Last Battles of War With Spain

While the peace negotiations with Spain were in progress to bring to a close the war which has been waged since April 21, and even after the protocol was signed and a temporary cessation of hostilities declared, some of the most important battles of the war were fought and won. On the day the protocol was signed Admiral Dewey and General Merritt, with the land and naval forces under their commands, made a combined attack on Manila, forcing its surrender in twelve hours, taking 7,000 prisoners and 12,000 stands of arms. The day before, at which time Spain's answer was in the hands of the president, Manzanillo, on the south coast of Santiago province, was bombarded for twelve hours and at dawn on the day peace was declared surrendered. Meanwhile General Miles in Porto Rico was pushing his advance lines on San Juan and even after receiving word of the declaration of an armistice had several lively skirmishes with the Spaniards.

While Secretary of State Day and Ambassador Cambon of France, representing Spain, were appending their signatures to the peace protocol, Manila, after a stubborn resistance, was surrendered.

The stars and stripes were flung out to the breeze that very evening on a staff where had floated so proudly the banner that for 350 years represented Spanish sovereignty in the Philippines. Just as the fresh breeze snapped Old Glory straight on the halliards the sun, which had been behind clouds all the week, burst out in a flood of brilliant light, saluting the first free flag hoisted over the Philippines in formal recognition of oppression's overthrow and freedom's onward march.

The cheers from land and sea that greeted the glorious ensign had hardly died away when the guns of Admiral Dewey's flagship, the Olympia, began roaring out a national salute to the new sovereignty in the Philippines. The Charleston quickly followed, and then the Raleigh, Concord, Hugh McCulloch, Petrel, Boston and Baltimore, and even the little Callao, that three months ago boasted allegiance to the flag that has now been supplanted.

In Cuba a similar scene, although not so important, was being enacted. On August 12 Manzanillo, on the south coast of Santiago province, west of Santiago de Cuba, was bombarded for over twelve hours, beginning at about 8:30 in the afternoon, when the second-rate protected cruiser Newark lay 5,000 yards off shore and threw 6-inch shells, and the gunboat Suwanee, the Osceola, Hist and Alvarado, at ranges of from 600 to 800 yards, swept the shore batteries with their 4-inch guns, 6-pounders and smaller guns. The active bombardment lasted until 5 o'clock, when there was a lull for an hour. After that the Newark used her 6-inch guns every half hour through the night.

At dawn the next day white flags could be seen all over the town and also on the hills. Soon a small boat was discovered coming out to the Newark under a white flag. Two Spanish officers boarded the Newark and said that they had been instructed to inform Captain Goodrich that a peace protocol had been signed yesterday by the representatives of Spain and the United States and that hostilities had ceased.

Meanwhile General Miles, unaware of the dawn of peace, was pushing his forces on toward San Juan. On August 10, three days before peace was declared, the town of Coamo was captured after a fight, and about the same time another force was engaging the enemy near Guayama. In the capture of Coamo General Ernst's brigade was ordered to move at daylight. The main body went along the military road, while Colonel Biddle of General Wilson's staff, with the Sixteenth Pennsylvania, made a detour to enter the town from the north.

They met the Spanish forces outside the town and a fight took place, which lasted half an hour. The fire was hot. The Spanish in the trenches were driven out. The Spanish losses are unknown. Our loss was six wounded, one seriously.

While this battle was being waged the Fourth Ohio was having a skirmish about five miles beyond Guayama. The Americans were caught in an ambuscade and had it not been for speedy reinforcements Companies A and C would have probably been wiped out. As it was several of them were wounded. This was the last fight in the war.

CELESTIAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

The Sensitive Plate Reveals More Than the Eye Can See.

In September St. Nicholas there is an article on "Photography: Its Marvels," by Elizabeth Flint Wade. The author says: Almost the first use in science to which the new discovery was put was the photographing of the moon, the first recorded picture being made by Prof. Draper, and presented to the New York Lyceum of Natural History. His son Henry grew so fond of astronomical photography that on leaving college he went to Ireland to see the great reflecting telescope of Lord Rosse. After seeing it he determined to make one like it. The reputation of the Yankee boy—that he can make not only the thing he undertakes but also the machine that makes it—was proved to be deserved by Henry Draper, for he made and he mounted the first American reflecting telescope. With it he took over fifteen hundred photographs of the heavens; and the instrument is still in use in Harvard observatory. The telescope not only reveals more than can be seen by the eye alone, but the sensitive film surpasses the power of the eye when aided by the telescope, for the camera records on the films objects which the eye can not see through the greatest magnifying lenses. No matter how far away or how dimly it shines, the light of the faintest star in time impresses the film, and thus that which is invisible to the eye becomes visible on the plate. In celestial photography the camera is kept moving during the taking of a picture. The exposure sometimes lasts several hours, and if the camera were stationary the motion of the earth would soon carry the subject out of line with the telescope. The camera, therefore, is attached to the tube of the telescope, and the object to be photographed is brought into the lens at the interesection of two cross-wires. Then, by a system of clock-work, the telescope moves so that the subject occupies the same position on the plate during the exposure. In the picture of the Swift comet may be seen small white lines. These are the marks or trails of the stars. The telescope was adjusted to the speed of the comet, and as it traveled much faster than the stars the photographs of the stars appear as streaks instead of as points of light. It is another curious feature of celestial photography that a plate may be exposed several nights on the same subject. I have seen star cluster and nebulae pictures which were exposed, the former on one and the latter on four successive evenings. The picture showing the nebulae required a total exposure of thirteen hours and forty-four minutes.

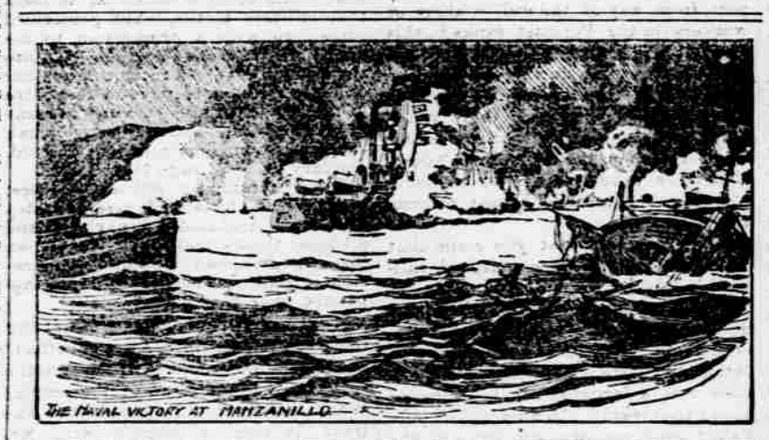
Real Estate.

Wallace—"We don't want Hawaii. We want no heathen land." Ferry—"Hawaii is no heathen land. It has had missionaries for one hundred years and while the natives may be heathen, the land is in possession of the Christians."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THROUGH THREE ZONES.

The Oregon's Voyage a Triumph for Any Ship and a Wonder for a Battleship.

Monday, May 9, the Oregon left Bahia, and on the second night out passed a fleet of vessels which she believed were the Spaniards. On May 14 the Spaniards were reported at Curacao, so it is hardly possible that the Oregon could have been near the enemy that night. With all lights out, however, she passed these vessels in the darkness, according to her orders, which were to "avoid all ships and make for home." She put into Barbados, flying a yellow quarantine flag to keep off inquisitive strangers, and within sixteen hours was off again, at full speed, making 420 miles in twenty-four hours. Upon receiving a dispatch announcing her arrival at Barbados, the secretary of the navy had given out to the nation that the great battleship was safe. Jupiter Lighthouse, on the southeastern coast of Florida, was signaled on Tuesday, the 24th, and again reported the Oregon to Washington. Two days later she anchored at Sands Key, off Key West—safe at home, after the longest voyage ever made by a battleship. And what was her condition after her wonderful journey? Her officers reported: "All in good health; everything shipshape; no accidents; not even a hot journal." After a stay at Key West long enough to fling the coal into her bunkers, she joined the fleet. They were drawn up in a wide semi-circle, and she came sweeping into the midst of them at fifteen knots an hour, like a winner of a yacht race, cheered by all the Jack Tars! As the Chicago Times-Herald says, her voyage is "a triumph for any ship, and a wonder for a battleship." Over 15,000 miles without a mishap, and fifty-nine days at sea, "through two oceans and three zones," on the alert for an enemy during more than half the time—surely it is a marvelous record, and one not likely to be repeated. Do you know what it means? A battleship has fully seventy machines on board, run by 137 steam cylinders. She is an enormous fortress, crammed with delicate and complicated machinery. To build her, sail her, care for her and fight with her requires brains, skill, care, honesty, fortitude—in short, all the Christian and a few pagan virtues



Photography in the Courts.

Photography is often called into court as a witness whose testimony can not be impeached. It is a detective of forged or disguised handwriting; for no matter how clever an imitation or alteration, the eye of the camera will search out, and the sensitive plate display, the fraud. A very important case, in which the entries in a document were in question, led to the building of what is probably the largest camera in the world. The bellows may be extended twenty-five feet, and is connected with a dark room, which also serves as a plate holder. The lens seems out of all proportion to the size of the camera, being but two inches in diameter, but its magnifying power is so great that letters one-fourth of an inch in height can be enlarged to seven and one-half feet and appear in their exact dimensions and without the slightest apparent distortion.—St. Nicholas.

Her Idea of It.

"Well, I'm glad o' one thing. Our Jim seems to have good religious comp'ny." "How is that, mother?" "His last letter says he's comin' home in a converted yacht."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Treating a Servant Shabbily.

Hicks—Grudger prides himself upon his literary attainments. He claims to be a perfect master of the English language. Wicks—That's no reason that he should treat it so shabbily.

Terrible Straits in the Klondike.

"Fearful destitution up at the Klondike," said Biggs. "Awful," returned Wimbleton. "I'm told that a wooden-legged man up there had to chop his leg up into toothpicks."

WHICH ARE YOU?

The woman who tosses her head and steps on her toe as she walks is a coquette. She trifles too much with love, and is just the woman to miss a good husband and be sorry ever after.

The quiet man will never be happy with the woman who digs her heels into the pavement and scurries along as if she were running a race. She is businesslike and most likely the woman to succeed in trade affairs, but her manner is one of those simple things that worry the quiet man to death.

The girl who cannot walk without skipping is one of those wild, glad gushers, who, when she has nothing else to rave over, raves with joy because it is Sunday or Monday, or Tuesday, or whatever the day of the week happens to be; she is equally depressed, and lives in a see-saw atmosphere of exultation or despair.

QUEEN'S PARTNER.

Olaff Olsen made up his mind he would go to the Klondike. It took him a long time to make up his mind. It took him a longer time to get to the Klondike. In the first place he made a mistake. He selected the trail from Skaguay over the White Pass to Lake Bennett. Now that was bad, but not so bad as his next error. He would not give it up and go by the Chilkoot Pass, though he heard Chilkoot was much easier. But that does not say much for the Chilkoot Pass.

"No," said Olaff, "I started to go over the White Pass, and I is goin' to make it over the White Pass."

Olaff had a hard time on the trail, though he didn't know it. That is to say, any other man would have thought it a hard time; but Olaff, expecting bad things, had no "kick," as he expressed it, against adversity.

Olaff was an exceptional man on the trail—phenomenally exceptional. For on a trail where each man had one partner at least and most many, Olaff preferred having no partner.

"Anoder man in the party besides me won't du," he said. "I might want to do one thing and him anoder; besides, I don't want no pardner, nohow. Pardners always means trouble."

The experience of many men on the trail confirmed the wisdom of Olaff's views. Nothing discouraged Olaff. When misfortune overtook him, he set to work to "do what he could for the best." Up before daybreak, he cooked a substantial breakfast—for he believed in feeding himself well—and with fifty pounds more on his back than any other man could carry started off on the trail, climbing over rocks and wading through mud, keeping at it all day with a short interval for lunch.

It took him ten days to move his outfit from station to station. Difficulties too great for other men never prevented Olaff from moving forward. If he could not make ten miles, he made five; if not five, he made two. But he always kept moving forward. When some of his provisions were stolen he "rustled," as he called it, and worked for others until he had earned enough to replace what had been stolen. Then he moved on his own outfit. When at last he reached Lake Bennett, he built a boat and calmly set sail without any of the excitement which others exhibited. Men wanted to buy a passage in his boat and assist him to manage it, but Olaff said:

"No; I don't want no passengers, and I guess I can handle the boat myself."

At the Tagish Lake Custom House Olaff worked four days to pay for the duty on his goods, and went on his way without the delay ruffling his temper. He sailed his boat around the point at Windy Arm, when thirty other boats hauled up on the beach.

KEEPING AT IT.

Approaching Miles canon men shouted to warn Olaff to land and lighten his boat and wait for the pilot.

"That's the canon!" they shouted. "Miles canon."

"Is it?" said Olaff, "I've been watching for it all day." And he took his boat through and on through the White Horse Rapids without moving an eyelid. But now floating ice began to impede Olaff's progress. "I'll keep going till she freeze up," he said. And he did. She froze up when Olaff had got to Five Fingers, and Olaff went into camp. He built a shed and ate up his grub until he had left what he could pull.

About Christmas Olaff started for Dawson on the ice with more on his sled than any two men could pull. He made slow progress, but he said:

"I shall come there some time if I keep moving."

Four miles a day does't seem much, but if persisted in it counts up, and at last Olaff arrived in Dawson.

He immediately moved up the creek and went to work prospecting. To his surprise a lead-pencil prospector jumped his claim. Olaff moved to another location, found good prospects, and recorded. Then he built a cabin and settled down to work. He put in eleven solid hours a day. His claim was 500 feet, and as he looked around he felt pleased. He had all the gold he wanted, he thought, and it was all his own. He congratulated himself daily on having no partner.

Some stampeders camped one night at Olaff's cabin and discussed the mining regulations. Yukon stampeders are strange. Yukon mining regulations are still stranger. Olaff learned to his dismay that half of his claim did not belong to him. It belonged to the Queen, the stampeders said. Olaff was mightily troubled. He stopped working and thought over the situation. Then he went down to Dawson, took his place in line behind some hundreds others outside the commissioner's office, and waited patiently for admittance. The thermometer registered 53 degrees below, but Olaff "wanted to see the guld commissari," and that was a detail he could not remedy.

After waiting two hours and a half he got in.

"I want to see the guld commisaari," said Olaff to a worried-looking man seated behind a roughly made desk and some gold scales.

"I am the gold commissioner," was the reply; "what do you want?"

"I want to know the Queen's address," said Olaff.

"Somebody's always wanting to know something," said the commissioner. "What do you want with the Queen's address?"

"Well," said Olaff, "the Queen and me is pardners on a claim up the creek, and I don't want to be pardners nohow. So I want to write to the Queen to know if she'll buy my 250 feet or sell her 250 feet to me. I don't want no pardners, and, anyhow, the Queen's not putting any work into the claim."

The commissioner advised Olaff not to write, but to wait and see what the future would bring, hinting at possible changes in the law. Olaff went back to his claim, but had no heart for work. It worried him to have a pardner, more especially a lady and one of so exalted rank. But Olaff found it hard work; thinking and idling were strange to him, so he gradually drifted into working regularly on his claim as hard as ever.

As time went on Olaff sized up matters something as follows, and grew contented:

"I don't want no pardner, but my pardner's never here to bother me. She doesn't put any work into the claim, but then she's a lady, and I wouldn't let her work nohow, even if she wanted to. If a man must have a pardner, he can't have no better pardner than the Queen. She's all right as a pardner."

Olaff is still working on his claim, and the only thing that troubles him is whether his partner will come for her share of the dust after the wash up, or whether it will be his duty to take the dust to her. But Olaff is determined the Queen will get her share, for he says:

"She's a good pardner."—Ex.

ENGLAND OWNED MANILA.

Both the Philippines and Cuba Were Once British Possessions.

Both the great island possessions—in the West and East Indies, respectively—which are now the seats of war between Spain and the United States, were for a time during the last century possessions of the British empire, says the Fortnightly Review. Havana and Manila were both captured by Great Britain in 1762, and Cuba and the Philippines occupied. A very rare and interesting "Plain Narrative" of the capture of Manila was published by Rear Admiral Cornish and Brigadier-General Draper in reply to accusations of infringement of the capitulations made against these officers by the Spaniards. Their own allegations are sufficiently strong: "Through the whole of the above transactions the Spaniards, by evasions, avoided complying with the capitulations in every one respect, except in bringing the money from the Misericordia and Ordentacara (ships), which it was out of their power to secrete. They basefully and ungratefully took up arms against us after having their lives given them. They preached publicly in their churches rebellion," etc. At the peace of Paris (1763), however, which concluded the seven years' war, Canada, Louisiana, and various islands in the West Indies having been ceded by France, and Florida and Minorca by Spain, Great Britain on her part ceded to the latter power Cuba and the Philippines. Yet there is still to be seen—or was during my residence at Manila—at the mouth of the Pasig, and under the ramparts, a dilapidated brick and stucco monument with an inscription celebrating the expulsion of the invading British by the noble and patriotic Don Simon de Anda—an inscription which afforded great amusement to British naval officers visiting the port.

Bacteriological Cooking.

A Konigsberg doctor, Dr. Jager, recently gave a course of hygiene and bacteriology for ladies, which included practical exercises in applied bacteriology—for instance, in the preparation and preservation of food by methods used in bacteriological work. At the close of the lecture the hearers were allowed to invite their friends to an exhibition of kitchen products—some raw and cooked—which had remained in a warm room for periods ranging from five to sixteen days, and which were all found perfectly fresh and quite unchanged in appearance and taste. Nor, says the British Medical Journal, had any complicated procedure been required to attain this result. The method simply consists in: (1) The use of vessels with well-fitting, overlapping lids, instead of the inside lids used in kitchens all the world over, which allow stray bits of matter that may adhere to their rim to fall into the food; (2) avoidance of opening the vessels in which the food was kept, or, where this was indispensable, careful manipulation, as in bacteriological work, and (3) the use of cotton wool as a covering. Cotton-wool lids had been specially prepared to fit the wide tops of the food vessels; they consisted of a circular disk of cotton wool, tightly held between two metal rings, the outer of which formed the overlapping rim of the lid.—London News.

The Universal Religion.

The partial in religion is giving way to the universal in religion, and the universal religion is to have its increasing number of teachers and is to build its churches, in which no man will be a stranger and the gates thereof will not be closed by day.—Rev. J. Lloyd Jones.

THE VOICE IN WAR.

It Is Sometimes Useless and Signals Are Substituted.

From the Hartford Courant: With the modern rapid firing guns there is little firing by men in mass, except when the company "rallies" to repel an attack. Then a circle or semi-circle is formed round the officers and the bullets are sent as fast as they can travel. In the "extended order" on the skirmish line, it is impossible for a man to "hear himself think," but with a line extending rows away to the right and left and with a strong wind blowing, to say nothing of the musketry, the officer's voice cannot be equal to the emergency. So he resorts to signals—visual, with his sword when smoke and landscape will allow; otherwise with the bugle, or with a hoarse whistle in the hilt of his sword. Properly drilled soldiers of 1898 readily interpret the signals. Those with the sword are simple; those by bugle or whistle are combinations of long and short blasts, as, for example, one long one, "Halt!" Two long ones, "Forward!" Two short ones and the long one, "To the rear!" Two long ones and two short ones, "Commence firing!" One long one and two short ones, "Cease firing!" The non-commissioned officers along the line, hearing these signals, repeat the commands to the men. Aboard ship there also is great economy of vocal power. If the steel sides of the vessel are not being pounded by shot and shell, the officers can make themselves heard between shots, but their words are few. As for the men, the experience of an observer aboard one of our vessels at the destruction of Cervera's fleet is to the point. He said he expected to hear the men rush to quarters with a yell and then cheer as they saw the enemy's discomfiture. On the contrary, the only sound was the boom of the guns, the men going on with their work like silent machines. Yet the human voice has its value. Who shall say that it is any less than those from metal throats? It comes when there's a lull in the firing, when bayonets are fixed, when men nerve themselves and start forward at a run over the short but shot swept space between them and the enemy. Then the voice will make itself heard—no rules or regulations ever could prevent it if they tried. Seemingly it is the shout that carries the men onward, upward, over the breastworks. We heard considerable about the differentiation between the southern cry and the Northern cheer during the civil war. The former was a high-keyed, piercing yell, the latter a deep-chested "Hurrah," leaving out of the word all but the vowel sound. How do they sound now, blended? America's foemen will never stop to tell. And Emperor William is introducing the "Hurrah" in Germany as a substitute for the old-time, choky "Hoch." The way he is doing it is by giving the triple "Hurrah" on concluding toasts and solemn speeches. Then the cheer gets recognition in court circles and finally is adopted by the army. The emperor knows a good thing when he hears it, and America and England—which country also has the "Hurrah"—can afford to let him have this without diplomatic inquiry. But may he and his armies never be called upon to hear it roll up against the Stars and Stripes in battle.

HOUSEHOLD INVENTORY.

An Admirable Idea for Keeping Track of One's Belongings.

One of the latest aids toward simplifying one's responsibilities is the Inventory of Household Goods, which is in the form of a small pamphlet, designed for the use of housekeepers who are going to rent their flats furnished, send their goods to storage warehouses or insure them, or for those systematic women who demand such a list for the peace of their souls. These inventories are very comprehensive and should be a part of every well regulated household. A page is devoted to each separate room—parlor, library, dining room, kitchen, bed rooms, bath room, etc. Under different captions are spaces for the number of each article—5 chairs, 2 sofas, etc.; their values, descriptions, location. Not a kitchen utensil is omitted; not a piece of bric-a-brac, or a soap dish. Whoever is responsible for the making of the lists has done the work in a thorough manner. At the back of the book are some odd pages, for a fuller description of the bric-a-brac and the books, so that a detailed description may be written and books named by title, binding, etc. Whoever has wrestled with the horrors of packing and unpacking or with the absolute ignorance that assails one after a fire as to the extent of loss will be gratefully conscious of the possession of one of these aids to memory and to a good temper.

A Kean Anecdote.

In playing Richard III. Charles Kean indulged in a series of dreadful grimaces which the conventions of the times regarded as appropriate accessories of the role. He was playing the piece in a prominent town, and had occasion to take on a man to enact the part of the sentinel who awakes Richard and announces: "'Tis I, my lord, the village clock hath twice proclaimed the hour of morn." Unfortunately Kean made such dreadful grimaces that the sentinel forgot his lines and stammered: "'Tis I, my lord, 'tis I, my lord; the village cock! 'Tis I, my lord, the village cock!" By this time there was a decided titter all over the house, and Kean then said: "Then why the mischief don't you crow?" which, needless to say, brought down the house.

An Event of Moment.

"What is that dreadful crowd?" "I don't know. Either Hobson is in town or shirt waists are marked down to 10 cents."—Chicago Record