

A VICARIOUS SACRIFICE.

How Baron Von Ketteler's Death Saved the Foreigners at Peking.

A MISSIONARY ENGINEER.

The Climax of Chinese Treachery and the Hurry of Preparations for Defense.

Special correspondence to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

PEKING, CHINA, Aug. 28.

The young Baroness von Ketteler was probably the most unhappy person of all the number who endured the trials and hardships of the siege. Certainly she was the one most sympathized with. Wives whose husbands were shot down by the enemy, mothers who watched their babies die for lack of good air and nutritious food, hearts broken by their own grief throbbing with sorrow for the woman whose husband's life was offered a vicarious sacrifice for all the foreigners in Peking. There are those who will contest this statement, there are diplomats who will emphatically deny it; but the fact remains that the great body of foreigners in Peking never question but that Baron von Ketteler's death was the final salvation of all.

On June 19, at 4 p. m., the Tsung li Yamen informed the foreign Ministers by letter that they would be expected to leave Peking within 24 hours under protection of Chinese soldiers. Baron von Ketteler was the only Minister who did not think this request an evidence of Chinese enlightenment and understanding of International courtesy. The French Minister, Sir Claude MacDonald and Minister Coger were all in favor of going, but Baron von Ketteler, more suspicious of Chinese treachery and diplomacy, saw massacre for all outside the city gates, in a country swarming with red-handed Boxers and uncertain soldiery.

He remarked at dinner that night: "I may be nervous or overworked, or something, but I am apprehensive of evil if we leave the city."

MURDER OF BARON VON KETTELER.

The following morning, June 20, he arose, determined to enter a protest to the Tsung li Yamen. A brave man always, he started on his errand, accompanied only by his interpreter, Mr. Coques. They rode in the sedan chairs used by all Ministers when calling upon Chinese officials. Before leaving his home, about 10 a. m., he bade his wife, to whom he was most devotedly attached, a first and then a second farewell, saying as he did so: "Do not worry. If I am gone long you may be sure that I am succeeding and that the officials are listening to me."

But the Baron did not reach the Yamen, for when only two-thirds of the way there he was shot down by the Chinese Imperial troops who were to form the escort to Tien Tsin. Mr. Cordes was shot in the leg. Nevertheless, he ran forward, looked into Baron von Ketteler's chair and saw that he was quite dead, a ghastly bullet wound in his head. Mr. Cordes then turned, followed by a shower of bullets. He fled down a small side street. The people along the narrow street refused to reply to his questions as to the exact location of the American Methodist-Episcopal Mission, which he knew was somewhere in a neighborhood. Finally he met an old broad peddler, who, not daring to stop in conversation with him, but who in his street call sang the direction in which Mr. Cordes was to turn. Mr. Cordes turned north instead of south. The old fellow sang "south" again. Mr. Cordes, almost dead and given out, turned south, ran a short distance, and fell fainting at the northeast barricade of the Methodist-Episcopal Mission, where were gathered all the American missionaries of Peking and Lung Chen, over 70 in number. News of the brutal murder of the German Minister came like wildfire over the entire foreign community. The missionaries who were endeavoring to stifle their fears and pack small trunks, as commanded by Minister Coger, for the afternoon's start to Tien Tsin, then gathered a few things into the smallest compass possible; some took steamer trunks, some hand-bundles; others took baby food. Capt. Hall, in charge of the 20 United States Marines sent by Minister Coger for defense, ordered all to march to the American Legation, the native Chinese refugees to follow in the rear.

GATHERING AT THE LEGATION.

What a march, out through their own barricades thrown up by Mr. Francis Gamewell, of the Methodist-Episcopal Mission, the man who by his skill in fortifying became the great man of the siege later; down Haut-a-Meu street, almost to the Great Haut-a-Meu Gate, over whose second-story balustrade hung a thousand Chinese soldiers, the long procession of men, women, children and babies, nurses, servants and 300 native Christians moved. Fifty foreign guards stood motionless by the roadside. No one spoke. All felt the intensity of the situation. The hands that fired on the German Minister might at any moment fire on the helpless mortals moving below them.

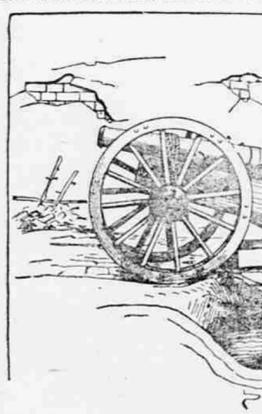
But the American Legation, a distance of half a mile, was reached in safety; thence all removed to the British Legation and that afternoon of June 20, at 4 p. m., which was to have seen a train of 1,000 carts full of half-armed men, helpless women and babies, insufficiently guarded by 400 Marines, found almost every foreigner in Peking safe in the British Legation, the native Christians in the palace of the fourth hereditary Prince and guarded by the brave Japanese. (This palace, being just opposite the British Legation and its owner having fled.)

FORTIFYING THE LEGATIONS.

The missionaries had been throwing up intrenchments, digging ditches and building walls, barb-wire fences, making loopholes for two weeks; in fact, had made an excellent fort of the Methodist-Episcopal Mission property, but not one foot of soil had been turned up for defense in any other hold an annual celebration in her honor. Don't you think that a good idea?" "Indeed I do," replied the old veteran with patriotic wariness.

but praise and thanks and public acknowledgment should not be withheld from brave Baron von Ketteler's memory. All know now, as many did whose hearts failed them when the order to prepare to leave Peking was read, that certain massacre by Imperial order awaited them outside the city walls—massacre only averted by Baron von Ketteler's death. Alas that it took so much, after months of trickery and inaction on the part of the Chinese officials, to convince the body of Ministers that in such a crisis they could not trust to Chinese promises of protection.

And so many who were unknown to her mourned with the young Baroness and many an eye filled with sympathy when after the troops for relief came, she was seen, tall, slender, statuesque, her face drawn with suffering, moving about like one from whom the spirit almost had fled. And more than she felt glad when, nearly nine weeks after his death, the Baron's body, lying in a magnificent Chinese coffin, was recovered from a mound in the Tsung li Yamen, identified by friends and physicians, and laid to rest in the German Legation. There had been days and nights of wildest grief, acutest agony, when Baroness von Ketteler imagined her husband only wounded, a prisoner among enemies whose delight it was to torture; times when she and all his friends thought, even if dead, his body would be mutilated; but the subsequent recovery of it, intact save for the wound in the head, was cause for



THE INTERNATIONAL GUN MOUNTED ON THE HAU LIU ACADEMY RUINS, AND THE AMERICAN GUNNER, MITCHELL.

Photographed by J. Martin Miller. "BETSEY," THE INTERNATIONAL GUN MOUNTED ON THE HAU LIU ACADEMY RUINS, AND THE AMERICAN GUNNER, MITCHELL.

deep thankfulness. Not only his young wife's sad heart was comforted with the privilege of laying her dead away, but many more rejoiced in the decent burial of Baron von Ketteler.

J. MARTIN MILLER.

"OUR BETSEY."

The International Gun of the Peking Siege.

Special correspondence to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

PEKING, CHINA, Aug. 29.

"Have you seen 'our Betsey'?" queried a bright young girl who had lived to see come the allied relief troops on Aug. 14.

"No," replied the old officer, "I have not who is she?"

"Our Betsey? Why, 'our Betsey' is the International Gun of the Peking Siege. She is the Yellow Dragon, the British Lion, the Russian Bear, and the American Eagle, all combined in one emblem of Harmony of Nations—such as every true American understands.

"I don't believe I understand; perhaps the Chinese and British all combined in one too much for my poor head," interrupted her listener. "You must tell me plainly."

"I am just coming to that, but we all felt so eloquent on the subject of 'Betsey' that we have to give a what do you call it, sort of a pie or a tin, you know," answered the girl whose spirits even six weeks in siege had failed to quench.

"You see it was this way," she continued; "we were having an awfully hard time here in the British Legation; we had in the morning the Italian gun, the Russian gun, and it could only be one piece at a time—while the Chinese were attacking us from several places at a time nearly all day and all night. Our United States Marines on the wall wanted a gun to knock the 'heaven Chinese' barricade down. In fact, we needed one to break barricades in every direction, for the Chinese were firing some 1000 shells a minute around us. Well, Mitchell, our Marine gunner, such a brave fellow, conceived the idea of making a gun or cannon that would do everything, firing and worked and worked upon it for a long time.

"Just by accident one day two Chinese came to see Mitchell, and he showed them the pipe and they grasped his idea."

"Do you want something like that?" they asked. "If you do we can get you one for nothing. Now, you see, they had to see us at work making a gun before the thought occurred to them that another might be used. Well, off they ran to their workshop and they made a cannon. Not another thing but a cannon. Now I will tell you why we call her the International."

"Of course you must know, 'Betsey' is only her pet name. The International is her formal appellation because her body was found in an Italian junk shop with within our lines. She was mounted on an Italian carriage, loaded with Russian shells, fired by an American gunner, from the British Legation walls. Now, you see why we call her the International, but she is 'our Betsey' just the same."

"Then God bless Betsey, the International," said the old officer, lifting his hat. This would have made an excellent conclusion to the conversation, but the young American girl's tongue was loosened. If it checks green pink and her eyes bright; it seemed so good to be talking to some one from the outside world an officer at that.

"Just as soon as Betsey was finished, or mounted as the soldiers say, Mitchell and the Captain gave her a trial. They turned her on a wall and directed her to give the greasiest, wheezy old roar from her old throat and go! Not only through it, but another back of it, and we all—well, we all—"

"And then our boys took her upon the wall near Chien-men gate and turned her on the Chinese barricades. Again she roared and swallowed shells, we all used that our men had used rifles only, and the Chinese thought that we had nothing else. Well, when Betsey struck them, they were so surprised that, instead of doing or lying down, they jumped straight up and looked over their barricades, and our men swept them with a rifle volley. And that was the beginning of 'Betsey's' good work. She knocked down barricades and prevented rushes from the enemy and lots of things just as bad.

"And when in the midst of all the other bombarding we heard a volley entirely different, a wheezy, throaty, gusty roar, as if the old gun had caught and swallowed shells, we all used to pause, and some one was sure to say, 'Just listen to our dear old Betsey.' She is so surprised that, instead of doing or lying down, they jumped straight up and looked over their barricades, and our men swept them with a rifle volley. And that was the beginning of 'Betsey's' good work. She knocked down barricades and prevented rushes from the enemy and lots of things just as bad.

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VARICOCELE.

Free Trial of a New Home Cure—No Pain, Operation or Loss of Time From Work.

Every man afflicted with varicocele will be glad to know that he can have a free trial of a new and wonderful method that cures at home, speedily and surely. There is no operation, no pain, no letting of blood, but a quick relief and a rapid, permanent cure. It is such a brilliant discovery, so different from the worthless success-pennies and supporters that every man should send at once for a free trial of the method so he may begin curing himself in the privacy of his own home.

By writing to Dr. W. S. Rice, 39 E. Main St., Adams, N. Y., he will gladly mail you, in plain, sealed wrapper, a free trial of the method that will enable every sufferer to cure himself at home. Do not fail to write at once. You receive a very valuable offer.

CHINESE SITUATION.

i Hung Chang at Peking—Uprising in Southern Provinces.

Li Hung Chang is now in Peking, and making his official calls on the Legations. In Germany the United States' answer to the French note is generally approved, and surprise is manifested by a number of papers that our Government has rapidly assumed a more energetic attitude toward China and attribute this to the presence of Secretary Hay.

Rather trustworthy Chinese reports are

Sophia Holmes, one of the oldest employees of the Treasury, and the oldest colored woman appointed to a position under the Government, died last week, at the age of 70. She was a free colored woman who lived in Lincoln, she was a prominent character in 1863. She performed a deed that practically gave her a life position in the Treasury. While at work one afternoon she discovered a large sum of money scattered in a wastebasket. She immediately recognized that a big blunder had been made. She wrapped the notes in a bundle and then set down to determine to await the coming of Treasurer Spinner, it being the latter's custom to visit the Treasury every night.

Mr. Holmes heard the footsteps of Mr. Spinner and she hurried to her room and to her, with pistol in hand, not knowing what to expect. She handed him the money, still in sheets, and he was so amazed that he let her go. He later learned that her position should be made one of honor. She had her salary raised to a comfortable sum.

On another occasion Mrs. Holmes detected a man stealing \$47,000 from the counting-room of the Treasury. She accused his arrest and the money was recovered. Mrs. Holmes was liked by everybody in the Treasury where she was usually known as "Old Sophie." She married a slave, but saved enough out of her wages to buy her freedom.

The Board of Ordnance and Fortifications, which has been holding a protracted session in Washington, has recommended that no more deterring gun carriages be made. There has been much contention among Army officers, especially among artillery officers, as to the value of the carriage for such sites, upon the recommendation of the Board is subject to the action of the Secretary of War. One of the strongest objections against the carriage is that its complicated machinery is liable to get out of order, and is very liable to be thrown out of action by ordinary happenings.

There is strong talk that Senator C. K. Davis, of Minnesota, will succeed Secretary Hay when President McKinley begins his second term, as it is likely that the cabinet will be reorganized in accordance with the practice of re-elected Presidents. A better selection than Senator Davis could not be made. Probably the cabinet will be reformed on our foreign relations than he.

The new battleship Wisconsin made a splendid showing at her recent trial trip along the California coast, and averaged 17.5 knots speed.

There are estimated to be \$3,000 eligible voters in the District of Columbia, who will go to their respective States to vote.

There were 14 murderers committed to jail in Washington last year, three less than the previous year. Nine of these were white and five colored. There were 25 cases of housebreaking, 393 grand larcenies, 3,490 petty larcenies, 29 highway robberies and 24 forgeries.

Every little while a child rolls his or her head on the floor, and a mother, in a fit of panic, picks up the child, and a call for the regular wagon.

Maj. Sylvester, the Washington Chief of Police, is a far-seeing, progressive man, and among his recommendations for the coming year are for—

1. A public playground, for tennis, baseball, croquet, bowling, etc., etc.

2. An enclavé asylum.

3. A law punishing husbands who will not support their wives, and their families.

4. Five thousand dollars for increased police protection during the next inauguration.

5. A new police station.

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CHAT OF THE CORRIDORS.

The Matter of allotments in the Kiowa-Comanche-Apache Indian Reservation is causing the Interior Department considerable anxiety, the appropriation for the allotment having been expended, and there is not enough money in hand or in sight to carry forward the work. Last week Secretary Hitchcock had a lengthy conference with Inspector Nesler, who had come from the field to Washington to discuss the outlook. He is understood to have urged the necessity of hurrying the work, as at the present rate of progress the reservation could not be opened to settlement for over a year. Mr. Nesler pointed out that the Kiowa-Comanche-Apache reservation is a large one, and that the allotment of land to the Indians is a very difficult task. It is believed that the Secretary is casting about to see if any of the funds set aside for the Interior Department may be legally used in carrying forward the work. In case the United States Attorney for the Interior Department finds no fund available for the purpose an appropriation will have to be asked for when Congress convenes in December.

SHERIDAN WITH THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

(Continued from first page.)

astic regard which continued undiminished during the entire period of their service together.

Sheridan fought this battle under C. C. Gilbert as corps commander. Gilbert at that time was a Captain in the regular army, a Brigadier-General of Volunteers, whose commission was vacated a few months later by the failure of the Senate to confirm his appointment, and was said to be a Major-General of Kentucky militia.

When he was a Brigadier-General, and of course, his Major-General's commission, if he had one, was of no binding force under the circumstances, although Buell had assigned him to command as of that rank, and he was acting as such. Sheridan knew these things, and so did his men; in fact, Gilbert was universally spoken of as "Captain" among the rank and file.

Nevertheless, Sheridan rendered loyal obedience until some days after the battle, when he raised the question of rank by refusing acquiescence in an order affecting the comfort of his men, but otherwise unimportant, and Buell settled the controversy by transferring the division to the corps of Gen. A. M. Cook, where it afterwards served.

Sheridan's magnanimity is illustrated by the fact that in his memoirs, written when he was full General, and Gilbert was still only Lieutenant Colonel in the army, he only alludes in the vaguest terms to this episode, not mentioning names or recalling unpleasant incidents. His thoughts may have been many and mighty, but his expressions were closely guarded.

THE WRITER'S FIRST MEETING WITH SHERIDAN.

It was during the Perryville campaign that I first met Gen. Sheridan personally, under circumstances which left an abiding impression. I was serving as Acting Quartermaster of the 1st Cavalry, and during the temporary absence of the commanding officer, I was given a horse to ride, and felt naturally desirous to do all that was expected of me. At the end of a long day's march I was instructed by the Colonel to arrange for securing the daily rations of beef on the hoof, a duty which had been previously attended to by the Quartermaster, who was that day far behind in charge of the regimental trains.

Utterly ignorant of the first steps to be taken, I proceeded to the Quartermaster's Headquarters in search of information.

Riding up from the rear to a row of tents pitched in an orchard, I saw a young man in his shirt sleeves sitting on a stump eating a cigar, and evidently rambling on the beauties of nature. I checked the speed of my horse just in time to avoid running into him as he raised his eyes and exclaimed: "Who the devil are you, anyhow?" I did not give him much satisfaction on that point, but proceeded to explain my dilemma and asked him where I could find the Quartermaster.

He seemed interested at once, and saying that he could tell me just what to do, proceeded to give explicit directions as to selecting the animals, detaching butchers, dividing the beef among the companies, etc., etc. Having accomplished my errand, I was just thanking him preparatory to going to my post as a staff officer came up, saluted and spoke to him as Gen. Sheridan. I, of course, promptly apologized for my unceremonious approach, but was assured that in the absence of any marks of his rank my mistake was natural to a new soldier, and was further informed that the General was ready at all times to instruct legitimate inquirers in regard to any part of their military duties. I afterward found that this accessibility and willingness to instruct was one of Sheridan's prominent characteristics, and it was necessarily the means of greatly increasing the efficiency of his command.

After Perryville Buell marched to Bowling Green, where he was superseded in command by Gen. Rosecrans. The army then proceeded to Gen. Nashville, where nearly two months were spent in preparation for the Stone River campaign. Here Sheridan's Division for the first time found leisure in camp for the drill and discipline which make soldiers. The drill was assiduously attended to, while numerous scouting and foraging expeditions into the enemy's country laid the basis for active operations which were to follow.

(To be continued.)

"A DREAM OF THE FLAG."

Under this title there appears in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly a meritorious poem by Miss Theodora Peck, daughter of Gen. T. S. Peck, of Burlington, Vt.

1777.

A woman sat in the silent room,
Lit by a candle's flickering flame,
Sewing on through the shadowy gloom,
While glorious thoughts with stitches came.

A glow of crimson, a gleam of white,
As the banner lay across her knee,
The colors catching in the candle's light,
In their longing to fly to the breezes free.

Blue as the breadth of the boundless sea,
Flecked with the blazing stars of night,
Glad with the light of the sunshine-free,
It waved a promise blessed and bright.

1781.

Lifted the veil of future years,
Scattered the mists that around them float,
The young Republic, 'mid hopes and fears,
Rides to the ring of the bugle-note.

She rides to the beat of the conquering drum,
To the cheer of the charge, and the
trumpet's cry,
As onward the lines of the redcoats come,
And our flag floats out on the Yorktown air.

When the smoke had cleared from the battle-line,
And roars of angry cannon ceased,
The flag of the sky, and the glad sunshine,
Floated radiant over a land of peace.

1812.

But while the century yet was young,
America called on her sons again,
For over the land the war-rung,
From the mountain crest to the ocean main.

And again the flag with its sunny hues
Thrust up the lists of the ocean breeze,
As the Yankee ships, with their stalwart crews,
Danced on the waves of the threatening seas.

And when, in the midst of the lurid night,
The sea was aflame, and the sky was red,
The flag, with its colors gleaming bright,
Flourished over the glowing o'erhead.

And victory crowned our arms once more,
And peace, a hovering angel form,
Spread her pinions from shore to shore,
To smile in sunshine and droop in storm.

1845.

Yet, still, as the years went echoing by,
Contentions new in our land arose;
And again to the sound of the rallying cry,
Our soldiers subdued the border foes.

1861.

Ah, lowering-dark was our country's sky
When out of the South the storm came forth;

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE: WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1900.

VARICOCELE.

Free Trial of a New Home Cure—No Pain, Operation or Loss of Time From Work.

Every man afflicted with varicocele will be glad to know that he can have a free trial of a new and wonderful method that cures at home, speedily and surely. There is no operation, no pain, no letting of blood, but a quick relief and a rapid, permanent cure. It is such a brilliant discovery, so different from the worthless success-pennies and supporters that every man should send at once for a free trial of the method so he may begin curing himself in the privacy of his own home.

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