

FAME FOR SHAFTER.

HOW THE CONQUEROR OF SANTIAGO HAS RISEN.

His Career an Example of American Possibilities Yearned for Military Life While Working Upon a Farm—Rapid Promotion in the Civil War.

His Glory Self-Won.

Major General William Rufus Shafter, conqueror of Santiago, military hero in the war with Spain, was born and grew to manhood near Galesburg, Mich., and many are the stories that are being told of his boyhood by men who knew him when he was a lanky, barefooted lad, working on his father's farm.



GEN. WM. R. SHAFTER.

bilities of this land of the free. He was like Abraham Lincoln. He was a commoner. He grew right up out of the soil. If the civil war had not come along it is possible that General Shafter would still be a Michigan farmer.

He never had a taste for the husbandman's life. As a boy he groaned over his work—not that he did not like work, but that he detested what work he had to do. His father was the plainest of plain farmers. His mother was a farmer's wife, whose life's horizon was bounded by her kitchen, her poultry-yard, her "front room" and the meeting-house.



LOG HOUSE IN WHICH GEN. SHAFTER WAS BORN.

ries, and brought up his two sons, John and William, in the fear of God and to hard work.

The military soul of William—and of John, for that matter—revolted against the field and harvest and the sowing and the reaping. William had an ambition to go to West Point, but the military academy was as far beyond his reach as was the lost Pleiad. He might as well have pined for the crown of Russia. He knew he wished to be one thing—a soldier—and he knew there was not the remotest chance to gratify his ambition.

One thing, however, he could do. He could read books. Higher education does not particularly help a man to make hay and guide a plow, and young Shafter got no schooling. But he read history, chiefly about battles and armies and arms. He saw mistakes that were made by the world's generals. He read up on mathematics, and carried his intellect high among the refinements of ratios and equations. He studied the growth of the modern regiment from the battle line of the Greeks through the Macedonian phalanx and the Roman legion down to the modern soldier with his cartridges and his gun.

So was spent his youth and his manhood. Working on the farm, reading his books, longing and thirsting for opportunity with the military academy on another planet! He was born in the log house his father built and lived within its narrow walls until he was 25 years old. The old house still stands. Hugh Shafter, the father, and Mrs. Shafter died long since, and their graves are within a five minutes' walk of the house. Hugh Shafter was a model father, and John and William were model sons. They were obedient and filial. The life of that family was as dull and uneventful as that of any agricultural household. William's ambition for military life was apparently hopeless, and he had just begun to reconcile himself to a life of drudgery when the bugle blast from the lips of "the great commoner" in the White House roused the nation to arms and thrilled the very nerves of the whole people. Young Shafter was at last to have his way.

The two brothers went to the war and the patriotic father bade them a sturdy good-by. William enlisted as a lieutenant in the Seventh Michigan Infantry. His commission bore date of Aug. 22, 1861. He was exceptionally gallant. War to him was pabulum. He burned with it. He fought so well that he was a major within a month. Two years later he was made a lieutenant colonel, and toward the end of the war he was brevetted brigadier general.

William Shafter's exploits in the war cover the siege of Yorktown, West

Point, Fair Oaks, Savage Station, Glendale and Malvern Hill. His brother John had meanwhile won the rank of captain. When peace came they returned to the farm and went to plowing, sowing and reaping once more. But both entered applications for commissions in the regular army. After two years of woodchopping the brothers were ordered to St. Louis to pass the examination. Both came out of it with flying colors, and were about to be commissioned when the father objected. One of his boys must stay at home, and John, owing to his inferior rank, agreed to let his brother have the prize. William Shafter was given a lieutenant colonelcy and was ordered to the Forty-first Infantry.

For thirty years he lived beyond the mountains or in them, and the people of the East did not know his name. For nearly twenty years he was the colonel of the First Infantry, and saw men rise from posts subordinate to his to be brigadier generals. He did what he thought was best for his regiment, and not always what his officers would have liked him to do. He bore up bravely under the stress of this opposition until a year ago, when President McKinley made him a brigadier general.

When the general got his brigadier's straps he was placed in command at San Francisco. His life in the West and on the coast had the usual effect. It made him a heavy weight. He is a tremendously big man. Almost six feet tall—rare stature for a commander—he weighs 300 pounds, and his avoirdupois has been the occasion of many a jest, which he has taken pretty well. He has a will that is in keeping with his physique. What he wills to do he does. He has the heroic stuff of a Grant in his make-up.

BRAVED BULLETS.

The Adventure of a Cuban Patriot Among a Band of Spaniards.

During the early part of the Cuban rebellion an officer in the patriot army wanted a few packages of cigarettes, and to obtain them went openly into a town held by the Spanish soldiers, purchased what he desired and safely retreated, holding at bay, single-handed, 200 Spanish soldiers who attempted to capture him.

This officer is Maj. Henry E. Brooks, who recently came to New York from Jamaica, where he went to recover from wounds received in battle.



MAJ. HENRY E. BROOKS.

Maj. Brooks, who was born in the province of Santiago de Cuba of English parents, was among the first to engage in the insurrection against Spain. When in command of the Cuban forces around Guantanamo he ran out of cigarettes, so he left his command in charge of the next officer in rank and started for Guantanamo to get them. He crossed the long bridge leading into the city and proceeded to a cigar store. He had with him his repeating rifle, his revolver and the always present machete. In telling of his adventure in Guantanamo Maj. Brooks said:

"Yes, I did have a little fun there. You see I wanted some cigarettes and decided to go after them. I got into the town all right and entered the cigar store. I placed my rifle on the counter where it was handy and bought what I wanted. Just after I had placed the cigarettes in my pocket I happened to look toward the door, and there I saw a party of Spanish soldiers drawn up in line. They had their guns pointed at me and their officer said in Spanish the words which in English mean 'hands up.' Instead of doing that I grabbed my rifle and let go a shot at the crowd. One of the soldiers dropped and I rushed out of the door during the excitement and got into the street. The soldiers ran after me, shooting all the time.

"I ran up the long street toward the bridge that leads across the river into the country. The soldiers followed me, shooting as they ran. Their bullets flew wild and did not strike me, but one poor old woman was killed by a shot which was intended for me. The soldiers who had first attempted to capture me were joined by reinforcements until there were at least 200 after me. When I got to the bridge I turned and sent a couple of shots at the crowd, and then started across the bridge, which is long and narrow. Several times I turned around and fired at the soldiers, who had attempted to follow me across the bridge, and I rather think I killed a few of them, for I saw some drop. I finally got up into the hills, where I hid behind rocks and took a few more shots at the Spaniards. Then they gave up the chase and I went back to my men."

Brains and Climate.

The weight of a man's brain has nothing to do with his mental power. It is a question of climate, not of intellect. The colder the climate the greater the size of the brain.

Lots of women go with women they talk about.

You like that best which you get the least of.

THE DREAM OF DON MONTIJO.



In the harbor of Manilla Lay the Admiral's flotilla. Rocking gently at its anchors in a sort of tropic swoon. In those spaces of war and slaughter Slept upon the peaceful water. That was mixed with golden silver from the overflowing moon. Swung to oscillating laneyards In their hammocks lay the Spaniards. Dreaming of the Guadalquivir and the country of the Cid; Longing for the lovely ladies Of Seville, Toledo, Cadiz. And the balls and Seporitas of Granada of Madrid. In his cabin, Don Montijo Being drowsy, muttered "Oh! This is excellent business for a noble of Castile; I am weary of the Malay, I will sail forth and waylay The pipers of the Yankee and my vengeance he shall feel." Then he said goodnight "Ave" And in dreams he ranked the navy For a great and brilliant victory over the ships of Uncle Sam; Oh he led them a fandango From Hongkong to Pango Pango And he chased them from New Zealand to the borders of Sam. While he lay there softly sleeping, Up the harbor, creeping, creeping, Came the lead and frothy greyhounds of the little Commodore— You may say that he was plucky, You may call him only lucky, But torpedoes could not turn him nor big guns along the shore. Don Montijo woke to wonder At a sudden burst of thunder. He had found the Yankee gunners and they had him every way; Lay the Admiral's flotilla, Fifty lanterns under water, mid the oysters and the slime. George Horner.

FROM DUDE TO SOLDIER.

Checked Career of Hallett Also Borrower, the Famous Rough Rider.

Hallett Also Borrower, who went with the rough riders in Cuba and who was given charge of a dynamite gun capable of deadly execution, has led a life replete with incident.

When he was a young man he thought he would become a great artist, and studied art at the Columbia Art School. Then he thought that law, and not art, was his peculiar calling and entered the Columbia Law School. After a while he decided that neither law nor art was just what he was cut out for, and went across the water to see the world. He had already seen something of it in on this side. His father was Samuel Borrower, Vice President of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, and young Borrower had the entire into New York society.

In England and France Hallett Also was put up at the most exclusive clubs and was distinctly "in the swim." When he returned to this country he had become a crack billiard player, a crack shot and a man about town generally. He was fond of dog fights and all sorts of "sporty" things. In short,



HALLETT ALSO BORROWER.

the mild art student was thoroughly transformed into the gilded and giddy young man of the clubs and the inconsequential world. He stayed abroad a good deal and was attracting no particular attention in this country, being regarded by his acquaintances as neither better nor worse than the average man of his type, when suddenly came the Coleman Drayton scandal. The social prominence of all the parties concerned (Mrs. Drayton was a daughter of Mrs. William Astor) and the challenge to a duel (which did not take place) between Mr. Drayton and Mr. Borrower kept society gossiping for a long time.

Finally that passed away and Hallett Also Borrower was for a time forgotten. It was said that he was living quietly abroad. Suddenly it was discovered that Borrower had returned to this country, forsaken the ways of his former life, and was employed as a car starter on the trolley road in Newark. He had started in to work for a living and had begun at the bottom of the ladder.

He worked hard, and finally was made a division superintendent at a salary of \$75 a month. For a time his doings in his new sphere of action were written about and talked about, and then the young man was forgotten again. He was not destined to remain forgotten long, however, for in November, 1896, it was announced that Borrower had married Miss Anna Wheeler Corbin, Ausdin Corbin's youngest daughter.

It seems that the Borrower and Corbin families had been intimate when Hallett Also was a schoolboy, and his especial friend had been the youngest daughter. The schoolboy love had remained through all the intervening years, and Borrower had gone to work on the trolley line to prove that he had reformed and was living a life which made him worthy to marry his boyhood's love.

Old-Time Torture.

In former times the punishment of the bagnio (bath), one of the most cleverly cruel inflictions ever devised by an official of the torture chamber, was administered in Italy, probably in Venice, where the waters of the lagoons played so important a part in its penal system. The punishment was as follows: The prisoner was placed in a vat, the sides of which were slightly in excess of the average height of a man.

In order to hold in check the rising tide of a supply of water which ran

THE INFANTA EULALIA.

Spanish Princess Who Visited This Country During the World's Fair.

The Princess Eulalia, who represented Spain at the World's Fair, is escaping much that is disagreeable in her own land, as she is sojourning in England. Princess Eulalia was for many years only third in the succession, and she is very popular in Spain, where at one time it was said openly that she would have made a much better regent



THE INFANTA EULALIA.

than her sister-in-law. That was, however, in the very early days of Queen Christina's widowhood and before the country had become accustomed to her gracious hand. The Infanta Eulalia was married at the age of 22 to Prince Antoine of Bourbon Orleans, a brother of the Count de Paris. The Infanta has two sons, the younger of whom will soon celebrate his tenth birthday.

LITTLE VICTIMS OF THE SEA.

Two Pretty Children Who Went Down in La Bourgoigne.

Carola and Mildred Schultz, two pretty children, went down in La Bourgoigne with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Schultz, of New York. Mr. Schultz was engaged as European buy-



CAROLA AND MILDRED SCHULTZ.

er for a large New York house and was formerly for many years in the same capacity with a Chicago firm. He had safely crossed the ocean sixty-four times. The children were exceptionally bright. Carola was aged 9 and Mildred 5.

OPHIUM SMUGGLED IN NUTS.

The Drug Is Frequently Brought Into the Country in That Way.

One of the duties of the custom house officials in San Francisco is nut-cracking. They do not open all the nuts which enter the port, but whenever



CUSTOM HOUSE OFFICIAL INVESTIGATING.

there is reason to believe that the guileless-looking nut is aiding smugglers, out come the customs nut-crackers. Opium is frequently brought into the country in that way. The drug is packed in the shells of a Chinese nut, very much like our walnut, and is sent to America in that shape.

Derivation of the Word Admiral.

The word admiral is derived by the dictionaries in a rather roundabout fashion from the Arabic emir, a word which has been variously translated lord, commander, general. An emir was an officer in the Saracenic and afterward in the Turkish army, and as these were composed mostly of cavalry, the emir was originally a cavalry officer. As the conquests of the Turks broadened the Turkish Sultans began to make war upon the sea as well as upon the land, and the officers who commanded fleets and vessels retained the title that they had when directing squadrons of horse. The title is found among the Algerine and Barbary pirates and is first noticed in English use during the reign of Edward III, when officers were commissioned as "Ameyrel of the Se" or "Admiral of the Navy."

Greedy Little Fish.

The little fish known as miller's thumb—the fresh water sculpin—is one of the natural checks on the overproduction of trout and salmon. It eats the eggs and the young fish. It is found in all trout waters as fast as examined. It is very destructive. At an experiment once made in the aquarium of the United States Fish Commission in Washington a miller's thumb about four and one-half inches long ate at a single meal, and all within a minute or two, twenty-one little trout, each from three-quarters to an inch in length.

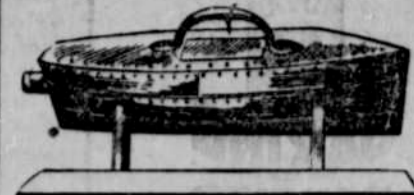
A Clock Run by the Wind.

There is a clock in Brussels which has never been wound up by human hands. It is kept going by the wind.

IMPROVED SEA MESSENGER.

Device to Convey Tidings from Vessels in Distress.

Should you be walking on the beach, and pick up a tiny boat bearing the legend: "Whoever finds this boat, look in the stern tube for an abstract log, which please forward to Lloyd's underwriters, London," you will know that one of Captain Bowden's patent sea-messengers has fulfilled its mission. The messenger is like the model of a vessel, or boat (length 2 feet 2 inches, breadth 6 1/2 inches, depth 6 1/2 inches).



THE SEA MESSENGER.

From the stern, which is square, a chamber is bored forwards longitudinally, and in it is inserted a metallic tube, to hold a small wooden rod, round which the ship's log or any other information written upon paper or the like may be rolled. The sea-messenger is made of solid wood (pine), and is entirely covered externally with Muntz's yellow metal, to protect it when afloat and also to render it conspicuous. Upon the deck the inscription is engraved on a metallic plate. The boat is suitably ballasted to prevent its capsizing and to keep the deck-plate in view at all times while floating. The inventor wants to make it imperative by law for all shipmasters to keep an abstract log fully written up day by day (noon preferred) and kept inserted in the messenger in readiness for an emergency. By this means the oftentimes cruel silence and dreaded suspense to those on shore may be averted.

BOOKS FOR SOLDIERS.

Wisconsin Set a Good Example in Providing a Traveling Library.

The good example set by Wisconsin in providing her soldiers with a traveling library has been imitated by Buffalo. The plan adopted by the latter city is much the same as that in vogue in Wisconsin.

Each company is to be given a library of from fifteen to eighteen volumes, incased in a weather-proof box, and the companies will exchange libraries periodically. The work is to be done at



READING MATTER PASSED ALONG.

the library, but the reading matter is to be furnished by the people, as also the money needed for cases, transportation, etc. In addition to the bound volumes, it is hoped to send large quantities of paper-bound volumes, magazines and illustrated newspapers, to be distributed without the requirement of returning them to the company libraries.

Buttons.

It is only in comparatively modern times that buttons have been utilized as fasteners. The Greeks and Romans knew nothing of them, and though they presented themselves as ornaments in the fourteenth century, button-holes were still an undreamed-of possibility. It was not until nearly the middle of the last century that the manufacture of steel buttons was entered upon at the Sobo works in Birmingham, England. Then, on the accession of George III, gilt buttons appeared and became quite the vogue. But it was reserved for the artisans of our day to make these useful fasteners in the greatest variety at marvellously low prices and out of all sorts of material, even to the seemingly impossible potato.

Royal Yearly Incomes.

The total annual income of the imperial family of Russia cannot be less than three and a half million pounds sterling. Probably the nearest approach to this revenue is to be found in the combined incomes of the brothers Rockefeller, the oil kings of America, which amount to two and a half million pounds. The Austrian imperial family possess an estimated annual income of £1,500,000, the German family one of £1,000,000, and the Italian house of Savoy a revenue of £600,000 a year.—Durban Observer.

Stone in Judea.

The hill near Jerusalem where the crucifixion of Jesus occurred is formed of limestone. The shores of the Dead Sea are lined with pumice-stone, showered out of some volcano that destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, which cities finally sank beneath the waters of the Dead Sea.

Mile High View.

A balloonist a mile above the earth commands a field vision 96 miles in radius.

After a man has cut the crash towels off the bottoms of his pantaloons for two or three years, the pantaloons become so thin as to be immo-est.