

BERTHA'S COMB.

Dear Bertha's hair is golden spun,
As if unraveled from the sun
In brightest noon, and clinging there,
In Bertha's hair, a tortoise comb,
An old comb high crowned and spare,
Recalls a dear old-fashioned home—
And Bertha's mother, young again,
Makes me the happiest of men.

Dear Bertha's locks are wayward things,
And flutter like the flossy wings
Of humming-birds around a flower,
And Bertha's words are like a song
I heard long since in young love's bower;
And now a youth, who dallies long
Beside her chair, with gesture neat,
Picks up the comb from near her feet.

Ah well! the wheel of time has whirled,
And Bertha's world is not my world!
But that young man who bends the knee
And lifts the baubles from the floor
In bashful haste—it seems to me—
That I have seen that youth before;
For Bertha's mother's comb, I know,
Enthralled me thirty years ago!
—Chicago Record.

TREASURE ISLAND
CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

At last in strode the captain, slammed the door behind him, without looking to the right or left, and marched straight across the room to where his breakfast awaited him.

"Bill," said the stranger, in a voice that I thought he had tried to make bold and big.

The captain spun round on his heel and fronted us; all the brown had gone out of his face, and even his nose was blue; he had the look of a man who sees a ghost, or the evil one, or something worse, if anything can be; and, upon my word, I felt sorry to see him, all in a moment, turn so old and sick.

"Come, Bill, you know me; you know an old shipmate, Bill, surely," said the stranger.

The captain made a sort of gasp. "Black Dog!" said he.

"And who else?" returned the other, getting more at his ease. "Black Dog as ever was, come for to see his old shipmate, Billy, at the Admiral Benbow Inn. Ah, Bill, Bill, we have seen a sight of times, us two, since I lost them two talons," holding up his mutilated hand.

"Now, look here," said the captain; "you've run me down; here I am; well, then, speak up; what is it?"

"That's you, Billy," returned Black Dog, "you're in the right of it, Billy. I'll have a glass of rum from this dear child here, as I've took such a liking to; and we'll sit down, if you please, and talk square, like old shipmates."

When I returned with the rum, they were already seated on either side of the captain's breakfast-table—Black Dog next to the door, and sitting sideways, so as to have one eye on his old shipmate, and one, as I thought, on his retreat.

He bade me go, and leave the door wide open. "None of your key-holes for me, sonny," he said; and I left them together, and retired into the bar.

For a long time, though I certainly did my best to listen, I could hear nothing but a low gabbling; but at last the voices began to grow higher, and I could pick up a word or two, mostly oaths, from the captain.

"No, no, no; and an end of it!" he cried once. And again: "If it comes to swinging, swing all, say I."

Then all of a sudden there was a tremendous explosion of oaths and other noises—the chair and table went over in a lump, a crash of steel followed, and then a cry of pain, and the next instant I saw Black Dog in full flight, and the captain hotly pursuing, both with drawn cutlasses, and the former streaming blood from the left shoulder. Just at the door, the captain aimed at the fugitive one last tremendous cut, which would certainly have split him to the chin had it not been intercepted by our big signboard of Admiral Benbow. You may see the notch on the lower side of the frame to this day.

That blow was the last of the battle. Once out upon the road, Black Dog, in spite of his wound, showed a wonderful clean pair of heels, and disappeared over the edge of the hill in half a minute. The captain, for his part, stood staring at the signboard like a bewildered man. Then he passed his hand over his eyes several times, and at last turned back into the house.

"Jim," says he, "rum;" and, as he spoke, he reeled a little, and caught himself with one hand against the wall.

"Are you hurt?" cried I.

"Rum," he repeated. "I must get away from here. Rum! rum!"

I ran to fetch it; but I was quite unsteady by all that had fallen out, and I broke one glass and fouled the tap, and while I was still getting in my own way, I heard a loud fall in the parlor, and, running in, beheld the captain lying full length upon the floor. At the same instant my mother, alarmed by the cries and fighting, came running downstairs to help me. Between us we raised his head. He was breathing very loud and hard; but his eyes were closed, and his face a horrible color.

"Dear, deary me," cried my mother, "what a disgrace upon the house! And your poor father sick!"

In the meantime, we had no idea what to do to help the captain, nor any other thought but that he had got his death-blow in the scuffle with the stranger. I got the rum, to be sure, and tried to put it down his throat; but his teeth were tightly shut, and his jaws as strong as iron. It was a happy relief for us when the door opened and Dr. Jivey came in, on his visit to my father.

"Oh, doctor," we cried, "what shall we do? Where is he wounded?"

"Wounded? A fiddlestick's end!" said the doctor. "No more wound than you or I. The man has had a stroke, as I warned him. Now, Mrs. Hawkins, just you run upstairs to your husband, and tell him, if possible, nothing about it. For my part, I must do my best to save this fellow's trebly worthless life; and Jim here will get me a basin."

When I got back with the basin, the doctor had already ripped up the captain's sleeve, and exposed his great sinewy arm. It was tattooed in several places. "Here's luck," "A fair wind," and "Billy Bones his fancy," were very neatly and clearly executed on the forearm; and up near the shoulder there was a sketch of a gallows and a man hanging from it—done, as I thought, with great spirit.

"Prophetic," said the doctor, touching this picture with his finger. "And now, Master Billy Bones, if that be your name, we'll have a look at the color of your blood. Jim," he said, "are you afraid of blood?"

"No, sir," said I.

"Well, then," said he, "you hold the basin;" and with that he took his lancet and opened a vein.

A great deal of blood was taken before the captain opened his eyes and looked mistily about him. First he recognized the doctor with an unmistakable frown; then his glance fell upon me, and he looked relieved. But suddenly his color changed, and he tried to raise himself, crying:

"Where's Black Dog?"

"There is no Black Dog here," said the doctor, "except what you have on your own back. You have been drinking rum; you have had a stroke, precisely as I told you; and I have just, very much against my own will, dragged you headforemost out of the grave. Now, Mr. Bones—"

"That's not my name," he interrupted.

"Much I care," returned the doctor. "It's the name of a buccaneer of my acquaintance; and I call you by it for the sake of shortness, and what I have to say to you is this: one glass of rum won't kill you, but if you take one you'll take another and another, and I stake my wig if you don't break off short, you'll die—do you understand that?—die, and go to your own place, like the man in the Bible. Come, now, make an effort. I'll help you to your bed for once."

Between us, with much trouble, we managed to hoist him upstairs, and laid him on his bed, where his head fell back on the pillow, as if he were almost fainting.

"Now, mind you," said the doctor, "I clear my conscience—the name of rum for you is death."

And with that he went off to see my father, taking me with him by the arm.

"This is nothing," he said, as soon as he had closed the door. "I have drawn blood enough to keep him quiet awhile; he should lie for a week where he is—that is the best thing for him and you; but another stroke would settle him."

CHAPTER III.
THE BLACK SPOT.

About noon I stopped at the captain's door with some cooling drinks and medicines. He was lying very much as we had left him, only a little higher, and he seemed both weak and excited.

"Jim," he said, "you're the only one here that's worth anything; and you know I've been always good to you. Never a month but I've given you a silver fourpenny for yourself. And now you see, mate, I'm pretty low, and deserted by all; and Jim, you'll bring me one noggin of rum, now won't you, matey?"

"The doctor—" I began.

But he broke in cursing the doctor, in a feeble voice, but heartily. "Doctors is all swabs," he said; "and that doctor there, why, what do he know about seafaring men? I been in places hot as pitch, and mates dropping round with Yellow Jack, and the blessed land a-heaving like the sea with earthquakes—what do the doctors know of lands like that? and I lived on rum, I tell you. It's been meat and drink, and man and wife, to me; and if I'm not to have my rum now I'm a poor old hulk on a lee shore, my blood'll be on you, Jim, and that doctor swab;" and he ran on again for awhile with curses. "Look, Jim, how my fingers fidgets," he continued, in the pleading tone. "I can't keep 'em still, not I. I haven't had a drop this blessed day. That doctor's a fool, I tell you. If I don't have a drain of rum, Jim, I'll have the horrors; I seen some on 'em already. I seen old Flint in the corner there, behind you; as plain as print, I seen him; and if I get the horrors, I'm a man that has lived rough, and I'll raise Cain. Your doctor himself said one glass wouldn't hurt me. I'll give you a golden guinea for a noggin, Jim."

He was growing more and more excited, and this alarmed me, for my father was very low that day, and needed quiet; besides, I was reassured by the doctor's words, now quoted to me, and rather offended by the offer of a bribe.

"I want none of your money," said I, "but what you owe my father. I'll get you one glass, and no more."

When I brought it to him, he seized it greedily, and drank it out.

"Ay, ay," said he, "that's some better, sure enough. And now, matey, did that doctor say how long I was to lie here in this old berth?"

"A week at least," said I.

"Thunder!" he cried. "A week! I can't do that; they'd have a black spot on me by then. The lubbers is going about to get the wind of me this blessed moment; lubbers as couldn't keep what they got, and want to nail what is another's. Is that seamanly behavior, now, I want to know? But I'm a saving soul. I never wasted good money of mine, nor lost it, neither; and I'll trick 'em again. I'm not afraid on 'em. I'll shake out another reef, matey, and daddle 'em again."

As he was thus speaking he had risen from bed with great difficulty, holding to my shoulder with a grip that almost made me cry, and moving his legs like so much dead weight. His words, spiritless as they were in meaning, contrasted sadly with the weakness of the voice in which they were uttered. He

paused when he had got into a sitting position on the edge.

"That doctor's done me," he murmured. "My ears is singing. Lay me back."

Before I could do much to help him he had fallen back again to his former place, where he lay for awhile silent.

"Jim," he said, at length, "you saw that seafaring man to-day?"

"Black Dog?" I asked.

"Ah! Black Dog," says he. "He's a bad 'un; but there's worse that put him on. Now, if I can't get away no how, and they tip me the black spot; mind you, it's my old sea-chest they're after. You get on a horse—you can, can't you? Well, then you get on a horse, and go to—well, yes, I will!—to that eternal doctor swab, and tell him to pipe all hands—magistrates and sich—and he'll lay 'em aboard at the Admiral Benbow—all old Flint's crew, man and boy, all on 'em that's left. I was first mate, I was, old Flint's first mate, and I'm the only one as knows the place. He gave it me to Savannah, when he lay a-dying, like as if I was to now, you see. But you won't peach up less they get the black spot on me, or unless you see that Black Dog again or a seafaring man with one leg, Jim—him above all."

"But what is the black spot, captain?" I asked.

"That's a summons, mate. I'll tell you if they get that. But you keep your weather-eye open, Jim, and I'll share with you equals, upon my honor."

He wandered a little longer, his voice growing weaker; but soon after I had given him his medicine, which he took like a child, with the remark, "If ever a seaman wanted drugs, it's me," he fell at last into a heavy, swoon-like sleep in which I left him. What I should have done had all gone well I do not know. Probably I should have told the whole story to the doctor; for I was in mortal fear lest the captain should repent of his confessions and make an end of me. But as things fell out, my poor father died quite suddenly that evening, which put all other matters on one side. Our natural distress, the visits of the neighbors, the arranging of the funeral, and all the work of the inn to be carried on in the meanwhile, kept me so busy that I had scarcely time to think of the captain, far less to be afraid of him.

He got downstairs next morning, to be sure, and had his meals as usual, though he eat little, and had more. I am afraid, than his usual supply of rum, for he helped himself out of the bar, scowling and blowing through his nose, and no one dared to cross him. On the night before the funeral he was as drunk as ever; and it was shocking, in that house of mourning, to hear him singing away his ugly old sea-song; but, weak as he was, we were all in fear of death for him, and the doctor was suddenly taken up with a case many miles away, and was never near the house after my father's death. I have said the captain was weak; and indeed he seemed rather to grow weaker than regain his strength. He clambered up

and downstairs, and went from the parlor to the bar and back again, and sometimes put his nose out-of-doors to smell the sea, holding on to the walls as he went for support, and breathing hard and fast like a man on a steep mountain. He never particularly addressed me, and it is my belief he had as good as forgotten his confidences; but his temper was more flighty, and allowing for his bodily weakness, more violent than ever. He had an alarming way now when he was drunk of drawing his cutlass and laying it bare before him on the table. But, with all that, he minded people less, and seemed shut up in his own thoughts and rather wandering. Once, for instance, to our extreme wonder, he piped up to a different air, a kind of country love-song, that he must have learned in his youth before he had begun to follow the sea.

So things passed until, the day after the funeral, and about three o'clock of a bitter, foggy, frosty afternoon, I was standing at the door for a moment, full of sad thoughts about my father, when I saw some one drawing slowly near along the road. He was plainly blind, for he tapped before him with a stick, and wore a great green shade over his eyes and nose; and he was hunched, as if with age or weakness, and wore a huge old tattered sea-cloak with a hood that made him appear positively deformed. I never saw in my life a more dreadful-looking figure. He stopped a little from the inn, and raising his voice in an odd sing-song, addressed the air in front of him:

"Will any kind friend inform a poor blind man, who has lost the precious sight of his eyes in the gracious defense of his native country, England, and God bless King George!—where or in what part of this country he may now be?"

"You are at the Admiral Benbow, Black Hill Cove, my good man," said I.

"I hear a voice," said he, "a young voice. Will you give me your hand, my kind young friend, and lead me in?"

I held out my hand, and the horrible, soft-spoken, eyeless creature gripped it in a moment like a vise. I was so much startled that I struggled to withdraw; but the blind man pulled me close up to him with a single action of his arm.

"Now, boy," he said, "take me in to the captain."

"Sir," said I, "upon my word I dare not."

"Oh," he sneered, "that's it! Take me in straight, or I'll break your arm." He gave it, as he spoke, a wrench that made me cry out.

"Sir," said I, "it is for yourself I mean. The captain is not what he used to be. He sits with a drawn cutlass. Another gentleman—"

"Come, now, march," interrupted he; and I never heard a voice so cruel, and cold, and ugly as that blind man's. It cowed me more than the pain; and I began to obey him at once, walking straight in at the door and toward the parlor, where the sick old buccaneer was sitting, dazed with rum. The blind man clung close to me, holding me in with one iron fist, and leaning almost more of his weight on me than I could carry. "Lead me straight up to him, and when I'm in full view cry out: 'Here's a friend for you, Bill.' If you don't, I'll do this;" and with that he gave me a twitch that I thought would have made me faint. Between this and that, I was so utterly terrified by the blind beggar that I forgot my terror of the captain, and, as I opened the parlor door, cried out the words he had ordered in a trembling voice.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Farmer Was Fixed for Him. A well-to-do Georgia farmer invited a merchant friend to dine with him. The merchant was known for his crankiness and had once or twice tried to shoot people for imagined wrongs. The farmer had considerable business dealings with him, and they were on the best of terms. However, the farmer always kept a wary eye on him. Several days after the dinner at the farmer's house the merchant said to him: "I can't account for the queer feelings and impulses I have occasionally. For instance, the other day when I was dining at your table it suddenly came into my mind to kill you. I had a pistol in my pocket at the time, and once I had my hand on it, when the strange feeling passed from me!"

"Don't let that bother you," said the farmer. "I know all about your failings in that line, and I wasn't asleep when I saw your hand to your hip. My son John wuz standin' in the hallway back of you with a shotgun leveled at you an' you jist did save your bacon by changin' your mind. Ef you hadn't he'd er blowed daylight through you!"—Atlanta Constitution.

He Had Tried It. "It is very sad, I admit," conceded the African chief, "but after living on a meat diet for all these years you can hardly expect me to become a vegetarian."

Then, said the pale-faced missionary, his teeth chattering like a grove of magpies, "if you must eat human flesh, w-why not—er—utilize some of your own race, instead of confining yourself to—Europeans?"

"That is exactly what your predecessors wished to know," replied the chief, "but I have frequently tried the experiment when missionaries were out of season."

"Didn't it—succeed?"

"No. I found that a diet of natives invariably gave me that dark-brown taste."—N. Y. Journal.

Class in Philosophy. "If a man refuses a bribe it is not always an indication that he is honest. Give an example."

"Give the price."

"What is fame?"

"Having your statue put in the park and leaving a fund to pay guides to tell your name and what you did."

"In the fable of the Turtle and the Hare, what is the moral?"

"That the turtle knows how to catch on."

"Why should the Irish be good golf players?"

"Cause they're fond of wearing of the green."—N. Y. Truth.

A Domestic Interlude. Marriageable Daughter—I think, pa, that you do Arthur injustice when you say that he is penurious.

Penurious Brother—What's penurious, pa?

Pa—Why, Bobbie, penurious is close.

Penurious Brother—Then you're right, pa. Mr. Penrose is awful penurious whenever he comes to see Sis.—Boston Courier.

A Matter of Colors. "Sister Millie wants to know if you won't let us take your big awning? She's going to give a porch party to-morrow night and wants to have it on the piazza."

"Wants my awning?"

"Yep. She would have borrowed the Joneses', but theirs is blue, you know, and Millie's hair is red."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Permanent Relief. "I don't believe a patent medicine ever did anybody any good."

"I do."

"Whom?"

"Well, there's Stringers; he got cured of one of the worst cases of financial stringency I ever saw."—Chicago Journal.

Enough Said. "That will do," said Balaam. "You've talked enough."

"Yes," retorted the ass, "I've talked enough to hand you down to immortality."

And the patient animal never spoke again.—Chicago Tribune.

How He Did It. "The doctor put my husband on his feet in a week," she explained. "It was no trouble at all. The bill he presented lifted him out of bed."—Chicago Post.

The great artist Michael Angelo was as famous an architect or designer as he was a painter. He designed the church of St. Peter at Rome, which is built in the form of a Latin cross. He also designed another church in Rome, and, besides these, planned a number of famous structures.

EIGHT BIG SHIPS.

War Department Buys Them for Carrying Troops.

COST WAS FOUR MILLIONS

Are Likely to be Used for Porto Rican Expedition.

MARKS A NEW DEPARTURE.

Heretofore the War Department Has Chartered the Steamers It Needed, Instead of Buying—No Vessels are to be Seized on the Atlantic Coast.

Washington, June 25.—An important addition to the war department's list of vessels available for transport and freight service was announced Friday. This was the purchase of eight large ships of over 3,600 tons burden each, for use on the Atlantic coast. Seven of the eight to be used on the Atlantic coast were obtained from the Atlantic transport line, which operates its steamers from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore to London. Heretofore the practice of the war department has been to charter all the vessels which it has used, and the announcement of the acquisition of the ships by purchase is a new departure in the policy of the government, due, it is believed, to the fact that the owners and agents of the companies have asked such high prices.

It was authoritatively stated yesterday that impression of ships on the Atlantic coast would not be resorted to, but such as were desired would be obtained in some other way. The purchase price of the ships secured from the Atlantic transport line was not stated at the department, but it is understood that the amount was nearly \$4,000,000. All the vessels of this line are to be delivered to the government at New York. Owing to their large capacity for carrying passengers and supplies, they constitute a formidable addition to the fleet of 41 ships already under charter by the government for transport uses on the Atlantic coast. This last acquisition is presumed to be a forward step in the arrangements for the Porto Rican expedition.

Added to the dozen ships already available for this expedition, the eight vessels make up a fleet that will transport an army as large as that which Gen. Shafter took with him. Nine of the transports heretofore chartered by the government are at Tampa and two are on their way there from New York, while one remains at the latter city. It may be that some of those at Tampa and now on their way to that city will be utilized for transporting some of the reinforcements for Shafter's army, as there are a large number of soldiers at Tampa, as well as a great quantity of supplies.

Don's Business Bulletin. New York, June 25.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says: Very little of the new business seen in proportion to the aggregate has been caused by the war. None has been prevented by the war. Neither has the collapse of the wheat speculation caused the expected decrease of shipments, for exports continue remarkably large. Gold comes or does not come as we want it, the world's markets being evidently at our command. An offering of bonds by the government brings out at the start bids for more than three times the amount offered, while the popular subscription already for three-quarters of the amount exhibits the confidence of the people.

Troop Train Wrecked. St. Joseph, Mo., June 25.—As the second section of the Burlington train carrying the Torrey cowboy regiment from Fort F. A. Russell to Jacksonville, Fla., was pulling into the St. Joseph union station yesterday the engine jumped the track and, after plunging through the earth for 30 feet, toppled over on its side. Engineer John W. Fuller, of this city, who remained at his post, was caught beneath the tender and killed. Fireman George Christman, who also lives here, was fatally scalded. Three cars of horses were also derailed, but not one of the animals was scratched.

Killed by a Spanish Shell. Playa Del Este, Guantanamo Bay, June 25.—While shelling the batteries of Santiago de Cuba the battleship Texas was struck by a six-inch shell which passed through her port side, killing P. O. Blakeley, an apprentice, and wounding eight others. The Texas, with a number of transports, was making a feint west of the entrance of Santiago harbor and was shelling the woods. Blakeley was buried at sea. Four of the eight who were wounded have been placed on the hospital ship Solace. The Texas was not seriously damaged.

Stephens Adds to His Confession. Easton, Pa., June 25.—George H. Stephens, the former Lafayette college professor and self-confessed fire fiend, yesterday confessed that he had a basket of paper under the pulpit in the college chapel and it was his intention to destroy South college with a fire he had planned to start in this basket. He also admitted having taken valuable books from the library before the Pardee hall fire.

Hobson's Men are in Santiago. Washington, June 25.—The navy department received the following cablegram yesterday from Admiral Sampson: "From a flag of truce I learn that Lieut. Hobson and his companions are all well. They are confined in the city of Santiago, four miles from Morro."

The Beginning of the End. London, June 25.—The Madrid correspondent of the Telegraph says: When the cortes closed yesterday martial law was proclaimed. The Sagasta cabinet will resign and make way for a new government which will open negotiations for peace.

\$500 Reward

The above Reward will be paid for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the party or parties who placed iron and steel on the track of the Emporium & Rich Valley R. R., near the east line of Franklin Township, on the evening of Nov. 21st, 1891.

HENRY AUGER, President.

FINE LIQUOR STORE

EMPORIUM, PA.

The undersigned has opened a first class liquor store, and invites the trade of Hotels, Restaurants, etc. We shall carry none but the best American and imported

WHISKIES, BRANDIES, GINS AND WINES,

BOTTLED ALE, CHAMPAGNE, Etc.

Choice Line of Bottled Goods.

In addition to my large line of Wines I carry constantly in stock a full line of CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

For Pool and Billiard Room in same building—CALL AND SEE ME.

A. A. McDONALD, PROPRIETOR, EMPORIUM, PA.

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