THE AMMIRAL FLED

An Incident of the Great Naval Battle Off Santiago.

SCARED BY THE FIRST SHOT

The Thundering Boom of the Cregon's Big Gun In Opening the Attack on Corvera's Fleet Proved Too Much For the Nerves of the Old Veteran.

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"It's a remarkable thing," said the captain. "that almost always in any great event of exciting experience. even one in which human tives are involved, there is likely to be some little minor feature with a humorous side to it that will call forth a smile, if not a sudden tourst of laughter - It seems as if in such trying moments one's feelngs seek a quick vent and seize upon any little incident as a safety valve."

This particular piece of philosophy was expressed by the grim old captain of our steamer as we were lazily churning along the lower coast of Florida.

"I never get down on these southern seas," continued the captain, "without thinking of that 3d of July, 1898, when our fellows pushed the Spanish fleet up on the shore after their attempt to steal out of Santiago harbor. "I was first officer of the Dasher, one

of the auxiliary steamers that the government had chartered and rushed into service. We had been engaged in carrying provisions from Tampa down to the ships of the fleet, and it was ticklish business, too, because no one really knew up to the last few days just where the Spanish fleet actually was, and we expected to be overhauled and captured atmost any time.

"This particular trip had been an eventful one, and after rounding Cape Maisi, on the eastern end of Cuba, we soon sighted our splendid fleet of fighters ranged in that fatal semicircle round the entrance of Santiago like a pack of hounds watching for a fox to come out of his hole. It was a great sight, 1 text you! The smoke was lazily curling up out of each stack, showing that seeam was up and everything ready for the spring from the leash the moment the toy showed his head. "We had our orders and in a short

time were close alongside the big old Oregon, which, you remember, had just made that wonderful trip round the florn to take part in the fracas. I don't believe there ever was a hotter day even in the tropics than this Sunday, the 2d of July Things were studios standing everywhere, and the mean itself scened to be stenning.

"After we had warped alongside and the erew and begin carrying aboard the construment of bread, pointoes, onuses and other stuff I stepped into the

HOTEL BEDS ABROAD. To Get Into Some of Them One Has to Use a Stepladder.

The European bed always strikes the aninitiated American traveler as a huge joke. In France they commence to impress him with their height and narrowness, and he looks dubiously at the enormous Turkey red cotton "couvre pled" of elderdown, which seems something like a mountain, and he wonders how he is ever going to bear all that extra weight on his person. But when he has slipped between the sheets and the grateful warmth communicates itself to his cold bones-if it is winter they are sure to be like iclcles-he discovers that it is

deceptively light and deliciously comfortable. In Switzerland the beds attain a little more height, but it is in Germany that they become of such an altitude as to necessitate a pair of steps to mount them. One tourist, finding that one leg of the stepladder was broken, solved his difficulty by going to the extreme end of the room. taking a running start and landing with a flying leap in the midst of the Turkey red eiderdown. He crawled in under the crocheted counterpane and was soon fast asleep. Some time in the night he became sleepily aware of a consuming thirst and started to get out of bed for a drink. A startled shrick, followed by some swear words that even the thick headed German watchman understood, penetrated to the remotest chamber in the inn.

"I was half awake," he explained afterward, "and had been dreaming of standing on Table rock, in the Yosemite. I started to get out of bed-and began to fall. Naturally I supposed 1 was plunging to the bottom of that precipice, and I'll leave it to you if any one wouldn't have let out a yell when he thought he was going to be dashed to death."

Sometimes in European hotels the tourist is taken solemnly to one side and told that by paying a few francs or lire more he can have the royal bedchamber. A certain hotel in Sorrento, where a dozen or more royal heads have lain in one season, is even more generous, for if the rooms are empty they make no extra charge. And the traveler loves to recount when he is back on his native heath how his cheek pressed the same pillow that had been used by the little queen of Holland or the king of Saxony .- New York Tribune.

BALANCING THE SEXES.

Singular, Isn't It, the Way Nature Preserves the Equilibrium?

One of the most subtle and interesting problems of life, according to the eminent statistician and student of heredity, Professor R. J. Ewart, is the numerical relationship of sex and its influence upon the body politic. The woman's rights movement is in essence a mathematical and statistical problem, according to him. There is not a general advance of woman, as some sociologists assert. There is a sudden manifestation of her power, a period of supremacy and then a decline of her status. The explanation is statistical mainly. True, it has always been something of a puzzle why the proportion of each kind, apparently with little or no underlying reason, is produced in the right numbers. The argument that if such were not the case the particular species would not survive does not reyeal to us the methods by which this object has been achieved. That some mechanism must exist by means of which within certain limits the number of males and females born is regulated is proved by the facts of history, where we have numerous examples of wars and other social upheavals where

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BAD COLDS

within an apparently short period of time, as measured by such events, a balance has again been established. The sex equilibrium may be compared to that of a gyroscope, where the greater the disturbance of position the greater is the force tending to reestablish its natural stand while in

PURE FOOD LABELS.

Professor George A. Reisner of Harvard university discovered among some speciments of earliest Hebrew writing in the excavations of the city of Samaria, in Palestine, a most interesting record of the first pure food laws in history. He also found ancient writings dealing with the first instance on record of the keeping of wines in a government warehouse under bond.

Ahab, 850 B. C., these inscriptions are considered to be one of the greatest finds of the Harvard Palestinian expeditions which delved into the city of Ahab and Omri for three years. They found labels on wine and oil jars. These mention the year in which the wine was laid down in the cellars of the palace storehouse, and they state the vineyard from which the wine came, important facts that are recognized equally well by vintners today. On the oil jars the label runs, "A jar of pure oil," with the mention of the district from which the oil came. The bits of pottery on which the descriptions were written were not parts of the jars, but were evidently intended

to be attached to the necks of the receptacles, just as are labels or seals at the present time.-New York World.

WOOL, SILK AND LINEN.

If you wish to find out whether the material sold to you as all wool or all silk is really so make a 5 per cent solution of caustic potash and in this boil your sample of silk or wool. If the entire sample is consumed in the boiling your material is what it pretends to be: if there is a residue that residue is cotton. The caustic solution consumes the animal fibers.

If you wish to find out whether the silk that seems to be heavy sllk is weighted with mineral burn the sample and the ash will show you how much mineral weighting there is. The pure silk will be wholly consumed.

In buying supposed linen goods of toweling or suiting, dip your sample into concentrated sulphuric acid for two minutes and wash it out carefully. The cotton will have been consumed, the linen will have resisted the action of the acid. This test is one that should be made with precaution, as

with --



nom to see if i could get any comfort out of the electric fan which was working overtime. I had just spoken to old Admiral, the captain's per romeat-and a huge fellow he was who was lying on the floor structured out as wide as possible, fairly gasping for air, when, holy mackerel there were a concussion and a desfeating roar which sent me sprawling and nearly knocked my head off. All 1 comember seeing that instant was a big cut going almost to the ceiling with a tall as big around as a grapetrust and every teg, claw and hair standing straight out. The Oreyou had let go one of its big forward turnoi guas right nongside of us, for the spanned for had started out of its hose

"In first one instant everything on earth in the way of activity seemed to he doing 1 rushed to the door, and the thing that cought my eye was that old tomar come aft on the upper deck. the a streak of greased upstning, with every suil set to eatch the wind and fairly clawing at the deck in his effort to make time

"In almost less time than it has taken to tell you that one shot had grown into a deafening roar from almost every gun in the fleet that could bear on the fox. Our lashings had been cut loose, and away went the fleet in that dramatic cush to victory for us and death to the Spaniards.

"As my captain and I stood on the bridge and watched the sight he turned to use and said: 'Knight, I'm an old man and haven't but a few years more to live at best. Fil give the rest of my years to see this fight to the finish. and, by the gods, I'm going to follow "em" And he gave the signal for full spand afrend

'Say, but that was a sight' No man who saw it will ever forget it. The race was all in front of us, the Spanlards running for cover and putting up the best fight they could in their half baked condition and our fellows plugging them fast and turiously

"We followed until the fight was all over and then came about to return to Santiago. The captain gave orders to serve suppor in the officers' mess, for meither of us in the excitement of the day had thought a thing about eating. As we sat down to our meat he furned to me and said: 'Knight, have you seen my old toment Admiral? Eve bunted for him all over the ship

""Well I cepiled, pulling out my watch and looking at it. 'If he has kept rp the pace he was making when I saw him just going aft on the upper deck. he's due in about six minutes now on his much up around the world "

"We never did see old Admiral again, and the emphasis monthed him till his dying day | | cank Presbrey in Chiengo Record Doratid.

To your and inthe is undignified, suienging incommunity theoregically (un-Burdentations - dobert Louis Stevenson.

Notice is herety given that Maggie Wilson of Athena, Oregon, was on the ist day of June, 1911, appointed administratrix of the estate of Charles Wilson, deceased, by the above entitled court, and that all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present said claims with proper vouchers thereto, to said administratrix or to her attorney, Homer I. Watts, at his office in Ath-

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