

BILLY'S LOST PRINCESS.

By A. TERRY BRISBIN.

Susceptibility to feminine attractions is a quality shared alike by all those officers of our glorious Navy who have just returned from a somewhat tedious, monotonous "cruise" in the Far East. Three years, for that term constitutes a "cruise," among those olive-tinted oriental beauties which the novelist and romantic writer are so devoted to in latter day literature, serves to bring the sailor's sense of appreciation of our own glorious women to a point seldom reached by those fortunate brothers who are privileged to be in the light of the smiles of those earthly angels year after year.

The Minnesota had that very afternoon dropped anchor in New York bay and her long floating pennant told of a return from Asiatic waters. No one on board was more fervent in his thanks to the Supreme Deity for a safe return to his native health than was Ensign William Dibble Sayer, U. S. Navy. Almost as soon as the anchor had settled in the muddy bottom, Sayer was off on three days' leave to take in the annual Army-Navy football game in the Quaker City.

As he stood in the large, brilliantly-lit entrance to the Stratford Hotel in Philadelphia, some three hours later, Sayer seemed loathe to take his eyes for a moment from the kaleidoscopic view presented by the hurrying throng. These were God's own people. Was it not happiness enough in itself to know that these were his fellow countrymen? Had not his past three years been spent in anticipation of just such a sight? It was worth it and he was supremely contented just to gaze at the bustling crowd as it hurried on unmindful of his eager, boyish face. His eyes were drawn to a striking little bit of feminine beauty that detached itself from this human tide and turned into the entrance. Her trim little figure was clad in a tailor-made one of those delightful shades of brown with which furs blend so delicately, while her wealth of hair was partly concealed by a large creation of the milliner's art of the same shade. Prominently displayed on her coat was a rosette with long flowing streamers of the Navy's old gold and blue while her muff was suspended by a twisted rope of the same colors. Sayer thought as he watched her that he had never seen such an attractive little navy enthusiast and he envied the lucky gridders warriors who to-morrow would battle under the encouragement and applause of such a supporter.

Strayer was not handsome but his clear-cut features, large frame and military bearing together with his well-fitting uniform inspired this little maid with a feeling of absolute reliance and protection as it had inspired his men amid scenes far different. After a moment's hesitation she approached him and said:—

"I am lost, utterly lost. I suppose that that sounds childish and impossible but it is true. Can't you tell me how to find him?"

Sayer thought the worried, anxious look on her upturned face the most fascinating he had ever seen.

"I am afraid it will be impossible for me to render any assistance until you tell me your difficulty," was his quiet response.

"How stupid of me!" she exclaimed. "You see I am from Minneapolis and have never been east before. Father brought me on to see the game tomorrow and meet my brother who is a midshipman at Annapolis. There was such a fearful error at the station that I lost sight of father and after waiting nearly an hour in the hope of his rescuing me I gave up. Unmindful of direction I walked here trusting to find my missing pater in the crowd. I don't know why I should appeal to you but I am so afraid of policemen, police stations and sensational newspaper reporters—it would surely result in that should I seek their help. I was on the verge of despair until I saw you and your uniform has cheered me up wonderfully. But I am prattling childishly and perhaps you are not a bit interested. Still you will tell me what to do, won't you?"

"I am entirely at your service and it is only a question of a few hours at the most until you will be under the care of the delinquent parent again. Until then I would suggest that you place yourself under my charge and follow my orders explicitly," Sayer replied.

"Oh, dear, I am frightened already. Is navy discipline so very strict?" She smiled delightfully.

Sayer laughed. "Quite strict; especially when your obedient servant Billy Sayer is in command."

Her eyes belied the serious expression she forced on her face. "I will try to be a model follower and my movements shall be under the guidance of my noble leader and protector until that higher authority, my parental guardian shall relieve you of your unexpected command." Then in a dramatic manner—"Lead on, brave captain, for success shall crown your efforts in behalf of the lost princess. Already your acceptance as champion of my cause has inspired me with a feeling of reliance and trust," Sayer called a cab.

"To Broad Street Station." As they were being whirled up the smooth asphalt paved street Sayer turned toward his fair charge and resumed: "Allow your champion to express his gratitude and thanks to the fair princess for permitting such an unworthy mortal to lend his aid in this your hour of trouble. If I were an old Roman now amid Roman surroundings I would send up thank-offerings to the Goddess of chance for giving me the privilege of turning my hours of leisure to such a course of duty." In these environments, with the days of lost princesses past, I can only inwardly thank my lucky star for guiding me to the spot where you first saw me. Still—But here we are at our first point of search. For the purpose of identification I think you had better accompany me in a search through the station.

They alighted and during the next few minutes Sayer was shouldering a broad path through the dense crowd of visitors and transients in the large waiting-room and train shed. He pushed on forgetful of his errand, conscious only of a sense of protection over the small girl who was following closely in his wake. At last they reached the street again. Sayer handed her into the cab and directed the driver to the Walton.

"Needless to say you didn't see him," he said, "now we are going to the Walton." Undoubtedly your father has engaged his rooms before beginning his search and as the hotels in this city are not so very numerous we will locate his rooms and then wait until he returns. And now I feel that I may ask the Princess' name. Will her Highness deign to grant this request?"

"There again I have proven myself utterly unworthy to be championed," was her quick response. "I am Elizabeth Marshall, though that name sounds really queer. You see the family call me 'Beth,' while the girls call me Jack. Choose whichever you like."

"With your permission, you are to me the Princess. May I call you that?" "It will serve as well as any other. Now please out-line your plan for the search. A Captain always out-lines his plans of battle to his subordinates, doesn't he?" "As a rule. My first strategical move will be to take you to dinner. I always find my mind more tractable under the influence of a hearty meal at this time of day. To anticipate your answer, allow me to remind you of your promise to obey all orders explicitly."

In a moment afterward they were at the Walton. They entered the brilliantly lighted cafe and selected a table quite apart from any other. In the far corner behind a delicately blended breakfast of yellow chrysanthemum and blue lupines, the navy's colors, an orchestra was playing a medley of patriotic airs. On all sides the walls were gaily festooned with flags of the Military and Naval Academies. Scattered around the crowd of diners were uniformed men of the army and navy. The Princess scanned the crowd, her every feature aglow with excitement. Sayer was completely absorbed in watching the ever changing expression on her face until awakened by the noiseless waiter with a "Have you ordered, Sir?" Sayer gave the order impatiently and then returned to the more pleasing occupation of studying her radiant features. She broke the silence.

"Isn't it perfect?" "I'm glad you find it so. Personally the world looks quite rosy and I am enjoying myself as much as a school boy playing bookie." "That's why I envy you service men. You never seem bored; life seems so full of enjoyment. Why is it you are so—so—so different?"

"Different? I didn't know we were so different but I'll tell you why we can enjoy all this; why we never tire of this life. There is lots said of sea-faring life, some good, some bad, but when a man does three years in the southern Philippines on patrol duty it all seems bad. That's when life looks dark. Why, Princess, at times I gave up. For weeks, yes, even months, I got off some Filipino village in my little Gunboat, unable to land for provisions, out of all source of communication with the outside world, necessarily alert at all times, merely existing on what canned meats we had until the very thought of them turned me sick. Those were the days when I despaired. Then came sickness. I mean all down with influenza and tropical diseases and I myself only kept up by the knowledge that there were such places as this, such girls as you. Those were days when I existed, now I live. Such days are over and life even there had changed. That is why we live. We see the dark side of this world and we learn to appreciate. We have a probationary period in hell before we reach Heaven. That is why all this is as a breath of life. That is why you seem to me to be an angel."

"I understand now," was her quiet response, but why should you spoil all by calling me an angel?"

"To me, you are." There was determination in Sayer's voice. "God knows I have dreamed of you every day for years. Dreamed of you until you seemed to me almost a reality yet ever out of reach." The girl started to speak. Sayer raised his hand. "Don't stop me now. I must speak. For three years I have been living just such a scene over each day. In each one you were the center about which all else was built. I knew I should find you. Perhaps you wonder how I knew you. The question is beyond me but I tell myself told me you were my dream-girl. Yet it might have been any other girl but as it happened it's you. Forgive this disconnected talk. It is simply the out-pouring of a long pent-up mind."

"You are delicious with your dream-land and peculiar style of 'jollifying.' I have really enjoyed it. But now I have quite finished my dinner would you mind looking up the object of our search? Your vivid story had quite driven all thoughts of my lost father from my head." Sayer rose and led the way into a dimly lighted Turkish room. When he had gotten her comfortably settled on a divan he said, "Now, my Princess, will you remain here until I make inquiries about the missing parent at the office?"

"If you will promise to be real quick. Otherwise I will be quite worried."

Sayer was back in an incredibly short time.

"To quote the small boy, 'Nothing doing.' I am going to run over to the Bellevue and inquire there. As it is only a step I shall not ask you to go. In case I am unsuccessful there—but I will not discuss that side until my return. Once more be patient for a moment, Princess, and I will promise to fly." Twenty minutes later Sayer returned and gazed toward the dimly lighted corner where his fair charge had last been seated. To his dismay she was gone. A hasty glance assured him she was not in the room. He was just dashing toward the door when a boy approached him with a note. "Is this yours, Sir?" Sayer took the note and quickly tore it open. He groaned and muttered to himself, "I'll be damned. Caught again and I was putting up the bluff of my career."

"This is what he read. 'Dear Mr. Sayer:—'

"Forgive my abrupt departure for I would really like to thank you. I have had so much fun and you were really interesting. My story was all a hoax. I am from New York and came over to spend a few days with some friends and incidentally to see the game. Deciding at the last moment to take an earlier train than I had originally intended to, I found myself in Philadelphia with three hours to spend before my friends would expect me. Interested in the crowd I wandered down Broad Street and when I saw you the devilish little tale I told you came into my mind. You have done the rest. Good luck to the Navy."

THE PRINCESS.

Lewis and Clark Exposition. Round trip tickets Chicago to Portland and return \$56.50 via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway. Tickets on sale daily until September 30th, and good for return for 90 days. Choice of routes offered by this line. Liberal stop-over privileges. Descriptive book sent for two cents postage. Folders free. John E. Post, district passenger agent, room D, Park Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

A prophet is without honor in his own country because the neighbors grow tired of hearing him say "I told you so."

Some marriages are arranged in the drawing room and disarranged in the court room.

Martyrdom of Mormon Women.

The Mormon woman has suffered for her religion. The Mormon woman to-day is suffering for her religion, and the young women and the young girls will doubtless suffer in the religion which has made tragedies of the lives of their mothers. By this I do not mean that every Mormon woman suffers neglect and privation. But that the mass of the Mormon women suffer. I believe and suffer the degraded place they are assigned in their religion suffer in their slavery to their husband and their church; suffer physically in the rearing of large families, which is their principal means of exaltation in the life to come, writes Marian Bousall for the House-keeper.

The majority of the women of the Latter-day Saints, as members of the church usually speak of themselves, are plain, industrious people of the hard working class. It is these plain, sincere people, mostly, who live in the small towns and villages. There is, however, a class belonging to the families of those of influence and power in the Mormon church, women of education and culture, who have traveled and studied and are well read and accomplished. Many, possibly most, of these women also are sincere in their religion.

Ardent champions of polygamy are to be found in both classes. It is true, also, that there are some women in both classes who don't believe in polygamy. Insofar as they do not, they are not good or consistent Mormons, and it is not likely they would "feel free" to discuss their attitude with the bishop of their ward, for instance.

Marian Bousall explains why the intelligent women of Utah do not refuse to submit to the unseemable degradation of polygamy.

First, polygamy is in their blood. Second, because polygamy is in their religion.

Third, because to denounce polygamy would be to cast reflections on the most honorable character upon the virtue of the mothers and the honor of the fathers.

A certain young Mormon woman and a Gentile man were friends of long standing. The girl, attractive, well educated, fond of pleasure, was the daughter of the first wife of a man who had two wives. Both of these women, who were educated and accomplished, were exceptionally well cared for, and though they lived in different homes their families were bound together by the ties of genuine affection as well as of relationship. The Gentile man, who was so intimate a friend that he was invited to the family camping party at the time of this conversation, asked the father if he was not glad that his daughter was not obliged to be a plural wife. The father, who loved the girl dearly, replied that for four reasons he preferred that when she married she should marry a Mormon who "lived his religion." First, he said, because she would be a friend to the religion of the Saints. Second, because such a man would never apostatize. Third, because his character would have been proved, and that he, the father, would be certain, from the happy condition of the man's former family, that he was a good husband in every way. Fourth, because, as a wife in a home where the celestial order was obeyed, his daughter would find her greatest happiness.

During a confidential conversation the girl herself was asked if frankly, and truly in her inmost soul, she was not glad that it was not required of her that she should be a plural wife. The girl answered thoughtfully, no, that she thought the Mormon women of to-day were losing something that their mothers and their grandmothers enjoyed. Marriage, to her, she said, would seem a one-sided affair with but one wife. She could not imagine the happiness of childhood, or the full enjoyment of girl and womanhood without the companionship and love of the children of the other wife in her family. Her one concession was that she would a little prefer to be the first wife.

The Mormon woman is the victim of the mightiest and most terrible delusion of the civilized world. Her true story has not been, and cannot be told in full. The depth of degradation which is the outcome of the Mormon system of the present day is a very cloak of protection to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. It is a story which writers and speakers, for the sake of propriety and common decency, can only suggest. In just so far as it strength to the Mormon Church. "They persecute us and say all manner of evil against us falsely. They make vile insinuations against us which they cannot prove," says the Church, "and therefore, in their strength, being carried persecution, it gains for it the sympathy and support of a blinded and deceived country."

I went to Utah regarding the Mormons as a more or less persecuted people. Now, having lived for months among them; having been privileged in gaining the confidence of some Mormon women; having talked to various members of the priesthood, even of "the Twelve," having discussed plural marriage with so famous a representative as Amelia Folsom Young, the favorite wife of the world-renowned Brigham, and as well with the lowly wife of the working man in her tiny adobe house; having loved their little children and been charmed by their young women, and interested in many of their careers, young college men now I wish I could say to every man and woman in the United States so strongly that it would claim a thoughtful attention—"Let us beware lest in a few years we become the 'under dog.' Let us beware lest the perfect and powerful organization of the Mormon Church does not undermine the principles of our churches, and our national Government."

Motors Superseding Horses in Business Vehicles. That the motor has passed the stage of being a pleasure car and become an efficient business vehicle was proved on the six-days' test of wagons held in New York under the auspices of the Automobile Club of America. Seventeen machines, ranging from light delivery wagons carrying loads of less than 1,000 pounds to the heavy trucks carrying 10,000 pounds, were tested during their regular work. A member of the club accompanied each vehicle, making notes and observations. Fifteen vehicles completed the week's work in excellent condition. Slight repairs were made on the others.

The average delivery wagon horse travels twenty miles a day, with few stops. The auto vehicles averaged thirty seven miles a day, with fifty stops sometimes. The vehicles in the tests included department store delivery wagons, express wagons, and heavy trucks. Thus, the three kinds of deliveries most in use were employed. One department store gasoline wagon carrying 1,000 pounds started at 8 a. m., four trips, covered forty and three-eighths miles, made fifty-seven service stops, and returned to the store at 5:55 p. m. A horse delivery wagon starting at the same time made half the distance and stops, and did not return

until 10:30 at night. A gasoline delivery vehicle carrying 2,000 pounds started at 8:05 in the morning, traveled thirty-nine and three-quarters miles, made fifty-three service stops, and returned at 5:20 p. m. An electric delivery wagon carrying the same freight started at 8:35 a. m., covered twenty-eight miles, made thirty-seven service stops, and returned at 5:15 p. m. The same efficiency was proved with the big trucks. Carrying a load of 3,545 pounds of fish and five passengers, a gasoline truck left on the trip at 7:35 a. m., covered thirty-eight miles, made nineteen service stops, and returned at 5:08 p. m. In the heaviest class, a motor brewery truck carrying 9,600 pounds of beer and four men covered twenty-two miles between 7:59 a. m. and 3:08 p. m. With all the wagons in the tests, the loads remained practically the same weight all day, by reason of frequent returns to the various establishments for new deliveries.

In the congested downtown districts, the auto vehicles moved easily among the crowded traffic, and only required half as much street space in loading and unloading. The drivers returned three and four hours before the men who had horse-drawn wagons.

What did these tests prove? Simply this—that the motor business vehicle can make more and quicker deliveries than horse-drawn vehicles; that they can cover a greater distance; that they are superior to horses on long runs; that they are easier to handle on crowded streets. But business is not the only field of motor car utility. In New York and elsewhere, fire chiefs go to fires in automobiles. They find that they can cover more ground and in less time than with horse-drawn vehicles. Inspectors of streets also are using the automobile on their tours of inspection. They find they can do more work than with horses. The tendency of business and in certain departments of public service is to supersede the horse by motor, whenever it is practicable.—The World's Work.

A Powerful Temperance Motive.

When the linemen in the employ of the Wyoming Light Company received their pay envelopes at Wilkesbarre on Saturday night each man found along with his money a printed pledge to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquor while off and on duty, which he was requested to sign, which, it is stated, that the workmen, in consideration of the good wages they receive, will sign promptly and cheerfully. This Wilkesbarre requirement is not an exception, but is fast becoming the rule enforced by all corporations engaged in commerce, transportation and manufacturing industries. Steam and electricity are the motive powers of the present industrial world, and in unskillful or unsteady hands are as perilous to life and property as they are powerful. Hence, no railway, telegraph, telephone or factory manager is willing to entrust the management of costly equipment and the protection of hundreds of human lives to brains that are befuddled and nerves that are shattered by indulgence in drink.

The American people are doubtless growing more temperate than their ancestors were, but the most powerful influence in this direction is the imperative necessity of clear brains and steady nerves in the handling of the powerful machinery of modern civilization. Preachers, temperance lecturers, hygienic instruction in the schools, all have their influence in the direction of abstinence, it is true, but all these combined fail to be one-half as powerful as the necessity which is being forced upon the great army of industrial employees to keep sober in order to obtain employment.

Electric Railways Helping the Farmer Move His Crops.

Less than ten years ago, Iowa farmers hauled their crops in wagons, and drove their live-stock over rough roads to railway stations, often eight or ten miles from their farms. Today, trolley freight and stock cars stop almost at barn-doors, and hurry the freight on to railroads or to the markets. In Iowa, now, there are more than 1,000 miles of trolley lines connecting small towns and crossing large farms. New lines are being built, and what is happening in Iowa is happening in Indiana, Ohio and elsewhere.

The development of electric traction power has not reached the point where it is profitable to operate large systems. In Iowa, there are many small lines, started originally to the cities. The lines spread to productive agricultural districts. The trolley was within walking distance from the farmer's house. When freight rates were advanced the farmers turned to the electric roads as an outlet to other railroads. The carrying rates on electric lines were less than the steam railroads. The electric traction lines began to extend their roads.

One result is that a new trolley road from Iowa City to Cedar Rapids has been built to carry heavy stock and grain cars. Roads of this kind benefit the whole farming community. The price of contiguous land is advanced, new fences and barns are built, and new country towns are started all along the lines. Every point on the electric line can be a station because of the ease with which electric cars are stopped.

TWELVE DEAD IN OIL BLAZE

Eleven Tanks, Containing 2,500,000 Barrels of Oil, in Flames.

Houston, Tex., July 25.—With probably 12 persons dead, the fire in the Humble oil fields is still burning fiercely, but it remains confined to the tanks of the Texas company. So far as can be learned, the burned men were all negroes employed to prevent the spread of the flames. Forty-three mules perished. The managers of the Texas company say that the tanks contained approximately 2,500,000 barrels of oil, valued at 25 cents a barrel, and that none of the oil will be saved. In addition, they say, the big pumping plant was destroyed, making a total loss of more than \$650,000.

The efforts of the fire fighters have been confined to throwing up earthen embankments between the burning tanks, of which there are 11, and those in which 4,000,000 barrels of oil belong to other companies are stored. These tanks are 3000 and 4000 feet away from the fire, but the water which covers the field as a result of the rain of Sunday has floated the burning oil to the first level and a sudden "boil-over" may send the burning fluid to the second embankment, which would place the other tanks in great danger.

Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

SAILORS KILLED ON BENNINGTON.

Boiler Explodes on United States Gunboat at San Diego, Cal. 58 Dead and 46 Wounded.

San Diego, Cal., July 25.—All men connected with the United States gunboat Bennington at the time of the fatal boiler explosion in San Diego harbor are accounted for. Exploration of the vessel's hold continues as it is rapidly emptied of water.

The summary of the situation is: Dead, 58; wounded, 46; uninjured, 92; deserted, 1; total number of crew before accident, 197.

C. A. Mumper was found alive and uninjured, blotting out any missing list. Seven men are still in a critical condition in the hospital.

The Bennington's interior presents a disordered appearance. Boiler B, which exploded first, is seen to have moved 15 feet aft, and the two exploded boilers are jammed against a steel bulkhead. The condition in the engine room is such that it will probably take two days to discover the full amount of the damage there.

The warship had received orders from the navy department at Washington to sail for Port Harford to meet the monitor Wyoming and convey the monitor to Mare Island navy yard, San Francisco.

Steam was up and everything was in readiness for the departure of the Bennington, when the starboard boiler exploded with a deafening roar. The explosion was terrific. People standing on shore saw a huge cloud of steam rise above the Bennington. Columns of water were forced high into the air. A dozen or 15 men were blown overboard by the force of the terrific explosion. Captain Wentworth, who was looking at the Bennington when the disaster occurred, says he saw human bodies hurled over 100 feet upward. The air was clouded with smoke, which enveloped the ship. When the haze cleared away only a few men could be seen on the decks, while a number were floundering in the water. A boat was lowered from the vessel's side and most of the men in the water were picked up and taken on board.

Terrible Scenes On Ship.

On board the Bennington were presented terrible scenes. The force of the explosion had torn a great hole in the starboard side of the ship and the vessel was already commencing to list. A section of the upper deck was carried away from stem to stern. Blood and wreckage was distributed over the entire ship, the after cabin and that part of the ship adjacent to the exploded boiler resembling a charnel house.

The shock of the explosion penetrated every section of the ship, blood and ashes being found as far as the stern of the captain's cabin. Great damage was done in all parts of the vessel.

The boiler which exploded, it is said, was regarded as unsafe. Commander Young stated that during a recent return from Honolulu the steam pressure was kept reduced in that particular one. At the time of the accident Commander Lucien Young and Surgeon F. E. Peck were on shore. The two officers, as soon as they learned of the disaster, hurried to the water front. Commander Young, as soon as he reached the ship, gave orders that the airtight compartments be closed to prevent the listing ship from sinking, and that the magazine be flooded to avert further explosions. He then beached the ship at high tide.

The ferryboat Ramona, which was crossing the bay at the time of the accident, changed its course and hurried to the aid of the stricken warship. The government launch General De Russey and a large number of other launches and water craft which were near the scene at the time also rushed to the assistance of the Bennington.

Jumped Overboard to Escape Steam.

By the time the Ramona reached the Bennington many of the sailors of the Bennington who had jumped into the bay to escape the scalding steam had been rescued by small craft. The removal of the wounded from the ship was conducted in perfect order. The crews of the De Russey and the other boats aided in picking up the wounded sailors and transferring them to the shore.

The bodies of many of the men taken from the wrecked interior of the ship were mutilated almost beyond recognition. The faces of many were covered with blood and ashes. Some bodies may never be identified.

Temporary quarters ashore were arranged for the wounded, and 60 citizens volunteered and hurried in launches to the relief of those on the ship. Some of the volunteers were unable to stand the sickening sight which met their gaze on the Bennington. As fast as the wounded could be removed they were hurried in ambulances, carriages, wagons and automobiles to hospitals. For a long time the hot steam prevented access to the space between decks, where most of the dead bodies lay, and it was not until late in the afternoon that the last were removed from the boiler rooms. Several bodies were so tightly wedged in by a bulkhead that the woodwork had to be hewed away to free them.

Most of the men on board were assembled between decks, above the boilers, when the explosion occurred. Here is where the most frightful slaughter took place. No one living has been able to describe what happened there, but vivid w. nesses exist in the blood-stained walls. It is from between decks that most of the dead bodies have been taken.

Forty-seven of the Dead Buried.

Forty-seven of the dead were buried in a common grave in the little military cemetery on the crest of the promontory of Loma, high above the waters of San Diego Bay on the one side and within sound of the booming Pacific on the other. Without the crash

of drum or the sound of brass, without pomp or parade, yet with simple impressiveness, all honor was paid the nation's dead.

The deep trench in which the bodies were placed, in two rows, feet to feet, is 60 feet long and 14 feet wide. It was finished but a few minutes before the arrival of the first load of bodies.

Around it were drawn up in long lines the artillery company from the fort, 75 strong, on the west; the naval reserves, bearing arms full of flowers, on the north; the Bennington's survivors on the east and the Universal Brotherhood on the west. Just outside the simple picket fence enclosing the burying ground gathered the public in solid masses.

It only remained for the representatives of the church to pronounce final blessings on the dead. Rev. J. A. M. Richey, rector of St. Paul's, read the Episcopal burial service, the 21st psalm, and repeated the Lord's prayer. He closed his impressive duty by casting a handful of earth upon the coffins.

Venerable Father A. D. Ubach, of the Catholic church, attended by two assistants, then stepped forward. In a rich and resonant voice he read the service of the dead and blessed them with water and incense.

Commander Young, of the Bennington, stepped out from the group of officers at the head of the trench and raising his hand commanded instant attention. In a deep, gruff voice—the voice of a typical sailor—he said:—

"Captain, commander of Rosecrans and his successors—I commit to your tender care the bodies of our unfortunate shipmates and patriotic dead. May their graves never be forgotten by the hand of affection. May there rise above this, their last resting place, marble slabs to mark the place as sacred to the nation's care and may the morning sun ever kiss the green sod above their dust, emblematic of our love and affection."

"I accept the sacred trust of the honored dead," replied Captain Scott. There was many a tear brushed from moistened eyes by this simple but impressive scene.

"Attention!" came the command in sharp tones from the big sergeant in command of the artillery company. There was a rapid, concerted movement along the double file of soldiers at the head of the grave. Another command and every gun was pointed over the long rows of caskets. In quick succession three sharp volleys were fired.

RULERS MEET AND PART

Czar and Kaiser Held Confidential Conferences.

St. Petersburg, July 25.—Emperor Nicholas has returned to Peterhof from his conference with the German emperor in the Gulf of Finland.

The meeting of the two monarchs naturally created intense interest in diplomatic circles. In some quarters there is a disposition to attach the deepest political significance to it, and all sorts of theories are advanced. They are, however, largely speculation. It is officially announced that the visit was only a "visit of courtesy" made by Emperor William on his brother monarch before leaving the Gulf of Bothnia, but under the circumstances the diplomats cannot believe that such a meeting was devoid of meaning to the world's political chessboard, no matter what the ultimate result may be.

No matter what the ultimate result may be, however, all the diplomats agree that its first effect would be for peace, as Emperor William is known to be strongly of the opinion that Emperor Nicholas should conclude peace and set his house in order.

TAFT PARTY IN JAPAN

Arrived at Yokohama On Board the Steamer Manchuria.

Yokohama, July 25.—The steamer Manchuria, with Secretary of War Taft and party on board, arrived here at 7 o'clock this morning.

Newspaper Welcomes Party.

Tokio, July 25.—The Hochi, Count Okuma's newspaper organ, publishes a leading article welcoming the Taft party and gratefully recalling what the United States has been to the Japanese since the time of Commodore Perry—an unerring guide and friend.

The policy of the United States toward Japan, the article says, has been an unbroken record of kindly assistance, politically and commercially. Especially President Roosevelt's successful endeavor in bringing the peace plenipotentiaries together adds a memorable chapter to the already magnificent record of America's invaluable aid to Japan.

The Hochi leader is typical of the feeling throughout the empire.

Found Dead In Attitude of Prayer.

Altonta, Pa., July 24.—Stephen B. Patterson, aged 72 years, who disappeared from his home at Dorsey Ore Bank, near Tyrone, last Tuesday, was found dead in a field a mile away. He was kneeling in an attitude of prayer, and it is supposed he was stricken with paralysis and died. He was a veteran of the Civil War.

Mitchell Says Strike Rumor is Silly.

Scranton, Pa., July 25.—Regarding the report in circulation that a general strike of the mine workers was imminent, President Mitchell, of the United Mine Workers, said: "This rumor of a strike is so silly that I can find no possible excuse whatever for its circulation."

Took Typhoid From Raw Clams.

New York, July 24.—Stanley Ward, of Lawrence Park, Bronxville, whose wife died on Saturday from typhoid fever, caused, it is supposed, by eating infected raw clams, Mr. Ward having himself been affected at the same time, was reported to be progressing favorably towards recovery. Mr. Ward is a brother of Holcombe Ward, the tennis player.