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The Bellefontaine Republican.

Official Paper Of the City.

VOLUME XLIV. BELLEFONTAINE, LOGAN COUNTY, OHIO, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1898. NUMBER 71.

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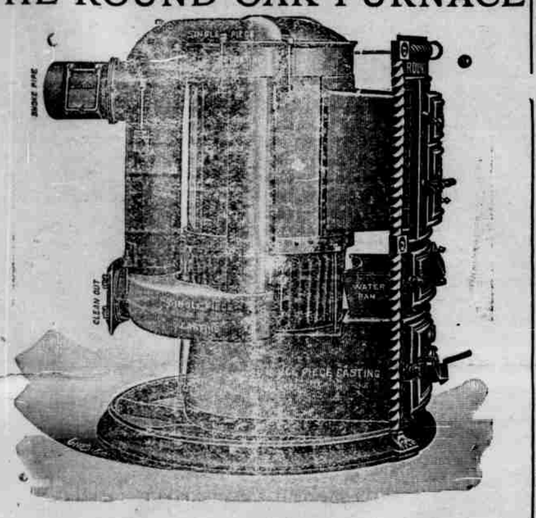

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July 23, 1897.tf

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J. D. Inskeep,

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A BIG PURCHASE.

HOW DUPONT SUPPLIED THE POWDER FOR THE CIVIL WAR.

As "Mr. Jones" the Great Powder-Maker Bought All the Saltpetre There was in England and Charged the Government Nothing for His Services.

On the banks of the Brandywine, in Delaware, are the great Dupont Powder Mills. Established in 1802 by the French Royalist, Eleuthere T. Dupont de Nemours, who found republican France an uncongenial home, they have grown to be the greatest mills in the world for the making of explosives. At the time of the civil war the Duponts were, as they are to-day, powder makers for the United States government. In 1861 the secretary of war sent for the Duponts, and La Motte Dupont, one of the heads of the firm, went to Washington in reply to the summons.

"Are you prepared to furnish a very large amount of gunpowder?" asked the secretary of war.

"That depends on our obtaining saltpetre," was the answer. "The saltpetre of the world is mined in India, of course, under the control of the British government and the markets are in London and Liverpool."

The secretary of war was startled. If England should prove unfriendly during the course of the war which was opening, the saltpetre market would, of course, be closed to the United States.

"The government must buy a large amount at once," he said.

"Excuse me," said Mr. Dupont, "the United States cannot go into the market and buy saltpetre at any reasonable price--indeed, it might not be able to buy it at all, but the Duponts can get it without exciting comment."

"Will you go to England and buy it--buy all there is?"

Mr. Dupont agreed to go, and he and the secretary of war talked a few moments longer; they made a few figures and the powder man was provided with letters of credit on the Rothschilds.

On the next steamer he sailed for England and presented himself with letters of introduction to the Rothschilds.

"Very sorry, Mr. Dupont, your letters of credit have not arrived," and he was politely bowed out.

He next presented letters of introduction to Baring Brothers, the London correspondents of the Duponts. One of the firm, a Mr. Archibald, cordially received the powder manufacturer.

"Very happy to meet you, Mr. Dupont. We have never had the pleasure of meeting a Dupont, although we have done business with the firm for fifty years."

"I am very glad to meet you," said the American, "for I am in need of money."

"We shall be most happy to furnish you with all that you require. About how much will you need?"

Mr. Dupont looked meditatively at the floor for a moment, and Mr. Archibald looked with some curiosity at his American customer. A homely man was this powder maker; high cheek bones, a square chin, covered with a thin, uneven bristly beard, spectacles on his deep, kind eyes; a man who somewhat resembled Lincoln in the character of his face. Mr. Archibald thought he might want several hundred pounds. This American had perhaps found London a little more expensive than in his western simplicity he had supposed. Mr. Dupont, looking up, said:

"I shall want 500,000 pounds, and I want it right away."

Mr. Archibald was amazed. Only his British phlegm prevented him exhibiting his astonishment. Was this American a new Monte Cristo!

"By right away, do you mean now?" he managed to ask.

"I mean in twenty-four hours; that is what we call 'right away' in the United States."

"You will pardon me if I consult my partners--it is a good deal of money."

Mr. Dupont admitted that it was a good deal of money and he took his hat.

"By the way, when you send word to my hotel, ask for 'Mr. Jones.' I am registered under that name."

Before he was out or bed the next morning Mr. Archibald called. The Barings would let Mr. Dupont have the money.

Mr. Dupont now had money to burn (this is not altogether slang) and he set out to buy saltpetre. He proposed to buy only the large lots, but to buy them all. He went first to Liverpool, and found the saltpetre in the hands of four dealers. He was a "Mr. Jones," who wanted some saltpetre.

He bought the stock of all the dealers and each man hugged himself with delight because he had sold his saltpetre, until he discovered that there was none in the market, and the price had advanced; therefore, the balance of his days, he cursed the tricky Yankee.

This great supply of saltpetre bought the next thing was to hire ships to carry it to America. He found American vessels in Liverpool which would undertake to transport it, a matter of some risk, for saltpetre was contraband of war.

The loading began; everything moved slowly. Mr. Dupont was exasperated at the tedious delays, for all the means of transportation moved deliberately in England. At last the vessels were ready and he informed the harbor master that the ships would sail at high tide that evening. The harbor master found it impossible to have the papers ready--it would take two or three days. There was red tape here and red tape there. Mr. Dupont was now in a fever of impatience. Every hour increased the danger of the government finding out that all the saltpetre in England was about to go over the sea; another day's delay and the ships might not sail at all. He pressed the harbor master for the clearance papers. The polite official explained that it would cost him his position if it was known that he had violated the rules.

"And how much is your position worth?"

"Three hundred pounds a year."

Mr. Dupont looked at the harbor master attentively; he was a man of over sixty years. Then he put his hands in his pockets and looked out the office window, which bristled with masts of all nations. Now Mr. Dupont knew his Dumas well, and at that moment he was turning over in his mind the method the Count of Monte Cristo used to rid a garden of dormice which ate his peaches.

"I should like to draw a check for three thousand pounds in exchange for the papers," he said. The ships sailed on the next tide.

When Mr. Dupont reported to the secretary of war there was a love feast in the office of the war department. After the congratulations were over the secretary said:

"How much do we owe you, Mr. Dupont?"

The powder maker named the amount of his expenses, to which he added $15,000 to the harbor master.

"But what charge do you make for your services in the negotiation?"

Then this Franco-American, who might have demanded a princely sum for his extraordinary services, bowed to the secretary and replied:

"I have had the distinguished honor of helping the government; I wish nothing further."

There is a sequel to this story. When the war was over, Mr. Dupont, realizing the tremendous risk run by the government in relying upon native saltpetre, set himself to inventing an artificial substitute, and hereafter, with mountains of nitrate of soda in Chili, and potash everywhere, the United States will never be in such straits again.

In 1884 this distinguished powder maker fell a victim to his enthusiasm for his business and while experimenting with high explosives, was killed in an explosion.--New York Tribune.

HARDTACK BETTER THAN BREAD.

Army Food Which Improves Upon Close Acquaintance.

"One of the queerest things about new troops is the prejudice against army crackers," said the major, as he recalled some happenings of the civil war, "but they all get over it in time, and come to understand that the soldier's stomach has no standby like hardtack. Our company had this tenderfoot notion that fresh or dry bread is better than crackers for soldiers on for march. On one occasion we loaded up with bread to last for three days. The second day most of it was sour, and the third day it was worse. Before we returned to camp we were crazy for crackers, and we never went back on them after that.

"We learned to appreciate hardtack in the forced march from southern Tennessee to Louisville in 1862. Regular rations ran out and flour was issued instead of crackers. This didn't seem objectionable at first, but when we had to march all day and got our rations of flour at midnight, with orders to move at 3 a. m., the heavy swearers came into action. There was no time to cook even flapjacks or sinkers, and if you attempted to carry flour in the rain you came out at night with a bag of paste. A cast iron stomach could not stand such messes as the soldiers made of the flour. They made dough and baked or half baked it in ashes or on dirty hot stones, and ate so-called biscuits, with the soft, unbaked centers burning lips and throats, and, after they were swallowed, lying like lumps of lead in not overstrong stomachs. The whole division cheered like wild men when we struck the cracker line at West Point, on the Ohio."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

After Long Years.

"Do you remember," said Miss Ancient Oldgirl to Col. Crabtree, "how when you were a young man you proposed to me and I rejected you?"

"It is one of the happiest recollections of my life," said the Colonel with an air of gallantry. And Miss Oldgirl is still wondering.—Puck.

THE SONG OF THE BULLET.

I peacefully slumbered a thousand years,
A thousand years and more,
The centuries, with noiseless tread,
Marched past my chamber door,
And grasses grew and flowers bloomed
At my threshold, year by year.
At peace with God and man were we
And nothing knew of fear.

A rude awakening came one day,
One day in the long ago,
When the awful fire of hate had set
The heart of man aglow.
Then was I made a messenger
Of misery and death.
Woe was in my cursed voice,
And evil in my breath.

Over the land and over the sea,
A frantic thing, I fly.
Courageous men grow faint with fear,
When they hear my vengeful cry,
And women list, with anguished hearts,
To the dreadful song I sing;
For tidings of death and ravished love
To their tortured ears I bring.

—Thomas Holmes.

Emeralds are Scarce.

It is reported that emeralds are steadily disappearing. In the fifties and sixties emeralds were the favorite jewels, and were worn strung on a thread like pearls. Now emeralds are no longer polished into a round form, but are polished like diamonds. Faultless stones of a deep color have always been as valuable as diamonds. The reason of the scarcity of emeralds is the decrease in production in the Ural mountains. Emeralds were first discovered on the right bank of the Pokowoler, near Katharineburg, in the year 1830, and in the first years the harvest was a rich one.

"OLD ROSY'S" REPRIMAND.

He Took It Like a Sensible Man and a Gentleman.

The late General Rosecrans ran up against a Tartar once, but he had the good sense not to let his ruffled dignity cause him to loose his temper. The story, as told by Colonel James T. Sterling, is as follows:

Company A of the Seventh Ohio was formerly the Light Guards of Cleveland, and was one of the best drilled companies in the army. It was commanded by Captain Creighton. The Seventh Ohio was in West Virginia in 1861, and "Old Rosy" was in command. The supplies for the army were brought up the Kanawha river in boats which were unloaded by details from the regiment. General Rosecrans had ordered that soldiers on duty must wear their equipment. Company A was sent out to unload a boat and Captain Creighton permitted the men to take off their equipment and their coats as well while engaged in this hard work. When the work had been completed the men and officers sprawled out on the grass for a rest, and then General Rosecrans and some of his staff rode up. The general looked at the soldiers a minute and then called for the commanding officer. Captain Creighton did not know General Rosecrans, but he rose to his feet.

"Who commands this company?" asked the general.

"I do, to the best of my ability," replied the captain.

"Don't you know, sir?" inquired the general, sternly, "that it is against orders to allow the men to remove their equipments when on duty?"

"I have heard some such order," replied Captain Creighton, "but the man that issued it never did a day's work in his life. When my men have to work hard I'll see him in the other place before I'll let them swelter with their accoutrements on."

"Old Rosy stared at the cool captain a moment and then rode down toward the boat.

A soldier approached Captain Creighton and said:

"Do you know who that is?"

"No, and I don't care."

"That's General Rosecrans, the commander of this department."

"Whew!" ejaculated Captain Creighton. "Company fall in!"

Without question it was the finest company in the command. When the general and his officers rode back from the boat, the company, in full equipment stood in perfect order and gave him a "present" in such splendid style as to attract his attention. General Rosecrans returned the salute and requested the captain to put his men through the manual. When it was finished the general raised his hat, and, turning to the captain, said:

"I think that a company that can handle muskets as well as that should be allowed to unload a steamer without anything on, if they want to."—Detroit Free Press.

New Post Offices.

The postoffice department always reflects, in its list of new postoffices some of the popular feeling. Occasionally it reflects something else, but when heroes are being made the postoffice department finds it out. Since the recent war broke out there has been a distinct tendency to prove this. Immediately after the capture of Manila the naming of postoffices for Dewey began, and it is still going on. A new one pops out every day or two. Immediately after the destruction of the fleet of Cervera a postoffice with the name of Schley was established. None of the land forces have won postoffice names as yet. Hanna is selected now and then for a new postoffice. A new office in Oklahoma is named for Alger. Secretary Bliss has not yet begun to name postoffices, the number of offices by that name being ten, or just the same as on March 4, 1897. A few offices were named for the late postmaster general, Mr. Gary, but the demand for that name seems to have expired with the retirement of that gentleman from office. SENATOR.

Shipping Bees in Ice.

It is not generally known that a great many insects can live for weeks in a state of suspended animation under the influence of cold, and yet revive if slowly thawed out. This fact has been taken advantage of lately in the shipping of bees. Different varieties of bees are often sent from England to her colonies, but cost heavily to send alive with plenty of food. Now they are frozen, packed quite firmly in a very small box, and thawed out on their arrival. A number of bumble bees have recently been shipped to New Zealand in this manner, where they are found most useful in fertilizing the red clover that has lately been introduced into that colony.

"Didn't your absconding cashier leave you any message?"

"Yes; he left a line in the cashbox transferring to me his paid-up membership in a Don't Worry club."—Chicago Record.

She Broke no "Vahse."

"Bridget," said her mistress, "did you break another vahse?"

"Another which?" asked Bridget.

"Another vahse."

"No mum," said Bridget. "Oi only smashed wan of thim cooshpidors on der mantel-piece, mum!"—New York Journal.

Turning the Table.

"I just hope," said Mr. Meckton, "that Henrietta will go right ahead with her New Woman ideas."

"She is making pretty rapid progress, isn't she?"

"Yes. And I'm looking forward to the time when, maybe, she'll look uneasy and change the conversation when I ask her what she did with the letter I gave her to post."—Washington Star.

DEWEY'S THANKS.

A Graceful Note of Acknowledgment to a Congressman.

It Pleases the Admiral That a Southerner Should Lead in Honoring a Northern Man.

Atlanta, Ga., August 30.—Congressman Livingston, of Georgia, has received the following letter from Admiral Dewey:

"Flagship Olympia, off Cavite.
Philippine Islands, June 17.

"My dear sir: I have just learned from the last papers that I am indebted to you for the introduction in the House of Representatives of the resolutions extending to me thanks of Congress for the naval engagement of Manila Bay, May 1.

"I need hardly tell you that I am most sincerely grateful to you as the author of that resolution—bringing, as it does, the highest honor that can come to an American naval officer in his professional career. But it is a great pleasure to acknowledge my debt of gratitude and to thank you in unsainted measure for the part you took in obtaining for me that greatest distinction.

"It is a source of additional pleasure to me, a Vermonter, that the mover of the resolution was not a man from the North, but from the far South. This is one of the good signs of the times. In the hour of danger there is no South, no North, but one united country. May we never hear of sectionalism again. There are no lines drawn in the navy. I need not say it may interest you to know that my flag lieutenant, Lieutenant Brumby, is a Georgian by birth and appointment.

"Again thanking you most cordially, I remain very grateful and sincerely,

GEORGE DEWEY.

To the Hon. L. F. Livingston, House of Representatives."

Spain.

[Emile Olliver.]

"Whoever disputes its supremacy is held to meet suppression, and its whole history is but an incessant extermination. It blotted out the Moors and the Indians, and at home, in order to go on exterminating, it became the people of the Inquisition, of the auto-da-fs; it exterminated the heretic as in no other Christian land. In its passion for destroying, striking, ravaging, even the capital of its faith was not respected; so that when the hordes of Charles V fell upon Rome they committed more spoliations and sacrileges, caused more ruin than did even the barbarians of the North. Rome still bears the marks of this abominable devastation; for it has not been possible wholly to obliterate the marks of the nails driven into the frescoes of Raphael at the Vatican, on which halberds were hung."

Words That Will Live.

[Nashville American.]

Here are some of the epigramatic sayings of the present war that will go down in history:

"Excuse me, sir; I have to report that the ship has been blown up and is sinking."—Bill Anthony, of the Maine.

"Suspend judgment."—Capt. Sigsbee's first message to Washington.

"Remember the Maine."—Commodore Schley's signal to the flying squadron.

"Don't hamper me with instructions; I am not afraid of the entire Spanish fleet with my ship."—Capt. Clark, of the Oregon, to the Board of Strategy.

"You can fire when you are ready, Fridley."—Commodore Dewey at Manila.

"To hell with breakfast; let's finish 'em now."—A Yankee gunner to Commodore Dewey.

"The battle of Manila killed me, but I would do it again."—Captain Gridley, of the Olympia, on his death bed.

"Don't get between my guns and the enemy."—Commodore Dewey to Prince Henry, of Germany.

"I've got them now, and they will never get home."—Com. Schley, on guard at Santiago harbor.

"There must be no more recalls; iron will break at last."—Lieut. Hobson to Admiral Sampson.

"Don't mind me boys; go on fighting."—Capt. Allyn K. Capron, of the Rough Riders.

"Don't swear, boys; shoot."—Col. Wood to Rough Riders.

"Take that for the Maine."—Capt. Sigsbee, as he fired a shot through the Spanish torpedo boat Terror.

"Shafter is fighting not writing."—Adjt. Gen. Corbin to Secretary Alger, when the latter asked for news from the front.

"Afraid I'll strain my guns at long range; I'll close in."—Lieut. Wainright, of the Gloucester, in the fight with Cervera's squadron.

"Don't cheer, boys; the poor devils are dying."—Capt. Philip, of the Texas.

"I want to make public acknowledgment that I believe in God the Father Almighty."—Capt. Philip of the Texas.

"The Maine is avenged."—Lieut. Wainright, after the destruction of Cervera's fleet.

THE MANGO.

Delicious Cuban Fruit That Our Soldiers Were Forbidden to Eat.

[Boston Transcript.]

It really seems to have been a pity that our soldiers were not permitted to eat the mango in Cuba. It was not prohibited by the Surgeon General's order—indeed, in the long list of suggestions from the Medical Department, all of which were disregarded, the ripe mango was recommended as a desirable article of diet. But somebody at headquarters issued an edict against it, and the soldiers were called up by the company commanders and told that if they ate the fruit they would be punished.

After such an order the obedient regulars generally let the mangos alone, although they were abundant, tempting and delicious. The volunteers ate them more freely, without any bad result, so far as heard from. When the Cuban officers and aids were asked their opinion as to the wholesomeness of the fruit, they generally said: "It is perfectly wholesome if eaten ripe; all these bad things apply to the unripe mango, which is sometimes eaten by the Spaniards." Most of the army doctors seemed to think that the only way to prevent the eating of the unripe mango was to prohibit the fruit altogether. There were many cases in which even the most obedient regulars were impelled by thirst and by the hunger for a bit of fruit to disobey the order; and as the clear yellow mango is always ripe, while the unripe fruit is green or greenish, it did not take a very high order of intelligence to discriminate between the fruit which was fit to eat and that which was unfit.

It is certainly hard to believe any ill of a mango when one looks at it. The tree itself is a most beautiful and attractive thing. Imagine a tree as large as a big Massachusetts oak covered with rich and glossy foliage finer than that of the orange tree, and covered also with golden fruit nestling brilliantly among the green leaves. On such a tree there must often be a hundred barrels of mangoes, fully matured, every one of which is as large a good sized pear. In shape the mango is not unlike a short and and thick cucumber, and it has thin, tough skin, which, when punctured, reveals a mass of the most delicious juicy pulp. The only trouble about eating the mango is that one needs an ablution afterward. Some say that the ideal way is to get into a bath tub, take the mango, eat it and then go on with the bath. But one is perfectly willing to take the trouble to seek the ablution for the sake of the fruit. And imagine the trees which bear the fruit growing everywhere, and also springing up in every garden and dooryard; the largest and finest ones that Listener saw in Cuba were away up on the wild mountain side, where apparently no one had ever gathered the abounding fruit. Nor are they a native fruit in Cuba; they have been introduced from India and simply gone wild in the rich soil of the island.

Working.

Russell Sage was 82 years old last week, and he gives these rules for a sound life: "Eat good plain food, avoid stimulants, keep regular hours and—work." It was well the last word was put in. It crowns all the advice. One may observe all the rules of health, and if he does no work by brain or muscle, his health will be apt to fail. Every demand of our physical well being is in harmony with work. Man was made to work. Absolute and continued leisure makes bad health. But suppose one has no work. That's his own affair. He ought to find it. He ought to stir it up. The question of remuneration doesn't enter into the health problem. A person must see that he is employed. Let him read a book that requires thinking, let him go a fishing, let him repair a fence, let him trade, let him dig, let him help somebody, anything to be doing.

The uppermost resolution in every young man's or woman's experience should be, "I must do something." That resolution should comfort him every moment. When he sits and reveries; when he loafs and lounges; when he visits and gossips, that resolution should make him uneasy all the time. It should be potent enough to keep him from waiting until somebody tells him what to do. It should be forceful enough to arouse his own energies to the duty of doing something for himself. Anything that is honorable is better than nothing. Establish a tendency for doing and work will come.

The following is a little out of date, but it is good enough to print, if it is. It comes from Pittsburg to us, through Mr. George Rife:

To Admiral Von Diedrichs.

Ach, Atmiral Von Diedrichs, I vant to speak mit you;
Yust listen for a leedle und I'll tolt you vot to do;
Sail from dem Phillypeauuts isles a tousand miles aboud—
Fer dot Dewey man vill get you if you doan'd vatch ouid.

Ach, Atmiral von Diedrichs, der Kaiser vas a beach,
I'm villing to atmit id, bud dar's udders on the peach.
So darefore, dots der reason vy, doan'd led your bed ged stouid,
Fer dot Dewey man vill got you uf you doan'd vatch ouid.

Ach, Atmiral von Diedrichs, vot pizness haf you got
In loafing by Manilla ven der heat vaves are so hot?
Vy doan'd you oxscoose youiself and durr your ships abouid—
Fer dot Dewey man vill got you uf don'd vatch ouid.

Ach, Atmiral von Diedrichs, vy vill you be a clam?
Go ged some odder islands vich are not olt Uncle San's,
Yust wrote to Kaiser Wilhelm, yet, und dell him dares no douid
Dot Dewey man vill got you uf you don'd vatch ouid.