

Bellefonte, Pa., May 13, 1898.

DOING THE BEST.

Spin cheerfully, Not tearfully, Though wearily you plod. Spin carefully, Spin prayerfully. But leave the thread to God. The shuttles of his purpose move To carry out his own design, Seek not too soon to disapprove His work, nor yet assign.

Dark motives, when with silent dread You view each somber fold; For lo, within each darker thread, There shines a thread of gold. Spin cheerfully, Not tearfully, He knows the way you plod; Spin carefully. Spin prayerfully.

But leave the thread with God. -New York Tribune

MISS PENELOPE'S EXPERIMENT.

BY E. L. CARY.

Miss Penelope was an artist-an artist in homes. She knew homes not by experience, but as something to be learned on a basis of theory by contemplation and diligence. For example, whenever she made a call she embraced her opportunity to seize new ideas in furniture or wall decoration or floor covering. And she made it a point never to call at an uninteresting house. When a family moved into the neighborhood and painted their house pale yellow with dark green shutters and red trimmings, Miss Penelope declined to be neighborly, though she lived but three doors away. When, on the other hand, a much plainer and poorer family bought a pretty little frame cottage at the end of the block, painted it delicate buff with white window casings, hung fish net curtains at all the front windows. and had the grass-plot long-remembered call upon a sage-green parlor, enriched by a small rug of soft Eastern reds and lightened by some open-meshed drapery of green and white. This attitude of mind in a quiet maiden lady with few opportunities for self-cultivation is Penelope told her, with a bright, firm manopen to criticism, certainly; but it is not, after all, so different from that of the hall bedroom, in which there was a painter who refuses to go to a second-rate exhibition, or that of the musician who runs away from an amateur "musical."

Since her maturity Miss Penelope had occupied a room in a large caravansary known as the Doleraday Hotel. It was a clean, comfortable place, and one tiny fourth-floor corner of it was as beautiful as one may imagine Rosamond's bower to chairs and table, a pale shadowy green. She had draped the small window with gauzy curtains, caught back by a slender pink silk cord. She had flung pillows on her couch in all shades of rose and gray and white, until it was like a bed of hollyhocks. She had filled a Dutch dish-rack with charming china, and had cushioned her rocker with chintz on which rosy morningglories climbed over a dove-colored ground-work. She had put a Lady Washington geranium in the window-corner to have one that her dusting-cap and apron should be of gray cambric, and tied with rose-colored

She took a pensive pleasure in all this perfectness—the sort of pleasure that comes to those who care for "things" as much as they care for people; but, after all, it was not the real thing. It was "playing house," and Miss Penelope was starved for homekeeping on the grand scale. Most women who habitually exist in boarding-house are starving in much the same way, but they do not always know it. They think they need change or rest or diet, when all they need is a home, large or small, plain or rich to call their own.

Miss Penelope was wise; she knew not only her disease, but its remedy. To have an entire two-story and basement with plenty of windows, porcelain tubs, and opportunity to apply all the household re-finements collected through the patient years and stored away in memory—how great would such a satisfaction be! Unlike many idealists, she kept her goal within her reach. She knew very well her capacity to meet the more practical problems of housekeeping. When she had been a girl in her father's home, she had taken womanly pride in her sweet, light bread and the golden beauty of her "raised biscuit," which were as different from "Parker House rolls" as lemon verbena is different from musk, or fine linen from chean lace. In the canning time her mother had always given into her charge the Golden Drop plums, the beautiful Bartletts, the peaches for brandying, and other fruit that specially required a delicate touch and discriminating judgment. In fact, she had been that rare phenomenon known as "a natural cook," and the hand of such can

never lose its cunning.
She often said to her friends, "I mean some day to take a little house and have a few nice people live with me," but she had said it for so many years that no one paid much attention to it. Many a night, however, had been for the gentle lady a "white night"; so fervently had she planned her prospective establishment, arranging and rearranging blue ching on little white tables, and seeing in imagination dish-towels, snowy white with yellow bars, hanging like a frieze around the spotless kitchen, until the gray dawn looked in upon the soft gray room.

In the early days of spring she was in the habit of stealing secretly away and haunting neighborhoods where printed placards ungrammatically announced that houses were "To Let." Sometimes she barren, stuffy rooms, planning as she went. It was long before her ideal was actually realized; but one day she came upon a house in a quiet street that gave her sudden pause—a small white house, severely plain, and redolent of neatness. She looked through the grating into the cellarway, and was rewarded by a comforting glare of whitewash.. She peeped through the parlor windows, and saw that the floors were of hard wood and the walls were papered in keys, and when she opened the front door —her own front door, she said to herself, with rapturous prophecy-she was faint with an excitement too ardent for her physical being. But she went firmly through the rooms in search of disadvantages. She looked frowningly upon the kitchen range, one corner of which was rusted and she said aloud that she wished the hall had been | Miss Penelope had a shadow of capacity painted any other color than terra-cotta. | for any kind of game, the temper of pupils |

Then she yielded. She would take the and teacher was under a considerable house. It would accommodate four boarders | strain. been saving for nearly twenty years to meet this one supreme extravagance? The work of furnishing followed, and this was a golden pleasure. Miss Penelone carried it. rose. She read William Morris on decoration, and trudged back and forth through the sweet April weather, making her purchases, and captivating the clerks weary

with the dull routine of commonplace days.

Miss Penelope's dearest friends, after all too ugly. It was very hard. Mrs. Bogert came, in the kindness of her heart, to ask for board, because it seemed to her 'a cruel shame for Miss Penelope to have that house on her hands and nothing coming in." Poor Miss Penelope looked at thy kindly flame-colored face and mustardy hair, and her heart sank. How could she see them in her green parlor by lamp-light every evening? One might as well ask Mr. Whistler or Mr. Alexander to put great splotches of vermillion and zinc yellow across one of his delicate symphonies of colors. It was out of the question, and Mrs. Bogert went away assured that not one of Miss Penelope's rooms would suit her, which was certainly the truth, although she wondered not a little about it. When Mrs. Arthur came the case was worse, yet simpler. Mrs. Arthur was stout and pallid, with dull drab eyes. She was given to shirrings in unexpected places, and "for best" she wore a garnet cashmere trimmed with a good deal of maroon velvet. With dressmakers she bore the reputation of being never stingy about her trimmings. She wore a "front" which she said was Princess of Wales. Whatever it was, it was cerfreshly sodded, Miss Penolope put on her hat in a flutter of eagerness, and made a as she thought of her perpetual presence in as she thought of her perpetual presence in the fair little home, and the fact that she was charitable and generous, with the sweetest disposition in the world, did not

asthma, and wheezed at very sound of the word feathers, so that settled it. But Miss Penelope felt a hideous discouragement creeping over her. She seemed at odds with life, and in danger of losing her first virtue, the unflinching sincerity that had always characterized her. She could not make her boarders from the have been, though perhaps in a different way. This was Miss Penelope's room, and in it she had prepared herself as if a novitate for the final vows. She had with her own hands painted the wood-work, the and rang the white bell and walked into the sage tinted parlor, a vision of courtly manhood, such as might have placed the cloak under the royal foot or smiled as Sidney smiled upon a beggar. His name most appropriately was Watteau, and he wanted rooms for himself and wife. Miss Penelope trusted him at sight, even the important matter of his wife's looks, and she was not disappointed. When he arrived the next week, he brought with him a flowerlike white-haired lady, who melted deep note of color, and she was careful that softly into the leafy tones of the parlor and sat like a spring anemone before the snowy

in the least make up for the garnet cash-mere and the poor vulgar "front." Miss

the hall bedroom, in which there was a very nice feather bed. Mrs. Arthur had

With her next hoarder she was almost as fortunate. She rented her front hall room. the red room, to a girl whose breezy name was March whose hair blew back in dark curls from her forehead, and whose eyes and mouth were rich in color as the brown and crimson maple leaves that tint autumnal boughs Then Fortune turned her back on Miss Penelope for a time, and one room of the little house stood empty for The boarders were not exacting, and Miss Penelope's satisfaction in them would have compensated for many of the usual sorrows of a boarding-house keeper. When she met them in the morning, herself clad in a woolen gown of creamy white, the little shock of æsthetic pleasure was mutual, and the day started on the righ basis. Nevertheless, she began to realize that she could not keep up to her standard on the income from three boarders, when four had seemed a meagre allowance. She made up her mind to advertise for an art student reasoning, with deep ignorance of the changing fashion in art students, that such at least were inclined to the picturesque. She would not have minded a very plain old lady, if she were only subdued enough, but "he that will not have when he may, when he will. he shall have nay ;" and no plain old lady or picturesque art student presented herself.

It was well into mid-summer when the applicant for the fourth room appeared. His name, when he gave it, was familiar to Miss Penelope. She knew him for a painter and had seen his pictures at a "one-man exhibition. She had, in fact, greatly longed to own a tiny green and violet marine to hang over the parlor mantel. And now that she saw him face to face, she was obliged to admit that his appearance was not up to his pictures. He was a large brown man with rugged features, but Miss Penelope had not the same prejudice against him that she had felt against Mrs. Bogert and Mrs. Arthur. She had told herself that too much beauty was as bad as too much vanilla. Her household absolutely needed a stroke of rough ugliness to bring out its finer qualities. And she cheerfully assigned him the yellow room, with which he appeared quite satisfied, although he was obviously more impressed by the springs of the bed and the open fireplace than by the nasturtium wall-paper and golden rug.

When he was finally installed and took his place at the table Miss Penelope suffered a gentle agitation. He took up a great went so far as to get the keys from the deal of room, and looked like a big brown agent and wander through a succession of genre of the Munich school hung by mistake among some decorations by Puvis de Chavannes. He was subject to moods, and when the mood chanced to be a playful one he drew interesting but horrible mussy designs on the clean table-cloth with his thumb-nail. He disagreed with everyone on every possible subject, and explained his own point of view with so much logic and good humor that it was impossible to prevail against him. He took a hearty interest in showing Mr. Watteau, who was sage green. She lost no time in getting the daintily punctilious in all ways, how wrong, how especially stupid he was in preferring a dress-suit to a flannel outing shirt for evening wear. He tenderly en-lightened Mrs. Watteau as to the foolishness and hypocrisy of church fairs in which she was deeply interested, and he undertook to show them all how scientifically to play a game of whist, in which, as no one

en pleasure. Miss Penelope carried it on quite furtively. She wanted no one to see her house before it had blossomed like a of paint in crossing the floor; but Miss Penelope had difficulty in keeping up the fires of her natural indignation. The painter had given her, after awhile, a very charming marine, even more green and violet than the one she had coveted, and he lost no opportunity for doing little practithey had been "let into" her secret, made cal kindnesses for her. If, on one hand he many suggestions. Of practical turn of mind, they, with one accord, decided that hand he filled her lamps and her watermany suggestions. Of practical turn of mind, they, with one accord, decided that the house was to small at best to "pay for itself," and urged upon Miss Penelope the necessity of filling it as soon as possible. Miss Penelope was quite too wise freely to give the real reason for her procrastination in the matter of boarders, but to herself she plaintively acknowledged that they were plaintively acknowledged that they were all too nully It was very heard. Mes heard him whistling gayly over a happily inspired scumble of atmospheric effect, she sighed with indulgence, "Poor fellow! if I could do what he can do I shouldn't care anything more about towels and matting than he dces!" She pitied him, too, because his work was unpopular, in which she was like all the rest of her sex, old and

On one side as the months elapsed, a decided change was noticeable. He grew particular, in a very relative sense of the word. His hair was smoother, and he rarely came to the table without diffusing a pungent odor of turpentine, showing that precious time had been spent in removing paint spots from sleeve and cuff. Miss Penelope, having made her little observa-tions in the world, thought she knew what this presaged. And she was not pleased. Miss March was certainly very attractive, but she was not what Miss Penelope called "a thoroughbred," and she has about as much artistic instinct as belongs to the average American lass native to boarding houses. Miss Penelope herself was ordinarily a humble woman, but even in her own mind she rose superior to Miss March. She quite resented the painter's dullness in not recognizing that the girl was commonplace and heavy in spite of her beautiful coloring. One day, to her great sur-prise, the painter asked her to come and criticise one of his pictures for him.

"I know something is wrong with it," he said, "and I have an idea, Miss Penelope, that you would put your finger on the weak place at once. At any rate, I should like to put you to the test."

Miss Penelope was perfectly certain that she could never stand any test of man's devising, for she was so far old-fashioned as to believe in masculine superiority; but she went very happily to his studio

block away.

When the painter had got her there by the way of many stairs, and had seated her on a Florentine bench before a landscape on which he was working, she lapsed into a shy silence.

"I don't believe I can criticise it, Mr. White," she said at length.
"Don't you?" he replied carelessly.
Well, never mind; I am not very particular about that. Do you know what I real-

ly ask you to come here for?"
"No," said Miss Penelope, with heightened color. It was coming then! She distinctly did not like it.

"I want to tell you about the woman I shall marry if she will have me." Miss Penelope's lips framed Miss March's name, but no audible sound escaped them. "She is an artist." Miss Penelope opened her eyes; it was not Miss March, after all. "An ing death and destruction into the crowded artist of the first order. She is very difand delicate and kind and modest. I suppose there have been other women as beautiful, but to me she is lovely as-as the clove-pinks that grew in my mother's gar-den." His voice was trembling, and Miss Penelope felt curiously tense.

"I hope she cares for you," she said gently.
"I hope she does," he responded with fervor, "for I never loved anyone so much

"I am glad, then, that she is a nice girl," said Miss Penelope, painfully laying tiny pleats in her handkerchief.

The painter flushed all over his honest ace. "She is not a girl," he said, slowly. face. Do you remember Lowell's poem ?" "She is a woman : one in whom

The spring-time of her childish years Hath never lost its fresh perfume, Though knowing well that life hath room For many blights and many tears." "This is very beautiful," said Miss Peneope," and very true," she added, thought-

"Would you like to see her?" asked the

painter. "Yes," said Miss Penelope, an accent of meliness in her voice. "I should like loneliness in her voice.

very much to see her."

For answer the painter stepped to an easel that stood in the corner of the room and drew aside a piece of drapery that fell over the picture standing on it. Miss Penelope rose suddenly with a little cry, half of fright and half of pleasure. She was looking at a portrait of herself. It was tenderly painted. The fair hair, graying lightly on the temples, was lying in soft bright waves on the fine forehead. The eyes looked out with wistful inquiry from under the straight brows, in which a little trouble lurked. The mouth was deep-cornered and sensitive. The painter had not been untrue to his art, for the face. with all its loveliness, had about it the suggestion of fading bloom and the patient strength that nothing but years can bring. The delicate austerity of the drawing, the reserve and refinement of the color, were in exquisite accord with the subject. Miss Penelope looked long and eagerly. Then she turned to the painter, who put out his

"My dear, my dear!" she said, with joyous comprehension. Am I like that to

hands in supplication.

When the spring came again the little house stood desolate, cobwebs in the corner and the sign "To Let" upon the door. -Harper's Bazar.

Dandelion Wine.

Dandelion wine is a beverage both wholesome and acceptable. An excellent rule its evolution calls for four quarts of dandelion flowers, a gallon of boiling water one lemon, three oranges, three pounds of sugar and three tablespoonfuls of yeast. To make it, put the blossoms in a jar, pour the boiling water over them, and let them stand three days. Then take the juice and grate yellow peel of oranges and emon and simmer 15 minutes with the liquid and blossoms. Strain, pour over three pounds of sugar, let it stand until lukewarm, add the yeast, and again set away covered for eight or ten days. At the end of that time strain and bottle.

If the system is fortified by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which makes rich, red blood, there is little danger of sickness.

THE BIG BATTLE OF MANILA BAY.

HOW COMMODORE DEWEY SUNK SPAIN'S STRONG FLEET IN A HOT, SWIFT FIGHT.

Not One of the Enemy's Ships Afloat and Free at the Finish.

Latest Estimates Put the Spanish Losses at Twelve Hundred-Not an American Dead-Only Eight of Our Sailors Hurt by a Small Explosion on the Baltimore-None of Them Badly Injured.

Hugh McCulloch, of Commodore Dewey's squadron, arrived yesterday from Manila, bringing the details of the glorious victory won by the American fleet over the Spanish ships and batteries on Sunday, May 1st.
A summary of the result is that the whole Spanish squadron of nine warships was destroyed or captured ; that it suffered the loss of more than 200 dead and from 500 to 700 wounded, and that only eight Americans were wounded, and those slightly. The great battle is described as follows by the correspondent who was aboard the flag-

ship Olympia: Commodore Dewey arrived off Manila bay Saturday night, April 30th, and decided to enter the bay at once. With all its lights out the squadron steamed into Bocagrande with crews at the guns. This was the order of the squadron, which was kept during the whole time of the first battle. The flagship, the Olympia, the Balti-more, the Raleigh, the Petrel, the Concord,

It was just 8 o'clock, a bright moonlight night. But the flagship passed Correigidor island without a sign being given that the Spaniards were aware of its approach. Not until the flagship was a mile beyond Corregidor island was a gun fired; then one heavy shot went screaming over the Raleigh and the Olympia, followed by a second, which fell further astern. The Raleigh, the Concord and the Boston replied, the Concord's shells exploding apparently exactly inside the shore battery, which fired no more. Our squadron slowed down to barely steerage way and the men were allowed to sleep alongside their guns. Com-modore Dewey had timed our arrival so that we were within five miles of the city

of Manila at daybreak. We then sighted the Spanish squadron, Rear Admiral Montejo, commanding, off Cavite. Here the Spaniards had a well-equipped navy yard called Cavite arsenal. Admiral Montejo's flagship was the 3,500-ton protected cruiser Reina Christina; the protected cruiser Castilla, of 3,200 tons, was moored ahead, and astern to the port battery and to seaward were the cruisers Don Juan de Austria. Don Antonio de Ulloa, Isle de Cuba, Isle de Luzon, Quiros, Marquis del Ducro and General Lezon. These ships and the flagship remained under way during most of the action. With the American flag flying at all their mast heads, our ships moved to the attack in line ahead with a speed of eight knots, first passing in front of Manila, where the action was begun by three batteries mounting guns powerful enough to send a shell over us at a distance of five miles. The Concord's guns boomed out a reply to these city. As we neared Cavite two very powof the flagship. This was six minutes past

The Spaniards evidently had misjudged our position. Immense volumes of water were thrown high in the air by these destroyers, but no harm was done to our ships. Commodore Dewey had fought with Far-ragut at New Orleans and Mobile bay, where he had his first experience with torpedoes. Not knowing how many more mines there might be ahead, he still kept on without faltering. No other mines exploded, however, and it is believed that

the Spaniards had only these two in place. Protected by their shore batteries and made safe from close attack by shallow water, the Spaniards were in a strong posi-

They put up a gallant fight. The Spanish ships were sailing back and forth behind the Castilla, and their fire was hot. One shot struck the Baltimore and went clean through her, fortunately hitting no one. Another ripped up her main deck, disabled a six-inch gun and exploded a box of three-pounder ammunition, wounding eight men. The Olympia was struck abreast the gun in the ward room by a shell which burst outside, doing little damage. The signal halyards were cut from Lieut. Brumbay's stand on the after bridge. 'A shell entered the Boston's port quarter and burst in Ensign Dodridge's state room, starting a hot fire, and fire was also caused by a shell which burst in the port hammock netting. Both these fires

were quickly put out.

Another shell passed through the Boston's foremast, just in front of Capt. Wildes on the bridge. After having made four runs along the Spanish line, finding the chart incorrect. Lieut. Calkins, the Olympia's navigator, told the commodore he believed he could take the ship nearer the enemy, with lead going to watch the depth of water. The flagship started over the course for the fifth time, running within 2000 yards of the Spanish vessels. At this range even six-pounders were effective, and the storm of shells poured upon the unfortunate Spanish began to show marked results Three of the enemy's vessels were seen burning, and their fire slackened. On finishing this run Commodore Dewey de cided to give the men beakfast, as had been at the guns two hours with only one cup of coffee to sustain them. Action ceased temporarily at 35 minutes past 7 o'clock, the other ships passing the flag-ship and cheering lustily. Our ships remained beyond range of the enemy's guns until 10 minutes past 11 o'clock, when the signal for close action again went up. The Baltimore had the place of honor in the lead, with the flagship following and the other ships as before.

The Baltimore began firing at the Spanish ships and batteries at 16 minutes past 11 o'clock, making a series of hists as if at target practice. The Spaniards replied very slowly and the commodore signaled the Raleigh, the Boston, the Concord and the Petrel to go into the harbor and destroy all the enemy's ships. By her light draft the little Petrel was enabled to move within 1,000 yards. Her firing swiftly, but she commanded everything still accurately,

flying the Spanish flag.
Only a few minutes later the shore bat tery in Cavite point sent over the flagship a shot that nearly hit the battery in Manila, but soon the guns got a better range and the shells began to strike near us or burst close aboard from both the batteries

Hong Kong, May 8-The dispatch boat | and the Spanish vessels. The heat was intense and men stripped off all clothingexcept their trousers. As the Olympia came nearer all was as silent on board as if the ship had been empty except for the whirr of blowers and the throb of engines.

The Olympia was now ready to renew the fight. Commodore Dewey, his chief staff commander, Lamberton, and aide and myself, with Executive Officer Lieutenant Rees and Navigator Lieutenant Calkins, who coned the ship most admirably, were on the forward bridge. Capt. Gridley was in the conning tower, as it was thought unsafe to risk loosing all the senior officers by one shell. 'You may fire when ready, Gridley," said the commodore at 41 minutes past 5 o'clock. At a distance of 5,500 yards the starboard 8-inch gun in the forward turret roared forth a compliment to the Spanish forts. Presently similar guns from the Baltimore and the Boston sent ed and destroyed three batteries. 250 pound shells hurling toward the Castilla and the Reina Christina for acuracy. The Spaniards seemed encouraged to fire faster, knowing exactly our distance, while

we had to guess theirs. Their ship and shore guns were making things hot for us. The piercing scream shot was heard often by the bursting of time fuse shells, fragments of which would lash the water like shrapnel or cut our hull and

one large shell that was coming straight at the Olympia's forward bridge fortunately fell withing less than 100 feet away. One fragment cut the rigging exactly over the heads of Lamberton, Rees and myself. Another struck the bridge gratings in line with it. A third passed just under Commodore Dewey and gouged a hole in the deck. Still the flagship stood in the center of the Spanish line, and, as other ships were astern, the Olympia received most of ed to change his course at a distance of 4,000 yards and run paralled to the Spanish column.

"Open with all gun," he said, and the ship brought her port broadside bearing. The roar of all the ship's five-inch rapid guns was followed by a deep diapason of her turret eight-inchers. Soon our other vessels were equally hard at work, and we could see that our shells were making Cavite harbor hotter for the Spaniards than

they had made the approach for us.
Other ships were also doing their whole duty, and soon not one red and yellow ensign remained aloft, except on a battery up the coast. The Spanish flagship and the Castilla had long been burning fiercely and the last vessel to be abandoned was the and sank. Then the Spanish flag on the arsenal staff was hauled down and at halfieut. Hughes, with an armed boat crew, set fire to the Don Juan de Austria, Marquis Duero, the Isla de Cuba and the Correo. The large transport Manila and the at Cavite. many tug boats and small craft fell into

tions more effectually carried out. Within seven hours after arriving on the scene

of action nothing remained to be done.
On the day he sailed from Mirs bay to go in search of the enemy, Commodore remarked to the officers grouped around him that he proposed to fight the Spaniards on the very first day he could get at them, and this he believed would be the following Sunday. When we arrived off Subig bay, not very far north of Manila, Saturday afday after the battle in Manila bay, Comofficers of the ships were called together on the flagship and every detail of the plan of attack was outlined to them by the commodore. The complete precision with which the plan was executed reflects equal credit upon Commodore Dewey and his

captains. As I have already started, after the des truction of tne enemy's ships and fortifications and the battle was over, Commodore | jards intended to do, and before leaving the Dewey anchored the fleet off the city of Manila and sent word to Gov. Gen. Augusti that the port of Manila was not blockaded. With this notice went the plainly worded warning that if a single shot were fired at | we were met by Capt. Sostoa, of the Spanany ship of the American fleet from Manila the city would be laid in ashes.

land has there been a more complete clearing out of an enemy of equal or superior force achieved with so little harm to the which was at once surrounded by an armed victors. Not one American was killed. Every American ship is ready to fight another similar action to-morrow morning. The complete victory was the product of forethought, cool, well-balanced judgment, discipline and bravery. The position taken by the Spaniards, coupled with their heavy guns mounted on shore, gave them an enormous advantage. Only our good luck or the bad aim of the Spanish gunners saved us from a terrible loss of life.

proved itself so efficient I cannot draw distinctions, but when the ships passed each the daring little boat turn back. reached the beach just in time to save her crew from drowning. The other two have to consult his superiors. Commander Spanish torpedo boats made more cautious Lamberton refused to recognize anyone but attempts to come out into the harbor to attack us, but one was immediately sunk by our fire and the other quickly abandoned Dewey's conditions. Capt. Sostoa asked the attack.

As Gov. Gen. Augusti failed to comply with Commodore Dewey's demand for the use of the cable to Hong Kong after Sunday's battle, the Commodore was obliged to cut the cable on Monday. Documents captured in the arsenel at Cavite show that the Spanish naval council of war had decided to make their fight against the American ships at Subig bay, a place hav-

much stronger natural advantages for defense than are found at Manila bay. Commodore Dewey's promptness in bringing over his fleet from Mirs bay prevented them from moving to this position.

I find that in my previous dispatches I underestimated the losses of the Spaniards in Sunday's battle. The surgeon of the Castilla tells me that Admiral Montejo was wounded. The captain, chaplain and 90 others were killed and six were wounded on the Castilla. One hundred and fifty were killed and 90 wounded on the Reina Christina, Admiral Montejo's flagship. Five were killed and 29 wounded on the Don Juan de Austria. Four were killed and 50 wounded on the Don Antonio de Ulloa.

The situation in the city of Manila is very critical. The British consul reports that the city has been entirely cut off from outside communication, both by sea and land, and has only enough provisions left to last a few days. It is impossible to open communication between the shore and the fleet. Therefore, news about events ashore is very scarce on board the American vessels. The little that has leaked through indicates the probability that the insurgents will soon attack the city. Spanish residents of Manila are very bitter against the governor general, and are threatening

to depose him. Here is a summary of Commodore Dew-

ey's work up to date: Monday, April 25-Received news of the declaration of war. Quitted British waters. Wednesday—Sailed for Manila at the fastest speed that could be made with the coal supply of the ships.
Saturday night—Passed the batteries at

the entrance of Manila bay.

Monday-Occupied navy yard. Blew up six batteries at the entrance to the bay. Cut the cable. Established blockade of Manila. Drove the Spanish forces out of

Cavite. Tuesday and Wednesday-Swept the lower bay and entrance for torpedoes. Gave crews well-earned rest. Prepared official

The losses of the Spaniards include 10 warships, several torpedo boats, two transports, navy yard and nine batteries. Including the losses ashore, about 1,200 Spaniards were killed or wounded. The estimated value of the Spanish property destroyed or captured is \$6,000,000. On the American side the total loss is eight men wounded and \$5,000 damage to the

The British gunboat Linnet entered the bay on Monday, but, some of her men hav-the plague, she did not come near our the Spaniards' fire. Owing to her deep ships. The French armored cruiser Bruix entered the bay to-day. The British cruis-The French armored cruiser Bruix er Immortalite is understood to be on her way to Manila.

The more I recall the events of the battle, the more miraculous it seems that no American lost his life. The shell that entered the Boston's wardroom was going straight for Paymaster Martin when it exploded within five feet of him, yet he was not touched. Aboard the Olympia the sur-geon's operating table was placed in the wardroom. Chaplain Fraizer, who was assisting the surgeon, had his head out of one of the six pounder gun ports, when a shell struck the ship's side less than a yard away. The chaplain pull his head in just in time to escape having it blown off as the shell instantly burst. Three fragments of one shell struck the Olympia within a radius of Don Antonio de Alloa, which lurched over | 15 feet from Commodore Dewey. The armor piercing projectile that exploded the box of three pounder ammunition on board past 12 o'clock a white flag was hoisted the Baltimore passed between two groups there. Signal was made to the Petrel to destroy all vessels in the inner harbor, and to see how all escaped. If the Spaniards would have killed many of our men, but they had not intended to make their fight

Among other official papers captured in Admiral Montejo's office was his acknowl-"Capture or destroy Spanish squadron," edgement of the receipt of the decision of were Dewey's orders. Never were instrucand ships at Subig bay, where much better conditions for defense existed. This was prevented only by Commodore Dewey's prompt action. A few days would have suffered to remove all their guns and ships to Subig bay, where there is a narrow en-trance and the water is shoal, and a plunging fire from the shore would have made victory very difficult for us to attain.

ternoon, April 30th, all the commanding mander Lamberton and myself were ordered to go to the Cavite arsenal and take possession. The Petrel took us within 500 yards of the landing, when we were surprised to see that the arsenal was still occupied by about 800 seamen armed with Mauser magazine rifles.

As a white flag had been hoisted on the arsenal the day before, Commander Lamberton could not understand what the Span-Petrel he ordered Commander Wood to keep his men at the guns, with directions that if we were not back in one hour he should open fire on the arsenal. On landish navy, next in rank to Admiral Montejo, who had been wounded and conveyed to Never in the history of battles on sea or Manila. Commander Lamberton, Lieut. Wood, of the Petrel, and myself went with Capt. Sostoa to the arsenal guard. Commander Lamberton told Capt. Sostoa that he was surprised to see his men under arms after they had surrendered the day before.

Capt. Sostoa replied that they had not surrendered, but had merely hoisted the white flag in order to enable them to remove women and children to places of safety. Commander Lamberton said that when the Spanish flag came down and the white flag went up no other interpretation could When every vessel in the American fleet be put upon it than that it was an unconditional surrender, and the women and children ought not to have been there anyother close aboard after the action was over the heartiest cheers heard after those for so early in the day they had not time to rethe commodore were given to the little gun | move them. If we had not begun the fight boat Petrel. During the first hour of the so soon the women would have been out of fight, a Spanish torpedo boat was seen sneaking along shore ahead of the Olympia. the way. Commander Lamberton remined him that the Spaniards had fired the first Suddenly this torpedo boat turned and shot. However, he added, he was not made a quick and plucky dart at the flag- there to discuss past events. He had come ship. The commander of the Spanish craft as Commodore Dewey's representative to must have been ignorant of the power of take possession of the arsenal. All Spanmodern guns or utterly indifferent to death. | iards there, he said, must surrender their Not until she had been twice hit by shots arms and persons as prisoners of war, othfrom the Olympia's secondary battery did erwise our ships would open fire on them.

Then Capt. Sostoa said he could do nothing, not being in command, and would the senior officer actually presented, who, to have the terms of surrender put down in writing, which was done, these being the

conditions : "Without further delay all Spanish oficers and men must be withdrawn and no buildings or stores must be injured. As Commodore Dewey does not wish further hostility with the Spanish naval forces, the

Concluded on page 8.