

A young son of William Shupp near Cuiaberto was thrown from a horse, leaving his shoulder blade.

The last company on the list for the Third Nebraska National Guards be raised in Holt county. John Skirving of O'Neill and F. A. Dross of Atkinson have been authorized by the governor to recruit this company, which will be designated as M of the regiment.

Mrs. Jeff Van Debergh of Talmage, who has been in ill health for some time, attempted suicide Wednesday by cutting her throat with a razor. Her physician dressed the wound, but she died from the effects Thursday.

The preliminary examination of Chas. Heberle, charged with the theft of Dick Standerford's team on the evening of May 7, was held before Justice Smith of Humboldt on Wednesday afternoon. Justice Smith overruled the defense's motion to discharge the prisoner for lack of evidence and bound him over to the district court in the sum of \$1,000. In default, the prisoner was returned to jail.

The satisfactory price for grain has caused heavy selling by the farmers, 135 cars of corn having been bought at Nebraska in the last thirty days. This puts a great deal of money in circulation, but leaves the country still full of corn. About 250 cars of rock and fifty of clay have been shipped from there in the last month, making the total shipments from Nebraska the last thirty days about 450 cars, including stock.

Mr. Boydston and other members of the state commission, who were appointed a committee to work up a program for Nebraska, met at the exposition, having had a conference with President Watten. The date set, June 14, will stand, and it has been decided to make the occasion a great one. The program will be almost as elaborate, if not fully as elaborate, as that prepared for the opening day.

While some carpenters were repairing the floor of an old building on Central avenue, Kearney, formerly occupied by a saloon, a box containing a human skeleton was found. The authorities were informed and they took charge of the box and an investigation will be made. Much speculation is indulged in as to who the person was and all the disappearances for twenty years are being suggested as the unfortunate one.

Charles H. McCarl, a Burlington freight brakeman, was fatally injured in the company's yard at McCook about 4 o'clock Thursday afternoon. Freight train No. 10 was backing up, and while it was between the cars coupling the air-brake hose some cars were switched against the train and before he could get out from between the cars he was caught and run over, one leg and one arm being cut off in addition to other injuries. He lived but a short time after the accident.

Robert Bepler of Deadwood was arrested in Chadron Monday by Sheriff Dargan on the charge of kidnaping, preferred by John Harris of Sturgis. Bepler, it seems, was separated from his wife some few years ago, and their only child, a little boy, was adopted by Mrs. Bepler's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Harris. The child was in Deadwood last week at a circus and Bepler gained possession of him, coming to this city. Sheriff Brown of Sturgis, Mr. Harris and Attorney Wesley A. Stuart, arrived in the city the first of the week and were the principals in the case brought against Bepler. The authorities had a warrant for Bepler from South Dakota. Later in the day a writ of habeas corpus was procured in the county court and Mr. Harris secured the child. After this Bepler decided not to wait for requisition papers, but returned to Sturgis, where the matter will be continued in the courts.

LETTER FROM GUNNER FORD Writes a Letter to His Father and Tells About the Battle.

Omaha, May 29.—Patrick Ford, jr., was a gunner on the cruiser Marblehead, writes his father, Patrick Ford, sr., of this city, interesting letters of life on board a battleship.

The following refers to the engagement at Cienfuegos three weeks ago, and he sends a piece of the cable he helped cut. The piece of cable has inside twenty-five sections of wire, the whole being tightly bound with smaller wire.

Young Ford thus graphically writes: Key West, Fla., May 20.—Dear Father: We arrived here yesterday, from Cienfuegos. We were ordered to leave there in a hurry, as the Spanish fleet was supposed to be coming that way, and we were too small to cope with them.

We have been coaling all day and night. We will leave tonight with the fleet and will find the Spaniards I was reading an account of our fight at Cienfuegos. Not one of the papers has it right. The Marines are hardly mentioned. We did about all the fighting that was done there. Our ship destroyed the Spanish fleet and I might say it was as hot a fight as I ever want to be in. I was in the steam launch, and got her sailing. As soon as the firing started, the Nashville launch steamed over and got her sailing. We stayed and fought until our men began to fall. We were all compelled by our commanding officer for bravery and gallantry. That means a great deal to us. We picked up three Cuban officers who came out to see us and to make arrangements with us, and they told us that our shells killed between 20 and 300 Spanish soldiers. We gave them ammunition and sent them ashore.

I think we will beat the Spanish fleet when we go out there, and give them battle. There is not the slightest doubt that we will whip them. I will send by express today a piece of the cable we cut, and a piece of the Maine. All the men on the boat got a piece of the cable. Hoping that the next time I write, I will be able to tell of the defeat of the Spanish fleet. I remain your loving son.

Fire in the Crystal Springs Brewing and Ice company's plant at Boulder, Colo., destroyed the property to the extent of \$50,000, fully covered by insurance.

Mrs. George M. Pullman has renounced the term of her husband's will and chosen to obey his rights. This will increase the son's share.

W. J. BRYAN'S JEFFERSONIAN SPEECH

THE REAL LIVE PROBLEMS ARE DISCUSSED A LA JEFFERSON AT A GREAT GATHERING IN WASHINGTON.

MR. BRYAN PAYS HIS RESPECTS TO MANY REFORMS

The Income Tax, Tax-Dodging Wealth, Trusts, National Banks, Gold-Standard Foreign Policy, Etc., Receives His Attention.

There was recently held in the city of Washington a gathering of democratic party representatives from all over the union. The meeting was conducted under the auspices of the National Democratic club organization and the occasion was to do honor to the memory of that great old commoner, Thomas Jefferson.

Mr. Bryan was present and briefly responded to the toast, "Thomas Jefferson." He said: "Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen—It is a year since we celebrated the centenary of the birthday of Thomas Jefferson in this city under the auspices of the National Association of Democratic clubs, and during the year which has passed the principles of Thomas Jefferson have received each month some new vindication. If, when we assembled here again, we have reason to renew our faith in those principles, we have still more reason to renew our faith in those principles tonight. The principles of Thomas Jefferson embrace all that there is in democracy, and yet they are so complete that we can solve all questions in peace or war by the application of those principles to the questions as they arise." (Applause.)

DEFINITION OF DEMOCRACY. The definition of democracy as written by the democratic party, the definition of democracy as it stands today and has stood since the Chicago convention, is a definition broad enough to include within its limits every belief in the principles of Jefferson. Democracy, as now defined, is not sectional; democracy, as now defined, reaches from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Canadian border to the Gulf of Mexico. To be a democrat now means something. (Applause.)

But those principles as embodied in that platform do not stop with bringing equality in taxation, they stop with the annihilation of the trust. They go further, and they declare, as Jefferson declared, that the right of trial by jury shall not be taken from the people; (applause) that the judge shall not usurp the province of the jury; and, while we do not mean to reflect upon the court, we do mean that a court is but the instrument of the people, and that the people have a right to make their courts and direct them. (Great applause.) To deny it would be to declare that the courts are above those who created the courts.

But our platform does not stop there. There are other questions before the people, and our platform mentioned them. When our platform declared against the national bank as a bank of issue, the courts are thought we were borrowing trouble; that we were anticipating an issue that had not arisen; but those who wrote that platform were able to see what was coming, and they knew that a part of the gold coinage act was to be repealed, and that the government to issue paper money, and the transfer of this act of sovereignty to the national banks. (Applause.) When we declared against the national bank of issue we were standing upon the principle of equality before the law. (Applause.) My friends, events are impressing upon the minds of the American people the importance of the subject and hard to impress upon them what possibilities were of evil in the decision which stands between the American people and the levying of an income tax. But, my friends, let us not be misled by the American people think that decision as they have never thought of it before.

The dissenting opinion of Mr. Justice Brown contained a significant sentence, and one that you may well think of tonight. He said he feared that in the hour of national peril the decision might rise up to paralyze the arm of the government. (Applause.) In time of quiet, people might overlook what Mr. Justice Brown said, but we have reached a time when, in the presence of possible peril, we may well consider whether this decision does not rise up to paralyze the arm of government, just at the time when the government is in need of the most revenue. Suppose that war should come. Our receipts would all off, and our receipts from import duties would decrease and our revenues would fall us, just at the time when we were in the sorest need; and then what? The government would not be able, according to that decision, to draw the wealth of the rich to support the government.

THE MISER'S DOLLAR. The government could go to the mother and take the son upon whom she depended; the government could go to the wife and take from her side the husband; but the government could not lay its hand upon the fortunes of the great and make those fortunes contribute to the support of the government. In the name of Thomas Jefferson, I denounce the policy that places the miser's dollar above the mother's son in peril of our country. (Great applause.) When we protested against the principles which underlies the opposition to income tax, they called us socialists and anarchists, but we who believe in equality before the law are able to defend our position when we say the time has not yet come when the miser's dollar is better than the man in this country. (Great applause.)

DEMOCRACY VS. TRUSTS. But that is only one direction in which our principles are being vindicated. The principles of Thomas Jefferson, enforced in law, would make the trust impossible in the United States. Some of us were explaining the other day that when he heard that confidence was restored, he looked in the dictionary to find out what "confidence" meant, and he found that one of the definitions of "confidence" was "trust." (Laughter.) My friends, if confidence means trust, let us not deny that confidence has been restored throughout the land. (Laughter.) The last year has brought vividly before the minds of the American people the fact that the trust is growing, and the result is and must be that if a few men can combine and exempt themselves from competition, those who cannot combine must be the victims not only of falling prices, but of rising prices when they come to buy; that the great majority of the people are helpless victims of these aggregations of wealth.

My friends, we assemble here as believers in that democracy taught by Thomas Jefferson. We do not come as enemies of property. We do not come to advise the taking of one man's property for the purpose of giving it to another. We do not come to preach the doctrine of leveling society by taking from the industrious and giving to the

OPPOSED TO TRUSTS. We are opposed to the trust, whether we have yet been its victims or not, because we recognize that we owe a duty to posterity. We expect to leave our children here when we go hence. We have sons in whom we are interested, and we do not want to see them enter industrial pursuits, if they choose, and stand or fall according to their merits. We do not want to tolerate the system that is growing up in this nation under which men may become prosperous, if they will conspire against their fellows, and must become bankrupt if they refuse to join in the conspiracy. (Great applause.) We regard the trust as a menace to the industrial welfare of the nation, and we regard it as a menace to the political welfare of the nation as well, because we want it so that when our children enter industrial pursuits, they can enter and be free men; and we want the government conducted so that if they enter politics they shall not be compelled to bow the knee to some aggregation of wealth before they can hope to succeed. (Applause.)

CHICAGO PLATFORM. My friends, the Chicago platform would not have been so bitterly opposed in 1896, if it had omitted reference to the trust; but I am glad that that document, which will stand for generations as the first inaugural message of Thomas Jefferson stood for generations—I am glad that the Chicago platform, written for the future as well as for the present, has not omitted to mention the trust, which are now before the people for solution.

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there, and who have told us of what they saw. When we assume the responsibility of saying that such warfare shall cease, no nation in Europe can deny our right to our duty without defending the things which we condemn. (Applause.) A man might not be justified in trying to prevent the erection of a slaughterhouse in the next county, but he has a right to protest against the erection of a slaughterhouse in his own yard or next to his own house.

My friends, while the nations across the ocean may be so far removed that they do not feel as much concern as we are ready to feel, because of the war in Cuba has been conducted, we who are placed side by side with those who suffer and who have the knowledge of their suffering brought to our attention, cannot refuse to express our determination that those people who have been only treated as a means to have so manfully resisted, have earned their right to govern themselves. (Applause.)

A LITTLE FOREIGN POLICY. Our right to recognize the independence of those who have won their liberty by the sword does not depend entirely upon humanity. We have interest in the independence of those who have a right to guard our interests as well as she has to guard hers; and when she for more than a generation has been unable to govern without exciting revolt, and when she excited revolt has been maintained by such government, we have a right to say that such a rule shall terminate upon the island of Cuba. (Applause.) And more than that, we have a right to say that the interests of the United States shall no longer be menaced by such government, they have had their chance, such strife has taken place; and if they desire a more specific reason, we can reply that we live so near to Cuba that we must insist upon having a government which will make it impossible to have ships blown up in our harbors when they enter on a friendly mission. (Applause.) My friends, if you decide that the destruction of the Maine and the death of our sailors were due to the intentional act of the Spanish government, the vigilance which we should be described in words—and if you believe that, instead of being the intentional act of the Spanish government, it was the result of a carelessness so gross as to permit the planting of such mines there, you must conclude that the government of Spain should not be allowed to control countries in the immediate vicinity of a nation like this. (Applause.)

SHOULDER TO SHOULDER. I have reason to congratulate the democratic party upon the fact that recent events have answered fully and completely a charge which I have heard from time to time since I was a boy. The fact that we had in the democratic party many who, in the late war, were arrayed against the union, has been declaring that the democratic party was not a patriotic party. My friends, as we assemble tonight to celebrate the birthday of Thomas Jefferson, we can rejoice that at last the civil war is over, never to be resurrected again. (Applause.)

When the president asked for an appropriation, there was no opposition. Every member of the house of representatives, and every senator—south, north, east and west—responded to the request. We told the people years ago that we would change the money which we would issue, and that we would work the gray would be as loyal as the men who wore the blue, and they know it now.

It has so happened that in this crisis the United States has been represented upon the island of Cuba by a man who has not only a moderate army, but I am glad that it was so. I am glad that it was not only so, but that he discharged his duty so well and protected the rights of his government so faithfully and so courageously that not a person in all the world would blame the man who recalled Fitzhugh Lee and send another in his place. (Applause.)

Yes, my friends, the war is over, and democrats must now be recognized as patriots, and instead of trying to revive the civil war, we must now try to discuss and settle the issues that arise in times of peace.

MISERABLE SPANISH SCHOOLS. Teachers are Paid Less Than \$25 Per Year. The condition of public schools in Spain is miserable, in spite of the school law of September 9, 1857, which made attendance obligatory and free of cost, and the law of 1870, providing punishment for parents who do not send their children to school. The law has not been enforced. Only 41 per cent of children's elementary schools the laws provide; 4,130 women could read only, which is 3.43 per cent. Two thousand eight hundred and eighty-five men and 3,916 women—i. e., 68.1 per cent—could more than this. There were no orders showing the number of school children who received a street beggar's education. Night schools are not in existence.

The pay of teachers is pitiable. Of 14,420 teachers, 787 do not receive more than \$25 a year; 1,784 receive from \$25 to \$50; 5,131 have a salary of from \$50 to \$100; the next class consists of 3,067, drawing \$100 to \$125 annually, and so on. The number of teachers decreasing to 140 in 1896, and the number of children employed by 77 teachers. And if they could but draw their salaries! Part of them must collect their pay from parents, most of them having little or nothing themselves; others are to get their compensation from the community. There are still worse off. In 1893 the communities owed to teachers \$1,600,000, and there are teachers who have seen no salary in years.

It really is no wonder that some of the teachers should get even on the sums granted for school materials, or by fictitious charges for such. In what state, under such circumstances are school houses and classrooms easily may be imagined. The total levy for school purposes by the communities is \$5,200,000, and by the provinces \$400,000. The state spends the formidable sum of \$213,600 for instruction, while to the very wealthy clergy the state pays \$8,000,000 annually. This contrast is significant of the ideas held by Spanish statesmen as to the necessity of public education. Let the reader imagine what is done for education in her colonies, in Cuba and in the Philippines, if such is the condition of the mother country.

EXCITING LIFE ON THE FLAGSHIP.

Under the Awful Search Lights Gleam with Cannons Booming, the Blockade Runner Heaves to.

WHILE IT LASTED, LIFE ON BOARD THE FLAGSHIP NEW YORK DURING THE BLOCKADE WAS FULL OF THE MOST NOVEL AND PICTURESQUE INCIDENTS, AND THE CHANGE TO THE HEAT AND DUST AND INACTION OF THE BASE OF MILITARY OPERATIONS IS PAINTFULLY COMPARED.

While it lasted, life on board the flagship New York during the blockade was full of the most novel and picturesque incidents, and the change to the heat and dust and inaction of the base of military operations is paintfully compared. There is all the difference between the deck of a warship cleared for action and a hotel piazza filled with ladies in summer frocks and officers in straw hats, engaged in reading newspapers one day only.

On the warship they were also all the comforts of civilization, all the luxuries of a yachting cruise, but there was none of its ennui and boredom. For if something was not happening, there was always the expectation that it was about to happen. Every column of smoke on the horizon suggested a possible blockade runner, and many times each day and each night the bells in the engine room would sound "full steam ahead" and every glass on the ship would be turned to the flying stranger. Sometimes the New York let her escape, only to run into the jaws of the warship on the next station, but almost invariably the flagship raced after her, throwing shells and exploding bombs, until she backed her engines and showed her colors, and a boarding officer went over her side.

The discipline of the New York was rigid, intelligent and unrelenting, and each of the 500 men on this floating man-of-war moved in his little groove with the perfect mechanism of a watch of the eight-inch guns. A modern warship is the perfection of organization. It is the embodiment of the axiom that "a stitch in time saves nine." It is the stern vigilance which obtains there keeps her what she is, the hourly fight against rust and dust that makes her always look as though she had just been made complete that morning. All the old homely saying seems to be the motto of her executive. The place for everything and everything in its place, whether it is a projectile weighing half a ton, or signal flag No. 22, or a roll of lint for the surgeon, or the bluejacket in charge of the searchlight.

A SHIP OF WAR A FLOATING VILLAGE. A ship of war is like a moving village. It has to house and feed and give employment to its inhabitants, and to place them at certain points at a moment's notice, to face unknown conditions and to face them coolly and intelligently. You can imagine the confusion that would ensue if the village of 500 people should be dragged out of bed at midnight by an alarm of fire. But in the floating village of the warship New York discipline and training have taught the inhabitants to move to certain places and to perform certain work when they get there within the space of two minutes. It is so on every other warship in the navy of the United States. And it does not consist entirely in manning a gun and pulling a lanyard. That is the showy work, the work that tells the world's dispatches and which is illustrated in the weekly papers.

There are also those who serve "who only stand and wait," who see nothing of the fighting, but take equal risk with those who fight, who have none of the excitement of the battle, but who well to inspire them, but who remain at their posts in the semi-darkness below deck, shaken by concussions above and not knowing how soon the sides of the ship may part, or the decks below rise, or a projectile crashing and burning through the deck above and choke them with vile auto-casting fumes. They feed the fires with coal and haul on ammunition lifts, like miners in a coal pit. Their work is just as important as is that of the gunner who stands on the main deck, or when it is over they go back to set the table for the officers' mess or play a bass viol in a string band or sweep out the engine rooms. They are just as valuable to the village as is the gunner's mate, and they should be remembered.

GOING INTO ACTION. We had several calls to "general quarters" at night. They were probably the most picturesque moments of the ten days spent on the flagship. To the landsman one bugle call was like another; "general quarters" meant no more to me than the fact that the mail was going ashore in ten minutes, and three sleeping Japanese stewards who told me we were going into action. Whenever I woke to find them in the wardroom I knew some one was going to fire off a four-inch gun.

I opened a hatch, just beyond my berth and pulled on a creaking ammunition hoist. They did this drowsily and stiffly, with the clutches of sleep still on their limbs and heavy on their eyelids. Then officers would run by buttoning tunics over white tunics and jackets and buckling on swords and field glasses. Even below decks you could hear the great rush of water coming at the bows and the thumping of the engines, and when you had stumbled into the dark water in pursuit of a bunch of lights, there were no orders showing the way, but wherever you peered in darkness—for the flagship showed no lights—you discerned silent, motionless figures. They were everywhere—on the bridges, at the foot of the gangways, grouped around the guns, crouched in the turret, you stumbled over them at every step; you saw them outlined against the stars.

LIKE CAT AND MOUSE. And then, shining suddenly from the flying bridge and glancing and reaching finger of the searchlight. It showed the empty waters, and the tossing white caps in a path of light. "To the left!" a voice would call from the height of the forward bridge, and, as though it ened steamer, scudding at full speed for her life. Sometimes she backed, sometimes she changed her course, but the light never loosened its clasp. It gripped her like a thief held in the circle of a policeman's lantern.

It was like a cat playing with a mouse, or a hound holding a fox by its scent. In the silence of the great warship, where the darkness was so great that the men crowded shoulder to shoulder could not see each other's faces, the blockade runner, exposed and pointed out, and held up to our derision, seemed the only living thing on the surface of the waters. She was as conspicuous as a picture thrown by a steinlight on a screen. And then one of the forward guns would speak, flashing the night like a rocket and lighting up the line of the deck and

the faces of the men, and it would speak again and again. And the flying steamer, helpless in the long reaching clutch of the searchlight, and hearing the shells which across her bows, would give up the race and come to a standstill, silent and dead.

WHEN THE BIG GUNS ARE FIRED. While I was on board the big guns were twice brought into service—once at the bombardment of the batteries at Matanzas and again when they were rained on some impudent cavalrymen who had fired on the ship from the shore. When they did so, unless they had heard that Dutch cavalry once captured a fleet of war ships, it is impossible to say. The first of these bombardments was chiefly important because it was the first; the second was of no importance at all.

The quarter of an hour was of interest in giving some knowledge of how a warship in action acts upon herself. With land forces the effect of their fire upon the enemy is the only thought; on the sea, in one of these hot intervals, the effect of the fire of the batteries on the ship herself is an added consideration. To the civilian the effect was not so tremendous as he had expected. He had been told to stick cotton in his ears, to stand on his toes and keep his mouth open, somewhat difficult and ridiculous attitude in which to meet death. As it happened the call to quarters came so unexpectedly that there was no time in which to find any cotton, and, as it turned out, there was no necessity to stand on one's toes.

The concussion of the eight-inch guns shook and lifted one as sharply as though an earthquake had passed beneath, and the reports were trying to both the nerves and the ears. My camera I had placed on the deck of the superstructure just back of the forward turret was burst open, but was not damaged so badly that it could not later photograph the jets of smoke from the same guns. Glass was broken on the right side, and came out nearly as were ripped out of their sockets, but that was all the damage the ship sustained. To the crew the bombardment was only gun practice, and a quarter of an hour after the order to cease firing, the men were seen to stretch themselves on the lower decks, or playing cribbage with anxious and undivided interest.

I received a cablegram while I was on the New York asking me to relate how her crew behaved in the action at Matanzas. I did not answer it because I thought there were a few things the American people were willing to take for granted, and because the bombardment at Matanzas was no test of the ship. There is a story, however, that illustrates the spirit of the men on the New York, and which answers, I think, any queries anyone may make as to how they might behave in action.

Taylor, a young gunner's mate, was shot on April 29 by a revolving gun, was more seriously hurt than were any of the six wounded men who went through the seven hours' battle at Manila, for the ball passed through his arm and into his right side, and came out nearly a foot away under his left armpit. Assistant Surgeon Spear said that if he had tried to dodge the vital parts in Taylor's body with a surgical instrument he could not have done it as skillfully as did the bullet which was neither aimed nor guided by a human hand. It was this Junior Surgeon Spear who performed the operation, while the fleet surgeon, Dr. Gravit, watched him and advised. It was a wonderful operation. It lasted nearly two hours, and it left the layman uncertain as to whether he should admire the human body more or the way a surgeon masters it. What they did to Taylor I cannot tell in technical language, but I know they cut nearly open and lifted out his stomach and put it in a bucket and sewed him up twice. He could not get wholly under the influence of the ether, and he raved and muttered and struggled, so that at times two men had to hold him down. Just before the surgeon began to operate the boy gave the chaplain his mother's address and reached out his hand and said, "So long, chaplain."

He was a typical New York boy. He came from Brooklyn, but nevertheless he looked and talked as you would expect a New York boy to look and talk. He was from the St. Mary's training ship, would look and talk and think. His skin was as tough as a shoe which had remained long in the salt water, but it was beautifully white and spotless, like a girl's, and the contrast it made with the skin that the sun and wind had tanned was as sharp as the stripes on the flag.

When the second part of him was sewn up Taylor was carried to a cot and lay there so still that I thought he was dead. They had then been phoned into his veins to keep his heart beating. But a minute later he opened his eyes and turned them to the operating table, where he remembered in a half drunken way, they had placed him two hours before. His eyes were dazed with the ether, his lips were blue and his face was a ghastly gray. He looked up at the four figures leaning over him, their bare arms covered with his blood, and back at the operating table that dripped with it. What had happened, who had attacked him, and why, he could not comprehend. He did not know that parts of him which had lain covered for many years had been taken out and held up naked, snatching and bleeding in the ruthless light of the sun, to the gaze of curious messmates crowded at the end of the sick bay, that these parts of himself had been picked over and handled as a man runs his fingers over the keys of a piano, and had then been pushed and wedged back into place and covered over as one would sew a patch on an old sail, to be hidden away again for many, many years more, let us hope.

He only knew that some outrageous thing had been done to him—that he had been in a nightmare in hell—and to Taylor, still drunk with ether, these men whose wonderful surgery had saved his life were only the bloody assassins who had attempted it and failed.

He was pitifully weak from loss of much blood, from the shock of the heavy bullet that had dug its way through his body, from the waves of nausea that swept over him, but the boy opened his eyes and regarded the surgeons earnestly. Then he shook his head from side to side on the pillow and smiled up at them.

"Ah, you've can't kill me," he whispered. "I'm a New Yorker, by God! You've can't kill me." That is the spirit of the men who were on the Spanish fleet at Manila, and of the crew of the warship that is named after the city of New York. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.