

WRONG IN ITALY.

CAUSES OF DISTURBANCES IN THE SUNNY LAND.

The People Are Easily Led—And the Accounts Published in the Home and Foreign Papers Greatly Exaggerated the Real Situation.

The following extract from a private letter written from Florence to a London friend by an experienced Dutch journalist, who was taking a holiday in Italy when the rioting took place, will be read with interest, says the London Outlook: "There have been disturbances, of course, but if you did not chance to be in a place just when they occurred, or if, being in that place, you had stayed in another part of the town, you would have known, if you did not read the papers, as little about the facts as you had remained in London. I do not say that the facts in the Italian papers, and consequently in most of the telegrams to other countries, are not true, but they are much exaggerated and put in such a light as makes them look far more dreadful than they really are. "The cause of this is quite simple. The Italian newspapers, so far as I know them, do not live on advertisements. They have but few of them, mostly quacks and notices which are thought useful for foreigners. Remember that for centuries, in fact, as long as the Christian world has existed, much of the population of Italy, more especially that of the great towns, lives by the foreigner (foreigners, pilgrims and tourists). Consequently the newspapers, just as in France, or more especially in Paris, are condemned to live upon the sale of copies, if they have no other more occult and somewhat questionable forms of income. The result is, as with a certain class of newspapers in other countries, that they are forced to publish sensational news, enough to lead a wise man to take their statements with a very large pinch of salt. As to the causes of the troubles: 1. It is fifty years since the most of the component parts of now united Italy got a constitution. This was to be joyfully celebrated, and, of course, some of the agitators thought this a splendid occasion to throw soot in the soup. 2. Parliamentary government (as in most countries) has come to this, that there are no longer two or three great parties governing in turn, but only fractions. In Italy the so-called unity is still very young and somewhat weak; there is still much particularism. It is quite clear what may happen in such a state of affairs. At every moment some of these fractions can make a combination to throw over a ministry. It serves no good purpose to do this; it leads to nowhere, as mostly they are not strong enough to form another ministry. But, especially here in Italy, they seem to like very much this kind of sport. They are very much inclined to do it for the fun of the thing. 3. There is the economic situation. That it is not sound is a truism; that big faults have been committed by the administration (not only by the actual one, but by all preceding it) is well known. Consequently, there is material enough for the agitators to work upon, and moreover these very kind and simple Italians of the lower classes seem prepared to swallow all you tell them. If you tell them bread is exorbitantly dear and that they are upon the point of being starved, they believe it quite readily without even trying to investigate if it is really true. Some days ago I, being then in Rome, went to Castel Gandolfo with a party of ladies and a gentleman, who happened to be the cellario (the brother having to buy the necessaries of life) of his college of Benedictines. When at Castel Gandolfo I took the seat next to the driver, and he told me in apparent good faith that he had to pay one lire for a pound of bread. This never could be true, as our cellario immediately said that in Rome the price was only 22 centesimi, and Genzano (where the man lived) was only some two hours from Rome. The man gave in somewhat. He may have overdone it in the first instance to work upon my feelings, looking for a somewhat big tip, but still he maintained that, if this was so in Rome the rich people paid the difference to the bakers in order not to have disturbances (which is sheer nonsense, as nothing of the sort is going on). But for the rest he maintained that bread was horribly dear, and that he had to make 10 lire a day to be able to sustain his family. Well, partly he lied quite simply; but then partly he himself believed it, having lied so often or being hypnotized in that belief by others. The real truth is that the price of bread has risen by a small fraction, but there is really nothing whatever of a nature to bring the poor people to despair. There is discontent, as there always must be in a country where people are much incensed to have all good things for no work done. There must have been a conspiracy to make a big disturbance, even if it could lead to nothing whatever, and it seems the making of such a disturbance is quite easy in a country where people are so easily moved, and I may add, so easily calmed down again. When we came to Genzano there was no vestige of the troubles two days ago, when five men had been killed by the military in this very place and many soldiers wounded. The only things we saw were the apparently strong garrison and the soldiers patrolling in small parties. For the rest the people looked as meek and kind as they looked everywhere in the places we visited where we did not see one cross face, met nothing but kindness and politeness, even from the cabmen and the street arabs. Real danger there is none, and for this cause, that the army is entirely to be trusted. The soldiers are quite loyal and have that sense of duty which makes them act as they are told to do,

sustaining without grumbling much discomfort. For a foreigner there is not the slightest reason to leave Italy. You may safely move everywhere—of course, with some prudence, but not more than is always necessary, even in the ordinarily quiet big towns of the world. I see by foreign papers that much fuss is made of the state of siege (martial law) which is proclaimed in different towns. How silly people are when they do not understand things! In my country, where the surrounding parks and woods of big country seats are quite open to the general public (meaning that they are not surrounded by walls or fenced in), you may read upon the beginning of every way or footpath: "No walking is allowed." You walk just the same, but you do not go quite near the house, or make noises, or generally do anything which could annoy the proprietor to proceed against you if you really commit a nuisance. The same thing with these proclamations. It is only the necessary formality to allow the authorities to act quickly when something serious is going on."

FLATBOATS FOR THE YUKON.

Klondike Boom Has Stirred Up Boat Building on Puget Sound.

The gold craze in the Klondike region has created a great boom in steamboat building on Puget Sound. No less than seventy-five steamboats, twelve barges and seven schooners have been launched since January 1 of this year. The aggregate cost amounted to \$2,463,500, an average cost of \$32,200 each. Marine Engineering shows a photograph of twelve stern-wheel flat-bottom boats recently built at Seattle at a cost of \$50,000 each for different parties. This is said to be the largest fleet that has ever been put together at one time in any American yard. These boats are substantially alike, the net tonnage of each one is 409.06; the gross tonnage, 718.68 tons. The boats are each 175 feet long, 35 feet beam, and vary in depth of hold from 4½ to 6½ feet. When fully loaded they are to draw but four feet of water. Each boat is provided with an electric searchlight and with incandescent electric lights throughout. There will be accommodations for 200 passengers on the main deck, and first-class staterooms for twenty-four passengers on each boat. One of these boats was built for the Standard Oil company, two for the Blue Star Navigation company, three for the Seattle-Yukon steamship company, three for Frank Waterhouse and four for the Empire Transportation company, which sent the Philadelphia fleet of the American line around to the Pacific coast. The indications are that ample accommodation for those prospectors who are willing to take the long journey up the Yukon river can now be obtained at reasonable rates, competition having killed extortion. Some of the expeditions have been well planned, and prospectors and tourists will not suffer the hardships experienced by those who cross the trails or navigate the river on rudely constructed rafts and row boats. One expedition was fitted out in this city for an exploring tour to cover two years, and was provided with every convenience and many luxuries, including a paid physician in its staff. A chemist with complete assaying paraphernalia and a photographer were among the paid employees. This party was fitted out by a company of wealthy men, bankers and others, and will devote their energies to discovering valuable minerals of all sorts within the boundary of the United States

The Old Mare's Funeral Expenses.

In North Manchester, Ind., last week an old mare died that had in younger days had the "sweeney," and to cure the disease her shoulders had been slit and a piece of silver money placed in each. The places healed and the cure proved effectual. When the mare died the lady who owned her had Mr. Tom Willmott cut the money out of the mare's shoulders, and it was given to a man to bury the animal. Thus the animal laid up money for burial expenses, more than some people do.

Her End of It.

George (rapturously)—Now, darling please name the happy day. Dulcie (blushing)—Three weeks from next Wednesday. George, dear. Betsy (through keyhole)—If you please, miss, that's my regular day out. You'll have to get married in the early part of the week, not the middle, 'cos Thursday, Friday and Saturday are my cleanin' days.—Tit-Bits.

His Discernment.

Gagger—"Why do you refuse to have any business transactions with Wag-ger?" Nagger—"I'm afraid to deal with a man so much sharper than myself." Gagger—"Sharper? In what way, old man?" Nagger—"He had a chance to marry my wife and didn't, that's all."—Pick-Me-Up.

STAGE WHISPERS.

John A. Lane will join Motjecka. The count, up to date, of Cuban war dramas pauses at nineteen. Robert Mantell is to perform "A Lesson in Acting" in the vaudeville. Gossip has it that Melbourne McDowell is to go starring in melo-drama. Edward E. Kidder's latest play is a military drama, entitled, "A Gallant Surrender." Talk is going around about Henry Miller's making a trip to Manila, where he expects to act. Burr McIntosh will begin his starring tour in "A War Correspondent" early in September. Dore Davidson expects to produce his war drama, "A Nation's Hero," early in the coming season. Olga Nethersole has practically determined to make another American tour the coming season.

A CHRISTIAN FIGHTER

COMBINATION WORKS WELL IN CASE OF CAPTAIN PHILLIP.

A Confession of Faith—After a Battle He Says "I Believe in God"—Drove Away the "Hoodoo" for the Battleship Texas.



(Special Letter.) TIME was when the roar of battle was associated by common understanding with more or less profanity; when particularly a naval fight could hardly be thought of without much explosive expressed in decent prints by dashes. The idea of a Gustavus Adolphus invoking blessing from above in front of his regiments before opening battle, or of the roundheads of the Cromwellian age, so well delineated by Walter Scott, had always something strange in it. The admonition to "trust to God" was generally associated with the mundane advice, "and keep your powder dry," as Col. Blacker advised his "boys." In short, fighting, both by sea and land, has been coupled more with his satanic majesty than with anybody else. The "God of battles" usually came in for His share before the fray to assure His assistance, or afterward to express gratitude.

It is certainly not the least insignificant experience of the present war that officers in high command think of the "God of battles" when the fray is on. No doubt many a commander is a true Christian, but few will have the true manhood to avow their religious sentiment while shells are bursting and bullets are whistling around their ears. One of these few is John W. Phillip, commander of the United States battleship Texas, who demolished Sacapa battery on Santiago bay and who helped to send Admiral Cervera's fleet to the bottom on the eve of the "glorious Fourth."

It is indeed a strange contrast, the conduct of Capt. "Jack" during and after the great battle of Santiago on Sunday, July 3, and the conduct of many a "heart of oak" on similar occasions. Touching as well as a fine sample of the American sailor is Capt. Phillip's remarks to his crew when an American shell exploded the magazine of the Quendo and the boys began to cheer tremendously: "Don't cheer, boys, when so many a brave fellow has been blown into eternity!" And after the great battle, when the Texas lay alongside the Cristobal Colon after the latter had been beached and surrendered to the American commander, Capt. Phillip said to his officers and men: "I wish to make confession that I have implicit faith in the officers and crew of the Texas, but my faith in you is

what the officers and crew of such a commander are. He is a very quiet man, almost reserved, in fact, but he is a great favorite wherever he is known, with his equals in society as well as with his men in his capacity of commander."

Capt. Phillip's true Christianity had not prevented him from being a good sailor and a brave fighter during the civil war. His career has put to shame Shakespeare's

... drunken sailor on a mast, Ready with every nod to tumble down. The captain was born in New York Aug. 26, 1840, and was appointed to the naval school Sept. 20, 1856. He was made midshipman in 1861, and passed through all the grades to his present rank, his commission dating from March 31, 1869. He was in active service all through the civil war, and after the close of the latter was transferred to the Asiatic squadron as executive officer. Subsequently he served with the European squadron, and since that time his service has been diversified. During leaves of absence he commanded one of the steamers of the Pacific Mail Steamship company, and also the Woodruff scientific expedition around the world. He was engaged in surveying the west coast of



MRS. PHILLIP. Mexico and Central America and was lighthouse inspector of the twelfth district.

In every position Capt. Phillip has given good record for himself. Thus, eyewitnesses of the battle of Santiago lay state that during the fierce fight this typical Yankee commander stood on the bridge of the Texas and directed the operations of his vessel personally from the beginning to the close of the memorable running engagement. He just escaped being blown to pieces once by the explosion of a shell, a mere accidental change in his position being all that saved him.

Contrasts have been referred to repeatedly in this brief sketch of a



CAPTAIN PHILLIP.

secondary only to my faith in God. We have seen what He has done for us in allowing us to achieve so great a victory, and I want to ask you all, or at least every man who has no scruples, to uncover his head with me and silently offer a word of thanks to God for His goodness toward us all. What a strange contrast, indeed, between this silent prayer and the customary wild shout of victory!

Chaplain Harry W. Jones of the battleship Texas furnishes these and other incidents of the pronounced religious sentiment of Capt. Phillip.

On one occasion, prior to this battle, so disastrous to Cervera's fleet, the captain was called on board the flagship for a council of war. It was also a Sunday, and the decision was reached to bombard the forts of Santiago bay that afternoon, when Capt. Phillip said:

"Admiral, this is Sunday. I do not think we should fight today. We may be sorry if we do."

The bombardment was deferred until the next morning. The strong religious faith of Capt. Phillip is corroborated by Edwin S. Wheelock, of this city, president of the Christian Citizen Publishing company, whose brother married a sister of the captain.

"From all I know about him," said Mr. Wheelock, "I know he hates to hurt any human being, yet if his duty calls him, I know he will fight as bravely as any warlike Christian of ancient times. You can readily imagine

afoul of a coral reef near the Dry Tortugas. This was in March of the present year, but the injuries were so trifling that she was put to sea again in a few weeks. Since then she has behaved herself. The unshaken faith and Christian fortitude of Capt. Phillip was too much for hoodooism.

The Texas was the first American battleship built after English plans, and this fact made her a cynosure for a long time.

JOHN EHLERT.

HOODOOED TO A MADHOUSE.

This Woman Is Sure a Spell Was Thrown Upon Her.

Hannah Gray has been hoodooed into the madhouse. Hannah is a motherly-looking, mild-mannered, good-natured old colored "mammy" from New Madrid, and is stopping at the city hospital en route to an asylum for the insane. The sheriff of New Madrid is on her trail, and has telegraphed ahead to have the woman held for him. Hannah and her "old man," as she calls him, are well-to-do colored people, and when she left home yesterday morning she carried off the family's savings bank, a stocking full of coins. That's the reason the sheriff wants to capture her. She left home because none of the New Madrid doctors could remove the "varmints" which she insists live, move and have their being in her vitals, and having heard of Dr. Sutter's skill, came here to consult him. The doctor hadn't the time to inquire fully into Hannah's troubles when a Star man visited the hospital last night, but he is of the opinion that her only ailment is aggravated superstition. She has lived 53 years in the firm belief that there are such things as hoodoos, and gets violently angry when their existence is questioned. Only when she is engaged in such conflicts of opinion does she show insane symptoms. Notwithstanding this apparent simplicity Dr. Sutter fears the case is incurable, because the mental impression of such long standing becomes positively fixed. Hannah was in a very communicative mood when the reporter visited the cells last night, and among other things she said: "All this trouble I have in me comes from two lazy niggers that I've lived next to for thirty years. My old man got a mortgage on their farm and lent them money. They would spend from \$5 to \$50 at a time until they had spent the whole farm. Then my old man said he was going to close down on the mortgage. In less than a week I was taken sick with a misery in my breast. I could feel a little snake crawling round my heart all the time. I knowed I was hoodooed, and said right away Sally Jones did it. That was seven years ago. One day I went over to Sally's house and asked her what she done it for, and she said, 'Cause your old man's gwine to sell us out.' I goes back home and lay the case before him and explains that if he sells out the farm he kills me. Well, he agrees not to sell if Sally agrees not to pester me. I wasn't troubled no more till year before last, when Sally's old man died. Then I took sick again in less than a month, and every month I gets worse. You see, Sally is after my old man, and if she gets me out of the way she thinks she'll get him. I've got every kind of worm and bug and varmint there is in my stomach, and nothing won't get them out but to cut me open. I've tried all the voodoo doctors in my country, and all of them say it is no use. I reckon I does get crazy sometimes about that nasty Sally and my old man. But she shan't have him. I'm going to find a doctor somewhere to get these things out of me, if I have to plumb to Europe."—St. Louis Star.

A New Turn of Affairs. "We are selling these goods," said the clerk, "at a positive loss. Practically, we are giving them away." "Then," said the lady with the haughty demeanor, "I must decline to purchase. I cannot accept gifts from a shopkeeper."—Indianapolis Journal.

FOR THE FRIVOLOUS.

Poet—Poets, sir, are born, not made. Publisher—That's right; lay the blame on your poor father and mother.—Tit-Bits.

Mr. Cawker: "But how do you know that it is a secret?" Mrs. Cawker: "How do I know? Why, everybody knows that it's a secret."

Aged Millionaire—And you refuse me? Miss Beauti—I am sorry, sir, but I can not be your wife. "Is it because I am too old?" "No. Because you are not older."—New York Weekly.

Happy Innocence—"I wonder if those Eushly's use laudanum on their lady nights?" "No, Bushby sings it to sleep." "I didn't know Bushby could sing." "Well, the lady isn't old enough to be critical."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

American—You're a fine lot, anyway. You did a great deal of talking before the fighting, but what else have you done? Cuban—Caramba, senor, haven't we given your people a chance to cover themselves with glory?—Cleveland Leader.

"What is delaying the wedding?" inquired a guest at the ceremony which united an American fortune and a European title. "Possibly," replied Miss Cayenne, "they forgot to put a reverse stamp on the dowry and the count refuses to accept the check."—Washington Star.

Hicks: "You've got a beautiful place out here; such a beautiful lawn." Wicks: "Yes, but I don't enjoy it. You see that fellow sitting on that plaza smoking? Well, that's the way he sits every evening, watching me push the lawn mower. It makes me mad clean through. He has the benefit of the lawn and does nothing, while I have to shave it every other day, besides paying taxes on it."—Boston Transcript.

Always in touch with the most important events of the day, the August contents of the North American Review exhibit in this respect their customary strength and timely variety. The opening pages are devoted to an able consideration of "What the Unionist Have Done for Ireland," from the pen of T. W. Russell, M. P., Secretary of the Local Government Board. A charming essay is that on "Shakespeare in 1898," by Edmund Gosse, while in "The Great Lakes and Our Commercial Supremacy," John Ford presents a paper of sterling interest and suggestiveness. Many other interesting subjects are dealt with.

Hon. Frank A. Vanderbilt, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, has written an article for the August Century entitled "Facts About the Philippines, with a Discussion of Pending Problems." Mr. Vanderbilt describes the agricultural and mineral resources of the archipelago, and shows the amount of commerce the islands will control by means of their position. This article will be illustrated.

Products of Nature Not Patentable. B. M. M. of Clark county, Iowa, wants protection on a new vegetable fiber that he has discovered growing wild, six feet high. Will yield from one to two tons per acre. He has about a million plants. The sample of fibre delivered to us appears to be equal in tensile strength to flax or hemp. Patents will not be granted for the discovery of such natural product. A patent was allowed on the 30th ult. to the well known scientific plumber, John Collins, of Des Moines, for his improved circulating valve for steam heating. The same is assigned entire to W. P. Collis, of New York.

The British patent for the "Jewett" typewriter that is so successfully manufactured by the Duplex Type Writer Co., of Des Moines, was delivered to the inventor this week. Free advice to all inquiries about securing, manufacturing, valuing and selling inventions.

THOMAS G. ORWIG & CO. Proprietors of the Iowa Patent Office, Des Moines, Aug. 3, '98.

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