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42-38

The Naval Horror of 1893.

The greatest naval disaster, remarks a writer in the *Illustrated American* on famous marine disasters—if we except that which overtook the *Maine*—was the total loss of the British warship *Victoria* which in July, 1893, was rammed and sunk in the Mediterranean by her consort, the *Camperdown*, during a series of evolutions by the British squadron, until that time unequalled in splendor. The *Victoria* went down with 352 of her officers and men, including her commander, the Admiral of the squadron. There is much in the history of this disaster that can never be made clear, owing to the impossibility of what was passing in the mind of Admiral Tryon. He ordered the two divisions of his squadron to perform an impossible evolution. The ships were in two divisions, six cable lengths apart, moving at eight miles an hour. Each division was ordered to turn inward "the leaders together and the rest in succession," and to reverse their course. At the rate of speed ordered, and the distance separating them, it could not possibly be executed without collision. Everyone in the fleet agreed that Sir George Tryon ordered an absolutely impossible manœuvre. He went down with his ship, and it can never be known whether, as is naturally surmised, his mind was suddenly overthrown. The *Camperdown's* speed when she struck the *Victoria*, was about six knots. She struck at an angle of 10 degrees abaft the beam. There was a rapid depression of the bow and elevation of the stern, and, like the *Maine*, the *Victoria* went down bow first.

Four hundred years ago only seven metals were known. Now there are fifty-one, thirty of which have been discovered within the present century.

There are griefs men never put into words, there are fears which must not be spoken.

That tired feeling is due to impoverished blood. Enrich the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla and be strong and vigorous.

"Mamma," said a certain little man, "when you go to town, buy me a whistle; and let it be a religious whistle, so that I can play with it on Sunday!"

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., Mar. 25, 1898.

The Universal Language.

The American Swear Word Said to Be the True Vocal Talisman—All Understand It.

They say that music is the universal language. That is an error. The real speech on which all peoples meet with equality, whether in Boston or Bagdad, Pittsburgh or Pekin, is the American swear word. A man who had been abroad told me that one time when his boat was trying to make the dock at some Black sea port the rope was fouled and the sailors were plunged into trouble. It was a Russian boat; the captain was a Russian and so were the under officers and all the men who were connected with the vessel. The passengers were Russian, too, and it just happened that nobody aboard spoke English, and as English was all the language owned by this traveler, he had had a most dismal and Volapukian time of it. For three weeks, as he said, he had been growing sluggish and blue and disheartened under a constant stream of "ovitches" and "offs," without a chance to brighten up with a single Saxon word. He had begun to yearn for home and to grow sick of his trip. All the sap had been drawn from him. He was fuddled and inert. But when that rope fouled there came a change. Before this the mate had not been able to say as much as "good-morning," but when the line got into trouble he dropped his Russian mother tongue and let into that gang of bearded profanity that was fairly sizzling. That being fired off, he loaded the magazine again and discharged another volley. Then he repeated the dose, and when the rope snapped back, owing to the clumsiness of one of the men, and struck the mate about the legs and knocked him over, he grew profanity in his mention of forbidden subjects—always in English.

My friend said it did his heart good to hear that man at his devotions. It was like a visit from one who had been home and found everything all right and had come back to say so. It was soothing, tranquilizing, benignant. It made him a new man.

For myself, I knew of a case of a young Javanese who came to Chicago shortly after the fair and who was stranded there. He could not get any kind of an understanding of the language. The Javanese colony being limited to one person, and that person himself, he naturally got homesick and pined. They took him to a hospital and he grew worse. Nothing in particular the matter with him—just homesickness. He would look up with wide, searching eyes at all who came to call in his ward, and he listened apparently for some familiar word, but nobody could talk Javanese, so he had no means of communication with the world. Perhaps you cannot appreciate this poor fellow's position. Just imagine yourself in Pex or Madagascar, homesick and dying for the sound of one English word, and never hearing anything but a subdued jabber in an utterly unknown tongue. It would bear you down, wouldn't it? That was the way with this Javanese.

One day a man who had driven a canal-boat in the East and after that had piloted a delivery team in Chicago, and in some other and tributary ways had laid the foundation for a thorough grasp upon the language of violence, was brought into the hospital suffering from a broken leg. The injured leg was getting along first-rate until one of the internes in passing the cot in some unaccountable way slipped, and to catch his footing, reached toward the man's foot, which was trussed toward the ceiling with ropes. The contact and the wrench must have hurt the patient. Anyway, he said so. He said so with great force and volume. He painted that hospital purple, green, yellow and vermilion. His remarks were copious and florid. And through all that Vesuvian eruption that young Javanese listened with the light of a great joy in his face. His weary eyes flashed with pleasure and his cheeks took on a temporary color. He followed every evolution of the ex-canal-boatman's speech. And when the injured patient had quite finished the youth dropped back upon his pillows and closed his eyes. They came to give him his medicine afterward and found that he had died. Peacefully, evidently, and with a joyous spirit. He had gone out with the closing remark of that man who spoke at last in a language which the poor exile understood.—*Chicago Record.*

The Farmer Boy.

If you have ever been by a boy on a farm you will remember what husking the down row means. The down row is the one that the wagon straddles and breaks down flat, and it is always the one the boy has to husk. It is always the most prolific row in the field and every stalk has from two to three ears on it, and each ear grows as near the bottom of the stalk as it can possibly get in order that the wheels of the wagon may drive them into the soil, so that the boy will have to dig after them like a ground squirrel. But a boy never grows tired. That is the only redeeming quality about a boy. His back breaks like a jack-knife and it breaks in two a dozen times, but he doesn't mind a trifle like that, because he is built that way. If his back was made of India rubber and he had as many legs as a centipede it would break like glass, but being a boy, he doesn't mind it. A wooden man could not stand half the wear and tear that a boy on a farm can. In our boyhood days a boy was considered hindrance and a cumbrance on the earth. His hands looked as though they needed sandpaper and varnishing. But he didn't care so long as he had to husk the down row and do all the chores around the place. He came in from the fields with his hands looking like a map of the Klondike, with all its glens, its bogs and its passes. His feet felt as though they were worn off just below the knee and his back as if broken in 19 places, and he was always hungry enough to eat a piece of statury; but he never got tired, for there were the cows to bring in and milk, the wood to get in, carry water for next day's washing, old rails to be split for oen wood, the pigs to slop, the stock to feed, and to run a mile down to "Bill" Jones's and ask him to come and help butcher next Friday, and a thousand other things to do before bedtime. What time had a boy to get tired? These thoughts were brought to our mind by hearing an old chap remark that there was no such pleasure in the world as a boy's life on a farm.—*Irelin Standard.*

Pa Subsided.—The Son—Pa, how do they catch fools?
The Father (glancing significantly at his better half)—With bows and ribbons and hats and dresses, my son.
The Mother (pensively)—Yes, I never knew a woman to catch a husband yet without using those accessories.

SENATOR PROCTOR'S STORY OF CUBAN WOES.

The Vermont Senator Talks of His Observations in Cuba. The Reports not Exaggerated. Stories of Starvation and Distress Confirmed by the Impartial Investigation of a Statesman.

Who Sought the Information For His Own Guidance.

Washington, March 18.—Senator Redfield Proctor, of Vermont, who returned Sunday from an extended trip to and through the island of Cuba, yesterday afternoon made a statement to the senate of his observations on the island. From many view points the statement was remarkable. Every element of sensationalism had been studiously eliminated from it, and, except so far as the facts recited were sensational, it bore not the slightest evidence of an effort to arouse the public mind.

Every statement made by Senator Proctor was with that clearness and precision which characterize the accurate demonstration of a problem in mathematics. Calm and dispassionate to a notable degree, the utterances of the senator aroused a breathless interest. Every person within the sound of his voice was convinced that he was putting his observations into careful terms, lest he might subject himself to the criticism of being emotional. One of the best characterizations of the statement was made by Senator Frye, of Maine, a few minutes after its delivery. "It is," said he, "just as if Proctor had held up his right hand and sworn to it."

The statement dealt with every phase of life in Cuba, and was listened to with breathless interest. The senator stated that he went to Cuba entirely



SENATOR REDFIELD PROCTOR.

on his own responsibility, and to see for himself. He denied that he had expressed the opinion that the *Maine* was blown up from the outside, saying that he had carefully avoided forming an opinion, and urged patient waiting for the report of the court of inquiry. He spoke of Havana as he had seen the city on a former visit, and of the changes war has made. After a description of the trocha he spoke of Weyler's order compelling the reconcentrados to gather in the fortified towns, and proceeded:

"Many doubtless did not learn of this order. Others failed to grasp its terrible meaning. Its execution was left largely to the guerrillas to drive in all that had not obeyed, and I was satisfied that in many cases a torch was applied to their homes with no notice, and the inmates fled with such clothing as they might have on, their stock and other belongings being appropriated by the guerrillas. When they reached the town they were allowed to build huts of palm leaves in the suburbs and vacant places within the trocha, and left to live if they could. Their huts are about 10 by 15 feet in size, and for want of space are usually crowded together very closely. They have no floor but the ground and no furniture, and, after a year's wear, but little clothing except such stray substitutes as they can extemporize.

"With large families, or with more than one in this little space, the commonest sanitary provisions are impossible. Conditions are unmentionable in this respect. Torn from their homes, with foul earth, foul air, foul water and foul food or none, what wonder that one-half have died and that one-quarter of the living are so diseased that they cannot be saved. Little children are still walking about with arms and chest terribly emaciated, eyes swollen and abdomen bloated to three times the natural size. The physicians say these cases are hopeless.

"Deaths in the street have not been uncommon. I was told by one of our consultants that they have been found dead about the markets in the morning, where they had crawled hoping to get some stray bits of food from the early hucksters, and that there had been cases where they had dropped dead inside the market surrounded by food. These people were independent and self supporting before Weyler's order. They are not beggars even now. There are plenty of professional beggars in every town among the regular residents, but these country people, the reconcentrados, have not learned the art. Rarely is a hand held out to you for alms when going among their huts, but the sight of them makes an appeal stronger than words."

Speaking of the hospitals he said: "I went to Cuba with a strong conviction that the picture had been overdrawn, that a few cases of starvation and suffering had inspired and stimulated the press correspondents and they had given free play to a strong, natural and highly cultivated imagination. Before starting I received through the mail a leaflet published by The Christian Herald, with cuts of some of the sick and starving reconcentrados, and took it with me, thinking these were rare specimens got up to make the worst possible showing. I saw plenty as bad and worse, many that should not be photographed and shown. I could not believe that out of a population of 1,600,000 200,000 had died within these Spanish forts, practically prison walls, within a few months past from actual starvation and diseases caused by insufficient and improper food. My inquiries were entirely outside of sensational sources, and every

time the answer was that the case had not been overstated.

"What I saw I cannot tell so that others can see it. It must be seen with one's own eyes to be realized. The Los Pasos hospital in Havana has been recently described by one of my colleagues, Senator Gallinger, and I cannot say that his picture was overdrawn, for even his fertile pen could not do that. He visited it after Dr. Lesser, one of Miss Barton's very able and efficient associates, had renovated it and put in cots. I saw it when 400 women and children were lying on the stone floors in an indescribable state of emaciation and disease, many with the scantiest covering of rags, and such rags, and sick children naked as they came into the world. And the conditions in the other cities are even worse."

Senator Proctor gave a description of Miss Clara Barton's work, paying a glowing tribute to that lady. As to the need for aid he said:

"The American people may be assured that their bounty will reach the sufferers in the best possible cost and in the best manner in every respect. And if our people could send a small fraction of the need they would pour more freely from their liberal store than ever before for any cause. When will the need for this help end? Not until peace comes and the reconcentrados can go back to their country, rebuild their homes, reclaim their tillage plots, which quickly run up to brush in that wonderful soil and climate, and until they can be free from danger of molestation in so doing. Until then the American people must in the main care for them."

Senator Proctor said he saw no beneficial results from General Blanco's modification of Weyler's order, which permitted habitation of farms, "properly defended." He declared that he has never seen a country to compare with Cuba in its "surpassing richness," and had this to say of the population:

"It is estimated that there are nearly 200,000 Spaniards in Cuba out of a total population of 1,600,000. They live principally in the towns and cities. The small shopkeepers in the towns and their clerks are mostly Spaniards. Much of the larger business, too, and of the property in the cities and in a less degree in the country is in their hands. As everything possible in the way of trade and legalized monopolies in which the country abounds is given to them by the government, many of them acquire property. I did not learn that the Spanish residents of the island had contributed largely in blood or treasure to suppress the insurrection."

"There are, or were before the war, about 1,000,000 Cubans on the island, 200,000 Spaniards (which means those born in Spain) and less than 500,000 of negroes and mixed blood. The percentage of colored to white has been steadily diminishing for more than 50 years and is not now over 25 per cent. of the total. In fact, the number of colored people has been actually diminishing for nearly that time. The Cuban farmer and laborer is by nature peaceable, kindly, gay, hospitable, light hearted and improvident, and opposed to bull fighting as inhuman.

"One thing that was new to me was to find the superiority of the well-to-do Cuban over the Spaniard in the matter of education. Among those in good circumstances there can be no doubt that the Cuban is far superior in this respect. And the reason of it is easily to see. They have been educated in England, France or this country, while the Spaniard has such education as his own country furnished.

"It is said that there are about 60,000 Spanish soldiers now in Cuba fit for duty out of over 200,000 that have been sent there. The rest have died, been sent home sick and in the hospitals, and some have been killed, notwithstanding the official reports. They are conscripts, many of them very young, and generally small men. They are quiet and obedient, and if well drilled and led I believe would fight fairly well, but not at all equal to our men.

"The dividing lines between parties are the most straight and clear cut that have ever come to my knowledge. The division in our war was by no means so clearly defined. It is Cuban against Spaniard. It is practically the entire Cuban population on one side and the Spanish army and the Spanish citizens on the other. I do not count the Autonomists in this division, as they are so far too inconsiderable in numbers to be worth counting. The army and Spanish citizens do not want genuine autonomy, for that means government by the Cuban people. And it is not strange that the Cubans say it comes too late.

"To me the strongest appeal is not the barbaric practices by Weyler nor the loss of the *Maine*, if our worst fears should prove true, terrible as are both of these incidents, but the spectacle of a million and a half of people, the entire native population of Cuba, struggling for freedom and deliverance from the worst misgovernment of which I ever had knowledge. But whether our action ought not to be influenced by any one of these things, and if so, how far, is another question. I am not in favor of annexation, because it is not wise policy to take in any people of foreign tongue and training, and without any strong guiding American element."

Death of Register Bruce.

Washington, March 18.—Hon. Blanche K. Bruce, register of the treasury, died yesterday, aged 57. Mr. Bruce's death had been expected for several days. He suffered from a complication of stomach troubles, which at first appeared not serious, but last week he lost strength steadily and toward the close of the week it became apparent that his vitality was ebbing rapidly. Mr. Bruce was born a slave in Virginia, and received the rudiments of his education from the tutor of his master's son. After the war he attended Oberlin college, and in 1869 became a Mississippi planter. He was elected sheriff, superintendent of education, and in 1875 United States senator. He was register under Garfield, and was again appointed by McKinley.

His Own Executioner.

Grenada, Miss., March 18.—Alexander Anderson, a young negro, attempted to criminally assault a schoolgirl on Wednesday night. Three hours later he was captured by a mob, confessed and was hanged. Anderson was made to climb a cottonwood tree with a rope about his neck. He was then pushed off a limb and strangled to death.

The story may be old, but its points are fresh. A preacher had been brought from a distant town to enthrone a meeting and raise \$500 to pay off a church debt. When he had exhausted his powers and stalled at \$500, a highly respected undertaker, who had made a liberal subscription already, rose and said: "Brethren, this thing shan't fall through after it has got as far along as \$500. I believe in a man giving as the Lord has prospered him, and although I have given a pretty good sized donation I am ready to do more. I'll pay that last hundred dollars myself. Here's my check for that amount." I don't know your name brother," shouted the visiting preacher, jumping to his feet with enthusiasm, "but I hope your business will double during the coming year, and I believe it will."

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Before the horse is stolen, Purify, enrich and vitalize your blood and build up your physical system before disease attacks you and serious sickness comes. Hood's Sarsaparilla will expel from your blood all impurities and germs of disease. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now. Hood's pills are the favorite family cathartic. Easy to take, gentle, mild. 25 cents.

—Upon what basis did you get your pension, Farley? You weren't in the war, were you?
"No; but I had to walk all the way to Canada to escape service, and it ruined my health."—*Harper's Bazar.*

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IN THE SPRING.

"My little girl was sick through the spring with typhoid fever, and after she got over it she was weak and did not eat. My husband got her a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, saying it would make her eat and give her strength—and it did. She had taken it only a short time when she was well and strong. Every one who sees her is surprised at her improvement because she was so weak and thin, but now is fat and healthy. Mrs. CLINTON B. COPE, Buckingham Valley, Pa.

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