

THE FALL OF MANILA

DEWEY AND MERRITT TOOK IT BY JOINT ATTACK.

Manila Proper Suffered Little From the Attack—The Enemy Refused to Accept the Olympia's Advice to Surrender—Two Hours' Fighting Followed.

HONG KONG, Aug. 17.—The report of the capitulation of Manila is confirmed by the German consul from Manila, who has landed here from the German cruiser, Kaiserin Augusta. At 10 o'clock Saturday morning Rear Admiral Dewey advanced with his warships on the city, having previously received a refusal of his demand for the surrender of Manila. The flag-ship Olympia signaled the city again, demanding the surrender. The Spaniards still refused to capitulate and the Olympia commenced the bombardment of the forts with her six-inch shells.

Instantaneously with the bombardment of the forts the American land forces advanced upon the city. The battle lasted two hours, when a white flag was hoisted over the forts, which had been nearly destroyed.

General Augusti and his family were



GEN. BASILIO AUGUSTI, taken on board the German cruiser at dusk and the Kaiserin Augusta steamed off immediately for Hong Kong, driving seventeen and one-half knots.

It is expected that Rear Admiral Dewey will send a fast cruiser here with the news. The German cruiser brought no mail.

BERLIN, Aug. 17.—General Augusti, according to a dispatch from Hong Kong, was dismissed from his post as captain general of the Philippines on August 5. At the same time General Jademes was ordered to take the command over Manila.

The dispatch says in part: "The Americans notified the authorities at Manila that a bombardment by sea and land would commence at noon on August 9. The city surrendered upon the 13th (Saturday) and the American flag was hoisted forthwith."

"The Spanish officers were allowed their freedom on parole. The judiciary and the administrative offices are to remain temporarily in the hands of the Spaniards. The insurgents remain outside of the town."

Although the dispatch implies that the bombardment was to begin Tuesday, it is thought here that the American forces postponed the attack, not opening fire until Saturday.

LONDON, Aug. 17.—A dispatch from Madrid says: The surrender of Manila on Saturday by General Jademes is officially announced. "The United States troops immediately occupied the city" according to the official statement.

KEY WEST MINES BLOWN UP.

Captain McKinley Touched the Button and the Little Island Shook.

KEY WEST, Fla., Aug. 17.—The submarine mines in Key West harbor were blown up yesterday afternoon to make room for the fleet, which are crowding in from their Cuban coast stations. There were more than a dozen sets of mines of four each covering over a square mile of water. They were exploded by wire from Fort Taylor under the direction of Captain McKinley, who is in charge of the harbor defenses. The work made a magnificent spectacle. Explosions followed each other at intervals of about two minutes, each carrying mountains of water into the air to a height of 100 feet and the reverberations seeming to shake the island to its foundations.

MORTALITY IS FRIGHTFUL.

So Many Spanish Prisoners Are Dying That Bodies Are Piled and Burned.

SANTIAGO DE CUBA, Aug. 17.—The Spanish steamer Isla de Luzon sailed yesterday morning for Spain, having on board 2,180 Spanish soldiers. The embarkation of the prisoners is being pushed with great activity. This is rendered imperative by their horrible condition. The mortality is so great in the Spanish camp, where disease is rampant, that no longer are the dead buried. A funeral pile of ten or twelve bodies is made, saturated with kerosene and set fire to, cremating the bodies in the open air.

COLONEL HAY HAS ACCEPTED.

To Succeed Judge Day as Secretary of State.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 17.—Colonel John Hay, United States ambassador to the court of St. James, has accepted the appointment of secretary of state, to succeed Judge Day, who is to be chairman of the American peace commission.

It is not known how soon Ambassador Hay is to leave London to take up his new work. His successor in London will probably be Whitelaw Reid, ex-minister to France.

BLANCO AND AUGUSTI RESIGN.

In an Address the Governor of Cuba Says He Cannot Carry Out Evacuation.

MADRID, Aug. 17.—The government has received from Captain General Blanco a dispatch tendering his resignation. The reason given by General Blanco for resigning is that he does not wish to superintend the evacuation of Cuba.

The government is also informed that General Augusti, governor general of the Philippines, will leave Manila for Spain by the first mail steamer, giving his command to the second in rank.

It is believed that the Spanish government will decline to accept the resignation of Governors Blanco and Augusti.

Havana telegrams represent the Spanish element in the colony as favoring American annexation as the best means to insure prosperity and avert anarchy.

HAVANA, Aug. 16.—General Blanco yesterday published the following address to the inhabitants of Cuba:

"It having been resolved by the Madrid government to conclude peace with the United States, I consider my mission in this country ended, and have solicited my relief from duty. I could not urge upon you a pacific solution of the existing struggle, when not long ago I advised you to maintain the war in any event."

"Since the nation's government, which is surely inspired with the great interests of patriotism and a desire also to insure your property interests and those of the other colony, believes the moment has arrived to make peace, it is our duty faithfully to second her in her purpose, but it can not be that I am the one called upon to perform a political duty which does not agree with my declarations, with my acts and with my convictions. I see myself obliged to leave you at the present painful and difficult moment. Nevertheless, I will not do it without advising you to maintain the calmness and prudence so necessary to save the legitimate interests of Spain in Cuba, which represent the fruit of your labors, and thus I think I have rendered my last and most disinterested service to Cuba, to her inhabitants, and especially to the city of Havana."

A SUNDAY BATTLE.

Fighting in Porto Rico Long After Protocol Was Signed.

PONCE, Porto Rico, Aug. 17.—General Schwan's column was attacked Sunday between Mayaguez and Lares. As the Eleventh infantry under Colonel Burke was descending the valley of the Rio Grande, they were fired upon from a hillside by a force of 1,500 Spaniards, who were retreating toward the north. The fire was returned and the Spaniards were repulsed, with, it is expected, considerable loss.

Colonel Soto, the commander of the Mayaguez district was wounded and was afterward overtaken in a wayside cottage. He was attended by two sergeants, who surrendered. The Americans suffered no loss. The artillery and cavalry were not engaged.

General Schwan had not received news of the signing of the protocol when the action occurred, but obtained it Sunday afternoon.

SEA POWER CAUSED THE WAR.

The London Times Says Only a Miracle Could Have Prevented It.

LONDON, Aug. 17.—The Times, in an editorial article, emphasizes the tremendous lesson of the importance of sea power evinced in the war between Spain and the United States.

It says: "Nothing but a miracle or cosmic catastrophe could have averted an ultimate collision between the growing sea power of the United States and the waning Spanish empire." Sea power in this sense caused the war and was its governing factor from first to last. It is a lesson to the whole world, the full import of which can hardly be discerned as yet, for the fulfillment by the United States of the imperial destiny foreordained by the genius of her people—to be expansive but not aggressive—will be attained by consequences of vital moment alike to the Old world and the New."

TO PAY OFF THE CUBAN ARMY.

How America May Manage the Insurgents—A Secret Council in Santiago.

SANTIAGO DE CUBA, Aug. 17.—A secret meeting was held last night at the palace between the commanding officers of the American army and the Cuban leaders. The strictest secrecy was maintained, but it can be said with good authority that General Garcia was present. The meeting lasted an hour and a half.

The information is to the effect that the Cuban situation was thoroughly reviewed, and it was resolved to disband the Cuban army and that the United States would pay the men off. This involves the expenditure of \$15,000,000, but it is most important to the prosperity of the island, whose wealth is entirely agricultural—nobody, planter or farmer, daring to cultivate his lands while the insurgent bands are in the field raiding and burning.

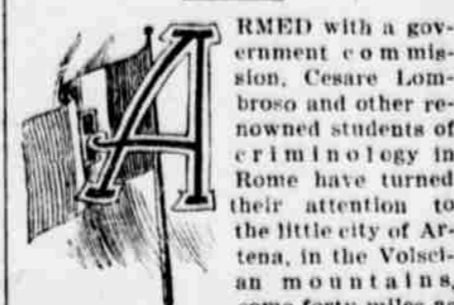
MURDERER JEGADO.

Little lazy, perhaps, but certainly unwilling to habitually walk the path of the transgressor. Such a surmise would completely coincide with the writings of the Lombrosos, Morrisons, Ferris and others, who insist that the majority of criminals are bred under anomalous social conditions. Moreover, it would concur with the latest year-book of the New York state reformatory, which says that 53 per cent of criminals in New York came from homes which were positively bad; that is, where want and abject poverty reigned, besides crime; while only 7 1/2 per cent came from homes that were positively good. So much for pathological theories. As a matter of everyday practice, crime flourishes in Ardena as if the town were one immense baguette and its 4,000 inhabitants so many graduates from the galleys, set free on a lone island to massacre and

THE WORST ON EARTH

MURDER THE COMMON TRADE OF THE INHABITANTS.

Ardena, in the Volcanic Mountains, Has This Unenviable Distinction—A Nursery of Assassins—Characteristic Fate of a Postman.



ARMED with a government commission, Cesare Lombroso and other renowned students of criminology in Rome have turned their attention to the little city of Ardena, in the Volcanic mountains, some forty miles as the crow flies from the capital. Lombroso will write a book on Ardena. This town of 4,000 inhabitants lives in history as the southern hatching oven of evil-doers and felons. As long as four and one-half centuries ago Corrado Celto said of its citizens: "No possible punishment can deter them from heaping up crime upon crime, for their perversity of mind is more fertile in inventing new offenses than the imagination of judges is in new punishments." At the period mentioned new-fangled ideas for executing and torturing criminals were almost as plentiful as such relating to bicycles are today. When I asked at the railway station at Rome for a ticket to Ardena, I was told that no such place was on the route, and the map corroborated that statement. However, I insisted that this town had been a reality somewhere in the southeast of Rome between the western main chain of the Apennines and the Alban mountains for five or six centuries or even more. Then a council of officials was called and one of them, who had formerly been in the service of the papal government, remembered that Ardena was a new name for the old robber stronghold of Montefortino, where a tribe of the ancient Volscians, who gave the Roman republic so much trouble, is still flourishing. "Ardena," he continued, "has no railway station, for we could probably not find a station master who would trust himself in that neighborhood. The nearest station is at Volmontone, on the Rome-Naples line, via Belletri."

I found the town, which I reached on muleback, one of the most picturesque situated in the kingdom. Ardena crowns the summit of a mountain twelve hundred feet high. Half way up stands a mighty castle, built like a fortress of the middle ages, with towers and a moat galore. It belongs to the Borghese, but no member of that princely family has set foot in it ever since shirts of chain mail and steel bonnets went out of fashion. In fact they ceased taking personal interest in their property since their neighbors acquired their first blunderbuss. The town consists of a single street, crawling up the mountain in zig-zag fashion. The houses are low and narrow in depth; behind the small back yards the rocks descend abruptly, as if heaved off by a mighty rush of waters. From the summit an enchanting outlook can be had into the Roman Campagna, the Alban, and Sabine mountains.

The 4,000 citizens of this town are, according to the mayor's statements, among the best situated in Italy as far as means and opportunities for making a steady and comfortable living are concerned, even the poorest of them owning enough rich land in the valley to yield all they need, while the better-to-do families are among the heavy wheat sellers and speculators of the province. That actual want does not exist in Ardena was further demonstrated to me by the surprising fact that during my visit there not a single beggar approached me; not even the children asked for centesimos.

Under these circumstances, to which may be added a particularly mild climate, one should imagine that the Ardenians were a happy-go-lucky lot, a



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little lazy, perhaps, but certainly unwilling to habitually walk the path of the transgressor. Such a surmise would completely coincide with the writings of the Lombrosos, Morrisons, Ferris and others, who insist that the majority of criminals are bred under anomalous social conditions. Moreover, it would concur with the latest year-book of the New York state reformatory, which says that 53 per cent of criminals in New York came from homes which were positively bad; that is, where want and abject poverty reigned, besides crime; while only 7 1/2 per cent came from homes that were positively good. So much for pathological theories. As a matter of everyday practice, crime flourishes in Ardena as if the town were one immense baguette and its 4,000 inhabitants so many graduates from the galleys, set free on a lone island to massacre and

rob each other at will. An already stated, 2 per cent of all deaths in Ardena are the outcome of murder direct; persons dying of wounds received in assaults or by the action of incendiaries are not included in the list. Thefts, street robbery, burglary and assaults with stiletto or revolver are matters of such ordinary occurrence in the town and in the valley belonging to the people that to investigate them all, according to the mayor of the city, the number of police officials and judges would have to be increased out of all proportions to the total number of inhabitants. The authorities, continued this official, take notice only of the most atrocious crimes brought to their notice by the press of the capital or when non-residents suffer. This complacent official is the eleventh successor of a mayor mysteriously murdered in Ardena in the beginning of 1879. All these mayors were elected for a period of ten years. Three died under the hands of assassins, two of them in broad daylight, and on the open marketplace. The rest received such wounds as to cripple them for life and make them leave their posts in haste. The present incumbent of the office aspires to the distinction of outliving his term, and to that end goes about his business with ears securely plugged and eyes shut. As a piece of general information, he told me that "the number of crimes against life and property brought to official recognition in Ardena is fifteen times greater, relatively, to the number of inhabitants, than in any other place or district in Italy." Mark the words, "official recognition!" Everything tends to show that almost the entire population of this mountain town is imbued with criminal propensities. There is no need of leading an Ardenian



YOUNG OTTAVI

who may have strayed from his or her environment into crime by suggestion. All of them seem to be possessed of an irresistible passion for cruelty—cruelty that wishes its victim to feel the bitterness of death. The men and women of Ardena are even wanting in paternal and maternal affection. Vengeance is of their daily prayer, and in deliberateness of criminal purpose they have no equals on the face of Europe, save, perhaps, in some parts dominated by the "unspeakable Turk." Since the old name of Montefortino was erased from the map after the fall of Rome and the end of the papal government in 1870, three entire families, some of the oldest in the city, have been completely wiped out—grandparents, parents, brothers and sisters, cousins and nieces, nephews and uncles and aunts—the Scarenzies, the Dabos and the Rullis. Neighbor threw himself upon neighbor in the field, on the street, or in his or her castle, the home. All houses are provided with means of fortifications and many trap doors. Victims of hatred or the prizes of robbery are killed, maimed or tortured. A house goes up in flame and half a dozen children die with it. Who cares? Next day a friend of the murdered family shoots down the perpetrator or perpetrators wherever he finds or tracks them.

The authorities are powerless, for no citizen of Ardena will bear witness against another. "Vengeance is mine," says the mountain "hero" or "heroine," and no matter how convincing the proof furnished, his or her obstinacy of denial is greater. I attended a session of the assizes at Ardena early in the year. The whole town knew that young Ottavi saw his father murdered by Jegado. Did he bear out the public prosecutor? Not a word could that official draw from his sealed lips. His sisters, his mother, who had been likewise direct or indirect witnesses to the deed, were equally silent. When I returned to Rome I read in the Tribune a dispatch saying that Jegado's house was broken into night before last, and that the murderer and his family of three small children were bound to the bed, drenched with kerosene, and slowly roasted to death—"perpetrators unknown," of course.

Murder is avenged by murder in Ardena, as was done for centuries past in Montefortino, and whoever testifies against a red-handed scoundrel takes his life in his hands. Hatred, jealousy and petty squabbles lead to new murders, for the citizen of Ardena is unstable, excessively vain, morbidly irritable, and loves revenge above all things.

After 1870 the new government resolved to break up the time-honored robber nests, and Montefortino in particular was given a strong judicial administration; schools were erected and the greatest severity was exercised in carrying out and forcing respect for the laws.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

A Message. Tonight, dear lad, the sun unrolled A glowing bridge of beaten gold, Across the uncertain blue; And in the glory of its track, I sent a homesick wanderer back— A longing thought to you.

Sweetheart, be on the watch tonight 'tween the sunset and starlight; Perchance my thought will come On silent sandals from the west, To lay its face against thy breast, Albeit its lips are dumb. —Theodora Pickering.

In Time. The waiting-room of the Boston and Dakota Railroad station was hot. Everything about it, from the dingy letters on the door to the shabby red plush of the seats, was dirty. An odor of bananas and peppermint came from the refreshment stand. Near the door two schoolgirls in showy hats were eating caramels and rolling their eyes at the ticket agent. A shriveled old lady sat in a retired corner, surreptitiously adding to the dusty pile of peanut shells which lay under the seat. Halfway down the room, a sticky child in a dirty white cap, being forbidden to roll on the floor, kicked its mother frantically and gave vent to a series of angry shrieks.

Between the windows sat a girl who, from her small velvet turban to the tip of her polished boot, seemed the very embodiment of luxury. Her mouth had a determined expression, but her blue eyes were unsophisticated and there was an admiring, trustful look in them as she gazed at the man by her side.

He appeared less obviously out of place in the forlorn surroundings. His clothes were new—too new; and he seemed ill at ease. His somewhat expressionless eyes rolled nervously and he alternately fingered his glove button and fondled a scrubby little mustache.

Suddenly there was a rattle and jar at the dingy door and an elderly man hastily entered. He cast a glance about the room, and then walked directly toward the pair by the window. The young man started up at his approach and began to speak with evident embarrassment.

"We are—that is—you see—" "Come, Marguerite," interrupted the gentleman, "we have just time to catch the three-forty-five train for home."

He held out his hand for the traveling bag. The young girl drew herself up resentfully.

"Father," she said, "Alfred and I are together now, at last—and forever." She smiled and looked proudly up to the young man by her side for confirmation. He had picked up her bag from the seat and was about to hand it over her to her father. Her cheek paled slightly and then flushed. Silently she took the bag from his hand as from that of a servant; then lifting the breadths of her skirts, she turned to her father with a smile; "Just time," she repeated mechanically—"just time to catch the three-forty-five."

MISSING MOTHER FOUND.

Her Son Had Not Heard from Her for Twenty Years.

Proceedings which were begun on June 9 before Register Hackett by Robert H. Ashmead of 4817 Franklin street, Frankford, for the grant of himself of letters of administration upon the estate of his mother, Maria L. Ashmead, who was supposed to be dead, came to an abrupt conclusion yesterday by the appearance of the supposed deceased wife and mother. In his application Mr. Ashmead specified that his mother was supposed to be dead on account of her long absence—upward of seven years—from her place of domicile. He stated that there were surviving her a husband, Edwin A. Ashmead, who had obtained a divorce from her on April 3, 1880; a son, the petitioner, and another son, Edward A. Ashmead, a resident of Lebanon. He said she had personal property amounting to \$1,600 and real estate valued at \$2,000, as near as could be ascertained. Register Hackett was about to go ahead with his hearing yesterday, when Mrs. Ashmead herself walked into the hearing room, and made herself known to her son Robert, who she had abandoned, and to one of her brothers. The identification was verified by an old-time resident of Frankford, who was present. Attorney W. H. Peace, who had brought the suit, as representing the son, then formally withdrew the application, and the case was dismissed. Mrs. Ashmead, her son, and brother left the office together. According to the depositions before the master, Mr. Ashmead, who is a salesman in a department store, is now 57 years old; Mrs. Ashmead, 51; their son Robert, 30, and Edward, 24 years. Robert H. Ashmead was seen last night at his home and talked at length concerning the disappearance of his mother. "So far as I know, Mrs. Ashmead went back to New York today," said he. "She told me that she intended to return, and I believe that she did so. However, I do not know what her address is there. She refused to tell, saying that she wished to keep that secret for the present. My mother disappeared in September, 1878. We were at that time living in Philadelphia, and my brother and myself happened to come out here to Frankford to visit. We were told that she had gone to Easton to visit friends there. I have not seen her since, until today, and only knew that she was alive after I filed my application for letters of administration. None of her relatives here have known of her whereabouts, and I naturally believed her dead. She saw an account of the legal proceedings in the Ledger, and took steps to secure her property. I believe that she still retains the name of Ashmead, from the fact that her lawyer addressed her today by that name. However, I am not sure of that, as I was unable to learn from her anything of her life since leaving here." Philadelphia Ledger.

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"What in the world has induced Brown to join the ranks of the bicycle scorchers? He used to be such an easy, quiet sort of a rider."

"Why, you see, he feels that if there is another call for troops it will be his duty to volunteer."

"Well?"

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"Can you tell me," asked his wife scornfully, after looking over the property he had just purchased, "whatever induced you to buy this place?"

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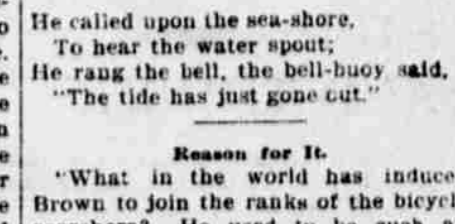
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An Afternoon Call.