

DOING THE BEST.

Spin cheerfully, Not tearfully, Though wearily you plod, Spin carefully, Spin prayerfully.

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.

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 four-floor corner of it was as beautiful as any one may imagine Rosamond's bower to have been, though perhaps in a different way.

With her next boarder 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.

It was well into mid-summer when the applicant for the fourth room appeared. Her name, when she gave it, was 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 mantle to hang over the parlor mantel.

When he was finally installed and took his place at the table Miss Penelope suffered a gentle agitation. He took up a great deal of room, and looked like a big brown genre of the Munich school hung by mistake among some decorations by Pavis de Chavannes. He was subject to moods, and when the mood changed to be a playful one he drew interesting but horrible museum designs on the clean table-cloth with his thumb-nail.

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

Then she yielded. She would take the house. It would accommodate four boarders on a pinch. Four boarders would pay the rent, with a margin. And had she not been saving for nearly twenty years to meet this one supreme extravagance? The work of furnishing followed, and this was a golden pleasure.

Miss Penelope's dearest friends, after they had been "let into" her secret made many 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.

When the painter had got 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 sly silence.

"I don't believe I can criticize 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 really ask you to come here for?"

"No," said Miss Penelope, with heightened color. "I was coming then! She distinguished not like it."

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

"Would you like to see her?" asked the painter.

"Yes," said Miss Penelope, an accent of loneliness in her voice. "I should like very much to see her."

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and teacher was under a considerable strain. Then, too, the yellow room was frequently obliged to do duty both as studio and bedroom, which soon blurred its fresh appearance. It was trying to find the fine little towels, each hem-stitched by hand, much the worse for violent application to brush handles, and to step on soft blotches of paint in crossing the floor; but Miss Penelope had difficulty in keeping up the fires of her natural indignation.

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 observations in the world, thought she knew what this presaged. And she was not pleased.

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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.

HONG KONG, May 8.—The dispatch boat 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.

It was just 8 o'clock, a bright moonlight night, but the flagship passed Corregidor 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.

When the Spanish fleet was sighted, the Concorde's shells exploding apparently exactly inside the shore battery, which fired no more. Our squadron slowed down to barely stowage way and the men were allowed to sleep alongside their guns.

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 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 Baltimore began firing at the Spanish ships and batteries at 16 minutes past 11 o'clock, making a series of hits as 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.

Only a few minutes later the shore battery 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 or burst close aboard from both the batteries

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 Montejó 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 Montejó's flagship. Five were killed and 20 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.

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. Sunday.—Sank, burned or captured all the ships of the Spanish squadron. Silenced and destroyed three batteries. 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 dispatches. 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 ships.

The British gunboat Linnet entered the bay on Monday, but some of her men having the place, she did not come near our ships. The French armored cruiser Bruix entered the bay to-day. The British cruiser 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 wardrobe was going straight for Paymaster Martin when it exploded within five feet of him, yet he was not touched. Aboard the Olympia the surgeon'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 pulled 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 15 feet from Commodore Dewey. The armor piercing projectile that exploded the box of three pounder ammunition on board the Baltimore passed between two groups of men so close to both that it is difficult to see how all escaped. If the Spaniards had properly prepared for our coming they would have killed many of our men, but they had not intended to make their fight at Cavite.

Among other official papers captured in Admiral Montejó's office was his acknowledgment of the receipt of the decision of the council of war officers to mass his guns and 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 entrance and the water is shoal, and a plunging fire from the shore would have made victory very difficult for us to attain. Early in the morning of Monday, the day after the battle in Manila bay, Commander 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. A white flag had been hoisted on the arsenal the day before, Commander Lamberton could not understand what the Spaniards intended to do, and before leaving the 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 land the men were met by Capt. Sostoa, the Spanish navy next in rank to Admiral Montejó, who had been wounded and conveyed to Manila. Commander Lamberton, Lieut. Wood, of the Petrel, and myself went with Capt. Sostoa to the arsenal headquarters, which was at once surrounded by an armed guard. Commander Lamberton told Capt. Sostoa that he was surprised to see that 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 be put upon it than that it was an unconditional surrender, and the women and children ought not to have been there anyhow. Capt. Sostoa remarked that we came so early in the day they had not time to remove them. If we had not begun the fight so soon the women would have been out of the way. Commander Lamberton reminded him that the Spaniards had fired the first shot. However, he added, he was not there to discuss past events. He had come as Commodore Dewey's representative to take possession of the arsenal. All Spaniards there, he said, must surrender their arms and persons as prisoners of war, otherwise our ships would open fire on them. Then Capt. Sostoa said he could do nothing, not being in command, and would have to consult his superiors. Commander Lamberton refused to recognize anyone but the senior officer actually presented, who, he said, must comply with Commodore Dewey's conditions. Capt. Sostoa asked to have the terms of surrender put down in writing, which was done, these being the conditions:

"Without further delay, these Spanish officers 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