

HIT RIGHT AND LEFT.

RAPID WORK OF THE BATTLESHIP INDIANA AT SANTIAGO.

Stood at the End of the Line—Under Fire From Morro and Socapa. Hurled Nearly Eighteen Hundred Shots in Forty Minutes.



VERY ONE of Schley's fighting ships had its individual part to play in the battle with Cerro's fleet off Santiago, July 3. Early that Sunday morning the Indiana, Captain H. C. Taylor, resumed the station previously held at the extreme eastern end of the line of block-

ading ships. As on board the other vessels, the crew was out for muster and inspection when the Spanish fleet was sighted. The bow of the Indiana pointed northwest, with Morro Castle frowning about two miles distant, off the starboard bow. The entrance to the channel lay west of the ship, and when the first gun of the morning broke up on the Sabbath stillness all eyes turned westward. Upon the peak of the town, which lay abreast of the entrance, the startling signal was read, "Enemy's ships coming out."

Although the idea that Cerro would come out had been abandoned, the possibility of his doing so had been talked over and planned for until every man in the American fleet was ready to meet the emergency should it come. Captain Taylor gave a series of orders, almost in a breath, which turned the Indiana from a peaceful ship of parade into a fighting terror. "Clear ship for action!" said he, and then quickly, "Bugles, call to general quarters!"

Division officers took up the work, and rapidly the commands went around: "Turn on the current of the electric hoists!" "Stem and pressure on the turrets!" "Hoist the battle-flags!" and "Lay aloft rangefinders in the tops and give us our distance from Morro!"

Captain Taylor says that he thinks it did not require more than two minutes to execute these commands, together with the more belligerent ones: "Full speed ahead!" "The starboard battery will engage!" and "Set your sights for 4,000 yards!"

All hands rushed below, or, in fact, threw themselves down the ladder to their posts. Bruised and bleeding, their captain says, they staggered to the guns, reaching there naked to the waist. When Captain Taylor ordered the ball opened, saying, "Lads, our chance has come at last," the men responded with a yell that was savage in its suppressed desire to get at the Spaniards. When the Teresa and Vizcaya came out from under old Morro, it seemed to the watchers on the Indiana that they were heading east and the first business in hand would be ramming or taking a blow. The 13 inch guns were loaded ready to crush at short range any Spanish ship attempting to break through the line past the Indiana.

Suddenly the enemy turned westward, keeping up a brisk cannonade upon the Indiana. But the shells passed over. The Indiana had a perfect range upon Morro, and as the Spanish ships almost touched the point when they emerged from the entrance there was no time lost in pouring effective shots into the enemy with intense rapidity. Nearly all of the 1,876 projectiles fired from her guns that day were expended in the first 40 minutes of the fight.

For a short time the Indiana was under fire from the Morro and Socapa batteries, but when Captain Taylor saw that the Spanish torpedo boats were not to be feared and the enemy getting away to the westward he turned his helm and ran for the coast, redoubling his fire upon Cerro's ships. The Indiana was squarely upon the flank of the Spanish fleet. One of her shells, the heaviest of them, struck the Teresa and exploded against her. Another struck the Vizcaya, and she immediately burst into flames. When the Oquendo and Colon came within range, both treated the Indiana to heavy broadsides. In return the Indiana struck the Oquendo several times, and the Colon also felt the weight of one of her heavy projectiles. About the same time the torpedo boat destroyer Furor got in the way of a 13 inch shell from the Hoosier battleship which set her in flames and exploded her boiler.

Captain Taylor watched the fight of the plucky Gloucester with the destroyers and tried to signal the gallant Wainwright to his advantage. But the smoke obscured the signals, also endangering the Gloucester in the fire of the Indiana and Iowa, which were together at that stage of the fight. Turning to the main enemy, Captain Taylor saw the Colon speeding rapidly away with one of his shots in her. Some distance behind, the Vizcaya lingered, with the marks of the Indiana's batteries upon her. Last in the Spanish line at this time were the Teresa and Oquendo, and upon these the Indiana's secondary battery was trained, with now and then a shot to help the Gloucester against the Pluton and Furor.

Suddenly the Teresa turned to the beach, with fire pouring up through her hatches. When she struck her colors, the men at the upper batteries of the Indiana set up a shout of exultation, which had scarcely died away before it was called to life again by the swift collapse of the Oquendo. This

"My orders from the division commander were not to go beyond Santa Ana for fear of coming under the fire of the Monadnock, which was shelling the woods opposite Pasig, but in the order of pursuit Colonel Smith of the First California, far out on the right flank, chased the insurgent reserves all the way to Guadalupe church, nearly three miles out, his gallant Californians dashing on their lines whenever they attempted to make a stand. Oddly enough, after we had swept into Santa Ana and rounded up all the main body of the insurgents, shells actually began bursting in the plaza in front of the beautiful church, under whose walls two of the California companies were compelled to huddle for shelter."

As stated at the opening of this article, every regiment had its particular experience, and although countless stories have been given of the outbreak of the insurrection the narrative of Corporal Bradley of Company K, First California, is especially interesting. The writer says that during the whole of January the city was on the verge of panic, and the slightest excitement led to a commotion which in itself almost precipitated trouble. Then, just at the close of January, quiet reigned, but it was the ominous quiet which precedes the storm.

The next development was the appearance of the Filipino proclamations, which Corporal Bradley says were at times reasonable and again ridiculous. "One," he declares, "purported to emanate from an English soldier, but its execrable English betrayed its origin. It called upon all the American soldiers to fire into the air, in case of an attack upon our lines, and to surrender to the attacking party."

"From not a few reliable sources we learned that Spanish soldiers on parole had joined the insurgents, and the number of dead soldiers among the fallen proved the truth of these statements. For months immense quantities of provisions were sent up the river to the natives. From our outposts, beyond which we could not go without a pass from Aguinaldo, we could look into the native territory, see the marching regiments and hear their bugles and drums. For a month our entire army was held in quarters, ready at a moment's notice to be turned loose in case of attack. So intense was the strain that once when a false alarm was sounded the whole city was in a ferment of excitement in a few minutes. Nothing less than riot and slaughter was looked for by the entire populace."

"At length we came to look upon all signs of war with complacency. But on the 4th of February the city was startled by the sound of infantry fire. The outbreak had come at last. The first firing was in front of the Nebraska regiment, but soon extended along the line and continued until about 11 p. m., when it ceased for about two hours, only to be resumed by the natives along the same line from time to time. About 4:30 on Sunday morning the Utah battery, along the Montana front, poured shells into the churches, houses and trenches occupied by the enemy. Personally, I joined the Utah battery."

The corporal tells how the battery kept abreast of the advancing infantry, firing shrapnel into the native quarters. In the charge the battery became separated from the California regiment, but during a lull in the artillery firing Bradley hurried back to his company. "For more than a mile," he says, "along the Paco and Santa Ana road it was a panorama of death and desolation. On the knoll in the bend of the Pasig, where the natives found their retreat cut off, they made a desperate stand in the trenches. An open stretch of paddy fields, with mud knee deep, and the Santa Ana creek, with water up to the waists, separated the Americans from this stronghold. With a rush and a shout the Washington, California and Idaho boys plunged in and either killed, wounded, took captive or drove into the Pasig every native found on that little isle of the river. The dead lay four deep and were buried in the trenches in which they fell the following day. We captured every one of their strongholds and drove them farther back as they steadily advanced. The trenches and breastworks of the insurgents

raining too. The walking was not good, as you may be sure, with all the rain, and I was picking my way along as best I could. All at once I saw a shadowy form before me. There wasn't any parleying either. I could see that it was a man and felt rather than saw that he was a boloman."

Mrs. Reeves here said something, and the lieutenant smiled. "You see," he said, turning on his pillow so that he could look at me without effort, "she is getting to be a regular fire eater, but I don't believe she is half as bloodthirsty as she talks. I do think I hit the fellow, but there is no way to prove it."

"Well, I was on the defensive in an instant, but did not have time to draw my revolver before he made a lunge at me and was within arm's length. I believed that he had a knife in one hand. I was sure he had a revolver, for he fired point blank at me, and I don't see why he did not get me. I felt the charge pass my face. But they say that 'a miss is as good as a mile.' At any rate, things were happening at such a pace that I didn't think much about it then. What I did realize was that I must get hold of his hands, and quick too. He cut me a little on the face"—the lieutenant jerked his thumb toward the plaster on his cheek—"and then I caught his arm. He struck me on the wrist with the hand which held the revolver, and with my left hand I caught his right. I was holding his hands, but he had the revolver and knife. I was holding his knife above my head, with the revolver hand down, and trying to throw him over backward."

"We were whirling around and around like madmen at a whizz when he began to fire. He was trying to hit me in the stomach—and it would have been all day with me if he had—but I kept his hand where he would lay to

VICTIM OF A BOLOMAN.

An Officer's Thrilling Encounter With a Filipino.

DESPERATE HAND TO HAND FIGHT.

Story Told by Lieutenant Ara L. Reeves of an Experience of His on a Dark Night While Visiting the Outposts of His Company, Stationed at San Fernando.

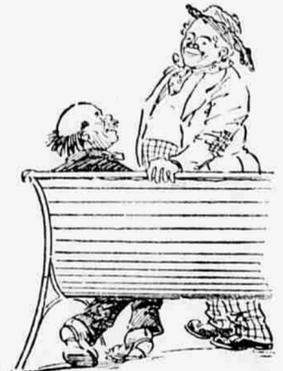
Harry A. Armstrong, the Chicago Record's Manila correspondent, writing under date of July 13, describes Lieutenant Ara L. Reeves' encounter with a boloman as follows:

Lieutenant Ara L. Reeves lies in the hospital now, and his wife sits beside him. His foot is done up in bandages, one hand is bandaged also, and he has a strip of adhesive plaster on his face. The lieutenant is a victim of the boloman and is about the first one who has lived to tell the tale. And he can best tell that tale.

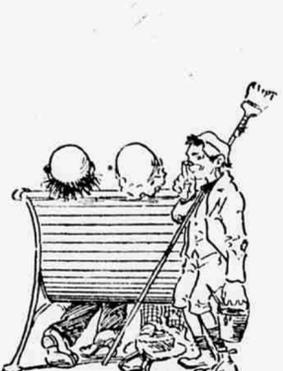
"Our company of the Seventeenth Infantry has the hardest station there is at San Fernando," he said to me. "We have shooting there almost every night. Not firing to be replied to, but enough to keep us sure of the fact that the insurgents are there and that they would come at us if they were not watched like a hawk. So, you see, we have to be very careful about the disposition of our outposts, and we have to know that all is well."

"I suppose every man in charge of a company—mine is D company—visits his outposts every night. I have been in charge of that company for some time, and I assure you there never has a night passed that I have not been fully informed by observation as to the situation. This thing happened night before last. It was dark, and

A WORK OF ART.



1. Weary Willie: "Sit down here, Tim, an we'll 'ave 40 winks."



2. Young Daubs: "Watch me for art a mo."



3. "Ow's that for the Rile acad- emee?"



4. Mrs. Kallum: "There, now! If my late 'usband 'adn't a-been dead, I'd a swore that was 'im. Dearie, dearie, me!"

—Ally Sloper.

shoot toward the ground. I felt a bullet go into my foot and then felt another strike almost in the same place. That was three shots from his revolver, counting the one he fired at me when we first came together. I was counting these shots, and when he had spent two more, one of which cut through my boot leg and nipped my shin, I was pretty sure that he could not shoot again.

"Then it was that he cut me on the hand. He could not stab, and so he worked the blade of the knife across the back of my wrist. I can assure you that it was anything but pleasant, that little performance, and presently I thought he would cut himself loose. Then I began to force the fighting. I could not stand on my wounded foot, but I could use the knee. I proceeded to punch him in the stomach with it, and pretty soon I felt him falling away from me. I gave him a push and let go his hands, both at once, and he was bowled over into a bunch of banana plants. I pulled my revolver as quick as I could and began to fire. But my aim was not good, for as soon as the fellow was thrown and I attempted to stand on my foot I fell.

"Just about that time one of the outposts came running up. He had heard the firing and was coming to my rescue. But he came too late. He said he was but a minute on the way, but he was more than that. It seemed to me that we were fighting for ten minutes. Perhaps it was not as long as that, but it seemed an interminable time. Oh, he got away. We thrashed around there, but the fellow was hidden by the darkness and had crawled to his lines. I wish I knew for sure whether I hit him."

Lieutenant Reeves has a record. He was in Cuba and was wounded. He has the scar on his forehead where an Indian bullet struck him. When he was in New York, just before the United States transport Sheridan sailed, he defeated, single handed, a gang

of toughs who attacked him on the wharf. One of the number was seriously wounded, but the boat sailed away before the extent of his injuries was known.

A FEAT IN GLASS BLOWING.

The Trick Which a Russian Sprung on the Experts.

Emperor Nicholas wished to illuminate the Alexander column in a grand style. The size of the round lamps to be used for the purpose were indicated and the glasses ordered at the manufactory, where the workmen exerted themselves in vain and almost blew the breath out of their bodies in the endeavor to obtain the desired size.

The commission must be executed, that was self evident, but how?

A great premium was offered to the one who could solve the problem. Again the human bellows toiled and puffed. Their object seemed unattainable, when at last a long bearded Russian stepped forward and declared that he could do it; he had strong lungs; he would only rinse his mouth first with a little water to refresh them.

He applied his mouth to the pipe and puffed to such purpose that the vitreous ball swelled and puffed nearly to the required dimensions, up to them, beyond them.

"Hold! Hold!" cried the lookers on. "You are doing too much. And how did you do it all?"

"The matter is simple enough," answered the long beard, "but first, where is my premium?"

And when he clutched the promised bounty he explained.

Sothern and Laura Keane.

While in New York and before he had made any hit, the elder Sothern had a dispute with Laura Keane concerning some trivial affair at a rehearsal, and Miss Keane went into one of her tantrums. After the quarrel on the stage she retired to her dressing room and, still angry, sent for Sothern and began to rate him fiercely.

"Stop, Laura—stop just a minute!" interrupted the comedian and advancing to the light deliberately turned it down.

"What do you mean by that, sir?" she demanded in a rage.

"Oh, nothing," replied Sothern, "but you have always been so lovely to me that I can't bear to look upon your beautiful face when you are in a passion. Now, go on."—San Francisco Argonaut.

It Has Been Noticed. "There's a rather queer thing that I have noticed about people who follow the profession of letters."

"What's that?" "The man who writes just to keep the pot boiling is not the one who produces the hottest stuff."—Chicago Times-Herald.

An Amusing Freak. The Fat Woman—That living skeleton is a great humorist, isn't he? The Dog Faced Boy—Yes, he's got a lot of funny bones.—Kansas City Independent.

Democratic City Convention. The democratic city convention met in the city hall last evening as per call, and was called to order by A. Degner. Dr. A. Bear was elected as chairman and Arthur Koeningstein as secretary.

A. P. Childs, Julius Degner, J. C. Stitt and F. W. Koerber were selected as a committee on credentials, who reported full delegations from each ward present and the report was adopted.

J. L. Daniels and H. D. Kelly were placed in nomination for justices of the peace by acclamation.

For constables the names of J. O'Banion, Ludwig Wetzel and H. H. Hoyt were placed before the convention and a ballot resulted in the nomination of Mr. Wetzel and Mr. Hoyt for the positions.

The city committee was authorized to fill any vacancy on the ticket that might occur.

The different wards recommended the appointment of judges and clerks of election as follows:

First—Aug. Brummond and C. F. W. Marquardt for judges; A. P. Pilger and Frank Ueckerman for clerks.

Second—Anton Bucholz and Julius Degner, judges; M. B. Singer, clerk.

Third—John Chestnutwood and F. A. Bryant, judges; Otto Zuelow and A. J. Koeningstein, clerks.

Fourth—S. J. Bennet and J. M. Roland, judges and F. W. Koerber, clerk. Candidates for assessor have been named in all the wards except the Fourth the following being the gentlemen chosen:

First—Fred L. Degner. Second—W. F. Ahlman. Third—A. Morrison.

Cattle For Sale. I have constantly on hand and for sale good native cattle for feeding purposes. Prices as low as the market affords. Call and get prices and terms. JOHN SHANNON, Hoskins, Neb.

New Presiding Elders. Particular interest centered in the selection of the successors to Drs. Hodgetts and Maxfield as presiding elders of the Norfolk and Omaha districts. New elders had to be appointed for the reason that both the old ones had served the limit of time six—years. Two Omaha preachers were honored by Bishop Warren in being selected for these important positions.

Dr. Fletcher M. Sisson, who succeeds Dr. Alfred Hodgetts as presiding elder

of the Norfolk district, has been in this city for the past two years as the pastor of Hanscom Park church. Prior to that time he had been pastor of the Fremont church for five years. Dr. Sisson is a man of attractive personality, a pleasing speaker in the pulpit, and a successful minister. His ability as an organizer has been established within the past week by reason of the success attending the gigantic task undertaken by him in entertaining the North Nebraska conference.

Rev. J. W. Jennings, D. D., successor to Dr. Maxfield, is possessed of all the qualities that go to make up a successful presiding elder. Combined with a forceful, logical, convincing style of preaching and a magnetic personality, is his splendid business ability, which has marked his entire service in the ministry. Especially has this been true in the past year, during which time he has been the pastor of Trinity church, in his success in raising money enough to wipe out a large church debt of long standing. It is believed that as presiding elder all the churches in his district will reap the benefit of his exceptional business sagacity and a most successful period is looked forward to.—Omaha Bee.

Summons by Publication. To John Zwight, Sophia Zwight, defendants.

You and each of you will take notice that on October 4th, 1899, Frank A. Dearborn and B. F. Swan, plaintiffs, filed their petition on in the district court of Madison county, Nebraska, against you as defendants implored with Citizens National bank, Chicago, Lumber company and Ada Kyner, the object and prayer of which petition are to foreclose a certain mortgage executed by Daniel G. Kyner and Ada Kyner, his wife, to the Durland Trust company upon the following described real estate situated in Madison county, Nebraska, to wit: the east half of the northwest quarter and the northeast quarter of the southwest quarter of section fourteen, township twenty-four, range one, west of the sixth p. m., given to secure the payment of the sum of \$2,500.00 due February 1, 1899, which mortgage was recorded January 30, 1894, in the office of the county clerk of Madison county, Nebraska, in book 30, at page 404; that there is now due upon said notes and mortgage, and for taxes paid on said premises the sum of \$3,021.29 with interest 23, 1899, at 10 per cent, for which sum with interest plaintiffs pray for a decree that defendants be required to pay the same or that said premises may be sold to satisfy the amount found due and for such other and further relief as may be just and equitable.

You are required to answer said petition on or before the 13th day of November, 1899.

Dated October 4th, 1899. FRANK A. DEARBORN, B. F. SWAN.

By A. A. Welch, their attorney.

Keep Coughing. Only keep it up long enough and you will succeed in reducing your weight, losing your appetite, bringing on a slow fever, and making everything exactly right for the germs of consumption. Stop coughing and you will get well. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Cures coughs. An ordinary cough disappears in a single night. The racking coughs of bronchitis soon disappear. And even the coughs of consumption are either completely checked or greatly lessened. Two sizes: \$1.00; 50c. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

RAW AS BEEF FROM ECZEMA!

No Torture Equal to the Itching and Burning of This Fearful Disease.

Eczema—which is more than skin-deep, and can not be reached by local applications of ointments, salves, etc., applied to the surface. The disease itself, the real cause of the trouble, is in the blood, although all suffering is produced through the skin; the only way to reach the disease, therefore, is through the blood.

Mr. Phil T. Jones, of Mixer-ville, Ind., writes: "I had Eczema thirty years, and after a great deal of treatment my leg was so raw and sore that it gave me constant pain. It finally broke into a running sore, and began to spread and grow worse. For the past five or six years I have suffered untold agony and had given up all hope of ever being free from the disease. As I have been treated by some of the best physicians and have taken many blood medicines, all in vain. With little faith I began to take S. S. S., and it apparently made the Eczema worse, but I knew that this was the way the remedy got rid of the poison. Continuing S. S. S., the sore healed up entirely, the skin became clear and smooth, and I was cured perfectly."

Eczema is an obstinate disease and can not be cured by a remedy which is only a tonic. Swift's Specific—

S. S. S. FOR THE BLOOD

is superior to other blood remedies because it cures diseases which they can not reach. It goes to the bottom—to the cause of the disease—and will cure the worst case of Eczema, no matter what other treatment has failed. It is the only blood remedy guaranteed to be free from potash, mercury or any other mineral, and never fails to cure Eczema, Scrofula, Contagious Blood Poison, Cancer, Tetter, Rheumatism, Open Sores, Ulcers, Boils, etc. Insist upon S. S. S.; nothing can take its place. Books on these diseases will be mailed free to any address by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.



COLONEL SMITH. CAPTAIN KELLKHEER. (Now brigadier general.)

availed them little against the concerted onslaught of the American troops. "The Filipinos build the best of breastworks, but lack bravery and determination to hold them. They are treacherous and cruel and can fight in ambush, but are the worst cowards in the open. Their poor marksmanship has saved thousands of the lives of our men. The gallant conduct of the Californians does not detract from the valor of other American troops in the field. All have done their utmost and have proved the valor of American soldiers beyond dispute, though the California regiment is the pride of the army in the Philippines."

GEORGE L. KILMER.