

MERRITT, MAN AND WARRIOR

General Merritt, who goes to the Philippines as military governor of that island empire in the Pacific, is the second in command of our national army. He won fame and honor as Sheridan's chief officer in the great battles of the war. He was an unrelenting warrior, once fighting nine battles in ten successive days.

His military career is more or less on record, but of his private life little has been given to the public.

General Wesley Merritt's father, John Willis Merritt, was a New York lawyer having an office at 134 Nassau street when the boy was born, December 1, 1836, at 67 North Moore street. He was one of the eight brothers. Twenty months later the young Merritt attended the school of the Christian Brothers, a Catholic institution, at Belleville. The Merritts were not of that faith, but they sent the boy thither because it was a good school. Later he worked on the farm for three years, helping his brothers raise corn and pork for which that section has always been famous.



GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT.

When Wesley was 4 years old his father, having a large and increasing family, abandoned law for agriculture and bought a farm at "Looking Glass Prairie," near Belleville, Ill., not far from St. Louis. Young Merritt attended the school of the Christian Brothers, a Catholic institution, at Belleville. The Merritts were not of that faith, but they sent the boy thither because it was a good school. Later he worked on the farm for three years, helping his brothers raise corn and pork for which that section has always been famous.

MERRITT A FARMER.

Young Merritt often drove the farm team seven miles to town, getting only 15 cents a bushel for his corn. Everything that a farmer produced in those days was as cheap as dirt, and there being little money in circulation pastboard checks circulated between merchants and farmers in some localities, and their merchandise seemed high because it took so much corn and pork to pay for it.

Being a lawyer and a man of a literary turn of mind, the boy's father aimed to do something besides raise corn. He started a local evening paper at Belleville, called the Advocate, and later a weekly of the same name at Lebanon. Both were Douglas democratic organs, and, like most of the democratic journals of that day, were for territorial extension, the annexation of Texas and the settlement of the vexed and formidable "Oregon question" by taking possession of the country clear to the Pacific ocean.

Young Merritt helped his father and brothers publish this kind of a democratic newspaper. He mastered the business of running a country newspaper, taking his turn in looking after petty details, besides learning to set type and becoming an expert printer when but a boy.

At the age of 16 he went to read law in the office of Judge Hayne in Salem. He was making rapid progress when Governor Blaisell, then a member of congress, secured him a cadetship for West Point.

Said General Merritt: "Up to that time I had no idea of ever becoming a soldier. My ambition was to be a good lawyer and politician, and enter public life. I believed that my forte lay in the direction of discussion and public speaking. However, when my father pointed out the great advantages of a West Point education, a careful consideration of the subject in the light of his experience and argument convinced me of his wisdom. I accepted his views and entered West Point. At that particular time the course of study at the military academy was five years. I got along very well. I did not stand high in my class except in English; I was rather slow in mathematics. I think I was in the only full five year class ever graduated from that institution.

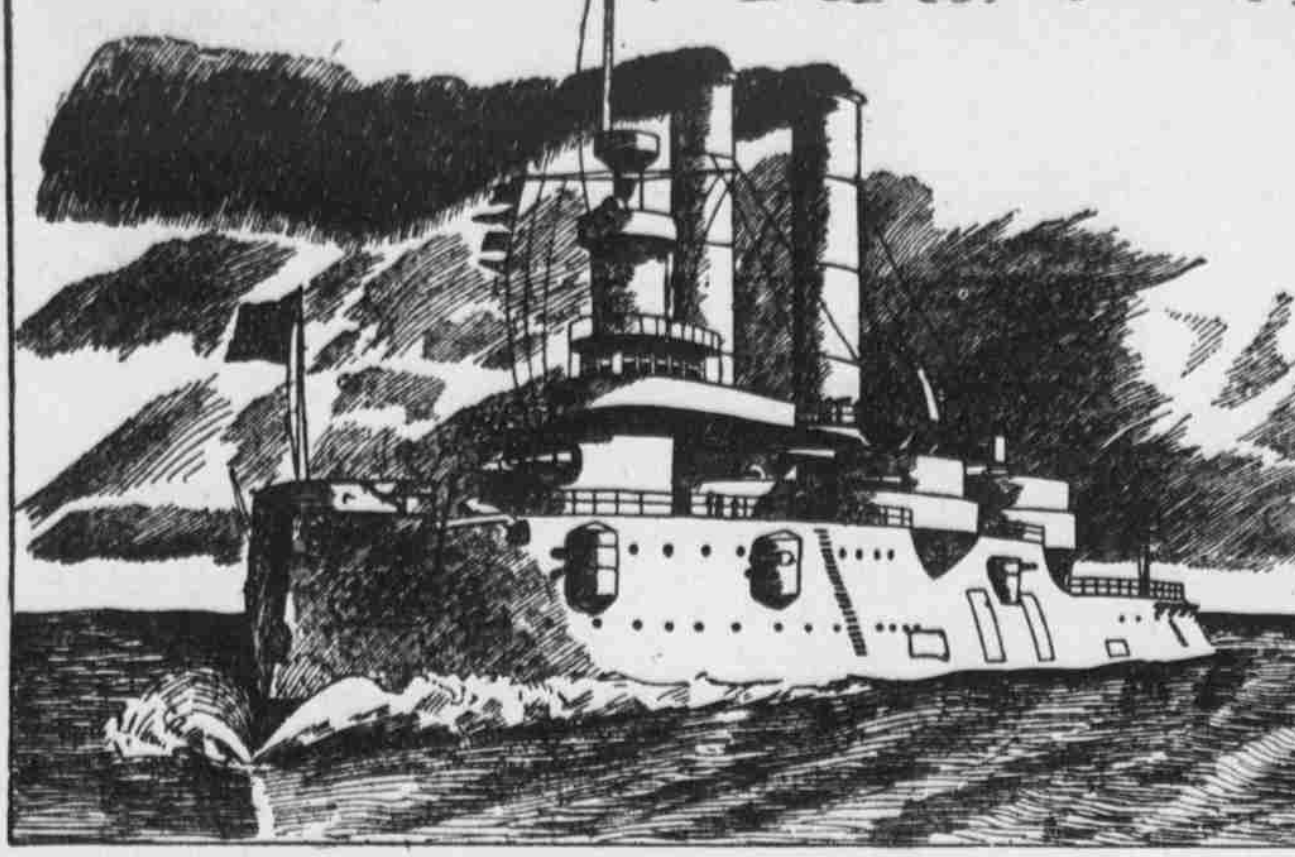
General Merritt has no family. His favorite nephew, Eaton Merritt, who is educating at a Connecticut school, with a view of sending him to West Point. General Merritt was married in 1871, in Europe, to Miss Caroline Warren of Cincinnati. She died in 1893, at St. Paul, and was buried at West Point, where the general was superintendent for five years.

Much of General Merritt's military history has been written. He had many narrow escapes from death—a notable one at the battle of Beverly Ford in 1863, when he was attacked by a confederate officer and a desperate hand to hand encounter followed. He was sabred over the head, and would have been killed had the soft felt hat which he wore, containing a big army pocket handkerchief. In this engagement he was surrounded and his troops nearly captured. He fought with courage and desperation that won a great victory. The newspapers of that day were filled with his exploits in that particular engagement, and on the earnest recommendation of General Buford he was made brigadier general.

THE RIDE OF HIS LIFE.

Perhaps the greatest ride of his life was his famous dash through the Rocky mountains, when he rode night and day to the rescue of Major Thornburgh's command, escorted by the Ute Indians at the time of the White River massacre. The soldiers were surrounded and being slowly shot and starved to death. A single man managed to crawl out one night and escape, and after incredible suffering reached Rawlins, near station on the Union Pacific railroad, nearly 200 miles to the north. A "hurry" telegram was sent to General Merritt, then colonel of the Fifth cavalry at Fort D. A. Russell, near Cheyenne. After reaching the nearest railroad point to the White River Indian agency, General Merritt had to ride four days and nights continuously with a light supply of food and ammunition. Thornburgh was dead and his men were on the point of starvation, wounded and barely able to cling to their guns behind their entrenchments. Merritt arrived at the break of day, advanced with yells and scattered the Indians, who were waiting like wolves for the soldiers to die or surrender. General Merritt's ride through the Rocky mountains will long challenge the record. It is considered remarkable that he did not kill a horse or a man during his mountain march.

THE U. S. BATTLESHIP IOWA.



"FIGHTING" BOB EVANS, COMMANDER OF THE IOWA.

"Just wait a bit and Bob Evans will make a Spanish omelet next time." The line who said it was a casual officer of distinction who knows the famous captain of the battleship Iowa intimately. In a word, it was Fighting Bob Evans himself, whose guns on the Iowa fired the first shots into San Juan.

That this interesting remark may be understood it is necessary to explain that Fighting Bob is a famous cook. He knows more about the science of cookery than any other man in the United States navy.

It is said that no person living is better acquainted with the art of preparing terrapin, and his skill with the canvasback duck is notorious. But the dish for which he is most celebrated is one called "Spanish omelet," which is a very elaborate affair indeed, involving the employment of tomatoes, eggs and a large variety of other ingredients known only to Fighting Bob.

FIGHTING BOB AS A SPORTSMAN.

Bob belongs to the Alibi club of Washington. This is an exclusive social organization, being an offshoot of the fashionable Metropolitan club. It accepts in its membership list no man who is not a dead-game sport. The members of the Alibi club are good things to eat, and everything that may be termed epicurean.

No invitation is more highly prized than one from the Alibi club. Members who know how to cook are called on to display their abilities in the absence of the most conspicuous bon vivants of the national capital gravitate naturally into this gastronomic and sporting fold. It is admitted, however, that Bob Evans is the best cook; born in a different sphere of life or would become a chef of celebrity.

FIGHTING BOB A DEAD SHOT.

Bob Evans is a man of extraordinary versatility. He does ever so many things wonderfully well. Unquestionably he is one of the most expert marksmen with a shotgun in the United States. That was one reason why Mr. Cleveland appreciated his merits so highly.

When the present commander of the Iowa was secretary of the lighthouse board of the treasury he could make what use he pleased of a dozen or more lighthouse tenders, which are ideal boats for hunting and fishing expeditions. Just at present they are absorbed practically into the navy, but hitherto they have not been employed for killing anything more notable than ducks. Mr. Cleveland and Fighting Bob used to go after duck quite frequently on board one or another of these little vessels.

Bob Evans is equally famous as an angler. In this difficult branch of sport he is hardly excelled by any man in the country. With a trout or a tarpon he is equally efficient. There is nothing in the way of sport that his business can help it. Horse races are a dead end of his.

HOW "FIGHTING" BOB GOT HIS TITLE.

If you want to make Evans angry address him as "Fighting Bob." He will answer to the name right away by knocking you down. Probably nothing in his life has annoyed him so much as that epithet, which some thoughtless newspaper applied to him originally after a certain little episode at Valparaiso, where he vindicated the quality of American manhood in a striking way that has been well remembered.

This humorous incident, half humorous and half tragic, has been garbled to a considerable extent in the various accounts of it printed. The facts, simply stated, are that he was in command of the United States ship Yorktown at Valparaiso at a rather exciting period, and some Chileans on shore, having an inborn hatred for Yankees anyway, took a notion to be impudent to the sailors of the Yorktown.

Captain Evans had occasion to send a boat ashore, and the Chileans would not permit the men to land. Evans then sent a steam launch and gave notice that if he was interfered with further he would "make hell smell of garlic." It is hardly necessary to say that the trouble ended right there.

HOW FIGHTING BOB GOT HIS LIMB.

Fighting Bob is about 5 feet 10 inches in height, sturdily built, and weighs perhaps 180 pounds. He parts his hair in the middle, and his face is clean shaven and round, like a full moon. Occasionally he has been mistaken for an actor.

Anybody would call him a good-looking man, though not exactly handsome, one would judge him to be younger than he really is. His eyes are blue and his hair is brown; his dress is always modest. Now and then he uses a little profanity when stirred up.

Evans has a bad limp; he walks with one knee bent. The damage was done during the attack on Fort Fisher, thirty-five years ago. On that occasion he was shot in the knee and fell on the sand. A comrade named Hoban Sands, who is now commander of the cruiser Columbia, came to his rescue and piled up an embankment of sand in front of him to protect him against more bullets.

FIGHTING BOB AN ALL-ROUND SALIOR.

Evans is one of the best practical seamen in the navy. He has a thorough knowledge of the art of sailing a boat, and when in command of the old frigate Saratoga he maneuvered

her in a way that astonished the merchant sailors. It is said that no jack-tar in the service can tie so many kinds of knots.

Captain Evans is the son of a Dr. Evans of Virginia, who was a well-known man in his day. He was a rough and tumble sort of boy. Born near Christiansburg, he was named Robley Gunglison. After the man who edited the famous dictionary of medicine.

FIGHTING BOB'S FAMILY.

He has three children. One of them, Taylor, is an ensign in the navy, and is now on board of the battleship Massachusetts, having been graduated from the naval academy at Annapolis ahead of time, owing to the outbreak of war. Oddly enough, the same thing happened to the father.

The other two children are daughters, and their names are Charlotte and Virginia. One of the daughters is single, and the other is the wife of Lieutenant Charles Marsh, now on the cruiser New York. Both of the young women are now at Hampton Roads, Va., learning to be war nurses.

Captain Evans' wife is a sister of Captain Harry Taylor of the battleship Indiana, now with Admiral Sampson. It is a fighting family, you see. She was a daughter of Frank Taylor, who many years ago kept the biggest book store in Washington on Pennsylvania avenue.

The old man was not an ordinary bookshop keeper, however, but was a litterateur, and famous for his learning.

Into "Fighting Bob's" life came his romance after he was wounded at Fort Fisher. When he was slowly recovering he met the pretty daughter of Captain Taylor at that officer's home. He had none of the graces of the ball room with which to woo his sweetheart, for his poor, wounded limb prevented that. But he won her by the manly arts of the soldier, by the simple tales of the battles he had fought.

HOW FIGHTING BOB FOUGHT THE GOVERNMENT.

When Bob Evans was secretary of the lighthouse board he got permission to put up a residence on the lighthouse reservation at Old Fort Comfort. This reservation was the property of the war department, from which the lighthouse had obtained by order of the treasury for the establishment of a lighthouse.

Subsequently the treasury demanded that he move his dwelling off the reservation, but he refused, saying that the land belonged to the war department, and that he had no right to be asked to leave it, but that he claimed that the reservation had been granted to the treasury. So by working this scheme back and forth he has managed to keep his house where it is, and he is not likely to be disturbed.

When the present president of the Fish and Game Protective association of the District of Columbia.

HOW A MINE FIELD IS ATTACKED.

More than the usual amount of attention is being given now in the United States navy to destroying submarine mines. The recent operations of Admiral Dewey before Manila have proved conclusively that it is possible under cover of darkness, to "run" a field of mines without injury. The harbor of Havana, however, is far better protected, and it is argued, the experience of the Spanish at Manila is likely to induce them to make improvements in the submarine defenses of Havana harbor.

Three different methods of destroying a mine field are known to the navy. The one most frequently used is a process of countermining. The other methods are known as "sweeping" and "creeping." "Sweeping," as a rule, is only carried out at night, or when the shore batteries are silent. Countermining can be done under fire, and frequently is. "Creeping" can be done from a small boat, and frequently has been accomplished under fire.

Countermining consists in the destruction of a field by laying a fresh line of mines across it and exploding them. An ordinary line of countermines consists of two or three hundred mines of the same pattern as those used by the war department for "observation" mines. The cable to which they are attached and by which they are fired consists of a main line 1,400 feet in length, into which are forked six branches. As a rule the countermines are placed aboard an ordinary service launch which is towed by a fast steambot, not infrequently a torpedo boat. As this work generally is done at night, and range of the enemy, it is designed to be done automatically as possible, so that neither nervousness nor casualties may interfere with its successful operation.

Accordingly the steambot towing the launch proceeds at its full speed, being steered on a prearranged bearing. As soon as the mine field that is to be attacked is reached a buoy attached to the end of a cable is thrown overboard, while the boats rush on.

The countermines have been hung along the bows of the launch and are arranged so that when a certain tension is put upon their fastenings they are released automatically and are allowed to drop into the sea. When the entire line has gone overboard the towing steambot hoists a red flag, or, if at night, fires a rocket.

This is the signal for the firing batteries at the two ends of the cable to be joined. A second and similar signal indicates the pressing of the firing key by an officer on the steambot, and the consequent explosion of the line of countermines. Almost invariably it is found that the force of the explosion has been sufficient to break the connections of the enemy's line of mines. This automatic principle of countermining shows its chief usefulness in the fact that no one need be on board the launch.

"Sweeping" is perhaps the most unreliable method known as that of clearing a mine field, but if it is carried out carefully is frequently effective. When the federal fleet during the civil war sailed into Mobile bay it was found that the harbor and river were planted so thickly with improvised mines and torpedoed that the safety of the ships in the attacking squadron was menaced. An attempt was made to remove them by ordinary means, but it resulted in the destruction of the ship employed in the work. The method of countermining was well enough known at that time, but the unreliability of electrical firing devices in those days was such that all attempts to operate a line of countermines failed. In despair of forcing the defenses of the harbor the government sent to New York for Captain E. R. Lowe, an experienced diver.

DANGEROUS WORK, THIS.

Captain Lowe tried for some time to remove the mines by the use of means of his divers, but failing to accomplish the work he was reduced to the necessity of dragging the bottom of the harbor with a hawser of steel wire. The torpedoes were pulled from their moorings, and although two tugboats were used to pull the hawser, the harbor was cleared so that federal ships were able to attack the forts with comparative ease. This experience showed the government that while divers were often of great use in placing mines, they were of no value at all in removing them.

Two or more boats are employed in the manipulation of a "sweep." Several kinds of "sweeps" are used in the service, ranging from a wire cable used by Captain Lowe to an arrangement which is practically a small countermine. The one generally used in the United States navy is composed of about twenty fathoms of two-inch rope or wire cable, with charges of gun cotton at each end and fitted with arms to catch the mooring ropes of mines. It is suspended by lines from three floats or buoys attached at the center and ends. The floats selected for the manipulation of a sweep are generally those drawing the least possible amount of water, so as to reduce the possibility of their colliding with a mine to a minimum. Each boat carries an electrical fring battery.

When the boats arrive at the passage which it is intended to sweep clear of mines each boat takes an end of the cable and, separating, proceeds to drag behind them. As soon as resistance is felt the boats gradually approach one another and the position of the obstruction is determined. This having been done, the line is pulled so as to bring the nearest charge of gun cotton in contact with the mine, and the gun cotton is discharged. This process is repeated until the channel is considered clear of mines, when it is swept once more to make sure that none has been missed.

"Creeping" is considered the most efficacious method of destroying mines, as it is directed solely against the cable connecting the mine cable with the shore batteries. Once this is destroyed or cut the mines are considered harmless. Two "creeps" are used by our navy. One is a sort of explosive grapple, consisting of a charge of three pounds of gun cotton surrounded by three large hooks turned outward; the other is simply an ordinary grapple, used for fishing up the cable when it is encountered.

In use one or both of the grapples is dragged behind the boat which is doing the "creeping." When an obstruction is encountered the operator on the boat pulls the grapple line taut and fires the charge attached to the hook. This usually destroys the shore connection. In using the non-explosive grapple the cable is caught and pulled up to the boat. Then it is cut, a battery attached and the entire field of mines is exploded harmlessly from the boat.

Although "creeping" cannot be carried on with any degree of success on a rocky bottom, it is the method usually adopted in warfare. When whole mine fields have to be cleared countermining is the preferable method, but it is practically hopeless under the fire of batteries on shore. The tactics taught in the United States navy are that when circumstances are so urgent that a passage must be forced through a mine field at once and at all hazards the best course is for the destroyers to follow a single column six cables apart, the least valuable vessels leading. The small ships can tow drags or sweeps. They almost surely will be sunk by the mines, but they will have cleared the track for the battleships which follow.

A woman I know, says a writer in the Washington Post, has a brother in camp at Chickamauga, and fired by the older women's stories of how the soldiers more than thirty years ago, she wrote to her brother asking him what he and his comrades stood most in need of.

His answer came Thursday. It was brief, but full of meaning to every officer who has suffered from the modern "grit" brass button craze.

"Dear sister," it ran, "send me safety pins. I've just met fifteen new girls."

SCHLEY UNDER FARRAGUT.

Captain Schley is described as 5 feet 9 inches in height, with blue eyes, a mustache and imperial, both gray; his hair is growing very thin on top, but he artfully brushes it so as to hide the bald spot; he weighs about 170 pounds, is restless in manner, walking up and down and all around the person to whom he is talking, is modest in dress and democratic in all things. In the civil war Schley had command of a gunboat under Admiral Farragut and they tell this story to illustrate how he fights:

Farragut summoned him one morning and, pointing to a confederate fort, said: "Do you see that place, Schley? Go knock it to pieces."

Schley went and was hammering the fort to pieces when his quartermaster rushed up to him and said:

"Captain, the admiral has signaled us to stop and return to the fleet."

"To — with the signal; I won't see it," answered Schley.

He kept on pounding away at the fort until it was in ruins. Then he returned to the fleet. Farragut was angry and summoned him. Before all the officers of the flagship he gave Schley a fierce drizzling down for not obeying the recall signal.

"I didn't see it," protested Schley.

"You must have shut the eye that you put the glass up to," said Farragut.

After again raking him fore and aft for his disobedience, the admiral took him into the cabin out of sight of the other officers and gave him a drink of the finest liquor aboard.

PURITAN POINTS.

One of the warrant officers of the United States monitor Puritan, which is with the blockading squadron off Cuba, gives in a letter to a friend in this city some interesting observations on the Puritan's work.

"We are all convinced," he writes, "that the Puritan under proper circumstances, is the finest fighting boat in the navy; but she has restrictions. There is no question about the high defensive qualities of the monitor type for harbor work. Our low freeboard makes us a small target for the enemy and our twelve-inch guns make us very dangerous to an enemy. Captain Harrington and Lieutenant Commander J. Russell Selfridge have worked our crew into fine condition, and there is no question as to the loyalty of the men or their skill with the big guns. Our low freeboard, however, precludes any possibility of our coaling at sea with safety, and as our coal capacity is so comparatively small, unless a lee current, so that the monitor may open up her deck scuttles with safety, we must return to a coaling station. Such was the case off Matanzas, where there is an open sea to windward and no protection. The Puritan did good work at Matanzas as you probably know, and our guns were very effective. I notice that some of the newspapers commented on the fact that our fire was slow. That was according to orders to prevent waste of ammunition. We didn't want the gun captains to throw away their ammunition in the first rush. Everything on board moved like clockwork and our men behaved splendidly."

Manila is Healthful.

Dr. W. M. Vandervort of Independence, Kansas, who has spent considerable time in Manila, stated that he put very little credence in the press reports to the effect that Manila was unhealthy. Dr. Vandervort at one time was a sailor before the mast and Manila was a port of entry which he visited often.

"Manila itself is healthy," said he yesterday, "and the plague if it ever visits the island, is carried there by the Chinese from Hong Kong. The sanitary regulations, like everything that is Spanish, are poor. The government after once securing control and establishing a quarantine service, can really assure that the health of the troops will be protected, and even without quarantine it is superior to Havana as a health resort. The bay is five miles wide at the point where Manila is situated and the town slopes back gently to the interior. The streets are paved with seashells, and when the setting sun has full sway these streets become kaleidoscopic in their many hues.

"In the Philippines the birds have the brightest plumage and are very rare. The natives are docile and easily governed, but have been oppressed so that a Spaniard is little less than a master. The Malayan race hates the Spaniard as the devil hates holy water. The cathedral there is one of the finest in the world and the saint images which adorn the walls are of gold and studded with precious stones. The priests live in luxury and this luxury is shared by the Spaniards.

"Under the American form of government the island of Luzon could be made a paradise; we could soon be filled with Americans and would be found a good place to live in."

Senator William E. Mason always has been a joker, says the Chicago Journal. Even when a school boy he never let a chance pass without having his fun at the expense of some one else. When he was a public school pupil the boys knew as much about "cribbing" as they do now and it was nothing new for them to conceal needed information on their cuffs or inside their watches. One day when Willie Mason was taking an examination the keen-eyed teacher observed him taking out his watch every minute or two. The pedagogue grew suspicious. Finally he strode slowly down the aisle and stopped in front of Willie's desk. "Let me see your watch," he commanded. "All right, sir," was the meek reply. The teacher opened the watch and he looked somewhat sheepish when he read the single word: "Fooled." But he was a shrewd man. He was not to be thrown off the scent so easily. He opened the back lid. Then he was satisfied. There he read: "Fooled again."

ADMIRAL SAMPSON.

"What kind of man is Sampson?" I heard constantly asked of the commander of the United States squadron in Southern waters, that man with whom history will have to do in long, strong paragraphs.

"The ablest man in the navy," his friends answer.

"A fighter," his enemies reply.

"An ordnance expert of the first degree," scientific men hasten to state, continuing: "His knowledge of explosives is thorough, his inventive genius extraordinary."

"A jolly tennis player," the knights of the racket tell me, quoting records of his games with former Secretary of State Olney and two officers on the Washington courts the quartet frequented a season or two ago.

"Admiral Sampson," say the women; "what kind of a man would we call him?" they churched at a fashionable tea table lately where the afternoon sun's rays cast streaks of red and bits of blue on their tea cups through a great flag that waved outside. "Indescribably fascinating," and the only woman who had not joined in indorsed their opinion by adding a relieved and logical, "That just describes him."

A blond youth with an English complexion exclaimed: "You see, it's difficult to give those who haven't met him an impression of Cap-Admiral Sampson. He is a student, without a shade of pedantry, quiet as he is learned, reserved as he is courageous, talks little, says much; the kind of man one feels to be depended upon."

"Yes, but he is good looking, you know, too," protested a dark haired woman, with a bit of free Cuba ribbon knotted through the lapel of her covert coat. And the blond admitting this with elevation of the eyebrows that derided all but the spiritual of the brunettes went on:

HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

"Quite tall, you know. Stoops a trifle, the kind of stoop that comes from leaning above books. His eyes are dusky blue, with green wave lights when he's aboard ship, and his hair is a rich brown; refined features; hair and mustache are gray. He is thoroughbred looking, and his uniform should thank him for wearing it. He's been blown up, you know. 'Way up!' she added impressively. He must have been awful, but we all contend he came down in a dignified manner, though we weren't there to see, for dignity is a habit with Admiral Sampson, that not even dynamite could overcome."

No man has been more in demand by his government, which appreciates since his learning, judgment, and experience. Positions allotted him have been at various times superintendent of the Naval academy, superintendent of the naval observatory, in charge of gun factory, commander torpedo station, chief bureau of ordnance, which last he left for the Iowa. He was actively interested in reorganizing the navy, and was president of the Court of Inquiry following the Maine disaster. His knowledge of armor and armament, together with his swift, safe reasoning and decisive action in emergency, make him an invaluable servant of the nation. His career in the service dates from 1857, as midshipman at Annapolis, appointed from his home, Paimyra, New York.

HOW HE WAS BLOWN UP.

It was while executive officer of the ironclad Patapsco that Lieutenant Sampson expended his judgment, and up one hears constantly referred to. A blockade was in effect, and the admiral ordered the Patapsco into Charleston harbor to remove and destroy the submarine mines and torpedoes with which the water was filled. In bold execution of orders, the fearless young lieutenant, with his men, so bravely and so bravely, he led the Iowa to the wreck of the Patapsco from beneath that wrought death and sunk his ship in the same moment. He was rescued with twenty-five of his crew. He was in command of the Swatara in China in 1879, and was also in command of one of our ships in the charge.

His home life is made delightful by a lovely wife, who is young, attractive looking and an interested worker in the Woman's Army and Navy League. Mrs. Sampson is now at Glen Ridge, N. J., with her two little boys, Ralph and Harold. Mrs. Smith, wife of Ensign U. S. N.; Mrs. Jackson, wife of Ensign R. H. Jackson, U. S. N.; Misses Nannie and Olive Sampson are daughters of the distinguished sailor by a former marriage.

No man more opposite in temperament to the enemy he has gone out to meet than Admiral Sampson could be imagined. Anglo-Saxon deliberation tinged his every thought and movement. His brain is charged with calculation that annihilates.

"What kind of a man is Sampson?" I asked of a gallant retired "sail" today. "By Mars, sir, or by Neptune," was the answer, "He's the right kind."

The democratic ways of the German Prince Henry while in Hong Kong made him a great favorite with the foreign residents of that city. A correspondent of the London Daily News said of him on that occasion: "He uses the Hong club almost exclusively, finding there, perhaps—our English flatter themselves so—that cream of hospitality which treats even a royal guest as a habitue, and neither stares him out of countenance nor bores him to death with deference. With what would seem the truest courtesy he is allowed to come and go unnoticed. The prince seems very much to appreciate this, and shows it by making himself thoroughly at home. The other day he entered the club bar and called for a whisky and soda. The 'boy' poured out the usual modicum, and was about to add the soda, when the prince inquired, 'What do you call that, boy?' 'Whisky, sir.' 'Well, what do you stop for then? Don't be afraid of it. Go on till I say when.' And the prince put down a 'three-finger' nip with all the gusto of a genuinely thirsty man."

If we cannot live so as to be happy, let us at least live so as to deserve it.—Fitch.



COMMODORE SCHLEY.

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Dr. W. M. Vandervort of Independence, Kansas, who has spent considerable time in Manila, stated that he put very little credence in the press reports to the effect that Manila was unhealthy. Dr. Vandervort at one time was a sailor before the mast and Manila was a port of entry which he visited often.

"Manila itself is healthy," said he yesterday, "and the plague if it ever visits the island, is carried there by the Chinese from Hong Kong. The sanitary regulations, like everything that is Spanish, are poor. The government after once securing control and establishing a quarantine service, can really assure that the health of the troops will be protected, and even without quarantine it is superior to Havana as a health resort. The bay is five miles wide at the point where Manila is situated and the town slopes back gently to the interior. The streets are paved with seashells, and when the setting sun has full sway these streets become kaleidoscopic in their many hues.

"In the Philippines the birds have the brightest plumage and are very rare. The natives are docile and easily governed, but have been oppressed so that a Spaniard is little less than a master. The Malayan race hates the Spaniard as the devil hates holy water. The cathedral there is one of the finest in the world and the saint images which adorn the walls are of gold and studded with precious stones. The priests live in luxury and this luxury is shared by the Spaniards.

"Under the American form of government the island of Luzon could be made a paradise; we could soon be filled with Americans and would be found a good place to live in."

Senator William E. Mason always has been a joker, says the Chicago Journal. Even when a school boy he never let a chance pass without having his fun at the expense of some one else. When he was a public school pupil the boys knew as much about "cribbing" as they do now and it was nothing new for them to conceal needed information on their cuffs or inside their watches. One day when Willie Mason was taking an examination the keen-eyed teacher observed him taking out his watch every minute or two. The pedagogue grew suspicious. Finally he strode slowly down the aisle and stopped in front of Willie's desk. "Let me see your watch," he commanded. "All right, sir," was the meek reply. The teacher opened the watch and he looked somewhat sheepish when he read the single word: "Fooled." But he was a shrewd man. He was not to be thrown off the scent so easily. He opened the back lid. Then he was satisfied. There he read: "Fooled again."

"What kind of a man is Sampson?" I heard constantly asked of the commander of the United States squadron in Southern waters, that man with whom history will have to do in long, strong paragraphs.

"The ablest man in the navy," his friends answer.

"A fighter," his enemies reply.

"An ordnance expert of the first degree," scientific men hasten to state, continuing: "His knowledge of explosives is thorough, his inventive genius extraordinary."

"A jolly tennis player," the knights of the racket tell me, quoting records of his games with former Secretary of State Olney and two officers on the Washington courts the quartet frequented a season or two ago.

"Admiral Sampson," say the women; "what kind of a man would we call him?" they churched at a fashionable tea table lately where the afternoon sun's rays cast streaks of red and bits of blue on their tea cups through a great flag that waved outside. "Indescribably fascinating," and the only woman who had not joined in indorsed their opinion by adding a relieved and logical, "That just describes him."

A blond youth with an English complexion exclaimed: "You see, it's difficult to give those who haven't met him an impression of Cap-Admiral Sampson. He is a student, without a shade of pedantry, quiet as he is learned, reserved as he is courageous, talks little, says much; the kind of man one feels to be depended upon."

"Yes, but he is good looking, you know, too," protested a dark haired woman, with a bit of free Cuba ribbon knotted through the lapel of her covert coat. And the blond admitting this with elevation of the eyebrows that derided all but the spiritual of the brunettes went on: