

**AN "OUT-OF-DATE" COUPLE.**

We are "so out of date," they say,  
Ned and I;  
We love in an old-fashioned way,  
Long since gone by.  
He says I am his helpmate true,  
In everything,  
And I—well, I will own to you  
He is my king.

We met in no romantic way  
"Twixt 'glow and gloom."  
He wooed me on a winter day  
And in—a room.  
Yet, through life's hours of stress and  
storm,  
When griefs befell,  
Love kept our small home-corner  
warm,  
And all was well.

Ned thinks no woman like his wife—  
But let that pass;  
Perhaps we view the dual life  
Through roseate glass;  
Even if the prospect be not bright,  
We hold it true  
The heaviest burdens may grow light  
When shared by two.

Upon the gilded scroll of fame,  
Emblazoned fair,  
I can not hope to read the name  
I proudly bear;  
But, happy in their even flow,  
The years glide by.  
We are behind the times, we know,  
Ned and I.

—Chambers' Journal.

**WEDDING GIFTS.**

"Pooh! Presents!" said the Old Married Man to the bridegroom. "Don't think you'll get what you want. I'll tell you my experience.

"As the time for our marriage drew near I used to call at the house every available evening and whisper confidentially to the curly head which exactly fitted my shoulder that I was the luckiest fellow on earth. On one occasion Agnes sighed and murmured dreamily that that was just what she felt.

"That was on the 5th.  
"On the 12th I stopped in a minute at noon to see if she loved me as much as at 11.15 the night before. She replied that she did—that love was unalterable—but that she must hurry upstairs now or the dressmaker would get her skirt fluted instead of organ-piped.

"On the 14th the presents began to arrive—also the relatives. It became an unsettled problem which of the two were more numerous. Aggie had cousins once removed, I had several uncles and aunts. All were well off; in fact, it was a curious coincidence that we were the only poor branches on our respective family trees. I was in an insurance office—fire insurance, not life insurance—and when I had communicated to her the news of my recent promotion she had promptly declared in the face of her family's unaccountable preference for Henry Walker (who was not so good a fellow as I by any manner of means) that to be Mrs. Joseph Lounsbury and live in a small house on a very small income and bliss was precisely her ideal of existence. So we were not marrying as a speculation; nevertheless, since marriage comes so seldom in one's life, we had hopes that our moneyed relatives would do the handsome thing.

"They did. First came a complete set of knives, forks and spoons in a polished wood case. They were from the cousin Aggie had been named for. 'Such a sensible present!' said her mother; 'they will last a lifetime.'

"Yes," said I, 'it will take us a good while to wear all those out two at a time.'  
"Don't you suppose we're ever going to entertain any company, Joe?" asked the girl of my affection, fapping me on the cheek with one of the forks.

"The same night I had a note from her, saying: 'Dearest Joe, you ought to see the lovely after dinner coffee spoons Second Cousin Mily has sent—no two alike. Orange plush case. Isn't it exciting? Don't tell, dear, but I almost wish they'd been something else, for I think some of the girls are going to give me spoons.' The rest of this letter was not interesting—to you.

"This was the beginning of an avalanche of spoons—Charte Oak spoons, nutmeg spoons, soldiers' monument spoons, wick spoons, bust spoons, portrait spoons (I called these last our picture gallery, and suggested that they should be framed in ribbons and hung up in the parlor). One of our friends sent a pair of salted-almond spoons, hoping that we would exchange them if they were duplicated, but it turned out that those were the only ones we had. The sugar spoons were all marked. There were five of them.

"It is a time-honored custom in our office when one of us is married for the rest to 'combine' and buy a picture; and you could generally tell what year a man's wedding came off by a glance at his parlor wall. Williams, who was married in '84, had 'Far Away'; Brown's, a few years later, was 'The Three Fates.' Ours was, of course, the latest thing out. It had a silver frame.

"As the days went by and pieces of silver piled up on us I was more than once reminded of the couple whose courtship was conducted in Brownings, and who were fitted out by their admiring friends with a Browning tea set, with quotations around the edge. 'Oh, the little more, and how much it is!' The Fords had a run on china, but a good deal of it got broken the first year. The Smiths' specialty was etchings; they had enough for every room in the house—only, they never had a home; they have boarded ever since they were married. Finally the climax came, when my old Uncle John sent us a solid silver tea set. I hadn't expected anything from him, unless perhaps a Bible or a Webster's Un-

bridged, for he didn't enjoy giving anything away. Aggie was getting too tired to be very enthusiastic, but her mother was delighted, and it was no use thinking that I would just as soon have had the money.  
"This makes 103, dear—nine more than Susie Fish had," said her sister.  
"One hundred and two," said Aggie.  
"No, dear, 103—102 came this morning."

"Oh, I know I shall never get this list right!" exclaimed Aggie, diving for her blank book.  
"Look out, or you'll be handing that book to the parson for a prayer-book," said I.

"Wouldn't be a bit surprised," she answered, smiling; Aggie could smile when she was tired.  
"Well, we were married. A man breathes easier when it's over with. 'But, Aggie,' I said, as the carriage door slammed on us, 'if it ever happens to us again, let's leave out the heathen superstitions.'

"I know it," said Aggie. 'I begged them not, but they would smuggle some in. See any in your hat brim?'  
"Some in your hat brim," I brushed her off, and she seized the newspaper I had carefully brought along to look like an old married man, and conjured with it a minute, holding it out by an improvised handle. 'Here,' she said, 'the very children in kindergarten know how to make paper dustpans—now brush the carriage seat.' When we got out I gave the hackman a duspantalof of rice with a bill on top. 'There, burn it,' said I.

"Did you see him chortle in his joy?" said Aggie, giggling; Joe, do you feel like a married couple?  
"Lots," said I.  
"Our ten days in Washington had only one bogie—the blank book. Aggie said she must finish her notes. All I could do was to sit by and fret, and put on the stamps; and she told me I hindered her more than I helped, and she was awfully glad to have me around, it made her feel better.

"We began housekeeping in a cheerful way in a little house on a new street. It was something like to come home to one's own dinner table. We had so much silver that it looked funny with our plain china—nobody had given us a lot of ice-cream sets and things. I tell you marriage is a lottery when it comes to wedding presents. I liked seeing Aggie's face in the sugar bowl, though. Every night the little maid (imported to live up to the spoons) brought them and all the rest upstairs on a tray, and we packed them away in the chest we had made, and a pretty penny it cost, with its combination lock, which went into the end of the closet where nobody could get at it. One night we came home at 12 from a reception, and as we stole upstairs not to wake the sleeping handmaid, Aggie so sleepy herself that she tripped on her wedding gown and I had to hold her, we came upon the whole array on the floor outside our door.

"Isn't it imposing? so safe!" said I, but Aggie said, desperately, 'I shan't care anything about going out evenings any more if I've got to put that silver away after I get home.'  
"Let it stay there."  
"Oh, I can't. Mamma thinks we're so careless. We don't appreciate things enough. She says, if any one had given her such elegant things when she was married she wouldn't have dared to close her eyes."

"Take more than that to keep my eyes open." But I helped Agnes to shove the tray under a chair, and drape the train of her wedding dress over it.  
"What on earth are you doing, Aggie? I asked, on coming in for dinner one day. All I could see was one foot and a skirt ruffle in the closet.

"Aggie scrambled up enough to catch me round my knee. 'Oh, Joe, I'm so glad you've come!'  
"What is it? You're ready to cry."  
"That's what I like about you; you don't have to be explained to. Henry Walker wouldn't have known I felt like crying if I'd screamed it at him!"  
"That made me feel pretty good (though dinner wasn't ready). 'But what?'"

"It's the silver! I came up to change the forks and spoons so they should get worn alike, and I've shut the paper with the combination in the chest, and I can't remember what it was!"  
"I got down beside her. It was hotter than Mexico in that closet. I turned and tried the lock. 'Do keep your dresses out of the way, they tickle the back of my neck.' No good. 'Well, I guess we'll use the old forks to-day,' said I; 'I don't believe they'll fade away yet awhile.'

"Oh, I'm so sorry—but—they're every one shut up in that chest.' So we laughed. What else was there to do? It was so funny when Deming came home with me to tea—we'd asked him some days before. It wouldn't have been funny with some girls. The table looked principally white china, and the kitchen knives and fork didn't go round. Ever cut omelet with a pewter spoon? It is great.

"It wasn't quite so funny when three hot days had gone by and we had nearly smothered sojourning in the closet, and no news of the combination. 'Don't tell mamma!' pleaded my wife. I began to think I should have to call in a locksmith, when one evening Aggie startled me by jumping out of bed crying. 'I've got it! I've got it!'  
"Got what—a nightmare?"  
"I've got the combination! I've been working on it all the time, and it just came to me in my sleep. Get right up, Joe, and hold the light, and mind you don't set anything on fire.' In another two minutes the front of the front of the chest fell down, and behold our household gods! If anybody wants to steal them between now and daylight, they can, that's all," said Aggie; "but I'm not going to shut that lock again to-night for nobody!"  
"In the fall there was a burglar

scare about town, and Agnes's mother came over and gave her a lecture upon locking the windows. She said we really ought to have a burglar alarm. To please her I had one put in. Election night I went down to town, telling Aggie not to sit up for me, for I should wait for the returns. It was 1 o'clock when I opened the front door very softly, not to disturb Agnes. Br-r-r-br-r-klunk! I had forgotten the alarm.

"Before I had time to say a word or even turn down my coat collar, my wife appeared at the head of the stairs. She pointed a pistol at me. Her hair hung loose, and she was in her—well, never mind; but she looked distractingly pretty.

"If you come one step further I'll fire!" she cried.  
"It's Joe, Agnes," said I, meekly.  
"I don't believe it! Take off your hat!"  
"I took it off and made her a low bow. 'Don't shoot your husband, he's doing the best he can.'

"Agnes laughed hysterically. 'Oh, Joe, I was so frightened.'  
"And to think you should point a pistol at your own husband!"  
"It wasn't loaded, Joe."  
"Agnes Lounsbury," said I, 'do you mean to say you were so rash as to aim at me with a pistol that wasn't loaded?'  
"But I shouldn't have fired it, anyway, it wasn't cocked."

"Well, this ends the watchman burglar alarm business," said I. 'We've had about as much of it as we want. To-morrow we'll decide what silver we want to use every day, and the rest shall go down to the bank.'  
"We're able to breathe now. The silver stand on the sideboard, and as yet nobody has carried it off, if they do, Agnes's mother will say she expected it, for we aren't the careful people they used to be in her generation. Once in a while Aggie quarrels with me because some dish or other that would make a show for company is at the bank, and I don't see my way clear to bring it home under my arm. 'You can have them all home and trust to luck if you'd rather,' I say.  
"I'd rather they were at the bank, because then I should have them, you know."

"Don't see it," said I; 'but its just as you say.'  
"When our anniversary came around we had a present and a note from one of Agnes's elderly friends. The note ran this way:  
"My dear Mrs. Lounsbury: We send you our best congratulations on your anniversary. My husband will have his little joke you know; and as some one told him that the Lounsburies had so much silver given them on their wedding that it was a positive embarrassment to them, he says you ought to be ashamed of being such plutocrats at your age, while the older generation has not even accumulated souvenir spoons, and sends you this little gift to remind you of the fact."

"Oh, Joe! it's silver!" for I had punched a hole in the paper. "No, it isn't, no, it isn't, it's plated. We can keep it. It's a piddling dish, or for oysters, you know. How kind. And plated, too. It didn't cost much, Joe, did it?"  
"A few dollars, I should think."  
"How good! Perhaps even less, Joe?"  
"Perhaps so; it's rather light weight.  
"Isn't it delightful? We'll have some oysters in it to-morrow night, and ask them over to tea."  
"I should feel dreadfully to have that taken," I heard her murmur that evening.

"What for?"  
"Because it's such a comfort to have one thing that you don't care whether it's stolen or not."  
"You're getting sleepy, Aggie. But I know one thing that 'goes on, goes on forever.'  
"What?"  
"Our storage rent. I reckon in a few years we'll have paid for the whole outfit, and then we'll fetch it home and keep open house for burglars with a clean conscience."

"Don't be ridiculous, Joe," said my wife.

**ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.**

Ex-Speaker Charles F. Crisp, accompanied by Mrs. Crisp, is at Asheville, N. C., and will perhaps remain several weeks for the sake of his health.

De Amiel, the Italian author, who was born in 1846, is a writer of one of the most successful boys' books of the time. It has passed through 180 editions in Italy.

Uncle John Sprague, of South Presque, Isle, Me., is said to be the champion bear hunter in Maine. Mr. Sprague is 70 years old; and 167 bears have fallen to his unerring aim.

The gift to Princess Maud, of England, on her marriage from King's Lynn, Norfolk, in the neighborhood of which she will reside at Appleton Hall, will consist of a private omnibus for use between Wolverton Station and the hall.

Lady Randolph Churchill had to pay a London shopkeeper \$17.00 for keeping chit-fon front over night and returning it the next day as unsuitable. The shopkeeper testified that ladies would order things sent home for approval and after their maids had copied the patterns would return them the next day.

One woman in England holds a master mariner's certificate. This lady, who has passed all the examinations made compulsory by the Board of Trade is the Dowager Lady Clifford, widow of the late Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, who died in 1892. She sails her own yacht for many months of the year in the Mediterranean and the Solent.

John D. Rockefeller is the superintendent of the Euclid Avenue Baptist Sunday School of Cleveland, and made an address before the school on Flag Day. For years he has been superintendent of the Sunday School, but probably the number of times he has been present to perform the duties of this office could be numbered on the fingers of one hand as he is absent so much from the city.

The Right Rev. Dr. Abram Grant, the newly elected bishop of the first district of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, is more than six feet tall, and weighs about 250 pounds. He wears a full black beard, has but little hair on the top of his head, has a short but well-shaped nose, and black, intelligent and genial eyes. He has a common sense, chatty way of talking, and only occasionally does a Southern locution creep into his otherwise good English. Bishop Grant's career, from birth in slavery to the achieving of the highest dignity which his Church can give him has been remarkable one.

**CHINA IN POSTAL UNION.**

To Abolish the Private System—Radical Step By the Heathen.  
The Chinese Government will abolish the private postal system, which has furnished the entire mail facilities for the Empire for centuries, and as soon as possible establish its first government domestic postal service. This action has been formally decided on. The first step will be the entry of the Empire into the universal postal system.

The news of the conclusion reached was contained in a despatch from Mr. Denby, our Minister to China. It gave no details. This is the most radical step taken for a long period by China. When she will join the union is problematical.

The installation of the new service probably will be accomplished by employing experienced European postal officials. The only service now is by private courier, with a postal agency at Shanghai for the United States, Great Britain, Germany, France and Japan.

**A Mayor Without a Salary.**

The mayor of Flint, Mich., performs the duties of his office without compensation other than the satisfying sense of having done his duty. But the mayor who retired two weeks ago directed the affairs of the town so well during the year of office that the Common Council unanimously voted to make an appropriation for him as an especial mark of satisfaction. The sum was \$1.

The deepest gold mine in the world is at Eureka, Cal.; depth, 2,290 feet.

**MANY LIVES LOST.**

**British Steamer Went Down in the English Channel.**

**COLLIDED AT MIDNIGHT.**

Struck Upon a Rock While Hugging the French Shore—She Disappeared Beneath the Water Three Minutes After Sinking.

The British steamer Drummond Castle Capt. N. W. Pierce, from Cape Town, for London, collided at midnight off Ushant, with an unknown steamer and sank three minutes later with 144 passengers and 103 officers and crew on board.

Two men were picked up, floating on some wreckage, by fishermen off Ushant, near which point the steamer went down. It is hoped, however, that some of the passengers and crew escaped in the boats.

The Drummond Castle belonged to the famous Castle Line of steamships running between South Africa and London. She was of about 2,350 tons register, and was last heard of at Las Palmas, Canary Islands, on June 12.

The fate of the steamer with which the Drummond Castle collided is not known, and hopes are expressed that she may be afloat and that some of the passengers and crew of the Castle liner are on board of her.

When a dispatch from Ushant announced that the vessel struck a rock while hugging the French coast, instead of being in collision with another steamer, it was conceded that there could be few survivors. Six bodies have been washed ashore on the Island of Ushant. The vessel sank and disappeared entirely in about three minutes after striking.

Only two boats were launched, and one of these is believed to have been capsized. The passengers are thought to have been asleep when the vessel struck.

Seafaring men believe the Drummond Castle, while at full speed, struck the ledge, ripped open the water tight compartments and the greater part of the ship's bottom, slid across the ledge and went down in the deep water on the outside as if made of lead. The ledge is near the Island of Moine, half way between Ushant and the French coast.

**ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.**

Ex-Speaker Charles F. Crisp, accompanied by Mrs. Crisp, is at Asheville, N. C., and will perhaps remain several weeks for the sake of his health.

De Amiel, the Italian author, who was born in 1846, is a writer of one of the most successful boys' books of the time. It has passed through 180 editions in Italy.

Uncle John Sprague, of South Presque, Isle, Me., is said to be the champion bear hunter in Maine. Mr. Sprague is 70 years old; and 167 bears have fallen to his unerring aim.

The gift to Princess Maud, of England, on her marriage from King's Lynn, Norfolk, in the neighborhood of which she will reside at Appleton Hall, will consist of a private omnibus for use between Wolverton Station and the hall.

Lady Randolph Churchill had to pay a London shopkeeper \$17.00 for keeping chit-fon front over night and returning it the next day as unsuitable. The shopkeeper testified that ladies would order things sent home for approval and after their maids had copied the patterns would return them the next day.

One woman in England holds a master mariner's certificate. This lady, who has passed all the examinations made compulsory by the Board of Trade is the Dowager Lady Clifford, widow of the late Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, who died in 1892. She sails her own yacht for many months of the year in the Mediterranean and the Solent.

John D. Rockefeller is the superintendent of the Euclid Avenue Baptist Sunday School of Cleveland, and made an address before the school on Flag Day. For years he has been superintendent of the Sunday School, but probably the number of times he has been present to perform the duties of this office could be numbered on the fingers of one hand as he is absent so much from the city.

The Right Rev. Dr. Abram Grant, the newly elected bishop of the first district of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, is more than six feet tall, and weighs about 250 pounds. He wears a full black beard, has but little hair on the top of his head, has a short but well-shaped nose, and black, intelligent and genial eyes. He has a common sense, chatty way of talking, and only occasionally does a Southern locution creep into his otherwise good English. Bishop Grant's career, from birth in slavery to the achieving of the highest dignity which his Church can give him has been remarkable one.

**CHINA IN POSTAL UNION.**

To Abolish the Private System—Radical Step By the Heathen.  
The Chinese Government will abolish the private postal system, which has furnished the entire mail facilities for the Empire for centuries, and as soon as possible establish its first government domestic postal service. This action has been formally decided on. The first step will be the entry of the Empire into the universal postal system.

The news of the conclusion reached was contained in a despatch from Mr. Denby, our Minister to China. It gave no details. This is the most radical step taken for a long period by China. When she will join the union is problematical.

The installation of the new service probably will be accomplished by employing experienced European postal officials. The only service now is by private courier, with a postal agency at Shanghai for the United States, Great Britain, Germany, France and Japan.

**PENNSYLVANIA ITEMS.**

Epitome of News Gleaned From Various Parts of the State.

The members of the old Carlisle School Board filed an answer in court to the petition for a mandamus. The mandamus was asked for by the new board for the purpose of compelling C. P. Humrich, secretary of the old board to turn over the books and papers to the directors elected last Spring. The answer denies that the repeal act of 1893 ousted the school directors from office and further alleges that the act is unconstitutional in regard to special or local legislation not having been complied with in the passage of the act as the "Legislative Record" shows. Much contention and bitterness have arisen between the two school boards, and the legality of either will now be determined by the court.

Charles Natco, a young Hungarian, shot himself at Plymouth and will die. The bullet, a thirty-eight calibre, entered his left breast just above the heart, and the wound is pronounced fatal. The young fellow is engaged to be married in a week and was very despondent because he had no money, work in the mines having been very poor lately. He told some friends that if he did not have enough money to get married he would kill himself.

Internal Revenue Agents Flisy and Samuel Cool's inspection of the records of the Erie office and secret movements in the vicinity of Erie have created a great deal of excitement among liquor men. It comes from some official source that an illicit distillery has been discovered in the southern part of the county, and that the inspection of records is a part of the work of connecting up the purchasers of the crooked whisky supply in Erie.

Eber Worthington, a farmer, aged 46 years, living with his family near Woodside Station, in Moreland Township, was found dead in his hog-pen, by his 18-year-old son. Apoplexy was the cause of death.

John Lemon, aged 23 years, son of the late ex-Auditor General John A. Lemon, became involved in an altercation with John Formholtz, an associate at the Brown Row in Hollidaysburg. Formholtz drew a razor and cut him twice in the left side, the sharp instrument penetrating the flesh as far as the kidneys. It is feared that Lemon will die of internal hemorrhages. The dispute between the two young men arose over the affairs of a young lady, whom both had been courting and who had jilted Formholtz.

Farmer Jerry Rhodes, of Mill Creek, became despondent lately over dull times with farmers. He bade his wife good-by and started for the woods. He was found next day with his throat cut and the bloody knife clutched in his hand. Rhodes was 38.

Mollie Wilbur, aged 60 years, was found dead in her cell at the County Prison, Williamsport. A bottle on the table was marked "poison." The woman, who had an unsavory reputation, was committed about two weeks ago.

Clarence Rhoads was waylaid and roughly handled at a late hour on Saturday night at a lonely Point in Lower Pottsgrove Township by two strange men. He fought his assailants desperately and finally escaped from them and ran toward Pottstown. He was cut about the face and leg. Robbery was evidently the object of the attack.

Michael Connelly, a prominent blast furnaceman, of Sharon, blew out his brains with a revolver. He leaves a wife and family. The bullet tore a big hole in the side of his head. He was at one time a resident of Germantown, Philadelphia county.

Opinions still vary as to whether Mrs. Bossler, who was burned up in her house, near Leesport, was the victim of foul play or whether she perished as the result of accident. The location in which her remains were found would indicate that she was burned up in her bed. It has been learned that as late as 11 o'clock some one passing the house noticed that everything was quiet. As she used only a wood fire it is thought improbable that there was any fire in the house at that time, which strengthens the theory of incendiarism. Diligent search has been made for Toole, who is suspected of the crime, but he has not been apprehended.

Valentine Donatelli and James Donatelli, two Italians working with a gang of railroad laborers at Pottstown, made a murderous attack on the gang boss, Patrick J. Lynch. Valentine struck the boss on the head with a shovel and knocked him senseless and Donatelli struck the prostrate man with a stone. The crew of a shifting engine nearby came upon the would-be murderers and captured them and turned them over to the local officers, who hustled them off to jail at Norristown. The cause of the trouble was the discharge of Valentine because of insubordination.

A ten-inch gun representing a lot of 100 pieces for the United States army was tested at the Bethlehem Iron Company's proving grounds, at Redington. Ten shots were fired, the projectiles weighing 375 pounds each, 272 pounds of powder being used at each discharge. The test was very satisfactory and was witnessed by army inspectors and the officials of their own company.

William Golbert, a wealthy Russian, and well known in political circles, was convicted by a jury at Mercer for the larceny of \$400 worth of wire. He was arrested three times in the last two months and in each case for a serious offense. He is worth \$20,000.

**TEN THOUSAND DROWNED.**

Frightful Loss of Life in the Japanese Tidal Wave and Earthquake.  
It is now estimated that 10,000 people were drowned by the tidal wave on the Island of Yesso, the northern part of Japan, which accompanied a succession of frightful earthquakes, lasting about twenty hours. In addition to the town of Kumaihi, which was wholly destroyed, many other coast towns have been washed away entirely or in part.

The report that a party headed by the Marquis de Mores, consisting of 35 men bound for the Sudan in order to enlist Arab chiefs against the British, has been massacred by a manley has been confirmed.

Gen. Bradley T. Johnson arrived safely at Havana from Metz. His train was attacked by insurgents and his coat was perforated by two bullets.

**MORE DYNAMITE.**

**Havana Startled by Two Successive Explosions.**

**WATER SUPPLY ATTACKED.**

Pipes on the Aqueduct Were Much Damaged—Consternation Prevailed Among the People—Insurgents Preparing to Invest the City.

Havana was startled and alarmed at 9 o'clock Sunday night by the noise made by two successive explosions, which shook the ground for a long distance and was heard for several miles. Consternation prevailed for a time, as it was feared that this was a prelude to an attack or to a series of similar explosions. Excited throngs rushed to the streets, while an armed party proceeded in the direction from which the detonations had been heard. It was soon found that the stone bridges of Cristina and Concha and the aqueduct of Fernando Septimo were the points that had suffered from the dynamite. The bridges were partially destroyed and the pipes on the aqueduct, upon which the city is dependent for its water supply, were much damaged.

The windows in many houses in the city were shattered by the reverberation of the explosion, and some market structures were also badly damaged.

There is no doubt felt that the dynamite which caused this wreck was placed by agents of the insurgents. It has been their determination, announced some time ago, to cut off the water supply of Havana and so serve to make it as nearly uninhabitable as possible.

The greatest apprehension is felt on account of the secrecy and effectiveness with which the insurgents have been able to carry out the outrage, and much anxiety is felt as to the future. It is believed that the insurgents are bent upon investing Havana by cutting off, as much as possible, the supply of necessities, although not by actually besieging it. All fruits and vegetables and fresh meats are unprecedentedly high priced and difficult to obtain, and milk is of the poorest, such as is brought in being much adulterated before it is doled out. There is much fever, and smallpox has broken out in Havana, and in the unwholesome condition of affairs threatens to become epidemic. Many are suffering from measles and there is much intestinal trouble among the inhabitants owing to poor and insufficient food. The failure of the water supply under these conditions is a dire calamity.

It is the announced intention of the authorities to continue the campaign against the insurgents in spite of the unhealthy rainy season having set in, the additional troops are in the field in Pinar del Rio with the purpose of running down and surrounding Antonio Maceo. It is evident, however, that the insurgents themselves are preparing to enter upon a more aggressive plan of action, and the gathering of insurgent forces in Puerto Principe and Santa Clara is believed to be a prelude to another raid westward in force by Maximo Gomez. The presence of this combined insurgent force in the neighborhood and even in the outskirts of Havana in the next month is a condition that must probably be counted on.

ON THE DEFENSIVE.  
At the suggestion of the surgeon-general the council of generals decided to limit military operations for the present to the defensive. It is said, however, that little yellow fever exists among the troops.

Jose Antonio Yznaga, has been expelled and Ricardo de la Torre has been forbidden to return to Cuba. Thomas Dawley, an artist, has been released. He represented Harper's Weekly and it was in visiting him that Consul-General Lee violated the rules of Cabanosa fortress and called forth unfavorable comment from the Spanish sympathizers.

General Gomez's force of 5,000 men was defeated recently on the plains of Saratoga near Najara, province of Puerto Principe after a fight of 42 hours, by Jimenez Castellano's troops. Gomez lost fully 500 men, the troops losing none. General Goday's command, which reinforced the troops, lost four soldiers killed and two officers wounded.

A Havana dispatch received in Madrid says: "The American consul is inspiring distrust owing to his interest in prisoners and lining with Spain's enemies."

**WEYLER'S QUEER PLANS.**  
Talk of a Barbed Wire Fence and a Deep Ditch About Havana.

Captain-General Weyler evidently thinks a crisis is approaching in the Cuban rebellion, according to advice received in Key West. These advices state that Weyler summoned his generals to Havana, not only to confer about the threatened meeting of the troops and about deserting the troops, but also to plan additional defenses for Havana.

It is asserted that Weyler has received information that the Cuban chiefs intend to attack the city, which at present is denuded of troops, who are doing service on the trocha. It is said the generals determined to use the volunteers to cover strategic approaches and to plant additional artillery in the outskirts of the city. A plan to erect a barbed wire fence and a stone wall and to dig a deep ditch about the city was also considered.

The growing uneasiness of Weyler is reflected in the tone of the official press, which takes a most gloomy view of the situation. There is an absolute lack of confidence even in official circles in Spain's ability to put down the rebellion. The recent attempt by insurgents to cut off the water supply by destroying the conduits has thrown both Weyler and the Havana public into a condition bordering on panic.

Of the 247 passengers and crew of the British steamship Drummond Castle, which was sunk at Brest, France, only three persons, all seamen, were rescued. Bodies of the 244 persons drowned are being recovered almost hourly.