

Last Battles of War With Spain

While the peace negotiations with Spain were in progress to bring to a close the war which has been waged since April 21, and even after the protocol was signed and a temporary cessation of hostilities declared, some of the most important battles of the war were fought and won. On the day the protocol was signed Admiral Dewey and General Merritt, with the land and naval forces under their commands, made a combined attack on Manila, forcing its surrender in twelve hours, taking 7,000 prisoners and 12,000 stands of arms. The day before, at which time Spain's answer was in the hands of the president, Manzanillo, on the south coast of Santiago province, was bombarded for twelve hours and at dawn on the day peace was declared surrendered. Meanwhile General Miles in Porto Rico was pushing his advance lines on San Juan and even after receiving word of the declaration of an armistice had several lively skirmishes with the Spaniards.

While Secretary of State Day and Ambassador Cambon of France, representing Spain, were appending their signatures to the peace protocol, Manila, after a stubborn resistance, was surrendered.

The stars and stripes were flung out to the breeze that very evening on a staff which had floated so proudly the banner that for 350 years represented Spanish sovereignty in the Philippines. Just as the fresh breeze snapped Old Glory straight on the halliards the sun, which had been behind clouds all the week, burst out in a flood of brilliant light, saluting the first free flag hoisted over the Philippines in formal recognition of oppression's overthrow and freedom's onward march.

The cheers from land and sea that greeted the glorious ensign had hardly died away when the guns of Admiral Dewey's flagship, the Olympia, began roaring out a national salute to the new sovereignty in the Philippines. The Charleston quickly followed, and then the Raleigh, Concord, Hugh McCulloch, Petrel, Boston and Baltimore, and even the little Callao, that three months ago boasted allegiance to the flag that has now been supplanted.

In Cuba a similar scene, although not so important, was being enacted. On August 12 Manzanillo, on the south coast of Santiago province, west of Santiago de Cuba, was bombarded for over twelve hours, beginning at about 8:30 in the afternoon, when the secondary protected cruiser Newark lay 5,000 yards off shore and threw 6-inch shells, and the gunboat Swaneau, the Osceola, Hist and Alvarado, at ranges of from 600 to 800 yards, swept the shore batteries with their 4-inch guns, 6-pounders and smaller guns. The active bombardment lasted until 5 o'clock, when there was a lull for an hour. After that the Newark used her 6-inch guns every half hour through the night.

At dawn the next day white flags could be seen all over the town and also on the hills. Soon a small boat was discovered coming out to the Newark under a white flag. Two Spanish officers boarded the Newark and said that they had been instructed to inform Captain Goodrich that a peace protocol had been signed yesterday by the representatives of Spain and the United States and that hostilities had ceased.

Meanwhile General Miles, unaware of the dawn of peace, was pushing his forces on toward San Juan. On August 10, three days before peace was declared, the town of Coamo was captured after a fight, and about the same time another force was engaging the enemy near Guayama. In the capture of Coamo General Ernst's brigade was ordered to move at daylight. The main body went along the military road, while Colonel Biddle of General Wilson's staff, with the Sixteenth Pennsylvania, made a detour to enter the town from the north.

They met the Spanish forces outside the town and a fight took place, which lasted half an hour. The fire was hot. The Spanish in the trenches were driven out. The Spanish losses are unknown. Our loss was six wounded, one seriously.

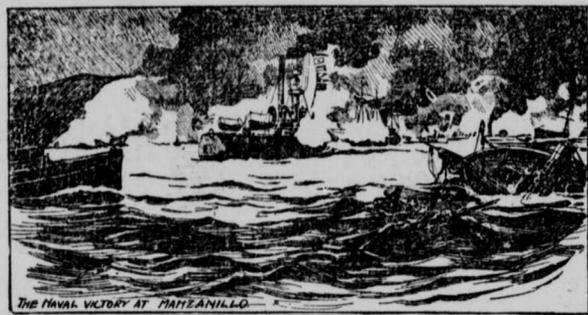
While this battle was being waged the Fourth Ohio was having a skir-

ish about five miles beyond Guayama. The Americans were caught in an ambush and had it not been for speedy reinforcements Companies A and C would have probably been wiped out. As it was several of them were wounded. This was the last fight in the war.

CELESTIAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

The Sensitive Plate Reveals More Than the Eye Can See.

In September St. Nicholas there is an article on "Photography: Its Marvels," by Elizabeth Flint Wade. The author says: Almost the first use in science to which the new discovery was put was the photographing of the moon, the first recorded picture being made by Prof. Draper, and presented to the New York Lyceum of Natural History. His son Henry grew so fond of astronomical photography that on leaving college he went to Ireland to see the great reflecting telescope of Lord Rosse. After seeing it he determined to make one like it. The reputation of the Yankee boy—that he can make not only the thing he undertakes but also the machine that makes it—was proved to be deserved by Henry Draper, for he made and he mounted the first American reflecting telescope. With it he took over fifteen hundred photographs of the heavens; and the instrument is still in use in Harvard observatory. The telescope not only reveals more than can be seen by the eye alone, but the sensitive film sur-



passes the power of the eye when aided by the telescope, for the camera records on the film objects which the eye can not see through the greatest magnifying lenses. No matter how far away or how dimly it shines, the light of the faintest star in time impresses the film, and thus that which is invisible to the eye becomes visible on the plate. In celestial photography the camera is kept moving during the taking of a picture. The exposure sometimes lasts several hours, and if the camera were stationary the motion of the earth would soon carry the subject out of line with the telescope. The camera, therefore, is attached to the tube of the telescope, and the object to be photographed is brought into the lens at the intersection of two cross-wires. Then, by a system of clockwork, the telescope moves so that the subject occupies the same position on the plate during the exposure. In the picture of the Swift comet may be seen small white lines. These are the marks or trails of the stars. The telescope was adjusted to the speed of the comet, and as it traveled much faster than the stars the photographs of the stars appear as streaks instead of as points of light. It is another curious feature of celestial photography that a plate may be exposed several nights on the same subject. I have seen star cluster and nebulae pictures which were exposed, the former on one and the latter on four successive evenings. The picture showing the nebulae required a total exposure of thirteen hours and forty-four minutes.

Real Estate.

Wallace—"We don't want Hawaii. We want no heathen land." Ferry—"Hawaii is no heathen land. It has had missionaries for one hundred years and while the natives may be heathen, the land is in possession of the Christians."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THROUGH THREE ZONES.

The Oregon's Voyage a Triumph for Any Ship and a Wonder for a Battleship.

Monday, May 9, the Oregon left Bahia, and on the second night out passed a fleet of vessels which she believed were the Spaniards. On May 14 the Spaniards were reported at Curacao, so it is hardly possible that the Oregon could have been near the enemy that night. With all lights out, however, she passed these vessels in the darkness, according to her orders, which were to "avoid all ships and make for home." She put into Barbados, flying a yellow quarantine flag to keep off inquisitive strangers, and within sixteen hours was off again, at full speed, making 420 miles in twenty-four hours. Upon receiving a dispatch announcing her arrival at Barbados, the secretary of the navy had given out to the nation that the great battleship was safe. Jupiter Lighthouse, on the southeastern coast of Florida, was signaled on Tuesday, the 24th, and again reported the Oregon to Washington. Two days later she anchored at Sands Key, off Key West—safe at home, after the longest voyage ever made by a battleship. And what was her condition after her wonderful journey? Her officers reported: "All in good health; everything shipshape; no accidents; not even a hot journal." After a stay at Key West long enough to fling the coal into her bunkers, she joined the fleet. They were drawn up in a wide semi-circle, and she came sweeping into the midst of them at fifteen knots an hour, like a winner of a yacht race, cheered by all the Jack Tars! As the Chicago Times-Herald says, her voyage is "a triumph for any ship, and a wonder for a battleship." Over 15,000 miles without a mishap, and fifty-nine days at sea, "through two oceans and three zones," on the alert for an enemy during more than half the time—surely it is a marvelous record, and one not likely to be repeated. Do you know what it means? A battleship has fully seventy machines on board, run by 137 steam cylinders. She is

an enormous fortress, crammed with delicate and complicated machinery. To build her, sail her, care for her and fight with her requires brains, skill, care, honesty, fortitude—in short, all the Christian and a few pagan virtues.

Photography in the Courts.

Photography is often called into court as a witness whose testimony can not be impeached. It is a detective of forged or disguised handwriting; for no matter how clever an imitation or alteration, the eye of the camera will search out, and the sensitive plate display, the fraud. A very important case, in which the entries in a document were in question, led to the building of what is probably the largest camera in the world. The bellows may be extended twenty-five feet, and is connected with a dark room, which also serves as a plate holder. The lens seems out of all proportion to the size of the camera, being but two inches in diameter, but its magnifying power is so great that letters one-fourth of an inch in height can be enlarged to seven and one-half feet and appear in their exact dimensions and without the slightest apparent distortion.—St. Nicholas.

Her Idea of It.

"Well, I'm glad o' one thing. Our Jim seems to have good religious company." "How is that, mother?" "His last letter says he's comin' home in a converted yacht."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Treating a Servant Shabbily.

Hicks—Grudger prides himself upon his literary attainments. He claims to be a perfect master of the English language. Wicks—That's no reason that he should treat it so shabbily.

Terrible Straits in the Klondike.

"Fearful destitution up at the Klondike," said Biggs. "Awful," returned Wimpleton. "I'm told that a wooden-legged man up there had to chop his leg up into toothpicks."

WHICH ARE YOU?

The woman who tosses her head and steps on her toe as she walks is a coquette. She trifles too much with love, and is just the woman to miss a good husband and be sorry ever after.

The quiet man will never be happy with the woman who digs her heels into the pavement, and scurries along as if she were running a race. She is businesslike and most likely the woman to succeed in trade affairs, but her manner is one of those simple things that worry the quiet man to death.

The girl who cannot walk without skipping is one of those wild, glad gushers, who, when she has nothing else to rave over, raves with joy because it is Sunday or Monday, or Tuesday, or whatever the day of the week happens to be; she is equally depressed, and lives in a see-saw atmosphere of exultation or despair.

THE MARRIAGE BELLS

The handle turned; as the door slowly opened a man who had been sitting by the fire rose to his feet. It was not the woman he had expected, but, oddly enough, the very individual on whose personality his mind had been dwelling.

"I was thinking of you," was his opening remark, as he bent to kiss her hand. The hand was withdrawn. Under the circumstances the act was not surprising. It motioned him to a seat. He sat down, negligently crossing his left with his right leg.

"Thinking of me—and expecting my sister," she replied, archly.

"The very essence of combination," he replied, politely.

"So you are going to be married?" She started abruptly.

"At last," he replied, incautiously. She raised her eyebrows and laughed.

"The experiment might have been tested before had you elected." The inference in her speech made her color.

"The natural attitude of a woman is unconscious exaggeration." He attempted an evasion.

"You know I have not exaggerated," said she, quite firmly.

"If it were possible, I wish you had." His voice was low.

"Who is to blame?" She turned away. It was almost a whisper.

"God knows I thought you had married."

"There was no occasion to think. If God knew, St. James' would have known."

"It was reported in St. James' you had married abroad."

"You believed?" she asked, scornfully.

The man bowed an assent.

"How conceited some men are," the woman exclaimed.

"That is woefully true, dear lady," said he, quite pleasantly.

"Was it from pique or love?" demanded she, quickly.

"I sincerely hoped it was not from love," observed the man.

She made a gesture of intense resentment. "How can you say such things to me?"

"To whom else should I say them?" The turn of affairs was becoming complex.

"You are to marry my sister?"

"That is also quite true."

"You jilted me—"

"Which is not true at all."

"You know that you did."

"You should know that I did not."

She turned her back to look out of the window. Her toe tapped petulantly on the carpet.

"Circumstances over which—"

"It is an error of taste to quibble," said she.

It was certainly no quibble, but he ceased to explain.

"The whole season you acted as my devoted slave—"

"To be your slave for a season is to be your slave for a lifetime," interrupted the man.

"You evidently possess many lives," she retorted, tartly.

"If I did, I would lay them at your feet," was his earnest response.

"Where so many others have trodden, I really should decline." She spoke disdainfully. "If I loved you then—"

which I certainly did not—your con-

duct—I cannot speak of it. I went abroad, and on my return, it is my sister. You are bent on keeping in the family, but the family may not want you."

"To shut my eyes with your sister—only I prefer to keep them open—is to recall your voice, its very timbre, its every inflection. Once, when her arms were round my neck, it was you I saw, your face was there, your eyes sought mine, your lips—oh, God! Now, do you understand—I love you still."

"It is not fair to my sister," said the woman.

"Is it fair to any of us?" asked the man.

"Your marriage to my sister—" began the woman.

"Could it not be to her sister?" suggested the man.

"Whom you jilted," sharply said the woman, by way of parenthesis.

"Forgive me," pleaded the man.

"Don't! Have you no tact at all?"

"It would seem I had very little."

She smiled sadly. "Did you really think I was married?" presently inquired the woman.

"The story was generally accepted."

"What of this?" flashed out the woman. Her eyes were bright; her lips drawn tightly together. She held between the fingers of her hand a scarf-pin. The design was simple. A small diamond glistened from the center of a coil of golden rope. It could have been symbolical of great love based on a greater hope. Through a momentary transition it became a satire, drenched with tears.

"Let it be paramount," begged the man.

"Paramount! You forget who I am!" cried the woman.

"For me—the beauty of the world," remarked the man, gently.

"Your visit to-day—" she toyed with the pin.

"I am thinking of two years ago." His voice was hard.

"What a cad you are," said she, placing the pin in her dress.

"I beg your pardon," said the man, humbly.

She looked at him, and her eyes were tender as they lingered on the face of the man. She held the pin in her fingers again.

"This bond—" commenced she, looking at the pin.

"Can there be a bond between us?" asked the man, eagerly.

"You make me weak. It is not possible. Yet I love you. Why were not you true, too?" Her eye glistened.

"But I was. I am. This marriage is no criterion," exclaimed the man.

"Matrimony is customarily accepted as a criterion," said the woman, quietly.

"It is nothing." The man rose to his feet.

"The idiosyncrasies of nothing can be tangible enough."

"What a tragedy my life will be," declared the man, bitterly.

"By looking into your future you omit my past," the girl rejoined.

"I believe some lives re-enact the deeds of the past in the actions of the future."

"What an awful comfort. It will blight your happiness."

"My happiness! My happiness—" and he paused. The rustle of a gown could be heard on the staircase. It stopped at the door.

"Here comes my happiness," said he, cynically.

"Be courageous," said the woman, as her sister entered.

"There goes my happiness," said he to himself, as the former woman left the room. At the door she turned; their eyes met. The lips of the man met the lips of the woman in his arms, but his heart had already met the heart of the woman by the door.

ANDERSON AT ANDOVER.

An Able Attempt at Alliteration Any how.

Augustus Anderson's Aunt Abbie anxiously awaited Augustus's arrival at Andover. Aunt Abbie annually asked Augustus, and Augustus always accepted, and autumn after autumn, arrived at Andover, as arranged. Augustus arrived and anxiously asked Aunt Abbie about apples. Aunt Abbie answered, "Aye, Augustus, apples are abundant." Augustus ate an apple, and Aunt Abbie asked Augustus' assistance about arranging asters. Augustus assisted Aunt Abbie about anything asked, and Aunt Abbie always appreciated Augustus' amiable acts. Aunt Abbie's asters artistically arranged, Augustus asked Aunt Abbie about afternoon amusements. Aunt Abbie allowed Augustus any agreeable amusements appropriate and attainable. Augustus ardently admired Andrew Arnold, architect, and also Andrew's adjacent antiquated abode. Augustus absorbed attention amused Andrew. Augustus accompanied Andrew around Andover, asking about architecture, and Andrew accommodatingly answered all Augustus asked. As afternoon advanced, Augustus again arrived at Aunt Abbie's abode, and Andrew's and Augustus' appearance allayed Aunt Abbie's anxiety about Augustus' absence. Augustus' abstracted air attracted Aunt Abbie's attention, and Aunt Abbie asked about Augustus' afternoon amusement. Augustus' animated account amused Aunt Abbie, also Augustus' anxiously asking about accompanying Andrew Arnold around Andover another afternoon. Aunt Abbie amiably assented. Aunt Abbie's assistant, Ann, arranged an appetizing array. Augustus' appetite appeased, Aunt Abbie arranged Augustus' attic apartment, and Augustus agilely ascended. Aunt Abbie and Ann awoke, and Augustus, already awake and attired, appeared. After Aunt Abbie, Augustus and Ann ate. Augustus accompanied Aunt Abbie around, admiring all Aunt Abbie's arrangements, assisting Aunt Abbie and Ann, and anxiously awaiting afternoon, Andrew Arnold, and additional adventures at Andover.

A Hard Life.

"It's hard to tell just what to do," said the man who was sitting on the back porch in his shirt sleeves. "Yet one ought to get a start with such brilliant prospects opening up all over the world," remarked the next-door neighbor, who was mending a hole in the fence. "Yes, but supposing I had gone to the Klondike I'd be so far away now that I couldn't go and help develop Cuba. And if I go to Cuba I'll miss a chance to go when the next rich territory opens up. There's no use of trying to deny it. This is a hard life." And then he tilted his chair back against the wall and went to sleep.—Washington Star.

His End Hastened.

A colleague of mine tells me a story of a Scotch newspaper with which he was connected. A local celebrity was dying by inches. His biography was written, and in the early hours of the morning a printer's devil used to be sent across to ask for the dying man, so that the obituary might be thoroughly up to date. Morning after morning the boy asked the landlady the same question, till he got angry at having to make the fruitless journey. At last one morning he got desperate. "Is that man nearly dead?" he asked. "The paper's gain to press and we canna' wait any longer."—London Sketch.

Dangerous Experiment.

It is a dangerous experiment for man to reject Christ in this world with the hope of having a second chance after death. The way of salvation has been made plain and simple, and God is calling to men to repent of their sins and accept Jesus Christ as their savior.—Rev. P. C. Cromick.

HANDSOME PICTURES.

Only a Short Time Remains in Which to Get Them Free.

The demand for the handsome game plaques which have been given away to purchasers of Elastic Starch this season has surpassed all expectations and has kept the manufacturers, J. C. Hubinger Bros. Co., busier than at any time in the history of their business. Their offer to give these handsome plaques away to their customers will remain open only a short time longer, and those who have not already availed themselves of this opportunity should do so at once. Not for years has anything as handsome in this line been seen. The subjects represented by these plaques are American wild ducks, American pheasants, American quail and English snipe. They are handsome paintings and are especially designed for hanging on dining room walls, though their richness and beauty entitles them to a place in the parlor of any home.

Only until October 10 do Messrs. J. C. Hubinger Bros. Co. propose to distribute these plaques free to their customers. Every purchaser of three ten-cent packages of Elastic Starch, flat-iron brand, manufactured by J. C. Hubinger Bros. Co., is entitled to receive one of these handsome plaques free from their grocer. Old and new customers alike are entitled to the benefits of this offer. These plaques will not be sent through the mail, the only way to obtain them being from your grocer. Every grocery store in the country has Elastic Starch for sale. It is the oldest and best laundry starch on the market and is the most perfect cold process starch ever invented. It is the only starch made by men who thoroughly understand the laundry business, and the only starch that will not injure the finest fabric. It has been the standard for a quarter of a century, and as an evidence of how good it is twenty-two million packages were sold last year. Ask your dealer to show you the plaques and tell you about Elastic Starch. Accept no substitute. Bear in mind that this offer holds good a short time only and should be taken advantage of without delay.

One fact is worth more than a thousand improved theories.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. B. L. Alldrugists.

Mourning over present troubles makes us forget past blessings.

Coe's Cough Balsam

Is the oldest and best. It breaks up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

New Train Service

via THE PORT ARTHUR ROUTE. Omaha to Quincy, Omaha to Kansas City, Omaha to St. Louis. Trains arrive and depart Union Station, Omaha. Many cheap rates during the Fall months. Ask your nearest ticket agent, or write Harry E. Moores, C. P. & T. A. 1415 Farnam St., (Paxton Hotel Block) Omaha, Neb.

Price—Something every man thinks every other man has.

I shall recommend Piso's cure for Consumption far and wide.—Mrs. Mulligan, Plumstead, Kent, England, Nov. 8, 1905.

Close your eyes to truth and you tumble into the ditch of error.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

A Brazilian has patented an artificial tooth, which is hollow, and has a valve in one side, through which the air is exhausted, to cause the tooth to grip the jaw after the tooth has been fitted to the gum.

A glass firm in Indiana has received an order for 500 glass fence posts, to be of the usual size and grooved for the reception of wire.

The Fall

With its sudden changes, its hot days and chilly nights, dampness and decaying vegetation, is peculiarly trying to the health. A good Fall Medicine is so important and beneficial as Spring Medicine. Hood's Sarsaparilla keeps the blood pure, wards off malaria, creates a good appetite, gives refreshing sleep, and maintains the health tone through this trying season.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

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