THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 1, 1896.

The Real Story of A Great Battle.

General W. W. H. Davis Graphically Describes The Bloody Engagement at Fair Oaks.

Parts of an address recently deliv-red by General W. W. H. Davis, of Doylestown, before the Bucks County Historical society upon the battle of Pair Oaks will be read with interest in his locality because of the fact that ered by General W. W. H. Davis, of Doylestown, before the Bucks County Historical society upon the battle of Fair Oaks will be read with interest in this locality because of the fact that Hartranft's Fifty-second Governor regiment (recruited from Luzerne, what is now Lackawanna, and Wyoming countles) was in the same battle d served in the same division with General Davis' One Hundred and Fourth. The address in point was not a history, but a chapter merely of personal recollections. General Davis said: There was a heavy storm the night be-ore the battle, and the flash of light-ling, crash of thunder and pouring rain seemed like a war of the elements prophetic of the terrible conflict of the marwas clear and sultry, and the forenoon un usually quiet. In camp the men were holling in the shade. About 10 o'clock an adde of General Joe Johnston passed through my camp a prisoner from the picket line, and, about li, three shells from the enemy's lines fell within our famps, but we thought nothing of it at the front. In the meantime, however, sus-picions were aroused; the troops were forming and the artillery horses har-

nessed. Our headquarters' mess had just fin-ished dinner and were discussing the cam-paign in front of our cabin, when an aide of Casey dashed, up with an offer to have the regiment under arms insmediately. It was in line in a few minutes. This was little after 1°. Wa did not expect a bat-It was in line in a few minutes. This was a little after 12. We did not appect a bat-tle, thinking it an ordinary alagm. Shortly after I received an order to march the regiment nearer the Williamsburg Coad to support a battery. This was but a short distance, and we formed on the battery's right in a piece of timber. We were next ordered to advance 200 yards into a clear-ing, where the line was quickly reformed and dressed as on parade. We could see nothing of the enemy. There was timber in front and nearly all around the At this time my own regiment was the only force at the front on this part of the steld, and was the first to receive the sheek of inc was the first to receive the shock of the

It is the general impression that armies go out to fight decked in all the "pomp. parade and circumstance of glorious war." as we see it represented in piptares, but it is far from the truth. Men need not be dressed in finery to be killed, and they seem to realize it, for they generally divest themselves of avery usides article. They frequently go to the field iwithout their coats, and sometimes their coats, and sometimes with their sleeves rolled up. My regiment wore trousers and blue blouses, and carried Austrian rifles that would kill at a thou-sand yards. A reliable gun, plenty of am-munition and a stout heart are the most medful equipments. A built is no dress needful equipments. A battle is no dress parade affair.

The Enemy Sighted. 17 Soon after forming our line in the clear-ing, the enemy was seen in the edge of the timber in front, and began coming out in great numbers, firing as they at vanced. Bullets began to fall in our ranks, coming with a whizzing, hissing sound, increasing every moment. The regiment stood in line, and had not fired a, shot. The men were restive. Thinking the time to open fire had come. I ordered them to load, followed by "Ready," "Aim." At this moment, Sergeant Major Wallazz, a former pupil of "Stonewall" Jackson, came running up and sald. "Let me say fire?" I assented; he gave the word, and vanced. Bullets began to fall in our ranks, I assented; he gave the word, and 400 bullets were discharged into the masses of the enemy in our front, within point blank range. This was the first volley. blonk range and gave notice throughout the army the battle had begun. It must be borne in mind that, while these preliminaries were

with both flags in his hands, he was struck by a bullet and knocked over, carrying the flags with him. Regaining his feet, he handed one flag to Sergeant Myers and started to the rear with the other, but, becoming faint from loss of blood he gave it to Corporal Michener, who brought it off in safety. Both flags were delivered to the regiment that evening after the battle and received the most cordial welcome. The three prominent actors in the little drama were all wounded—Malor Gries and drama were all wounded-Major Gries and Sergeants Purcell and Myers-the major dying a few days afterward. The government recognized the gallantry of Ser-geant Purcell by presenting to him a medal of honor. This is but a single episode of

gallantry among thousands that occurred during our great war.

Over-Anxious Surgeons.

While the battle was raging in our im-mediate front, on our left, 200 or 300 yards away, other portions of our division were sustaining an equally stubborn contest. General Casey, our division commander, was a conspicuous figure sitting on a large iron-gray horse on the Williamsport road, apparently as unconcerned as if it were an ordinary field day. In this direction the country was open a short distance, but on our right and rear all movements were obscured by bushes and timber. The direction obscured by hushes and timber. The diof battle from the constant firing of can-non and small arms was almost deafening. When the regiment fell back a number of our wounded men were left on the field and some twenty of them were found the following Monday morning in a small house to the left of our last line of battle.

They had crawled or been carried there by some of their comrades. When the regiment, fell back from the first line to the second, it was by squads and single files, and, in doing so, we lost several officers and men. Lieutenant Mc-Dowell was killed at this time. He was Dowell was killed at this time. He was shot dead while talking to Captain Pick-ering, fell on his face and was left lying there. He was stripped by the enemy. Captains Corcoran and Swartzlander and Lieutenauts Hehtfrie and Ashenfelter were wounded on the second line. Ashenfelter wounded on the second line; Ashenfel.er had a little adventure in getting to the rear that was not down on the bills. He was shot in the ankle and taken to a cabin in the woods, where he spent the night. There he was joined by a couple of young surgeons, who, supposing him to be asleep, were overheard talking about cutting off his foot, one of them remarking it would be a "nice operation." The lieu-tenant now let himself be heard, saying, as he would have to be a party to the operation, his consent would have to be obtained, which could not be had while his sword was able to do duty. This closed sword was able to do dury. This closed the professional aspirations of these young sawbones in this direction. Lieutenant Ashenfelter died of that wound many years afer. It might have been better for him had these young doctors taken the come to band case in hand.

After the Battle.

About sundown the regiment, some 150 strong, assembled at the rifle pits near the field hospital a mile in rear of where the battle had begun. The organization had been tolerably well maintained, and here the flags were delivered to it. The battle was now over-the weary lay down to rest and the wounded to die. The regimental and the wounded to the. The regimental wagons were saved by the quartermaster sending them to the rear when the firing began, but the camp equippage, baggage and personal effects of the officers and men fell into the enemy's hands.

The result of the battle left the regiment in a very forlorn condition. Both officers and men lost all their clothing except what they had on their backs. ensil was gone but their tin cups

wound in his head. In a tent were two dead rebel officers, and outside was a cap-tain of a Michigan regiment with his named pinned on his breast. In the road named pinned on his breast. In the road were two Union soldiers, regiment un-known, and a number of miscreant shy-sters loading under the shelter of an old barn, and looking on coolly whilst the wagons were passing over the leg of one of the dead heroes. I dragged the body out of the way, and directed a stupified captain, who was looking on, to put the men at work burying the dead. At the old log hut we found a sad sight, as well as along the road to it-dead soldiers, Union and rebel, horses and broken unon and rebel, horses and broken to them the morning of the battle. In the old hut were dead and wounded packed close together, some of the living hardly showing signs of life. We ministered to

GLIMPSES OF WELSH MINING LIFE.

Shoni Rachel's Ride.

ther was called Tomos Rachel, and the other children were all Rachels, and everybody in Cwmcoed knew Rachel. She was the head of the arm. When Tomos married her, his own surnamean appendix commonly dropped at Cwmcoed-was lost sight of, as well as his individuality, in the fame of Rachel, and the firm of Rachel & Co. loomed as large in the minds of the neighbors as the Co-operative stores. Rachel & Co. were universal providers of squabbles, fights and salaclous gosslp, and they gave a free entertainment every Saturday night in front of the house, by way of advertising the business.

Shoni's full, right name I only saw but once-a secret shared by few in Cwmcoed-but thereby hangs another tale.

He was really a good-hearted sort of a fellow, and he was the only sympathetic link between the Rachels and their peace loving neighbors. He belonged to the indispensable class of hauliers, who hold their lives so cheap, who divide their time almost equally between the coal-pit and the publichouse, seldom seen in any dress but a trim, duck-suit, besmeared with oil, with a leather shield strapped to their backs as if disdaining the use of it in front, and placed behind as if to glance off a chance shot.

Shoni and I were great friends, and when one Saturday afternoon I visited the pay office for the last time, and took leave of many a grimy friend before starting out on a college career. Shoni actually forced five shillings into my waistcoat pocket. I could not afford to be proud then, Shoni knew right well that I was badly in need of the money and his kindness was like the whirlwind, and to say that it was so much less money for the Black Lion that evening would be to furnish the weakest reason why I accepted Shoni's gift with gratitude. When the Great Ledger will be opened and the investigation of our tangled accounts will begin. I shall be very much surprised if those five shillings will not set off a spree or two in Shoni's debit.

Our friendship was struck on this wise. Before dragging my weary limbs a tedious mile and a quarter to the pit's bottom, I sat down to rest awhile at the "double parting." where lamps were lighted and tested, until the dust raised by the mad stampede of men and horses-a sort of a daily rehearsal at the close of the "turn" of the rout of Bull's Run or of Waterloowould clear that I could make my way out with tolerable precision of step. As was sitting there. I heard a b

He was called Shoni Rachel, his fa- | at the parting, and if you will keep a foot on the hook, it'll be all right.' I knew the trick right well. My door boy days were as yet fresh in my memory. Had I not many a time joined in the mad rush out by hanging to a horse's tail, while another horse was snapping the tail of my coat, myself in total darkness, having lost my light in the scramble? Besides, Shonf's kindness was imperious and to cross him meant to fight him, which alternative few dared to accept. Without the slightest hesitation, therefore, 1 placed myself at Shoni's tender mercies.

The train was soon fitted out. Shoni jumped on the iron shaft between the tram and the horse. Old "Leader' needed little stimulus, he knew that his feed was waiting for him, and the read was clear. But Shoni kept his short whip in constant use and indulged his

turn at phrase making all the way. My! that was a ride! Dick Turpin, Paul Revere, Sheridan, Rattlesnake Pete were simply not in it. The box of a locomotive running sixty miles ar hour was a hotel plazza compared with my place in that empty tram with one foot on the hook. It was not the speed so much as the attendant horrifying dangers that made that ride a recordsmasher. The timber framework of the level looked like a solid grey arched wall. Once a timber "collar" made a deep groove through the coal on the tram, darting a piece of coal on my neck, the mark of which I shall carry with me to the grave. I expected every

moment to be telescoped into the load of coal in front of me, and be afterwards weighed and dumped for steam coal to run an Atlantic liner, unless "Billy Fair Play" would discover me and pick me out as a piece of shale. But Shori knew his business, and I was not the only one who would trust

Shoni in a push. As we neared a dangerous incline, 'Leader," by force of habit, slackened speed, for there "sprags" were thrown into the wheels to break the momentum. When the train was long and heavy a sprag was shot into every wheel on one side, with a few random

shots from the doorboy on the other side Shoni jumped down and threw in just one sprag, jumped up again on the shaft and flourished his whip cruelly on "Leader's" back. Down we swept the steep incline. My faith in Shoni was melting like wax. He was evidently breaking the record for recklessness. When half way down the incline, crash went the sprag, and Shoni shouted to the horse like a madman. He dared not jump down in that narrow way and leave the horse to his fate, for he would be crushed immediately under the to be the entrepot of a vast ocean comwheels as many a poor haulier had met



Written for The Tribune.

In our last letter we parted with our eaders rather abruptly, while yet on Puget Sound, admiring the natural wonders of God's universe, and perhaps detained you too long; but the half has not been told of the boundless resources of this "Evergreen State"-called the 'great treasure house of the Creator' nor Puget Sound, the world's harbor on the greatest of Oceans. The far-seeing statesman, William H. Seward, during the negotiations for the purchase of Alaska, said: "The greatest triumphs of mankind will be won on the greatest of oceans." Nowhere on this great ocean (Pacific), or even on this continent do you find a harbor equal to Puget Sound, which will eventually get the bulk of the commerce of the Pacific coast. The geographical position of both Tacoma and Seattle is such that their future must be closely identified with the development of the commerce in the Pacific ocean, especially Seattle which is destined to be 'the greatest

shipping point in the world. Seattle is nearer the great markets of Asia and Australia than the other Pacific coast ports, and the commerce now going from New York via Liverpoo and St. Petersburg to Russia, will soon go direct from Puget Sound and mainly rom the seaport of Seattle, which is th extreme western terminus of the four trans-continental railroad systems.

Seattle's Magnificent Future.

When the great Russian railroad, the trans-Siberian railway from Vladivoetock, a Pacific seaport of Siberia, to Moscow is built, Seattle will be naturally the greatest shipping point for that continent. Russia intends to have that road completed in two or three years. and at the rate of its present construct tion it would be considered rapid work even in this country. It means the ppening to commerce and colonization within that time of a region fully twice as large as the United States, and containing natural resources of probably equal value and variety a region including not Siberia alone, but also he vast Chinese empire.

At present vessels leave Puget Sound ports for Guatemala, Chili, China, Japan, England, Hong-Kong, Australia and British India. The trade of China alone is \$150,000,000 angood harbor, the city is not located so that it can command the trade of the interior. It is the same with Portland, which is a hundred miles inland and over a way which is often dangerous for even large vessels. I repeat, no where on this continent do we find a harbor equal to Puget Sound. Our eastern friends do not realize that the most beautiful portion of the great

northwest, the region of the setting sun, is really along the shores of this. the finest body of water in the world, if real, natural beauty be the standard. Do not charge me with being an enthusiast. Once come here in summe and sail over these placid waters, and l venture to affrm that your summer outings will henceforth be arranged for the far west of our own native land, and not for Europe. Nature has apparently designed the state of Seattle

merce. The land-locked harbor already

ton) and twenty-five miles long, lying parallel with the sound. The land line forms a semi-circle, rising in terraces from the water front, quite similar to her neighbor, Tacoma, and is encircled in the rear by lakes Washington and Union which are connected by a small narrow canal, virtually forming a continuous water.line in the rear.

On landing we are at once impressed with the vim, energy and thrift of the people, manifested on every hand. We find broad avenues running parallel with the shore laid out over the wharves, which are thronged with drays and conveniences of every kind, and busy people hastening to and fro, while engines and cars are moving up and down the numerous tracks upon the thoroughfare, which is called Railroad avenue, laid out by the city for public and commercial use. Going from the wharves we soon emerge into a broad street, leading to a large triangular space or square, which is the "hub" of the city,. From this square (occi-

dental) the main lines of traffic radiate and from here is the best place to start to see the city. The appearance of Seattle on Com-

mercial and Front streets is that of a city of 100,000 inhabitants. There is a continuous stream of people on the sidewalks, while carts, drays, cabs, busses, carriages, wagons and also cable and electric cars are found on all the main avenues.

Liko a Western Chicago.

Almost the entire business section of the city covering sixty-four acres, was destroyed by fire on June 6, 1889, when \$20,000,000 worth of property went up in flame and smoke. The ashes were scarcely cold when the enthusiastic citizens began to build anew, better. stronger and more beautiful than before. Think of it! Within one year thereafter, over a mile and a half of business blocks, from three to eight stories high, were built in the burned district by her indomitable citizensrecord unsurpassed by any other city of its size in the known world. A city of brick, stone, and iron has arisen,

monumental evidence of the energy, pluck and perseverance of the people, and of their fervent faith in the future of a Seattle, giving it added beauty and stability. It is impossible not to adnually. While San Francisco has a mire the marvelous enterprise of this people. No evidence of this disastrous fire of June 6, 1889, remains today, unless it is found in the great rows of magnificent brick and stone structures of imposing appearance and modern

architecture, where once was a mass of charred ruins and smoking debris. Scattle's Marvelous Growth.

Seattle is, we think, justly called the 'Queen City of the Sound," for it leads all other towns in the state in all things, essential to prosperity, and will keep that lead. The growth of the city has been simply marvelous. Thirty years ago it was a straggling village. In 1870, the town had a population of 1,100; in 1890, the census showed 43,847; and in 1895, it had over 65,000 souls, who live in an atmosphere of excitement and thrift and their business enterprise, push and responsibility and

of men and women of exceptional refinement and intelligence, with an agreeable and cultivated society, and a tone of hopefulness and confidence per-vading all classes. There is a sentiment here that ought to be everywhere. "Let us stand by our town, our people, our financial institutions, and be willanything to injure the commercial integrity and honor of Seattle." It is this spirit that has made this city what it is; it is this spirit, as known to investors in the east, that led them to furnish the means to develop this western

metropolis; and during all these months and years of commercial stringency everywhere, Seattle, in spite of her setback and indebtedness, is meeting her engagements, constructing new business blocks and inaugurating enterprises fraught with great possibilities for the city, and which mark the dawn

of a new era of prosperity for its intelligent and enterprising people. Of these the construction of the Lake Washington ship canal and the reclaiming of the tide-flats will be described in my next letter. J. E. Richmond.



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VIOLA SKIN SOAP to de G. C. BITTNER & CO., TOLEDO, O.

going on, my regiment stood alone, without any support. Other troops were soon in position, and

the action became general, both sides loading and firing as rapidly as possible. My men began to fall, killed and wounded the former lying where they fell, many of the latter walking and others being car-ried off the field. The fire grew hotter and hotter, but the men stood up to their bloody work as cheerfully as on dress bloody work as cheerfully as on dress parade. They were cool, and there was no flinching. They stood in an old clear-up furrow, and there the cartridke papers lay by the basket full. During the hottest of the firing one of my men, a strapping big fellow, called out to me, "Do-you see that, colonel, they have put a bullet through my canteen and the water is running out." He was told to attend to his work and not mind it. Our fight rest-ed on the timber, and seeing a movement of the enemy to flank us in that direction. Companies A and B, Captain Rogers and Lieutenant Kephart, were pushed into the woods to prevent it.

woods to prevent it. A Charge with Fixed Bayonets. We had now been under fire more than an hour; our line had been well main-tained, but many men had falles. The enemy was pressing us in front and on the flank and threatened the battery we were supporting. At this crists the mich were ordered to fix bayonets and change. They sprang forward, with a tremendous yell, about 100 yards across a piece of ground covered with low bushes, one-half the regiment jumping over a worm fence, the color-bearers planting the flags in the soft ground, and laying down by them. This was on the enemy's side of the fence. This was on the enemy's side of the fence. Fire was reopened and the enemy checked for a short time. It was fool-hardy, but had the desired effect. Seeing we must re-linguish our ground unless reinforced, an officer was sent to General Caséy, with the request that he send us a regiment. The officer passed twice between the tire of the two armies and returned unhurt. This gallant deed was done by Lieutenant Ashenfelter. About this time at large white flag, with a black square in the middle, appeared in the enemy's ranks. middle, appeared in the enemy's ranks. Some of our men, thinking it a flag of truce what should be done, and were told to fire at it as rapidly as possible. A volto here at it as rapidly as possible. A vol-ley brought down the bearers, but it was immediately selzed and raised by another. Soon after they raised another flag, a white cross with stars on a blue field. Many of their men had white muslin tied round their hats. The regiment had been in action nearly

Three hours, and nearly one-third of the men had fallen; the promised re-inforce-ment not arriving, we could hold our ground no longer. There was no order to retire; the men were literally pushed back by the superior force of the enemy. Indi-vidual solders on the other side came near enough to strike my men with their mukkets. The regiment retired slowly and sulienly, neither officers nor men runwhen it retired the enemy was When it WAS and, in a few minutes, our retreat would have been cut off. He was already shoot-ng down our battery horses some dis-nance in the rear of our line of battle. The ance in the rear of our line of battle. The runs had been previously hauled off and aved. Many of our men, after emptying their own cartridge boxes, got a fresh supply from the boxes of their detail and wounded companions lying around them. The rifles were discharged so often the barrels burned their hands, and, the grooves were so furred I saw some of my men place the ramrod against a tree to force the cartridge home. prce the cartridge home.

An Instance of Gallantry.

and in these the men had to do their cooking until a new supply was obtained. The loss of comrades and the reaction from the great mental and physical strain had the great mental and physical strain had a very depressing effect, and it required considerable effort to be cheerful. The depression was aggravated by the bad weather. But this gradually passed off. On Sunday a few men supposed to be killed or wounded reported for duty, and the old routine and discipline were re-established established.

established. There is a humane side to war, despite the blood and carnage of battle—a silver liming, as it were—and it is evidence they do not entirely rob men of their finer feel-ings. The night of the battle the enemy occupied my headquarters cabin, and it was filled with his and our wounded. All concur that they treated our men with kindness. Among the uninvited guests kindness. Among the uninvited guests was General Roger A. Pryor, of Virginia, He assisted a surgeon in amputating the leg of one of my men on my handsome Mexican blanket, which was ruined. He treated our wounded to some fine wines and other liquors our mess received just before the call to arms and the contents

before the call to arms, and the contents of our well-filled mess-chest, which Chap-lain Gries arranged in the morning, sup-plied them with rations until removed on Monday. The enemy carried a number of our wounded to the shade of an old build-ing nearby and supplied them with crack-ers and water. Corporal Solly reported that he was carried off the field by order of a Confederate colonel. An occasional incident relieves the

harsher features of war. When the reg-iment was called to arms, the owner of a pet coon left his precious in camp, securing him by running a sergeant's sword through a ring in the chair and then into the ground to the hilt. When the owner's knapsack, and died in tranquility at Gloucester Point, Va at Gloucester Point, Va.

War's Horrible Side.

War's horrible Side. Nothing is sadder or more revolting than a battle field after the struggle is over. It shocks every sensibility. While the fight is on, with body and mind fully occupied, and the freest passions aroused, there is no time to seriously contemplate the struggle is a struggle in a struggle in a struggle the struggle in the seriously contemplate

occupied, and the fircest passions aroused, there is no time to seriously contemplate the surroundings; but after it is all over and the passions have had time to cool, if one visit such scene of strife and look upon the work he had been engaged in, he will then fully realize the brutality of war, and what an awful thing a battle really is. The following will give a faint idea of the ap-pearance of a battle field and the scenes that meet the eye: The battle was fought on a Saturday. I did not visit the field, but, on Monday morning, a detail of two ment from each company was sent there to identify and bury the dead, accompanied by several of-icers, including the adjutant chaplain and Captain Pickering, whose reports reached me. The adjutant says of his visit: "Never can the recollection of that field be effaced from the memory of those who visited it on that day. The weather be-ing extremely hot, with frequent showers, the dead had become bloated and swollen until their clothes would hardly hold them, and blood still oozing from gep-ing wounds, the ground saturated with gore. Files, in myriads, swarmed around; dead horses with saddles and bridles still on; broken guns, remains of camps, with on; broken guns, remains of camps, with the food cooked for Saturday's dinner, un-touched; the air polluted with stifling odors from decomposing bodies; wounded men in the agonies of death, all tended to An Instance of Gallantry. One of the most gallant things I ever intersed was the rescue of one of the fags at Fair Oaks-that presented by the indees of Bucks county. You will recall the charge of the regiment, its entangle-ment with a low worm-fence and the planting on the enemy's side of the fence, where the fighting was renewed and con-linued until forced to retire. The confusion and excitement of re-tring one fag was left on the enemy's ide of the fence and they made a bold for to capture it. I ordered those maar-st not to retire without bringing the fag, when Major Gries, Orderly Sergeant Myres, and color Bergeant Purcell sprang for it. The fag at the same time. Purcell, The fag at the same time the suck of seven place is the fag at the same time. Purcell, The fag at the same time the suck of the fag at the same time the suck of the fag at the same time the suck of the fag at the same time the suck of the fag at the same time the suck of the fag at the same time the suck of the same time the suck of the fag at the same time the suck of the fag at the same time the suck of the fag at the same time the suck of the fag at the same time the suck of the fag at the same time the suck of the fag at the same time the suck of the fag at the same time the suck of the fag at the same time the suck of the fag at the same time the suck of the fag at the same time the suck of the fag at the same time the suck of the fag at the same time the suck of the fag at the same time the suck of the fag at the same time the suck of the fag at the suck of the fag at the same time the suck of the fag at the same time the s

hauller come thundering down the level. then came to a sudden stop. Then I heard a brief, flerce straining of man and horse, as if both were under a crushing load. Soon I recognized Shoni's voice giving an illustration of the rare capabilities of the Welsh language, which is strong in terms of love and of anger, and by means of which a Welsh haulier has developed swearing into a fine art.

I hastened to Shonl's rescue, and found him sitting on one of the rails. panting like a hound after a hunt, with his lamp on the ground. "What's the matter, Shoni?" I said.

"Rhys, is it you? Look under that blank tram." I looked and saw the track derailed and the wheels of the tram, which car-ried over a ton of coal, fastly lodged between the sleepers. The road repairers

had replaced some of the rotten sleep ers with new ones, but had not filled the spaces between them with coal dust as they should have done "Well, do you see him?" asked Shoni. "See whom ?"

"Man alive, the devil himself is there." I looked again with strange curiosity, for we, the men of Caegarw Pit, be lieved in the personality of his sable majesty, and during our morning whiffs at the "double parting" before separating for our stalls, we had some strange stories to relate of his majesty's periodical inspection of the works, especially after the strange case of Will Acha Wew had eked out. But I could not see anything of him around and under the wheels. "He is gone now for sure, Shoni,"

said. "Suppose we try again." As Shoni had now ceased to call his sable majesty names, his sableness al-

lowed us to extricate the tram in no time and place it once more on the rails. "No," said Shoni, "you must ride out

with me. I'll hook on an empty tram

(By the C wrtesy of H. H. Kohlsaat.)

GEORGE MEREDITH, BRILLIANT ENGLISH NOVELIST.

From the Chicago Times-Herald.

"Leader" to see the road. Neither did I wish to complicate matters by taking my foot off the hook, and jumping down from behind. . Whatever was going to happen I felt assured that I would come out the least hurt, if I could come out at all. Still I felt my hair expanding into a foot ball mop. It was like plung-ing down Pike's Peak in a toboggan.

Shooting the Lachine Rapids on the St. Lawrence is a childish diversion compared with it. It was more like shooting down an enormous waterpipe from a reservoir among the Welsh

mountains to Manchester or Liverpool. If "Leader" should miss a foot, there would form on that incline the following geological stratification: First, a fossil horse; then a fossil man, presum ably pre-historic; then a thick seam of coal intermixed with wrought iron; then another pre-historic man: another layer of wrought iron; a layer of petrified timber; then a hundred tons of sandstone boulders.

But old "Leader" was not going to tried the game once too often soon after. He undoubtedly grasped the situation, and felt that three lives, two human and a third hardly less, depended on his presence of mind and unerring

We reached level ground in safety. With a sigh of relief I descried the glare of light at the bottom of the pit. "Leader" was sent steaming and roaming into the stable, and Shoni and I vere quickly bounced into daylight. With a smile of triumph Shoni overtook a band of haullers as they were leaving the lamp house. At the risk

of three lives he had accomplished his great purpose of keeping an appointment at the Black Lion. Rhys Wynne.

his death.' All that he could do was to commodious and safe, will, when the hold his lamp as high as he could for vast improvements now begun are complete, be without any question, the finest harbor in America. Another reason may be given that

has made Seattle what she is as a seaport. She naturally has the trade of all this upper sound country even into the British possessions and Alaska. and will hold it through her unrivaled esources and shipping facilities. The well-nigh boundless resources of this wonderful region are just beginning to be understood and developed. Coal, iron, timber and soil "richer than all the gold mines of the globe," and a mild climate that rejoices the hearts of shivering mortals who come hither from colder climes and a glorious fruit country, all conspire to make the seat of empire.

Scattle's Renutiful Environs.

One says: "There is a land of pure delight, and it is not far from Puget Sound, and the campers in that land are the saints who dwell in the cities of Tacoma and Seattle." Having visited and studied thoroughly the former city and his record that evening, though he and enjoyed its attractions, of course the latter must be visited also. Those who come from the east are quite astonished at the grandeur of the scenery and the framework of ocean, lake and mountains encircling Seattle as a city. Rome is known as the "City of the Seven Hills;" Seattle may be spoken of as the city of seven times seven hills. The mountains and seashore are here in combination. The snow-capped Olympia and Cascades encircle the city and harbor, which gives it the name of The Young Glant of Puget Sound." It matters not whether the tourist enters the city by dayligth, when the details of a most picturesque scene are clearest, or at night, when the electric lights of the entire city gleam across the bay, the effect, in either case, is most pleasing and impressive. This favor-able impression is strengthened when the city is explored in detail and its public buildings and tasteful residences are admired. In either instance it is a beautiful picture. . Supposing the "whole world and the

rest of mankind" to be as much interested in Seattle as we are, we will tell you something of what we see in this young, enterprising and matchless city. to begin with Seattle is delightfully situated on the shores of Elliott Bay, an arm of Puget Sound, twenty-five miles from Tacoma, its formidable rival. The sight on approaching the city from the steamer is of a city built on a hill side, like Duluth. Vicksburg, etc., every large building standing ou by itself and affording the best possible view of a large part of the city's area. There is a continuous range of buildings, from Smith's Cove, on the north, to the head of the harbor on the south, a distance of five or six miles. At night the scene from the harbor is strongly remindful of San Francisco, and the crescent-shaped harbor, to that of the Mississippi river at New Orleans as it appeared to us on a former visit. The first thing that attracts the notice of the visitor as he nears the landing is the well ordered water front, with its long range of wharves and slips which affords ample wharfage room for hundreds of vessels, large and small. The line of wharves extends northward almost as far as the eye can reach and the "tide flat" enterprise when completed will provide acres even miles of water front. Resembles a Shoe String.

The city is located upon a hilly strip of land facing the west and the sound, from two to three miles in width (between Puget sound and Lake Washing-

the place for people to come, who have pluck, sand and back bone, and come to stay. An observing stranger will notice at once how very few gray hairs and bald pates are found among the citizens. Yes, this is the city of young men, pre-eminently so; and the driving energy manifested on all sides shows the material that they are made of. It is estimated that there are fifteen thousand young men here. Young men, too, of a fine quality, many of Puritan stock, a large proportion of them being graduates of our best eastern colleges. They have brought not only their school training with them, but their religion also. How grandly this testifies to the influence of Christian training in the families of the east.

There is an impression among some that in these far western states the people are without much education or culture. I would say right here, that anyone who has such a thought will need only to take a tour through these states to have his mind disabused. Both Tacoma and Seattle are composed





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TO OUR PATRONS:

Washburn-Crosby Co. wish to assure their many pater rons that they will this year hold to their usual custom of milling STRICTLY OLD WHEAT until the new crome is fully cured. New wheat is now upon the market, and owing to the excess only dry weather many millers are of the opinion that was already cured, and in proper condition for milling. Washburn-Crosby Co. will take no risks, and will allow the new wheat fully three months to mature before grinding.

months to mature before grinding. This careful attention to every detail of milling has placed Washburn-Cresby Co.'s flour far above other

