

DEWEY TAKES NEW YORK BY SURPRISE.

Just as he surprised the enemy nearly a year and a half ago, Admiral Dewey took by surprise the city which was waiting for the hero of Manila and preparing a magnificent reception for him. The admiral and his famous flagship, the Olympia, appeared off Sandy Hook, New York, shortly after 5:30 o'clock Tuesday morning, two days before he was expected, and plans which had been made for a great welcome were somewhat disarranged by the admiral's promptness, which might, however, have been predicted.

The Olympia, receiving salutes from forts and vessels in the bay, passed Scotland lightship bound in at 5:50 o'clock and less than two hours later, at 7:40 o'clock, had come to anchor in the lower bay inside Sandy Hook.

The celebration in honor of Admiral Dewey's arrival home began that night, instead of on Thursday night, as previously arranged.

It was misty as the Olympia showed up in the southeast, through the haze and in the dim light of early morning. With the admiral's own flag floating from the main masthead, and the long homeward-bound pennant streaming from the peak above, the graceful cruiser steamed full into view. When she passed the Hook a thundering admiral's salute of seventeen guns roared from the guns at Fort Hancock and signals of welcome topped by old glory were made from the observatory on the Hook. In answer to the welcome the Olympia signaled "Thanks."

Everybody was on deck on the cruiser who could possibly get there without neglecting his duty, and the admiral could plainly be seen walking aft. The ensign was dipped in answer to the salutes of several passing vessels, and when the flagship had come to anchor below the southwest spit Fort Hancock's salute was answered from the rapid-fire guns which spoke at Manila.

An orderly bearing dispatches from the admiral and other officers went ashore when the cruiser was made fast and reported a pleasant voyage and all hands well on board. He begged for back files of the newspapers, and while they were being collected for him out on the Olympia began what bade fair to be a hard day's work, dipping the ensign to passing vessels and craft which came up, down and across the bay to welcome the admiral on his safe return.

The steamboat Sandy Hook from Atlantic Highlands was among the first of the floating craft from New York to welcome Admiral Dewey to these waters. The Olympia acknowledged the salutes and the Sandy Hook's passengers crowded to the port rail. The men and women waved hats and handkerchiefs and cheered frantically, but when the figure of the admiral was made out on deck the cheers turned to wild yells and the passengers were in danger of throwing themselves into the water in the energy of their vigorous reception.

The admiral lifted his cap in acknowledgment of the tumultuous greetings and the yells redoubled. The passengers were still shouting noisy welcomes when the Sandy Hook's pilot headed for the city. Dewey was informed in loud tones that his friends were bidding good-by to him only

temporarily and that they would "see him again."

The steamboat Monmouth left Atlantic Highlands pier at 9 o'clock, carrying a large crowd of the summer residents of the Jersey shore. Capt. Martin headed his boat right for the Olympia and came to a stop alongside her. The admiral was on the quarter-deck. The passengers on the steamboat cheered him lustily, and he bowed and smiled and said: "Thank you."

For five minutes the passengers kept up their cheering. They cheered for the big cruiser and every man on it, and for the Philippines, and then for the man who won them. The Olympia's jacksies, thronging the rail, replied, and the band struck up a patriotic air. Then the Monmouth drew away and came up to the city.

Rear Admiral Philip, the commandant of the Brooklyn navy yard, was informed of the Olympia's arrival while at breakfast. He called together the officers of the yard and read them the telegram. Shortly after 10 o'clock Admiral Philip gave orders that the silver service and the bronze tablet presented by the city of Olympia to the cruiser and the gun metal medals for the Olympia's crew be put on board the navy tug Traffic. Lieut. Dewey of the receiving ship Vermont, a nephew of the admiral, was ordered by the commandant to deliver these gifts to the flagship. The Traffic left the navy yard at 11:30 o'clock.

There was no formal presentation of the gifts. They were simply put on board and given over to the care of the admiral. Later Admiral Sampson went to the Olympia in the dispatch boat Dolphin. He was in full-dress uniform and was given a hearty welcome.

WELCOME AT WASHINGTON.

Admiral Dewey to Arrive at the Capitol on Oct. 2.

Washington telegram: The special train from New York, bearing Admiral Dewey to this city, will arrive at 6:50 p. m. on Oct. 2. The naval hero will be escorted to the white house by the Third cavalry. Here he will receive his official welcome from President McKinley and will report to Secretary Long. The other members of the cabinet will also be present to grasp the hand of the hero of Manila. The party will then enter the reviewing stand, which has been modeled from the plans of the bridge of the Olympia, and will witness the great illuminated night parade, in which 20,000 men will participate.

The military escort to the capitol on the following day will be a glittering pageant and will number nearly every official of the army and navy. About 6,000 men will participate, and Gen. Nelson A. Miles will act as grand marshal, with Gen. H. C. Corbin as adjutant-general. The presentation of the \$10,000 sword voted by congress promises to be a brilliant occasion. The stand upon which the exercises will be held has been erected at the east front of the capitol and fronts upon a great plaza, which will accommodate over 300,000 people.

When the sword has been presented by Secretary Long, Commander George W. Baird, U. S. N., will present the admiral with the historic old admiral's

flag which was used by Admiral Farragut while on the Hartford. After the exercises at the east front of the capitol the military escort will be reviewed by Admiral Dewey, the president, and members of the cabinet.

As soon as the Dewey ceremonies in New York are over, Admiral Dewey will be formally detached from the Olympia. The flagship will then proceed to Boston, where she will be placed out of commission and receive an extensive overhauling.

Admiral Dewey will not be assigned to any duty until he has been consulted on the subject.

The admiral will have as much leave as he desires, but it is believed that he will not accept any of the many invitations of American cities to attend demonstrations in his honor between the conclusion of the Washington ceremonies and the meeting of the Philippine commission.

A Starch Fiend.

Savannah News: Among the unfortunate fiends in Havana has been discovered one addicted to the eating of starch, which it is said is stored away on the average of a pound a day. The unfortunate is a woman and in her desperation she will, after failure to get lump starch, chew up old clothes or anything which gives the taste of starch. The victim of this habit is Mary Carney, an aged woman, who lives at 558 Roberts street. She is being treated by City Physician Davis, who did not know until recently that the woman was addicted to the habit of eating starch. She denied everything of the kind, giving other causes for her complaints, but after the physician had visited her a few times he determined she was the subject of some terrible habit. She had a rather clayish color, and there were other symptoms which led the physician to believe she was addicted to a habit of some kind. After close questioning recently she admitted that she had been eating starch in crude lumps for a number of years, and that she could not get along without it. She told the physician she gulped it down dry, with scarcely enough moisture to admit of its passage into the stomach. It was learned she eats about a pound a day.

Some Horse Sense.

There is a good deal of horse sense in the following extract from Governor Roosevelt's speech at Oleott, N. Y., delivered a few days ago: "Of course, we ought to welcome and do all we can to hasten the coming of the time when life shall be easier for the man farthest underneath. Try to help him by the only way; help him to help himself. If a man stumbles, help him up. If he lies down it is no use carrying him. Don't think it is. It isn't. Not only will it not allow you time for anything else, but if you carry him long enough he will think it is right, and will find fault because you do not find a way to carry him easier."

Coffee is becoming an important industry in Queensland. It has outgrown the home demand and the Queenslanders are preparing to put their coffee on the London market.

THE WIDOW'S LOVE.

When Isabella Barry was left a widow at the age of 25 she turned her attention to charitable work, hoping to find solace therein. Her zeal grew and at the end of a year she was quite engrossed in the work.

She had always given liberally, but now she added personal visitation to that, and took to visiting the slum districts, where she dispensed alms with her own hands. To say that she was often deceived in the objects of her charity would be putting it mildly—often the professedly blind having as good sight as herself or the apparent cripple having an arm or leg deftly bandaged up while the sleeve or trousers leg hung empty—but many and many a time she helped those who were truly deserving, and was content.

She studied social problems, read books on economic subjects and attended club meetings of the working classes, endeavoring to find some plan by which the condition of the poor might be permanently ameliorated.

"If they only had better houses to live in," she said, "it would arouse their ambition and self-respect. But these horrible, ramshackle tenements, where human beings swarm together like rats, have simply the opposite tendency."

It was while visiting one of these tenements that she met with an adventure. In coming through an upper hall the heel of her shoe caught in a hole in the floor and her foot received such a wrench that she would have fallen and perhaps sustained severe injuries, but for the opportune appearance of a gentleman, who caught her and held her while he released her heel.

"What an abominable place!" exclaimed her rescuer, an interesting-looking man, dressed in a suit of tweed, whose appearance and manner stamped him as a gentleman. Mrs. Barry was not conventional and finding herself unharmed and in the company of one whom she at once conceived to be in sympathy with her charitable projects, she began to talk.

"Yes, this is one of the most neglected buildings in the whole city,"

widow, impulsively extending her hand, which he clasped very willingly. Then a pause followed, during which she suddenly awoke to the fact that she was even more unconventional than usual, and hastily bidding the stranger good-day, she passed on.

"Well, he was a gentleman, I am sure," she said to quiet her inward chidings, "and it was in the cause of charity. But I really must learn to behave more sedately." She glanced back as she left the building, but did not see him; and she did not know that he had stayed behind to make discreet inquiries about the charming black-robed woman who had favored him with her views on the responsibilities of property-owners.

Shortly after this adventure Isabella attended a musical at a friend's home. At the close of the entertainment her friend approached and asked leave to introduce a Mr. Alwyn, who desired to meet her.

Isabella gave her consent and the hostess left to bring the gentleman. "Alwyn," repeated the widow to herself. "Where have I heard that name? It certainly is familiar, but I cannot place him."

"Mrs. Barry—Mr. Alwyn," said her hostess, and turning she found herself face to face with the gentleman she had talked with in the old tenement house. As she glanced at him she suddenly remembered the name of the owner of that neglected property. It was Alwyn, and this was he standing before her, his countenance expressing nothing but polite pleasure upon making her acquaintance. An irrepressible smile brightened the widow's face as the hostess moved away.

"So it was you I lectured so roundly the other day?" she said. "You really must pardon me."

"Do you mean," he asked eagerly, "that you do not now think me culpable?"

"By no means," she replied, emphatically. "I only mean that I would probably not have spoken so had I known you then."

"Then, if that is the case," he said, showing considerable dejection, "I fear you will not care for my acquaintance."

Alwyn was a handsome man, with

because I cannot live without you—because I love you, Isabella." "Oh!" said Isabella, faintly, "if that is the reason it changes the complexion of the affair—a little."

THIS CAT HAD APPENDICITIS.

San Francisco Feline That Was Afflicted with a Fashionable Disease.

From the San Francisco Chronicle: Maltese cats are in large demand among business houses, not only because of their beauty, but because they have proved themselves to be fine hunters. One of the handsomest of these is Tom, a magnificent fellow belonging to a wholesale grocer in lower California street, or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say that the cat owns the establishment. He spends his nights in useful labor and is sometimes for a considerable period found regularly each morning with a big dead rat by his side, for, like most of the genuinely capable of his kind, he disdains to eat his game. During the day he has appropriated to his own use a neatly finished mail tray on the office desk, and when the weather is cool a big nickel lamp standing beside the tray is kept burning for his especial benefit.

A fit of indigestion very nearly carried him off one day and it became necessary to perform a surgical operation to save the noble fellow's life. He seemed to know that the veterinary surgeon's lancet was unsharpened for his good and bore the pain like a stoic and without resistance. Vying with Tom in beauty and intelligence and his almost exact counterpart in size and appearance is Joe, a splendid Maltese of Petaluma birth, belonging to a wholesale boot and shoe house on the corner of Second and Stevenson street. Eyes of amber, a coat of silky blue-gray, sinewy frame and leonine rather than tigerish face, Joe is a magnificent specimen of cathood. He not only answers to his name, but understands and will obey simple directions issued by his master, jumping on desk or chair at his bidding or playing with a cord strung across the entrance in the office rail. An instance of cat devotion of an extraordinary sort is found in a wholesale daily establishment on the east side of Front street, near California. Here is a wee motherless gray kitten, so small that it can sit comfortably on one's hand. In the store are five grown cats—common cats of no pedigree, toms and tabbies, and this elder band has assumed maternal care of the forlorn little orphan. They watch it vigilantly, seeming particularly apprehensive lest it stray out upon the street, and whenever one of them perceives him too near the open doors the older fellow walks over to the kitten, picks it up in its mouth and gravely carries it back and deposits it in the rear of the store.

An Experiment in Reforestation.

Results of an experiment in reforestation, made by the Kansas City, Fort Scott & Memphis railway, are materializing. Twenty years ago the directors had some apprehension as to the future timber supply of the road and they called Prof. Sargent, of Harvard, into consultation. At his suggestion about 100 acres were planted with white ash, black walnut, wild cherry, Osage orange, alanthus, Catalpa bignonioides, and Catalpa speciosa was selected as the strongest grower under all conditions, and as promising to reach maturity long before any other of the trees would be available for railway purposes. Two complete sections were planted with the Catalpa speciosa, and it is now estimated that, with judicious cutting, 1,000 trees from ten to fifteen inches in diameter and from thirty to forty feet high can be taken off each acre during the next ten years. The whole cost of the land, trees, planting, cultivation, interest on the capital, and general attention for fifteen years has been less than \$100 an acre, while telegraph poles of Catalpa are worth from \$3 to \$3.50 each, and fence posts from 10 to 15 cents each.

Appeal on Rhetorical Grounds.

A singular case came before the Court of Appeals recently. A new trial was asked for on the ground that at the first hearing the jury had been so led away by the eloquence of counsel that they had returned an improper verdict. There are a few cases in which a new trial has been granted on the ground that there have been inaccuracies in the statements made by counsel, but we believe that this is the first time in which one has been asked for merely because counsel has been specially energetic and flowery. Of course the application was refused, Lord Justice Smith shrewdly remarking that the eminent Q. C. who made it would have done just the same for his client himself.—London Globe.

A Remarkable Shawl.

The most remarkable shawl in the world is one belonging to the duchess of Northumberland. It is made entirely from the fur of Persian cats, and many thousands of skins were used, the weaving taking several years. Although this shawl is eight yards square it can be compressed into a space no larger than a coffee cup. It was formerly the property of Charles X. of France.

Fitting.

Wig—Do you believe that people get to resemble the things they eat? Wag—Well, it seems so. My boy ate some unripe apples yesterday and he was actually green when the doctor arrived.—Philadelphia Record.

Strange.

We all admit that virtue is its own reward and yet we object when the good man throws bouquets at himself.



"OH!" SAID ISABELLA FAINTLY.

she said, warmly. "I think it is left to the agent, who does as he pleases and lets the property fall into decay, while the owner enjoys himself in foreign lands, or at least does not trouble himself to personally investigate affairs. And yet the poor wretches who live in these dreadful quarters, where disease so often comes, must pay their rent as if they got some adequate return. I call it blood money and should think it would stain the hand of the man who receives it."

"Perhaps," suggested the stranger, "the owner is, as you said was possible, away from home and knows nothing of the state of his property. Perhaps his agent has kept him in ignorance."

"Then it is criminal ignorance," returned Mrs. Barry. "The possession of property entails responsibilities, moral obligations, and should not be shirked. Now, in the case of the owner of this house, it is simply wilful neglect. I, myself, notified him of the condition of the house some time ago."

"You know him, then?" asked the man, in evident surprise.

"No," she replied, "but I communicated with him through his agent."

"And Mr.—ah what did you say the owner's name was?" he inquired.

"I have forgotten," Mrs. Barry said, wrinkling her smooth brow in an attempt at remembrance.

"I am sure he never received your letter," exclaimed her companion, earnestly.

It was Mrs. Barry who now showed surprise.

"Do you know him?" she asked in turn.

The gentleman hesitated before he replied: "Slightly. And, while he is by no means a paragon, I am sure if he had received your letter or had otherwise been made aware of the state of his property, he would have attended to it. As it is, I will see that he has the matter brought to his attention."

"Thank you!" exclaimed the young

attractive manners, and Isabella was but a woman, young, and not impervious to the admiration she read in his eyes, so she answered:

"I consider it a piece of good fortune to have met you. I intend to constitute myself a missionary and convert you to my point of view."

"You will find me a ready pupil," he responded, quickly. "Your first lesson on the responsibilities of a property-holder has already borne fruit. I intend to tear down the wretched structure you condemned so sharply and put up a model modern building in its stead."

"Tell me about it," urged the widow, her eyes sparkling with pleasure.

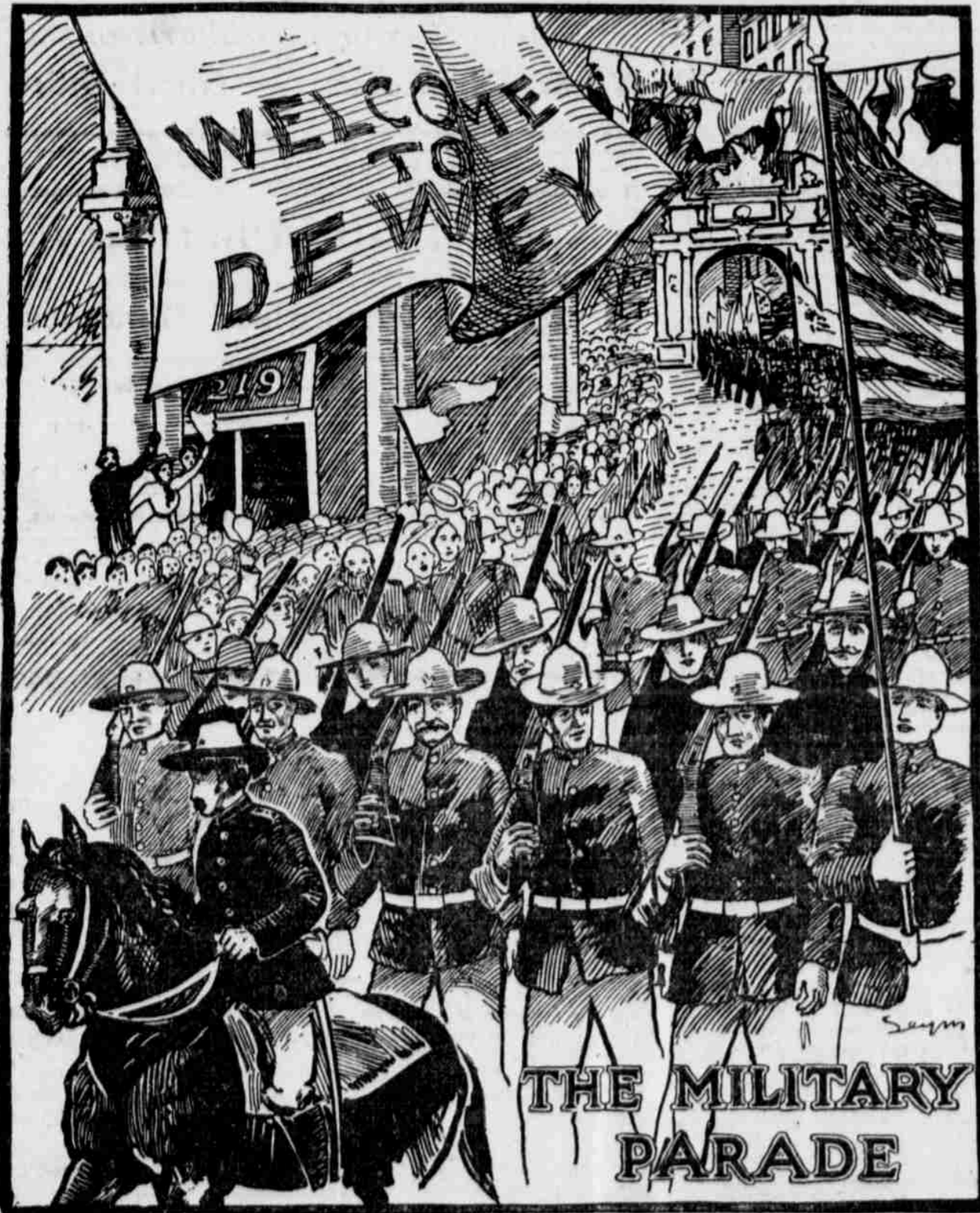
Mr. Alwyn hesitated a moment, then asked, almost timidly: "Perhaps you will allow me to bring the plans up some evening to show you? You might then be kind enough to offer some helpful suggestion; for when it comes to building, I always contend that a woman plans better than the most finished architect of the sterner sex."

"I will be most happy to assist you," Isabella responded, as she rose to leave, "and you will find me at home any Wednesday."

The next Wednesday found Alwyn at Mrs. Barry's, armed with his plans for a model tenement house. There were many changes and numerous suggestions to be made, which necessitated many visits on the part of Mr. Alwyn. Isabella was such a delightful little philanthropist and her zeal was so contagious that Alwyn declared that he could not manage his large property in the way she had shown him to be his duty without her permanent help.

"Of course, if you put it that way," the little widow said with dignity—"that you only want me to keep you in the paths of duty, I would recommend the Rev. Mr. Hopworth in my place. He can guide you and advise—"

"But that is not the only reason, Isabella, that I want you. I want you



THE MILITARY PARADE