



Torpedo Boat Destroyer. Admiral Oquendo. Viscaya. Maria Teresa. Torpedo Boat Destroyer.

These are the ships which a short time ago sailed into the bay of old Santiago. They were proud of their prowess, vain of their skill, O'er the ocean they boldly had come with a will, To "teach those American pigs how to fight." Then into the harbor they scooted one night, When Schley—the sly dog— Made a note in their log Which said: "you'r my meet, bottled up good and tight." Then Sampson, the strong, came moseying after, To put in a lick for his friend, Billy Shafter.

He tossed a few shells to the fleet in the bay, Which caused old Cervera to feel not so gay. Sam made it so hot, With his shells and his shot, That Cervera would fain cut and run away. Then alas for the Spaniard! His head was too big; He could not escape that "American pig." With more shot and more shell, His ships soon went to—well To that place where McGinty don't dance any jig, And no Spanish ship left the great story to tell.

**THE DEMOCRAT.**

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I crow for Schley, Who's the rooster, they say, Who did the fine work at the mouth of the bay. While Sampson was gone, Taking more supplies on, Cervera sneaked out to make his last run; But Schley was't asleep— Soon as he got a peep At Cervera's mad rush for the old briny deep, He poured in the shot, Poured 'em in good and hot, And struck poor Cervera's ships all of a heap

**THE VERY LATENT WAR NEWS.**

Santiago has not yet fallen, but she is liable to be our meat most any day. The city is besieged on all sides by the American forces under Gen. Shafter. The Spaniards have refused to surrender, and Shafter has given them warning to get their women and children out of the city before he commences bombardment. Already about thirteen thousand of these have gone to the hills for safety.

Our forces completely destroyed the Spanish fleet under Cervera, which came out of the harbor Sunday morning in a bold attempt to run away. But one American killed and two wounded. Dewey's wonderful feat duplicated.

All the men on the Spanish ships not killed or drowned were taken prisoner, over 1,300, Admiral Cervera with them.

It is estimated that there now 25,000 Spanish troops defending Santiago while Shafter has 19,000 in his attacking force. There are 13,000 reinforcements now on their way to Shafter. He will wait for these, and for Sampson to enter the harbor, before storming the city to a finish.

Our troops have reached Dewey, in the Philippines, and we will likely have anilla in a few days.

"I AM for this war. It is the only war in the history of the world that is unselfish, absolutely noble and for the benefit of the downtrodden, the starved and the people of another race. It is natural for a man to defend himself—the birds do that. But nothing is nobler than to defend the weak when

they are right. Back of this war there are no hatreds, no desires for revenge—but there are tears of pity and mercy aroused to redress the wrongs as becomes justice."—Robert G. Ingersol.

WILL our republican friends now tell us "how far apart is wheat and silver" NOW, since the farmer has the wheat and the speculator has the silver? A month or so ago they were making a whole lot of talk about it. Why not talk about it now?

The republican politicians are now beginning to hedge by protesting that the wheat question ought never to have been brought into politics. When wheat went up they claimed the credit for Hanna, McKinley and protection; now that it is going down, the blame is charged to "over-production." Nobody ever saw a republican rule that would work both ways.—Eureka Messenger.

**RUNNING a newspaper is just like running a hotel—only its different.** When a man goes into a hotel and finds something on the table that don't suit, he doesn't get up and kick all the fat into the fire and tell the landlord to "stop his hotel." Well hardly. He just pushes that dish aside and wades into some other brand of eatables. But its different with some newspaper readers. They find a two line item that they don't like and without stopping to think that very item may please a whole lot of other people, make a grand stand play of their supreme asininity and stop the paper. The paper don't stop, no. That particular gent's copy fails to reach him, the next week, but the presses still grind on, the editor is found at his accustomed desk, and the printers sweat on the same old stool trying to figure out whether an item handed in is notice of a birth or obituary, while ten new subscribers line up in place of the dyspeptic individual who stopped his source of information because part of it didn't suit him.—Blackwell World.

**At the Rowell Stock Farm.** A very pleasing celebration was enjoyed by several hundred people at the Rowell Stock farm, 5 miles west of town, on the 4th. The races were good, much better than many anticipated.

In the pacing race a St. John horse won. In the 3 minute race John Stevens' horse won first money and Lute Aber's second. In the road race James W. Clark's "Billy" won first money, ("Billy" gives promise of doing great things when he gets his age.) A Larned horse won the 1/2 mile running race, and the "sports" all knew he would win before the race was run.

In the bicycle races, 1/2 mile novice, Frank Bailey won first prize, Bert Winterburg 2d, and E. F. Buess 3d. One mile amateur, E. F. Buess 1st prize, Frank Bailey 2d, and Bert Winterburg 3d. Bailey and Buess rode a "Sterling" wheel and Winterburg rode a "Manson."

**"THE LAST SUPPER."**

Leonardo da Vinci's Masterpiece—The Fresco at Milan.

The glory of the life of Leonardo da Vinci was his famous painting of "The Last Supper," which has now unfortunately fallen into decay. Da Vinci represented the highest type of the intellect and cultivation of the sixteenth century in Italy. His genius was varied and for all time. In this splendid work the dramatic moment is chosen when Christ announces His approaching betrayal, and the disciples are represented as variously expressing their grief and consternation. The head of Christ has become almost a divinity. It expresses more satisfactorily than any other painting the dignity, majesty, greatness and resignation of the Saviour. The figures are larger than life, painted on the walls of the refectory in the old Santa Maria della Grazia at Milan. It is done in oil, in fugitive pigments, and damp and decay have destroyed its color, and it is falling to pieces. Jesus sits in the middle with the twelve disciples on either hand at a long table on which a light repast is spread. The accessories are simple, but the draperies are finely arranged. The several disciples, expressing, each according to his nature, astonishment or horror at the Saviour's announcement of His betrayal, are wonderfully varied in individual character. It has been said of this masterpiece that it is the most successful effort of Christian art. Raffaele Morghene's splendid engraving of this beautiful picture is only less famous than the fresco itself, and has put a very satisfactory interpretation of the original within reach of lovers of Christian art in all lands.—Charles Mason Fairbanks, in Chautauquan.

**Livna County Fish Story.**

While Lewis A. Goldsmith and William Hogancamp were hunting ducks on White lake one day recently they shot at a duck, and then noticed a splashing in the water where the duck had been, and supposing they had wounded it, rowed to the spot and grabbed what they thought was the wounded duck, but imagine their surprise when they found they had, instead of a duck, two large bass. The larger one had the head of the smaller one in its mouth, and its gills had become fastened so that it could not disengage itself, and its efforts to do so had caused the splashing which the hunters had noticed. The large one weighed 3 1/2 pounds and the smaller one 2 1/2 pounds.—Monticello Watchman.

**Something New in War.**

No more striking illustration of the relatively bloodless character of the recent Turko-Grecian war can be given than that afforded by the official returns recently issued, according to which the number of prisoners taken by the rival armies amounted to 200 men each, while in the Greek hospitals there had throughout the campaign not been a single Greek soldier treated for a sabre, bayonet or lance wound, the only injuries being those inflicted by rifle bullets or by the explosion of shells. This is equivalent to a demonstration that there was no hand-to-hand fighting, and that the troops never really came to close quarters throughout the struggle.

Spain has't many more ship to burn

**BREVITIES OF FUN.**

"Are you in pain, my little man?" asked the kind old gentleman. "No," answered the boy. "The pain's in me."—Tit-Bits.

Classified—"The man who doesn't get vexed at a bad dinner is no man at all." "Of course not; he is an angel."—Chicago Record.

Bertha—"Miss Spittourls says she has remained single from choice." Belle—"Yes; but she didn't say whose choice."—Yonkers Statesman.

Economy.—Fanny—"Is Edith economical?" Brunette—"I should say so! Why, she spent nearly \$500 in bargains last year!"—Browning, King & Co.'s Monthly.

A Long-Felt Want.—"What is your husband working on so industriously this winter?" "Oh, he is translating 'Faust' into Assyrian."—Fliegende Blatter.

More Danger.—"Doctors say now that deadly germs come home with our packages from the laundry." "Great Scott! Have we got to quit wearing clean clothes?"—Chicago Record.

Attorney—"Have you formed or expressed any opinion concerning this case?" Venireman—"All I've said about it is, I'd like to make two dollars a day settin' on the jury."—Chicago Tribune.

A Long-Felt Want.—Bright—"I've got an idea that will be worth millions if I succeed in perfecting it." Wright—"What's the scheme?" Bright—"A smokeless cigarette."—Chicago News.

Misunderstood.—Lawyer (for defense)—"Now, Pete, tell the jury all you know about those chickens." Pete—"I don't reckon I will, boss. If I did that, I'd go to jail sho'."—Philadelphia North American.

**Vitality of Dragon-Flies.**

The great vitality of dragon-flies is shown by McLachland, who, having struck at a large Aeschna at rest on a twig, the head was seen to tumble down, while the rest of the insect flew away in an "undecided manner" for a considerable distance. Upon picking up the head, he noticed that the insect had been eating a fly at the time. "The mandibles continued working as if nothing had happened, and the masticated portion of the fly passed out at the back of the head."

Master—Why don't you get your shirt washed, Pat? It's nearly as black as my hat.

Pat—Shure, sorr, Oi'm in mourning!—London Fun.

Lost—Between Ellinwood and Great Bend, a ladies Mackintosh cape, with checkered lining. Finder will be rewarded for their trouble by leaving cape at this office.

County Attorney W. T. Clark, of LaCrosse, Rush county, stopped off Wednesday morning on his way to Topeka, where he has a case in the Supreme Court.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Joe McMullin, June 30th, a 9 pound baby girl. Joe says he can pitch ball, wheat, or the stuffin' out of anyone who says that baby is not the warmest number out.

Work on the branch of the Santa Fe in the north part of the county was discontinued last week for a while, probably to let the farmers who have wheat along the right of way get it out so that there will be no damage from fires, etc.

Fashionable hugging nowadays does not admit of a squeeze below the shoulders, says an exchange. Other newspaper men may follow after new fangled fashions if they want to, but we are willing to be considered out of date and a back number when it comes to matters of this kind. It would seem to us as unsatisfactory as eating soup with a knitting needle. The good old fashioned hug of twenty years ago was more satisfactory. This new fangled fad may suit Charley Brinkman, George Nimocks or Charley Allen, but for us, what little business we have in that line during our old age, will be conducted in the good old way the ladies like the best.

There are said to be over 200,000 words in the English language. Most of them were used one Sunday recently by a woman when upon coming out of church with a new hat which she had confidentially told her friend cost just \$14, on which she discovered the tag which read, "Reduced to \$2.98."

We have observed that bathing causes a person to get off the earth; that thunder is a sort of weather report; that a sausage loving dog is somewhat of a cannibal; that your love for whiskey is rather a still affection; that it comes natural for soldiers to sleep on their knap sacks.

Ellinwood's celebration was successfully carried out. There was not as large a crowd as was expected, but all the Great Bend people who went down are loud in their praises of the successful manner in which the celebration was managed.

O. R. Kackley left on Tuesday morning for Topeka, where he goes into the insurance business. Mr. Kackley is a young man of sterling integrity, a good judge of human nature, thoroughly business, and we predict will make a success of his new calling.

J. K. Humphrey came down from Colorado last week, to look after the cutting of his wheat. He reports the formerly of Great Bend folks in Colo. all doing well and glad to bear of the fine condition of affairs in this part of Barton county.

Miss Jesse Clark, formerly a teacher in our city schools but now of the Newton schools, came up to visit friends in this city last week, and to spend the 4th with Ira Clark, her brother, at Holsington.

**A Disputed Question.** How many apples did Adam and Eve eat? Some say Eve 8 and Adam 2—a total of only 10.

Now we figure the thing out far differently. Eve 8 and Adam 8 also—total 16.

We think the above figures are entirely wrong. If Eve 8 and Adam 82, certainly the total will be 90.

Scientific men, however, on the strength of the theory that the antediluvians were a race of giants, reason somewhat like this—Eve 81 and Adam 82—total 163.

Wrong again. What could be clearer than if Eve 81 and Adam 812, the total was 893?

We believe the following to be the true solution: Eve 814 Adam and Adam 8124 Eve—9,938.

Still another calculation is as follows: If Eve 814 Adam, Adam 81242 oblige Eve—total 82,056.

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