

Bellefonte, Pa., July 15, 1898.

COVER THEM OVER. Cover them over with beautiful flowers. Deck them with garlands, those brothers of ours, Lying so silently by night and by day, Sleeping the years of their manhood away. Give them the meed they have won in the past; Give them the honors their future forecast; Give them the chaplets they won in the strife; Give them the laurels they lost with their life

Cover the hearts that have beaten so high. Beaten with hopes that were doomed but to die: Hearts that have burned in the heat of the fray; Hearts that have yearned for the home far away. Once they were glowing with friendship and love, Now their great souls have gone soaring above; Bravely their blood to the nation they gave, Then in her bosom they found them a grave.

Cover the thousands who sleep far away, Sleep where their friends cannot find them to-day; They, who in mountain and hillside and dell. Rest where they wearied, and lie where they fell. Softly the grass-blades creep round their repose; Sweetly above them the wild flowret blows: Zephyrs of freedom fly gently o'erhead. Whispering prayers for the patriot dead.

When the long years have rolled slowly away, E'en to the dawn of earth's funeral day; When at the angel's loud trumpet and tread. Rise up the faces and forms of the dead. When the great world its last judgment awaits: When the blue sky shall fling open its gates, And our long columns march silently through, Past the Great Captain for final review.

A PROBLEM SOLVED.

"Any children?" queried Rose gently. He had just given her the interesting in-formation that he was a widower, although so young—35 at the outside.
"One," he admitted, and his dejected

tone seemed to imply that that one was an unsatisfactory possession—not quite right in its head, perhaps, or disfigured with a harelip. "We had only been married a year you know. She died when it was

"Ah-h!" breathed Rose, with soft intensity. She did not like to say more, and the womanly pity welling out to him in his misfortune was sufficiently expressed. Having consumed the after dinner cigarette, indulged in at her urgent bidding, he was at liberty to respond to it. They exhaled their sighs together. It was, in fact, a particularly sympathetic night-mild, still, solitary, with a beautiful moon. They sat out in it alone, tete-a-tete, on hammock chairs, free to sit thus till bedtime, while their host and hostess, her uncle and aunt, dozed over newspaper and knitting in the drawing room behind them, the world for-

getting, by the world forgot.
"Son or daughter?" M Miss Lascelles asked after a pause, not willing to break the thread of such an exquisite subject.

"A boy," said Mr. Bell, still with that unfatherly air of discontent. Sometimes I wish it was a girl. She could look after me by and by. I could have her trained to be my housekeeper and sew my buttons on-that sort of thing, you know.

'You would have to wait a long time," said Rose. "Judging by-by your looks,"

be 15 months on Thursday since he was culty.' born, and lost his mother two days after." 'Poor, poor little thing!' ejaculated

Rose.
"Oh," laughed the young man in an derstand."
"I think in his life-might take the prize in a baby | culty?" show. So they tell me. I haven't seen him myself for a good while."

with you at home, then?' "I haven't got a home. I gave it up dently clever at managing"—
nen my poor girl died. What's the use "Yes," interposed Rose, smiling still. when my poor girl died. What's the use of a home to me? I should never be there. My business takes me all over the country, and you can't leave a house and a young child to servants. The little time that I did try to carry on by myself they played One woman started feeding it with thick arrowroot. She'd have killed it to a cer-

credible what some fools of women will do in the way of mismanaging a baby. I used to see a great deal of that when I was a district visitor."

'A mother of half a dozen, too," said Mr. Bell reflectively, lighting another cigarette. "Then a girl who'd never had any took to the job like a duck to waterknew just what to do and how to do it. I will say that for her."

"The instinct is in us all," remarked moon, who seemed to survey the couple with his tongue in his cheek, "or if not it ought to be. I'm sure I could give many a mother points, as you call it." "I've no doubt you could. I heard

somebody say the other day that mothers see it in the little girls nursing their dolls. I don't think anything of a she child that doesn't want a doll as soon as it can speak."

He leaned forward to look at a spider's was danger of rupture to the delicate thread of the topic that was weaving so charming a conversation, wherefore the young lady hastened to inquire what had become of his little son.

"I suppose," she said, "he is with his mother's people?"

Slowly resuming his attitude of repose, Mr. Bell puffed awhile in silence; then "No-o, not exactly. With a friend of his mother's, not her family. Unfortunately her family is in England; so is mine. Neither of us had a soul here belonging to us. That was just the diffi-

"It must have been a great difficulty," murmured Rose in a feeling tone. emphasis. most ridiculous hole, the most confounded fix-one that I can't for the life of me see fix—one that I can't for the life of me see anything, you see, any they were commy way out of, one that—However, I fortably off, with lots of spare room in their mustn't talk about it to you. It's not a house, and I just looked on it as a sort of

And yet he yearned to talk about it now and to this particularly sympathetic wom-an, who was not young and giddy, but, like himself, far out of her teens and experienced in the troubles of life such as weighed him down. There was "something about her," he thought, that irknow what; but an author, who knows

A few words from her, backed by the nameless influences of the hour, unloosed

"You mustn't think me an unnatural parent," he said. "It's not that at all. I'm awfully fond of him. I've got his photograph in my pocket. I'll show it to you when we go in—the last one for the time being. I get a new one about once a slave to him." month—a regular Mellin's food series, in all sorts of get up, clothes and no clothes, but all as fat as butter and grinning from ear to ear with the joy of life. You never saw such a fetching little cuss. I'd give anything to get hold of him—if I could." "But surely-his own father"-

"No. It sounds absurd to you, natural-

stand the situation. "I can't conceive of any situation"-

know how-oh, I do know! It was for the child's own sake. So that you really must not call me a heartless parent any more, Miss Lascelles. Nobody would do that who knew what I'd suffered for him." Mr. Bell took the second cigarette from his mouth and sighed deeply. "Even in the beginning it would have been difficult to get out of it, having once got in," he continued, after a pause, "but it has been going on so long, getting worse and worse every day and every hour, till now I'm tangled up and helpless, like that moth in that spider's web''—pointing to a little insect tragedy going on beside them.

Miss Lascelles leaned forward, resting the thing was too confoundedly awkward,

her arms on her knees and spreading her hands in the enchanting moonlight, which made them look white as pearls and made her rather worn face look as if finely carved in ivory. It was a graceful, thoughtful, confidential pose, and her eyes, uplifted, gleamed just under his eyes, ineffably soft and drinks I don't know how many pints

if I don't know what the trouble is-Oh, don't tell me if you'd rather not! I can't what he eats. The nurse was long ago dis-

help you, can I? I do wish I could."
"So do I. But I'm afraid nobody can help me. And yet—perhaps a fresh eye—a woman's clearer insight"—He paused, irresolute, then succumbed to temptation. 'Look here, Miss Lascelles, I'll just tell you how it is if you'll promise not to speak of it again. You are no gossip, I knowyou will understand—and it will be such a blessed relief to tell somebody. And perhaps you could advise me, after all'—
"Let me try," she broke in encouraging-

ly. For an instant her pearly hand touched his sleeve. "You may trust me," she

said. "I'm sure of it. I'm sure of it," he responded warmly. He flung away the do with him if I did take him? I've no remnant of the second cigarette, took a home, and nobody to look after it if I had, moment to collect himself and plunged and hired servants are the deuce with a

"You see, we had nobody belonging to us in this country. I came out to make a living and a home for her—too crowded up in England-and as soon as I'd got a bit of a steady income I sent for her to join me. Of course we had to be married from somewhere, and some kind old people that I knew took her off the ship and looked after her for a day or two, and we drove to church from their house. Their daughter church from their house. Their daughter acted as bridesmaid, and she and my wife I see the situation. I appreciate your point got to be great chums. She used to come of view. I should understand it if it were and stay with us a good deal-it was loneshe turned admiring eyes upon his very some for the poor girl in a strange land, comely person, "it must be a perfect infant and me so much away—and we used to his for moths and flies, and marriage by put up with them when we went to town. "Quite an infant—that is—let me see— In fact, they were what you might call 14 months and a little over. Yes, it will bosom friends. That was just the diffi-

"You are speaking," queried Rose gently, "of the person who has the baby?" "Exactly. Ah, I see you begin to un-

your pity on him, Miss Laseleles. He's broad enough to be visible in any kind of all right-rolls in fat-never ailed a thing moonlight, "But what was the diffi-

"Well, you know, being so really fond m myself for a good while."

of her and all that—wishing to do it for the sake of her dead friend, what could I indignant. "Well, you are a nice sort of parent, I must say. Don't you have him killing the unfortunate brat between them. She was not so very young and was evi-

"And peculiarly situated for undertaking the job—much as you are situated here—living with two old folks who doted on her and were only too pleased to let her do whatever she liked, fond of a baby, and the deuce with everything, child and all. in want of some object in life, and so on. But chiefly it was for Mabel's sake. To see poor Mabel's child messed and mauled about by a set of bungling, ignorant crea-"Yes, indeed. The idea! But it's in- tures, who had no interest whatever in it, was more than she could stand, she said. To tell the truth, I couldn't stand it either, and sho begged me to let her have it to look after, as there was no female friend or relative nearer to it than she was. What could I do? She lived in a nice, healthy spot, and there was the old mother with her experience, and I was obliged to go away, and-and-well, I just had to say 'yes' and be thankful to do it. We got the—the doctor found a—we engaged the Miss Lascelles dreamily to the man in the sort of nurse that does everything, you know, a fine, strapping young woman, in the pink of condition, and away they went to Melbourne together. And at the first blush the worst of the trouble seemed over instead of just beginning. I gave up my house and stored the furniture and wen are born, not made-very true too. You off after my necessary business, miserable enough, as you may suppose, but at least with an easy mind about the boy. As far pesn't want a doll as soon as it can speak." as he was concerned, as far as poor, dear "I always loved them," declared Rose. Mabel was concerned, I felt that I had acted for the best. For the matter of that, web that the silver light had just touched, making it shine out from its background of dark leaves and veranda post, and there dark leaves and veranda post, and there me understand how any man could have acted otherwise under the circumstances.'

The listener listening intently here put a quiet question, "Did you pay her?" which caused the narrator to wince like a galled horse

"Ah, there you hit the weak spot, Miss Lascelles, right in the bullseye!" he declared, sighing furiously. "If I could have paid her, of course there'd have been no difficulty at all, but she wouldn't be paid." "You ought to have insisted on it," said

Rose severely.
"I did insist. I insisted all I knew, but she said it was a labor of love for her friend and seemed so hurt at the idea of money being brought into the question that I was "I believe you," assented Mr. Bell, with a shamed to press her beyond a certain phasis. "In fact, it put me into the point. She let me pay for the nurse's best ridiculous hole, the most confounded board, and that's all. The baby didn't eat thing that one ought to talk about to any- temporary visit until we should be able to turn round a bit. But"-with another

-"he's there yet." Miss Lascelles nodded, with an air of utter wisdom.

"Of course you went often to see the

child ?" "Whenever I was in town, and found thing about her," he thought, that irresistibly appealed to him, and he did not for that, upon my soul, I never saw a baby in my life so sweet and clean and whole everything, knows what it was. It was some looking, jolly as a little sand boy all the moonlight night.

"That means that he had a perfect con-

stitution, inherited from you evidently.

And you were fortunate in the nurse?"

"Very fortunate! But it appeared that

"Bought his clothes?"

"Oh," groaned the wretched man, "I suppose so! What did I know about a baby's clothes? And she wouldn't answer my questions-said he was all right and didn't want for anything, as I could see with my own eyes. I tried making presents, used to send game and things, found ly' but that's because you don't under- out her birthday and gave her a jewel, took every chance I could get to work off the obligation, but it was no use. She gave "Of course not. It's a preposterous situa-tion, and I just drifted into it, I don't one."

"Well, if moths will go into spiders' webs," remarked his companion, "they must take the consequences.

"Sometimes they get helped out," he re-"Some beneficent, godlike being puts out an omnipotent finger"—

He looked at her and she looked at him.
At this moment they seemed to have known one another intimately for years. The moon again.

"Tell me everything," she said, "and I'll help you out." So then he told her that he had been giv-

too embarrassing altogether. "But she writes. She writes a full re-port every week, tells me what he weighs and when he's got a fresh tooth and how he crawls about the carpet and into her bed of a morning and imitates the cat mewing, of new milk a day, and all that sort of "I'm so sorry," she murmured. "But thing. I believe the rascal has the appetite pensed with, so that I've not even her board to send a check for, that they might by chance make a trifle of profit out of.

seems too late now to simply take the child away, and there leave it. I haven't the unspeakable shabbiness, the brazen impudence, the mean selfishness to do such a thing, and besides he might come to any sort of grief, poor little chap, in that case. There's no doubt in the world that her taking of him and doing for him have been the salvation of his health and perhaps his life. And I know, by what she tells me, that he regularly dotes on her—as so he ought—and would howl his very head off if we took him from her. What could I lone man at their mercy. It would be worse now than it was at first. And so' -with a heavy sigh-"you see the situation. I'm just swallowed up, body and

debt and obligation that I can never by possibility struggle out of, except"—
He paused and blushed. "Except," continued Rose, with the candid air of a kind and sensible sister, not that she unquestionably laid the trap

bones, drowned fathoms deep, in a sea of

capture has gone out.' "Oh, don't say that!" the man protested in haste. "I would not for a moment accuse her of that. She was Mabel's friend. It was for her-it was of pure womanly compassion for the motherless child at any rate in the beginning, and even now I have no right whatever to sup-

"But you know it all the same. Every word you have said to me tells me that you know it. You may as well be frank." He squirmed a little in his chair, but confessed as required.

"Well—but it's a caddish thing to sav-I think she does expect it. And hasn't she the right to expect it? However, that's neither here nor there. The point is that in common honor and honesty, in common manliness, I should repay her if I can, and there's no other way-at least I can't see any other way. It is my fault, and not hers, that I don't take to the notion, for a better woman never walked, nor one that would make a better mother to the boy, but somehow you do like to have your free choice, don't you?"

"And ought to have it," quoth Rose with energy, "and must have it and shall. Now listen, Mr. Bell"—addressing him in such a tone of confidence and encouragement that he felt sure she was going to cut his bonds forthwith. "You have asked me to help you, and I can help you. It will be perfectly easy, situated as I am here. He will not miss her after a couple of days, and she has really no earthly right either to him or to you, and it would give me the greatest pleasure you can imagine. This is what you must do." She leaned forward in her chair and gazed earnestly into his paling face. "You must just hand that baby over to me."-Exchange.

What Rennet Is.

It is Prescribed by Physicians for Dyspepsia Sufferers.

"It is strange, but not one person in a hundred can tell you exactly what rennet is," said a wholesale dealer in the commodity to a writer for the Washington "Rennet is the glutinous membrane covering the stomach of the calf, and its preparation for the market requires a high degree of skill. It is obtained first by cuting away carefully the lining and soaking it in salt and water for several days, the water being changed every day until every part is thoroughly cleaned. It is then placed in a high clean tub, and the whole mass is covered with the very best cherry

This is allowed to remain on the rennet till it becomes a thick, jelly-like substance, which is then dissolved in alcohol and sherry wine.

"After being reduced sufficiently for convenient filtering it is passed many times—often a score—through the filterer, and the result is the clear and limpid preparation of commerce known as rennet. Physicians recommend rennet as being most nutritious and beneficial for weak digestion and dyspeptics. Milk thickened by pure rennet is at once partly digested and becomes for the sick a most invigorating nutriment, and for the well a most deli-

When Nye was Funny.

The late Bill Nye was fond of telling this story of his smaller daughter: At a dinner table one day there was a party of guests for whom Mr. Nye was doing his pest in the way of entertainment. A lady turned to the little girl.

"Your father is a very funny man," said she.

"Yes," responded the child, "when we have company."

SIX SPANISH SHIPS DESTROYED.

CERVERA HIS OFFICERS AND CREWS TAKEN PRISONERS.

His Dash Was Courageous But Disastrous-Taken Prisoner and is Now at Annapolis, Md., With Many of His Officers-His Crews are Quartered on Seavoy's Island. Our Loss at Santiago's Gates Heavy but the Victory was Great.

outer fortifications of Santiago de Cuba on Friday, July 1st, he had a hard task before him. From daybreak until 4 o'clock in the afternoon the battle raged fiercely and desperately. 15,000 Americans fought their way across two and a half miles of bitterly contested and strongly fortified country, until they were within gun shot of the town. The slaughter on both sides was terrible and even now the loss is not definitely known.

The battle began just at daylight at a point about eight miles from Juragua and four miles northeast of the outer fortifications of Santiago. The general order for an advance was issued by General Shafter at dark Thursday night and by midnight every man in the army knew that a desperate

struggle would come with the dawn.

Before the sun had risen the great line was complete. To the extreme left was General Duffield, with the Thirty-third Michigan, his command having reached the Aguadores bridge by train. Next, to the northeast, was General Kent's division, a mile and a half from the sea and held as a reserve force. The centre of the line was held by a cavalry division, which until General Wheeler arrived at noon was commanded by General Sumner.

Owing to General Young's illness Colonel Woods, of the Rough Riders, commanded his brigade, which consisted of the First regulars, the First volunteers and the Tenth regulars and one battalion of the Ninth regular cavalry, all dismounted with the exception of two troops on the extreme right under Generals Lawton and

Chaffee, fully five miles from the sea. It had been arranged that General Duffield should make a feint of attacking Aguadores in order to draw attention from the main movement, and at 5 o'clock General Lawton's troops moved forward, led by a battery of the First artillery under command of Captain Allyn Capron. Every man in the army carried three days rations and ammunition to match, and every one knew that he was not expected to return to camp until Santiago had fallen.

The first shot was fired from the battery at 6:40 by Captain Capron, whose son, Captain Allyn K. Capron, of the Rough Riders, was killed in the battle at Sevilla. The shot was directed at Caney where the Spaniards were in force, and it fell in the heart of the town. The firing continued 20 minutes without response.

Meantime the cavalry division had moved forward on the main Santiago trail, headed by a light battery of the Second artillery under Captain Grimes. The move-ment of this battery was a heart breaking task, owing to the mud in the valley and a steep hill. Under the musketry fire of the cavalrymen the Spaniards in the little town of El Paso retreated, and Captain Grimes' battery took up a position there

and began a rapid firing into Caney.

The guns of the two batteries made the lace so hot that the enemy finally retired, having no artillery. The town was surrounded by rough earthworks and lines of

barbed wire. After the enemy had been driven from El Paso 21 shots were fired by Captain Grimes and Captain Capron from that position into the outer fortifications of Santiago before a response came. however, it came with unexpected accuracy, the shots being from three-inch and five-inch rapid fire rifles, evidently taken from Admiral Cervera's warships and mounted behind the fortifications. The Spanish gunners raked the hill on which El Paso stands, and which meantime has been made the headquarters of General Sumner and the Cuban generals, Garcia, Castillo, Capote and Rabi. One shell struck a large sugar storehouse, on the red, corrugated roof of which stood 10 Cubans viewing the fight. The roof fell, and all the Cubans were wounded and three of

them will die. A detachment of 200 Cubans went forward from El Paso, and then Colonel Wood, with the Rough Riders and the First and Tenth cavalry started down the hillside straight for the enemy's fortifications Captain Grimes' battery poured a steady fire into the Spaniards to protect Colonel

Wood's advance. The dismounted cavalry paused on its way through the tangled grass and under-brush and half way down the hillside selected a good spot to halt, and from there opened and maintained for 20 minutes a hot fire. The opposing batteries banged away, Captain Grimes sending a storm of lead down into the outer fortifications, and the Spaniards pounding away at the hill-

top with vicious persistency Most of the Spanish shells went over the several detachments of Cuban troops were stationed as reserves, and before they could be moved seven insurgents were seriously vounded and several slightly hurt. At the same time two Americans were killed and nine were wounded. The Spaniards used smokeless powder and shot, with much more accuracy than during the pre vious engagement. The wonder is that many more lives were not lost, as the opposition batteries were less than two miles

Colonel Wood's command behaved with great bravery, firing steady and deadly voleys, with the enemy's shell screeching and bursting over their heads. Twenty min-utes of fearfully hot work silenced the Spanish batteries.

Away to the left General Lawton's di vision, with Chaffee's men and Capron's battery, was meantime fighting fiercely with the enemy entrenched in and about Caney. The Spaniards contested every inch of ground bitterly and fought with unexpected coolness and courage, but the irresistible onward movement of the Americans slowly forced them back upon and beyond Caney.

About 11 o'clock the terrible fire from Captain Capron's guns and the muskets of the men broke the Spanish line and a retreat began toward the line of outer fortifications. The enemy took the trail known as the main Santiago road, and Captain Grimes' battery immediately began pitching shells in ahead of the retreating men, while a detachment of 2,000 Cubans, headretreat.

General Sumner had commanded the center, owing to General Wheeler's illness, but about 11:30 o'clock General Wheeler of the surgeons, immediately ordered his direction they wished, with arms and fly horse, and after personally assisting the ing their colors.

When Shafter began thundering at the | wounded into the ambulance, mounted and rode onward. The men burst into frantic cheers which followed the general all along the line. By noon, although still very ill, General Wheeler had established headquarters at the extreme front and center of the

The hardest fighting of the day was on the right flank. The advance there was more rapid than at other points on the line, and General Chaffee's brigade was the first to cross the little San Juan river, close to the line of outer fortifications.

At 2 o'clock Caney had not been entered by the American troops, but they had pushed on past it, and it was theirs at any time they chose to march into it. At that hour General Shafter, whose headquarters for the day had been three miles to the rear, went forward to assume personal com-

mand of the operations. The only movement of the day which did not meet with success was General Wuffield's attempt to occupy the sea village off Aguadores. The New York, Suwanee and Gloucester shelled the old forts and the rifle pits during the forenoon, drove all the Spaniards from the vicinity and bowled over the parapet from which flew the Spanish flag, but owing to the broken railroad bridge General Duffield's troops were unable to get across the river which separated them from the little town, and were compelled to go back to Juragua.

The Cubans behaved with skill and valor and rendered valuable aid. General Garcia

tight places.

The Spanish fought stubbornly throughout, and the retreat, though steady, was slowly and coolly conducted. They contested every inch of the way and fought with unexpected skill, their officers handling the troops with bravery and good judgment. As in all their fighting so far, however, they did most of their work under cover, rarely showing themselves in large bodies in the open.

Friday's battle gave us San Juan Heights overlooking the city and one of the strong-est Spanish out posts but Shafter was obliged to stop for reinforcements and telegraphed to Washington for aid and a fully. equipped hospital ship at once.

OUR LOSS.

At the storming of the fortifications of Santiago was terrible. One thousand and fifty two wounded ones were treated at the hospital at Sibony where several hundred are still patients. In Lawton's division there were killed, 4 officers, 74 men; wounded, 14 officers, 317 men; missing, 1 man. In Kent's division, killed 12 officers 87 men; wounded 36 officers; 562 men; missing, 62 men. In Bates' brigade, killed, 4 men; wounded, 2 officers, 26 men missing, 5 men. In signal corps, killed, 1

man; wounded, 1. After the terrible fighting and loss General Shafter decided his men must rest and wait reinforcements before attempting to take the city and on Friday night our troops bivouacked on the grounds they had fought so valiantly for. No fires were lighted, but the moonlight streamed softly down upon the scene of the day's carnage.
The men, most of whom had not touched food during the day, ate hardtack and raw bacon from their knapsacks, and without blankets or shelter, threw themselves upon the bare ground and slept. During the night fresh ammunition and food were brought up and distributed; but none of dead was carried off the field and the remains of many, lying in dense undergrowth along the line of the advance, will perhaps never be found, save by the buzzards.

SUNDAY'S WORK.

On Sunday morning Admiral Cervera's fleet consisting of the armored cruisers Cristobal Colon, Almirante Oquendo, Infanta Maria Teresa and Vizcaya, and two torpedo boat destroyers, the Furor and the Pluton, which had been held in the harbor of Santiago since May 19th by the combined squadrons of Rear Admiral Sampson and Commodore Schley, were completely destroyed by shells from the American war ships and to-day lies at the bottom of the Carribbean Sea off the southern coast of Cuba. Admiral Cervera made as gallant a dash for liberty and for the preservation of ships as has ever occurred in the history

of naval warfare. In the face of overwhelming odds, with nothing before him but inevitable destruction or surrender if he remained any longer in the trap in which the American fleet held him, he made a bold dash from the harbor at the time the Americans least expected him to do so, and fighting every inch of the way, even when his ships were ablaze and sinking, he tried to escape the doom which was written on the muzzle of every American gun trained upon his vessels. The American victory was complete and according to the best information we had only one man killed and two ships, the Iowa and the Indiana, disabled.

THE EXODUS FROM SANTIAGO. Through fear of the approaching battle fully 25,000 women, children and non-combatants were hurried from the city on Tuesday and Wednesday. Thousands took refuge in the American camps and all told tales of horrible suffering from starvation and disease within the city. Lieutenant Hobson and his men, as prisoners of war, were exchanged and landed safely in Siboney on Thursday, July 7th.

THE BOMBARDMENT POSTPONED.

In order to allow Linares, the Spanish general, to cable to his home government as to surrendering the bombardment of the city proper was not to have begun until Saturday at noon. All arrangements were made for Sampson to shell the forts at the mouth of the harbor while Shafter had the land forces but just about the time for action a little group of Spanish officers, under a flag of truce came out from the low wall of the besieged city and slowly made its way toward the American line. A detail was sent to meet them and they were escorted to comfortable quarters, while a letter from General Toral was carried to General Shafter's tent, two miles from the front. The letter was couched in the icily courteous terms characteristic ed by Garcia, were started to cut off the of such communications and was as brief as possible. It bore the signature of General Toral, who commands at Santiago since General Linares was wounded, and stated that he was prepared to surrender started on the two-mile journey to the front in an ambulance. About half way to the front he met a number of litters bear
This, he explained, meant that the Spanish ing wounded. The veteran, under protest forces should be unmolested and go in any

The letter concluded with the bold statement that surrender under any other terms was an impossibility and would not be

General Shafter immediately cabled the facts to Washington and sent to General Toral a refusal of his proposition, but he added that he would communicate with his government and would extend the informal armistice until Sunday at noon.

Another Great Naval Victory.

Spain's Best Squadron Reduced to Scrap Iron and Blackened Hulks. - Admiral Cervera and 1,500 Spanish Officers and Marines Prisoners-About 200 Killed and Drowned-Only One American Life Lost-The Dons Suffer One of the Most Disastrous Defeats in the History of Naval Warfare—The Battle of Manila Bay Duplicated Off the Cuban Coast at Santiago.

An attempt was made on Sunday July ard by Admiral Cervera's squadron to dash out of Santiago harbor and escape. It emerged but what happened to it is thus told in a dispatch from Admiral Sampson to the navy department in Washington.

"SIBONEY, July 3, 1898. "To the Secretary of the Navy : "Playa, via Haiti, 3:15 a. m., July 4th, Siboney, 3rd.—To the Secretary of the Navy: The fleet under my command offers to the nation as a Fourth of July present the destruction of the whole of Cervera's fleet. Not one ship escaped. The fleet attempted to escape at 9:30 a. m.. and at 2 p. m. the last ship, the Cristobal Colon, had run ashore 60 miles west of Santiago and had let down her colors. The Infanta Maria Teresa, Almirante Oquendo and Vizcaya were forced ashore, burned and blown up within 20 miles of Santiago. The Furor and Pluton were destroyed within four miles of the port. Loss, one killed and two wounded. Enemy's loss probably several hundred from gunfire, explosion and drowning. About 1,300 prisoners, including Admiral Cervera. The man killed was Geo. H. Ellis, chief yoeman

of the cruiser Brooklyn.' The following additional information, regarding the destruction of the Spanish fleet was received by the navy department from Admiral Watson, on Monday night:

"PLAYA DEL ESTE, July 3. "At 9:30 a. m. today the Spanish squadron, seven in all, including one gun boat, came out of Santiago in column and was totally destroyed within an hour excepting Cristobal Colon, which was chased 45 miles to the westward by the commander-inchief, Brooklyn, Oregon and Texas, surrendering to Brooklyn, but was beached to prevent sinking. None of our officers or men were injured except on board Brooklyn- Chief Yeoman Ellis was killed and one man wounded. Admiral Cervera, all commanding officers, excepting Oquendo, about 70 other officers and 1,600 men are prisoners. About 350 killed or drowned and 160 wounded, latter being cared for on Solace and Olivette. Have just arrived off Santiago in Marblehead to take charge while commander-in-chief is looking out

for Cristobal Colon." As soon as the Spanish fleet emerged from the harbor it was seen by the Americans. The latter immediately started a terrific fire on the flying Spaniards. The latter steamed westward along the shore line and returned the fire as best they could. Shot after shot was poured into the hulls of the Spanish vessels from the American guns, tearing great holes in their sides and scattering the decks of the enemy's ships with dead and wounded. One after another of the Spanish ships began to sink and burn, and the explosions on board added to the terror of the sit ua tion. Instead of indicating a desire to surrender, however, they turned their vessels toward the shore about one mile

away. Such of the Spaniards on board as could do so made their way to the beach and others were assisted by American vessels. There the enemy threw themselved on the mercy of their captors. No other course was left them as bands of Cubans were in the brush on the hillsides not far away ready to rush down on them and plunder and butcher them in their defenseless condition. All the prisoners, including Admiral Cervera, were taken on board American vessels and courteously treated. were taken on board

The wounded were likewise provided for. Only two of the American vessels were injured during the engagement, and, as already stated, only one American was

Sampson's Bulky Report.

It is said that Admiral Sampson's report to the navy department of the destruction of Cervera's fleet is about 12,000 words. Ensign Palmer, who is carrying the document, arrived at Portsmonth, N. H., on the St. Louis Sunday and immediately left for Washington.

Naval Nomenclature.

The animal world has been extensively drawn upon to furnish names for various things on shipboard. Such, for example, are: "Flemish horse," a short foot-rope under the yard arms; "lizard," a short rope with a ring in the end for use in "tripping" one of the lighter yards; 'hounds," a part of the mast; "bull-rope, a rope used in hauling small spars into the rigging; "cat-head," a protuberance from the bow to which the anchor is hauled up; "cat," the tackle used to haul the anchor to the cat-head; "fish," another tackle used in securing the anchor; the is the side of a square sail; "dolphinstriker," a short spar perpendicular to and under the bow-sprit; "dog's ear," a piece of sail projecting when sails are furled; 'snake," to join two ropes by zigzagging a smaller rope between them; a "jackass is a big stuffed ball used to plug up holes to keep the water out. — Harper's Round Table.

-Dr. J. T. Rothrock, forestry commissioner, has purchased at county treasurer's sale, on behalf of the state, 15,088 acres of unseated lands in Clinton county, for the purpose of creating and maintain ing a forestry reservation. The lands are located in the townships of Beech Creek, Chapman, Girgan and East Keating.

-One of the strangest streams in the world is in East Africa. It flows in the direction of the sea, but never reaches it. Just north of the equator, and when only a few miles from the Indian Ocean, it flows into a dessert, where it suddenly and com-

pletely disappears. -The unexpected never happens; there are always people around who knew things would turn out that way.

-The beatitudes are the rules for everyday living, and for the humblest as well as the highest occupations.

-Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.