

STORIES OF DEWEY.

HIS HISTORICAL LANGUAGE IN THE FIGHT AT MANILA BAY.

Tells Gen. Merritt How Far His Jurisdiction in the Philippines Extended—Calls Down a Paymaster in Solid Uniform—Objects to a Soldier With Whiskers.

New stories about Rear Admiral Dewey come across the Pacific with every steamer and sailing vessel hailing from the Philippines. Each addition to the supply of anecdotes on hand reveals the hero of Manila in a still more attractive light, and establishes him more firmly in the hearts of his countrymen. He is known as an exceptionally modest man, with an unlimited stock of cool courage, a high-strung temper, a keen sense of humor, and a regard for his personal attire which, possessed by almost any other man, would make him known as a dandy. All of these traits may be detected in the following stories.

Several weeks after the memorable battle between the two fleets a correspondent of a Chicago newspaper, for whom Admiral Dewey had shown a strong liking, visited the flagship. "Admiral, I wish you would tell me what you said during the fighting on the morning you entered the bay," said the correspondent. "Nearly all great naval battles have brought out some utterance from the victorious commander which has become historical, and I would like to know what you said that can be preserved in—"

"Why, John, I can't for the life of me remember what I said during the fight," the admiral said, knitting his brows thoughtfully. "I was so busy, you know, that I paid no attention to anything except the fleet."

"Try and think of what you said," there is a good story in the fight that has never been told."

Admiral Dewey thought long and earnestly, not that he had any desire to glorify himself, but simply because he wanted to oblige the correspondent. Finally the correspondent suggested that the admiral's staff officers might recall something of value as a historical utterance. The idea was at once acted upon by the admiral, and he told his orderlies to call the officers. They presented themselves, two young flag lieutenants, who have the most profound admiration for their commander that can be imagined.

"Mr. Scott, can you think of anything I said during the fighting?" said Admiral Dewey, addressing the junior officer. "John wants a story, and I'd like to help him out. I don't remember saying anything worth repeating, do you?"

"I hope you will excuse me for repeating it, sir," said the young officer, a faint twinkle showing in his eyes.

"Go on, Mr. Scott," responded Admiral Dewey. "If you can give John a story, I will thank you for it."

"Well, sir, do you remember when we were turning the second time on the figure 8 that you noticed the Baltic more was going further away than had been ordered?"

"Yes, I remember that very well," replied Admiral Dewey.

"Well, sir, do you remember what you said as soon as you noted the position of the Baltic?"

"No, I have forgotten everything about that except ordering a signal of some kind to be displayed for the Baltic. What did I say?"

"You said, 'What's the matter with the blankety blanked map? Is the blanked blank a blank coward? Tell the blankety blanked Baltic to close up. Blank him, tell him close up!'"

Admiral Dewey looked across the bay toward the City of Manila a moment and flicked the ashes from his cigar. The young officer's knees were beginning to tremble, and the correspondent was beginning to wish he had not been so persistent in his search for a historical utterance, when their suspense was broken by the admiral turning with a quiet smile and saying:

"Let's look at the signal book for that morning. That will tell what I said."

The signal book was quickly produced, and this was all that could be found referring to the Baltic:

"Please close up!"

Soon after General Merritt reached Manila he began to experience trouble with the insurgents. Aguinaldo was not disposed to obey the orders of the general's officers, and the general complicated matters more or less by endeavoring to avoid any clashing of the American with the insurgent forces.

The situation was becoming somewhat strained when General Merritt sought a conference with Admiral Dewey on the Olympia. The general and the admiral discussed the situation at great length, the former giving special attention to the question of jurisdiction in the Philippines. At last General Merritt put this question to the admiral:

"Admiral, how far, in your opinion, does your jurisdiction extend on the island?"

Admiral took two short turns on the quarterdeck before answering. Then he said:

"General, my jurisdiction extends from as close to shore as I can move these flatirons," pointing to the American fleet, "to as far into the island as I can throw a shell."

If there is any one thing which pleases Admiral Dewey it is neatness in dress. He has never been known to set a bad example in this respect, and is regarded by his subordinates as a fashion plate for the American navy. One of the standing orders following the establishment of routine duty in the fleet when there were no more Spanish ships to fight, was one requiring all officers to wear their white uniforms.

One day a certain paymaster named Martin, who is afflicted with an abominably bushy growth of red whiskers and a figure of pronounced rotundity, visited the Olympia on business connected with his department. As the paymaster mounted the gangway he was seen by Admiral Dewey, and a frown gathered on the brow of the autocrat of the fleet. Paymaster Martin was a sight to provoke a laugh from a ship's figurehead. He was arrayed in a dun-colored suit of duck, a loosely woven undershirt resembling a sweater showed beneath his jacket, and on his head was one of those enormous cork helmets with a circumference equal to that of an umbrella.

A BRAVE OFFICER.

STANDS AMID FLYING BULLETS AND USES HIS FIELD GLASSES.

A Little Colored Soldier Aroused by the Removal of Some of His Cuticles—A Brave Boy Who Was Shot Through the Head But Didn't Fitch.

In a cot alongside of Post was another Seventy-first boy, George J. Hanlon, of Company D, a fever patient also. Most impressive, to my notion, was his story of what happened that day of July 1st, when he reached the top of San Juan hill.

"My company got mixed up," said Hanlon. "In the charge, and I pushed on with the Thirtieth regulars. When we reached the top some of us took shelter in a blockhouse and began firing from there at the opposite hills. There wasn't one of the enemy in sight, unless you count dead ones, so we blazed away at nothing at all for a while. But they had us dead in range, and it was no dream the way their bullets played around us."

"One of the bravest things I saw in the war happened right here. An officer came up—he was a major of regulars, I don't know his regiment—and he saw we didn't know what to aim at and were getting a little rattled. So what did he do but quickly walk out in front of the blockhouse, where the Mauser were coming thickest and proceed to study the hills with his field glasses, just as if he owned 'em. And every now and then he would call to us who were inside: 'Men, fix your sights at eight hundred yards and sweep the grass off the ridge of the hill.' Or, again: 'Try. I can see Spaniards over there; men a thousand-yard range and see if you can't get some of them. Fire low.' I never saw such nerve as that officer had; he'd have stirred courage in anybody."

"Didn't he get hit?" asked

"I'll tell you about that in a minute, but while he was out there, shaking hands with death, you might say, I was witness to a little incident in the blockhouse that is worth telling about. A lot of us were in there from different regiments, some from the Thirtieth, some from the Sixteenth, and some colored boys from the Twenty-fourth. We were all blazing away through the firing-openings in the walls."

"Just beside me was a big nigger who didn't seem more than half interested in what he was doing. I saw him pull a dead Spaniard out of the door with a listless movement, and then pick up his rifle as if he thought the whole thing a bore. Suddenly a bullet came in with a zip along the under side of his gun barrel glanced against the strap, and took the skin off the nigger's knuckles as if they'd been scraped with a knife. And then you should have seen a change! He wasn't scared a bit; but he was mad enough to have charged the whole Spanish army alone. How he did swear—not loud, just quietly to himself—and how he did grab his cartridges and begin to shoot!"

"Speaking of cartridges, some of the boys run short because they had thrown away a lot in their haversacks; but I had put two belted in a pair of socks and pinned them inside my shirt with safety-pins. So I had plenty. And I was peppering away from behind a brick chimney when one of the Thirtieth lads called out to me: 'Come over here, Seventy-one; I've got a fine shot for you.'"

"I looked around and saw him standing by a window that was barred with iron, but had no shut to it. He was kneeling on the floor, just showing his head over the sill and looking at the Spanish line. He was a nice-looking lad not a day over twenty-one, and his face was smooth as a girl's."

"All right," said I, going over to him; "where's your shot?"

"There," said he, pointing to one of the hills; "nobody's fired at that one yet, but I'm sure the dagoes are there. Set your sights at six hundred yards and we'll try it together."

"So I fixed my sights and our rifles fired out the window with our bolts resting on the ledge. As I drew back I saw there was something queer with the boy, and noticed a splash of red on the lobe of his ear, just like a coral bead."

"Did they wing you?" I asked, and even as I spoke he staggered against the wall and turned around so that I saw him full in the face. There was a hole in the other side, just at the cheekbone, that I could have put my finger in. He had been shot clean through the head."

"Poor chap!" I said, and lifted him over behind the chimney, where I had been. He didn't speak. I left him there and went to the door, thinking that I might see a Red Cross nurse somewhere about. And sure enough, there was one bending over a man stretched on the ground. It was the major who had been giving us the ranges."

"Is he hurt bad?" I asked.

"The Red Cross man had the major's shirt open, looking at his wound. 'He's shot through the heart,' he said."

"Can you come in here a minute when you get through with him?" There's a Thirtieth boy just been hit."

"Hit where?"

"In the head."

"Hold him by the jaws," he said, "until I come." So I held him by the jaws, and then he spoke for the first time, and what he said was this: 'Say, Seventy-one, I done my duty, didn't I?'"

"I told him he did."

"I had my face toward 'em when they got me, didn't I?"

"Sure you did."

"Well, he went on, quite cheerful like, 'I may get through this, but if I do I'll have another crack at 'em. But if I don't, why, I ain't got no kick comin', for there'll be others to stay here with me.'"

"That was the last I saw of him, for the Red Cross man came in then and I went back to my firing. He was a game boy, though, wasn't he?"

The Reason.

Ja-key—Vy did your fadder approve of our suit, Rachel?

Rachel—I told him dot you took all I said with interest.

MONEY IN THE BUSINESS.

Manner in Which the Old Man Got the Best of the Magician.

"A number of years ago I made a trip through the West," said the slight-of-hand performer. "I wasn't what you may call a starting financial success, but I managed to reach Southern California before I was stranded."

"It was . . . that I suddenly awoke to the fact that a five-dollar gold piece was my entire capital, with the next town a good many miles ahead of me."

"There was but one thing to do, and that was to walk, as I knew the little money I had would be needed when I arrived for necessary expenses, and I couldn't afford to waste it on car fare."

"It wasn't as bad a proposition as it had looked on the face; the roads were in good shape, and the air cool and crisp, and it was in the midst of the orange-picking season."

"If the town ahead hadn't been so far I might have enjoyed the tramp, but as it was I found myself growing tired, and I stopped for a rest where an old man was engaged in picking his orange crop."

"He was a sociable old chap, and evidently thought I was looking around for an orange orchard, and I didn't at tempt to undeceive him, for I found his orange delicious, and as it was growing near meal time I had high hopes that he might ask me to dine with him. He kept remarking that there was money in oranges, and I finally concluded to have a little sport with him."

"Palming my sole remaining gold piece I reached for an orange and slowly cut it in halves with my knife. With an exclamation of surprise I pretended to pull the coin from the orange, while the old man's eyes fairly hung out of his head as I did so."

"He reached for the coin, but it, rang it, and then dropped the coin in his pocket, saying as he did so:

"Well, by gum! I always said that that was money in oranges, and now I kin prove it."

"I gave a gasp when I saw my last coin go into the old man's pocket, and I tried to explain a situation to him, saying it was only a joke."

"But the old man wouldn't have it that way. He said he saw me take the coin from the orange, and that the orange belonged to him, hence anything that may be found in it was his, too."

"He was a larger man than I, and so he wouldn't listen to reason, and I had to pace sadly on."

"I hired out at the next ranch to pick fruit until I could get money enough to pay my fare home."

All He Craved.

The proprietor of the restaurant had just issued a new advertisement, intended to call attention to a reduction in rates. After quoting the prices of various articles to conclusively demonstrate the fact that everything was cheap, he added at the bottom of the advertisement: "Bread, butter and potatoes free."

He knows better now. If he had it to do over again he would write it a little differently, and all because a solemn-looking man came in one day, and after taking his place at a table, pointed to the advertisement and asked:

"Is that on the square?"

"Certainly," replied the waiter.

"Then give me some bread, butter and potatoes," said the man.

"Yes, sir. What else?" asked the waiter.

"Nothing else," replied the man.

"That's all that's free, isn't it?"

The Light for Brandy.

A stepladder was engaged in repairing a tall chimney at some works in Devon alighted and fell a distance of some thirty-five feet. Fortunately, he alighted on some soft sand, and, though stunned and badly shaken, no bones were broken. After water had been dashed on his face he recovered consciousness.

The manager, who stood by, having been summoned to the scene, put a glass of water to his lips, saying:

"Here, Bill, drink this, and you'll feel better."

The injured man raised his head feebly and, gazing first at the glass and then at the high scaffolding from which he had fallen, remarked in a weak voice:

"What I should like to know is, how far a man have got to fall in these blessed works afore they gives him brandy?"

A Matter of Indifference.

Mistress—Why on earth, girl, don't you answer the front door—you surely hear that knocking?

Tommy—Is that as on a blue lion, papa?

Pater—Which one, dear?

Tommy—That one with its face scratched and the hair off the top of its head.

Pater—(with a sigh). That must be the male, my son.

His Idea.

Little Willie—Pa, what is a bigamist?

Papa—A bigamist is a man who has more wives than the law provides.

Little Willie—Why, Pa, I didn't know that the law provided a man with any wives at all. I thought he had to go out and hustle one for himself. If he wanted her.

Measures Not Men.

Measures—not men," remarked Aubrey Peppers.

"What on earth are you talking about?" asked the curious border.

"The ladies' tailor."

He Favored Peppers.

"How did you get such a pleasant expression on that ugly Miss Peppers' countenance?"

"I got her to telling me about how she might have married."

AGNES WAS AIDING PAPA.

At the Same Time She Was Aiding Her Own Dear George.

A suspicious noise behind the portiere attracted the attention of the impatient young lover. He fancied he had heard it once before, but the cuddlesome young girl who was snugly curled up in his arms made him almost oblivious of what was going on around him. But now he was sure, and it was only the work of an instant to deposit his lovely burden on the sofa and rush to the other end of the room. His worse fears were realized, for as he tore the curtains apart he caught sight of a man's coat tails disappearing into another room.

"What does this mean, Agnes?" he demanded, facing the girl, who stood pale and trembling.

"I can't tell you an untruth, George," she answered bravely. "It was papa."

"You knew he was there and you didn't tell me?" again he demanded.

"Yes, George," she said firmly, but without any anger in her voice, "I knew it. We arranged it all before hand."

"Do you mean to say you went through all those performances of sitting on my lap, snuggling up in my arms and kissing and hugging me when you knew your father was watching us?"

"It is all quite true, George," she confessed. "In fact, before you came papa had me rehearse some of the postures with my brother, so that I could do them nicely—but some you told me, as he expressed it."

"Blackmail!" cried the young man. "I was foolish enough to think you really cared for me. Just because my father is a rich man you think you can bleed us by threatening to bring a breach of promise suit. But I tell you your father's evidence of what he has seen and heard wouldn't be worth a cent against our family influence."

"I guess the evidence would be conclusive enough," replied the girl with a laugh, rendered bitter by his insulting tone.

"Folled!" hissed the young man, as the terrible reality dawned upon him.

"O, George!" cried the girl, as she threw her arms around his neck, "this thing has gone far enough. There is not going to be any breach of promise suit. You know papa is in the kindest scope business. He wanted to get up a new series of pictures, and I promised to help him out on condition that he would give his consent when you went and asked him if you could marry me."

He Got Some Hint.

Believing it to be the duty of every postmaster in the United States to sleep in the post office, and thus be on hand to guard its interests at all hours, we moved our bed from "The Kicker" office several months ago. While the office closes at 9 o'clock in the evening, any of the boys who come hanging at the door from that hour to daylight can arouse us and get their mail.

On Monday night last, about the hour of midnight, we were aroused by some one fixing six bullets into the door. We got out of bed and asked who it was, and what he wanted, and a strange voice replied that if we didn't hand him out a half-dozen letters he'll all the old building full of lead. He added that he also wanted a drink and a half-cut, and that we'd better be lively about it. We were lively. We do not run a saloon and a barber shop in connection with the post office. We got down our guns and opened the door, and shot three bullets through the stranger's whiskers and three more through his hat, and the way he went galloping down the street would have made a cowboy jealous. Our senses were instantly revived by the incident, and we set to work to read the foundation of the article, headed: "Our Postmaster: A Would-Be Murderer!" But we are not kicking about it. His weekly circulation is down to 168 copies, and nine-tenths of his readers are cross-eyed or drunk half the time.

The Seven Ages of Man.

When his dad is a big object with whiskers that says "ho!" to him.

When his papa is the biggest and best of men.

When his school teacher knows better than his father.

When, after all, the old man does know better than his school teacher.

When he knows better than either his governor or his school teacher.

When his daddy again comes forward in his opinion, as a pretty smart man.

When he is striving and hoping, some day, by hard work, to be as smart, or just a little smarter, than the old gentleman.

Early Explained.

"I'd like to know why it is," growled old Bully, "that I'm bothered almost to death by commercial agency reporters investigating my financial standing. I invariably pay my cash and have never asked for credit. I'm a cash man."

"That's all very true," replied his friend, "but you seem to have overlooked the fact that your only daughter recently celebrated her eighteenth anniversary of her debut into the world."

Even the Beasts of the Jungle.

Tommy: Is that as on a blue lion, papa?

Pater: Which one, dear?

Tommy: That one with its face scratched and the hair off the top of its head.

Pater—(with a sigh). That must be the male, my son.

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AN OLD MAN.

The Countryman's View of the City of New York.

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