

THE STORK.

Last night the Stork came stalking,
And, Stork, beneath your wing
Lay, lapped in dreamless slumber,

Hunting an Heiress.

HE must be ill," said Ettie
Hall to herself, "or else she
would have been here long
ago. Poor Justine! Somehow things
are arranged strangely in this world!

Markham Fernley.
And then taking it up perused on the
reverse the following words:
"May I accompany you to the opera
to-night? Florine has a box, and Salterell
will sing."

Justice Maynard's little room was no
luxuriously appointed nest. Bare, and
cold, and poverty-stricken, its cracked
walls and sloping roof gained no glow
from the rosy sunset, and Justine herself
lay on the bed, with hands pressed to
her throbbing forehead.

Only a headache, dear," she said,
essaying a faint smile, as Ettie Hall
hurried toward her. "That is all. And
I have been a little worried with the
landlord; he will be back again presently
for the money that I shall not be able
to give him. If he would only wait
until to-morrow."

Ettie turned, and for the first time
saw a folded dress upon the table—a
robe of satin, trimmed with lace.
"Justine," said she, "I've an idea, I'll
take this dress home for you, I'll get
the money and bring it back."

Ettie deftly placed it within sheets
of brown paper, wrapped and tied it
up.
"Come, where is it to go?"
"To Miss Fernley, in Middletown
square, O, Ettie! how shall I ever pay
you for all your kindness?"

Ettie was tying a dark-brown veil so
closely over her hat that Justine Maynard
never saw the deep dye on her cheek.
She was almost sorry she had
offered to take Florine Fernley's new
dress home. For a second her resolution
wavered, and then she reproached
herself for even that second's indecision.

It was not a long walk, for the Fernley's
lived in Middletown square, but a
few blocks distant. And Ettie went
up the steps of the marble-fronted
mansion, wondering if she should see Markham.

She was not certain, but was beginning
to suspect that she liked the handsome
young fellow, whose dark eyes and
jolly curls were such a counterpart
of her own blonde beauty.

A smart, blue-ribboned maid came to
the door.
"Yes, Miss Fernley was at home,"
and with a supercilious insolence
which made Ettie's blood boil the girl
pointed up a dark stairway.
"Just up there and you'll find her.
First door to the left."

"So do I—\$10,000," retorted a fami-
lar voice from the next room. "But I
can't have all I want."
"You borrowed \$20 of me to hire that
nonsensical opera box."

"That was business, my dear."
"Business! Nonsense! Give me the
money, I say," fretted Florine.
"Yes, business, my girl. Hell-reas-
hunting is as much business as specu-
lating, and the fair Henrietta is a fish
that won't jump at any ordinary bait."

"Hush!" cried Florine, sharply, and
then turning to the soidisant dress-
maker, she said:
"It isn't convenient to pay you to-
day. Call again next week or the week
after."

"Excuse me," answered Miss Ettie in
a low but resolute voice; "I must have
the money now."
"Must!" retorted Miss Fernley, as
she angrily rang the bell. "Mary, show
this person out."

"I decline to leave the dress until I
am paid for it," said Ettie, firmly.
"Now, look here, you dress-making
girl," said the harsh voice of Markham
Fernley, as he advanced from the
inner apartment, "none of your impu-
dence. Leave the dress, or I'll send
for a policeman and teach you your
place in short order."

"I would not do that, Mr. Fernley,"
said Ettie, who had by this time recov-
ered her self-possession completely. "I
am not a 'dress-making girl,' but I
shall collect the money my friend has
earned."

Struck by some accent of her tone,
Markham Fernley paused a second,
then lighted the gas. Ettie Hall delib-
erately threw back her veil.
And that was the last he ever saw
of Henrietta Hall.—London News.

Occupations of Age.
Oliver Wendell Holmes repeats a New
England story he once heard of a
young farmer who was urged to set
out some apple-trees. "No," said he,
"they are too long growing, and I don't
want to plant for other people."

The young farmer's father was spoken to
about it, but he, with better reason, al-
leged that apple-trees are slow and life
is fleeting. At last some one mentioned
it to the old grandfather of the young
farmer. He had nothing else to do, so
he stuck in some trees. He lived long
enough to drink cider made from the
apples that grew on those trees.
"After all," continues Dr. Holmes,
"the most encouraging things I find in
the treatise, 'De Senectute,' are the sto-
ries of men who have found new occu-
pations when growing old, or kept up
their common pursuits in the extreme
period of life.

"Cato learned Greek when he was
old, and speaks of wishing to learn the
fiddle, or some such instrument, fiddus,
after the example of Socrates. Solon
learned something new every day in his
old age, as he gloried to proclaim.

"Cyrus pointed out with pride and
pleasure the trees he had planted with
his own hand. I remember a pillar on
the Duke of Northumberland's estate
at Alnwick, with an inscription in simi-
lar words, if not the same. That, with
other country pleasures, never wears
out. None are too rich, none too poor,
none too young, none too old to enjoy
it."—Youth's Companion.

Bombarding Storm Clouds.
A Rome correspondent writes: The
idea of dissipating storm clouds by dis-
charges of cannon has been success-
fully put into operation at Colepio, in
the province of Bergamo, which was
lately visited by two hurricanes, accom-
panied by heavy clouds, which threat-
ened a hailstorm.

About forty discharges were fired on
the first occasion and thirty on the
second. The effect of the concussion
was most marked on the second storm.
The black clouds were broken and dis-
sipated by the atmospheric distur-
bance, and watchers stationed to ob-
serve the results reported that the
threatened storm had been driven
back.

What is certain is that while hail fell
in all the neighboring districts not a
particle descended on Colepio on either
occasion.
The cannon were loaded with three-
penny weight of powder and plugged
with paper. After the explosion, which
was effected by a fuse, a column of
smoke rose vertically into the air to the
height of about a mile, bearing a cur-
rent of warm air, which penetrated the
clouds.

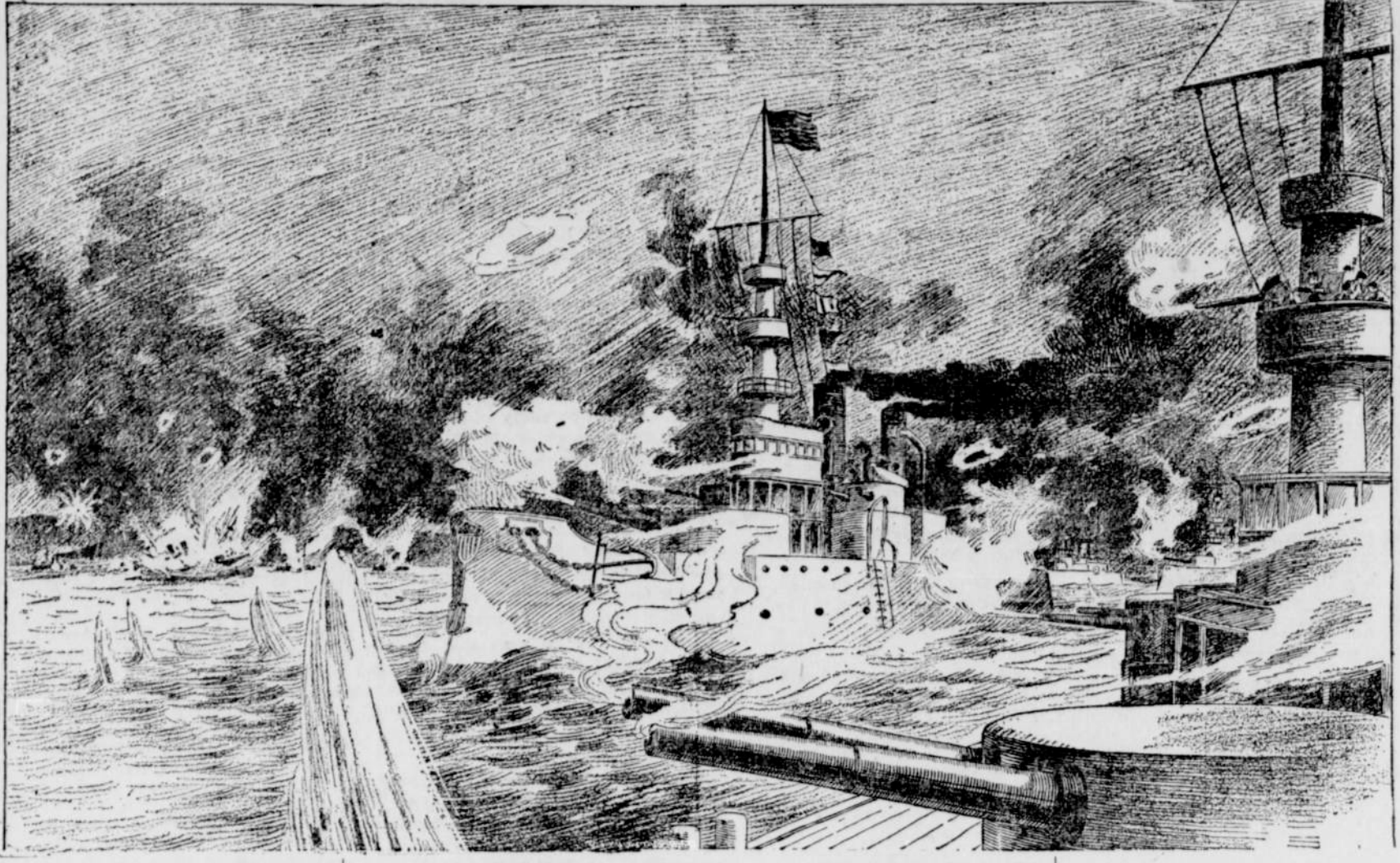
Sh rks Afraid of Noise
The cowardliness of sharks is well
known among men who have been
much to sea in southern waters infest-
ed by man-eaters. The fiercest shark
will get out of the seaway in a very
great hurry if the swimmer, noticing
its approach, sets up a noisy splashing.
A shark is in deadly fear of any sort
of living thing that splashes in the
water.

Among the South Sea Islands the na-
tives never go to sea bathing alone,
but always in parties of half a dozen or
so, in order that they may make the
greatest hubbub in the water, and thus
scare the sharks away. Once in a
while a too venturesome swimmer
among these natives foolishly detaches
himself from his swimming party and
momentarily forgets to keep up his
splashing. Then there is a swish, and
the man eater comes up beneath him
like a flash and gobbles him.—New
York Herald.

Sinking for Salt Water Wells.
A new industry is springing up in
northern Mexico—sinking wells for salt
water to manufacture salt for mining
and domestic purposes. One company
has secured 120,000 acres of salt water
territory at Camaron, 120 miles south
of Laredo, and has struck water con-
taining 12 per cent. salt, worth from
1 to 3 cents a pound.

If the cook is skillful, the gravy is
in as great demand as the spring
chicken.

HOW SCHLEY FLAYED CERVERA



W HEN the sun sank his red and
perspiring face under the cooling
waters of the Caribbean on
the night of July 2, 1898, the blockading
fleet off Santiago drew silently inshore
to take up another night of vigil lest
Cervera should slip by under cover of
darkness and undo the work of the past
forty days. Scarcely had the hiss which
marked the extinction of the orb of day
smitten on the ears of the men of the
fleet when the searchlights took up the
labor when the sun had left off and
sent long tongues of flame into the
crooked mouth of the harbor, sweep-
ing to right and left, west and east
over the grim fortresses which masked
the entrance, peering in to where the
Reina Mercedes was floating a watch-
dog against any attempt to break inside.

When the sun again one more
course from east to west again took his
nightly bath over toward Panama, the
blockading fleet was somewhat scattered
although within signal call. Part of the
vessels were along the coast line pick-
ing up the sailors of Spain and helping
to save the survivors of the wrecks made
such by themselves. The long vigil was
over, nothing remained of sufficient
importance to worry gallant "Dick" Wain-
wright with his little converted yacht.
The fleet of the gray-haired admiral was
in smoldering ruins along that coast line,
while he himself a prisoner was sitting
in the cabin of the flagship dressed in
garments lent to him by his officers.

Independence Day, 1898, had received
new significance, for it had become the
day of one more stupendous naval accom-
plishment under the flag of the Union.
Not even the brilliant battle of Admiral
Dewey in the harbor of Manila exceeded
the wonderful fight made by Schley on
that Sunday morning. Spain's sea power
was a mere reminiscence when the sun
rose over Morro and Socapa on July 4.
But one American had lost his life in the
fierce fight extending from early in the
morning until on hour and a half after
the time for midday mess call. Hunder-
eds of Spaniards had made their last
fight on earth, four magnificent cruisers,
excelling in power—on paper—the one-
armed cruiser which such fearful ex-
ecution, were blackened hulks lying
ashore on the coast, two torpedo destroy-
ers were under the sea, sent there by a
fierce little yacht inferior in armament to
them, and the survivors of all their crews
were prisoners aboard the vessels of their
conquerors.

A Severe Vigil.
For forty days Schley had kept guard
there. For thirty days the blockade had
been maintained under the one general
order issued by Sampson to all the fleet
on June 2. For thirty days the same six-
mile circle had bound in the entrance to
Santiago and made it impossible for any-
thing, even a whaleboat, to emerge night
or day without a challenge to be turned
into destruction unless the challenge were
heeded. It had been a nerve-racking,
soul-wearying strain on officers and men,
by day standing off under steam in a wide
circle six miles from the narrow straits,
the battleships in the center to the same
distance off the harbor entrance, but close
inshore, where the little gunboats pick-
eted, by night closing in to half distance
with formation unbroken excepting that
a battleship should close in on the en-
trance and blaze it with its searchlights
until relieved, while another huge hulk
attended to open fire on anything emerg-
ing, such had been the monotonous order
of the watch.

Patiently and faithfully, punctual to
the second on changing station, the watch
had been kept. Time after time the ve-
teran of Castile had sought for a break
in that deadly guard and had retired into
the inner fastnesses of the crooked harbor
in despair. "If the enemy attempts to
escape close in on him, engage and en-
deavor to destroy him or drive him ashore."
So read the general order issued by Samp-
son on June 2, which was never changed
until it had been carried into full effect.
So with the fall of night just a month
later the big ships moved slowly and
sullenly nearer the point of possible attack.

When the first gray streak of dawn re-
vealed the point where water and shore
separated the Massachusetts, then on
guard with her searchlight attended by
the Indiana, turned her prow to the east
and steamed away to Guantanamo. She
left her station to coal, for her bunkers
were getting too low in supplies to per-
mit her to follow out orders if the emer-
gency arose. Taylor, with the Indiana,
relieved her, for no second ship was
needed then. Back into the circle, with
the Gloucester hovering on her port bow,
the big battleship moved. With the increas-
ing light once more the long semi-circle
was taken up and the grim watch went
on.



ADMIRAL SCHLEY.



ADMIRAL SAMPSON.

But the uneasy sea kept the big ships
drifting to the east as they rose and fell.
Over nearest the shore in the port di-
vision the little Vixen held her place.
Next should have been the Marblehead,
but she was detached that day. Then
came the Brooklyn, flagship of the second
squadron; the Texas, the Iowa, the Oregon,
the New York, flagship of the chief
in command; the Gloucester close inshore
and east of her the Indiana. The posi-
tion at daybreak was such that the port
side was somewhat uncovered. It is be-
lieved that this unusual condition was
noticed by the Spanish commander and
that herein he saw his only chance of escap-
ing with one or more of his vessels.

Sampson Steams Off.
Morning mess was called and disposed
of, men lounged about seeking some cool
spot, officers walked nervously about, but
nothing indicated that a change to the
monotony of the vigil was imminent. Over
on the Oregon the jacksies assembled in
general quarters for Sunday morning in-
spection. On the other ships in rapid
succession the same preparations for the
same ceremony were noticeable—except-
ing the New York. Day station had been
taken, the commander had made his ob-
servations and was about to leave his
post for a time.

While the men were still on deck under-
going a rigid inspection by their officers
the signal bridge of the fleet flagship
broke out in many-colored bunting. On
each signal bridge of each vessel in the
mighty armament the officer on duty bent
his glasses to read the signal. It was
nearly 9 o'clock, stifling hot and eyes
were straining across the brazen water in
idle wonder when the stern guard word
was broken. "Disregard the motions of
the commander in chief" read the signal
displayed by the big flagship. Then the
beautiful cruiser steamed away toward
Siboney.

On the deck of the Brooklyn, shaded by
a big awning, sat Commodore Schley.
Near by him was Captain Cook. The
inspector was over, the men had been
released and all was as monotonous as
it had been for forty days. Just at this
juncture the navigating officer on the for-
ward bridge bent his glasses on the har-
bor entrance. His attention had been at-
tracted to smoke which was coming
therefrom. He quietly turned to Mr.
Hodgson, executive officer, and said:
"That smoke is moving, sir."

"Give me the glasses," said Mr. Hodg-
son, and he trained them on the object
now increasing in size. "The enemy is
escaping, sir," he bawled out to the
squadron chief, dropping the glasses in
his excitement.
"Signal the fleet to clear ship," said
the commander.
"We have done so, sir."

From the signal bridges of half the ves-
sels in the fleet came the signal that at
last Cervera had dared the wrath of the
blockaders. In swift reply came the or-
der from the Brooklyn to close in and
engage, but by the time the bunting flap-
ped from the ropes the entire fleet had
broken ground and was following out the
general order to fight on sight. As they
swung to port to meet the enemy the for-
ward turrets of the Teresa blazed with a
noisy defiance and the shot were turned
loose among the vessels bearing down
swiftly upon them.

speed and power with each revolution of
her screws. Classed as inferior to any
one of the four gigantic cruisers opposed
to her, she successively engaged them
all.
The Texas, the Oregon, the Indiana,
all swooped down, turning to meet the
westward course of Cervera's ships.
Their heavy guns threw tons of hard
metal against the sides of the doomed
ships, but only one had the steam and
speed to follow the escaping leaders. With
an experience gained in a race of 120
miles, the stokers and engineers of the
mighty Oregon had learned a lesson
which stood them in good stead. With
a speed greater even than that of the
Brooklyn, this leviathan passed to star-
board of the Iowa and Texas and hung
on the trail of the speedy Brooklyn, gain-
ing rapidly on the flagship, hurling heavy
shot and shell upon the enemy.

From out the entrance of the harbor,
last of all, lying flat in the water with a
limited exposure to hostile fire, came the
most dreaded of all the ships which float-
ed the flag of Castile that morning. With
double the speed of the Americans, and
with deadly torpedoes aboard and with in-
structions to send in their deadly missiles
on any ship daring enough to await their
attack, sailed the Furor and Pluton.
During all the long watch off that harbor
these two had caused the blockaders the
greatest anxiety. Yet the result tends
to show how useless in hot battle they and
their class can be.

When the action began the Gloucester
lay farthest inshore in the starboard di-
vision. She lapped over the huge Indiana
and her gallant commander sent her for-
ward and then swept in a wide circle,
clearing the way for Taylor. She blazed
away with her guns—mere toys compared
to those of her big consort—but at no
long range for effective service. Then
Captain Wainwright, knowing the speed
of his ship, held her back to gain steam.
He was still waiting when the torpedo
boats made the outer entrance. Then
came his opportunity.

Opposing two vessels regarded as the
most dangerous in the fleet of the enemy
at this time was but one daring Yankee
seaman with a crew of daring Yankees
aboard a fragile yacht built for pleasure
and not stern war. It was a contest none
need have felt shame in avoiding, but
Wainwright had seen the Maine sink be-
low the waters of Havana harbor, had
seen his men in mangled heaps crushed
out of life, and he knew no hesitation.
Like a greyhound his little vessel shot
forward. Down under the fire of the
battleships which had turned their fire
upon them the yacht bore in between the
deadly torpedo boats. Often in that bril-
liant action they tried to torpedo the
Gloucester, but the skill of the command-
er and the skill of the men behind the
guns smothered both vessels with a dam-
aging fire.

In an out like a snake of flame and
smoke raced the Gloucester. Back to-
ward the harbor entrance the worried tor-
pedo ships turned in a vain effort to es-
cape, but escape was not to be. Smooth-
ered at their guns by a boat with fewer
weapons and lighter projectiles, but with
deadly aim, they blew up into fragments.
One went ashore and the other dropped
beneath the waves, while the victor hu-
manely devoted his time to the rescue of
the few men who had survived his awful
fire. Less than one hour had passed.
Brooklyn, the largest ship in the fleet,
swooped down under half steam, belching
flame and smoke from all her port bat-
tery. Then, with a mighty sweep of her
bows, she sheered up to starboard and,
swinging around in a circle, passed close
by the Texas, reopening with her star-
board battery. Swiftly she flew, gaining

Cervera Opens Fire.
As the Teresa opened fire she received
the return fire of all the ships of the
American fleet. Sheering to starboard

she made a futile effort to escape to the
west. Closely following in her tracks
came the Oquendo, the Vizcaya and the
Cristobal Colon, all superior in armament
to the Brooklyn and but little inferior to
the bulldogs of the American navy. The
Spaniards made a gallant and desperate
fight, but the constant rattle of the rapid-
fire guns in main and secondary battery
aboard the enemy, combined with an accu-
racy at long and short range little short
of marvelous, made the Castilian gunners
flee from their guns.

The Iowa and the Indiana being short
on steam were operating at long range
until well after the action commenced.
But they closed in and by the lapse of
half an hour were dealing deadly blows at
all but the swift Colon, which seemed in
a fair way to glide out to the sea to the
west and make good her escape. The
Oregon, with a burst of speed which has
caused naval actions and writers to gasp
and continue gasping, set sail for the
flying flagship, and before the Colon
gave up the fight was well up with the
chase. In to the shore turned the flag-
ship of the enemy, but as she turned Cap-
tain Clark's gallant vessel flew by, raking
her as she faltered. Then she flew the
white flag and dashed a wreck on the
beach.

On flew the Oregon, followed by the
Texas, Indiana and Iowa, all delivering
her volleys from large and small guns.
The Brooklyn, ahead of her enemy, was
sending back her compliments from the
after turret, while her forward pieces
bore on the Colon, which passed inshore
of the Oquendo, just as the Oregon raked
the flagship. As the Oquendo veered
inshore the Oregon passed astern and
sent a compliment or two as she headed
for the Vizcaya, now hotly
engaged with the Brooklyn and Texas.
The Iowa and Indiana, coming up slower,
also beat the ship into a shapeless mass
of twisted iron and steel. Less than a
full hour of fighting and two of the es-
caping fleet ashore, abandoned and with
colors trailing their decks.

Nine and eleven miles from the harbor
entrance lay two of the best of Spain's
warships—one the flagship—battered out
of all semblance to vessels of their for-
mer power and speed. Just ahead, but
under a fire which nothing afloat could
sustain and remain afloat, the proud Vi-
zcaya, commanded by the officer who had
shown her off in New York harbor about
the time of the Maine disaster, was reel-
ing along hopeless but still defiant. Her
consort, the Colon, was gaining rapidly
and seemed to be about to escape. The
Vizcaya suddenly turned inshore, ran up
the white flag and her surviving sailors
leaped into the hostile sea to avoid the
rain of iron which was slaughtering them
in winnows.

Several miles of travel and less than
two hours of fighting and three of the
mighty cruisers were gone. On swept the
Brooklyn and Oregon, the big battleship
now close on the quarter of the flagship,
hanging grimly to the chase. Up num-
bered the Indiana and Iowa and, no longer
able to maintain the chase, turned to
the rescue of the unfortunates. A flag
broke out on the New York, now rushing
by, and Captain Taylor, on the Indiana,
saw his ship's number called. Then he
received a signal order to return to his
station off the blockade and guard the
harbor entrance. So slowly and reluc-
tantly he came about and dropped out of
the fight.

"Fighting Bob" Evans, with the Iowa,
having done as much damage as possible
while the enemy's fleet existed, now turned
his attention to caring for the survivors.
Even while at this work the New
York, under full steam and with screws
revolving under forced draught, plunged
by on her way to get into the fight. On
the bridge was the commander-in-chief,
whose orders were being so gallantly and
thoroughly carried out by the ships of the
two squadrons in his absence. He sent
Taylor back, flagged Evans to care for the
wounded and surviving and then
raced ahead to where in the distance he
was able to see puffs of white smoke
mantling the Oregon, and then later on
saw a geyser of water beyond the fleeing
Colon as a thirteen-inch shell exploded on
the inshore side.

Orders Were Obeyed.
But it was too late. Even as the fleet
flagship drew near to the chase the Colon
turned inshore and the last of the enemy
signaled submission and defeat. Then up
went the signal of Schley's won. All that
remained was to see to the rescue and
comfort of the survivors. Three of the
American ships had made fights without
parallel in naval history.
Some people can't even tell the truth
without exaggerating.