

DR. G. C. MERRIMAN HAS BEEN NAMED

He Will Be One of the Assistant Surgeons of the Thirtieth Regiment.

VACANCY WAS CAUSED BY THE PROMOTION OF DR. PARKE TO THE POSITION OF BRIGADE SURGEON. LIEUTENANT W. E. KELLER BECOMES SENIOR SURGEON WITH THE RANK OF MAJOR—WORK OF REMOVING CAMP TO DUNN LORING HAS BEGUN.

Special from a Staff Correspondent. Camp Alger, Va., July 13.—Dr. George C. Merriman, the regimental hospital steward, has been named by Colonel Coursen for the vacancy on the medical staff created by the promotion of Major C. R. Parke. Lieutenant W. E. Keller, who was first assistant surgeon, has been advanced to the position of senior surgeon with the rank of major and an increase of pay from \$1,500 to \$2,500. Lieutenant J. A. Blanchard becomes first assistant surgeon. Upon the confirmation of these appointments Colonel Coursen will name Private Hubert F. Clark as hospital steward.

He is now acting as hospital orderly at the pay of a duty sergeant, \$1.30 a month. The hospital steward's salary is \$5 a month. A sword and first sergeantcy go with the office. Private St. James, of the Sixty-fifth New York, was tried this morning by the division court martial of which Colonel Coursen was president. The finding will not be made public until after General Butler reviews it. St. James, it will be remembered, was charged with assaulting one of his superior officers, Lieutenant Jackson, a crime for which capital punishment can be imposed.

Colonel Coursen will leave tomorrow on a ten days' leave of absence, which he will spend at Cottage City, Mass. Lieutenant Colonel Maites will have command of the regiment. The Eighth started for the new camp at Dunn Loring this morning. The Thirtieth will go next, probably tomorrow.

MADE A NEW RECORD.

Gen. Gobin's Brigade Beats Its Own and Every Other Record.

Special from a Staff Correspondent. Camp Alger, Va., July 13.—All records were broken on the return from the Potomac yesterday. Going out, the day before, a record was established by covering the distance in three hours and thirty-seven minutes. The return was made in three hours and two minutes, or at a rate of three miles an hour, remarkable time for troops in heavy marching order. The advance averaged one hundred and eighty-three feet per minute, and the return was made in three hours and two minutes, or at a rate of three miles an hour, remarkable time for troops in heavy marching order. The advance averaged one hundred and eighty-three feet per minute, and the return was made in three hours and two minutes, or at a rate of three miles an hour, remarkable time for troops in heavy marching order.

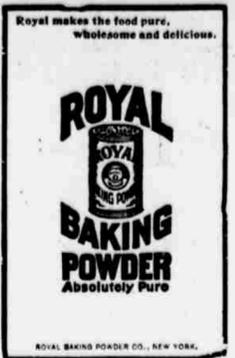
The excellent spirits of the men and the ideal marching weather—cool and cloudy—that prevailed, prompted General Gobin to try for a record. The men were not told they were to go against time but after being in motion for about forty minutes they realized that a forced march was on and as there was a chance to win some glory for the Keystone brigade they heartily entered into the spirit of the thing and executed a desire to go even faster than the head of the column dictated. The Virginians who led the pace were well and as their stragglers were passed out along the road by the hardy Pennsylvanians, a general desire seized the Third brigade men to go at an even better gait and force the Virginians to cry quits if possible.

General Gobin, however, repressed their enthusiasm, keeping them at a pace that would break the record and yet impose unnecessary hardship. There was a large number of the Virginians compelled to drop out, too, but in almost every instance the exhaustion could be traced to the town tavern at Brookmont. There was no restriction placed upon the men in this regard and as it was just after pay day there was a great deal of drinking to excess.

The manner in which some of the men abused themselves was most unreasonable. They got up at 4 o'clock Monday morning, marched ten miles in record-breaking time, put in a couple of hours pitching tents and the like, romped about the country until roll call at 9 o'clock p. m., got to bed about midnight and were up at 3 o'clock preparing for the return march. On top of all this they poured large quantities of beer and ate a large quantity of food. Two of the Thirtieth's men had to be brought home in the ambulance. Musician Tenney, of Company G, was stricken down with a severe attack of cholera morbus during the afternoon and grew alarmingly worse as the day progressed. At one time in the evening the surgeons feared he would not survive the night, but along towards morning the hyperdermic injections of morphine relieved his terrible sufferings sufficiently to allow him to fall asleep and when daylight came he was much improved.

He is resting easily today. Private Greenburg, of Company A, developed some kind of hysteria shortly after dinner and for hours required the strength of four men to hold him. During his terrible writhings he bit his tongue and lips until they bled. He was put in an improvised straight-jacket and was thus restrained overnight and during the return journey. It is likely he will be discharged, as it develops that he was at one time under restraint at Danville and is periodically subject to these attacks.

General Graham came out with a number of his staff officers to review the brigade as it filed past his headquarters on the return journey. He was heartily cheered by each company as it passed and the demonstration seemed to give him great pleasure, as he was all bows and smiles during the entire time that the column was passing. It was the first time any large body of the troops had an opportunity of testifying its sentiments towards the



busy little old gentleman, and it was possibly the first time that he was given to realize how the men of the ranks are disposed towards him. The heartiness of the cheering must have been very gratifying to him, as it was convincing beyond question that "he is making a hit with us."

General Gobin also drew to the side of the road upon reaching his headquarters and viewed the troops as they marched into the camp. It is needless to say he was enthusiastically cheered. He expressed himself later as being highly gratified with the conduct of the men on the march and the general success of the trip. T. J. Duffy.

ECHOES OF THE WAR.

Discussing the probability of the park being a camping place for soldiers for some time to come, General H. V. Boynton, chairman of the park commission, and one of the recently appointed brigadier generals, said: "The United States government will be obliged to keep a large armed force in the field for a long time even if peace negotiations are entered into right away. Foreign complications might arise, and our relations with other countries will have to be firmly established before the volunteers are mustered out. The disbanding and transporting home of so large an armed force of men is no small job in itself, and will require some time. Taking everything into consideration I would say that a majority of the volunteers who have enlisted up to this time will be allowed to serve out the term of enlistment. The desirability, accessibility and healthfulness of Chickamauga as a camp ground have been established and thousands of soldiers will be kept there for many months to come."

The effect of the encampment at Chickamauga on business in Chattanooga has been wonderful. Every line of business is good and everybody is making money. Money is being made in the city and the people are spending it. Clerks who usually take enforced vacations of several weeks just at this time are now working double time and have no vacation at all. Great train loads of new goods are pouring in from every quarter and being unloaded in front of the big stores. Not even in "boom days" did Chattanooga witness such an outburst of solid prosperity.

Major F. L. McKee, of the Ninth regiment, who has been at his home in Plymouth on sick leave for several weeks, was kept up during the entire three hours with only one rest of ten minutes taken at the end of the first hour. There were four shorter halts but as they were so brief as not to allow the men to throw off their apparatus they could not be fairly considered as rests.

The excellent spirits of the men and the ideal marching weather—cool and cloudy—that prevailed, prompted General Gobin to try for a record. The men were not told they were to go against time but after being in motion for about forty minutes they realized that a forced march was on and as there was a chance to win some glory for the Keystone brigade they heartily entered into the spirit of the thing and executed a desire to go even faster than the head of the column dictated.

Major General Joseph Wheeler has recommended Major Wint of this city, to the war department for distinguished bravery in the fighting before Santiago. Major Wint was one of the officers in charge of the Tenth in the action at Chickamauga, in which he distinguished himself by leading his regiment in routing the Spanish from the trenches.

FIRE AT MIDNIGHT.

One of the Occupants of the Burning Building Almost Smothered. The alarm of fire sent in from box 12 at 12 o'clock midnight summoned the General Phinney, Niagara and Liberty fire companies to the house at the corner of Sanderson avenue and Breaker street.

The building was built in single style originally, but had been remodeled for two families since, and it was occupied downstairs by the owner, Mrs. Hannah Carr and family. The upstairs tenants were H. L. Snyder and family.

After the firemen arrived a search was made through the rooms for any inflammable material, and Snyder was found in bed almost suffocated. A little more and he would have been smothered. He was taken out in his night clothes, and some sort of a caper seized him so that he had to be restrained from going back in. His wife and children are visiting at Wimmers. All his household effects were destroyed.

The roof and attic of the building were burned, but the rest of the house was saved. The furniture and furnishings of the Carr family were almost totally damaged by water. The origin of the fire is not known. It broke out in the attic.

Advertisement for Hood's Pills: 'Are gaining favor rapidly. Business men and travelers carry them in their vest pockets, ladies carry them in purses, housekeepers keep them in medicine chests. Friends recommend them to friends. See'

CADET GRAEME'S GRAPHIC STORY

Had a Hand in the Big Naval Engagement at Santiago.

FIRED SEVERAL SHOTS FROM ONE OF THE IOWA'S GUNS IN THE EARLY PART OF THE ENGAGEMENT—THE CHASE AFTER THE WARSHIPS—ASSISTED IN THE WORK OF TAKING OFF THE DEAD AND WOUNDED FROM THE VICAYA.

In the big naval engagement at Santiago de Cuba, July 3, was Joseph W. Graeme, of Wilkes-Barre, a cadet on board the battleship Iowa. In a letter to his father, Thomas Graeme, he gives a graphic description of the battle. He said:

Off Santiago De Cuba, July 3, 1898. The day was clear and bright, not a cloud in the sky and a fine breeze blowing—an ideal Sunday morning. I was on the bridge with Lieutenant Scheutze as three bells had just gone and the men were forming at quarters for Sunday inspection, when he (Lieutenant S.) said: "What is that coming out of the harbor? Let's have your glasses."

He took my Christmas present binoculars and held them to his eyes, exclaiming: "There's a Spanish ship coming out of the harbor." "Murin, who is signal officer, at once sang out: "Hut No. 1" (the signal agreed upon). The quartermaster sounded the general alarm and Lieutenant Hill, who had the deck, ran to six-pounder and fired it at the enemy for an alarm gun.

The effect was electrical; the men left their quarters at a run, cheering and throwing their caps in the air, yelling: "The Spaniards are coming out, boys! Hurrah!" The guns were manned instantly. I looked through my glasses at the enemy a second after Lieutenant Scheutze. A splendid dark colored cruiser, flying a very large Spanish flag, was coming out full speed, the white spray flying from her cutwater. I jumped to my turret and saw everything ready in a hurry. The Iowa's main battery leaded and it did not take ten seconds to prime them.

ORDER OF EXIT. The Spanish ships came out in the following order, as we afterwards learned from the Vizcaya's officers: Infanta Maria Teresa (flagship), Vizcaya, Cristobal Colon, Oquendo and the torpedo boat destroyers Pluton and Furor. The Iowa was headed in towards Morro at about 6,000 yards distance. The Spanish vessels all headed to the westward and before we had turned to follow them I got in the shells at the Vizcaya. I think.

One of the cadets said he saw one of my shots land right on the Vizcaya's foremast and burst. This was the only shot that did in fact do any damage. Our starboard side was towards the enemy all the rest of the time. Our heavy guns began firing within two minutes after the first shot. The Iowa's main battery leaded and it did not take ten seconds to prime them. The enemy's shells came over in showers, the big one making a whoosh-choo-choo ripping-silk sound and smaller ones whistling and screaming. The smoke was almost impenetrable—thick, heavy and of a pale yellow color. It overtopped and enshrouded everything, making it difficult to see the enemy. I saw the Texas on our port hand and beyond her the Brooklyn. The Oregon was to the eastward of us, but she passed astern of us and headed in towards the enemy.

When the first ship came out she fired an eleven-inch shell at us, which passed just over the starboard quarter and struck the water near the quarter-deck. If it had struck us the effect would have been terrible, as it was a raking shot. The enemy fired a great deal of shrapnel at us and the whistling of the rifle balls as the shells burst could be plainly heard. The two destroyers followed the Oquendo and met with a warm reception. I can tell you. We were only 2,000 yards from the ships and even closer to the destroyers.

TORPEDO BOATS DESTROYED. One of our 12-inch shells struck the Pluton on the port quarter and her boiler at once blew up, a cloud of steam and splinters going high in the air. Just previous to this the Iowa's main battery leaded and it did not take ten seconds to prime them. The enemy's shells came over in showers, the big one making a whoosh-choo-choo ripping-silk sound and smaller ones whistling and screaming. The smoke was almost impenetrable—thick, heavy and of a pale yellow color. It overtopped and enshrouded everything, making it difficult to see the enemy. I saw the Texas on our port hand and beyond her the Brooklyn. The Oregon was to the eastward of us, but she passed astern of us and headed in towards the enemy.

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NEW YORK CAME UP. While we were thus employed the New York came up. She fell to us happily it was almost impossible to keep them quiet. They yelled and shouted in hysterical glee. They had killed the Dons; it seemed too good to be true. The bugler sounded "silence" and the men crowded to starboard side and waited for the flag-ship to pass. What a fine looking lot of fellows they were. Many were striped to the waist, grimy with powder and shining with sweat from the tremendous exertion of the burning shrapnel. The turret. There were engineers and firemen who had rushed up from below, their faces black with the oily dirt of the engines and coal dust. One young man had a smile on his face a yard long and seemed as if he could burst with enthusiasm and joy.

When the New York passed us Captain Evans sang out "three cheers for the admiral." I never heard three such cheers in my life. The very heavens echoed the inspiring shouts. The New York's men manned the rail and returned the salute. Our cheers will not be equalled in a year, for they were born of a victory whose like will not come soon again.

We now continued hoisting out boats and a cutter and the boat soon got away. I slid down a rope in the steam launch and was soon off for the Vizcaya, towing a cutter. (Mr. Heppburn in charge of it.) We were about three miles from

the wreck, so I had a good chance to look at it before we got to work. She lay with her bow about northeast, just touching the water, for only a foot or her boot-topping showed above water. She was burning fiercely inside the superstructure and the eyes from the lower red with flame. While we were near the main mast fell with a crash, the large military top falling across the after 11-inch barbette. The barbette was a sample shot from every piece of ordnance on the ship.

SCENES OF EXPLOSION. Every minute or so the fire would reach a box of rapid-fire ammunition and an explosion very like a "flower pot" would occur. Thin feathery trails of smoke shooting far heavenward in a dozen different directions. While we were some distance off the ship and some red would see the men going down the sides on ropes and swimming ashore in little groups. Our first boats took men right from the ship's side, while some hung on ropes and refused to let go, fearing they would drown.

Several had to be pulled away by main force. We had three boats work when I got there and the United States yacht Hist had two small skiffs employed in the rescue. I headed for the bow, but could see no one on the ship and showed a dirty yellow side—the color of hot steel. It was sad indeed to look at a fine ship that had been shot to pieces. As I was afraid of going ashore in the launch I cast off Heppburn's cutter and left him to pick those up while I went on towards the westward. There were men swimming, some with and some without life preservers, men clinging to wreckage singly and in groups, and nearly all were yelling for me to come to their aid. We went along from one man to another and cast lines to them, hauling them on board.

NEARLY EXHAUSTED. Many were nearly exhausted when we reached them. They were all as naked as the day they were born. I picked up one lot of four men, one of whom had on a red coat and a pair of French or English hose. I hauled him in the boat he offered me five gold pieces. I thought he wished to reward me, so I motioned that I would not take them, but he pressed them upon me to keep them for him lest some of the sailors steal them. He told me he was Lieutenant de Vaisseau, but as he could not speak a word of French or English and my Spanish is limited we did not talk much. I picked up twenty-two men and these, with the boat's crew, made a heavy load for the little launch. There was but little sea running, only a heavy ground swell. I could see more men in the water further on, but I could not take them, so I started over to Mr. Twining's cutter to ask him to go for them. The launch's water had almost given out. So while Mr. Twining went to pick up the men I steamed back to the Hist.

I got twenty buckets of water there and the officer of the deck said they had no doctor aboard and asked me to take some wounded men they had picked up to the Iowa. I got the two wounded chaps in the boat and steamed back for the cutter. The way it turned out I was called out for "aqua" and I gave them some as well as I could. One shook my hand and said he was grateful to me for what I had done for him. Both men had tourniquets of rubber hose on their arms, so they were safe temporarily.

When I reached the cutter Mr. Twining hailed me: "I have three dead men on the boat and no more room. Go over there and get a dead man that's floating there and put him on the boat. I'll steam to where he indicated and after some trouble succeeded in getting the man aboard. He was floating face down, with his knees bent up.

GATHERING THE DEAD. The men were squeamish about handling them, so I had to help haul him in to show them there was nothing to be afraid of. His mouth was frothy, his eyes glassy, but I worked with him some time, trying to restore respiration, but without success. He was done for. After a long steam back we arrived at the ship where we hoisted the dead aboard and laid them aft, covered with the Spanish flag. One of the wounded died soon after he got aboard. He was from one of the other boats. There were five dead under the flag. The rescued men were fitted out with canvas trousers and shoes. The captain picked up the officers' some of our blouses, etc., to help out. Some of the officers got off in a boat which came over the ship. I was glad to hear that they were picked up by our first cutter. As he neared our gangway he looked back at his burning ship, once so proud and strong, and now a wreck, and he said a large bandage over his forehead. He came up the side and as his foot touched the deck he doffed his cap and mutely offered his sword to Captain Evans. The captain said: "No, I cannot take it from such a brave man," and he was taken to the cabin and treated with the greatest consideration.

CUBAN EXPEDITION HALTED. Nobody Seems to Know the Why and the Wherefore. Charleston, S. C., July 13.—For some reason, known only to the military authorities, the third expedition to Cuba from this city failed to get off today. The transports Grand Duchess and "The Star" are at the docks, waiting, and orders for the men to embark have already been issued but at the last moment these were revoked and it was stated that the expedition would not start until tomorrow.

During the day 420 recruits for the third expedition were sent from Chickamauga. They brought with them wagon trains of the various commands. The government has hired 600 negro laborers here who will be sent to Cuba to act as road and bridge builders.

Carter Gets a Consignship. Washington, July 13.—The president today appointed Martin J. Carter, of Pennsylvania, to be consul of the United States at St. Johns, N. F.

THE TEARS AGONY FROM ECZEMA CURED BY CUTICURA. For ten years I suffered untold agonies from Eczema, my lower limbs being so swollen and broken out that I could hardly go about. My brother, a physician of thirty years' practice, and other physicians of splendid ability, tried in vain to effect a cure and finally failed. I became absolutely heartbroken and had lost all hope, when a friend induced me to give CUTICURA a remedy. I used two boxes of CUTICURA, and my Eczema was cured. I can now walk and work as usual. I feel that I owe my life to CUTICURA (continued), and it resulted in an absolute and permanent cure.

DAVID M. SAPP, Plymouth, Ill. I have been cured of my Eczema by CUTICURA. I was cured in ten days. I feel that I owe my life to CUTICURA (continued), and it resulted in an absolute and permanent cure.

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Advertisement for 50-Inch Covert Cloths: '50-Inch Covert Cloths In Light Shades, of a Light Summer Weight, Regular Value, \$1.25. To Close at 50 Cents.'

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Advertisement for Florey & Brooks: '211 Washington Ave. Bathing Trunks and Suits. All Prices.'

Advertisement for Florey & Brooks: 'Opposite Court House. 75c Men's Nagligee Shirts at 37 1/2 cents each while they last. Sizes 14 to 18. This is a job lot so come early and select best patterns.'

Advertisement for Gillette Bros.: 'Auctioneers and Brokers. 227 Washington Ave. Opp. Court House. MAHON & DENSTEN. Real Estate Brokers and Promoters. Board of Trade Bldg., (2nd floor, room 215)'

Advertisement for Moosic Powder Co.: 'THE MOOSIC POWDER CO. Rooms 1 and 2, Com'lt B'ld'g. SCRANTON, PA. Mining and Blasting POWDER Made at Moosic and Rushdale Works. LAFLIN & RAND POWDER CO'S ORANGE GUN POWDER'

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