PAUL JONES—PIRATE (?)

HIS WONDERFUL FIGHT IN THE BON HOMME RICHARD.

The Battle Went on for Two Hours with the Ships Lashed Together, Their Guns Muzzle to Muzzle and Their Yards Over-lapping the Opposing Decks.

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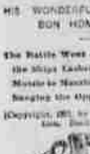

BRITISH crew and officers crowded the starboard gunwale to a plank, but astonishing heads were thrust out of the forward portholes of the Serapis. Jones had, in the Bon Homme Richard in the North sea, off England, on the Scottish coast, but 17 ft. his beam with the British frigate Serapis at that time in the sea and renowned on record, and Jones won his victory by sheer pluck, powers of command and good seamanship. No doubt in the prisons of the Serapis with his crew of a dozen "nurse" and those who sympathized with him (the Tankerville Britons had some who thought were peculiar, not to say sneaking).

For instance, after he had parted company with the sloop Ranger, with which he swept the English waters in the Irish Sea, Captain Pearson would have held that he should find an easy-bottomed chair and sit down until "orders" reached him to go to work again. But Jones was built on a different pattern, and one day while musing himself with "Poor Richard's Almanac" he hit upon the motto, "If you want a thing done, go and do it," and served at once on the thing entered his heart—a new vessel with which to pummel British pride. He went to Paris, where money and friends were at the command of the American cause, and in a short time he had under his orders an old Indiaman, rotted, a ship of war, a merchantman, a brig and a cutter. The Indiaman led American officers and crew; in fact, the crew was a motley one. The other vessels were manned and officered by Frenchmen. Jones christened the vessel Poor Richard in recognition of the incident that took him to Paris, and this lessen in French the Bon Homme Richard. He was made commander-in-chief of the fleet so far as paper authority could guarantee his rights, but he found not afterward that French honor could and did evade the spirit of the written promises under which the armament sailed.

Among other original things for a naval officer, Jones overhauled the Richard after she was delivered to him ready for sea. Her lowrigged guns were thrown out and she was a single decked ship with five twenty-eight pats for her twenty-eight lb. Jones had eight 9-pounders mounted on the upper deck, and also cut twelve ports lower for six 18-pounders to be ready on either side. These of course could be used only in a favorable sea. The usual armament of a frigate was twenty-six 18-pounders, and the valiant captain proposed to fight anything afloat that bore the British flag, hence his anxiety to have more heavy guns.

After some weeks of adventure and the beating up of many startling projects that were in vogue, the Alliance came to Lorient, which was to depend upon. Lewis, the agent of Rillemarch, and demand a remnant of $200,000, Jones met a fleet on the 23d of September, off Flamborough head, on the east coast of England, under convoy of two men-of-war.

The moment this fleet appeared in sight the brave commander knew what was before him, for he had previous knowledge of the vessels and their strength. He was then had been ordered by Chevalier Destouches, the naval officer at the Richard, taking with Jones and his lieutenant, who were with the prisoners in the prison, called out for quarters. The Serapis then was ever heard to take the pain, but these were quickly repelled. The manager to the Richard had been so great that her entire land gun crew to man guns for a prize, for he also being a seaking captain who was on fire in several places. The other of her officers, the captain of the Serapis, had lost man rot away so that she looked like a large rather than a ship, and the crew passed through hatways decks without trouble.

In the confusion that followed the unauthorized cry for quarter from the deck of the Richard, Jones sang out a signal that caused the men of the captain of the Serapis, and with a couple of guns bearing directly on the midmast of the English ones soon caused that to totter, and soon now the tables were turned. The captain of the Serapis hailed down his colors with his own hands, his men refusing to expose themselves on deck under the pillage fire from the rigging of the Richard.

The battle lasted three hours and a half. The loss was nearly equal, about 150 on a side, nearly half of them killed. The Richard had about 200 men engaged and the Serapis over 300. The peculiar circumstances of the battle saved the crews from annihilation, for in a fight so prolonged at close quarters nothing short of that could be expected. As it turned out the men on the Richard got out of range of the low fire of the guns of the Serapis early in the action and those on the latter could hardly stir below to escape the shot from the men in the rigging and on the upper deck of the Richard.

Some hours after the Serapis struck the Richard sank, but not until her wounded and her crew rescued. Jones took his first and his prizes to Holland, and the English government promptly demanded from the Dutch authorities the surrender of the daring Yankee as a pirate. A stirring diplomatic episode was the result, but a compromise was finally offered by which France got the prizes, the Scarborough and the Serapis, and Jones was forced to yet to sea. Through the machinations of a faction devoted to the English interests that was done while a small fleet of his enemies was time to wait to present upon him. In the Alliance—the French captain having been detained for his service in the same—he sailed for the Serapis—Jones sailed forth, sighted the British scattered ships, and soon reached French waters.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

PAUL JONES.

forty-four guns and the Scarborough of twenty-five. Three days, and by the light of the moon, the Richard and the Serapis closed in and delivered broadsides simultaneously.

In the first volley Paul Jones' main-topsail was shattered, for two of the six 18-pounders he had introduced with so much care on his lower deck, and had run through the deck above, killing or wounding nearly all the people engaged around them. The men promptly turned to work the remaining heavy guns, clearing their wires and muzzle. This refused the contest to use seaman 18-pounders on the Richard and 18 pounders on the Serapis. The fall an hour after the first shot the two ships maneuvered at close quarters, both keeping up a furious cannonade. The companion ship of the Serapis, the Scarborough, attempted to take a hand in the fight at this stage, but was driven off and captured by the Alliance and the Pallas. At the end of another half hour of maneuvering the main yardarms were fast of each other, the Richard having the bowsprit of the Serapis, hence on.

After the collision there was a lull in the firing, and the captain of the Serapis, mistaking the meaning of the silence of the American guns, called out to Jones, "Have you struck your colors?" The answer gave a key to Jones' character as a man for war. It was, "I have not yet begun to fight."

In a few moments the vessels drifted apart, and Jones, in trying to get a favorable position for his light cannon, again ran the Richard foul of the Serapis. He then promptly noted the lessons of the enemy as his own adjustment. The vessels now drifted alongside each other, head and stern, the Alliance putting in additional lines to hold them in that position. The muzzle of the Serapis dropped an anchor in the hope that this would cause the Richard to swing clear, but the yardarms were too strong. Now the English tried boarding but were repulsed. The battle then began in earnest. The guns were so close that the muzzles of the Serapis had to be run into the ports of the Richard in order to force the enemy to enter the proper gun. A few distances of the heavy guns of the Serapis drove the American seamen from the gunlocks to the forecastle and the superstructure, they continued the fight gallantly with muskets and hand grenades.

Jones succeeded, by personal attention, in keeping two of his quarter deck guns in action the whole time, and his musketry average had its effect on the men around him. The crew of the Richard consisted of every nationality—Spaniards, Italians, Malays, and even British subjects—and so mixed in the Jones of their ordinary service that it was not strange that they should obey a hand that had escaped a battalion of marines armed with muskets to mutiny in order. But under the inspiration of the hour the most gloomy of their number, and in fact it would have been a rare spectacle of a sailor whose blood wouldn't stir with the excitement of battle when he found himself on the deck of a vessel war with Paul Jones for a leader. It was a time for inspiration, and it was found the Richard, and other using drums away from their guns, the men carried the fight aloft, and in a short time drove every man on the Serapis below deck. In the meantime the crew had climbed out on the overhanging yards and dropped explosives down on the hatches of the enemy. One grenade dropped through a hatch, exploded a box of cartridges and produced terrible havoc, killing over 20 men and wounding a still greater number.

The loss to the crew of the Serapis by the explosion equalized the chances somewhat, for up to that time the Englishmen had

CAUGHT QUARTERS.

the best of it, being able to work her guns. In a short time, however, the inequality was removed in a most singular manner. The Alliance, which during the fight had been standing off, came in under the stern of the Richard and opened a fire that did equal damage to friend and foe. Several attempts to warn the officers of the Alliance failed, and after two or three discharges from her guns Jones' men had to abandon two guns that they had begun to fire again on the main deck. It was lucky, for the mean shoot, and there were the thoroughing marks that should have prevented this calamity. When it was over the Richard began to sink, and the Alliance had added to her leaks by three broadsides. The alarm spread among the people on the Richard that soon found a parting of the bottom, and as an act of humanity a hundred prisoners that were in the lower hold were released. They were put to work at the pumps, but some of them escaped and crawled through the ports and left the captain of the Serapis that the Richard must soon yield. About this time an officer of the Richard, missing both Jones and his lieutenant, who were with the prisoners in the pumps, called out for quarters. The Serapis then was ever heard to take the pain, but these were quickly repelled. The manager to the Richard had been so great that her entire land gun crew to man guns for a prize, for he also being a seaking captain who was on fire in several places. The other of her officers, the captain of the Serapis, had lost man rot away so that she looked like a large rather than a ship, and the crew passed through hatways decks without trouble.

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GEORGE L. KILMER.

Proof of Aristocratic Ancestry.

Office Boy—Stranger to the door; says he's a so-and-so's uncle, and knows you, and wants to borrow some money of you.

Great Editor—Pretty story! Some fraud, of course. How much does he want to borrow?

"Ten cents."

"Oh! He does know me. I guess. Give him ten dime."—Good News.

An Outer Comp.

Manville (very much excited)—He turned me in business. He snatched my good name, he filched from me the girl I loved, but at last, ha! ha! I am revenged!

Jones—Good gracious! What did you do?

Manville—(hissing through his teeth) Last week I taught him to smoke cigarettes.—New York Truth.

A Live Tomcat's Brave Rescue.

H. Bidel, the cotter from Jamer, reflects his memories a terrible adventure. He was sitting at the entrance of the menagerie with Miss Bidel, and the entertainment was about to begin, when he heard a pleasing cry. This was followed by furious mewing and cries of "Help! help!" by many voices. He rushed in. All eyes were turned toward one of the cages. He says:

It was appalling. Ventouell, a poor fellow in my employ, had been lifted from the ground and was suspended outside the cage in the claws of four lions, one of whom was eating his arm.

One glimpse of that horrible sight and I ran, collecting in a second that to go around the cage and get behind by the ordinary entrance would involve a fatal delay, and dwelling on the desperate expedient of raising the grating on the side toward the spectators and crawling into the cage.

How I did it, how it happened that I was not mangled and mangled, I do not know. But suddenly I was on my feet, in the midst of that savage feast, with neither stick nor whip, and only my fists for weapons. I struck and commanded. The lions fell back and let fall their prey. I hurried out of the cage, and was greeted with enthusiastic applause.

I thought poor Ventouell was dead. But he was taken to the hospital, his wounds were dressed, and he recovered. Then I asked how it happened. He said, "When I passed those gentlemen, I be always spare courteously of the lions, 'I wished to caress them. They were sleepy, and one was asleep. They saw nothing, heard nothing, paid no attention. He waked his comrades, seized me, and but for you I should certainly have made a meal for them."

He Got Applause Anyway.

'Tis seldom that an actor is hissed, but recently the patrons of an Albany audience gave way, and the soul stirring efforts of two mediocre actors not long since received well merited hisses. For a moment the artists were dumb, then one of them advancing to the footlights, said in dreamiest tones: "Friends, I'm sorry. We've done the best we could to amuse you. We've thrown ourselves about the stage and worked hard, and is this the return we get?" He stopped for a moment. Then his anger and resentment overmastered him. "This is the first time," said he, in a ringing tone, "that the American people have ever been hissed. I'm sorry that you show such little courtesy to a fellow man, but if there is any one among you," he cried, tearing off the heard and wig, revealing the close cropped head and square jaws of a prize fighter, "who wishes to back up what he did let him step up here."

The nerve of the man captured the audience. These who had hissed him now clapped and applauded. They admired the pluck of the man. The applause emboldened him, and as he threw aside his coat he called again for any person in the audience to meet him. The house became a parting shed, and as he turned to leave the stage he yelled, "If any of you want to see me after the performance is over you will find me at the entrance!" But no one saw him. His brutality captured more applause than his acting.—Albany Argus.

Kindness Misapplied.

"What's the matter?" asked the kind hearted old gentleman of the boy who was weeping bitterly.

"I got two nice, clean blocks, an' them fellers took 'em away from me."

"Well, well!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "Did you want them very bad?"

"Yes, sir."

"Don't your mother any blacking?"

"No, sir, she is sick."

"Have to poor to buy any?"

"Yes, sir."

"Does he drink?"

"Yes, sir."

"Humph! Very proper pride. I see it all," was the kind hearted comment. "But you wanted the blocks for kindling, didn't you?"

"No, sir."

"What did you want them for, then?"

"I want 'em to hit together and make a dickens of a noise with, sir."

The kind hearted gentleman turned the corner almost in a run to avoid missing an appointment.—Washington Post.

Wars of a Married Man.

Two old fellows were in the saloon last one in the east. They had just met by accident, after a long separation, and having discussed the weather, the crops and the Farmers' Alliance, they fell upon domestic matters.

"You married a Grayling, didn't you?" asked one.

"Yes, my first woman was a Grayling. Good woman too."

"Yes, I bet she was good if she was one of old Hiram Grayling's girls."

"Well, she wasn't as good to work as some of the other girls. Now when it came to pickin' beech and nelpin' with the chores she wasn't much good; and her back give out, and all that."

"Now," said the other sympathetically.

"Yes; but then she was better than most women. I didn't do as well the last time."

"Is that so! Let's see—who did you marry last time?"

"I married that girl of Ben Evans', you know—the one who used to look so healthy. She got sick with typhoid fever right after harvest, two years ago, and lost all her hair. Wouldn't get well she was always dissyed of me for money to buy a switch. Now, my wife had on a good switch when she died, and we didn't even put it in the coffin with her. But do you think that Evans woman would put the thing on her head? No, sir. She said if I couldn't afford as many hair switches as I would wives I might go to grass. Just goes on talkin' that way, you know."

"Too bad," said the other man. "She'll be wanting a new coffin all to herself, the next thing you know."—

"German Syrup"

J. C. Davis, Rector of St. James' Episcopal Church, Eufaula, Ala.: "My son has been badly affected with a hard and threatening cough for several months, and after trying several prescriptions from physicians which failed to relieve him, he has been perfectly restored by the use of two bottles of Boschee's German Syrup. I can recommend it without hesitation." Chronic severe, desperated coughs like this are as severe tests as a remedy can be subjected to. It is for these long-standing cases that Boschee's German Syrup is made a specialty. Many others afflicted as this lad was, will do well to make a note of this.

An Episcopal Rector.

J. F. Arnold, Mantesiles, Minn., writes: I always use German Syrup for a Cold on the Lungs. I have never found an equal to it—far less a superior.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'f'r, Woodbury, N. J.

WHY THE DESERET NEWS SHOULD BE SUBSCRIBED FOR IN PREFERENCE TO ANY OTHER PAPER.

1. It is the Organ of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and the authorized medium through which the views, wishes and instructions of the Church Authorities are expressed, and given to the Saints.

2. It may always be relied upon as advocating or defending the right side of every question proper for public journals to treat upon.

3. It is devoted to the interests of the Latter-day Saints and has, from its inception, consistently defended their rights and advocated the principles in which they believe, and every Latter-day Saint should therefore feel under obligations to do his part in helping to sustain it.

4. It is not published for speculation, and never has been, but for the good which it is capable of accomplishing for works, if any there be derived from its being devoted to extending its sphere of usefulness, and benefiting the community.

5. In doing its utmost to establish home industries, among which are paper making and type founding, stereotyping and electrotyping, it reaches necessary to the development and independence of the community, but which, during their infancy (which in this Territory they have not yet passed), can only be carried on at a pecuniary loss.

6. There is no danger of any subscriber to the News failing to get what he subscribes for through failure of the business and suspension of the publication—a result in the case of hundreds of newspaper ventures every year.

7. It is now printed throughout in new and readable type, so that even the aged can peruse it without difficulty or danger to their eyesight.

8. It is free from objectionable advertisements, so that no parent need fear that his children will have their minds corrupted from having access to it, in fact, it refuses thousands of dollars worth of the best paying advertisements annually, because it is devoted to the moral and spiritual interests of its readers instead of to getting gain at their expense.

9. It is now well regulated by public opinion and the hope of gaining subscribers or advertisements. It advocates that which is right and condemns that which is wrong, regardless of results, financial or otherwise.

10. It never manoeuvers its readers by palming off columns of self-praise for news items.

11. The News practices no deception and resorts to no subterfuge to induce people to subscribe, for as the necessary position to stand on its own merits as the people's newspaper, with a promise only to do its utmost to give its patrons the full value of their money—a promise which it has endeavored to faithfully keep in the past.

12. In conclusion, its Latter-day Saint patrons should subscribe only for one newspaper, that being, of course, the Deseret News; and if more than one, the News should invariably be the first.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Francis Ann Libson, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE undersigned, executor of the last will and testament of Francis Ann Libson, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said executor, at the office of Messrs. Dickson & Hoyt, Dooly Block, Salt Lake City, in the county of Salt Lake, Utah Territory.

Dated Salt Lake City, Utah, July 1, 1891.

DAVID S. CREEY,
Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Francis Ann Libson, deceased.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the Estate of Hiram Greyling, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE undersigned, administrator of the estate of Hiram Greyling, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at the office of Messrs. Dickson & Hoyt, Dooly Block, Salt Lake City, in the county of Salt Lake, Utah Territory.

Dated Salt Lake City, Utah, July 1, 1891.

DAVID S. CREEY,
Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Hiram Greyling, deceased.

DELINQUENT NOTICE.

The Bullion, Beck Mining Company. Location of principal place of business, Salt Lake City, Utah. Location of works, Mercur, Rush Valley Mining District, State of Utah.

NOTICE.—THERE IS DELINQUENT UPON the following described stock, on account of assessment (No. 1) levied on the 11th day of April, 1891, the amount so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the delinquent assessment, as follows:

Name.	No. of Cert.	No. of Shares.	Amount.
Geo. H. Ridgway	[illegible]	[illegible]	$250.00
D. F. Walsh	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
R. C. Sears	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
John T. Hoare	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
J. H. Beck	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Geo. H. Ridgway	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Geo. C. Frick	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
H. Hawkesworth	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
M. Hawkesworth	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Total			[illegible]

Given by order of the Board of Trustees, at a meeting held on the 11th day of April, 1891.

F. G. BECK, Secretary.

Salt Lake City, Utah, July 11, 1891.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Bullion Beck Mining Company, held this day, it was duly resolved that the delinquent stock, as set forth, and upon which assessment was made by the Board of Trustees on the 11th day of April, 1891, be sold on the same hour and place.

By order of the Board of Trustees.

F. G. BECK, Secretary.

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MANUFACTURED BY THE
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We boldly and emphatically declare that there is not a Merchant Tailor in Salt Lake City who is capable of producing a suit of clothes more elegantly made and finished than those we SHOW IN THIS SALE. The fabrics are the richest and daintiest of foreign weaves, delicate shades, tasteful patterns. French Gray, Oxford Checks, English Cheviots, Serges, Cashmeres and Worsteds. ATHLONE IRISH TWEEDS, such fabrics and patterns as you find only in high class custom tailor establishments. The styles are absolutely correct. The fit we guarantee perfect; the workmanship superlatively elegant; the linings and trimmings the finest, and an easy, graceful appearance that provincial tailors never attain. The styles are of the very latest.

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Special Reductions in Outing Shirts, White and Fancy Vests, all of the very latest styles and patterns.

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