

## STORIES OF SCHLEY.

INCIDENTS WHICH REVEAL THE MAN'S GOOD CHARACTER.

He is a Born Fighter of Southern Stock But He Stood by the Flag When It Came to the Parting of the Ways in 1861—His First Brief Command of a Ship.

"I do not send my men where I will not go myself."

It was Commodore Winfield Scott Schley who said this. He was then commander of the New York and stood on the forward bridge of his ship, outward bound from one of the ports of the Atlantic seaboard. Ten minutes before a badly frightened man had run up to him, calling out:

"Captain, the forward port magazine is on fire."

"Then shut your mouth," said the captain. The man, thus recalled to his senses, touched his cap and relapsed into silence, while his commander quietly ordered a fire drill, and a moment later commanded the flooding of the magazine. Both orders, a part of the daily routine on every American warship, were promptly carried out, but it was not until all danger was past that the officers and men obtained knowledge of the true state of affairs. When they did find out they realized that their captain had been standing all the time just over the magazine, and one of the officers begged him to come down from the bridge and let him take his place. It was then that the captain made the remark quoted above. His course in front of Santiago later proves that he is always as good as his word.

The story of Commander Schley is the story of a man who did, and one good for patriot ears. In one of the closing days of April, 1861, the sloop of war Niagara, returning from a long foreign cruise, sighted Minsto Ledge light off Boston Harbor. Half an hour later a pilot came aboard, and making his way to the quarter deck, saluted the commander, Capt. McKean, who put the usual query:

"Well, pilot, what's the news?" "Sumter's been fired on," was the reply, "and the United States has gone to—"

Slowly the listening officers fell back and instinctively made two groups—the North and South, but the captain, with a steady voice said:

"Mr. Pilot put us into Boston as soon as you can."

Then lifting his hat he added: "The flag's servants and yours, gentlemen," and went to his cabin. Late that night the anchor chains hurrying through the hawser holes chanted "Home Again." Early next morning all the officers were called together and Capt. McKean said:

"Gentlemen we have come to the parting of the ways. Some of us will never meet again, and some of us will die in doing what we believe is right. The government has educated, fed and clothed us and we have sworn to stand by it, but no oath can bind a man beyond the strength of his conscience and changed conditions make changed men. On that table I have written out the old oath of allegiance and signed it. For my part, they buried him years ago in an admiral's uniform—"I stand by the flag. Let each one of you go to his cabin and think it over; then let him come back here and sign below me or—let him go his way."

So saying, he went on deck, while one by one the officers came back until nine names stood under that of their commander; the rest were going the other way. At the end of an hour the captain returned to his cabin and took the paper in his hand. As he did so, he looked up and saw before him a tall, young midshipman from Maryland.

"Do you sign, Winnie?" asked the old man with a perceptible tremor in his voice.

"Aye, aye, sir. Same flag and same Uncle Sam in Massachusetts as in Maryland, you know."

"God bless you, boy. Your father and I fought side by side, as lads in the war of 1812, and while there are some of us who are going away, I prayed God your father's son would stick to us."

Commodore Schley had been five years in the navy when he took this resolution to stand by the flag—a resolution which saved to the service an officer as ever reached flag rank. Born near Frederick, Md., in 1839, he came from a line of sailors, his father having achieved distinction as a naval officer in the war with Mexico. Appointed acting midshipman in 1856, he was graduated at the naval academy in 1860, and made his first cruise on the Niagara. He was promoted to be master in May, 1861, and went with the Niagara to the blockade off Charleston, whence being already a thorough seaman, he was sent by Capt. McKean as master of the first prize taken by the navy in the war between the states. It was a British cotton ship, the General Parkhill.

On July 18, 1862, Commodore Schley received his commission as lieutenant, and with it an assignment as executive officer, to the gunboat Owasco of the west Gulf squadron. It was while serving on the Owasco that he got his first command, and the story of how it came to him is too good a one to be left untold. The Owasco was stationed off Mobile and was one of the small squadron commanded by Capt. James Alden, of the Richmond. Her captain, dead long since, was over fond of his cups, and at frequent periods had to retire to his cabin for a week's repairs.

One day a quartermaster of the Richmond reported to Capt. Alden that the captain's gig of the Owasco was approaching, with the captain's pen-

nant flying. Supposing his visitor to be the captain of the Owasco, Alden put on his uniform coat, the side boys were ordered and the boatswain's mate made ready for his three pipes at the gangway. But when the Owasco's gig came alongside the man who sprang up the ladder was Lieut. Schley.

"I expected to see Capt. Jones"—that was not his name—"of the Owasco," said Alden, with slight sarcasm. "I am commander of the Owasco, sir," was Schley's matter of fact reply.

"Since when?" asked Alden. "An hour ago, sir," said Schley. "Where is Capt. Jones?" "Locked up in his cabin, sir, drunk." "Who locked him in?" "I did. I first put him under arrest and then shut him up in his cabin. Then I took command of the ship, and here I am to report for orders."

A broad smile crept over Alden's face, but instantly assuming an air of severity, he said:

"Well, the first order I'll give you is for you to lower that pennant in the gig; go back to your ship; unlock that cabin door and restore Capt. Jones to duty. Then report to me in writing if the captain's illness still incapacitates him and I will know what to do. Don't be in too great a hurry to get command of a ship, Mr. Schley."

As a matter of fact, Commodore Schley did not get command of a ship until several years later, but before he did, he had fairly earned it. He served gallantly in all the engagements which led up to the capture of Port Hudson, and for his part in cutting out, under heavy fire, two schooners engaged in supplying the Confederates, he was honorably mentioned in special orders. From 1864 till 1866 he was attached to the Wateree as executive officer, and served with her on the Pacific station. In 1864 he helped to suppress a revolt of Chinese coolies in the Middle Cincha Islands, and a year later he landed at La Union, San Salvador with 100 men to protect American interests imperiled by revolution.

Commodore Schley was promoted to be lieutenant commander in July, 1866, and during the following three years was on duty at Annapolis. His next post was on the Benicia of the Asiatic squadron, with which he participated in the attack upon and overthrow of the forces defending the forts on the Salee river in Corea. This was in 1871, and a year later he returned to the United States and became the head of the department of modern languages at the navy academy. Commissioned commodore in 1874, he was for five years on the North and South Atlantic stations and the western coast of Africa. When the Greely relief expedition was organized he was called from duty with the lighthouse board and placed in command of it, again proving himself the right man in the right place by snatching Lieutenant Greely and his comrades from the clutches of death and conveying them safely to their homes.

For this service Commodore Schley was awarded a gold medal by congress and promoted by President Arthur to be chief of the bureau of equipment and repairs, which position he held until 1889. While holding this post he was made captain. When the cruiser Baltimore was put in commission he was assigned to command her, and carried back to Sweden the remains of John Ericsson, inventor of the Monitor, for which service the king of Sweden presented him with a gold medal. He was in command of the Baltimore at Valparaiso, Chili, in 1891, when a number of American sailors were attacked and some of them done to death by a mob. The complications between the United States and Chili which arose from this affair were disposed of by him in a manner that earned the express gratitude of the navy department. One incident of the affair, however, never found its way into the naval records. Let me tell the story as Commodore Schley told it only a few weeks ago.

"It was 6 o'clock," said he, "when the men left the ship, and it was only 10 when I received the news of what had happened. Suddenly attacked from the rear, they were cut down before they could defend themselves. It almost broke my heart to see them brought back in such sorry condition, but we gave them the best of care. There was one Jackie, a faithful sturdy fellow, who had been with me before. He was in a sad plight and as I went to him he said to me: "'Captain, I guess I'm done for. I hate going this way, from a blow in the dark from a sneaking heathen; but it's the last voyage I'll make with you.'"

"I could not stand that, so I told him that he was not seriously hurt, and that the doctor had said he would come out all right. "'Did the doctor say that?' asked the man, eagerly. "'To be sure he did,'" said I. "This was a bold face lie, but I am sure the Lord has forgiven it because of the good it did. I told the surgeon, and he seconded me in my efforts to encourage the man. I used to go twice a day to that man and stay an hour at a time, telling him what we would do when he got well. And he did get well. The surgeon says I pulled him back to life; perhaps I did, for I couldn't bear to think of such a splendid fellow so near to death by a blow in the dark from a hulking coward who did not dare to take the consequences of a fair standup fight."

What I have written, says R. R. Wilson, of Commodore Schley has missed its purpose if it has failed to portray him as a Yankee sailor of the best type. Cool, intrepid, brave, clear headed and sound in judgment, he is an officer of whom any navy might well be proud.

## FROM THE GOLD REGIONS.

Body of Free-Milling Ore Eight Miles Wide is Found in Montana.

KLONDIKE CONDITIONS

Output of Gold on the Yukon Said to be Much Less Than Was Estimated.

Twenty Returning Miners Bring Out \$750,000 However and Other Successful Parties Are Reported—Much of the Alaskan Field Has Not Been Properly Worked and There is Much Gold There—Warning for Those Securing Transportation.

A dispatch from Butte, Montana, says: A ledge of free-milling gold ore has been discovered on the south fork of the Flathead river, thirty-five miles from Kallispel and twenty-two miles from Coram. The ore is found in a great blanket ledge eight miles wide. A shaft has been sunk twenty-four feet without finding the foot wall. The discovery was made by E. H. Seeley. Last fall placer gold was discovered near Burned Cabin. Acting on the theory that the gold came down the river, Mr. Seeley started up stream to find the mother lode. He was rewarded when he found this tremendous ledge of quartz cement, carrying both gold and silver. At the point of discovery the river cuts the lead so that the vein shows on either side of the river. The ore is hematite. The shaft has been sunk near the edge of the river to a depth of twenty-four feet. Average samples of the last six feet proved to be very rich, showing \$500 in gold and \$1.68 in silver to the ton. The ore is free milling. The river cuts this ledge for eight miles, and ore is shown up on both sides of the river. Forty-four claims have been located, all on the same ledge. At Mr. Seeley's solicitations a number of Duluth, Chicago, and New York men will arrive to examine the ledge with a view to organizing a company. The neighborhood has been organized into a new mining district, which is styled the Gold Reed mining district.

Leasers are taking out some good looking copper ore from the Clinton mine in Butte.

A party of Butte capitalists have secured control of the Williams coal mine, near Livingston, which was abandoned some years ago. A force of men is now at work on the property. The lead shows up well, and the property may become an important gold producer.

A pretty vein of ore was laid bare in the Bonanza mine, Zosel district, last week. An assay gave a total value of \$44.30 a ton, yielding a high percentage in lead and silver, with a little gold. The vein is about a foot wide.

The south drift of the 500 foot cross-tunnel of the Keystone mine in the Yalk district, is in nearly 100 feet on the lead and shows the best ore to be found anywhere in the mine. The development work now in progress

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and you cure its consequences. These are some of the consequences of constipation: Biliousness, loss of appetite, pimples, sour stomach, depression, coated tongue, nightmare, palpitation, cold feet, debility, dizziness, weakness, backache, vomiting, jaundice, piles, pallor, stitch, irritability, nervousness, headache, torpid liver, heartburn, foul breath, sleeplessness, drowsiness, hot skin, cramps, throbbing head.

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THE PILL THAT WILL

promises that this will become one of the big mining propositions of the state. The ore is of superior quality. In about ten days the drift will be crossed to the hanging wall, when the width of the vein in the lower level will be known.

The success attending the explorations at the Liverpool mine in Lump Gulch has stimulated the reopening of some other mines in that locality. The Little Nell will resume at once. It was closed down at the time of the miners' strike two years ago, the owners preferring to shut down rather than submit to the wages asked. Since then parts of the mine have been worked on lease, and the lessees are said to have discovered new bodies of ore.

A letter from Dawson City, under date of June 25, says the output of the mines of the Yukon region this year, while it has reached between \$10,000,000 and \$15,000,000, has disappointed even the more conservative estimates made last fall, based on the prospects then existing. Three things have contributed to shorten this spring's clean-up—the Canadian royalty, the lack of men and the lack of strengthening food.

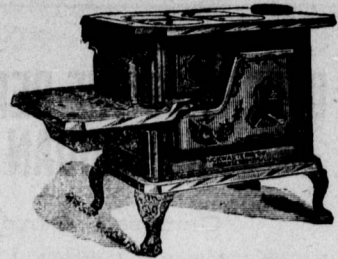
The steamship Cottage City, which touched on her way to Seattle from Alaska, had on board twenty miners from Dawson City with about three-quarters of a million dollars in gold dust and drafts, mostly drafts. They came up the Yukon in a steamer to White Horse Rapids, where they transferred to a lake steamer.

The passenger traffic between the Western Pacific States is not so heavy as it was before the war began, but it is still great enough to make timely and interesting the warning published by the State Department from a recent report by United States Consul Dudley, at Vancouver. Colonel Dudley writes:

Care should be taken by those who contemplate going to the gold fields in entering into transportation contracts. It appears that certain companies have obtained a considerable sum of money (generally \$500 for each person) upon very ingeniously worded contracts that the person paying should be transported to the gold fields in the north, with all necessary outfit furnished and expenses paid. In three cases in which men have paid their money they have been brought, at slight expense, to this and other ports, and then abandoned.

Turkey's Postal System. Although Turkey some years ago engaged a German official to reorganize its postal system; it has not yet been able to win the confidence of foreign residents, who continue to make use of the Austrian, German, English, French and Russian postoffices in preference to the Turkish.

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