

# The Santiam News.

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NO. 28

## The Santiam News.

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Simpson, T. S. Coffey, John Cy-  
rus, and W. E. Savage.

## Chickamauga-1898.

They are camped on Chickamauga! Once again the white tents gleam in that field where vanished heroes sleep the sleep that knows no dream.

There are shadows all about them. Of the ghostly troops today, but they light the common campfire. Those who wore the blue and gray.

Where the pines of Georgia tower. Where the mountains kiss the sky. On their arms the nation's warriors wait to hear the battle-cry. Wait together, friends and brothers. And the heroes' death their feet sleep the long and dreamless slumber.

Where the flowers are blooming sweet. Sentries, pause, yon shadow shall linger! Rock-ribbed Thomas goes that way— He who fought the foe unyielding In that awful battle fray, Yonder pass the shades of heroes, And they follow where Bragg leads.

Through the meadows and the river, But no ghost the sentry heeds. Field of fame, a patriot army Tread thy sacred soil to-day! And they'll face a common foe, And those who wore the blue and gray. And they'll fight for common country. And they'll charge to victory, Neath the folds of one brave banner. Starry banner of the free!

They are camped on Chickamauga. Where the green tents of the dead Turn the soil into a glory. Where a nation's heart once bled; But they're clasping hands together. On this storied field of strife— Brothers brave who meet to battle In the freedom-war of life!

May 1.

Advices from Manila say that the American squadron, under Commodore Dewey, appeared off the bay of Manila at 5 o'clock this morning and opened a strong cannonade against the Spanish squadron and forts protecting the harbor. The Spanish second-class cruiser, Don Juan de Austria, was severely damaged and her commander was killed. Another Spanish vessel was burned. The American squadron retired, having also sustained severe damage.

A second naval engagement followed, in which the American squadron again suffered considerable loss and the Spanish warships Miranda and Uloa were slightly damaged. During this engagement the Cavite forts maintained a steady and stronger fire upon the American squadron than in the first engagement.

Admiral Bermejo, the minister of marine, has expressed himself as highly pleased with the heroism of the Spanish marines, and has telegraphed congratulations to Admiral Montijo and the valorous crews of the Spanish squadron under fire of superior warships.

Blanco called home that the American warships blockading Cienfuegos captured a Spanish merchant steamer. A colonial surgeon, six officers and three noncommissioned officers were held as prisoners. The civilian passengers were liberated.

May 2.

The Asiatic squadron of the United States, Commodore Dewey commanding, on Sunday engaged and completely defeated the Asiatic squadron of Spain in the harbor of Manila, in the Philippine Islands. Reports of the battle thus far are coming in piecemeal. During the two engagements that took place, Commodore Montijo, commanding the Spanish fleet, lost three of his largest ships. His flag ship, the steel cruiser Reina Christina and the armored cruiser Castilla were burned, and the cruiser Don Juan de Austria was blown up. Several other Spanish vessels were badly damaged. One report adds that several other Spanish ships were sunk by their commanders to prevent their falling into the hands of the Americans.

There was a heavy loss of life among the Spanish. Captain Darzo, commanding the Reina Christina, was killed. Commodore Montijo, commanding the fleet, shifted his flag from the Reina Christina to the Iolo de Cuba, a much smaller steel-protected cruiser, just before the Christina sunk.

The blowing up of the Don Juan

de Austria was attended by a great loss of life among the crew, her commander also being killed.

Commodore Dewey's squadron, leaving Subig bay, a few miles from Manila, about 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon, proceeded toward Manila. Under cover of darkness he entered the harbor of Manila, the batteries located there announcing his arrival. Both fleets lined up for a battle about daylight—about 5 o'clock this morning. The guns of the American warships began firing on the fortress of Cavite and the arsenal of Manila. Under the protection of the guns of these forts the Spanish warships opened fire on the American fleet. For several hours the harbor resounded with the roar of guns, the crashing of steel and timbers, the shrieks and groans of the wounded. Thick clouds of smoke at times almost obscured the opposing fleets from each other.

A well-directed shot reached the iron cruiser Don Juan de Austria, a vessel of 1100 tons. A terrible explosion followed and the ship was blown up.

That the American squadron received severe damage in the engagement cannot be doubted. Early reports had it that five of Commodore Dewey's ships had been sunk. Later advice from Madrid put the number at two, and the latest and most authentic report from the British colonial officer says one vessel only was damaged, and none destroyed.

There were undoubtedly heavy losses in men on both sides. One apparently trustworthy source says the Spaniards had 500 killed and 700 wounded. Trusty details of the American loss of life will hardly be obtainable until Commodore Dewey has taken Manila.

**King of Horses.**

"Throatwood," in speaking of Star Pointer in the Horse Review last week says:

Star Pointer is a horse. In fact, he is the grandest looking horse that God ever made. The man who says he is homely is a fool, and the man who maintains he is a big, ugly brute is a liar. From his shoulders up he is a model of strength in repose and beauty in strength. From their back he is a gladiator in his grandeur and pyramidal in his perfection. There is not a rough and unbecoming line in his make-up. His head is fearfully perfect in strength and power—such clearness, such determination, such massive jaws to do or die, such quiet eyes that know not their own greatness, such a combination of symmetrical resolve and never-dying nerve. His eyes are small and dexterated. There is only one line in the make-up of his head and neck that is not Apollonian, and that is his jaws. They are gladiatorial. In them is written turf history on tables of stone. You can look at them and read a hundred victories. You have only to see them to make affidavit that he has conquered the world. He is a living, breathing, colossal equestrian statue of victory. People whose tastes have been educated in the pretty and the smooth and the fanciful in horses can see no beauty in this king. But they are the same kind of people who would rather sit in the front row of a "leg show" than go and look on the uncouth glory and beauty of the brook-armed Venus. Hooper, scragged and bronzed and hairy and blind, is more beautiful than the clean-shaven face of a fat padded Belvidere.

Star Pointer has settled two things forever in the horse world; the first is that Time will never again head the pacing horse, and the second is that the great harness horse of the future, whether trotter or pacer, is going to be a creature of strength and power and bigness and might, and not the pretty little thing with his head to the stars and his tail over the dashboard. Robert J's and Gentrys and Directs and others may do to play around two minutes, but remember we are now on the other side where every second off is like piling Pelion on Ossa, and you want another breed of giants if you would sail for another golden fleece. Remember, from like you can get only like. There is a strength limit to space, and matter is stronger as it fills it most perfectly.

These two things has Star Pointer settled, and it is a wise man that sees them, isn't it a little coincidental that the very horse that can come anywhere near him is one built on the same powerful lines of strength and utility.

To-day Star Pointer is physically perfect. It is part of the cause and effect of the Murphy religion to get the best and do the best. They have done this, from the matchless driver McClay, to Jess the care-taker, and

today the horse is better than he ever was in his life. It is worth a visit to Chicago merely to look at this perfect creature.

Star Pointer starts against four records this year: The wagon record of 2:01, held now by Joe Pat-hen, made in 1897. He will burst every tire on every wheel of it. The high-wheel regulation track record of 2:06, made by Johnston in 1888. He will cut it three seconds whenever he turns around for it. The two mile record of 4:19, made by Chehalis in 1897. He will go the first mile in 2:01 without raising his head. His own world's record of 1:50. He will make this much-talked-of thing look like a belated sardine in a sea of departed glory.—Rural Spirit.

## FACTS FOR FARMERS.

A Column Devoted To The Interests of Farmers.

At the Penn. Jersey Cattle Club meeting, Mr. E. H. Sibley, of the firm of Jersey breeders, Miller & Sibley, gave an instructive talk on "Improvement of Jersey Cattle as Milk Producers," in which he gave, as an illustration of his theory, how the champion milk producer, Jersey, La Petite Mere 2nd, was cured for and fed during the year that she made her remarkable milk record of 76,300 pounds in 385 days. During this period, the largest yield for one day was fifty-seven and one-half pounds. The amount of butter made during the year was 954 lbs. 4 oz. This test was made, Mr. Sibley said, because there had grown up a demand for large milk Jersey, those unfriendly to the breed reproaching Jersey breeders for producing cows that gave so little milk. The test was to show that Jerseys could produce milk as well as butter, and resulted in establishing a record that no other cow has reached. In preparing for the test, it was arranged that the cow should become fresh in the fall. She was kept in high condition, meantime, and was fed regularly, as it was thought necessary to take this risk of losing her from milk fever. The feed given was a mixture of corn, oats, bran, oil meal and a concentrated corn meal, made from corn hearts. At first the feed contained a large proportion of bran, but this was gradually reduced and the concentrated corn meal substituted for it. For the first few months the cow was fed three times a day, but latterly was fed at regular intervals of six hours, thus making four feeds in twenty-four hours. The grain feed consisted of six parts of the above mentioned mixture. In the summer time the cow was turned on pasture, and in the winter succulent food was furnished in the form of sugar beets, one peck daily, cut in strips, clover hay was fed.

During the winter the cow was exercised by walking at least a full mile every day, and of course there was plenty of natural exercise among pasture in the summer. It was necessary to milk three times daily, and Mr. Sibley recommends this in all cases where the cow yields more than fifty-five pounds per day. To such test it is important, he said, to keep the cow in prime, health condition all the time, and if she slacks or drops, the food should be at once changed. The regular exercise that was given greatly assisted in maintaining strength and in improving digestion, and was, to doubt, an important factor in leading to this extraordinary record.—Hoards Dairyman.

**Black Ink.**

A great many who keep poultry are inconvenienced by the fowls flying over the fence. This may be easily remedied by placing a strand of wire around the top of the fence. It is well to place the wire on the inside six inches from the fence. When the hens attempt to fly over they aim for the top of the fence and before reaching it will be thrown back by the wire. After several attempts to fly over they become wearied and abandon it, and are soon cured of high flying.

Perseverance Can you spell it? And its meaning, can you tell it? If you stick to what you're doing. Study work or play pursuing. Every failure bravely meeting. Bravely each attempt repeating. Trying twice and thrice and four times. Yes! a hundred, even more times. You can spell it! You can spell it! And its meaning, you can spell it! Ex. Nancy Hanks, 2:04, foaled a bay colt by Bingen, 2:12, on April 6.

## LAND FOR SALE.

No. 1, 200 acres 1/2 mile S. E. of Scio, 1000 ac. in cultivation, balance open pasture, brush and timber. The water is pure, and the soil is rich. It is well adapted for growing wheat, corn, clover and alfalfa. Price \$100 per acre.

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Joseph Beckman's foot was cut off by lightning which came down the chimney of his farm house, at Westhampton, Long Island, N. Y.