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AT YALU RIVER

M'Giffin, an American Sailor, Was the First to Show the World How a Modern Battleship Should Be Handled in an Engagement.

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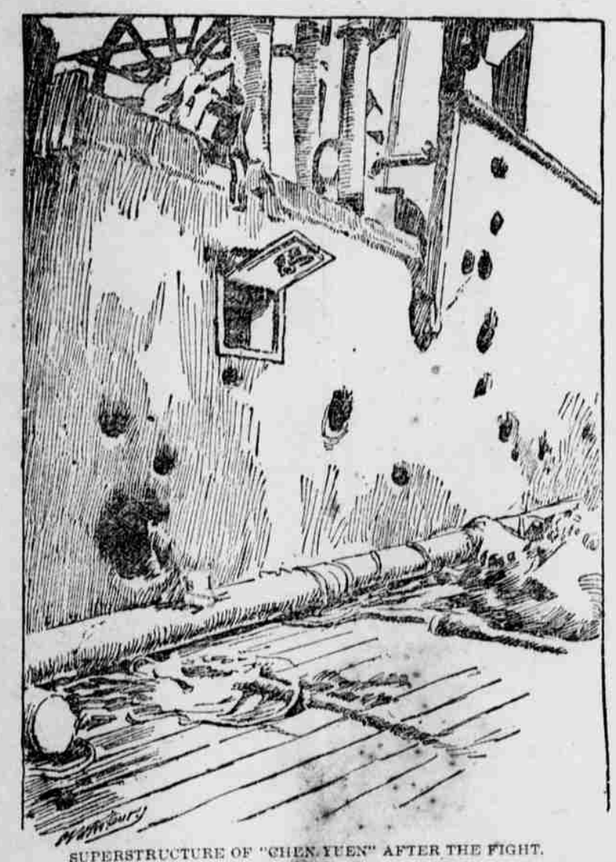
THE GREAT battle of iron ships is to come. But an excellent sample of modern sea warfare has already been furnished by the two great nations of the orient. And though our officers and ships will doubtless accomplish all that the country hopes when we come to heavy blows with Spain, we need not expect that any ship under any officer will show a better record for dogged fighting against odds than did the "Chen Yuen," in her first and last battle, under the command of McGiffin.

The Chinese ironclad, the Chen Yuen, was protected by 12 and 14-inch armor and carried four 12.2-inch, two six-inch and 12 machine guns. With her sister ship, the flagship Ting Yuen, the nine smaller war vessels, she met the Japanese off the mouth of the Yalu river on September 17, 1894.

Here the famous battle of the Yalu, the first great trial of modern ironclads, was fought. Owing to the cowardice of several Chinese commanders, who ran away at the first exchange of shots, eight Chinese ships did all the fighting against the 12 ships of the enemy. The battle was altogether a contest of orientals, except that one man of European blood, trained in the naval school of a great western power, commanded the Chen Yuen—Philo Norton McGiffin, of the United States navy.

CAPT. PHILO N. M'GIFFIN.

The reduction by congress of the United States naval force sent adrift Lieut. McGiffin, a graduate of Annapolis in the class of '82. As China was engaged in war in Asia McGiffin straightway tendered his services to the Chinese government. The result was eventually that China took one French gunboat in a war otherwise entirely disastrous to her. In 1887 McGiffin became the head of the Chinese Naval Academy at Wei-Hai-Wei. This was the reason for his command of one of China's most formidable warships in the battle which decided the outcome of the Chino-Japanese war. The crews of the Chinese fleet had satisfactorily gone through their morning drill and dinner was nearly ready when smoke from the Japanese ships was sighted by the lookouts. The appearance of Japan's fleet had been expected for a week, but nevertheless the blood in every man's veins throbbed quick as the call to action sounded throughout the fleet. The Chen Yuen had already been stripped for action as completely as a pugilist is prepared for the bout of his life. The decks were cleared for the passage of ammunition and for the free movement of the crew and in order to secure unobstructed arcs of fire from the guns. The small boats had been abandoned, the ladders unshipped, and woodwork thrown overboard or wrapped in wet canvas. These measures were taken to avoid the danger from fire and flying splinters, both of which are as much to be feared in a sea fight as the enemy's shot. The gun-shields, by order of Capt. McGiffin, had been removed from the big guns as affording no protection from heavy shots and as serving to intercept and cause to explode shells that would otherwise pass over the heads of the gunners. The ship's fire hose had been connected and let out and bags of sand and coal placed on deck to form breastwork against small shot. Ammunition for immediate use was piled beside the guns. The suggestive hospital appliances, bandages and cots, and chairs, rigged for lowering the wounded to the sick bay, were in position. Buckets of sand were placed about the decks and inside the superstructure; for when men are torn to pieces the flow of blood makes the decks slippery.



SUPERSTRUCTURE OF "CHEN YUEN" AFTER THE FIGHT.

In less than an hour after the Japanese ships dotted the horizon the battle had begun. But in that hour of suspense men lived fast. The strain of waiting, inaction, for the time to give and receive the terrible blows of death and destruction is hardest, perhaps, on the bravest men; and these Chinese sailors were brave, and eager for the fight. They were prepared neither to give nor take quarter and expected either to win or go down with their ship.

The Chen Yuen, with the flagship, was to bear the brunt of the conflict, and McGiffin knew it. We can imagine him standing motionless on the bridge and listening to the reports of the range announced by the sublieutenant in the foretop as the fleets rapidly neared each other. It touches the heart to think of the solitary young American facing death far away from his friends and his country, surrounded by aliens in whose sight he was merely a fighting machine. The ordeal before him and his men was more terrible than soldiers had been called upon to face in regular battle since the beginning of human wars. That McGiffin fully realized the situation he has shown us in a letter written to his brother upon starting to meet the Japanese ships. "You know," he said, "it is four killed to one wounded since the new ammunition came in. It is better so. I don't want to be wounded. I prefer to step down or up and out of this world." Not extraordinary words, but splendidly expressive of a soldier-like way of facing fate.

The closing lines of this letter were sadly prophetic. McGiffin wrote: "I hate to think of being dreadfully mangled and then patched up with half my limbs and senses gone."

There was no sound but the panting of the ship under forced draught. The men, grouped quietly at their stations, did not venture to speak even in whispers. "Fifty-two hundred meters," the range was called. Then the great yellow flag of China was raised to the main truck, and the quick-firing guns opened fire and the fight began.

It is estimated that McGiffin's ship was hit 400 times and 120 times by large shot or shell. The rain of projectiles visited every exposed point of the vessel. Early in the fight a shell exploded in the fighting top, instantly killing every one of its inmates. Indeed, all such contrivances proved to be death-traps. Five shells burst inside the shields of the bow six-inch gun, completely gutting the place. Though the carnage was frightful, the Chinese sailors, with their commander to encourage them, stuck to their posts. A chief gunner was aiming his gun when a shell took off his head. The man behind him caught the body, passed it back to his companions, calmly finished the sighting of the piece and fired it.

The Chen Yuen gave as hard knocks as she received, and until her ammunition ran low her fire was rapid and more effective than that of her adversaries. One of the last shells, fired under McGiffin's personal directions from a 12-inch gun, disabled the 13-inch gun on the enemy's flagship, the Matsushima, and exploded the powder on deck, killing or disabling more than 100 Japanese officers and men. Then McGiffin's Chinamen cheered joyfully.

The five hours' strain on the commander was terrific, for there was no subordinate who could relieve him and his presence was required everywhere. While the fight was hottest a fire broke out in the superstructure above the forecastle. It became necessary to run out a hose in the range of the starboard guns which had been ordered to fire to port across the forecastle. The men refused to do this until McGiffin called for volunteers and offered to lead them. Word was sent to the head gunner at the starboard battery to train his pieces ahead, and McGiffin and his volunteers started with the hose for the forecastle. Half of the men were shot down by the enemy. As the captain stooped over to grasp the hose a shot passed between his legs, burning his wrists and severing the tail of his coat. A fragment of a shell that had burst against the tower wounded him a second time.

Meanwhile men at the forecastle gun were falling rapidly and the head gunner was killed. The man who took his place, not knowing that his comrades were in front of his guns, discharged one of them. The explosion knocked the captain and his men down and killed several of them. At the same instant another shot struck McGiffin.

He would probably have remained there unconscious if water from a gash in the hose had not revived him. His first glance on coming to his senses was into the muzzle of the starboard gun. It was slowly moving into position for firing. "What an ass I am to sit here and be blown to pieces," thought McGiffin. So he flung himself from the superstructure and fell eight feet to the deck below. With blood pouring from his mouth he crawled into the superstructure and told the men to carry him aft. In a few minutes he was fighting his ship again.

McGiffin stood very near the large gun when it exploded. He was almost blinded. His hair and eyebrows were burned off and his clothes torn and set on fire. There was a series of gashes in his trousers extending their entire length. Throughout the fight his ears were stuffed with cotton, as were those of all the gunners, but after the day's fighting his ear drums were found to be permanently injured by concussion. Several times he was wounded by splinters, which he extracted himself.

With 40 wounds in his body, holding an eyelid up with one hand, this man of iron nerve led the fighting on his ship until the Japanese vessels gave up the contest, and he alone of all the Chinese commanders kept his ship in its proper position throughout the fight, thus protecting the flagship and saving the fleet from total destruction.

After his great battle Capt. McGiffin, a mental and physical wreck, came to America to die. He met death as a brave man should, with but one regret which we may share with him. He wished that he might have had one chance to fight for his own country with a Yankee crew at his back and with a Yankee ship under him.

FARMER AND PLANTER.

CARE OF FARM IMPLEMENTS.

Many a Dollar and Many Hours of Time Might be Saved by More Care of Farm Implements.

There is no more economical way for a farmer to employ his leisure winter time than by the overhauling and repairing of his implements. This is a point to which most of our southern farmers seem to give very little attention. It is not an uncommon occurrence to find plows, harrows, hoes and even harness, in the spring, lying where they were last used the previous fall. As a consequence of this exposure, the harness is unfit for use the next spring, and the farmer is at the expense of having to buy a new set. The woodwork of the tools is cracked and warped, bolts loose and rusty, and iron all badly corroded and roughened with rust. Under these conditions the woodwork is greatly weakened and apt to break much quicker than if it had had the proper care. Even if this should not happen, the general efficiency of the tool is very much lessened. A large part of the work of pulling a plow is taken up in overcoming the friction of the mold-board and landslide against the earth. This friction varies greatly, being at the minimum over a hard, smooth surface, and greatest over a rough surface—the condition of a rusty plow. All else being equal, the majority of our implements do better painted, but the increased draught resulting from a rusty tool, lessens the momentum of the animal pulling; hence, we not only have a decrease in the amount of work, but also of an inferior quality. It is false economy not to have, on all farms, a place for the protection of tools and to keep them in that place when not in use. The time saved in getting an implement when wanted would go far toward paying for such a shelter. This may consist simply of an open shed, with the ground for a floor, or, better still, a floor raised some six inches from the ground. It is best to have it raised so as to prevent water running in, so arranged that the team can drive through, thus avoiding the necessity of having to pull the tools in and out by hand. Near this shed for large tools should be a room devoted to hand tools and harness. This compartment should be provided with rack for holding shovels, hoes, rakes, etc., and pegs on which to hang harness. The contents of this room should be under lock and key. During cultivation each man who uses a tool should be compelled, when the day's work is done, to clean it and wipe it dry, and lay it in its proper place. When a tool is put away for the season, this should be especially looked after. As soon as fall leisure comes, one of the first duties of the farmer should be to overhaul his implements. They should all be gone over carefully, all necessary repairs made, and all nuts tightened. The bright or working parts should receive a coating of tallow, or grease of some kind, to prevent rusting. The woodwork is best preserved by giving it a coat of good white lead, and the tools look better when the lead is toned down to a gray or slate color with lampback. All iron parts, not used in friction or cutting work, can receive similar treatment, or a substitution of asphaltum may be made. It is safe to say that very few plows go through more than two seasons on the average farm without needing extensive repairs. With the systematic treatment outlined above we have known them to last 12 years.

Farmers, while economizing to meet the low price of cotton, do not overlook the necessity of caring for the implements.—Cor. N. O. Picayune.

PRACTICAL HOG EXPERIENCE.

A Breeder of Berkshires Tells of the Results of His Tests in Breeding and Feeding Hogs.

I have been breeding Birkshires for 30 years, and during that time I have tried several other breeds in comparative tests. The wide-awake farmer endeavors to send as little of the fertility of his soil as possible to market. The crops of his farm are disposed of as a finished product of the highest possible type, so as to command the best market price. For this purpose I found that the Berkshire excels all other breeds. These hogs have been improved for a century along the line of converting a mixed diet of slops, grass and coarse vegetables into the very finest quality of pork.

They are admirably adapted to following cattle, and gather up the scattering grain and vegetables on the farm, thus making them the general-purpose hog. My method of feeding is to take the sow at least five weeks before farrowing time, put her into a large, roomy lot where she can have plenty of exercise and pure water, give a good warm, clean house to sleep in, then commence to feed at first, wheat bran mixed with shorts and water, gradually adding a little shorts. I increase the shorts. Have the slop so thick that it will run slowly when being poured. Feed twice a day until within four days of farrowing, then drop out the shorts and feed half as much as before. A great flow of milk must be avoided, as there is danger of milk fever. Heavy feeding before farrowing is to nourish the unborn pigs and have them strong and vigorous. I do not feed the sow any the first day after farrowing, and but very little the second, then for a week feed her wheat bran mixed with water.

The second week give some shorts in the bran, and the third week half bran and half shorts, continuing until the pigs are old enough to wean. Give all shorts and milk that she will eat up clean, being careful not to overfeed. As soon as the pigs are old enough to eat, and that will be very soon if a little patience is used, give them milk from the cow, a little at a time, and gradually increase the quantity until they have learned to eat well. Then mix skim milk with shorts or sieved ground oats or ground wheat. Feed twice a day all they will eat up clean, but do not leave any in the trough to sour. Always feed sweet. Let the sow run on a clover field or a green rye field while suckling. Give charred corn-cobs once a week, and have wood ashes, to which a little salt has been added, within easy reach of the sow.

When the pigs are two months to ten weeks old, slip the sow away and continue to feed the pigs shorts and as much milk as possible—the more the better. When five or six months old, put them on a clover or green rye field and feed corn in the ear, being careful to feed so the manure will be scattered over the farm. I do not feed any drugs to cure cholera, but keep the house and pens all disinfected with chloro-naptholeum. I think the germ of hog cholera can be destroyed outside of the hog, but not after it has entered the circulation. From six to eight months is the best age to market, or even younger, say from five to seven months. They should weigh 200 to 300 pounds. Hams and bacon made from Berkshires treated in this way will command the highest price in any market in the world.—Farmers' Guide.

First Working of Corn.

As soon as cotton-planting is over, corn should be given its first working. If the soil has been compacted by rain, this working should be deep and thorough. The old-fashioned coulter—something like a soubsoil plow—is a very good implement for running round, as it throws little dirt and yet may be run quite deep. After the first furrow is run, broad scooters or long, narrow shovels may be used to complete the work. On light soils, or those not compacted by rain, the first working may be given with heel-scrapes or cultivators, and much labor saved. But it will not pay to leave the land in poor condition at this first working. Put in good condition now, all subsequent workings will be easy. One should study, however, to get good work done with the smallest number of furrows. "Save work, save time at every point," should be the motto of every farmer. When land is in good condition and the plowing properly done, no hoe work should be needed by a corn crop. The only hard work called for would be the thinning of the corn, which should be done immediately after the first plowing, so that any corn covered up may be uncovered at the same time.—Southern Cultivator.

Sweet Potoes.

Sweet potato slips may now be safely set out for an early crop—and all are urged to plant largely of this valuable crop for hogs—when a market is not available. Those who have access to large cities will find them a valuable crop for hogs—when a market is not available. Those who have access to large cities will find them a valuable market crop—those first brought in selling readily at fancy prices. It is well to start a part of the crop early, so they may be fed to stock from August to November—taking the risk of winter keeping on a later started and smaller portion of the crop. Late-planted potatoes keep through the winter better than those started early—especially is this true of the St. Domingo and kindred varieties. Early matured potatoes of these are almost sure to rot or become pithy and worthless. These varieties abound in starch and might be utilized in the production of that article. Large tubers that rot and are thrown out on the surface of the ground sometimes have all their other constituents washed away by rain and finally present a white mass of quite pure starch.—Dixie Farmer.

Early Cow-Peas.

About the first of May early varieties of cow-peas may be planted for hogs and other stock purposes. Peas may be advantageously added to almost any other food given to hogs, including even corn. The hog has a rather small stomach, which calls for rather concentrated food, or, in modern terms, one which has a narrow ratio—say one to five—whereas much of the food hogs eat ordinarily has a ratio of one to eight or ten. It is too early yet to plant the late-maturing varieties—when planted early these incline to make more vine than fruit. Except on very rich soils it is better to drill peas and work them. The cost of working is offset by the smaller quantity of seed required for drill culture. On ordinary land it pays to apply moderate quantities of phosphate and potash and peas—it increases their growth and does away with the necessity of applying these fertilizers to the crop which is to follow the peas.—Southern Cultivator.

HERE AND THERE.

—Sheep should be dipped as soon as sheared, for it takes less of the material and it has more perfect access to the skin.

—This is the time of the year when the farmer should carefully think over his sources of income, and study how to reduce expenses, increase product and add to income.

—There are many people engaged in farming all over this country who can only make a scant living. It is also true that there are many persons engaged in other branches of business who can't make even that much.

—Willingness to work is not the only qualification of a good farmhand. The man who is to become a member of the family, and a companion for the boys, should be required first of all to be a manly man—clean in speech, and upright in conduct.

—There are many kinds of weeds that would get a good start on the farm if it were not for the sheep. In fact, nine cases out of ten, where you find a farm that is dirty and overrun with weeds, you will find that the owner does not keep sheep.

—The farmer who has not mares suitable to breed to heavy draft stallions, had better breed to some good jack and raise mules. The demand for good mules is increasing. Not all mares will raise good draft colts, but the majority will raise good mules.

FUNNY FOLKS

A Serious Case.

Mrs. O'Grady—An' how's Mr. O'Reilly this marnin'?

Mrs. O'Reilly—Worse, honey. He was taken with another disease lasht noight.

Mrs. O'Grady—An' fwhat is that same?

Mrs. O'Reilly—The doctor called it convalescheut!—Tit-Bits.

How They Carry Their Pole.

You will find it a difficult matter
To move with the people of rank,
For, to walk on society's tight rope,
Your balance must be at the bank.
—Puck.

NOT PARTICULARLY WANTED.

Jink—My dear MacFuddle, it's the very thing you want! Charming house—lovely spot! Cheap, too. But one great drawback. You can't get any water there!

MacFuddle—O, that doesn't matter!"—London Punch.

For That Tired Feeling.

The trouble with full many a man,
Upon this whirling clod,
Is that he thinks he needs a drug,
When he only needs a prod.
—Chicago Daily News.

His Advice.

Editor—One of my fair subscribers wants to know how to change the color of her hair.

Caller—What would you say?

Editor—I shall advise her to marry some nice young man to reform him.—Puck.

A Last Will.

Uncle (a lawyer)—Well, my boy, I'm sorry to hear that you are studying law. I can't see any way that a young lawyer can make money now.

Nephew—There is one way—"Where there's a will there's a way."—N. Y. Truth.

A Nice Distinction.

Wife (reading letter)—Who do you think is coming to pay us a visit?

Husband—Who?

Wife—My mother.

Husband—That will be a visitation.—Town Topics.

Breaking the News.

"Papa, when a horse laughs he kicks up his heels, doesn't he?"

"I guess so."

"Well, old Bill has just laughed at Bennie. Won't you come out and carry him in?"—N. Y. Truth.

Too Previous.

Grace's eyes are full of tears,
She's caught cold, I fear;
She donned her new biking garb
Too early in the year.
—Up to Date.

ABSOLUTELY NOTHING.

She—But, George, suppose papa settles my dowry on me in my own right?

He—Well, my dear girl, it's—er—nothing to me if he does!—London Punch.

Arithmetic.

I count not lovers by bruised hearts—
That is not my plan at all—
I score them up by the wheels that stand
In the rack out in the hall.
—N. Y. Journal.

Went Out of His Way.

Phipps—He's the most bashful man I ever met.

Quipps—Quite true. I've known him to decline to meet a note when it was due.—Town Topics.

Difficulties in the Way.

"I believe in an aristocracy of intellect."

"Oh! I don't know! There would be the same old scrap as to who would belong to it."—Puck.

Serves as an Alarm.

Hassick—A baby is a good thing to have in the house.

Walker—Yes, if you want to prevent oversleeping yourself.—Boston Transcript.

Financial Intervals.

"A little quarrel now and
a love affair."
"Yes; the lover ca[illegible]TERIAL
and gets a chance t[illegible]D.
board bill."—Chicag[illegible]

A Thou[illegible] Addres[illegible]

Two souls with[illegible]
But not the s[illegible]
He with her bo[illegible]
She wishes he[illegible]
—Chicago Rec[illegible]

Why It Didn't Count.

"Did you give him any encouragement?" inquired the mother, referring to the impecunious young man who refused to consider himself out in the cold.

"Oh, dear, no; none at all," replied the beautiful daughter. "On one or two occasions at the seashore last summer I promised to be his wife, but that was all."—Chicago Post.

Orders.

First Commercial Tourist—You just ought to see the orders I get from my house.

Second Commercial Tourist — That so? I get mine from the trade.—Chicago Journal.

Prudent.

"So you refused him?" said Maud.

"Yes," replied Mamie. "I told him I shall send back any letters unopened."

"I wouldn't be so rude. There might be matinee tickets in some of them."—Washington Star.

Superfluous Formality.

Giles—Have you asked her father's consent?

Jowles—No; it isn't necessary.

Giles—How's that?

Jowles—She has just declined me.—Stray Stories.

Quits.

Mrs. Dumjohn—I married you for love, and I did not get it.

Dumjohn—Well, then, we are quits. I married you for money, and I did not get it.—N. Y. World.

He Explains.

Mrs. Brown—It's a shame the way the early settlers killed off the Indians.

Mr. Brown—They couldn't get close enough, my dear, to chloroform them.—Puck.

The Joys of Love.

"The happiest thing in the world is having
A maid so true," he said.
"'Tis not to be compared," she answered,
"With having a trousseau made."
—N. Y. Truth.

POOR FELLOW.

She—My father's a general. What does your father do?

He—Whatever mother tells him!—Ally Sloper.

No Checks.

The college boy now grieves about
This paradox unwitting;
Because his father's loving care
Appears so unremitting.
—Judge.

Gets the Drop on People.

Jorkins—Drugged and robbed! Why don't you have some action taken in the matter?

Jobson—I can't. I suppose the fellow had my permission. You see he was my doctor.—Puck.

A Silver Lining.

Wife—Horrors! Husband, I've just heard there is a case of smallpox in the flat above us.

Husband—Yes, I know about it. That's all right. It's the young man who plays the flute.—N. Y. Weekly.

Explained.

Molly (between waltzes)—He said the world had been like a desert to him till he met me.

Polly—That explains why he dances so like a camel, I suppose.—Tit-Bits.

Right in Season.

Van Clove—That Miss Newleigh looks good enough to eat.

Miss Passee (enviously)—Why, yes; her family are mushrooms, you know.—Town Topics.

Fatal.

"Who is the belle to-night?" asked she,
As they stood on the ballroom floor.
He looked around the room to see
And she speaks to him no more.
—Harlem Life.

THE TRUE SPORTING INSTINCT.

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GALATIA, ILLS., Nov. 16, 1893.
Paris Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Gentlemen:—We sold last year, 600 bottles of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC and have bought three gross already this year. In all our experience of 14 years, in the drug business, have never sold an article that gave such universal satisfaction as your Tonic. Yours truly,
ABNEY, CARR & CO.