cristobal Colon, had run ashore six miles west of Santiago and left down her colors.

The Infanta Maria Teresa, Oquendo and Vizcaya were forced ashore, burned and blown up within twenty miles of Santiago. The Furor and Pluton were destroyed at 9:30 a. m. Our loss—one killed and wounded. The enemy's loss is probably several hundred from gun-fire, explosions and drowning. We have about 1,300 prisoners, including 1,200 Spaniards. The man killed was George H. Ellis, chief yeoman of the Brooklyn.

BATTLE OF SANTIAGO.

GREAT SPANISH LOSSES—OUR LOSSES ALSO HEAVY.

This Is the Full Account of the Two Days' Fierce Conflict—Our Loss is 500 Killed and Wounded and the Spanish Loss is Four or Five Times as Great—From Friday Dawn Till Saturday Afternoon We Fought for Every Foot of Land.

San Juan, Overlooking Santiago de Cuba, July 2.—After two days of the most terrific fighting, during which more than 800 of our men were killed and wounded, the American army is still outside Santiago, but is knocking hard at its gates. It is only a question of hours when it must get in.

On all sides our batteries look down on the city, and are pouring an awful fire into the Spanish fortifications which face our men. The enemy lie in their intrenchments, struggling for every inch of ground. The Spanish soldiers are fighting like devils. Ours are forcing them constantly back, water by hundreds, and never yielding an inch that they have gained.

Now and then outside the harbor Admiral Sampson's fleet thunders death at Morro Castle and the adjoining defences. The hills and the valleys also re-echo the roar of the big guns and the rattle and crash of musketry.

The Morro is almost in ruins. Its batteries are all but silenced. The huge Spanish flag which floated so defiantly from the Morro, and which was the only one in sight from the sea on the south coast, has been shot away, and there are great yawning holes in the masonry of the hillside defences.

SANTIAGO AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

Just a week after the battle near Sevilla in which the rough riders took part, Gen. Shafter's men were in their positions for attacking the Spaniards. Our readers will understand the situation from the following description of the surroundings of the city of Santiago:

Six miles from the sea at the head of what is practically a salt water lake lies Santiago, surrounded on all sides by high mountains which rise almost straight up from the water. These mountains stand in ridges practically running parallel with the coast. Between the first and second ridges is Santiago.

Two and a half miles east of the entrance of the harbor is Aguadores, directly south of Santiago itself. Southeast of Santiago, on the top of a hill, is San Juan, from which place this dispatch is sent. About three miles northeast of the city is El Cane. Santiago is a walled city, and Aguadores, San Juan, and El Cane are its outposts on the east.

Gen. Shafter believed that Santiago would be best taken by compelling its capitulation by siege, but he finally yielded to the rough riders' plan of attacking the city. It was decided to make the attack all along the line, and to never stop the fighting until Santiago was taken.

On Thursday Americans had the city practically surrounded. The plan of attack comprised a joint assault by the fleet and army on Aguadores, and a military attack alone on El Cane and San Juan hill, east of the entrance on which the little town of San Juan stands. The fleet diverting the attention of the enemy by occasionally bombarding.

THE BATTLE ON OUR CENTRE.

Grimes' battery at El Pazo had in the meantime opened, firing across the gulch from the hill below San Juan. There was no reply until the tenth shot. Then the Spanish shells burst over the American line, all of them flying too high to do any harm to the battery. The First and Tenth regiments and the rough riders were lying along the hillside in the bushes. The shells were raining shrapnel on them, but they did not seem to heed it much, many of them joking as the firing went on. None of them was seriously hurt.

For half an hour the shells from both sides whistled and shrieked. The Spaniards the hill where surrounded by a cloud of yellow dust that was torn up by the American shells. Still they fired, but, as usual, their shells went too high. In half an hour more the position became too hot for them. Their firing gradually became weaker and weaker, and then ceased. The battery was silenced, and there were no Spaniards in sight.

The Tenth Cavalry Regiment and the rough riders were ordered to make a detour and take the hill. Then began the real fighting. The Spaniards were not in sight, but there were hundreds of them in concealment. The rough riders marched through the gulch across to the slope, whereupon the blockhouse opened fire again. One of the Spanish shells wounded Mason Mitchell, Cuban Trooper Long, and Surgeon Devore.

At the same time the Spanish sharpshooters began popping away, picking off men here and there. Lieut.-Col. Roosevelt wounded, rode at the head of his troops, with the Tenth Cavalry ranged alongside. The riders all dodged behind bushes and trees to escape the hail of bullets. The Spanish fire grew hotter and hotter and our men dropped two and three at a time.

CHARGE OF THE ROUGH RIDERS.

When they came to the open smooth hillside there was no protection. Bullets were raining down on them; shot and shells from the batteries were sweeping everything. There was a moment's hesitation, and then came the order "Forward, charge!" Lieut.-Col. Roosevelt led, waving his sword. Out into the face of death, men went and up the hill. Death to every man seemed certain. The crackle of the Mauser rifles was continuous. Out of the brush came the riders. Up, up they went, with the colored troopers along side of them, not a man flinching, and firing as they ran. Roosevelt was a hundred feet in the lead. Up, up they went in the face of death, men dropping from the ranks at every step. The rough riders acted like veterans. It was an inspiring sight and an awful one.

Astonished by the madness of the rush, the Spaniards exposed themselves. This was a fatal mistake for them. The Tenth Cavalry picked them off like ducks and rushed on, up and up.

The more Spaniards were killed more seemed to take their places. The rain of shells and bullets doubled. Men dropped faster and faster, but others took their places. Roosevelt sat erect on his horse, holding his sword and shouting for his men to follow him. Finally his horse was shot from under him, but he landed on his feet and continued calling for his men to advance. He charged up the hill foot.

It seemed an age to the men who were watching, and to the rough riders the hill must have seemed miles high. But they were undaunted. They went on, firing as fast as their guns would work. The shooting of the Tenth Cavalry was wonderful. Their ranks closed as fast as they were thinned.

At last the top of the hill was reached. The Spaniards in the trenches could still have annihilated the Americans, but the Yankees' daring dazed them. They were over for an instant, and then turned and ran. As they ran our men coolly picked them off.

house captured. Some of the guns also were captured, but not all of them. They saw across the gulch cheered wildly as they saw their comrades' victory. The riders cheered the Tenth and the latter cheered the riders. Then on they went to drive the Spaniards further. They found the trenches full of dead, but none alive.

In the rush more than half the rough riders were wounded. Though they had the hill, the position was still perilous on account of the sharpshooters.

LAWTON'S ADVANCE ON THE RIGHT.

While this was going on Gen. Lawton was advancing rapidly on El Cane. The Spaniards had prepared for attack, though they had run away when it began. There were trenches everywhere. Gen. Lawton advanced, but was met by a hot rifle fire from the enemy in their intrenchments. On the extreme right our men spread out, getting the protection of the trees and bushes, and firing every time they saw a Spaniard head. They were always advancing upon the outside line of trenches. The retreat of the Spaniards prevented a flank movement on our part.

Capt. Capron's artillery now resumed its firing, its target being a stone fort in front of the town. Every shot went true, but the guns were not big enough to do the necessary damage. They, however, made it so hot for the enemy that they had to leave several times. They always got back, though, before our infantry reached the outside of the town. The force was then split, going in two directions at the same time. The fighting before they reached the town was nothing compared with their reception in the town. They were fired on from all sides by the enemy who were concealed everywhere. The trenches in view were filled with men, whose hats were visible. The Americans shot the hats to pieces, but killed none of the Spaniards, who had resorted to the old trick of placing their hats on sticks for our men to shoot at. The breastworks in the northeast corner of the town did the most damage. This position was not discovered for a long time. It fired a hot, almost resistless, fire upon our men. The Americans lay down to avoid it. The Spaniards had the range, however, and killed and wounded many of our men as they lay. The officers suffered particularly.

Gen. Chaffee dashed here and there, giving orders and calling on his men to fight for their lives and to help their country to win a victory.

The battery was at last discovered, and that was the end of it. Every Spaniard who showed himself was picked off. The trenches ran with blood. Capt. Capron at the same time silenced the most dangerous. This was the time for the Americans to advance. With a yell they dashed in, led by their officers right up to the fort. Up the slope they went, still cheering, and captured the position with scarcely a struggle.

They were seen from the hills three miles away, and the cheers from there could be heard by the victorious troops. There was one blockhouse left. Capt. Clarke was detailed by Gen. Chaffee to take it with one company. He advanced under an awful fire up and over the intrenchments, and the battle was won. The Spaniards retreated in disorder. Every street leading out of the town was filled with the fleeing enemy. One hundred and twenty-five of them were captured.

STORMING SAN JUAN.

Now there was but one position left to carry—San Juan itself. The batteries there were heavy and there were earthworks everywhere, besides a stone house, which was an important defence. The whole hill was filled with Spaniards. All day long a balloon had been working in charge of Lieut. Maxfield. It was raised 200 feet, and from it Lieut. Maxfield was able, from observation, to pick out the enemy's position in the brush and to send word to the earth to aid the soldiers in drying them out. He located all the enemy on the San Juan hill. The balloon was fired on frequently, and finally it had to be withdrawn two miles for safety. Even at that distance Lieut. Maxfield was still to give valuable aid.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon Gen. Hawkins himself, with the Third and Sixth Cavalry and the Thirteenth and Sixteenth Infantry, started for the hill. The rough riders and Seventh, Ninth, and Tenth Regiments were the second in line. The hill was steeper than any that had already been taken, and there were more Spaniards on it with heavier guns, and the men knew how to use them.

The charge was the greatest of the day and the most important, for the hill was the chief defence overlooking Santiago. Gen. Hawkins called upon our men to charge. The Spanish fire seemed irresistible, but the men did not flinch. With yells they charged up the hill. The Merciless shells tore gaps in their ranks, but in they went, inspired by Gen. Hawkins and their officers. Company E of the Sixteenth Infantry was the farthest in front. Capt. McFarland was killed in the first moments of the rush. His company wavered a moment, and then Lieut. Carey jumped into the lead and yelled "Come on, Company E." The company dashed on, but a few minutes later Lieut. Carey was killed. None of the men seemed to realize the terrific deadly fire that was being poured into their faces. On they went like demons. The officers were everywhere ahead of their men. Gen. Hawkins, with his sword waving, was in advance of all.

Not only from the front but from the side the hottest kind of fire was directed against the Americans, cutting the ranks to pieces. There was no halt until the top of the hill was reached, when the Americans dashed among the Spaniards, drove them out, and bayoneted and cut them to pieces. Capt. Cavanaugh planted the flag on the hilltop, and the sight of it caused unbounded enthusiasm.

OUR LOSS 500—SPANISH LOSS AT LEAST 3,500.

What might be considered an official estimate at the time the dispatch left placed the number of our casualties at 500 killed and wounded. The Spaniards lost four or five times as great. Of the five or six hundred Spanish prisoners captured Louis Cerrato, one of the most intelligent and a member of the Talavera battalion, says that the Spanish believed that San Juan was impregnable. Col. Ordonez, the Spanish artillery expert and inventor of the Ordonez cannon, personally directed the fire of the artillery.