

# Flag of Chesapeake

Its Purchase by William Waldorf Astor and Presentation to a British Museum—Its Capture in Battle.

IF the expatriated American, William Waldorf Astor, had wished to increase his already great unpopularity in the land of his birth he could scarcely have done anything more apt to effect such a purpose than what he did in purchasing the flag of the frigate Chesapeake and presenting it to a British museum.

About three months ago the report was published that the flag had been purchased in London at an auction sale and that the purchaser was an American. Who could it be? Some said Cornelius Vanderbilt, others J. P. Morgan, but at the time nobody dreamed that it was bought with the view of keeping it in England instead of sending it to this country, where it ought to be preserved, in the opinion of most Americans at least. It is nearly a century since the great battle was fought between the Shannon and the Chesapeake, during which Captain Lawrence, commander of the American frigate, uttered his immortal and dying words, "Don't give up the ship!" Between the people of the British empire and those of the leading American republic the most cordial relations have long prevailed, and it is felt to be an act of peculiar impropriety that a man born in America and inheriting a great fortune from ancestors who made their money in this land of liberty should be the one to fan the dying embers of any hostility still existing.

Mr. Astor obtained the flag at an auction sale of objects collected by the late T. G. Middlebrook. Besides the Chesapeake relic, there was in the



WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR AND THE FLAG OF THE CHESAPEAKE.

collection the bugle on which, according to accepted tradition, the order was sounded for the charge of the Light Brigade at the battle of Balaclava in 1854. Mr. Astor bought the bugle as well as the flag, paying \$4,250 for the latter, and presented both to the Royal United Service museum, which was the same thing as presenting them to the British government, since the museum is supported by the government.

The captured Chesapeake was broken up about ninety years ago, and part of her timbers went into the construction of dwelling houses in the town of Portsmouth, England. After the Shannon and the Chesapeake had bombarded each other at close range for five minutes and had then come alongside and been lashed together, Captain Lawrence, already seriously wounded, gave the command for his bugler to call the boarders. The bugler was found in hiding and so overcome with fear that he could not sound the command. Then it was that muting, signs of which Lawrence discovered just as he was about to give battle, was manifested. The delay was fatal, and the English boarded the American vessel just as Lawrence was being carried below deck. "Don't give up the ship!" When an English midshipman attempted to pull down the American colors and place above them the union jack, the midshipman became reticent and led to the stars and stripes appearing above the English colors. This was then responded by the officer in command of the Shannon, and the British midshipman who had pulled down the American colors was killed, his head being taken off by a shell. The flags were at last reversed, firing by the Shannon ceased, and the Americans surrendered, the battle lasting about eleven minutes.

The Chesapeake flag originally measured four feet by four feet six inches, and eight-tenths of its surface was taken up by fifteen stars on a blue field. All of the flag's stripes except two are now missing.

Mr. Astor was born in New York in 1848, but for about a score of years has lived abroad and for nearly ten years has been a British subject.

## FINED A FRANC.

What That Meant to an American Who Was Living in Paris.

When you are fined a franc in Paris it means that you pay 12 francs 73 centimes, or just over half a sovereign. This is the only conclusion to which one can come after reading the curious experience of an American citizen who is staying in Paris to complete the education of his sons. He lives in an apartment near the Arc de Triomphe, and the other morning one of his servants committed the imprudence of shaking a carpet out of the window after 9 o'clock. A lynx-eyed constable saw her and immediately climbed the stairs, rang the bell, entered the apartment and drew up a summons against the tenant. The American was called and gave his name.

"I did not know it was a breach of the law," he said. "But as I have broken it I must pay. How much is it?"

"You will be fined 1 franc," replied the policeman.

"There you are," answered the American, and he held out the coin. But the "agent" refused to take it.

"Later on," he remarked as he withdrew, "you will be summoned before the justice of the peace."

Some days later the delinquent was invited to appear before the "Juge de paix" and obeyed the summons. He was obliged to wait three hours in an antechamber. Then he was admitted.

"Do you admit," asked the magistrate, "having broken the law?"

"I do," was the reply.

"Good. You are fined 1 franc."

"There you are, then." And the American again held out the franc.

But the magistrate would have none of it.

"You will pay the sum later. You will be advised when. You may withdraw."

The American took his departure, considerably surprised at so many formalities in connection with a franc fine. A few days later he received a stamped paper inviting him to pay, first of all, 1 franc, the amount of his fine, plus 25 centimes, the amount of the decimes, plus 11 francs 48 centimes, the amount of the costs, making in all a total of 12 francs 73 centimes. The American paid, but as he left the police court he remarked:

"In America a law which forced a citizen to pay \$12 when he had only been fined \$1 would be considered a hypocritical and dishonest law. And we would not tolerate it long, you bet!"—London Globe.

## HE HAD TO PAY.

Half a Dollar That the Traveling Man Hated to Spend.

"The 50 cents I hated most to spend," said the traveling man, "went to the Canadian Pacific railroad. I don't mind paying for things I get, but this particular expenditure couldn't be indorsed 'for value received.'"

"A number of us got into St. John, N. B., one night just in time to catch the night train for Boston. We got aboard only to learn that the train didn't carry a diner. Now, a long night ride without dinner isn't a pleasant prospect, so we besieged the conductor.

"Why don't you start on the Montreal, which pulls out just ahead of us?" he said. "It carries a diner, and we can pick you up at Fredericton Junction."

"No danger of your passing us?" we asked, and he assured us that he couldn't very well, as there was only one track. So we all piled out after leaving our baggage in our Pullman berths.

"It was surely a fine scheme we thought as we dined at our leisure in the Montreal train. After dinner we sought the nearest smoking compartment in a sleeping car and prepared to wait in comfort for Fredericton Junction.

"Then along comes a much uniformed official and demands 50 cents each for the privilege of eating a meal and having a smoke aboard his train. We explained carefully that we belonged on the other train, had given up the price for Pullman berths, and, furthermore, that we had been sent aboard this train for the sole purpose of getting our dinner. 'Didn't the Canadian Pacific run both trains?' we asked.

"But it was no use. We had to pay."—Washington Post.

## Bismarck's Appetite.

Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor, had an enormous capacity for eating and drinking. He once told a friend that the largest number of oysters he ever ate was 175. He first ordered twenty-five; then, as they were very good, fifty more, and, consuming these, determined to eat nothing else and ordered another hundred to the great amusement of those present. Bismarck was then twenty-six and had just returned from England.

## Classified.

One-third of the fools in this country think they can beat the lawyer in expounding the law, one-half think they can beat the doctor at healing the sick, two-thirds of them think they can beat the minister in preaching the gospel, and all of them know that they can beat the editor in running the newspaper.—London Tit-Bits.

## Shameless.

Persons belonging to the higher walks of life are to be seen promading in short jackets and chimney-pot hats, without the slightest symptom of awkwardness or shame.—London Tailor and Cutter.

Half of our diseases are in our minds, and the other half are in our houses.—Ernest Seton Thompson.

## MILTON D. PURDY.

Noted "Trust Buster" Who Has Been Nominated For Federal Bench.

Milton D. Purdy, who has been appointed to the federal bench of the district of Minnesota by the president, has won a reputation while an assistant attorney general of the United States as one of the principal "trust busters" of the administration. He has had chief charge of the prosecution of cases under the anti-trust laws and has made a record which has marked him as a lawyer of exceptional ability. He is rather young for the position to which he has been nominated, being but forty-one, and the two sena-



MILTON D. PURDY.

tors from Minnesota favored a man of sixty-three, W. E. Hale of Minneapolis. The president has adopted a policy of not appointing to the federal bench a man over fifty years of age except under unusual circumstances; hence his determination to name Mr. Purdy instead of the lawyer favored by the Minnesota members of the senate. The rise of Mr. Purdy to his present position of influence in his profession was not anticipated by those who watched him as a boy in Summit county, O. He finally obtained a good education, graduating from the University of Minnesota and from the college of law of that institution. But as a youngster he was considered rather lacking in ambition. His father had a pottery shop, and young Purdy worked in it. He had no desire at the time to be anything but a maker of pots, but his mother insisted that he should go to high school, and after that came college. Speaking of his work in the pot shop, the jurist of the future once told of his earnings thus as follows:

"I was employed on Saturdays and during vacations as a ball maker. In those days each potter had a boy to weigh his clay and to work out the air bubbles by cutting it to pieces with a wire and then kneading it into a compact mass. I picked up the trade in that fashion, and my father gave me a wheel and a journeyman's wages. If I had jugs or crocks I would make about \$2 a day. One Saturday I earned \$5 with tops for snuff jars. That was so exceptional, however, that I have never forgotten it."

## A BOODLER'S PUNISHMENT.

The House of a San Francisco Graftor Which Was Wrecked by a Bomb.

It is often hard to administer appropriate punishment to persons guilty of "boodling" or "grafting," and this fact has sometimes led indignant citizens to impose on such malefactors penalties not prescribed by the regular courts. An instance of this is the punishment visited upon James L. Cal-



A SAN FRANCISCO BOODLER'S WRECKED HOME.

agher, chief of the boodling supervisors in San Francisco. His house was wrecked by a dynamite bomb which shattered the front of the building and came near killing its occupants. Many windows in surrounding buildings were broken by the shock. The photograph reproduced herewith tells the story of the vengeance taken upon a recreant official in a graphic manner.

## A Taft Story.

The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott in writing about Secretary William H. Taft in the Outlook says:

"He is not as quick in his motions, either physically or intellectually, as the president, but he is not less a master workman. The day he was to start for Cuba he was at his desk finishing up some last details. His assistant gave him warning, 'Train starts in half an hour.' 'All right,' was the reply. Presently a second warning, 'Only fifteen minutes left, sir.' 'All right.' Finally, 'You've only three minutes left, sir.' 'All right,' came back as serenely as before. And in two minutes the alert secretary of war came out of the office door smiling, calm, imperturbable, unharmed. So the story comes to me, and I can well believe it. The legend seems probable."

## COFFEE AS A WEDDING GIFT.

A Custom Which Is General in Coffee Growing Countries.

"We have a custom in the coffee raising countries," said a high Brazilian official, "which is unknown in other parts of the world. When a child is born in the coffee country a sack of the best grain is set aside as part of the inheritance to be received on attaining its majority. Usually the sack is the gift from some close friend or relative, and it is guarded as sacredly as if it were a gift of gold or bonds. No stress would induce a Brazilian parent to use coffee which was made the birth gift of a child. As a rule, it is sealed with the private seal of the owner and bears a card giving all particulars about the variety of grain, its age on being sacked and the birth of the child to whom it is given and other details, which are very interesting when the gift is due.

"Generally the coffee is opened for the first time when the child marries. The coffee for the reception or marriage feast is made from the legacy, and, according to precedent, this must be the first time the sack is opened. After the coffee is made for the wedding feast the sack is carefully closed and sent to the new home of the young people and should keep them in this staple for a year at least. When both bride and bridegroom have the birth gift of coffee they have started life under very hopeful conditions, so far, as one necessity is concerned. Few people know that the older the unparched grain of coffee is the better the flavor. Like wine, it grows with age, and that which is over twenty years mellowing under proper conditions will bring from \$1.50 to \$3 a pound from connoisseurs. The giving of pounds of green coffee is a common practice in the coffee belt. Friends exchange these gifts and compare results. When one cannot afford to give a sack of coffee, it frequently is the case that ten pounds of the best green grain are packed in a fancy case and bestowed on a newly born child, with directions that it must not be opened until the wedding day."

## FIRST AMERICAN GLASS.

Made at a Factory Built by a Boston Man in New Hampshire.

The first American glass factory was erected in the town of Temple, N. H., Washington in his diary speaks of glass being made in New Haven, Conn., in the year 1789.

One would suppose by the language he uses that he considers it a new and quite extraordinary affair. It was nine years previous to this and during the very war whose issue first enabled the country to commence its own manufacturing that Robert Hewes of Boston began to carry out the project which he had long conceived, but had hitherto found impracticable if not impossible under English rule, that of making glass in America for America.

In 1789 Mr. Hewes selected a site for his factory secure from the British forces (his glassblowers were Hessians and Waldeckers, soldiers who had deserted from the British army), and he must have had an eye for the beautiful in nature. He chose a spot on the north slope of Kidder mountain, near its base. To the northwest Mount Monadnock rears its granite crown, standing like a giant sentinel; to the north and running east are the Temple mountains, bold and precipitous; to the east a beautiful valley holds in its embrace the towns of Wilton, Milford and Nashua, while to the northeast Joe English hill and the Uncaneerucks mountains conceal the city of Manchester.

The place is now reached by a two mile walk over an old road, long a stranger to travel other than by grazing cows and nature loving tourists. The stonework about the ovens and the foundations of the building are all that now remain to remind us that here was another example of the American people's struggle for independence.—Crockery and Glass Journal.

## Commoners Not Wanted.

No commoner, however distinguished, however great his worldwide fame as scientist, artist or musician, can hope to belong to the German imperial circle unless he be first dowered by his emperor with the magic patent of nobility. No wife or daughter of a great millionaire, however honorable the source of the husband's or father's wealth, can dream of being presented to the empress. The Prussian nobility form a caste entirely apart from the rest of society, and Berlin, socially speaking, is composed of many different worlds, none of which mingle with the other.—London M. A. P.

## Caving Himself.

The owner of an estate had the misfortune to get a charge of shot in his legs from the double barreled gun of an inexperienced sportsman. The keeper hastened to his master. "You're not dead, are you?" he asked. "Of course I am not, you fool!" said the sportsman, rising. "Well, she's not seeing you get up after you were shot, I thought you must be dead!" he said of the keeper. "Get up after I was shot—not I!" he spat out the words. "I had got up, but the idiot would have blown me his other barrel!"—London Star.

## Very Thick.

"I wonder why Dalton and Pythias were such great friends?" queried the young lady who writes type between meals.

"They were like a couple of old girl chums, I guess," rejoined the bachelor with the ingrowing hair. "Got so thick they couldn't see through each other."—Chicago News.

He who doubts his ability to win has already fallen behind in the race.—Exchange.

## LAW AND LITERATURE.

Writers Who Might Have Won Reputation at the Bar.

The old connection between law and literature was strengthened by the late Sir Lewis Morris, who practiced as a conveyancer in Lincoln's Inn while he was establishing his reputation as a poet. There have been several poets who have abandoned the steep places of the bar for the slopes of Parnassus, but the late Sir Lewis Morris is the only poet of repute who has found the tasks of conveyancer not incompatible with the cultivation of the muse. R. D. Blackmore, the author of "Lorna Doone," practiced as a conveyancer for several years. Sir Walter Scott, speaking of himself and law, said, "There was no great love between us, and it pleased heaven to decrease it on further acquaintance." Most of the poets who have sprung from the legal profession appear to have entertained the same unfavorable view. Cowper, who was a fellow pupil of Lord Thurlow in an attorney's office, was called to the bar at the Middle Temple, but he quickly yielded himself to the charms of literature. Denham was a member of Lincoln's Inn, and Thomas Gray, the author of the famous "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," studied for the bar, but neither of these got beyond the apprenticeship stage. Barry Cornwall was a solicitor.—Law Journal.

## A HOMESICK PIONEER.

Poetic Complaint of One of the Early Settlers in Missouri.

In wonder the people of today read of the persistent cheerfulness with which the pioneers went about the business of settling the great west. Nevertheless it somehow gratifies the weakness of human nature to know that there was now and then a wearer of the deerskin leggings and coonskin cap who grumbled.

One early settler who went from a snug New England village to the fever haunted prairies along the Missouri was moved to put his complaints into rhyme, one of which has survived and is now carefully preserved by the descendants of the early settler, who live surrounded by the peaceful prosperity and comfort of a Missouri farm right in the heart of the anathematized prairie:

Oh, homesome, windy, grassy place,  
Where buffalo and snake prevail—  
The first with dreadful looking face,  
The last with dreadful sounding tail—  
I'd rather live on camel hump  
And be a Yankee Doodle beggar  
Than where I never see a stump  
And shake to death with fever'n ager.  
Judging from the last line, one might conclude that an acute attack of "ager" had suddenly prevented him from continuing.

## Pie in England.

Pie came to the fore in England many centuries ago. It originated in the form of mince pie and was used in the celebration of Christmas. In its primitive stage it was baked in a deep sided dish, lined and covered with rolled out dough. The filling was of forcemeats, richly sweetened and spiced. This spicing and flavoring stood for the presents which the wise men bore to the Christ in the manger. For years and years this custom of having the Christmas mince pie prevailed, but finally it was denounced far and wide by the Puritans as a form of idolatry, and the government after parliament had suppressed the celebration of the birth of Christ took steps to stop the baking and eating of the mince pie. Eventually saner reasoning led to the taking off of the ban, and the pie eating custom was renewed.—London Standard.

## Firm Resolution.

Dave Saddle was a brave Confederate soldier who was in the hospital at Richmond and who, in spite of his sufferings, always took a cheerful view of the situation. One day when he was recovering a visiting minister approached his cot and tendered him a pair of homemade socks.

"Accept these," said he. "I only wish the dear woman who knit them could present them to you in person."

"Thank you very much," said David gravely. "But I have decided that I never shall wear another pair of socks while I live."

The preacher protested, but to no purpose, and finally he sought out the boy's sister to tell her how foolishly the invalid had behaved.

"Why," exclaimed she, "both his feet have been shot off!"

## The Scent of Flowers.

As a rule the scent of flowers does not exist in them as in a store or gland, but rather as a breath, an exhalation. While the flower lives it breathes out its sweetness, but when it dies the fragrance usually ceases to exist. The method of stealing from the flower its fragrance while it is still living is no new thing, and it is not known when it was discovered that butter, animal fat or oil would absorb the odor given off by living flowers placed near them and would themselves become fragrant.

## How to Make Home Happy.

Mary (angrily)—I think you are the biggest fool in town, John. John (mildly)—Well, Mary, mother used to tell me that when I was a little boy, but I never thought she was right about it until I married you.—Liverpool Mercury.

## A Thackeray Retort.

Being asked once whether he had read any of the books of a popular novelist, Thackeray rejoined:

"Well, no. You see, I am like a pastry cook. I bake tarts and I sell 'em, but I eat bread and butter."

The best remedy for wrongs done us is to forget them.—Syrus.

## TEMPERANCE COLUMN

Conducted by the McCook W. C. T. U.

The young ladies' medal contest held at the M. E. church, last Tuesday evening, was well attended. Miss Veda Cadman won the medal, Miss Mable Randel taking second place. Miss McBride of Leavensworth, Kans., Sup't Little of Culbertson and Mrs. Stevens were judges.

The tea held at Mrs. Howe Smith's last Friday, was attended by thirty-five or more ladies. Everyone enjoyed the social hour and the refreshments. Mrs. Beardsley led the lesson.

The so-called best saloon in town is really the worst. The drink evil is the greatest peril of our nation. Drink is not only an enemy to the drinker but also to all others. Always against it, and all against it, and against it in all ways, times and places, will destroy it. People still try to put the cart before the horse, and then wonder why there is no progress. Vote first, and then look for results. Hitch up the right way once and see what a change there will be in things.

To those who are hesitating as to taking sides in the fight against the saloon we would like to suggest a remark made by Lord Rosebery some years ago. He said that if the state does not control the drink traffic, the drink traffic will control the state.—Epworth Herald.

## PUBLIC LIBRARY NOTES.

The book you are reading will go to others. Pass it on to them neat and clean, hoping they will do the same by you.

The following list of new books is received, and they will be on the shelves this week:

Dramas: Every Man In His Humor, Jonson; Hudibras, Butler; A New Way to Pay Old Debts, Massinger.

Poetry: Night Thoughts, Young; Faerie Queene, Spenser; Woodworth's Poetical Works, Keat's Poetical Works.

Fiction: Pamela, Richardson; Ancestors, Atherton; Uncle William, Jennette Lee; Ten to Seventeen, Josephine Daskam Bacon; The Celebrity, Churchill; Samantha at Saratoga, Holly; Priest and Pagan, Hopkins; Arizona Nights, White.

Miscellaneous: Goldsmith's Work, 5 vols; Bacon's Essays, Addison's "Spectator," Correspondence of Lady Wortley Montagu, 2 vols; Religion and Historic Faith, Pfeleiderer; Vitality, Tasting and Nutrition, Carrington, Satchel Guide to Europe, Rolfe; The Pastor's Son, Walter; Robert's Rules of Order, Renaissance and Modern Art, Goodyear; Greek Life, By Many Writers; Short History of Rome and Italy.

The last three are books issued by the Bay View Reading Club, in connection with the Bay View Magazine, which periodical will be upon the library subscription list for the ensuing year.

We have received an interesting booklet, "Atlas of Canada." With compliments of Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada. There are many illustrations, and several maps which are of interest to one who would know more of our northern neighbor.

## CITY CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS.

CHRISTIAN—Bible school at 10 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. C. E. at 7 p. m. All are welcome.

R. M. AINSWORTH, Pastor.

EPISCOPAL—Preaching services at St. Alban's church at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. All are welcome to these services.

E. R. EARLE, Rector.

CATHOLIC—Order of services: Mass, 8 a. m. Mass and sermon, 10:00 a. m. Evening service at 8 o'clock. Sunday school, 2:30 p. m. Every Sunday.

WM. J. KIRWIN, O. M. I.

BAPTIST—Sunday school at 10 a. m. Preaching service at 11:00 a. m. Evening service at 8:00. B. Y. P. U. at 7 p. m. A most cordial invitation is extended to all to worship with us.

E. BURTON, Pastor.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE—Services, Sunday at 11 a. m., and Wednesday at 8 p. m. Meetings held in the Morris block. Room open all the time. Science literature on sale. Subject for next Sunday, "Love."

CONGREGATIONAL—Sunday school at 10 a. m. C. E. at 7 p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 8 p. m. The public is cordially invited to these services. No preaching Aug. 2, 9 and 16.

G. B. HAWKES, Pastor.

METHODIST—Sunday school at 10 a. m. Preaching by the pastor at 11, and 8. Epworth League at 7. Prayer meeting Wednesday night at 8. A cordial welcome to all.

M. B. CARMAN, Pastor.

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