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PEW PICTURES OF THE WAR

TRUE STORIES NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME TOLD.

Hairbreadth Escapes on Land and Sea Together With Nearly All Conceivable Varieties of Peculiar Adventures and Happenings—How a Single Ship and a Battery Fought a Duel—Friend Mistaken for Foe—Why the Colon Was Caught—Death of a Regular.

Many of the best stories of the war have been untold, because they did not properly come under the head of legitimate news, and the war correspondent at the front had little time for side issues. Many a bit of humor or pathos, many a graphic allusion to the grim background of war, many a spirited scene and many a vivid recollection of past dangers still linger in the memory of the war correspondents who while at the front were thinking only of getting through the real news to an anxious nation. But now, the work is done, and a double line of sunken torpedoes was stretched across the bay. Electric wires connected between the two batteries. The touch of a finger on a switchboard would suffice to blow to pieces any overzealous intruder.

So the lieutenant distributed among the newspaper representatives and Key West shipping agents a formal notice stating that on and after that date Key West became a closed port. No vessel was to be permitted to clear or enter between sundown and sunrise. The order took effect immediately, and the deadly electric current was to be turned on that very night.

Key West had been just a trifle nervous about a possible night attack. The average citizen learned of the order with satisfaction. Most of the newspaper dispatch boats were in port at the time the order was issued. The Albert F. Dewey, smallest of the Herald's fleet, however, was wallowing about somewhere in the blockade line off the point of view of the Dewey. In Key West with dispatches that night.

Lieut. McKinstry said that they would look out for her. A launch was to be stationed off Fort Taylor, and when Dewey was sighted the launch would run out and warn her back. She could then lie outside the mine field at daylight.

With a big white bonnet in her hand and a hatchling hung on the safety valve the Dewey came churning up the bay about five o'clock. She was making about a knot and a half, and the launch was near thirteen knots an hour as she eyed it in her life, for she meant to catch the cable early that night and clear for the South again at daylight.

"The Dewey's coming in!" The word was passed along Duval street and through the hotel corridors. Soon the coal dock was crowded with the usual throng waiting the latest news from the front. Night glasses were brought to bear on the little tugboat, and everybody expected to see her bolted outside Fort Taylor. But on she came, her speed hardly slackened. Capt. Hyer was at her wheel, sublimely ignorant of the government orders and the threatening mines.

A naphtha launch was seen to shoot out from the shadow of the old fort. There was a high report, and the launch sped on to the Dewey, but the warning was not understood. The little dispatch boat rushed past the launch and left her hopelessly behind, the noise of the launch being drowned in the frantic yells from the stern of the launch.

The next instant the Dewey's foaming bows struck something heavy. She lurched and quivered her whole length. Then there was a scraping, grating noise along her starboard bow. But no; there was no explosion, and the launch was made. Hyer threw his helm over, only stopping to exclaim: "What the devil was that and what struck?"

"On she came, and once more she struck and scraped some submerged obstruction, this time on her port quarter. Ten minutes later she lay quietly at her pier and a score of voices were shouting: "The mines! The mines! How did you dodge the mines? Don't you know the port is closed?"

those which burst easily and are very different from the armor piercing variety which are meant for use against plated ships.

The armor piercing shells used by the Texas had little effect unless they struck a Spanish gun or within a foot or two of it. Therefore, when it is remembered that the shells of the Texas continually struck the battery it will be seen that there is a foundation for the assertion often made, that the battery was the only one that was the most remarkable during the day.

Both ship and battery fired slowly, the ship's gunners even more deliberately than the gunners on the height. The Spanish aim was better than usual. She fell into the Texas continually. When a 6-inch projectile struck her on the bow, went through, cut off a big stanchion and burst among the men who were grouped about two pounders in the forward compartment, few on board knew what had happened. Indeed, when the smoke of the gun which fired the shell belched from the muzzle, the officers on the Texas thought it was a shell from the ship exploding in the Spanish work and cried out that it was a good shot.

"Tut, man," said Capt. Phillip; "that was one of their guns. A few moments ago some smoke in clouds from the forward compartment, and he added, "They've hit us."

Questions were shouted from the bridge, but if any could hear the intelligent reply. But men had already hurried to the pierced compartment with stretchers for the wounded and lines of fire crew, and the surgeons were busy with lint and bandages. Before the men on the bridge knew the extent of the damage the wounded were carried out, and the fire ceased. The men on the bridge know his station and his duty.

There was one man whom they could not carry out. He had been torn to shreds, and his body was still in the air. A man as far from him as was possible in the small compartment was the word that one was dead and several terribly hurt went through the ship.

Heardly the big guns took their revenge. Shell after shell went home. The fire of the Sacoa battery became ragged. Then the Sacoa battery steamed out past the Brooklyn and Schley, and the signal told them a man had been killed. Then the Brooklyn asked by signal if any could hear the intelligent reply. But men had already hurried to the pierced compartment with stretchers for the wounded and lines of fire crew, and the surgeons were busy with lint and bandages.

The Texas wants nothing, unless it be some comfort, and the Phil's answer. Then, for the first time, the Brooklyn's company learned that the great explosion had been done with armor-piercing projectiles and wanted the more at the grim deed and its outcome.

Thought Friend a Foe. The description of the night of Sept. 25 of an experience through which the flagship New York and the torpedo boat Porter passed during the war with Spain is hardly a new experience to the man in which the Porter's sister vessel, the Dupont, narrowly escaped destruction when she torpedoed the monitor Puritan. The incident is recalled for by one of those present at the time.

When, on April 23, the Puritan, Amphitrite, Machias and the torpedo boats Dupont, Foote and Winslow began patrol duty off Matanzas, Cuba, they were arranged in three lines. The white bonnet in her hand and a hatchling hung on the safety valve the Dewey came churning up the bay about five o'clock. She was making about a knot and a half, and the launch was near thirteen knots an hour as she eyed it in her life, for she meant to catch the cable early that night and clear for the South again at daylight.

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ROOSEVELT AT HIS HOME

OYSTER BAY ABODE OF NEW YORK NEXT GOVERNOR DESCRIBED.

Manifold Attractions of This Charming Home, Including Books, Bronzes, Pictures and Sports of the Chase—The Older Roosevelt Gets the More Does His Fire Increase—Family Life of the Roosevelts Ideal—How "Teddy" Spends His Time When "Off Duty."

At his home in Oyster Bay these days, in his white flannels, a pink necktie, and the hairy moustache giving the sole touches of color, Theodore Roosevelt, man of letters and soldier-politician, appears in a new and fresh light.

Much of this is due, no doubt, to the fact that this Long Island hillside—Sagamore Hill—is his home in the full sense of the word, that here he is at home in the midst of his books and trophies as now where else. At all events, though the country place is small, the Roosevelt of fame is at Oyster Bay a country gentleman pure and simple, with just this qualification, that he is first of all a bookman.

Sagamore Hill is built on a great knoll that, with meadow and woodland sloping down from it, overlooks the sound. Turn to what point of the compass you will, there is hardly a house in sight. The entire ridge is laid out in country ways, and it has no architectural pretensions, but its effect is homelike and pleasant. As the carriage drives up Theodore Roosevelt for an appointment has been made, is out at once on the porch. Appointments are necessary with this man of the hour these days, though never was

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DERVISHES AND THE BRITISH

NOTABLE POINTS IN THE LATEST SOUDAN CAMPAIGN.

Case of a Man Who Once Did Battle for the Mahdi but Now Fights in the Ranks of the Egyptians Under British Commanders—Miscellaneous Emblems of Panic and Misadventure Seen in Every Courtyard—The Cheapest and Best Don't Campaign on Record.

Though Mahdism has been smashed, and Islam, sooner or later, was expected, is concentrated on affairs far south of Khartoum, there still remain points in the history of this last Sudan campaign that are worthy of notice. They have been the subject of the strange sight that was seen in Omdurman the day after the great battle, and they have been the subject of orders paraded before the British doctors and all who were physically fit enlisted gladly in the army against which the day seemed they had fought with desperate valor. A simple way of dealing with large bodies of prisoners of war, simpler and less expensive than the old-time method, was the subject of the British orders paraded before the British doctors and all who were physically fit enlisted gladly in the army against which the day seemed they had fought with desperate valor.

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UNCLE SAM—I CAN'T LET SPAIN LOAD THE LITTLE FELLOW DOWN LIKE THAT.

From the mountain tops Spain's flag waved above blockhouses, showing its crimson and gold against the blue sky. Far back, completely unseen from our sight, we knew were Santiago city and the harbor, the latter floating Admiral Cervera's squadron. In a general way we knew what was there: yet the air of silent, intense mystery so wrought upon our imaginations that every man among the correspondents was willing to risk his life for one peep over the dividing hills.

At times it is the war correspondent's duty to wait, wait, just as it is at other times his duty to act promptly and with force. I knew this, but the time came when further inactivity was impossible. Ever as the coast to the westward, about eight miles, Cuban outpost held a position in a growth of scrub pine, so close to the water that the scrub often drove the men from their beds upon the sand. Signals were exchanged with the Cubans, and after a deal of wig-wagging I went ashore and joined them.

Just before daybreak we made our start up the mountain, and before the sun shot its first ray above the horizon with two guides I had nearly reached the covered position. At this time we were close to the Spanish lines that we could hear the challenges of the pickets.

Before us the pine growth parted, leaving a cleared space of 200 yards that must be crossed before the crest could be reached. The Cubans hesitated, all of them, in broken English, informing me that Spanish guns at all times covered this spot and in crossing it we would offer our lives as targets.

There is now to be made a strange confession on the part of the present writer. All the actual conversation he had with Col. Roosevelt at the end of his journey to Oyster Bay could have been compressed readily into ten minutes of solid talk. It lasted over a period of three hours. It came out in scraps and hasty sentences at one time and another, the longest exchange of words being four minutes by the watch in the remote corner of the piazza. For the visitors never ceased. Once the Colonel fled to the "gun room" at the top of the house, half a second to the library and study, where his stenographer was in waiting to gallop over a portion of his morning's mail and to dictate answers at cavalry change speed.

This, perhaps, was the only indication of the "rush" of Col. Roosevelt's life to-day. It has been like this for a fortnight. An interesting sidelight is furnished in one little incident. Meeting him in the hall I queried: "Shall we talk now or would it be better later on?"

"Now!" he answered cordially. "Now! It will probably be worse later on." The one important room of the Roosevelt home is the study, though the wide hallway is a close second in point of interest. It is a man's house throughout. The master dominates it in every corner. The study and hall, however, show, chiefly, the influence of his temperament.

The very best room in the house is this study, a wide, roomy apartment, with a slightly bowed window, to the right of the hallway. Two sides of it are lined with books, "the books I am always reading," says their owner. These are but a fraction of the library, however. It fills two large bookcases in the drawing room; it overflows into the "gun room" upstairs, where there are hundreds of volumes.

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Not Helping a Fellow Cretar.

A St. Louis Republic Aetna hasn't shown a mark of interest in the subject of the war (far). It seems inclined to let Vesuvius do all the spouting.

Forty Years Behind.

The Standards of the Civil War Not Available To-Day. New York Commercial Advertiser: They would send the war department by challenging comparison with the standards of the general staff during the civil war. The civil war lasted four years and employed more than a million men. This lasted less than four months and employed less than a million men. The standards of the civil war had no general staff. That like the line, had to be made out of the raw, and very busy, men of the day.

He dictates it not with extraordinary rapidity, yet with great steadiness, and in an hour gets through with a surprising amount of work. His stenographer has her hands full these days.

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