

A Siege That Makes History

Greatest Battle of the Present Indian War Described by a Participant.

Special to the Globe.

LONDON, Oct. 16.—Here is the first account of the greatest battle of the present war in India written by a participant. Lieut. H. B. Rattray penned the following graphic story of the gallant defense of the garrison and of their very trying experiences. Lieut. Rattray was in command, and on him fell the responsible task of organizing the defense. Lieut. Rattray is the son of the late Col. T. Rattray, C. B., C. S. I., of the Forty-fifth B. I. (Rattray's) Sikhs. He is no novice in tribal warfare, but he will probably never forget his recent experiences, hedged in between 10,000 and 15,000, and supported by a mere handful of soldiers. The story of the siege, of the determined fighting of the natives, of their re-

no harm resulted. After 9 p. m. yet another attack was made, which was again repulsed. The losses to the enemy on this occasion must have been enormous, as, in spite of carrying away all the dead they could, sixty corpses were found there next morning. The remainder of the night passed in sniping. "On the 31st at 4:30 p. m., the enemy advanced in large numbers; on such occasions they issued in crowds from Chakdara village and the Maxim and nine-pounder gun used to do great execution until the Pathans got too wary, and straggled out in very loose formation, and the enemy pushed the assault with great vigor, occupying the civil hospital and a ridge only 100 to 150 yards northwest of the fort, whence they kept up a continuous fire all night. Next morning, instead of as usual retreating, the enemy retained all

tired out with long watching through the heat of the day, and sometimes rain at night, they were always cheery, willing, and full of spirit, and I could not want better companions on such another occasion. I cannot conclude without contributing a word of praise to the followers of the garrison, though working hard at the defenses by day, they took their part in the fighting by night, being posted at weak parts of the wall with stones and rocks, which they heaved down on the enemy, whom they often helped to drive off. "It must have been a matter of surprise why the tribesmen never attempted to destroy the Chakdara bridge; the reason is said to be that they were confident of complete success, that they thought it would be well to keep the bridge in good repair for subsequent use. Their over-weening confidence in the Mad Fakir is amply testified by the undaunted way in which they rallied to the attack again and again, in spite of the terrible losses inflicted on them by the old smooth bore and the Maxims. Prayer was held in a mosque in the village of Chakdara, and until the fort was relieved, the tribesmen—with scaling ladders ready to hand—came straight from the mosque to the walls, certain each time that at last victory was to be theirs. As we already know, the only result was

Captured an Earthquake.

An English Savant in India Uses a Seismograph and Arrives at Some Unprecedented Results.

Special Correspondence of the Globe.

ASSAM, India, Sept. 20.—An Englishman, J. D. La Touche, has just captured an earthquake. By that it is not meant that he has it in a cage for inspection, or that he keeps it tied to a post in front of his bungalow, but he is able to show something unprecedented in India, exactly the course the earthquake took. This remarkable achievement was made possible by means of that wonderful little instrument, the seismograph.

It was no baby earthquake that was pinned down to a certain course in this fashion, but a full fledged affair that might have been the father of quakes. As this is a simple story of fact, it will not be wise to say that railways disappeared and whole villages were swallowed up, for really nothing of that sort ever happens here. There was only one great shock that amounted to anything, and that lasted about two minutes. Following that a number of incidental shocks came, between 300 and 400 of them, the sensation being like that in a building in which engines of great power are running. All these shocks took place within twenty-four hours.

Whether great or small, an earthquake is a fearsome thing to experience. In the instance which is referred to here the ground was fissured in many places, and a large quantity of sand and mud thrown out. This, however, unpleasant as it may seem, is only a secondary effect of the earthquake and happens in loose soil or in the alluvium of the valleys. These fissures occur near river banks and such like places and are due to the forward movement of the soil where no mass exists in front of the wave to carry on its motion, somewhat analogous to the forward movement of waves of water when they reach the shore. The fissures in cases like this are quite superficial, and the sand and water is merely jerked out of them, of course during the actual progress of the shock only. It often happens that persons in describing earthquakes state that sand and mud are constantly spouted out of the fissures, but in my experience that statement of this sort are quite misleading. There is a tremendous agitation of everything. Every particle of the earth seems about to open. One does not know whether he is stepping—if he be outside of a dwelling—upon ground that will not separate beneath his feet, or whether the next step will not precipitate him into a fissure of unknown depth.

In this latest earthquake, which the Englishman and his clever instrument captured, the loss of life was very small. Only one child at Dhubri and a few persons at Goalpara lost their lives. In this latter place, one of the fissures to which reference has been

made, opened directly beneath one side of the bazaar, resulting also in filling the street and the adjacent houses with sand. The most frightful feature of this affair was the rise of the river, which in an instant seemed to increase eight feet in height, although fortunately the waters thereof did not reach the bazaar. Had they done so the loss of life would have been dreadful. As it was, people ran about in all directions shouting and crying and appealing for aid, calling on what particular gods

they worshipped, for help, and suffering all the agony that precedes dissolution under such frightful circumstances. The English savant, who "captured the earthquake," seemed to have an intuitive idea that some seismic disturbance was to occur, so he put up a roughly constructed seismograph for observing the shocks. The instrument was in principle that which is due to Prof. Ewing, of Tokio, and gave a trace of the horizontal movement of a point on the surface of the earth on a piece of glass. If one cares to follow this idea out it is not a difficult task to see how readily the course of the earthquake itself was indicated upon it, the subsequent shocks being marked by little lines like the hairs on a cater-

pillar. The way to show exactly how this curious quake curved and twisted is to take prints on a piece of sensitized paper from the glass, and then trace these on the print which I send you herewith, the course of the quake is magnified many times, which renders it possible to observe how exceedingly minute the actual movement of the surface is. Yet the queer lines on the seismograph glass were actual delineations of a severe earthquake shock.

By this very shock, which you can observe, a small portion of our crops were destroyed by mud and sand. Every house and structure that was built of stone was simply shaken to pieces, but this was not so strange when it is considered that the buildings were never constructed for the purpose of withstanding earthquakes. Great shapes of masonry were laid in very inferior mortar, and therefore one is not surprised that buildings built as they are came down. In fact, it is doubtful if the best of masonry would have stood the shock.

In the cemetery here huge slabs of granite or marble were jerked several inches out of place. My opinion is that the shocks were due to a moment of the kind which the scientists call fault, which means a peculiar condition of the earth running along the surface of the hills, and that the southern boundary of these hills is a very straight line. If it were possible for you to personally examine the hills, you would also observe that the rocks are bent down with seeming suddenness along this line in a portion of our country. The plains of Sylhet and Lower Bengal are certainly a region of unusual formation.

The peculiar sound which one often hears in this region which is known as the "Barisal guns," No one has ever been able to fathom the cause of these remarkable noises, which have been a puzzle for many years. It is now suggested by those who have studied the matter in every detail that these noises are really connected with the same subterranean movement which results sometimes in earthquakes, and that they are caused by slight slips, as it were, on the earth which are insufficient to cause actual shocks of earthquakes. The sounds one hears are sometimes accompanied or followed by a very slight shock, but more often without any such accompaniment. The sounds are almost exactly like those resulting from the discharge of heavy artillery.

Few persons out side of India suppose that this is a country really troubled by earthquakes. As a matter of fact they are not often experienced in those sections of India where Europeans reside. The natives, however, where they do happen have really become hardened to them, and an earthquake is not thought of very much moment unless so severe that the town or village collapses. Even then the native, with the philosophy which is characteristic of your true East Indian, simply says his equivalent of the Moslem: "Allah is Allah and Mohammed is his prophet" and at once begins to rebuild.

I think the instance to which I refer is the first in which science has ever really "captured an earthquake." It seems to me from all that I know of the subject that this particular work of the seismograph is one of the most remarkable achievements that has been chronicled this century.

TOASTS IN WATER. Sam Jones Celebrates the Anniversary of His Birth. ATLANTA, Ga., Oct. 16.—Sam Jones was made, opened directly beneath one side of the bazaar, resulting also in filling the street and the adjacent houses with sand. The most frightful feature of this affair was the rise of the river, which in an instant seemed to increase eight feet in height, although fortunately the waters thereof did not reach the bazaar. Had they done so the loss of life would have been dreadful. As it was, people ran about in all directions shouting and crying and appealing for aid, calling on what particular gods

terday celebrated his fiftieth birthday, with a notable gathering at his home. There were present fifty guests, one for each of the years of his life, including millionaires, manufacturers, bankers, prominent divines, distinguished professors, newspaper men and railroad magnates. A dinner was served from 4 p. m. to 10 p. m., which was drunk in water to Sam Jones as a preacher, as a humorist, as a newspaper man, as a lecturer, as a statesman, as a statesman, as a most feeling addresser. Rev. George Stewart acted as toastmaster. Many handsome presents were given to Sam Jones and he received congratulatory telegrams from prominent people in a number of cities. There was a reception at his home in the evening.

TO CURE NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA To Gain Flesh, to Sleep Well, to Know What Appetite and Good Digestion Mean, Make a Test of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. Interesting Experience of an Indianapolis Gentleman. No trouble is more common or more misunderstood than nervous dyspepsia. People having it think that their troubles are to blame and are surprised that they are not cured by nerve medicine and spring remedies; the real seat of the mischief is lost sight of; the stomach is the organ to be looked after.

Nervous dyspepsia often do not have any pain whatever in the stomach, nor perhaps any of the usual symptoms. The instrument was in principle that which is due to Prof. Ewing, of Tokio, and gave a trace of the horizontal movement of a point on the surface of the earth on a piece of glass. If one cares to follow this idea out it is not a difficult task to see how readily the course of the earthquake itself was indicated upon it, the subsequent shocks being marked by little lines like the hairs on a cater-

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WISE ADVICE TO HUSBANDS.

Those Who Have Ailing Wives Will do Well to Accept It.

Do not wrangle and quarrel, and finally rush into the courts and try to get a separation from your faithful wife; but just stop a moment and think! Your wife, who was even-tempered and amiable, and all that was lovely when you married her, has changed. Now she is peevish, irritable, jealous, discontented and miserable—in a word, she has uterine disorder of some kind.

Law is not the remedy for this condition, she needs medical treatment, her uterine system is at fault. My advice to you is, sit down and write a letter to that friend of women, Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., state fully and freely the whole case to her and she will honestly advise you what to do. Give your wife that chance, good man!

If you do not wish to write about your wife, bring her a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, watch its effects, you will soon see the beginning of the improvement; then get her another and keep it up until she is restored to you, the same lovely woman you married years ago.

Following we relate the circumstances of a case of this nature. Mrs. MELVA ROYTON, of Canby, Ind., says:

"I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and found it to be of great benefit to me. The doctors said I had nervous, cross and irritable. I looked so pale that people would ask me what was the matter. I suffered in this way for about four years, until one day about in despair my husband brought me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I commenced its use, and much to every one's surprise, it cured me. It has completely changed my disposition for the better also. Several of my neighbors, knowing what the Pinkham medicine has done for me, are taking it, and are much pleased with the result."

BRAVE LITTLE PHIL

NEW STORIES OF THE CAVALRY LEADER WHO SAVED THE DAY AT WINCHESTER.

LESSON FOR A TEAMSTER.

SHERIDAN'S LITTLE JOKE—HIS COOLNESS IN TRYING TIMES AT STONE RIVER.

BUTTERWORTH'S FIRE BELLS.

How a Youngster Turned the Laugh on the Congressman—Capitol Corridor Tales.

Special to the Globe. WASHINGTON, Oct. 16.—John C. Fay, a prominent lawyer of this city, formerly a member of the First New Jersey cavalry, narrates the following interesting story concerning Sheridan, the greatest cavalry leader the world has ever known. It was just one week before Little Phil won immortal fame by his victory at Cedar Creek after his gallop "from Winchester, twenty miles away." Sheridan was in Washington upon important military business and took supper with a party of officers at a prominent restaurant in the national capital. The dinner was progressing in a satisfactory manner, and everybody

was happy, when suddenly Sheridan, the guest of honor, arose from his chair, looked towards the center of the table, raised his right hand to his temple, gave a military salute, and resumed his seat. Everybody present called in chorus for an explanation of the remarkable performance, when Sheridan responded with a laugh: "I always salute the presence of my superiors, and I am a major general and an commanding the Army of the Middle Military Division, but that butler outranks me."

Gen. Cyrus Bussey, late assistant secretary of the interior, was colonel of the Third Iowa cavalry, and served for a time under Sheridan. Bussey narrates an incident of the pugnacious character of the great cavalry general, which occurred long before he attained eminence as a commander of troops in the field. Sheridan was a captain, doing duty as a quartermaster in Southwest Missouri in the early days of the war. A provision wagon, with a team of six mules, was stuck in the mud near Springfield, and the driver began to unreasonably and unmercifully to labor the unfortunate mules. Capt. Sheridan, in fatigue uniform, without any insignia of rank, mounted on a stout black horse, was riding along the left of the road when the blow and the words of the driver attracted his attention, and he demanded the reason why the animals were being so severely treated.

The driver gave no reply, but lifted his voice in utterance of oaths and curses, while the horse struck out a terrific blow with the heavy butt end of his whip. Capt. Sheridan shouted again to the driver, and received in reply a profane threat that if he did not mind his own business he would get the same kind of treatment the mules were getting. Without stopping to state his rank and demand obedience, Capt. Sheridan slid from his saddle and grabbed the ruffian by the throat. Although a man of much shorter build than the wagoner, Sheridan was more athletic and scientific. In a moment he had the human brute upon his back in the mud, and then, twisting the whip in his hand, piled it liberally to the legs and arms of the mule driver, until he howled for mercy. Sheridan allowed the frightened man to arise, and handing him the whip said: "I am Capt. Sheridan, quartermaster of the army, and if you don't get that wagon out pretty quick I'll thrash you again."

Thereupon the wagoner took hold of the wheel and called two other men to his assistance, and in less than a minute the wagon was on its way. In the meantime, Sheridan, having mounted his horse, disappeared in the woods. Amos Cummings, who heard the latter part of the above story, said that the beating which Sheridan gave the mule driver was not half so humiliating as the intellectual drubbing which was once administered to Dr. Loring. Mr. Cummings said that at a banquet of prominent people in Boston, Dr. Loring, who was the commissioner of agriculture at Washington, entertained the company with several stories to illustrate his belief that the cow is the most intelligent and affectionate of domestic animals. Dr. Loring told in detail the story of a birth of a calf on his farm, at which he had assisted; and added that after the calf was born the cow looked at him with her big luminous eyes to express her appreciation as well as she possibly could, and turning her head to the doctor licked his hand.

"Oh, pshaw!" said Ben Butler, who was one of the guests at the dinner. "Oh, pshaw! Dr. Loring, the poor cow merely thought she had had twins." While our last horse ball game was in progress, jolly and popular, briny and powerful, big Ben Butterworth came across the campus and made his way to the section occupied by some former colleagues in the house. As he drew near, John Allen said: "Here comes the only statesman who ever approached the cow looked at him with her big luminous eyes to express her appreciation as well as she possibly could, and turning her head to the doctor licked his hand." "Oh, pshaw!" said Ben Butler, who was one of the guests at the dinner. "Oh, pshaw! Dr. Loring, the poor cow merely thought she had had twins." While our last horse ball game was in progress, jolly and popular, briny and powerful, big Ben Butterworth came across the campus and made his way to the section occupied by some former colleagues in the house. 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