FIFTEENTH TO MOVE

INFORMATION CIRCULATED AT CAMP MEADE OF AN EARLY GETAWAY

SOME TIME ABOUT OCT. 15

First Division, Which Includes the Minnesota Regiment, Will Be Commanded by Maj. Gen. Young, and Will Be Sent to Cuba—Lieut. Fred Bitner Is With His Company Again.

Special Correspondence The St. Paul Globe.

CAMP MEADE, Pa., Sept. 29.—The members of the Fifteenth Minnesota are pleased with the prospects of an early exit from Camp Meade, which will undoubtedly take place, according to an interview with Gen. Graham, about Oct. 15, when the First division will be moved South.

The above news was given out yesterday afternoon by Gen. Graham in a statement that Gen. M. C. Butler, president of the Cuban peace commission, has requested Secretary Alger to have the entire Second corps sent to Cuba. Gen. Graham, on that occasion, said to his staff officers that he felt very proud to think that in his fortieth year in the United States service he shall be serving in time of war in the enemy's country.

The First division, which is to leave Oct. 15, is commanded by Maj. Gen. S. M. B. Young, of Pittsburg, Pa., who served with such great distinction in the Santiago campaign. The division comprises the following organizations:

First Brigade—First Maryland, Tenth Ohio and Thirty-fifth Michigan.

Second Brigade—Two Hundred and Third New York, Fifteenth Pennsylvania and First Delaware.

Third Brigade, Gen. Gobin Commanding—Eighth and Thirteenth Pennsylvania and Fifteenth Minnesota volunteer infantry regiments.

Gen. Graham went on the retired list of the United States regular army last Monday. He has a splendid record. He was born in the District of Columbia on Sept. 28, 1834, and entered the army from private life as a second lieutenant of the Second artillery in June, 1855. His first scene of duty was in the everglades of Florida, where he remained until November, 1856, when he was transferred to the Texan frontier, where from December, 1859, to February, 1860, he commanded a company in pursuit of the famous Mexican bandit, Cortinas. On March 1, 1861, he was promoted to the rank of first lieutenant and became captain in October following. He served with distinction throughout the war for the Union, being brevetted major for gallantry in the Peninsular campaign; lieutenant colonel at the battle of Antietam, and colonel at the battle of Gettysburg. At the close of the war he was brevetted brigadier general for gallant and meritorious services during the war. He was in command of the Second brigade of horse artillery in the Army of the Potomac in 1863 and 1864, and at the close of the war was serving as assistant inspector general of the middle military division.

After the close of the war he went through the various grades in the regular army until he became a brigadier general. He was made major of the Fourth artillery in July, 1877; lieutenant colonel of the First artillery in August, 1887; colonel of the Fifth artillery in July, 1891, and brigadier general on May 27, 1897.

When preparations for the struggle with Spain were begun, Gen. Graham was in command of the department of the Gulf, in which position he was continued for some time, but without any control over the troops that were being mobilized at Chickamauga, Tampa and other points within the territorial limits of his command. On May 4 last, the day on which the first batch of volunteer general officers was sent to the senate by the president, Gen. Graham was made a major general of volunteers, and on the 19th of that month gave up the command of the department of the Gulf and proceeded to Falls Church, Va., to take command of the Second corps. He retained command at Camp Alger until Aug. 16, when he went to the camp at Middletown, since known as Camp Meade. His entire corps was gradually concentrated at this point, where he has retained command until the present time.

There was considerable rejoicing among the officers of the Fifteenth Minnesota today, when Lieut. Fred Bitner, of Company H, reported back for duty. Lieut. Bitner was one of the first to be taken sick with typhoid fever at Camp Ramsey. After a few days' illness he was removed to his home at Worthington, where he has been since. His return enables Lieut. George E. Bookstaver to return to duty with Company B. Lieut. Bookstaver has served with Company H ever since Lieut. Bitner was sent home. At present Lieut. Bookstaver is absent on leave at New York city.

Lieut. E. J. McMahon, of Company K, is sick with fever at Harrisburg. His place is filled by Lieut. Becker, who has been detailed from Company E to assist Capt. Leonard.

Lieut. D. D. Tenny, of Company K, is absent on leave at New Haven, Conn. In his absence Lieut. O. H. Rask is adjutant of the First battalion.

Maj. D. W. Hand is absent on leave at Canton, O., visiting his wife, who is sick there. Capt. Morrison commands the Second battalion in his absence.

Regimental parade, inspection and muster take place on Sept. 30, at 8 o'clock in the morning. The Fifteenth will be mustered in battalions by battalion commanders.

Lieut. Theo. Griggs, of Company L, has been detailed on Gen. Gobin's staff as acting brigade quartermaster.

Lieut. Eckles is confined to his quarters sick.

NO FEMALE NURSES.

Surgeon General Sternberg Does Not Want Them Sent to Manila.

MINNEAPOLIS, Oct. 2.—Surgeon General Sternberg will permit no female nurses to be sent to Manila. The local Red Cross society was apprised of this course when the following telegram was received by Dr. J. W. McDonald, president:

"No female nurses have been sent to Manila. I cannot recommend the request to have yours sent be granted."

It was hoped by the local society that they would get government aid in sending nurses from the state to nurse the sick Minnesota boys at Manila. However, the funds on hand at present are not sufficient to allow the society to undertake the sending of nurses on their own accord. It is stated that eleven female nurses were sent to Manila from California, but the telegram implies that they did not go under government auspices.

ENTHUSIASTIC WELCOME.

Princeton Turned Out to Meet the Boys of Company M.

PRINCETON, Minn., Oct. 2.—(Special.)—A demonstration was given here in honor of the returning soldier boys of Company M, of the Fourteenth regiment. The pupils of all the schools, carrying flags, marched with their teachers in a parade that escorted the boys from the train to G. A. R. hall, where they were greeted by friends and welcomed in appropriate speeches. The ladies then treated them to a substantial supper.

An elaborate programme, consisting of patriotic speeches, song and music was rendered at the opera house in the evening to a large and enthusiastic audience. Mayor Caley presided. Chas A. Dickey and Prof. White made the principal speeches, to which responses were aptly made by Capt. I. C. Patterson, Quartermaster D. W. Spaulding and others.

Democratic Nominees.

MONTEVIDEO, Minn., Oct. 2.—(Special.)—At the Democratic county convention yesterday A. E. Aarness was nominated for auditor; Joseph Jahn, treasurer; August Telgen, register of deeds; J. M. Severns, judge of probate; Charles Ottison, superintendent; C. A. Fosness, representative. Other officers were passed, the county committee to confer with Populists and fill places on ticket.

MASKED MINERS.

Marched From Pana and Took Possession of a Town.

WASHINGTON, Ind., Oct. 2.—This city is in a great state of excitement tonight. One hundred and fifty coal miners from Pana, Ill., came here this afternoon and met at the fair grounds with the home union miners and organized. At 10 o'clock tonight they got together and masked, visited all the shacks where the colored coal miners lived. About fifty of the negroes were corralled and at the points of pistols were driven out of town.

One negro refused to go, and the miners fired on him. He has not been found and may be killed. The police could do nothing.

One policeman, Anderson Cannon, went up to the whole mob and demanded of them to disperse. They answered by leveling their pistols at him.

The masked miners took the town. Chief of Police Call turned in the fire alarm and called out the citizens to assist in keeping peace. Several hundred responded, and if there is a new outbreak of trouble much bloodshed is likely to result. At this hour tonight, the streets are crowded with people. The masked men have hidden themselves, probably to make an attack on other negro shacks. There are fifty negroes who declare they will die before they will leave town.

GREAT SMOKE CLOUDS.

They Indicate That Colorado Fires Are Still Burning Fiercely.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Oct. 2.—Great clouds of smoke have hung over the mountains south of Pike's Peak, and fierce flames have been seen to shoot up frequently. It is reported that immense forest fires are raging on the range and they are gradually working their way to Cripple Creek. It is believed that the heat from these fires caused the high winds here during yesterday's fire, which formed such a strong opposing force against the efforts of those who were fighting the flames.

Restored to Power.

LONDON, Oct. 2.—According to a dispatch to the Times from Shanghai, Huata Po has been appointed president of the court of censors and a member of the grand council. He is Lung Lu's chief supporter and was recently dismissed from office by the emperor. The projected imperial review of the forces at Tien Tsin has been abandoned.

Gen. Merritt in France.

MARSEILLES, Oct. 2.—Maj. Gen. Merritt, who, with his staff, left Manila on Aug. 30, en route for Paris, where he will take part in the peace conference, arrived here today and proceeded to the French capital.

Woolen Mill Assigns.

MANCHESTER, N. H., Oct. 2.—A special to the Union from Dover says: N. A. & Joseph Sawyer, woolen manufacturers, assigned Saturday afternoon. Liabilities are estimated at $1,000,000. Ex-Gov. Charles H. Sawyer is president of the corporation.

Count on America.

LONDON, Oct. 3.—The Standard says editorially this morning that it is convinced that England could confidently reckon upon the support of the United States and Japan in the execution of necessary measures in China.

HY?
WILLIAM
KICKED
WHO

LIGHTNING'S FREAK.

Ball of Fire Said to Have Rolled Across a Man's Lap and Struck a Woman's Mouth, Not Killing Either.

From the Lewiston Journal.

William B. Remick, who was one of Union River's heaviest lumber operators a few years ago, and is now a resident of Mariaville, witnessed a startling natural phenomenon a short time ago while returning from the head of Flooda pond to the settlement. He saw a thunderstorm gather in a clear sky and watched it roll on ahead of him with ever increasing force and destructiveness until it swept nearly all of Hancock county and left a score of fires in its wake.

Some of the freaks of the lightning were marvelous. At Hanscome's, in Mariaville, two families occupied the house. In the front part was an aged gentleman seated in an armchair, reading the Bible. A ball of fire rolled lazily in the window, danced along the window ledge a second or two, and then rolled into the old gentleman's lap and across the open Bible in his hands. He experienced no shock whatever, except a blinding sensation, but the metal clasps of the Book were melted and ran to the floor, while across the pages of the book was stamped indelibly a miniature photograph of a large apple tree that stood in the dooryard close by the window. Some minutes after it had passed the old man made an effort to rise, but was firmly held to his chair by some mysterious force. After an hour or more of effort on the part of members of the household, with liberal bathing of vinegar and other remedies, the chair finally loosened its hold, and he was able to rise. There was no ill effect felt by him.

The ball of fire, after dropping from the book, had struck the floor and bounded to the ceiling, passing through the cracks in the top of the partition into the apartments of the Hanscomes, where young Mrs. Hanscome was seated with her baby in her arms. It came toward her from the ceiling, a swaying ball, rocking back and forth until it struck her full in the face and disappeared. Eight of Mrs. Hanscome's front teeth disappeared with it and were never found. Her chair was tipped forward with her in it, and she was found unconscious, her head and feet resting on the floor, still retaining her position in the chair as if it were upright instead of resting upon her. The baby was clasped closely to her bosom, uninjured, and crowing as if greatly delighted by the event. It was several hours before Mrs. Hanscome's arms could be made to unfold and release the baby and before the chair could be removed from her. When she recovered consciousness she vomited a large quantity of black matter like charcoal, which gave out a strong odor of sulphur, and it was a long time before she fully recovered from the shock.

On the wall where the electric mass passed from one apartment to the other were streaks of sooty blackness as if blown through by a strong blast. The marks could not be washed off, and still work through the coat of whitewash put on to cover it.

The lightning struck the barn of Thomas Farnsworth, near Beddington, and passed diagonally through the building, through partitions and stored crops, leaving a hole large enough to pass a barrel through. It entered the north end of the L basement and laid the underpinning flat for fifty feet along the entire house. The people in the house felt no shock whatever, and were astonished after the storm to discover the damage that had been done.

One of the strangest freaks was the striking of a hennery and the killing of several hens. Some of the hens rested on the roosts as if asleep. Others were standing upon the ground in an attitude of listening. Previous to this a hen was supposed to be lightning proof, her feathers forming the protective armor.

Where Muslin Gets Its Name.

Muslin owes its name to Mussoul, a fortified town in Turkey in Asia. Tulle obtains its name from that of a city in the south of France.

ALL RIGHT AT MEADE

FIFTEENTH REGIMENT IN GENERAL IS SATISFIED WITH ITS CONDITION

HAVE PLENTY OF CLOTHING

And Are Not in an Unhealthy Location—A Communication That Has Brought Many and Vigorous Denials From the Boys, Who Are More Than Contented With Their Military Experience.

The communication printed in The Globe of Sept. 26, From Camp Meade, and signed Members of the Fifteenth Volunteers, seems to have struck an unpopular chord in the regiment. The statements it contained are generally and positively denied by a number of other members of the Fifteenth, as will be seen by the accompanying communications. Others of a like tenor have been received, but as the ones herewith printed furnish a sufficient denial, a number are held out:

CAMP GEORGE GORDON MEADE, Pa., Sept. 28, 1898.—To the Editor St. Paul Globe—Sir: I have just received a copy of Globe—Sir: I have just received a copy of The Globe dated Sept. 26, and have read with great surprise the communication from this regiment printed under the caption: "A Wail From Fort Meade."

It is very hard to believe, for one who has been with this regiment every day since it left Minnesota, that there should be any one here so entirely devoid of all sense of honor and truthfulness as your correspondent. I say "correspondent," for I firmly believe that the communication was written by some one person and signed "Members of the Fifteenth Minnesota Volunteers" to give it sufficient weight to be taken up in your columns. On the face, the entire communication is a poor fabric of falsehood, as it does not contain the slightest semblance of truth. Neither does the communication convey the sentiments of the small minority of the Fifteenth regiment who would take a discharge and go home to their former pursuits if they could.

The entire rank and file are unanimous in condemnation of the communication as a falsehood. I believe many of them will write to you on the subject. What are the facts? From the adjutant and medical department I have received the following:

The Fifteenth Minnesota volunteer infantry regiment has a strength at present of 1,293 officers and enlisted men. There are in camp for duty today a total of 867, of which thirty-six are officers. In the division hospital are fifty-two men, of which a dozen are "typhoid suspects." Six men have already so far recovered that they will be furloughed very soon. Ten are suffering from a complaint which I think they would just as soon have their friends believe is typhoid. The others are suffering from bowel or stomach complaints, which, no doubt, are the effects of delicacies obtained before leaving St. Paul and indulged in en route.

Under the present system every man sick enough to be removed from his quarters is taken to the division hospital. During the past six days only ten men have been sent to the division hospital.

The statement regarding inadequate clothing is a foolish falsehood, for the men have the privilege of drawing as much clothing as they need to be comfortable, including woolen undershirts, canton flannel drawers, heavy stockings, woolen shirts and complete uniforms, including extra woolen blankets and overcoats with capes.

The camp is in a fine condition, ideally located. Water we have in abundance, furnished through hydrants (one for every two companies), through water pipes which have been laid into every camp. Drinking water is filtered and pure. The flooring of tents is well under way, and the men as a rule are happy and contented.

The resumption of regular drills seems to please every one. There is an interest manifested in the work that is very gratifying, for there is a feeling among the men that they want to have the Fifteenth Minnesota one of the best organizations in this corps.

I have written the above at the earnest solicitation of a large number of officers and men, who desire that your readers shall know the truth. Writing wailing letters to newspapers seems to have become a fad among soldiers, and it is to be regretted that so many have such stupendously vivid imaginations. Very respectfully,

—O. H. Rask,

First Lieutenant Fifteenth Minnesota Volunteer Infantry.

I want to sign this, too—

—John W. Finehout.

Captain Fifteenth Minnesota Volunteer Infantry.

COMPANY D DENIES IT.

To The St. Paul Globe:

CAMP MEADE, Sept. 27, 1898.—In your paper of the 26th an article headed "A Wail From Camp Meade" has aroused the ire of the entire regiment, as it is an erroneous statement from beginning to end, invented by some person or persons whose motives of enlistment might have been patriotic, but who through indolence and lack of such qualities as go to make up a soldier, now just as we are about, as we are, to face the hardships of war, wants to go back to the protection of his father's roof and again tie himself to his mamma's apron strings. Our regiment when on battalion parade yesterday presented the largest and hardiest sort of men yet seen on the parade grounds, as a score of complimentary articles by local papers will prove.

Today the Third battalion, under arms, marched to the river, a distance of two and one-half miles, indulged in a bath and marched back, the entire time occupied being a little less than an hour and a half.

Your correspondent states that from fifteen to twenty typhoid cases have been sent to the division hospital every day, while as an actual fact, as shown by the hospital records, only seven suspects have been reported in the last five days.

As to inadequate clothing, a supply has been issued sufficient for all needs. Our mess tents are envied by all in our vicinity, and certainly there is not a man who does not appreciate their convenience and does not feel grateful toward the donor.

We are all ready and willing to do our duty as men and soldiers, and if our future destiny is Cuba, we will go to the front with the full satisfaction that the government has done its best by us.

For Company D. (Signed.)

H. P. Rigg,	Mason W. Spicer,
Edwin T. Thorson,	Alec Barges,
M. Redenius,	Clarence A. Yetter,
L. M. Crosby,	Albert Ahlberg,
P. L. Sorenson,	Harry Hardy,
H. L. Ward,	Nels Nelson,
R. W. Martin,	Albert F. Ganvell,
William O. Johnson,	Leonard Sandberg,
Thomas Geoghegan,	G. H. Solmon,
Harry D. Walsh,	O. R. Elms,
Guy S. Porter,	O. N. Walland,
Frank H. O'Neill,	John O. Noslin,
E. A. Edlund,	Erick Nardlaf,
John Carter,	John Mossberg,
Gust Lindquist,	Henry Haefner,
Daniel Baastad,	H. C. Trane,
Corp. Chas. Hohnberg	Lieut. Philip Haley,
George Morin,	Edward Carney,
Corporal Carl Larson,	Charles Comer,
Charles Berg,	Andrew Huldin,
Ole Ahlstrom,	Frank Howard,
M. L. Barg,	August Hohnberg,
E. Christensen,	Claud N. Crory,
C. F. Snodgrass,	William C. Beattcher,
Guy S. Thorson,	Johnson Gurj,
L. W. Servey,	John A. Morgan,
A. Maloney,	Nels N. Flykt.
R. Pietsch.	

COMPANY L'S STATEMENT.

To The St. Paul Globe:

CAMP MEADE, Pa., Sept. 28.—In your issue of the 26th inst., I notice an article dated Camp Meade, Sept. 23, in which the writer tells a tale of woe and suffering which would appeal to the sympathies of all good people were it not for the babyish style and lack of facts it contains. The writer, who has not sufficient courage to sign his name, but takes it upon himself to speak for the whole regiment, does not regard facts an essential part of a communication, so leaves all such out. His statement that from fifteen to twenty go to the division hospital every day is absolutely without foundation. The number reported sick each day has gradually grown less, and the general health of the soldiers has been improved since coming here. His assertion that the regiment could not do a ten-mile march without losing half its members is ridiculous and a libel on the strongest regiment Minnesota ever sent to the front. As to the clothing it may be said that one or two nights after arriving here the supply of blankets was found to be insufficient, but we are no worse off than any other regiment in camp, as the weather was unusually cold for that time of the year. How much more blankets were needed can be understood by the fact that today, at the drawing of clothes and blankets, one company drew only three blankets, notwithstanding the fact that no limit was placed on the number drawn.

The secret of the writer's trouble is found in the paragraph following:

"It was a crime to send us away from Minnesota, and it is a crime to contemplate sending us to Cuba to perform garrison duty, now that peace is a certainty."

If the truth could be known I have no doubt that the person who penned the above has applied for a discharge on the grounds that he doesn't want to go to Cuba—or anywhere else. Since enlisting he has found that to be a soldier one must obey orders and live like a man. That comes hard to some. They are the ones whom the boys will bid Godspeed if the regiment is lucky enough to get rid of them. It is all right for a man to express his own opinions on matters of that kind, but one man should refrain from speaking for the regiment. It is able to speak for itself.

Thanking The Globe in advance for its space, I remain a satisfied member of the Fifteenth.

—Charles A. Mackey,
Company L.

Read to and approved by Comanp L.

—Guy C. Chapel,
First Sergeant.

LABELS IT FALSE.

CAMP MEADE, Pa., Sept. 28, 1898.—Editor The Globe: In your issue of the 25th we noticed the following: "Will you kindly print the following communication, which we beg to assure you is the truth regarding the present condition of the Fifteenth Minnesota volunteer infantry?" Then it goes on to tell a most pitiable tale of woe, saying that since we arrived at Camp George G. Meade we have been sending from fifteen to twenty cases of typhoid fever to the division hospital on the hill to the west of us every morning. The writer also claims that the Fifteenth could not march ten miles tomorrow under heavy marching order. Such a report of this regiment, the very cream of Minnesota, is disgusting, and, what is still worse it is false. The writer must be a very homesick boy is all the explanation Company M can find for the report. I have not spoken to many of the regiment outside of my own company (Company M), but what boys I have spoken to view the matter as a report unfit for soldier to send to the very state in which he enlisted and pledged to stand by the flag for two years, "if not sooner discharged." For my part it seems childish. When I left my home in Canada and offered myself to the United States, as was the duty of every young man who lives under the Stars and Stripes and is able to bear arms (being born in the state of Kansas), I considered it my duty to come back to the land that gave me my birthplace. I offered myself to serve two years, if not sooner discharged. I did not enlist only to fight, as seems the idea of most of the boys, but I understood I was to go at my country's bidding. I left my life in the hands of my country, to use it as seemed fit to please them, whether it was the field of battle, police duty in Cuba, or garrison duty, it matters not to me. I left a happy home, loving parents and pleasant surroundings, but I knew what I was doing. I would like to see parents and brothers and sisters as well as any boy in the United States army, but I don't intend to raise such a "wail of woe" as came from some of the regiment in camp in the South. Some boys left college and the prospects of a very prosperous future to serve in the army as privates. Those I sympathize with. I say give the boys an honorable discharge and let them finish what they left off for the nation's welfare. But those little homesick dears, who want to go home—they are not fit to bear the name of a soldier when they flinch when called on to do garrison duty in Cuba. I know we will have it pretty warm in Cuba, but a soldier need not think he can have an ice cream time of it when he carries the colors of his land. We have come so far. Don't muster us out, but let us go on and do our duty, let it be garrison duty or whatever it be. And let the Union see Minnesota has two regiments in the field who are soldiers, and let them be the Thirteenth and Fifteenth.

Camp Meade is no heaven I can assure you. We left a very nice camping ground at Snelling, but Camp Meade is no fever hole, as that unknown writer of the Fifteenth put it. I was speaking to one of the Red Cross boys this morning on the sick report. He says that no company in the regiment sent fifteen cases of fever to the hospital at one time since we came here. I was on fatigue duty up at the division hospital, and I did not see a single one from the Fifteenth Minnesota. So the report of my fellow soldier has no foundation. So think myself and comrades. I will not sign my letter "Fifteenth Minnesota Volunteer Infantry," as he signed, without speaking to a single person, but will end by a single name. But before I close allow me to thank The St. Paul Globe for the kindness it showed the Fifteenth at Ramsey, viz.: Delivering the morning paper without asking even "thank you." So hoping I have convinced the citizens as to the condition of the Fifteenth and their desire, I remain yours,

—A Private,

Company M, Fifteenth Minnesota.

B HEARD FROM, TOO.

CAMP MEADE, Sept. 27, 1898.—Replying to charges made in The St. Paul Globe and purporting to have been signed by members of the Fifteenth regiment, and sent from Camp Meade, we will say that a detail from this company was sent through the regiment to ascertain the feeling of the men and determine the truth of the charges made in the communication referred to, and we find that it is false and the Ananias who is guilty of the forgery is deserving not only of the contempt and derision of the entire regiment, but if he has the manhood and courage to make known his name the whole regiment will unite in a petition to see that he gets his deserts—a dishonorable discharge. The aspersion cast upon the men is unwarranted, uncalled for and unmanly. It is bad enough that our relatives should be constantly worried by our absence rather than that they should be tortured by the lie that we are daily in the shadow of fever and starvation. We are better fed, better clothed and in all respects faring better than we ever did, and the general feeling is that the officers are doing all in their power, as far as they are able, to provide proper and efficient care for their men. We are proud of our organization, proud of the record it has made and desirous that it shall not be tarnished by the puerile utterances of a bucolic soldier who should never have left his mother's apron strings. We are ashamed of him and his attempt at notoriety, and repudiate every statement he has made, at the same time thanking Gov. Clough for the vigorous policy he has pursued in caring for the army of Minnesota, and the Fifteenth regiment in particular.

—Asa P. Brooks,

Company B, Fifteenth Minnesota.

REPETITION OF HORRORS.

SANTIAGO, Oct. 2.—Surgeon Major Seaman, of the transport Obdam, declares that there will be a repetition of the awful horrors that have characterized the voyages home of the other transports, if more sick soldiers are sent on board the vessel for transportation to New York. He says that, when the Obdam left Porto Rico, many on board were sick, yet the first quartermaster refused to furnish wine for their use, but supplied them with hardtack and canned food, saying that he had no authority to do more. Surgeon Seaman said he would hold him responsible, should any deaths occur, and finally succeeded in obtaining suitable food for those who were ill.

Mayor McLeary, of Santiago, is endeavoring to compel the merchants to sell the necessaries of life at reasonable figures.

An Embryo Jurist.

Of William and John Scott, afterward Lord Stowell and Lord Elton, Lord John Russell used to tell this story: When they were young men at the bar, having had a stroke of professional luck they determined to celebrate the occasion by having a dinner at the tavern and going to the play. When it was time to call for the reckoning William Scott dropped a guinea. He and his brother searched for it in vain and came to the conclusion that it had fallen between the boards of the uncarpeted floor.

"'Tis a bad job," said William; "we must give up the play."

"Stop a bit," said John. "I know a trick worth two of that," and he called a waitress.

"Betty," said he, "we've dropped two guineas. See if you can find them." Betty went down on her hands and knees and found the one guinea, which had rolled under the fender.

"That's a very good girl, Betty," said John Scott, pocketing the coin, "and when you find the other you can keep it for your trouble." And the prudent brothers went with light hearts to the play and eventually to the bench and the woolsack.—New York Tribune.

Twin City Day at Omaha Fair

Is October 8th—This is also Good Roads Day as well as New York Day. For these occasions rate October 7th via "The North-Western Line," C., St. P., M. & O. R'y, will be $9.00 from the Twin Cities to Omaha and return. Secure tickets at 413 Nicollet Avenue, Minneapolis; 395 Robert Street, St. Paul.

TROPICAL CREATURES

SOME OF THE CREEPING ANIMALS OF THE COUNTRIES ABOUT THE EQUATOR

BIG LAND CRABS OF BELIZE

In Some of the Hot Southern Countries It Is Unlawful to Kill a Buzzard—The Rattlesnake Not Pugnacious—Ticks, Ants and Worms—The Scorpion and the Tarantula.

Our soldiers in Cuba has no admiration for the big land-crabs, and certainly those creeping creatures are not attractive, says Alice Plongeon in the New York Post. They are, however, useful allies of the buzzards, repulsive scavangers that consume decaying bodies which would otherwise produce dire pestilence. There is considerable difference between these two scavengers. The buzzard is an absolute craven, fearful even of its own ugly shadow and touches nothing that is not already decaying; while the crab, when ravenous, seeks prey, devouring live kittens and other helpless small things. At Belize, British Honduras, there is an annual swarm of small land-crabs; the negroes then catch as many as possible and keep them in barrels, salted, for future consumption. The hermit-crab, common in those lands, is objectionable for other reasons—its palatable flesh often proves poisonous to the misguided one who enjoy it. The hermit monopolizes any empty shell of convenient shape, and uses it as a movable cell, until his growth compels him to seek a larger one. It is odd to see a periwinkle shell, several inches in diameter, steered over the ground by one projecting crab-claw which, kept busy out of doors, grows much bigger than the other, sheltered and inactive.

In hot countries, where thorough sanitery measures are not taken, land-crabs and buzzards serve a great purpose, and this is so well recognized that in some communities it is unlawful to kill a carrion bird—a fine being imposed for the offense. Ugly, maladorous and timid, this creature can arouse only disgust and pity. Decidedly "distance lends enchantment" to the buzzard's appearance, for when soaring on high its circling flight is admirably graceful. But a company of these scavengers catches sight of some still form upon the earth below. Swiftly the birds swoop downward, always circling, from the height where they had appeared like mere specks. They settle upon the leafless branches of some dead tree. Eagerly the black eyes scan the body they perceive from afar, and, having made sure that nothing is at hand to dispute their right, they partly unfold their rusty-black wings and stealthily light upon their banquet.

When these black-robed undertakers retire, millions of ants soon swarm upon the skeleton and clean the bones, which, in a few days, become whitened by the strong sunlight.

THE SNAKY TRIBE.

Persons who have always resided in cities imagine they could not face the many obnoxious animals that dwell in wild places. If these same individuals have a chance to become familiar with such surroundings, they soon cease to regard them with fear; partly because experience convinces them they formerly entertained an exaggerated idea of the risks to be incurred. The rattlesnake, for instance, is not half as dreadful as some people imagine; he is in fact, good-natured, and he also gives notice of his presence. Unless cornered or fearful of attack, the rattler will attend strictly to its own affairs, particularly if in search of a tender rabbit, or hurrying to its hole-in-the-earth-home to tell its adventures to its bosom friend, the armadillo. It is a curious fact that in some instances a rattlesnake and an armadillo occupy the same hole.

A little viper to be dreaded is the seatilla (little arrow), called by the Maya Indians uolpoch (evil-minded) because it attacks without provocation. Full-grown, this snake is about a yard long, of one thickness throughout, and its color is that of a dry stick; unlucky woodgatherers have picked up this viper by mistake. There is no known antidote to its venom. The uolpoch draws itself up like a maggot, end to end, and hurls itself at its victim a few feet distant. It does this as easily from the ground as from the top of the cabbage palm, its favorite abiding place. It has been asserted that venemous snakes do not climb trees. How, then, does this one get back home?

FISHES, ANTS AND WORMS.

But even with this aggressive foe an experienced traveler might prefer to take his chances of escape rather than be compelled to pass through a thicket infested with woodticks, particularly those of the smallest kind, mere red specks, that, under microscope, appear like miniature turtles. The tick just buries its head under one's skin and stays there to suck until completely bloated, and for all the rest of its life, for the wretched insect never gets out alive. A few hundred ticks induce high fever. The surest way of executing the enemy is to use hot water and a brush, or to rub the affected part with alcohol. As a preventative the Indians rub themselves with tobacco juice. It is during the dry season that the tick does his business. The pedestrian or rider stirs a branch beneath which he passes, and swarms fall on him from every twig. In a little while he frantically desires to scratch off his own skin. The many species of flies and the most enterprising mosquitos are insignificant when compared with the tick.

The snake coiled at the foot of a tree to enjoy its siesta may remain unperceived by the pedestrian, but if the latter happens to lay a hand upon the bark of that tree, a sharp pain may send a thrill through his body, from head to foot. No indeed! the snake has nothing to do with this. An ant is the offending party; the quality of its bite makes up for lack of quantity. Formic acid is painfully effective, momentarily, But it is not the ant's fault if a hand happens to come in its way. Ants are particularly annoying as burglars that cannot be shot. Whole armies enter closed boxes of provisions in the dead of the night and carry off the food, crumb by crumb. However, the ant does not seem half so bad when the centipede turns up, eight inches long, pinkish-brown, alarmingly swift and evil-eyed. To feel one of these, with its hundred legs, chasing its own tail around your throat is not amusing—except to the centipede. Try to whisk it off, and the two long rows of feet clutch tightly, while the sharp nipper-jaws inflict bite after bite, producing a painful inflammation, if nothing more. The centipede lacks courtesy and is not timidly unobtrusive; it appears to enjoy a promenade on human surfaces, and becomes unduly excited when interfered with—that is all. A first rate swimmer, this scolopendra is not easily drowned if knocked into a bucket of water; and to crush it under foot is difficult, because express trains are not readily overtaken.

THE SCORPION.

Altogether, after a few centipede experiences, their victim looks with complacency upon the slow-coach scorpion that never rushes as if trying to go around the earth in eight days. Anyway the scorpion is not half as bad as his reputation, especially the mother scorpion, the unfortunate being dommed by nature to be devoured by her own progeny. It is rare, indeed, for any one to die of a scorpion sting, though the venom induces temporary paralysis of the tongue and some fever. Natives of Honduras assert that indigo is a good antidote, but ammonia is the best remedy for poisonous virus, generally. As long as the scorpion is treated with due respect it will reciprocate; otherwise there is a fair probability that the neat little dart at the end of its interesting but woful tail will be thrust into the aggressor's skin, injecting a thousandth part of a drop—no more—of the virulent white liquid stored in a gland at the base of the sting.

The scorpion is often alluded to as if it were a kind of viper. This is simply thoughtlessness, for everybody ought to know that it belongs to the spider family. Another member of the same family is the big jumping spider called, by the Maya Indians, chitun. Its long legs are exceedingly active and its mouth has a spiteful, threatening expression. The chitun attacks very promptly when startled, and its bite is fatal in some cases.

The great hairy tarantula is commonly dreaded, though not aggressive; in fact, some persons declare that it does not bite, but it should be particularly avoided on account of its hair, fine bristles which, if they enter the pores of the skin, make exceedingly bad sores. In places these black-haired spiders, whose bodies measure two inches in diameter, are so numerous that occasionally whole armies of them can be seen changing their quarters. In such districts it is always advisable to shake each garment before donning it; also to give boots and shoes a good rapping on their upturned soles in order that scorpions and others of the spider family may have a fair chance to vacate the premises. This polite attention may prevent an unpleasant encounter.

THE CRAB-SPIDER.

As the crab was first considered, the crab-spider may close the subject under consideration. This curious little being is too interesting to be left out and sufficiently dangerous to guard against, since one is enough to close the career of the finest race horse. When full-grown the am is about the size of a dime; in shape it is like a clawless crab, and its color is bright yellow with brown spots. This pretty little body is exceedingly venomous, not that it bites, but because it poisons the man or beast that has the misfortune to swallow it in water, or in fodder, among which insects are apt to tumble. One am suffices to cause the death of horse or mule. It is asserted that a human being poisoned by the same means continues to exclaim "am! am! am!" up to the hour of death; for which reason the Maya Indians name the spider thus. No big spider has such an appetite as this small one; it consumes an astonishing number of flies. The am lives on trees, and nothing can be more interesting than to watch it rapidly spinning its great web. Upon the approach of a storm it quickly draws all the fiber back into its body, and until fair weather again prevails remains motionless beneath a leaf or in any convenient nook.

PRIEST'S HIDDEN HOARD.

Father Albinger Lived Like a Pauper and Left a Fortune.

From the Chicago Inter Ocean.

After nearly a year of searching in the cellars and garrets of an old rectory at Mount Vernon, N. Y., a hoard of gold and securities, aggregating in value many thousand dollars, left by Father Albinger, the deceased pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Victory, in this city, was discovered.

Father Albinger, although rector of a large parish and having a good income, lived in a tumbledown rectory, whose interior was as bare as that of his most poverty-stricken parishioner. He frequently preached against the accumulation of riches, and said the love of gold was the great curse of the age. He was very generous toward the poor members of his parish, and they thought he divided all his income among them and that he might do so lived in abject poverty himself with an aged housekeeper who came from Germany.

After Father Albinger's death last March it was rumored that he had saved a great deal of money. As he left no will and no clew to any wealth he might have accumulated, search was made of the old rectory for the hidden hoard he was supposed to have left. As nothing was found then the matter rested until about three months ago.

Father Albinger's body was buried in his native city, Frankfort, Germany, where two sisters, his only surviving relatives lived. They heard from friends of Father Albinger reports concerning the hidden wealth he was supposed to have left, and wrote to the German consul in New York city, who communicated with Francis M. Carpenter, the treasurer of Westchester county.

Mr. Carpenter immediately began an investigation, which resulted in the finding of twenty-five old German purses, each of which contained 1,000 marks in German gold, and a tin box in which were $10,000 worth of securities. The clew to this hidden wealth was found in a secret drawer of an old desk, which was hidden away in the attic of the rectory. The old housekeeper told of Father Albinger often going to this desk, in the drawer of which was found a receipt for a safe deposit box in a New York city bank, and a key.

The old purses filled with gold and the securities, with whatever may be found in the safe deposit vault, will be turned over to the German consul in New York in trust for Father Albinger's sisters in Germany.

HORSE SWAPPING.

A Relic of Beach Pond Freshly Discouraged in Connecticut.

From the New York Sun.

Since the barbarous Beach Pond horse races and fairs have been practically broken up, the officers of the Connecticut Humane society have had comparatively little to do in looking out for such violations of the law in Eastern Connecticut. A few days ago, however, it was learned that the band of horse traders, jockeys and fakirs which made Beach Pond so notorious was about holding a "meet" at Liberty Hill, in Windham county. The information came to the society in a poster which announced the approaching horse trading convention to the country people for miles around. The poster was illustrated with pictures of overfed horses and set forth the delights to be expected at the gathering:

Old Fashion Horse Traders' convention at Loomis Place, Liberty Hill, Conn.

Come, take a day off, join the friends and neighbors you will meet and take a ramble 'mid the rustic and sylvan charms of old Liberty Hill. You will receive good treatment and as much of the following pieces of property as your money will buy. The gathering will first acknowledge (through the medium of a spokesman chosen from among their number) by devout expressions, their thankfulness for living to see such a noble collection of animals as are here assembled. Dozens of horses with as many good and bad points as so many human beings, and we can truthfully say they are all within 1 and 400 years of age. If we were a liar we might say that one of the horses belonged to George Washington, and another was Gen. Shafter's charger at Santiago. Instead of telling such tales as these, we will refund the money paid for any who beat Maud Marion's '93 record of 1:40.

State Agent Thrall, of the society, with a posse of men, made an unceremonious descent upon the convention and found a crowd of men with a hundred or more of horses, all of which were suffering from the ills peculiar to poor horseflesh. He peremptorily ordered the convention broken up and many of the horses killed. The traders feel that his action discourages "old fashion" horse "swapping."

Chinese Imperial Ceremony.

On the accession of a new emperor of China he goes in solemn state to the Temple of Heaven, in Pekin, and formally announces to his imperial predecessors the new titles and dignities which he has assumed. These ancestors are then dutifully invited to the banquet of commemoration, where seats are duly reserved for them.

New York Day at Omaha Fair

Is October 8th—This is also Twin City Day as well as Good Roads Day. For these occasions rate October 7th via "The North-Western Line," C., St. P., M. & O. R'y, will be $9.00 from the Twin Cities to Omaha and return. Secure tickets at 413 Nicollet Avenue, Minneapolis; 395 Robert Street, St. Paul.

Kankakee Said to Be Drying Up.

The Kankakee river, in Illinois, is said to be slowly drying up on account of the drainage of the swamps from which it receives its supply.

What is
CASTORIA
Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
BEARS THE SIGNATURE OF
Chas. H. Fletcher.
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

"A HANDFUL OF DIRT MAY BE A HOUSEFUL OF SHAME." KEEP YOUR HOUSE CLEAN WITH
SAPOLIO

Beware of Imitations
LEA & PERRINS' The Original & Genuine Worcestershire SAUCE
JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, AGENTS, NEW YORK.

A $7.00 BOOK of EUGENE FIELD'S POEMS.
Handsomely Illustrated by thirty-two of the World's Greatest Artists.
Given Free to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Monument Souvenir Fund. Subscribe any amount desired. Subscriptions as low as $1.00 will entitle the donor to this handsome volume (cloth bound, 8x11,) as a souvenir certificate of subscription to fund. Book contains a selection of Field's best and most representative works and is ready for delivery.
But for the noble contribution of the world's greatest artists this book could not have been manufactured for less than $7.00.
The Fund created is divided equally between the family of the late Eugene Field and the Fund for the building of a monument to the memory of the beloved poet of childhood. Address
Eugene Field Monument Souvenir Fund
180 Monroe St., Chicago.
(Also at Book Stores.)
If you also wish to send postage, enclose 10 cents.
Mention this paper, as ad. is inserted as our contribution.