PETER BACOT'S DEVICE.

A TRUE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

#### By Everett T. Tomlinson.

on August 16 1780, and among the prisoners taken by the British in that engagement were Captain Peter Bacot, John Starke, a young man of 19, and an old continental from Connecticut, Simon Jones by name. The three men were marching in a band of thirty, who, three days after the battle, were being forwarded by Colonel Rawdon to Charleston, and when they thought of the dungeon awaiting them there their hearts were heavy, for the stories of the sufferings and deaths in the loathesome place were current among the whigs of South Carolina.

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The band of prisoners had just entered upon a lonely road which led through a forest, and grateful for the cooling shade on that hot day guards and prisoners althe halted for a rest

Young John Starke, who had been wounded in the thigh and had pluckily continued on the march for fear of worse evil if he fell out of the ranks, turned and looked upon the men in the company, and the sight was not one to cheer him. Some of the prisoners were true-hearted men, but many were horse thieves, who had refused to give the British the first opportunity of buying their plunder for a trifle, and as a consequence had been numbered among the transgressors. Outlaws and desperate characters were there, and along with the prison ers of war were all consigned to the Charleston dungeons.

Nor did a glance at the band of redcoats tend to soothe the feelings of John, for many of them were notorious tories and desperadoes, and he knew that they would not besitate at anything to obey the orders they had received. Truly his situation was a desperate one, and with a heavy heart he said to Captain Peter: "Not very much hope here, is there, captain?" "No." replied Peter Bacot briefly.

"It's Rawdon's way, I guess," drawled the Yankee Simon. "He's grown tired of hanging and shooting helpless men and he thinks by sending 'em in to the Charleston dungeon he'll do just as well and save himself all the trouble. It'll be the same thing in the end."

They say there is lots of smallpox among the Charleston prisoners," said John. "And they say truly," replied Peter

"They don't half feed the men and with the smallpox and fever and foul air they don't have to look after any of the men very long."

"It saves time and money and guards I guess." drawled Simon again. "I don't mind seein' 'em economical. It's what I was brought up to be myself."

John looked quickly at the old soldier. but his face was expressionless. He could not tell whether his indifference was real or assumed, but whatever the cause John had little sympathy with it. For himself he was afraid, and the prospect of entering the dungeon at Charleston was almost more than he could bear. Already he could see in his mind the sight of the pale, cuffering men confined there, and all the stories ho had heard of the foulness, disease and death came back to him. He could not repress a shudder as he turned again to Captain Peter and said: "Is there no hope? Can't we make a break and get out of this? We'd better be shot than die the death we'll have to at Charleston." His companion made no guard, and John, too, was silent as he ob- less the approaching men were red coats, served the men. caused the expression.

The battle of Camden had been fought | tain Faust appeared in the doorway, and in a thick voice ordered the men to form and advance "It was no good," said John, despond-

ingly. "You can't tell yet," replied Poter. "Here comes your sister.

"John," said Nancy, as she approached "I've done all I could and will hope for the best. Here, take these, quick," she added as she drew three black bottles from the folds of her dress and handed them to her brother. "Be careful. Maybe you can work

your plan yet. Goodby," she whispered, as she turned and left them. in the ranks. The march was at once resumed, but the lines of the guard were very to-do young man. He worked in a local place to shouts and songs. "Steady, there! steady!" called out Cap-

tain Faust as he looked back at the men. "He thinks the troubles are with them." said Simon. "He'll have to look out or all right, and we'll make a try pretty quick." gave her final answer. "Hark! What's that?" inquired John,

#### ompleted their work, had paroled the ories and disappeared. And what became of them? John Starke concealed himself in the woods, and was fed and cared for by Nancy, till he was strong enough to make his way to Sumter's Captain Peter Bacot became an offi-

er in the regulars of South Carolina, but of Simon no word was ever received. After the war, when John Starke used to relate the story for his grandchildren, he would close by saying: "It's the only time in all my recollection I can remember that

SILENT FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

to No One.

Naugatuck (Conn.) almshouse and when his ragged clothing was ripped apart \$5,000 in large bills were discovered in the lining. pocket and gave his companions the others, just come out of the army and was popular and then they arose to take their places in the community. He was thrifty and old of the world since time began. citizens remember him as an energetic, well-

uneven now, and the murmurs had given factory and in ten years accumulated a handsome bank account. It was in 1873 that he began paying his addresses to Mary Robbins. The acquaintance lasted many months and Crane, not-

withstanding Miss Robbins' indifference. the ground will hit him in the face. It's pressed his suit persistently. One day she His fellow workmen at the factory noted

# WHAT WAR MEANS.

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1898.

Loss to the Wealth of the World in the Blood and Ashes of Battle. What has actually been lost to the wealth of the world in the blood and ashes of the war since authentic history began is beyond all estimate. It has been computed that the

loss of human life alone in that time from war amounts to fourteen thousand million souls-a number equivalent to the entire population of the globe for the last 330 years, says a writer in Leslie's Weekly. It should be noted here that the class of men who

are drafted or are accepted for military service are invariably the very class who, by reason of age, health and strength, are the The Story of John Crane Who Spoke most valuable to the world from the purely

economic and material standpoint. They are John Crane, 47 years old, who had never the stalwart, intelligent, capable men. In poken to a living soul since he was jilted this country economists have set the definite twenty-five years ago, died last week at the value of \$5,000 upon the average man, considered as a wealth producer. Taking this figure as the general standard of the value of man, it can be seen what an incon-John thrust one of the bottles into his | Crane came to Naugatuck in 1865. He had | ceivable amount of wealth in the shape of men has been destroyed on the battlefields

The war losses of the United States have not been as great, comparatively, as those of other civilized nations in recent times, but even the totals here are sufficient to

show the absurdity of the supposition that either now or at any other time we may reap financial gain by the sickles of battle. The annual expenditure of the United States during the war of the revolution was \$20. 000,000 in specie. Most of this money was

raised by public loans in the form of paper The diminishing value of this currency. slender security inevitably brought about the hoarding of gold. The consequent scarcity of real money, as a matter of course, was followed by suffering widespread and

intense. Our second war with England lasted only two years, but it cost us \$72,000,000 to vindicate our cause, just and righteous as it was. And this did not include the losses to our merchant marine from English privateering, a loss beyond computation, even in those times of our comparative commercial' poverty

For the folly of the Mexican war we had to pay dearly in men and treasure, a loss for which our acquisition of territory did not compensate. The lives of more than 5,000 American citizens were a part of the price we paid for that display of power, and something more than \$25,000,000 for milltary disbursements was another part. For the civil war the figures of loss all

around mount up to stupendous totals. The immediate financial losses were \$4,500,000, 000 to the north and \$2,300,000,000 to the south, with such after results as a national debt of \$3,000,000,000, a crippled merchant marine, a ruined agricultural community besides the losses occasioned in other parts of the world, including those consequent upon the cotton famine of Lancashire, and the loss of employment to more than 10,000 European laborers. Such, at least, are the losses computed by Leroy-Beaulieu in his "Les Guerres Contemporains," causing him thus to close his chapter on our civil war: 'Such is war. Its nature is so homicidal that it slays thousands of victims even at a distance of thousands of miles from the battlefield.

# THAT WONDERFUL DEWEY.

People Who Knew Him as a Boy in Vermont Not Surprised.

To have known Commodore Dewey is claim to popularity that doesn't fail in these days. The man or the woman with Dewey reminiscences to tell is always sure of a listener. An old lady from Vermont found this out the other day.

"Know George Dewey?" she said to a New York Sun correspondent. "Well, I guess I did. My, but he was a mischievous boy! And a schemer? Well, I guess one of his teachers found that out. It was in the fall of the year and the apples were ripe on the trees. There was one orchard with a did hanker after that fruit. I don't know as I blame 'em for it, either.

"At any rate, George Dewey he put two of the other boys up to helping him and apples there were on that tree. Mad? Well

the son of the gentleman in question asked one of the men from the hotel to meet his father in his place and come along with him. "But," said the man, "how am I to know your father, as I have never laid my eyes on him in my life?" "Pehaw, you will have no trouble," said the dutiful son; "pick out the prettiest wo-man in the crowd, and the man you see sitting next to her in the bus when it starts is the old man." stalled on many of our ships and is widely | unted scale of a delicate galvanometer. All

is the old man."

Is the old man." The hotel guest acted on this advice and it proved good, for the old gentleman was discovered edging up to the side of a heart-breaker and conducting an animated firtation with her as they rolled on to the hotel.

The hopeful knew him. SHARP SHOOTERS AT SEA.

### Accuracy of Gan Firing is cured on War Ships. Ser

The accuracy of modern rifled guns is one of the wonders of engineering, relates the Scientific American. Two experimen al shots fired a few years ago at the same elevation from the same gun fell within thirty yards of each other, after traversing a distance of twelve miles. If a modern rifle is laid upon the target, with proper elevation and allowance for windage, it is safe to say the shot will find the mark. The correct elevation of the gun can only be determined if the distance of the target is known and the automatic, Lieutenant Fiske placed his telexact determination of the distance of a moving object is a problem that has worried the gunner ever since the day when round shot was first thrown from the sides of the wooden fighting ship.

In the early days the determination of the range was a matter of guesswork. The gunner assumed a distance, elevated his gun accordingly and watched the course of the shot. If it fell short he increased the elevation and if it passed over he decreased it. This was all very well in a day when the guns were too feeble to do much execution except at close range, and a few dozen shots thrown away made little impression upon a ship's magazines. With the advent of modern ordnance, however, with the sixty-ton guns and costly charges, the necessity of accurate fire became imperative and ordnance experts set about devising some scientific method of finding the range at sea. The earliest and best known device of the kind was the invention of Licutenant Fiske of the United States navy, which has been in

The Fiske range finder is based upon the well known principles of land surveying with the transit and engineer's chain. If a surveying party come to a broad river whose width has to be determined, a base line is measured along the bank, and the angles which this line makes with a mark on the opposite bank are measured by the transit. Then knowing the length of the base line and the two angles, the distance across the river can be determined by trigonometry.

In use in the various navies of the world.

Applying this to the range finder, a base line is carefully measured between two points near opposite ends of the ship, and over each point a range finder, answering to the engineer's transit, is permanently set up, If the telescopes of the two finders are simultaneously converged upon the same point on a distant object (ship, fortress or city), the observers will be in pos-

session of the trigonometrical data necessary to compute the distance, namely, the base and the two base angles.

HELPS

WHERE

OTHERS

PAIL

In the din, hurry and slaughter of a sea fight, however, it would be difficult to make the necessary calculations, as the distance between the ships, and, therefore, the observed angles, keep changing, and in order to make the determination of the distance escope in the circuit of a Wheatstone bridge and caused their change of position to re-

cipal gun stations. Served Him Right. "We like your house, Mr. Dawson,' said the old gentleman, who thought of routing it for the season, "but you say in your advertisement that you won't take people with children.

that was now necessary was for the ob-

servers at the two range finders to keep

the crosshairs of the telescope upon the

same point of the ship, and the electrid

current translated, as it were, the angles

into distances and recorded them by the

ated into hundreds and thousands of yards.

One of these galvanometers is placed in the

conning tower and one at each of the prin-

movements of a needle over an arc gradu-

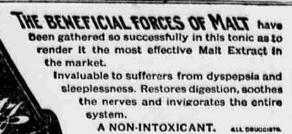
"That's true," said Dawson. "I can't, really: they do so much damage." "I don't think you'd suffer much from mine, sir," said the old gentleman. "I cannot make an exception in your case, sir," returned Dawson, with some irritation.

sir," returned Dawson, with some irritation, and the deal was declared off.

A few days later, relates Harper's Bazar, Dawson discovered that the old gentleman's children consisted of two unmarried daughters, aged 38 and 42 respectively.

# On Second Thought.

Washington Star: "Of course," said the European statesman's friend, "you are un-alterably opposed to the Monroe doctrine," "Well." was the reply with some hesita-tion; "I used to be. But I've been wondering whether it wouldn't be a good idea to have one of our own to keep the United States from going ahead too fast in the cord the distance of the object on the grad- castern hemisphere."



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reply, except to glance expressively at the looked at one another in dismay, for doubt- | disappeared. He took up his residence in a solitary hut a few miles from Naugatuck. What a desperate band and their coming meant the downfall of all His house lay in a thick wood far from the they were! The hardened faces and brutal their hopes. Dismayed as they were, they roadside and he became a hermit and miser. looks were on every side of him. Surely, would have laughed at another time at the He refused to speak with even those few no mercy was to be expected from them, expression upon the face of the drunken, with whom he came in contact. In all the particularly fine tree in it and the boys they and the young soldier groaned as he real- captain, Faust. He too, had heard the years of his solitude no one ever heard his ized his helplessness, but it was not the sound and realized that he was in no fit voice. His neighbors, after a few years,

pain from the wound in his thigh that condition to be seen by any of his superior forgot the story of his life and thought him officers. a mute. "My sister Nancy lives up the road here," "Here, Captain Faust," said Peter Bacot, As early as 1884 Crane began depositing they just pretty near cleaned out all the he said at last. "She's the only sister I've quickly, "you take my hat and coat and give

drunken men ever did any good."

ATDY.

got, and she disgraced the family by marrying a tory. He keeps the public house up at the corners. I wonder what she'll think of it when she sees her own brother carried away by her husband's friends."

'What's that you say?" said Peter quickly. "She lives in a public house up the road."

"Yes," replied John, surprised at the sudden interest of the captain.

The word to march on again was given, and he had no opportunity to make further inquiries; but he noticed that Peter Bacot was thoughtful, and several times turned to Simon and spoke to him in low tones. Simon was interested, too, in the captain's words for although the expression upon his face did not change, John knew from his manner that some project was in his mind. What it was, however, he could not misery, for even when he could for a mo-

ment forget the dreary prospect before him ery of the present. Surely the price of his men may get away." devotion to the colonies was not small,

On marched the men, the silence broken the colonel, as he and his men passed on. only occasionally by a growl from some What a relief it was to have them go. The redcoat or the sharp word of Captain Faust, hopes they had had were all dashed by the the leader of the guard, to some loitering sudden appearance of the red coats, but the prisoner. The beat of the sun was intense, quick wit of Peter Bacot prevailed, and in and the insects that steadily followed them a few moments the band had passed from increased the discomfort of all. The prissight. Then Peter restored the sword and oners uttered no complaints, for their desbelongings to Captain Faust, and the march perate condition forbade all that, but the was resumed, though the lines of the guard murmurings among the guard grew louder were still unsteady and the men plainly and more frequent. They rebelled against were almost overcome. the heat, they found fault with their leader for insisting upon the pace at which they

were marching, and Captain Faust was beginning to fear that he would lose control of his men when a public house came into view and a halt was ordered.

"Is this where your sister Nancy lives? inquired Peter of John Starke. 'Yes," replied John, "but I don't know

that she'll do us any good." "I think she will," said Peter, and in few low words he explained his plan. John listened attentively and for a moment felt hopeful, but a glance at the noisy redcoats brought back all his fears, and he said: "It may be well enough to try it, but I haven't much hope. Here's my sister, now,

and I'll see what can be done.' Nancy was approaching and looking with curious interest at the band of prisoners, louder and soon it was manifested that all Suddenly her glance fell upon John, and she was about to utter a startled exclamation when a warning sign from her brother caused her to be silent. Still she approached, and John knew by the expression upon her face that he could depend upon her to do her utmost for him, for even in those desperate times "blood was thicker than water.

"Why, John! How came you here?" "Hush, Nance!" whispered John. "Come close a minute and I'll explain it." In a few words John hurriedly told his sister of their desperate plight and explained the plan which Peter Bacot had devised. Nancy listened attentively, and then hesitated before she answered. It was only for a mo-ment, however, for she quickly said: "I'll do it, John. You stay right here, and I'll try my best for you."

John stretched himself upon the ground with the window into the yard. The outside senhis companions to await the result. Not a tinel was aroused, and fired, but the noise the guard. Shouts and songs soon could be pace of the escaping prisoners. always with a jug in her hands. The shouts the soldier could reload. increased and the noise redoubled. An

bour had passed, and the three prisoners roused, only to find themselves without guns and facing the barrels of their own muskets. be able to make some attempt, when Cap- In a few moments the three resolute men

Compound interest on a dollar he deposited me yours and your sword and I'll help you in October of that year amounted at the out. Be quick; you haven't a minute to time of his death to 52 cents. Every month lose!"

"G-glad to-to-have ye," said the leader, thickly, at once carrying out the suggestion. The transfer had hardly been made and the men formed in line by the roadside before Colonel Cruger's band of red coats, escorting supplies and reinforcements for the upper stations, appeared in the road.

His health grew gradually forse. Through "Present arms!" called Captain Peter, all his pain he never loosened his tongue and the men, who were to stupid to perceive and to the end he maintained his self-comthe change in officers, obeyed, and also carposed silence. A few days ago Crane sent ried out the order to salute the newcomers. for the matron, Mrs. Blumaire, and signified "Who's in command of these men and that he wished to write out something which what are they?" inquired Colonel Cruger, seemed to weigh on his mind. He always as he drew relu on his horse.

"Captain Faust's in command," replied Peter, saluting, "and these fellows are conjecture. To him the march was full of prisoners for the Charleston dungeons." "Good place for them," replied the colonel. "You'd better hurry on, though, for his wound made him fully aware of the mis-, if night overtakes you in the woods the "We'll hurry," replied Peter, watching

was dead and death sealed the lips for all time which disappointment had made dumb through life. Some of the bills found in the clothing of the dead man were issued during the civil war. Four hundred dollars had been sewed up in wrappings of paper and old handkerchiefs. In his waistcoat pocket were two \$5 bills, somewhat new,

The Land of the Lazy. "In a late sojourn in Honduras," said Mr L. B. Givens to the Washington Post, "I

examine it without a word and depart. A

year and a half ago Crane, much emaciated

and quite feeble, was brought to the Nauga-

tuck almshouse. The matron knew nothing

of the man's history nor of his money.

"Their guns ain't drunk." whispered Simon, shaking his head in reply to Peter's suggestion that they should start and run into the woods, and the .three prisoners kept on with the others. Night did overtake them in the woods and the band took up their quarters in a deserted loghouse by the roadside. Then the prisoners were placed in one room with a door opening into the hall and a window into the yard, while the drunken tories and sober American officers were all left in the hall together.

The three prisoners soon began to work. The sounds that rose about them showed that most of the men were sleeping. They whispered together, and then Simon began to use the bottles that Nancy had given. louder and soon it was manifested that all but the sentinels of the three prisoners had forgotten the hard march of the day and were sound asleep. John was trembling in his excitement but managed to listen to the directions Peter whispered into his ear

'Now, now's the time to begin." "Will you please get me a drink of water?", Simon said to the sentinel in the

hall. The sentinel grumbled, but went for the water, and held out the gourd as he returned. With one quick blow Simon knocked the gourd from his hand, and the water splashed over the gun and into the face of the astonished tory. Instantly Peter and John were by his side, and the sentinel was secured and gagged. Then the three men hastily secured the guns, but, though their efforts were not heard by the drunken tories, the prisoners in the other His sister was gone in a moment, and room had heard, and were leaping out of

word was spoken by the prisoners, but each of the report only served to awaken the was watching intensely the movements of drunken men in the hall and quicken the "I'll tend heard, and among the noisy men they could to that sentinel," said Simon, quickly, leavwoman moving here and there, and ing the hall and presenting his gun before

The dazed tories meanwhile had been

you never saw a man as mad as the owner of the orchard was, and he run right off to the school teacher to complain. The teacher he would emerge from his hermitage, visit thought he'd be real smart, so when the the bank, make a sign for his bank book. boys were all in their seats he told about

the apple stealing and he said: "'Now, I want the guilty boys to understand that I know just who did this and that they will be severely punished if it happens again.'

"But law! he couldn't fool George Dewey George never blinked, but he made up his mind he'd show that teacher a thing or two. So he kind of started a rumor that there there was going to be another raid on the orchard that next night, and then what do you think he did? Well, he and those postponed the communication, hesitating and other boys got an empty hogshead and they throwing the paper aside at the last moput it under the tree with the fine aples. ment. On the evening of his death, when The next night they hid in another tree Crane knew that his hours were few, he and watched. Sure enough the teacher sent for the matron. He made a sign to the came stealing along and, when he spied the messenger to bring a pencil and paper. Behogshead he crawled into it so as to have fore Mrs. Blumaire reached his cot Crane a good place to wait for them. Just as soon as he had got in, the boys sneaked up behind the hogshead and started it rolling down the hill, teacher and all, bumpity -bump bump! My! By the time it had stopped and the teacher had managed to get out the boys were pretty nearly home and he hadn't any more idea than the dead

who'd done it. You can just be sure that it wasn't the teacher that told that story.

"Oh, that George Dewey was a funny boy I remember about his taking a neighbor's baby out in its little carriage. He wasn't came to the conclusion that it was a paranothing but a little shaver, but you couldn't dise for lazy men. Everything grows lux-uriantly with but little labor on the part of the natives, and many crops do not need get ahead of him even then. He got to running the baby buggy up and down the replanting more than once in eight or ten years. The country offers fine inducements walk 'just lickity-split,' and the first thing he knew he ran it off the walk and spilled to enterprising men, but it is hard on a white man used to civilized ways to go down there and dwell among an ignorant lot of natives who are 100 years behind the the out the whole business. Well, he just grabbed up the baby and the covers and the pillows and was just dumping them into the lot of natives who are 100 years behind the times. A man would have no congenial so-ciety, and might as well be in exile. The natives usually live in bamiloo houses, though in the towns the dwellings are of adobe. Children go naked for the first two or three years of their life, and the attire of the adults is rather scant. The govern-ment is liveral with concessions in order to buggy when the baby's mother came rushing out. That boy never blinked. You'd have thought he was the lord mayor of London

"'I haven't any more time to give to the baby now, Mrs. ---,' he said, just as pomp-ous as you please. 'Will you please take her ment is liberal with concessions in order to ment is histral with concessions in order to encourtes development of the countr's re-sources, but there is no general rule gov-erning the granting of privileges; it all de-pends on how good a bargain may be driven. The climate is very salubrious, and lazi-ness is about the only prevailing disease." into the house?' And he stalked away as if he had never gone off a walk in his life. No, sir. The folks that knew George Dewey when he was a boy in Vermont weren't surprised at his victory. I guess they wouldn't be surprised at anything George Dewey

A Sense of Security.

Washington Star: A lawyer and his client were descending the steps of the city hall, "Suppose," said the client, "That Spain decides to send the fleet from Cadiz to Manila. Could it coal at neutral ports?" "That would be a question of interna tional law. "Theal guess we're all right. If they go to law on the point the war will be over long before it gets settled."

Key to the Situation. Key to the Situation. They tell this aneedote on a gallant Louis-ville man noted for his admiration for the girls, relates the Times of that city. His family were spending the summer at a popular resort and he had promised to join them there one Saturday evening. When the time came for the bus to go to the de-pot to bring the newcomers to the hotel,

The "A, B, Ab,"

did.'