Over the Way.

Over the way of your dreams, my boy,
Are wondrous things for your eyes to see,
And wonderful paths to a world of joy
And the marvelous land of the Ought to-Be.

There is gold in the dust that your feet will tread,
And diamonds gleam on the wayside grass,
And wreaths of laurel to grace your head
Hang waiting to crown you as you pass.

There are marble castles and broad estates,
And servants to every wish fulfill,
And armored hosts at the castle gates
Stand ready and eager to do your will.

There are living springs to renew your youth,
And dreamful shades for your least repose,
And breezes to fan you with love and truth,
And gardens that blossom like the rose.

There are wildwoods ringing with songs of birds;
There are sumptuous feasts where friends are men
To greet you with tender and honest words,
And never a theme that you might regret.

Ah! over the way of your dream it lies—
This land of the Ought-to-Be, so fair;
This paradise of the countless skies,
Where the Best and Right are everywhere.

Your childhood lives in this happy land,
And the loved ones lost in the years ago
In the glow of its glorious sunlight stand
And tenderly beckon you there, I know.

What care if your present path is bleak
And the shadows clutch at your garment's hem?
It's over the way that your soul must seek
For the light that will ever banish them.

Just over the way of your dreams, my boy,
Are wondrous things for your eyes to see,
And wonderful paths to a world of joy
And the marvelous land of the Ought to-Be.

HOW NO. 99 WON THE RECORD

By George Ethelbert Walsh.

"I don't believe in record-breakin' runs with steamships or steam engines. It's dangerous work, and some day there'll be such big explosions on land or sea that'll cure people of this craze."

Dan Martin, the old engineer, rubbed the shining brass connecting rods of No. 99 vigorously, until they looked like a strong reflecting mirror.

"I've al'us refused to run my engines at a dangerous pace just to make a record for the company," he continued after a pause. "I have the name of bein' the most careful engineer in the West, an' I consider that a bigger honor than if I had the reputation of bein' the one that could drive his engine the fastest. The superintendent has hinted to me more 'n once that he'd like to see me break the record with old 99, but I al'us shrugged my shoulders, and told 'em that I war'n' goin' to risk the lives of the passengers for any foolish advertisin' of the road. No, sir, I wouldn't do it."

Another vigorous rub of the polished brass rod.

"Yes, No. 99 holds the record now," he added in reply to a query, "an' she will for some time, too, I guess. But I was speakin' of things before she made that big run from Ellinwood to Great Bend in Middle Kansas.

"Was I the engineer at that time? Of course I was, an' No. 99 never put in better work. I didn't believe in record smashin' then any more than now, but I had to break the record that time or lose my life and 99 too. It was a forced trip that I took, an' I don't want to make it ag'in. No, sir, once is enough for me.

"I was ordered to take No. 99 from McPherson to Great Bend one mornin' to meet the superintendent of the road, an' he wired me to hurry up a bit. He wanted to make a quick trip down to Dodge City, where there was some trouble with railroad robbers. After he finished the orders he added over the wires: 'You'll be alone, and will have a good chance to make 99 break the record.' I smiled at this, but didn't intend to push her beyond the safety point one bit. My life and reputation was just as important whether I was alone or with a whole train load of people behind me.

"I started out of McPherson on a gentle trot, so to speak, and when I was clear of everything I put on more speed. I love to ride rapidly across the country when there ain't no cars danglin' behind, an' I just let old 99 skip lively. I was goin' as fast as I thought she ought to go without runnin' any risk. It was midsummer then, and the day was pretty warm and sultry. We hardly made a breeze in our rapid flight. Jim Watson, my fireman, said he thought the air was feverish hot, an' that's just what it was. The sun seemed to glare at us like a ball of fire, and the heat appeared to be risin' from the landscape all around. There wasn't a cloud in the sky, an' it just hurt our eyes to look outside of the caboose. The long stretch of rails ahead glistened like silver.

"'We'll have a storm or somethin' before long,' Jim says as he looks at the sky. 'This heat won't last.'

"I thought so, too, but I didn't give words to my ideas. We were approachin' Lyons at a swingin' gait when a few clouds suddenly rose up in the east. They looked black in the centre, and seemed to increase in size as they approached. In a short time they were joined by others, and their looks were threatenin'. They were wind clouds, and probably the beginnin' of a bad wind storm. When we rushed through Lyons the flagman waved his hands at us and pointed toward the east.

"The clouds had now become more threatenin' than ever, and Jim muttered, 'A tornado, I'll bet.'

"'Shouldn't wonder,' was all the reply I made.

"We swept on a little faster. I thought we might be safer to get into port before the storm struck us. Then it occurred to me that we would be better off probably runnin' than standin' still. So I slackened speed a little an' watched the sky anxiously.

"Suddenly from the very middle of the black cloud somethin' seemed to extend way down to the earth. It looked as if the cloud had burst, an' was trailin' along the track right behind us. I knew that sight only too well. It was rushin' down upon us like a fiend. The sun was still shinin', but the fleecy clouds around it made it flood the landscape with a sickly glare.

"'Say, Jim, that fellow is after us,' I said as quietly as possible.

"'Yes, an' it's a reg'ler twister,'

"Now when a tornado is rushin' down upon you at the rate of eighty or ninety miles an hour you forget all about the danger there is in record-smashin'. At least I did. There was that big, ugly-lookin' cloud followin' us with a fearful noise. It was so close that we could hear the rush and roar of it. I gave one frightened glance at its terrible centre, an' then I opened the throttle of old 99. Jim began to pile coal on, and shake up the fires. We were directly in the road of the tornado, and unless it veered to one side or the other, or we could succeed in outrunnin' it, we were doomed.

"But 99 responded to my touch like a horse. She snorted and puffed away as if aware of the danger behind. The wheels revolved so fast that it seemed as if they could not keep on the track. In another moment we were speedin' along at a rate that would have made me sick at any other time. But we weren't goin' fast enough yet. The horrible cloud was still gainin' on us.

"'More coal, Jim, more coal!' I shouted. 'We must go faster.'

"Well, he knew the danger, too, an' he perspired like a porpoise as he tried to get up more steam. Faster an' faster we flew. The strain on the engine was severe, but I never thought of that. I just put on all the steam we could get. We were now holdin' our own with the tornado, but it was still a race for life or death. If anything should give way the storm would be down upon us in an instant. We were really balanced between two great dangers.

"'If we can reach Great Bend we'll be all right,' I said to Jim, as we both looked anxiously at the pursuin' cloud. 'There's a turn in the road, an' we'll get out of the path of the tornado.'

"'But we must cross the bridge first' Jim said in reply.

"'Yes, but we can't slacken our speed.'

"I knew what he was thinkin' of. The bridge across the large arm of the Arkansas was only a wooden structure then, and it was not over-strong. To rush across it at our tremendous speed might cause a catastrophe. But the bend in the road did not occur until after the bridge was crossed. Until we reached that point the road was as straight as a bee-line.

"Neither one spoke after that. We alternately watched the pursuin' tornado and the track ahead. We just held our own and had no time to spare. If we lost one minute the horrible fiend would be down upon us.

"'The bridge! the bridge is ahead!' suddenly shouted Jim, and I thought his face turned a shade paler.

"I could not believe it at first. I thought that the bridge was miles beyond, and it was hard work to realize the distance we had covered since the tornado first alarmed us.

"'Now for it,' I muttered to Jim. 'Here goes!'

"I opened the throttle. Then No. 99 gave a loud, prolonged, shrill screech, that might have been her death knell. The next instant she reached the wooden bridge, and thundered upon it like the rumblin' of thunder. The structure swayed and trembled under the weight. When we reached the middle it creaked and cracked, and seemed ready to give way at any moment. But we passed the middle safely, and the other shore was almost reached.

"'See! see!' Jim shouted.

"I looked behind and shuddered at the sight. The tornado had reached the other end of the bridge, and as if angered at the prospect of our escape the mighty wind was rippin' and tearin' up the wooden structure as if it was made of straw. We touched the other side none too soon, for the whole bridge began to sway, and then toppled over before the furious onslaught of the wind.

"But in another moment we reached the bend in the road, and rushed out of the path of the tornado. We slowed up a little then, and watched the baffled fiend hurry past us, carryin' death and destruction with it. We both gave a sigh of relief, and then turned to check the terrible speed of our iron horse.

"We brought her to a standstill at Great Bend station with difficulty. It seemed as if she hated to stop, and she puffed and panted like a living creature. On the platform stood the superintendent.

"'Why, hurrah, Martin, you've broken the record all to pieces,' he said, slappin' me on the shoulder. 'Since the agent reported you at Lyons, why, you have averaged eighty-two and a half miles. Great Scott! man, that's a wonderful run!'

"'Yes, it was, I said.

"I was too tired and nervous to explain then. I was satisfied to think that we were home safe. It was the most wonderful run I ever made, and that's how old 99 holds the record."

A Mustached Horse.

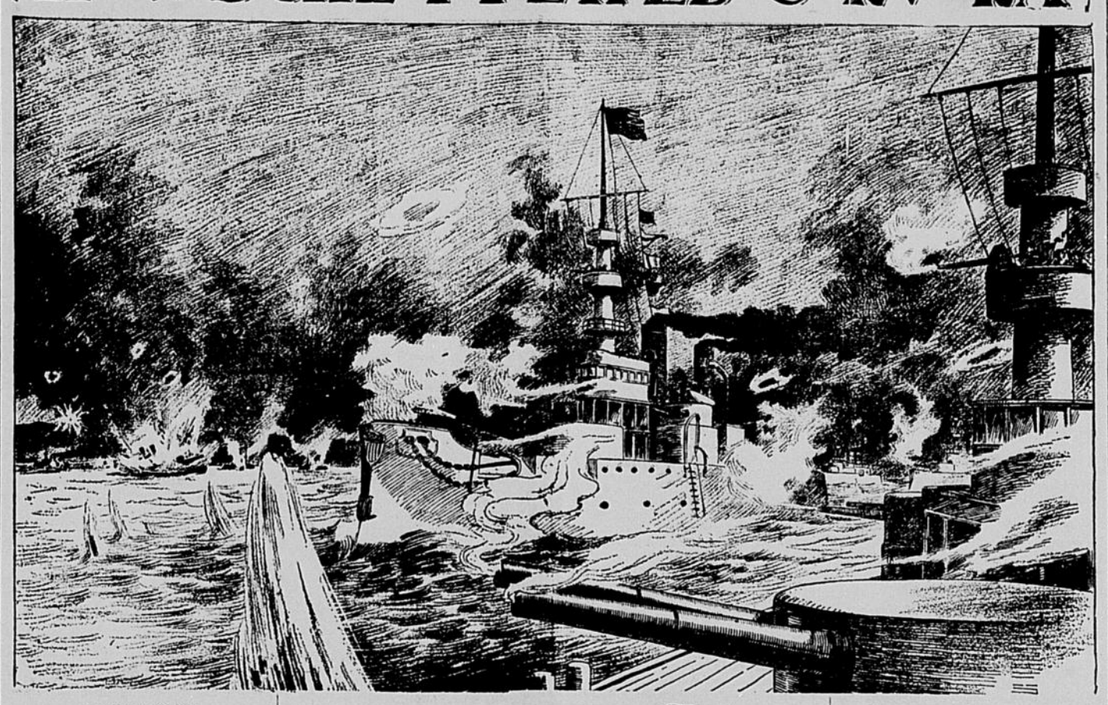
A coal yard at Thirteenth and Chestnut streets is the proud possessor of a big bay horse, whose chief claim to distinction lies in his possession of a remarkably well-trained blond mustache. After a hard day's work this hirsute appendage assumes the needle-like points of the French facial decoration, but in the morning it stands out dry and fluffy, a good four inches on each side of his nose. "Fritler," as he is called, seems to feel that he is attracting attention, for he holds up his head with all the pride a virility of sixteen years can summon up. Fitler has easily won for himself the friendship of all his coworkers, and he is treated with many distinctions. It is said that the animal whinnies in terror at the sight of a pig, for fear it may prove a razor-back, but while Fitler remains with the coal yard people he need never fear the ignominy of a shave.—Philadelphia Times.

The Beginning of Quarantine.

In the fourteenth century one-fourth of the population of Europe are computed to have died of the bubonic plague, introduced from the East. The first measures to check its spread were adopted by the city of Venice, which appointed in 1348 three guardians of the public health. In 1403 Venice established a lazaret, or contagious disease hospital, on a small island adjoining the city. This was the beginning of quarantine. The word itself means "forty," and implies forty days, the period of detention imposed on vessels at this first Venetian quarantine.

Philadelphia collected $102,000 as taxes on trolley company dividends last year.

HOW SCHLEY FLAYED CERVERA



WHEN the sun sank his red and perspiring face under the cooling waters of the Caribbean on the night of July 2, 1898, the blockading fleet off Santiago drew silently inshore to take up another night of vigil lest Cervera should slip by under cover of darkness and undo the work of the past forty days. Scarcely had the hiss which marked the extinction of the orb of day smitten on the ears of the men of the fleet when the searchlights took up the labor where the sun had left off and sent long tongues of flame into the crooked mouth of the harbor, sweeping to right and left, west and east over the grim fortresses which masked the entrance, peering in to where the Reina Mercedes was floating a watch-dog against any attempt to break inside.

When the same sun after one more course from east to west again took his mighty bath over toward Panama, the blockading fleet was somewhat scattered although within signal call. Part of the vessels were along the coast line picking up the sailors of Spain and helping to save the survivors of the wrecks made such by themselves. The long vigil was over, nothing remained of sufficient importance to worry gallant "Dick" Wainwright with his little converted yacht. The fleet of the gray-haired admiral was in smoldering ruins along that coast line, while he himself a prisoner was sitting in the cabin of the flagship dressed in garments lent to him by her officers.

Independence Day, 1898, had received new significance, for it had become the day of one more stupendous naval accomplishment under the flag of the Union. Not even the brilliant battle of Admiral Dewey in the harbor of Manila exceeded the wonderful fight made by Schley on that Sunday morning. Spain's sea power was a mere reminiscence when the sun rose over Morro and Socapa on July 4. But one American had lost his life in the fierce fight extending from early in the morning until an hour and a half after the time for midday mess call. Hundreds of Spaniards had made their last fight on earth, four magnificent cruisers, excelling in power—on paper—the one armored cruiser which did such fearful execution, were blackened hulks lying ashore on the coast, two torpedo destroyers were under the sea, sent there by a fierce little yacht inferior in armament to them, and the survivors of all their crews were prisoners aboard the vessels of their conquerors.

A Severe Vigil.

For forty days Schley had kept guard there. For thirty days the blockade had been maintained under the one general order issued by Sampson to all the fleet on June 2. For thirty days the same six-mile circle had bound in the entrance to Santiago and made it impossible for anything, even a whaleboat, to emerge night or day without a challenge to be turned into destruction unless the challenge were heeded. It had been a nerve-racking, soul-wearying strain on officers and men, by day standing off under steam in a wide circle of six miles from the prows of the big battleships in the center to the same distance off the harbor entrance, but close inshore, where the little gunboats picketed, by night closing in to half distance with formation unbroken excepting that a battleship should close in on the entrance and blaze it with its searchlights until relieved, while another huge hulk attended to open fire on anything emerging, such had been the monotonous order of the watch.

Patiently and faithfully, punctual to the second on changing station, the watch had been kept. Time after time the veteran of Castile had sought for a break in that deadly guard and had retired into the inner fastnesses of the crooked harbor in despair. "If the enemy attempts to escape close in on him, engage and endeavor to destroy him or drive him ashore." So read the general order issued by Sampson on June 2, which was never changed until it had been carried into full effect. So with the fall of night just a month later the big ships moved slowly and sullenly nearer the point of possible attack.

When the first gray streak of dawn revealed the point where water and shore separate the Massachusetts, then on guard with her searchlight attended by the Indiana, turned her prow to the east and steamed away to Guantanamo. She left her station to coal, for her bunkers were getting too low in supplies to permit her to follow out orders if the emergency arose. Taylor, with the Indiana, relieved her, for no second ship was needed then. Back into the circle, with the Gloucester hovering on her port bow, the big battleship moved. With the increase of light once more the long semi-circle was taken up and the grim watch went on.

But the uneasy sea kept the big ships drifting to the east as they rose and fell. Over nearest the shore in the port division the little Vixen held her place. Next should have been the Marblehead, but she was detached that day. Then came the Brooklyn, flagship of the second squadron; the Texas, the Iowa, the Oregon, the New York, flagship of the chief in command; the Gloucester close inshore and east of her the Indiana. The position at daybreak was such that the port side was somewhat uncovered. It is believed that this unusual condition was noticed by the Spanish commander and that herein he saw his only chance of escaping with one or more of his vessels.

Sampson Steams Off.

Morning mess was called and disposed of, men lounged about seeking some cool spot, officers walked nervously about, but nothing indicated that a change to the monotony of the vigil was imminent. Over on the Oregon the jackies assembled in general quarters for Sunday morning inspection. On the other ships in rapid succession the same preparations for the same ceremony were noticeable—excepting the New York. Day station had been taken, the commander had made his observations and was about to leave his post for a time.

While the men were still on deck undergoing a rigid inspection by their officers the signal bridge of the fleet flagship broke out in many-colored bunting. On each signal bridge of each vessel in the

ADMIRAL SCHLEY.

ADMIRAL SAMPSON.

mighty armament the officer on duty bent his glasses to read the signal. It was nearly 9 o'clock, stifling hot and eyes were straining across the brazen water in idle wonder when the stern guard would be broken. "Disregard the motions of the commander in chief" read the signal displayed by the big flagship. Then the beautiful cruiser steamed away toward Siboney.

On the deck of the Brooklyn, shaded by a big awning, sat Commodore Schley. Near by him was Captain Cook. The inspection was over, the men had been released and all was as monotonous as it had been for forty days. Just at this juncture the navigating officer on the forward bridge bent his glasses on the harbor entrance. His attention had been attracted to smoke which was coming therefrom. He quietly turned to Mr. Hodgson, executive officer, and said: "That smoke is moving, sir."

"Give me the glasses," said Mr. Hodgson, and he trained them on the object now increasing in size. "The enemy is escaping, sir," he bawled out to the squadron chief, dropping the glasses in his excitement.

"Signal the fleet to clear ship," said the commander.

"We have done so, sir."

From the signal bridges of half the vessels in the fleet came the signal that at last Cervera had dared the wrath of the blockaders. In swift reply came the order from the Brooklyn to close in and engage, but by the time the bunting flapped from the ropes the entire fleet had broken ground and was following out the general order to fight on sight. As they swung to port to meet the enemy the forward turrets of the Teresa blazed with a noisy defiance and the shot were turned loose among the vessels bearing down swiftly upon them.

Then the most remarkable naval battle of all time was under way. The big Brooklyn, the largest ship in the fleet, swooped down under half steam, belching flame and smoke from all her port battery. Then, with a mighty sweep of her bows, she sheered up to starboard and, swinging around in a circle, passed close by the Texas, reopening with her starboard battery. Swiftly she flew, gaining speed and power with each revolution of her screws. Classed as inferior to any one of the four gigantic cruisers opposed to her, she successively engaged them all.

The Texas, the Oregon, the Indiana, all swooped down, turning to meet the westward course of Cervera's ships. Their heavy guns threw tons of hard metal against the sides of the doomed ships, but only one had the steam and speed to follow the escaping leaders. With an experience gained in a race of 12,000 miles, the stokers and engineers of the mighty Oregon had learned a lesson which stood them in good stead. With a speed greater even than that of the Brooklyn, this leviathan passed to starboard of the Iowa and Texas and hung on the trail of the speedy Brooklyn, gaining rapidly on the flagship, hurling heavy shot and shell upon the enemy.

From out the entrance of the harbor, last of all, lying flat in the water with a limited exposure to hostile fire, came the most dreaded of all the ships which floated the flag of Castile that morning. With double the speed of the Americans, with deadly torpedoes aboard and with instructions to send in their deadly missiles on any ship daring enough to await their attack, slipped out the Furor and Pluton. During all the long watch off that harbor these two had caused the blockaders the greatest anxiety. Yet the result tends to show how useless in hot battle they and their class can be.

When the action began the Gloucester lay farthest inshore in the starboard division. She lapped over the huge Indiana and her gallant commander sent her forward and then swept in a wide circle, clearing the way for Taylor. She blazed away with her guns—mere toys compared to those of her big consort—but at too long range for effective service. Then Captain Wainwright, knowing the speed of his ship, held her back to gain steam. He was still waiting when the torpedo boats made the outer entrance. Then came his opportunity.

Opposing two vessels regarded as the most dangerous in the fleet of the enemy by this time was but one daring Yankee seaman with a crew of daring Yankees aboard a fragile yacht built for pleasure and not stern war. It was a contest none need have felt shame in avoiding, but Wainwright had seen the Maine sink below the waters of Havana harbor, had seen his men in mangled heaps crushed out of life, and he knew no hesitation. Like a greyhound his little vessel shot forward. Down under the fire of the battleships which had turned their fire upon them the yacht bore in between the deadly torpedo boats. Often in that brilliant action they tried to torpedo the Gloucester, but the skill of the commander and the skill of the men behind the guns smothered both vessels with a damaging fire.

In and out like a snake of flame and smoke raced the Gloucester. Back toward the harbor entrance the worried torpedo ships turned in a vain effort to escape, but escape was not to be. Smothered at their guns by a boat with fewer weapons and lighter projectiles, but with deadly aim, they blew up into fragments. One went ashore and the other dropped beneath the waves, while the victor humanely devoted his time to the rescue of the few men who had survived his awful fire. Less than one hour had passed, less than sixty minutes had been necessary to show the limited value of such vessels against the deadly accuracy and rapidity of the Americans.

Cervera Opens Fire.

As the Teresa opened fire she received the return fire of all the ships of the American fleet. Sheering to starboard she made a futile effort to escape to the west. Closely following in her tracks came the Oquendo, the Vizcaya and the Cristobal Colon, all superior in armament to the Brokolyn and but little inferior to the bulldogs of the American navy. The Spaniards made a gallant and desperate fight, but the constant rattle of the rapid-fire guns in main and secondary battery aboard the enemy, combined with an accuracy at long and short range little short of marvelous, made the Castilian gunners flee from their guns.

The Iowa and the Indiana being short on steam were operating at long range until well after the action commenced. But they closed in and by the lapse of half an hour were dealing deadly blows at all but the swift Colon, which seemed in a fair way to glide out to the sea to the west and make good her escape. The Oregon, with a burst of speed which has caused naval authorities and writers to gasp and continue gasping, set sail for the flying flagship, and before the Colon gave up the fight was well up with the chase. In to the shore turned the flagship of the enemy, but as she turned Captain Clark's gallant vessel flew by, raking her as she faltered. Then she flew the white flag and dashed a wreck on the beach.

On flew the Oregon, followed by the Texas, Indiana and Iowa, all delivering hot volleys from large and small guns. The Brooklyn, ahead of her enemy, was sending back her compliments from the after turret, while her forward pieces bore on the Colon, which passed inshore of the Oquendo, just as the Oregon raked the flagship. As the Oquendo veered inshore the Oregon passed astern and sent a compliment or two as she headed for the Vizcaya, now hotly engaged with the Brooklyn and Texas. The Iowa and Indiana, coming up slower, also beat the ship into a shapeless mass of twisted iron and steel. Less than a full hour of fighting and two of the escaping fleet ashore, abandoned and with colors trailing their decks.

Nine and eleven miles from the harbor entrance lay two of the best of Spain's warships—one the flagship—battered out of all semblance to vessels of their former power and speed. Just ahead, but under a fire which nothing afloat could sustain and remain afloat, the proud Vizcaya, commanded by the officer who had showed her off in New York harbor about the time of the Maine disaster, was reeling along hopeless but still defiant. Her consort, the Colon, was gaining rapidly and seemed to be about to escape. The Vizcaya suddenly turned inshore, ran up the white flag and her surviving sailors leaped into the hostile sea to avoid the rain of iron which was slaughtering them in winrows.

Seventeen miles of travel and less than two hours of fighting and three of the mighty cruisers were gone. On swept the Brooklyn and Oregon, the big battleship now close on the quarter of the flagship, hanging grimly to the chase. Up lumbered the Indiana and Iowa and, no longer able to maintain the chase, turned to the rescue of the unfortunates. A flag broke out on the New York, now rushing by, and Captain Taylor, on the Indiana, saw his ship's number called. Then he received a signal order to return to his station off the blockade and guard the harbor entrance. So slowly and reluctantly he came about and dropped out of the fight.

"Fighting Bob" Evans, with the Iowa, having done as much damage as possible while the enemy's fleet existed, now turned his attention to caring for the survivors. Even while at this work the New York, under full steam and with screws revolving under forced draught, plunged by on her way to get into the fight. On the bridge was the commander-in-chief, whose orders were being so gallantly and thoroughly carried out by the ships of the two squadrons in his absence. He sent Taylor back, flagged Evans to care for the wounded and surviving and then raced ahead to where in the distance he was able to see puffs of white smoke mantling the Oregon, and then later on see a geyser of water beyond the fleeing Colon as a thirteen-inch shell exploded on the inshore side.

Orders Were Obeyed.

But it was too late. Even as the fleet flagship drew near to the chase the Colon turned inshore and the last of the enemy signaled submission and defeat. Then up went the signal of Schley that the battle was over and the victory won. All that remained was to see to the rescue and comfort of the survivors. Three of the American ships had made fights without parallel in naval history. Seven had concentrated their fire at once on the extended line of the enemy. One cruiser had engaged at close quarters four armed with heavier ordnance and reputed to be more powerful, swifter and better able to withstand a hard contest.

One huge battleship, with a speed greatly inferior to any of the enemy, had outsailed them all, overhauling her own flagship, with a registered nominal speed of five knots better. A mere toy boat had engaged in deadly embrace two torpedo boats with heavier ordnance, better protection and as high speed, if not much higher. Like a wasp she had fluttered about them and with sharp drives had stung them to death. A grim, white-faced man in an undress naval uniform stood on her bridge and directed her movements like a personification of fate. An hour afterward, tender as a woman, he was helping the poor defeated wretches to the decks of his little vessel.

No commanding officer ever issued a general order which was so literally obeyed. Few and simple as the words were, each syllable counted in the result. "If the enemy attempts to escape close in, engage and endeavor to destroy him or drive him ashore." These were the words Sampson wrote on June 2. On the morning of July 3 these words were just as important as on June 2. No revocation, no change, no addition had been made to them; they stood for the order of battle should one come. Then on July 3 he sailed away to meet Shafter. While he was gone and despite his utmost efforts to catch up with the running fight his orders were carried out to the last word of the full sentence. "Destroy or drive ashore," he said. In order that there might in the future be no reason to say that part had been done and part omitted the gallant sailors destroyed the enemy and also drove his entire fleet ashore.

But one of the vessels engaged that morning evaded the latter portion of that stern order. But for the pernicious activity of "Dick" Wainwright the Pluton doubtless would have completed the duty thus assigned to her. But the Gloucester was so active that this dreaded ship blew up and sank when not far from the shore, so that if any question should arise it must be answered by the captain of the converted yacht. It is not generally believed he will be asked to explain, as the blowing up and sinking will be held to be practical execution of orders.

The unfortunate controversy which has arisen concerning the placing of the credit of that great sea fight must have been as disagreeable to Schley as to Sampson. The latter was the superior. He gave the orders, but unfortunately was not there to carry them out himself. They were obeyed, and, as Schley says, there is glory enough in the engagement for all concerned. It was a case of Trafalgar over again. Like Sampson, Lord Vincent was in command of the fleet, but was absent when the battle was fought. As Nelson's name will ever be associated with Trafalgar, so also will Schley's with Santiago.

FRUIT TINS LOOK LIKE GLASS.

Solid Packages Are Made to Appear Transparent and Sell Better.

What appears to be a mild form of deception seems to have received the indorsement of the Patent Office in the granting of a patent for a shipping can or package to Henry W. Rowland Crosby and William H. Harrison, of Aughton, England. This consists of a method of putting up preserves in tin cans, and yet to have the appearance of glass jars, the latter for several reasons being preferred by purchasers. The ordinary type of tin can is used, but it is covered with a paper on which is printed an excellent reproduction in color of the fruit contained in the can. This label is devoid of all lettering, and the lower part is shaded to represent glass, while the upper part is made to

FRUIT IN CANS TO LOOK LIKE JARS.

counterfeit a paper or parchment cover tied with a string. It is designed that these packages shall have every appearance of glass jars as they repose on the grocers' shelves.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Doors of Bank of England.

The public entrance doors of the great building of the Bank of England are so finely balanced that a clerk, by pressing a knob under his desk, can close them instantly.

A Kansas paper denies the report that a trust is being formed in that State for the purpose of cornering grasshoppers and selling the hops to breweries.

Some people can't even tell the truth without exaggerating.

THE HAWKEYE STATE

NEWS OF THE WEEK CONCISELY CONDENSED.

A New Fish Hatchery at Belleville—Northwestern Roundhouse for Clinton—Strike of Preachers—Milkman Mulcted—Distressing Suicide.

Last year the United States fish commissioner took a large number of fish from the Mississippi river at Bellevue and stocked some of the inland waters of this State, as an experiment. It was thought that by doing this thousands of fish could be raised in streams and lakes that heretofore have been barren of the finny tribe. The plan has proven more successful than anticipated, and the work of stocking all the inland waters of the State will be continued. Where the fish have been placed in different bodies of water they have multiplied rapidly, and Fish Warden Delivan is more than pleased with the results. In order to continue the work a fishery will be erected at Bellevue. Deputy Fish Commissioner Johnson will spend most of the summer at Bellevue, accompanied by a skillful fisherman, who will instruct the remainder of the employes in the art of catching and caring for small fish. Bellevue will also be headquarters for the fish cars, which have been constructed especially for this work.

New Roundhouse at Clinton.

The Northwestern Railway, after due consideration, has concluded to build a roundhouse in Clinton, and has instructed H. W. Seaman to secure options on all the property included in the plat. This is now being done, and soon the work of erecting the new buildings will commence. The property secured is a three-cornered piece, 1,000 feet one way and 1,600 the other, the third side being along the railroad tracks. It is the intention of the company to erect one building at a cost of $75,000. Both buildings will be constructed of brick, with stone foundations. The total cost will be about $200,000.

Preachers on Strike.

Great interest has been manifested at Marshalltown in the preachers' strike for a raise of salary from $3 to $5 a day for preaching Sunday afternoons at the soldiers' home. Father Lenihan of St. Mary's Catholic Church is preaching now, and he has been requested to supply the pulpit hereafter until the strike of the Protestant preachers has been settled. The ministers say there will be no settlement except at their terms.

Damages from a Milkman.

W. O. Clark recovered $855 from Edward Dicks in the District Court at Des Moines, because of a blood disease contracted by using milk furnished by Dicks. The milk was taken from a cow which, it was alleged, had tuberculosis. Clark sued for $15,000 on the representation of his physicians that the disease was incurable. It was shown that Dicks knew the cow was diseased.

An Agonizing Suicide.

Mrs. Lew Farmer, a widow, committed suicide at her home in Grinnell. She took concentrated lye, which burned her throat and stomach terribly, and she died in great agony. She had attempted suicide before and a strict watch was kept on her, but she eluded the vigilance of her friends with the result noted above.

Killed by a Live Wire.

Charles McDonald, employed as the driver for one of the Des Moines street sweepers, while going home after his day's work, seized a live electric wire that caught him about the legs and with an exclamation of agony fell to the pavement and expired without, perhaps, ever realizing the cause responsible for his death.

Brief State Happenings.

Des Moines is to have a wall paper factory.

The town of Bussey was recently incorporated.

Firecrackers in a barn in Clinton caused a $2,500 fire.

Williamsburgs' gas lighting plant is now in operation.

Keystone now has an electric light plant in operation.

The Dubuque water system is estimated to be worth $763,153.

A Muscatine man desires to open a button factory at Burlington.

The Iowa iron works of Dubuque launched its fiftieth boat recently.

Council Bluffs barbers are being prosecuted for violation of the Sunday closing law.

A class of thirteen has been graduated from the State deaf and dumb school at Council Bluffs.

James Collins, a farm hand near Delmar, was struck by lightning and instantly killed.

A crazed tramp in the cells of the police station at Davenport made two attempts to commit suicide.

Hiram Barns, living near Birmingham, was run into by a train while crossing a track and killed.

It is believed that the amount of $100,000 will be raised at Burlington in aid of the new railroad.

A Mason City man has a plum tree that is bearing roses. The graft was made when the tree was small.

The battle of San Juan, a spectacular performance, will be the star attraction at the State fair this year.

The German-American Savings Bank of Muscatine has been commissioned to do business, with a capital stock of $60,000.

The Methodists of Emerson are to erect a new parsonage, while the Presbyterians and Baptists will build additions to their churches.

State Treasurer Herriott says that the collateral taxes collected in Iowa during the fiscal year just closing will amount to about $50,000.

Thirty-four deaths have occurred near Dubuque of cattle from hydrophobia.

Dr. B. F. Kieruiff has been appointed pension examining surgeon at Marshalltown.

Peter Oleson of Keystone had his arm badly mutilated up to the elbow in a corn sheller.

The barbers of Fort Dodge have formed a combination to enforce an advanced scale of wages.

The Des Moines jobbers will take up the matter of excursion rates with the Western Passenger Association.

The German Evangelical Lutheran Zion Church in Des Moines celebrated its fortieth anniversary.

Two colored men in Davenport were sentenced to thirty days in the county jail for stealing a coat.

James Saunders, the old gentleman who was accidentally shot recently in Grant township, died from the effects.

A Burlington man has sued his mother-in-law, asking $1,000 damages for alleged alienation of his wife's affections.

The fruit crop in Polk County is short this year and it is said that not enough berries will be raised to supply the home demand.

Louis Storms of Green Bay was seriously injured by a kick from a horse.

The residence of Frank S. Jaquith, at Des Moines, was entirely destroyed by fire.

About $50,000 collateral taxes were collected throughout Iowa during the fiscal year just closing.

A fellow named Smith has made a confession that he attempted to burn the jail at Muscatine.

The home of F. E. Martin of New Sharon was struck by lightning and all the inmates stunned. They recovered barely in time to save the house from destruction by fire.

Lorimer will build a town hall soon.

Unionville is to have a $2,750 school.

The Methodists at Bever will build soon.

Sore eyes are epidemic around Sergeant Bluffs.

There is another case of smallpox at Davenport.

Anton is to have a new school, to cost about $4,000.

A brick plant is being agitated for at Correctionville.

The Woodbine telephone system is nearing completion.

Work has been started on the M. E. Church at Otho.

Tabor College at Shenandoah will erect a $10,000 building.

A new art hall is to be erected on the State fair grounds.

Nora Springs has let the contract for water works system.

There is talk of organizing a hot water plant at Shenandoah.

The contract has been let for a $5,596 school building at Keswick.

The Gas Company at Clinton is contemplating increasing its capacity.

The new B., C. R. & N. depot at Creston has been opened to the public.

Work has commenced on the new Catholic convent school at West Bend.

The merchants of Belle Plaine are in favor of an early closing agreement.

The July race meet at Davenport has been declared off on account of rain.

The C. & U. W. will soon commence work on their new depot at Denison.

The newly incorporated village of Floyd is booming in the matter of new buildings.

A postoffice has been established at Lansrud, with E. A. Lansrud postmaster.

The school district of Danbury will build a storm cave at each of the school houses.

Ralph Bissell, a young farmer living near Tama, committed suicide while temporarily insane.

Centerville proposes to erect a new city jail, each cell to be provided with stone for prisoners to break.

George Yost, aged 59, an inmate of Wapello County poor farm, was gored to death by a ferocious bull.

The Mason City Band has been engaged by the State Fair Association to furnish music during fair week.

The Iowa Falls contingent in the Klondike has been heard from. None of the party has yet struck gold.

The spire of the Sacred Heart Catholic Church at Fort Dodge was struck by lightning and badly damaged.

The Milwaukee depot and express office at Milford was burglarized and a quantity of express carried off. No clue.

The butcher shop of John Godert of McGregor was destroyed by fire. Loss about $7,000, covered by insurance.

During 1898 14,753 acres of land in Webster County changed ownership, the total considerations being $506,240.

Burlington people have already subscribed $30,000 for the new railroad project, with about $15,000 more in sight.

Mayor Sam Jones of Toledo, Ohio, will be invited to make the chief address at the Des Moines labor day observance.

Muscatine dedicated a handsome new park. It was donated to the city by Dr. and Mrs. James Weed, pioneer residents.

Des Moines is still making efforts to secure the removal of the osteopathic institution from Kirksville, Mo., to that city.

Harry Smith of Hoboken has lost the sight of his left eye by a piece of metal, which he was breaking, flying up and striking it.

The Dempster Manufacturing Company of Des Moines has amended its articles of incorporation, making the capital $100,000.

Santa Fe surveyors are working out a line near Indianola. It is believed that they are running a preliminary survey to Council Bluffs.

The trustees of Crescent township may bring action to contest the decision, raising the valuation of lands in their township 25 per cent.

Aaron Wolf, president of the Exchange Bank, Parkersburg, and interested in other Western institutions, died at Freeport, Ill., aged 79 years.

Henry Poore, residing near Harris Grove, may have to have his right hand amputated, as blood poisoning has set in, caused by the scratch of a cat.

At a shooting affray at Fairfield a woman named Mason, or Wallace, from near Ainsworth, was badly injured in the breast by a shot from a revolver.

The national industrial commission is taking an interest in the oil war at Des Moines, by means of which the Standard hopes to drive a competitor from the field.

An incendiary set fire to a barn at Muscatine and before it was extinguished four other barns were destroyed, entailing a loss of several thousand dollars.

The Wabash Railroad has posted a notice at all stations in Iowa that the wages of all employes in all departments will be increased 10 per cent after the first of the next working month.

A young man who goes under the name of Charles Metcalf went to the livery barn of Reese & Co. at Iowa City and got a horse and buggy to go into the country, promising to be back in the evening. He has not yet returned.

The Attorney General has given it as his opinion that the time spent by a prisoner in the State penitentiaries in solitary confinement for violation of rules shall be added to the term of his sentence and not considered as part of the same.

It has been discovered at Waterloo that John Lynch, an iron molder of that city, is the son of William Lynch, the Kenosha, Wis., centenarian who died recently, leaving an estate valued at over $50,000. He was located through a newspaper dispatch. With one sister he shares his father's fortune.

The following postoffices have been made money order offices: Artesian, Freeport, Hamlin, Mineral Ridge, Munterville, North Buena Vista, Piero, Savannah and Willow Creek.

E. A. Davis' gasoline launch exploded in the middle of the Mississippi river, six miles above Burlington, and burned to the water's edge. The eight passengers narrowly escaped death. They were compelled to take to the water and were picked up by a passing boat and taken to shore. E. A. Davis and Capt. Springer were badly burned. The others escaped injury.

While a number of small boys were playing in a sand bank at Forest City the sides caved in and Lewis Oleson, 10 years old, died before he could be dug out.

Judge Withrow of Burlington has ordered that Storms, the convicted murderer of Mrs. Rathbun and daughter, be given a transcript of his case for use in an appeal to the Supreme Court.

The Marshalltown Council has concluded there is a way to reach the church and fraternal orders who serve meals on big days without passing a new ordinance, and has determined to place them in the same category with transient merchants and tax them as such.

There are ninety-eight fair associations in the State and of this number only five had receipts of $5,000 or over last year.

Iowa towns on the Mississippi are profiting by the present high stage of water, as the short line packet business is largely increased.

Lloyd Coburn, a Fort Dodge street car conductor, received a shock which was for a time considered fatal. He had run his car into the barn and had called for a number over the telephone. While waiting for an answer he carelessly placed his hand on an electric switch and received a severe shock. The shock was sufficient to cause him to remain unconscious for several hours.