

# DEWEY.

Were the honors that the country  
Showered upon her bravest son  
Given as one tips a servant  
For some menial work well done?

Is the hero of Manila  
Worthy of no better pay  
Than the mean and captious snarling,  
That is crushing him to-day?

Is our Dewey's glory nothing  
But a gilded ball and chain?  
Is its price the loss of freedom?  
Must its cost be manhood slain?  
—J. O. Madison, in New York Sun.

# CAPTAIN JIM,

The Hero of Lot's Corners.  
By John Walker Harrington.

Captain Jim went to Lot's Corners shortly after the great Panther Mine was opened. The place was hardly a town at all. It consisted of a company store, with a hundred houses of the same pattern arranged about the terminus of a scrappy spur of railroad known as the Pumpkin Vine, which insinuated itself through a narrow pass in the hills. The only evidence of civilization about it was the red school-house, where Captain Jim drilled an educational awkward squad. There the old soldier instructed such of the coal miners' sons who were not old enough to be hopper boys or gate tenders.

Captain Jim had been graduated early in the sixties from a little hilltop Ohio college. His most successful enterprise was leading a company at the Battle of the Wilderness. The war records bear testimony "to a gallant and heroic charge" led by Captain James Fortescue, of Company C. One Hundred and —th regiment, Ohio volunteers. The gentle occupation of leading soldiers to fields of carnage cannot last forever, so Captain Jim, at the close of the war, turned to storekeeping, surveying and various other occupations, and finally ended up as a schoolmaster.

"The boys seem to be getting ugly," the old soldier remarked to his landlady, as he blew a long whiff of smoke toward the ceiling.

The captain was sitting in the parlor of the Widow Kerrigan, who kept the only boarding house at Lot's Corners. Young Harris, the superintendent of the mine, who had just come in, looked at the old captain for a moment and then lighted a cigar. "We are going to have machines. Machines don't get full of bad whiskey and they don't go on strikes. It's all very well for you to talk about wives and children and a cold winter. We gave those fellows fair warning, and we don't propose to stand any more foolishness. Good night."

Harris, with a mock military salute to the old soldier, left the room.

Captain Jim pored until midnight over his "Caesar's Commentaries," reading anew the battles of the Roman legionaries with flying columns of Huns and Visigoths. He sat looking into the embers of the fire, picturing the struggles of Caesar and Orgetorix. The screech of a whistle down the winding course of the Pumpkin Vine caused him to start to his feet. He heard the beat of driver wheels over the ill-ballasted railroad. A moment later he stood in boots and in long army overcoat. He flung open the door and hastened toward the little station. The dry snow crunched beneath his feet. The wintry gust sent flinty white crystals against his face and nearly loosened his slouch hat from its moorings. Outlined against the frosted hillside was the giant hopper, a gaunt and blackened skeleton. About it Captain Jim could see figures moving to and fro, and once he thought he saw the gleam of a lighted match.

"There's trouble coming," he said, half aloud, "and when these ignorant foreigners break loose it's terrible."

Down the track he saw an eye of fire. "That's no ordinary Pumpkin Vine engine," muttered the old captain; "they send down all their broken down locomotives to a place like this; that's a special from Columbus, and specials, to my thinking, are always a sign of bloodshed around this part of the country."

The locomotive, with rumbling wheels and a screech of escaping steam, came abreast of the station. From the ends of the three cars behind descended a hundred blue coated men, with rifles slung over their shoulders. They were guards from a Western detective agency—former street car conductors, truckmen and the like—who are sent to the Hocking Valley whenever the miners show signs of insurrection.

"You're come none too soon," said the young superintendent, as he advanced to meet the leader of the guards.

Lot's Corners was awake. The sound of a horn echoed among the hills. From every ramshackle house there came forth a man; from some dwellings three or four. Groups formed at various corners, and over the snow there crept little companies. Those who walked in the center of the knots of men carried oil cans and fagots of kindling wood. A deputy sheriff, who stood at the base of the hopper, saw an approaching host and fired his revolver into the air. He was caught, bound, and hurled head first into a snow drift. Another deputy, rather than fire upon the miners, dropped his gun and ran as fast as his legs could carry him. Half a dozen railroad spikes and three or four chunks of coal whizzed past his head. The crack of

a rifle and the ping of a bullet hastened his steps toward the station, where the guards were slowly forming.

"They're going to fire the hopper!" he yelled, as he stumbled and fell at the superintendent's feet.

"Out of the way there, Cap!" cried the young superintendent. "Are you clean daff?"

Captain Jim reached the hopper a hundred yards in advance of the guard. About the base of the structure men were piling wood and shavings and splashing the rubbish with oil. Towering above all the rest was a broad shouldered Hungarian, who had lighted a match. Captain Jim had christened him "Attila the Hun," and the name stuck to him. The man was a natural leader. He was one of the kind who make strikes possible.

"Drop that, Attila!" yelled the old captain.

Attila motioned Captain Jim away. "You be friend," he said. "No be here. Go!"

The captain turned about. He saw a hundred leveled rifles.

"Superintendent!" he cried, "let me talk to these fellows."

The miners stood with hands upon ready revolvers.

"See here, you fellows," continued Captain Jim, "I'm an old soldier, and I know what I am talking about. If you fire that hopper you'll be punished for it, if it takes all the troops in the country to do it. Take my advice and quit the game."

Nobody could tell how it happened. There came a shot from somewhere. Captain Jim threw up his hands and fell in the snow. A stream of blood dyed the trampled drift. The old soldier placed one hand above his heart; with the other he pointed toward the torch held by the leader of the strikers. The Hun threw the firebrand to the ground and trampled it beneath his feet until the last spark had left it. The strikers dropped their guns in the snow. They surrounded the form of the old soldier.

Attila the Hun, lifted up the white head upon his knee.

men, who see omens in the weird noises.

Any one who has slept in a small boat with his ears a few inches from the water has heard strange crackling sounds sometimes. They appeared like a series of cracks or electric shocks, but what creatures produce the noise no one seems to know.

One of the most remarkable of all the sound-producing fishes is found in China seas, and an account of its actions has been given by Lieut. White of the British navy. He was engaged in some special work at the entrance of a river and came to anchor one night in shallow water.

Presently strange sounds began to be heard coming up from the bottom. They were described as resembling the clanging of bells and the beating of drums. The men were demoralized, and attributed the noises to spirits, it being said that a crew of pirates had gone down there, but the officers were convinced that the noise was caused by some sea animals, and investigation showed that it came from a school of fish that made the sounds by clapping their teeth together.

JIM WARDNER, OF IDAHO.

His Remarkable Luck and the Story of an Interesting Telegram.

"Jim Wardner of Idaho and all over," said a Westerner just in town from the Pacific Slope, "ought to be somewhere in New York city at this very minute, for I heard that he had left for the East on a prospecting trip, just before I got down from Skagway. Wardner is a genius that cannot be downed, and besides having one town named for him in Idaho and another in British Kootenai, he has made and lost four fortunes in mines, and is now starting in on his fifth. At least, his fourth is gone, and he only makes a fortune when he happens to be out of one. His last venture was big, but it went wrong. He had two steamboats on the Kootenai, and started the town of Wardner, which went with a boom, and Jim started to win a million."

"There was a river town across the river, but they had to depend on Jim's steamboats for their stuff, and naturally, under the circumstances, Wardner had the bulge on Steelton, the name of the other town. One day, when everything was coming Jim's way, both of his boats went on the rocks and sunk, and Jim wasn't yet in a fix to replace them. In other words, it busted him, and he got out of it the best he could, which was to go off to Toronto and trade his town site for a stock of goods. These, to the extent of \$40,000, he carried up to Lake Bennett and started in it down the river for Dawson. Evidently Jim's luck wasn't on the water, for his boat lugged of stuff was wrecked, and he only saved enough out of it to bring him in \$8,000, when, if he had had luck, his \$40,000 would easily have been sold for \$400,000 at the usual Dawson profit. That sort of thing would have knocked out most men, but Wardner went right on, and now I understand he has got something to present to the notice of New Yorkers better than anything he ever struck."

"His 'black cat farm' was one of the things that gave him a reputation for wealth. This was a farm on an island in Puget Sound, where he raised, according to his representations to an Eastern journalist, such vast numbers of black cats that their fur brought him in a fabulous revenue. Of course it was a fabric of the fancy, but the story was told everywhere, and Wardner's black cat farm was one of the least."

"Another story is told on him of a time when he was between fortunes and wanted to get to New York for a grub stake. He was at Vancouver, and as he couldn't swim, nothing was left him to go on but the land, so he struck the Canadian Pacific Railroad. He stated his case to the agent and asked him to telegraph Mr. Shaughnessy, the general passenger agent at Montreal, to the effect that Mr. Wardner was at Vancouver, and unless he got transportation he would have to walk. The obliging agent sent the message and asked, 'Shall I issue the transportation?' Later the agent received a reply 'Don't let Mr. Wardner walk,' and that same night Mr. Wardner was flying eastward on a C. P. train. Arriving at Montreal, Wardner went to Shaughnessy to extend his thanks, and when the general passenger agent saw him he threw up both hands.

# SLIM PIET JOUBERT.

EXCITING EPISODES IN THE LIFE OF THE BOER COMMANDER.

He is of French Huguenot Descent, Taught from Childhood to Hate the British and Shoot Straight—He Was Victor at Majuba Hill.

Petrus Jacobus Joubert, better known as Piet Joubert, or "Slim Piet," (Slim Peter), was born sixty-eight years ago. He came of an old French Huguenot family, long settled in South Africa, and many writers attribute his chivalrous instincts to the less mixed character of his origin than is the case with the majority of the Boers. Like President Kruger, he was born in Cape Colony, but was taken, when seven years old, by his parents to the Orange Free State. He was taught from early childhood to detest the British, to shoot straight, and to be absolutely fearless when hunting big game or blacks. Of ordinary schooling he had little, in those days when the nearest homestead to his father's farm was many miles away. He never saw a newspaper until he was nineteen years old, but he was ambitious to become something more than a mere farmer, and, with the aid of the few books he was able to obtain, succeeded in obtaining a fair knowledge of history and languages.

Joubert's hatred of the British was by no means lessened when, as a young man, he moved from his farm in consequence of the acquisition of Natal by his hereditary foe. He decided to settle in the Transvaal, and the "woonplaats" he founded almost joins Natal at its northernmost post. But it was not long after he became a burgher of the South African Republic before he was known as a useful man and a daring fighter. It was said that he could lead a body of men more successfully against hostile natives than any other man in the Transvaal, so it came about that whenever there was an ugly uprising against the burghers Joubert was called upon to lead a detachment of Boers. The natives soon learned to fear him, and the knowledge that he was at the head of a punitive expedition usually resulted in the surrender of the Kaffirs.

It was in these little wars with the natives that Joubert became acquainted with Paul Kruger. The two became bosom friends, and the former thereafter forsook the life of a farmer, though he still retained his farm, for a political career. He was vice president and acted as president during the latter part of the presidency of Burgers' absence in Europe. Before this he had been State Attorney of the Republic. An event that had a great influence on his career was his first visit to England, when he accompanied Mr. Kruger. What Joubert saw there impressed him, as he never hesitated to admit, with the power of the British, but rather accentuated than mollified his attitude of determined resistance to anything that he regarded as British aggression. He was always in favor of the use of force instead of diplomacy, and on several occasions, when he was vice president and Kruger president, the latter had great difficulty in repressing his more hot-headed colleague.

A notable instance of this was in 1879, when Joubert was one of the triumvirate—the others being Kruger and Pretorius—who were planning the rebellion to overthrow British rule in the Transvaal. Kruger had the greatest difficulty in holding Joubert in check when the latter wanted to rush hostilities before the best moment had come in which to strike the blow for freedom. When, however, the time came to fight, Joubert was selected as the best man to have control of the Boer forces. How he conducted the campaign, which began and ended so disastrously for the British, is known to nearly everyone. The battle of Majuba Hill in 1858 was his crowning feat of generalship. He personally led the force that dealt to Great Britain a blow that she has never forgiven, and that is supposed by many persons to be the real cause of the present conflict.

After peace had been arranged Gen. Joubert did not remain idle. The terms of the agreement with Great Britain were not satisfactory to a large number of Boers, Joubert included, and in view of a possible future conflict, the army of the South African Republic was organized by him. He divided the country into seventeen military departments, and each of these departments into smaller divisions, with commanders, field cornets and lieutenants of various ranks, in charge. Every man, it is said, became a trained soldier without leaving his farm, and had his complete equipment ready at home. When the summons came every man was pledged to appear at an appointed spot.

When war was declared Joubert had to send only seventeen telegrams, and within forty-eight hours the entire Boer nation was in arms.

Besides this extraordinarily perfect organization, Joubert did more than any one else in the South African Republic to secure an immense quantity of artillery. What the strength of the republic in modern guns is the British are beginning to find out. Most of them came from France, and are of the latest and most improved type.

occasions showed more regard for the usages of civilization than almost any of his colleagues, and the British would rather trust to him to act in a humanitarian way to prisoners of war than to any other of the leaders of the burghers. When, in 1884, the Boers raided British territory in Bechuanaland Joubert was almost the only prominent man who refused to support the movement, and his opposition resulted in the withdrawal of the Boers from the territory seized. On this occasion Joubert threatened to resign unless he had his way.

"I positively refuse," he said, "to hold office under a government that deliberately breaks its covenants, and we have made covenants with England."

The name "Slim Piet" was given to Joubert after Majuba Hill. It had no reference to his physique, for he was nearly six feet in height and of stout build, but to his shrewd tactics.

# A NEW SOVEREIGN STATE.

The Republic of the Acra, the Latest Government in South Africa.

Probably there are not many people who have heard of the Republic of the Acra. It is a brand new State which has arisen in South America in the last few weeks. It owes its origin to the fact that a large part of the interior of South America is a no-man's-land, some parts claimed by two or even three of the republics which have not clearly defined limits.

A certain Rodriguez Ariles happened along and determined to take advantage of this state of affairs. He was an adventurer who had seen much of the world, having been successively a bank employe in Spain, a theatrical manager in the United States, a clerk of works in Paris and a broker in the Argentine Republic. While in Buenos Ayres he made the acquaintance of the gentlemen who are now his ministers of state.

Rodriguez Ariles proclaimed a vast territory bordering on Brazil and Bolivia as the Republic of the Acra, so called from the river of that name, a tributary of the Amazon, which flows through it. The territory has an extent of some 200,000 square miles and an estimated population of 50,000. It was claimed by both Brazil and Bolivia, but that did not matter to Rodriguez Ariles. He established his capital at a small village called Antimairi, appointed his ministers and was ready for business. He calculated on raising revenue from a royalty on the rubber gathered in his territory, which depends principally on that staple for its commerce.

Rodriguez Ariles is an intelligent, wide awake man, apparently about 50 years of age. His face is of a decided Spanish cast, with kindly looking eyes, which beam on you through a pair of gold rimmed spectacles. From his appearance one might take him to be a professional man, a lawyer or a doctor.

Whether the new Republic of Acra will take a permanent place among the family of nations remains to be seen. It may be noted that there are prosperous States in existence today which have arisen in the same manner as the Republic of the Acra; among these may be mentioned the Transvaal and the Orange Free State in South Africa, which were also established by adventurers in a no-man's-land, and are now of sufficient importance to make no small noise in the world.

The region of the Acra is one of the hottest and most healthful in South America. It is also one of the richest in rubber, which grows wild in the woods in great abundance, and those engaged in the rubber trade can generally calculate on making their fortunes in four or five years if they escape the malarial fevers and other diseases which dog the steps of the white man in these latitudes.

The territory of the Acra, or a portion of it, was granted not long ago to an American syndicate by the Government of Bolivia, which had a very doubtful title to it. The syndicate was to build a railway and make other improvements, but the project never came to anything, owing partly to the disputed ownership of the land, which led to litigation, and finally resulted in the proclamation of independence already referred to.

# KEYSTONE STATE.

LATEST NEWS GLEANED FROM VARIOUS PARTS.

## ORPHANS' HOME BURNED.

Girls' Section of the Chester Springs School Destroyed by Fire—No Loss of Life Occurred—Flames Discovered at Supper Time and Students Escaped Without Mishap—Other Live News.

Fire broke out in the girls' wing of the Chester Springs Soldiers' Orphans' School, nine miles north of West Chester, and two hours later this large building was in ruins. About 150 girls were at supper at the time, and when the alarm was sounded they hastily made their escape from the building. The flames were first discovered in an upper room by two little girls, who had just left the supper table. The fire was caused by the explosion of a coal oil lamp. For a time the children were panic-stricken, but the cool-headed teachers allayed the fears and ushered them quickly out of the dining-room to a place of safety. Hundreds of farmers gathered at the scene and materially assisted in preventing the flames from spreading to the main building, the chapel, boys' wing, hospital and other large buildings on the grounds, some of which were within 100 feet of the girls' wing. But for the timely discovery of the fire an appalling catastrophe might have resulted, owing to the fact that the children are all quite young and rather difficult to manage under the strain of excitement. The loss is about \$15,000 and is covered by insurance. The huge walls of the wing were not destroyed and it is thought that they can be utilized. The school is under the management of Lieutenant John M. Major, of Harrisburg, who succeeded Colonel Austin Clark as superintendent some months ago. Nothing of any value was saved from the building owing to the rapidity with which the flames spread. The burned building was a very old structure and was used during the War of the Revolution as a hospital. For more than half a century it was a summer resort, where hundreds of people gathered every season on account of the medicinal properties of the springs. In 1869 the State secured control of the property and established the Soldiers' Orphans' School. The property is owned by the Farmers' & Mechanics' National Bank, Phoenixville, and is rented by the State.

## Well Shooter's Dire Fate.

John Hawkins met a shocking death, his body being blown to shreds while he was using nitro-glycerine which he intended to use in shooting a well on the Ferguson farm, Moon Township. What parts of the dead man could be found were gathered and taken to Coraopolis. Hawkins was a married man, 45 years old, and the father of six children. He was in the employ of H. A. Gumbaker, an oil well shooter, whose headquarters are at Coraopolis. He is said to have been one of the most careful men in the business. He had been following it for a number of years. He left Coraopolis with a quantity of glycerine to shoot the Ferguson well. The glycerine is kept in a frozen state for safety and it was hauled to the well. It was a strange accident in the respect that no one was injured except Hawkins. Samuel Ferguson, William Carpenter and Frank McCracken were near him and neither was hurt.

## Fought Four desperados.

David Hughes, a merchant of Mt. Carmel, was awakened by a loud noise in front of the building. Dressing himself he went downstairs to investigate, and as soon as he opened the front door four men rudely assaulted him. He resisted until he felt senseless to the sidewalk with one rib fractured, another torn from the flesh, while his head, face and body were badly lacerated and bruised. Before the gang could escape several policemen appeared and were shot at five times by the fugitives. The bullets failed to hit the officers. The latter, after a fierce hand to hand fight, captured the gang and locked them up. Hughes was removed to his home, where physicians dressed his wounds. The prisoners are Wally and Peter Karlow and Wally and Paul Walokovicz.

## Died From Injury Sustained on Rails.

Christopher W. Carmany, who was run down by a train on the Philadelphia & Reading Railway, died at the Good Samaritan Hospital, Lebanon. Mr. Carmany was a school teacher in early life, and from 1876 to 1886 was postmaster of Lebanon. He was widely known as an accountant of ability and was aged 65 years.

## Injured by Retarded Quarry Blast.

Frank Siebert was seriously injured by a blast in a stone quarry in East Allentown. A blast had been prepared which failed to explode. An hour later the men tried to bore out the charge and an explosion occurred. Siebert was struck by the drift which was in the hole and a man named Hartley was also slightly injured.

## A Policeman Shot.

While attempting to quell a riot at a dance hall, in Hazelton, Officer Matthews was shot in the hip. Frank Birdie, a Croeland Italian, was arrested and held in \$1000 bail for court, charged with the shooting. The condition of the officer is very serious, and it is feared blood poisoning will set in.

## Dead Body Found on the Railroad.

The badly mutilated body of a man thought to be Joseph Luteto, of Lansford, was found on the Philadelphia & Reading Railway tracks, near Gilberton. He is supposed to have been run down by one of the early freight trains.

## Killed His Brother.

William Brady, aged 16 years, while handling a revolver at Honesdale, accidentally shot and instantly killed his brother, Robert, aged 14 years. The bullet entered the boy's heart.

## Boy Killed While Gunning.

A party of four boys, of Hawley, were hunting on Thursday, when Charles Bost, aged 14 years, was shot in the back by the accidental discharge of his brother's gun. The boy died from the wounds.

## News in Brief.

Burglars broke into Joseph W. Simpson's general store, at Fort Carbon, and secured a considerable sum of money and a large quantity of goods. The loss is about \$50.

The annual reorganization of the Prison Board took place at Reading. Joel L. Krick succeeded George H. Nagle as president, and I. Heber Witman, of Casarwon, is the new secretary.

Little Eva Miller was seriously burned while playing with fire at her home in Mahanoy city.