

THE DAILY HERALD.

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Remember the Maine. Montefiore regards Dewey as a very hot tomahawk.

Spain is on her honor; America is on her muscle. That famous Spanish calm is being terribly perturbed just now.

It is a very easy thing to make a mess of the commissary department. Whenever and wherever a Spanish spy is caught, shoot him on the spot.

In the absence of letters of credit, Spain may have recourse to letters of marque. The Spanish authorities are becoming to General Sherman's conclusion, that "War is hell!"

Much of the anti-American feeling that pervades Europe appears to be made in Germany. The crack Seventh regiment of New York made an awful crack when it refused to volunteer for the war.

Kansas wants to enlist 30,000 men for the war. This number does not include Colonel Mary Ellen Lease. The most approved way of heaping coals of fire on a nation's head in time of war is to declare coal contraband.

Calling for 125,000 volunteers is not mobilizing the military resources of the nation; and to speak of it as such is ridiculous. If the government seems to be waiting a little bit let it be remembered that all things come to those who know how to wait.

It is quite likely that a grandson of General U. S. Grant, Algernon Sartorius, will serve on the staff of Major General Fitzhugh Lee. An exchange tells all about why troops must go to Cuba. The chief reason is that they must go there to go for Spaniards.

There is still some, not much, anxiety over the Oregon. Even if overtaken by a number of Spanish ships, she would still have a great fighting chance. If Commodore Dewey doesn't see what he wants, all he has to do is to ask for it, and it will be forthcoming, if the American people can procure it.

Will Captain Mahan please put an addendum to his "The Influence of Sea Power on History," telling about the influence of Commodore Dewey on Spanish history? What the country really needs at this juncture is a number of reformed war poets.—Washington Post.

A reformatory is the proper place for a war poet; send 'em all there. George Fred Williams was one of the recruiting officers in Boston. He belongs to that class of men whom the newspaper press, in peace times, love to call traitors, because they believe in free silver.

"Gloriana! The Don may attack us whenever his stomach be fain; He must reach us before he can crack us. And where are the gallions of Spain?"—Austin Dobson.

Colorado volunteers (privates) while in camp and until mustered into the service of the United States, receive two dollars a day. Financially, it is better to be a national guardsman of Colorado than a soldier of the United States.

No man should be made an officer of volunteers because he has a pull, or for any other reason than his ability. To do so is to unnecessarily endanger the lives of the volunteers who will have to obey his commands. Politicians for politics; military men for war.

Thomas Jefferson, seventy-five years ago, in writing to President Monroe, said: "Great Britain is the nation which can do us the most harm of any one, or all, on earth. With her on our side we need not fear the whole world. With her, then, we should the more sedulously cherish a cordial friendship, and nothing could tend more to knit our affections than to be fighting once more side by side in the same cause."

The Omaha Bee makes this very sensible and timely criticism: "If the Nebraska militia who are about to be mustered into the volunteer service are to become effective in active service, it would have done no harm to let them try their gait by marching from Lincoln to Omaha. The distance is but a trifle over 50 miles, and they could easily make it in two days, even carrying their knapsacks and rifles. But marching is out of fashion so long as there is a railroad in sight willing and anxious to earn an honest penny."

MAJOR GENERALS LEE AND WHEELER.

It would have been impossible for President McKinley to have done a more popular and patriotic thing than nominate for major general Fitzhugh Lee of Virginia and Joseph Wheeler of Alabama.

Ever since the Cuban trouble began the name of Fitzhugh Lee has been intimately connected with it; this, of course, comes from the fact that he has been consul general at Havana, having been appointed to the position by President Cleveland, and continued in it by President McKinley; and he became the popular hero of the struggle.

He is almost adored in the south, this as much for his own worth, as for the fact that he is a nephew of the late Robert E. Lee. He was born in Fairfax county, Va., Nov. 13, 1825. He was graduated from West Point in 1850, and commissioned second lieutenant in the Second cavalry, serving in the West against the Indians, where he was severely wounded.

In May, 1860, he was ordered to report to the military academy at West Point as instructor of cavalry. In 1861 he was called from the army and entered the confederate service, being commissioned first lieutenant of cavalry March 16. He served as adjutant general of Ewell's brigade until August, 1861, when he was promoted to the lieutenant colonel of the First Virginia cavalry.

He was advanced to the position of colonel in March, 1862, to that of a brigadier general on July 24, 1862, and to that of a major general August 2, 1863. At Winchester, Va., Sept. 19, 1864, where he had three horses shot under him, he was severely wounded, and was disabled for months. During the last month of the war he had command of the cavalry corps of the army of northern Virginia. This he surrendered to General Meade at Farmville, Va. After the war, he retired to his farm in Stafford county, and interested himself in political matters. In 1885 he was elected governor of Virginia. His recent career is known to all. In 1874 he delivered a speech at Bunker Hill, which had much influence in creating a better feeling throughout the north and south. When the war was over, he accepted its results in good faith, and has ever since been a promoter of harmony and good feeling.

Joseph Wheeler was born in Augusta, Ga., Sept. 10, 1836. He was graduated from West Point in 1859, becoming a lieutenant of artillery, serving in New Mexico until 1861, when he resigned and entered the confederate army. There he became a lieutenant of artillery, being promoted successively to the grades of colonel of infantry, brigadier general, major general and lieutenant general of cavalry. He commanded the cavalry corps of the western army in 1862, and was made senior cavalry general of the confederate armies, May 11, 1864. As a cavalry officer he ranked along with Forrest and Stuart of the confederates, and Sheridan of the Union forces. During his career in the army, he was wounded three times; had 16 horses shot under him; seven of his staff officers were killed, and 32 wounded. After the close of the war he devoted himself to the law. He was elected a member of the Forty-seventh, Forty-ninth, Fiftieth, Fifty-first, Fifty-second, Fifty-third, Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth congresses.

These two nominations will be enthusiastically received by the whole country, but to the south they will be dearer than to all others. This evidence of the union of the whole country is almost worth what the war will cost. These nominations are proper and fitting, and the president will have the thanks of all the people for having made them.

WHY NOT EXPEL SPANIARDS?

There is little doubt that Spanish spies and agents are getting in some work in this country. Two powder mills have been blown up, and three may be placed to their credit. Now comes word from New York that two submarine mines, formerly a part of the defenses of New York harbor, have been found out from their cables and drifted. These are the second batch of mines that has floated onto the New Jersey shore, making six in all. It is safe to say that these mines have not come loose accidentally, but that they are loose as the result of design. No one would have the remotest interest in cutting their cables but some one in Spanish employment or in sympathy with Spain. It is said that when Senator Polo left Washington and went to Canada he immediately organized a complete spy system, and that his agents disseminated all over the country such reports as they may now or hereafter be able to furnish. Now that there can be no doubt that the country is overrun with Spanish agents, if it is possible to run them down and apprehend them, they should be, if Spaniards were capable of blowing up the Maine in time of peace, as the American people believe they did, then they are perfectly capable of anything in time of war. It is said a decree has been issued by the Spanish government expelling all Americans from Spain.

Americans cannot object to that as a war measure; and Spaniards cannot object to the United States issuing a like decree expelling them from this country. If such a decree were issued it would relieve the country of many spies and agents of Spain, as a war measure it seems to be necessary and should be taken at once. Spanish spies have got in too much work already; they shouldn't be given a chance to get in any more.

STIRRING UP THE INDIANS.

The other day The Herald published a dispatch from Vernal saying Sheriff Preese had stated that there were white men who were inciting the Indians to commit depredations and the like. The Denver News makes the report the subject of an editorial. It says: Specials to the News from Vernal, Utah, state that certain white men are busy inciting the Utes to an uprising. If this fact can be proven, the government should promptly arrest the guilty parties for treason. To incite an Indian outbreak at the present time is virtually giving aid and assistance to Spain, since it will require the use of troops and the expenditure of money needed by the general government in its war against a foreign foe.

Not a few Indian wars have been fomented by white men. There is a class of contractors, persons who have hay, grain, cattle and all kinds of supplies to sell, who are interested in having large armies at all of the frontier posts. The withdrawal of the regulars for service in the Spanish-Cuban war has had the effect of reducing the num-

ber of troops at these posts, and an Indian war would compel their return and a renewal of trade with the Utes. Hence the plots of these white men. This influence has been felt by frontier commanders for many years. It was a general rule that the best of the Apache wars when General Crook was in command in Arizona. The class of people referred to did not want the Apache wars, but they wanted the money would put an end to their business. As a matter of fact, some of them were accused of giving information to the Indians regarding the location and movements of the troops.

The present is a good time to make an example of this class of people. If it can be clearly proven that any white man for mercenary motives has been guilty of inciting the Utes to an outbreak, he should be arrested, tried, convicted and shot as a traitor, just as if he had been engaged in giving aid and encouragement to Spain. Such action would have a wholesome effect.

The sentiment of the News will be shared by the people of Utah. It is not likely that the Utes and Uncombed Indians will indulge in any uprising, for they would be fearful of the consequences after it was put down; but whether or not they would do so, less the wickedness of any who may be inciting them to one. Such men are common enemies, and should be treated as such. The country is in no temper to stand any foolishness from those who would stir up strife among the Indians. Where there is any evidence that any one is attempting it, such persons should be arrested immediately; no chances should be taken.

PLENY OF BRIMSTONE IN UTAH

It is not improbable, according to the New York Tribune, that there may be a scarcity of sulphur in this country as a result of the war with Spain, as that country, it seems, will treat it as contraband. It is used in many industries, and if the supply is shut off they would be materially injured. Already the price is advancing some, and it will, in all probability, go much higher if the war continues. The New York Tribune says that the largest importers of brimstone in the country says his company's agents in England absolutely refuse to consign any of their sulphur to the United States.

There is no reason in the world why the industries in this country that use brimstone should worry about their ability to obtain all they want. It may be that their eyes have been turned towards foreign shores for so long a time for this commodity, that they will be unable for some little time to turn their eyes inland and towards Utah, which has enough sulphur within her borders to supply not only the American market, but the markets of the world besides. The sulphur beds at Cove Creek are practically inexhaustible. They are at a disadvantage in being some twenty miles away from the railroad. But the supply is there, and if the price should advance so as to warrant shipping it, it would very soon be shipped. If the dealers in sulphur are not aware of the Utah supply they should be made acquainted with the fact of its existence. Our ports might all be blockaded, still the resources of the country are so great and so varied, that practically every want of the people could be readily supplied; few countries are so fortunately situated in this respect.

There is no need to be worried over the question of a supply of brimstone. Utah has enough for the world.

THE N. Y. SEVENTH REGIMENT.

The famous Seventh regiment of New York voted against volunteering, and it has been subjected to much criticism in consequence. The New York Tribune makes this comment: It is doubtless quite as well that the Seventh is going to stay here. It is well drilled and may be naturally superior to himself took that view and designated some of the regiments, among them the Seventh, to remain here. Though the practically every want of the people could be readily supplied; few countries are so fortunately situated in this respect.

There is no need to be worried over the question of a supply of brimstone. Utah has enough for the world. The war I've got upon my hands I fear I fear the best of it, and I am like-wise, too, the jig. The Yankees think they've got me, they take me for a Jay; It may be true—I guess it is; I'm a dirty cuss of the May. —C. H. E. in Anacosta Standard.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Indianapolis Journal: Professional Prize-Winner—"They tell me that there are no more men in the ranks of the army." "Distant Dawson—"Don't you believe it. More'n half of 'em is only imitations." Cleveland Leader: Identified—Little Al—"I've got a letter from the army, and it says that is always writing to the papers?" "Pa—"That, my son, is one of the many people who don't know what Americanism means." Tit-Bits: "Excuse me, but it seems to me that I must have met you before. Are you not a brother or a near relative of my friend, No. 3, an Major General himself?" "Ah, indeed, that explains the remarkable resemblance."

Cincinnati Enquirer: Good Advice—"My son," said the aged politician, "it is better, especially when you are talking about the enemies in your own party, to use only soft and honeyed words. They are much easier to eat, should occasion arise." Detroit Journal: "I have heard him say," observed the other girl, "that his country is first in his eye." "Oh, his eye!" said the first girl, "that's no wonder, he's a patriot." "After that he spoke of the weather, the destruction of the Maine, and what would remove sun-burn."

Chicago Tribune: Coming Terror—"Bridget, who is that at the door?" "It's a poor man, mum. He wants something to eat." "If he's another refugee driven out of Spain by the war, tell him there's nothing left for him." "We've already fed 'em six times this morning."

Harper's Bazar: "Are you a native of the West?" asked a resident of a sleepy little southern hamlet. "Am I what?" "Are you a native of the West?" "Yes," said the man, "I was a native of this place." "At that moment his wife, tall and slender and gaunt, appeared on the open door of the cabin, and taking her rise from between her teeth, said, acidly: "Aln't you go'n' gettin' the open door?" "He means wuz ye livin' here when you was born, or wuz ye born before you begun livin' here. Now answer him."

Yankee Doodle came to town. The town was called Manila. The Yankee Doodle fired his guns. And sank a hot totilla. Yankee Doodle Doodle'll do. He can't 'em up great. Yankee Doodle fired his— They're the stuff and that's straight. —Anacosta Standard.

TALES OF THE DAY.

Thomas Carlyle Stuck to His Wide-awake Slouch Hat. Mr. Christie Murray tells some stories of Carlyle on the authority of the late George Dawson, of Birmingham, England, who was an intimate friend of the sage. When strolling through Germany in search of an authentic knowledge of the ground on which he was afterward to tread, he met the sage, and he was anxious to meet him. Carlyle, in a more amiable mood than common, was willing to encounter his aristocratic admirer, and accompanied by Dawson, set out to call upon him. The sage's transparency's major-domo intervened. Carlyle, in his customary wide-awake, took off that hat and punched it violently. Serene Transparency, being close at hand, overheard the racket at his doors, moved to see what was the matter, and recognizing his eminent visitor from his knowledge of his portraits, and to the amazement of the major-domo, fell on his knees and embraced the illustrious legs.

Whether Carlyle or the official of the household were the more amazed and startled Dawson could not tell. Carlyle and Dawson had with them that on occasion a quiet German bookworm,

various times, but there was never a more popular one there than Brigadier General J. Ford Kent. Utah feels a special pride in his promotion.

Henry Clews thinks the speediest way to bring the war to a close is to capture the Philippine Islands and trade them to Spain for Cuba, Cuba being the bone of contention. Henry is nothing if not a trader.

COMMENTS BY THE PRESS.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat: Edmund Burke wrote that Spanish history in America was a comedy on the estimation effected by the murder of 10,000,000 of the human species. The Spanish orgy of blood is drawing to a close on this continent.

Louisville Courier-Journal: There is, nevertheless, a way of deceiving the enemy by telling the truth. To avow frankly that certain of our correspondents in Oxfordshire, Dr. Corbett and he were riding in Loblaine in wet weather (his an extraordinary deep, dirty into the coast fell, and Dr. Corbett said that Dr. Stubbs was up to the elbows in mud, he was up to the elbows in mud). One time, as he was confirming, the country people pressing in to see the ceremony, he was very angry, and he turned to his chaplain (Lushington) and said, "Some duty, Lushington!" (to keep his hand from slipping). There was a man with a great venerable beard, said the bishop, "You, behind the beard." His chaplain, Dr. Lushington, was a very learned and ingenious man, and they loved one another. The bishop, some times would take the key of the wine-cellar, and he and his chaplain would go and lock themselves in and with merry. Then first he lay down his episcopal hat—"There goes the doctor." Then he put on his gown and his mitre, and the bishop, then "Here's to thee, Corbett," and "Here's to thee, Lushington."

Baltimore American: If Spain has spies in this country, they will soon call for food, and the punishment meted out to them will make them wish they had never gone into the business.

New York Journal: Whether a Spanish traitor has been discovered among the crew of the Puritan or not, it does not need such a discovery to point the wisdom of the policy of expelling Spaniards from the service of the United States by sea and land during this war. It is not well to demand too much of human nature.

Boston Herald: The crack Seventh regiment of New York appears to have made the mistake of getting miffed and voting not to volunteer for the war. If troops unless it would be taken as a "jig" without re-enlistment. The consequence is that the soldiers' regiments in New York, whose fame is as wide as the sea, will stay at home.

San Francisco Chronicle: Germany may take this or that at the Philippines, or the French may object to some of her enterprises; but through it all the United States will pursue its course as they have been marked out for long and see. There will be no deviation from the chart.

THE MAY QUEEN REGENT.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, sunny dear, Tomorrow'll be my busy day—the busy day of the war. If only your poor pa had lived, things wouldn't go this way; But still, my boy, it's good, I think, throughout the month of May.

I don't know how much longer I can do the regent act; But before the month is up! I will not, that's the way, I'll make the job last longer if I'll only do it. My job is good, I think, throughout the month of May. But I'm the May queen regent, I'm the regent queen of the May.

Disastrous news has come, my son, Oh, let me shed a tear! They've solar plexus, they've solar plexus, I'm much begin to fear. They've licked us at Manila—things didn't come our way. But I'm the May queen regent still, I'll regent it through May.

Sumatra says my poor old throne is tottering on its legs. And "the boys" stand outside to peep me with their eggs. But I'll fool the Carlists. I care not what they say, I'll hold the throne down to June, I'll regent it through May.

And there's my poor old Blanca in Havana, she's short of grub and the maid as she can be. These are the times, Alphonso, we mustn't get giddy. But I'm the queen of the merry—no, the wicked, smooth of May.

The war I've got upon my hands I fear I fear the best of it, and I am like-wise, too, the jig. The Yankees think they've got me, they take me for a Jay; It may be true—I guess it is; I'm a dirty cuss of the May. —C. H. E. in Anacosta Standard.

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who did a great deal of the underground work for "Frederick the Great," and one other having comfortably bestowed their great charge in a farm house some 10 miles from the city, Dawson and the bookworm betook themselves to Berlin and had a quiet dinner to themselves, went to the theatre, and in the evening lazor and a pipe or so, and, as a consequence of all this, breakfasted rather late in the morning. It was summer weather, and they took their meal in the garden. Up came a figure with flying costars—Carlyle, in a lowering rage. "Call ye that a quiet place? At 3 o'clock a score of cocks began to crow and woke two scores of dogs, who barked till they came a hundred or more, who loved till I came away. And ye call that a quiet place!"

Laid Off Hat and Gown.

Not all the sketches in Aubrey's "Lives," recently republished by the Clarendon Press, are of grave ecclesiastics and statesmen and sober scholars. Here is what was written of Bishop Corbett: His conversation was extreme pleasant. Dr. Stubbs was one of his cronies; he was a jolly fat doctor and a very good humorist; many of his correspondents in Oxfordshire, Dr. Corbett and he were riding in Loblaine in wet weather (his an extraordinary deep, dirty into the coast fell, and Dr. Corbett said that Dr. Stubbs was up to the elbows in mud, he was up to the elbows in mud). One time, as he was confirming, the country people pressing in to see the ceremony, he was very angry, and he turned to his chaplain (Lushington) and said, "Some duty, Lushington!" (to keep his hand from slipping). There was a man with a great venerable beard, said the bishop, "You, behind the beard." His chaplain, Dr. Lushington, was a very learned and ingenious man, and they loved one another. The bishop, some times would take the key of the wine-cellar, and he and his chaplain would go and lock themselves in and with merry. Then first he lay down his episcopal hat—"There goes the doctor." Then he put on his gown and his mitre, and the bishop, then "Here's to thee, Corbett," and "Here's to thee, Lushington."

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On Baby's Face Neck and Breast, Ran Blood and Matter.

Had to Tie Hands to Keep from Scratching. A Bad Case.

Doctor Did Little or No Good. Cuticura Cured. Skin Now Clear.

A SWORN STATEMENT.

When my nephew was two weeks old he had running sores on his face, neck, breast and hands, which continued to grow worse. They looked like raw beef. Sometimes blood would come and sometimes matter. He was awfully sore. My wife had to tie his hands to the hammock to keep him from scratching himself, he licked so. He often rubbed his neck and face against his shoulders. The doctor did little or no good. Said it came from the blood, etc. She heard of Cuticura ointment, and I bought her a box, and finding it gave satisfaction she continued to use it. The boy is all well now and his face is clear. In order to show you my good faith in this matter and how pleased I am with CUTICURA REMEDY, I have taken oath to above statements. EMMA FISHER, 682 W. 18th St., Chicago, Ill., March 3, 1898.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, ss. County of Cook, I, Charles F. Vogel, a Notary Public in and for said county in the State aforesaid, do hereby certify that Emma Fisher, the person known to me to be the same person whose name is subscribed to the foregoing statement, appeared before me in person and acknowledged that she signed the same, and that the same is true according to the best of my knowledge and belief. CHARLES F. VOGEL, Notary Public.

SEVERE CASE TREATED FOR EVERY KIND OF BAST REMEDY.—Warm Baths with CUTICURA, Salve, ointment and Cream, CUTICURA REMEDY, guaranteed to cure all cases of CUTICURA REMEDY. I have taken oath to above statements. EMMA FISHER, 682 W. 18th St., Chicago, Ill., March 3, 1898.

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