WARSHIP BLOWN UP

THE BENNINGTON LIES BEACHED AT SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA.

Forty-nine of Her Crew Were Killed and Several Bodies Still Missing—Small Leak Discovered in Boiler Was Being Repaired—Pres. Roosevelt Shocked—Wants Details.

San Diego, Cal., July 22.—Broken and blackened, with her flag flying at half mast, her hold filled with 15 feet of water, the steamship Bennington lies beached on the shores of San Diego harbor. Forty-nine of her crew lie dead at city morgues, the fate of 17 more is as yet undetermined and three score are stretched upon beds of pain in various hospitals. This is the result of the explosion which wrecked the trim little naval craft and wrought such terrible havoc among her crew.

The placid waters of San Diego bay have never before been the scene of such a disaster and San Diego city has never before been stirred by such a scene of death and suffering as those witnessed tonight.

The dead bodies lie ranged with grewsome precision at the different morgues. The stark forms are outlined in immaculate winding sheets, the terrible results of scalding steam upon the faces plainly showing, although hidden beneath the folds. The face of every victim is scarred and scalded, in many cases almost beyond recognition.

On board the Bennington the unharmed members of the crew worked under great difficulties to reach the boiler room and coal bunkers, where it is believed a dozen bodies are lying wedged in the wreckage or submerged in the water which fills that part of the vessel.

The appalling list of victims of the explosion grew throughout the night, almost every hour adding to the long rows of dead in the overcrowded morgues. Forty-nine known dead is the latest summary compiled. This includes 42 bodies at the various morgues and seven bodies which are still floating about in the flooded boiler room and which can not yet be reached.

The details of the explosion on the Bennington, as ascertained by Commander Young, were received at the navy department in a long telegram from the commander. It appears from the telegram that a small leak had been discovered in boiler B and the boilermaker was on his way to repair it and was passing through the engine room when the explosion occurred.

President Roosevelt was greatly shocked at the news of the disaster. Beyond expressing his profound regret, he chose, however, to reserve expression on the matter until he received complete details.

TONS OF DYNAMITE USED.

Huge Ledge of Rock Blown Up Near Portsmouth Harbor.

Portsmouth, N. H.—The big blast of dynamite removing Henderson's point from the Piscataqua river has been discharged. The explosion was a complete success. There was no damage.

Hundreds of visitors came here to witness with the people of this city and vicinity the culmination of an engineering project which has been under way for the last three years and which has attracted the attention of experts in this country and abroad. It was the removal from the Piscataqua river bed of Henderson's point, a ledge some three acres in extent, by exploding simultaneously about 400 charges of dynamite, aggregating at least 45 tons, in the rock beneath the water.

The hour scheduled for the discharge of the dynamite was 4 p. m. It was arranged that by the removing of a switch at a safe distance from the ledge sparks should be sent into contact with the dynamite.

The explosion resulting was expected to shatter the mass of rock and thereby widen and deepen the waterway leading to the big drydock recently completed by the government at the navy yard on Seaveys' island. The contract price of the undertaking was $749,000. The expense was covered by an appropriation with the bill authorizing the construction of the big drydock at the navy yard. It is understood that the explosion of the dynamite is the largest exploded at one time in this country.

Henderson's ledge is a mass of rock in a horseshoe shape. Around it whirl innumerable curents and a tide which has been the dread of all mariners. The swift waters have worn a channel 45 feet deep in the channel around the end of the point, but the force of the cross current has been so great that for years it has been a menace, especially to the development of the navy yard. With the establishment of the great drydock its removal was imperative. Its destruction will give an approach 1000 feet wide and of a depth of water ample for the greatest ships in the world.

St. Louis Sunday Closing.

As a result of Governor Folk's determination to use the city police force in an effort to break up alleged violations of the Sunday saloon closing law in St. Louis county, a large force of city policemen were scattered throughout the county and 14 arrests were made on charges of keeping saloons open on Sunday.

BODY OF NAVAL HERO AT HOME.

Remains of John Paul Jones Arrive in Chesapeake Bay.

Norfolk, Va.—The body of Admiral John Paul Jones, recently found in Paris as the result of a search inspired and conducted under the direction of General Horace Porter, former United States ambassador to France, has passed in the Virginia capes on the cruiser Brooklyn, under Rear Admiral Sigsbee, the Brooklyn having as consort across the Atlantic from France the cruisers Galveston, Tacoma and Chattanooga.

Off this coast the fleet was met by the battleship squadron of the North Atlantic fleet in two divisions, the first under the command of Rear Admiral Evans and the second commanded by Rear Admiral Davis. The three squadrons approached the capes together, the vessels under command of Admiral Evans leading and the other squadrons closely following.

Upon the vessels reaching Cape Henry, Admiral Evans' squadron passed into lower Chesapeake bay at 7:10 o'clock. Then came the Sigsbee squadron. Following these were the vessels of Rear Admilar Davis' squadron.

The Sigsbee and Davis squadrons proceeded immediately up Chesapeake bay, bringing the body of Admiral Jones toward Annapolis, its last resting place, while the vessels of Admiral Evans' squadron said farewell to the other fleets and proceeded to Old Point Comfort, en route to Lambert's point.

It is understood here that in Chesapeake bay the body of Admiral Jones will be transferred from the Brooklyn and placed aboard one of the upper bay light house tenders, which will bear it to Annapolis for final interment on the naval reservation at that place. Vessels of the Sigsbee and Davis squadrons will go to Annapolis to take part in the ceremonies incident to the reception of the body. The ceremonies also will be participated in by the French cruiser Jurien de la Graviere, which was detached from the French North Atlantic squadron and sent to Chesapeake bay to represent France at the ceremonies.

The French cruiser, which has been at Baltimore since her arrival in these waters, will leave that city today to join the American vessels bound toward Annapolis.

SPORTING NEWS.

It is announced in Butte that the forfeit money is up for a match between Buddy Ryan and Honey Mellody on Labor day.

Al Taro, the Everett heavyweight, and Jack Overdorf of Spokane have signed articles for a match to 20 rounds or a decision, to be boxed under the auspices of the Everett Athletic club on August 5.

After 20 rounds of fierce fighting between Kid Scaler of Spokane and Kid Oglesby, at Burke, Idaho, the mill was declared a draw, with honors even. The fight was fast and furious from the opening, and each man took a deal of punishment.

Eddie D. Allen, who was known throughout the northwest during the days of bicycle racing as one of the fastest riders in the bunch, is reported to have won recognition on the eastern vaudeville stage.

"Philadelphia" Jack O'Brien and Jack (Twin) Sullivan, have been matched to engage in another 20 round bout at Skagway, Alaska, on August 8. They fought at Dawson City on the night of the Fourth of July. After a fierce 20 round encounter the referee declared the contest a draw.

Gus Ruhlin, the possible successor to Jim Jeffries as champion of the world, is reported to be in better condition for fighting than he has ever shown before.

Sysonby is undoubtedly in the lead of winning horses of any age in America this summer so far. In 1905 the son of Melton has placed to the credit of James R. Keene the snug sum of $50,850, and this added to the $40,603 he won as a 2 year old in 1904, makes his turf earnings now foot up to $91,543, making him an early arrival among the $100,000 winners of the American turf.

A quoit pitching match for the championship of the world may be held in Colfax next December between Frank B. Tichenor, who claims the championship of the world, and Jos. Roberts of Portland, Ore.

For another year the Dwight F. Davis international lawn tennis trophy will have its home in England.

Wallace A. McBurney, representing the Spokane Country club, won the open Lewis and Clark tennis championship at Portland Saturday. The doubles were won by Schwengers and MacRae of Victoria. On Friday Mr. McBurney won the international singles and C. C. Walker of Spokane, playing with McBurney in doubles, won the championship in that event.

Much Comment Caused.

Emperor Nicholas' cruise in the gulf of Finland to meet Emperor William is the subject of much comment in the Paris news papers.

Representatives of the Japanese government have just bought $110,000 worth of horses at a stock farm at East Aurora, N. Y. There are 34 horses in the deal, and all will be shipped to Japan for breeding. Seventeen of them are thoroughbreds and some are stake winners. The average price is about $3000 for each horse.

Baron Komura, the Japanese envoy to the Russo-Japanese peace conference, was greeted at the stations along the railroad by large numbers of Japanese.

BURIED LAST SUNDAY

VICTIMS OF WARSHIP BENNINGTON EXPLOSION AT REST.

Forty-Seven of Them Laid in a Common Grave in Military Burying Grounds at San Diego, Cal.—Army and Navy Tributes—City in Deep Mourning—No Band of Music.

San Diego, July 24.—They buried Bennington's dead today—47 of them—in a common grave. On the crest of the promontory of Loma, high above the shimmering waters of San Diego bay on the one side, and within sound of the booming surf of the Pacific on the other, they were laid to rest in the peaceful little military burying ground. Without the crash of drum or the sound of brass, without pomp or parade, yet with simple impressiveness all honor was paid the nation's dead.

They have honored dead to keep them company, these brave boys of the Bennington. All about them lie those who died in the nation's service in more trying times. Gravestones, yellow with age, bear the names of the men who died at Monterey, in the Mexican war; others who gave up their life in the conquest of California, and who followed Commodore Stockton at Old San Pasqual. These are their neighbors in death. Surely they should rest well.

Army and navy paid their last tributes no less sincere than the simple grief of the representatives of peace, who made the long journey around or across the great bay. From Fort Rosecrans came the One Hundred and Fifteenth coast heavy artillery; from the city of San Diego the naval reserves; from the Universal brotherhoods home on Point Loma, a company of khaki clad representatives, and from the government ship Fortune a dozen of her sailors. But the most impressive body of mourners were the 52 men from the battered Bennington. Besides these, there were hundreds of civilians, who, unthoughtful of the fatiguing journey from the city, brought their offerings of flowers to lay upon the graves.

Promptly at noon the long line of vehicles began the long journey around the bay to the burial place. Owing to the steep hills and rough roads, it was found impracticable to use hearses or even dead wagons, and the bodies were stacked in heavy express wagons and other ordinary vehicles.

There were no bands of music to stir the people with doleful melody—everything was quiet and businesslike. The task was too big to be hampered by any usages of ordinary funerals. Forty-seven men were to be buried and to bury them it was necessary to haul them 10 miles up steep hills and along dusty roads. And so there were only flowers and flags. But there was a striking display of these. Every casket bore a beautiful executed weath of aspargus ferns and white carnations, thoughtfully sent by the San Diego commercial bodies. The flags came from the nation in whose service they had died. Every one of the plain black stained caskets was draped with the national emblem, and the plain commercial utility of the dead wagons was disguised under the folds of the national colors.

The deep trench in which the bodies were placed in two rows, feet to feet, is 60 feet long and 14 feet wide. It was finished but a few minutes before the arrival of the first load of bodies.

Depositing Bodies.

Without a moment's delay the work of lifting the coffins from the wagons and lowering them in the trench was carried on. Shipmates from the Bennington performing this sad duty. Squads of six came forward from their ranks in rapid succession, lifting the caskets gently, entered the trench at the head and deposited the bodies as directed by Lieutenant Tobin, who checked them and saw that the board placed at the head of each was properly marked and numbered. In just one hour and 15 minutes the last body had been deposited in the trench. The work of caring for the unfortunate men, which began last Thursday morning, was completed.

It only remained for the representatives of the church to pronounce final blessings for the dead. Rev. J. A. M. Richie, rector of St. Paul's, read the Episcopal burial service, the 21st Psalm and repeated the Lord's prayer. He closed his impressive duty by casting a handful of earth on the coffins.

Venerable Father D. Aubrach of the Catholic church, attended by two incense bearers, then stepped forward. In a rich and resonant voice he read the service of the dead and blessed them with water and incense.

Commander Young of the Bennington stepped out from the group of officers at the head of the trench and, raising his hand, commanded attention. In a deep gruff voice—the voice of a typical sailor—he said:

"Captain Scott, commander of Fort Rosecrans, and his successors: I commit to your tender care the bodies of our unfortunate shipmates and patriot dead. May their graves never be forgotten by the hand of affection. May there rise above this, their last resting place, marble slabs to mark the place as sacred to the nation's care, and may the morning sun ever kiss the green sod above their dust, emblematic of our love and affection."

THE CZAR AND KAISER

THEY HOLD TWO CONFERNCES ON IMPERIAL YACHT.

In Gulf of Finland—Has Caused a Great Sensation in St. Petersburg—Unpleasant Results Expected From France—They Have Furnished Their War Money.

St. Petersburg, July 25.—The meeting between the czar and kaiser, which took place on the imperial yacht Hohenzollern in the gulf of Finland, has caused even more of a sensation here than did the news that Russia had consented to consider President Roosevelt's peace offers. Incidentally there are grave feelings that this action on the part of the czar will be followed by unpleasant results in France, which is not likely to approve of the head of the Russian nation conferring with her ancient enemy. Inasmuch as French bankers have furnished the sinews of war in the past, this phase of the situation is considered, to say the least, very unfortunate by leading Russian politicians.

There is an absolute dearth of official information regading the meeting between the two rulers. Other than to admit that they reached the appointed rendezvous on Sunday on board their respective yachts, the czar on the Pole Star and the kaiser on the Hohenzollern, and that the meeting was arranged on the initiative of the emperor of Germany, official circles maintain an attitude of extreme reticence on the subject.

The czar was accompanied by Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, and as soon as the vessel reached the place of meeting he was escorted on board of the imperial German yacht. The kaiser entertained his guests at dinner, and a secret conference was held, which is reported to have lasted for some time.

Another conference, it is reported, was held on board the Pole Star on Monday morning, after which the czar returned to St. Petersburg. What the subject under consideration was is, of course, unknown, nor is it likely that it will be revealed. However, there is no doubt but that it will have an important bearing upon the result of peace negotiations to be begun at Portsmouth, in the United States, next month. The kaiser has sounded other European monarchs, and he is in a position to inform the czar what they desire, and it is likely that the latter will be governed in a great measure by what he thus learns.

France's attitude is the thing that promises the most trouble. While the relations between France and Germany are by no means so badly strained as they were some weeks ago, still there is a certain amount of resentment left, growing out of the Moroccan affair, and there is a chance that sentiment in France will demand a cutting loose from Russia and the dissolution of the treaty obligations. Should this follow, there is a growing belief that Great Britain will negotiate an offensive and defensive treaty with France and thus fortify herself against any prospective Russian-German treaty or understanding. The situation is very delicate at present, and Russian diplomats don't care to discuss it pending an official announcement of the result of the conference in the gulf of Finland.

SPOKANE

Wholesale Produce Prices.

Potatoes, $1.00@1.10; new potatoes, $1.50 cwt; onions, Australian, $6.25 cwt; new onions, $1.75 cwt; green onions, 10c doz; cabbage, $2.50 cwt; asparagus, 6@7c lb; rhubarb, 2½@3c lb; oranges, $3@3.50 case; lemons, $3.25@4.00 case; home grown strawberries, $1.50 crate; red raspberries, $1.75 per crate; black raspberries, $2 crate; pie cherries, 3@4c lb; May Dukes, $1.25 crate; currants, $2 crate; peaches, 40c box; apricots, 75c@$1 box; eating apples, $2 box; plums, $1 box; gooseberries, $2 crate; oranges, $3.50@4 box; cantaloupes, $4.50@5 crate; radishes, 25c doz bunches; green peas, 3c lb; cucumbers, $1.00@1.75 box; houthouse cucumbers, $1.00 doz; new beets, 30c doz bunches; turnips, 25c dz bunches; string beans, 4c lb; green corn, 15c doz ears; squash, 75c doz.

Wholesale Feed Prices.

Bran, $18 ton; bran and shorts, $19; straight shorts, $20; white shorts, $21; corn, $1.45@1.50 cwt; cracked corn, $1.55 cwt; timothy hay, $14 ton; alfalfa hay, $11 ton; oil meal, $2 cwt; grain hay, $12@13 ton; rolled barley, $1.45 cwt; whole oats, $1.55@1.60 cwt; chopped oats, $1.70 cwt.

Prices Paid to Producers.

Live Stock—Steers, $3.35@3.50 cwt; sheep, $2@2.50 cwt; hogs, $5.50 cwt; veal, $6 cwt.

Poultry and Eggs—Chickens, hens, 13c lb live weight; roosters, 6@7c lb live weight; eggs, $5.50@5.75 case.

Vegetables and Fruits—Ben Davis apples, 40c box.

Creamery Products, f. o. b. Spokane—First grade creamery butter fat, 20½ cents lb.

Hay and Grain—Timothy, $11@12 a ton; alfalfa, $9.50 ton; oats, $1.40 cwt.

The secrecy with which the Japanese have screened the movements of their armies has caused the German staff to reexamine the methods for administering the army in time of peace or war.

THE TOKEN.

He had won some costly badges
  On the blood-stained battlefield,
From the hearts he'd taught to love him
  From the hearts he'd taught to yield;
But the one he loved the best,
That he wore next to his breast,
  Was a little withered flower—
  A poor, bedraggled flower,
In a golden locket pressed,
  And his tired lips they kissed it,
As they kissed none of the rest.

So the prize we learn to value
  You will find no mark of fame.
'Tis a little, simple token,
  Hardly worthy of the name,
But to us 'tis always bright—
It is always pure and white,
  And the white withered flower—
  The poor, bedraggled flower,
We may dream of it at night,
  And it tells us when to falter
As it tells us when to fight.

We may kiss it, but in secret,
  For 'tis sacred from the world;
And, with downcast eyes we clasp it
  In the angry battle hurled.
But it drives away all fear
As we feel it nestling near,
  Though a little withered flower—
  The poor, bedraggled flower,
Scarcely worth a brave man's tear,
  Yet the hard won prizes fail us,
While this simple one brings cheer.

FOR AULD LANG SYNE

CERTAINLY there was nothing in the appearance of Major Glendinning to indicate that he was a blighted being. Rotund of figure, red-faced, and always smiling, he was a familiar figure on the streets of Frankfort.

Those of the older inhabitants who remembered might have spoken of the time when the major's figure was not rotund—when he was a slender, dashing officer of a Lost Cause.

He had been a very gay young gallant then, and he was a very gay old gallant now. It was the major's motto that every woman between 16 and 60 appreciated attention, and he was not very strict in drawing the line at either the maximum or minimum ages.

With a comfortable and well-nourished inheritance, supplemented by the income of a considerable law practice, the major ranked as one of the richest men in Frankfort, and even now, when he was drawing near 60, he was esteemed a very desirable match.

"But the major will never marry," said old Mrs. Bartlett, who was a walking newspaper and town history combined, "you mark my words. I have known him for forty years, and I do not believe he ever had any serious intention of marrying. Just before the war he was very devoted to Spicer Belle West, but she married John Edmunds, and now there's the major, paying attention to her daughter!"

"FOR ME!" SHE EXCLAIMED.

"Maybe you are right, Mrs. Bartlett," said her neighbor, Mrs. Hardin, "but really it does look like the major is serious now. Of course, it looks ridiculous to see an old man like him paying attention to a young girl like Spicer Belle Edmunds, but he has a lot of money and that counts a whole lot these days.

Mrs. Bartlett and Mrs. Hardin were not the only persons interested in the question of the major's intentions. Miss Spicer Belle Edmunds, 20 and vastly pretty, was somewhat interested herself.

At the very time of the conversation between the two old ladies Miss Edmunds was putting the finishing touches to her toilet, preparatory to joining the major, who was waiting for her in the parlor, and she was wondering how the major was going to take the news of her engagement to young Jack Frear.

The situation was complicated by the fact that Frear was a protege of the major's, indebted to him for many favors in the past, and entirely dependent upon the major for continuance in the minor political office which gave him salary enough to be enabled to marry.

Jack and Spicer Belle talked over the question of breaking the news to the major, but it was a case of "bell the cat," and neither quite liked the idea of being the one to perform the operation.

But Jack had chivalrously offered to do it, and Spicer Belle did not know but what he had already done so.

Finally, she nerved herself for the ordeal and descended slowly. At the foot of the stairs she met the major, his round, red face almost hid behind a great bunch of American beauties which he was extending toward her.

"For me!" she exclaimed, with a pretty little air of surprise that was not the less convincing because assumed.

"How good of you!" and buried her flower face within the fragrant mass of the flowers.

"Jack hasn't told him, after all!" she whispered to herself. But she was undeceived in a moment.

"My dear young lady, aren't you ashamed of yourself to have kept me out of your confidence?" said the major, shaking a ponderous forefinger in her direction.

"Then Jack has told you!"

"Of course he has. But why on earth did he make so much ado about telling me? Jack came into my office with a face as long as though he was going to be hung instead of married, and blurted out that you had promised to marry him in much the same manner as though he had lost a near and dear relative."

Spicer Belle was as much taken aback as it is possible for a self-possessed young lady to be, and could only look up with a little amazement and say:

"We thought—I thought—that is—O, major, and you are not angry at Jack, after all?"

"Angry! Why, my dear child, I nearly squeezed his hand off congratulating him. And you can't guess what I am going to give you two as a wedding present."

"No, I can't."

"Well, Congressman Ralph has promised that I should have the appointment of the collector and the deputy collector for this district."

"And you are going to make Jack the deputy collector? Why, the salary will be twice what he is getting now. You are a dear!"

"No, I am not going to make Jack the deputy collector. His appointment as collector will be announced next week."

"And to think that Jack and I were afraid—Oh, major! I can't thank you enough!"

"You don't have to thank me, my dear little girl, except by being just as happy as ever you can. But tell us what Jack and you were afraid of—that I would think him too young to marry?"

"No—yes, that was it. You don't think he is too young, do you?"

"Of course I don't. Young men ought to marry just as soon as they can support a wife. Jack need have no fear about that, and then, you know, I have a little bit of money myself that will go to you when I am dead. But you can't deceive me as you are trying to do; tell me what it was you were really afraid of?"

"Don't ask me, major. I can't tell you. I——" and here a great big blush sped all over her cheek.

In the light of this blush understanding seemed to come to the major. He gazed for an instant as though uncomprehending, and then he smiled, checking himself with an inborn fear of being ungallant.

"Of course, I understand, my child, so no one ever told you—Ah! it is possible that no one ever knew, not even she!"

"Knew what? Not even who?" asked Spicer Belle in a breath.

The major had turned, and was looking out of the window. The smile had gone from his face and he looked very sad for the moment.

As though impelled by a sudden resolution he turned again suddenly and faced her.

He took his watch out of his pocket, opened the back and extended it to the girl. She took it and saw, let into the back, an old-fashioned miniature. She gazed at it a moment and then lifted her eyes to the picture of a beautiful woman which hung on the wall.

"My mother?" she questioned. There were tears in her eyes and in her voice.

"Yes, your mother." The major's voice was harsh and dry, and all the color seemed gone from his face.

"And she never knew?"

"I cannot say as to that; I do not think she did. I was only a friend—she loved your father."

Closing the watch the girl came closer to the major and handed it to him. He replaced it in his pocket silently.

Then, without a word, the girl, reaching upon tiptoe, drew the major's head down and kissed him—with a kiss of which Jack could not have possibly been jealous.—Utica Globe.

Emigrate in Solid Mass.

There is in Norway a curious little reptile known as the sciara—some of the same species are found in Hungary—that finds it necessary in the month of July or August to leave its old hounts for green fields and pastures new in other localities. It is a tiny, wormlike creature. When colonies of these reptiles set out on this journey they stick themselves together by means of some glutinous matter and form a huge, serpentlike mass, often reaching a length of between 40 and 50 feet and several inches in thickness. As the sciara is only on an average about three thirty-seconds of an inch in length, with no appreciable breadth whatever, the number required to form a continuous line of the size above mentioned is incalculable.

Their pace is, of course, very slow, and upon meeting an obstacle, such as a stick or stone, they either writhe over or around it, sometimes breaking into two bodies for the purpose. A celebrated French naturalist says that if the rear portion of this snakelike procession be brought into contact with the front part the insects will keep moving around in that circle for hours, never seeming to realize that they are getting no farther on their journey. If the portions be broken in two the procession will unite in a short time. When the peasant meets one of these processions he will lay some obstacle in front of it. If it passes over it it is a good omen.

Every man makes a start in the race for the almighty dollar, but at the finish he is apt to find his name among those who "also ran."