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A Foolish Plan.

"I hear that the members of the Scorchers' Club are going to organize a company to go fight the Spaniards."

"Pshaw! What can they expect to accomplish? They'll run right into the enemy without seeing him."

Wealth and Renown.

She—Which would you rather be—rich or famous?

He—Rich. Then I could give a yacht to the Government and get famous, too.

DAUGHTER OF A DEMOCRAT.

The Wife of Judge Day, the New Secretary of State.

Mrs. Day, who formed a life partnership with the new Secretary of State about twenty-three years ago, is the sole surviving child of the late Louis Schaefer, long a prominent figure in Ohio. She is a woman of exceeding loveliness of character. Since her marriage she has lived no life outside of the lives of her husband and children. So intense has been her devotion to him and them that she has taken no leading part in the social development of Canton, although fitted by every grace of mind and hearth to adorn it. She is a reader, omnivorous and discerning. Fiction, history, travel, biography, sociological essays, are all devoured with equal avidity and assimilated with equal certainly. She is an accomplished musician and possesses many other accomplishments to make home the best place in the world for her home people. She is not a woman's rights woman, and has never gone in for the new woman fad, holding that the place of her sex is under the family roof tree and by the family hearth. Secretary and Mrs. Day have four children, all boys and all much given to athletics.

Mrs. Day's father was a lawyer, a wit, a raconteur, a bon vivant and a public-spirited citizen. He enjoyed an



MRS. DAY.

enormous law practice and died a wealthy man. It was related of him here that he did more to build up Canton that any one man who ever lived in it. He was a Democrat of the Democrats.

Rain for Plants.

Rain does plants comparatively little good until it enters the soil, where it can be absorbed by their roots. A daily record of the amount of water in the soil would indicate whether the indications were favorable or otherwise for certain crops. There is a plan for burying specially constructed electrodes in the soil, in order that by measuring the resistance to the passage of a current through the soil the amount of moisture can be ascertained. This method was suggested by the necessity of grounding thoroughly telephone and telegraph lines. If the terminals are not continually in a moist soil the lines do not work during dry seasons.

First, the torpedo boat to destroy the war vessel; then the torpedo boat destroyer to destroy the torpedo boat; now comes the destroyer to destroy the torpedo boat destroyer. Such is the evolution in naval warfare. The displacement of these new creations is fixed at 400 tons each. They will be made of light steel, with 11,000 indicated horse-power and 28 knots an hour speed. The vital parts are to be protected by two inches of inclined nickel steel armor. They will have a steaming radius of at least 5,000 miles, and for such small craft will have heavy batteries. Each boat will be equipped with two 12-pounders and five 6-pounders, besides two torpedo tubes. The forward 12-pounder gun will be placed on top of the conning tower, and will thus be in a position to do better execution against torpedo boats or torpedo boat destroyers. For offensive work against cruisers and battleships the boats will be equipped with two torpedo tubes. Members of the Board of Construction declare that there will be nothing of their type afloat that they cannot sink.

No one believes a man when he talks about his modesty.

THIS IS INDEED A SWING.

Ninety Feet High, and Speeds at a Mile-a-Minute Gate.

The enterprising Yankee who should erect a swing of the dimensions of the one shown in this picture would make a fortune in a season—if he wasn't arrested the first day he started his dangerous apparatus. What do you think of flying through the air at the rate of a mile a minute, suspended by a mere thread? That is what the Siamese



SIAMESE SWING EXTRAORDINARY.

trapezists do. It is not so professional as some of the performances seen in this country.

The exciting spectacle of two men, literally risking their necks in midair, is seen only at the Siamese harvest festivals, at which all Siam congregates. The attention of the crowd is directed to the performance of the swinging games by a great blare of trumpets. The swing itself is like any ordinary child's swing, except for its enormous size. The pillars are over ninety feet high, and the seat of the swing is about half way between the ornamented cross-bar and the ground.

Bread and Point.

"I wish you'd go around by the grocery, Mattie," said Mrs. Gray, "and ask Mr. Brown to send up three pounds of butter."

"I don't believe Sarah will want to go that way," thought Mattie, as he ran off to meet her schoolmate, who was waving to her from the opposite corner.

"Let's hurry," said Sarah at once, "and we'll have time to play hop-scotch before the bell rings."

"There!" exclaimed Mattie, "I knew you wouldn't want to go to Brown's."

"Can't you go there on the way home?" asked Sarah.

"Yes, I guess it will do just as well." And Mattie kept on toward school.

At noon her mother asked if she forgot her errand.

"I have just been to the store," said Mattie.

"The butter won't be sent up till afternoon if you didn't go before school, and there isn't enough for lunch," said her mother. "I'm afraid you'll have to eat great-grandmother's bread and point, because you didn't do what I asked you."

When they sat down to the table the potatoes were baked to a turn, and the muffins looked so brown and crips and tempting that Joe exclaimed, "Spelicious! This is better than geometry!"

"Joe, you may have what butter there is," said Mrs. Gray, "and Mattie may have the butter-knife."

"What do I want of the butter-knife," said Mattie, crossly, "if I can't have anything on my muffins, and only salt on my potatoes? I'd rather have great-grandmother's bread and point. I s'pose that's some kind of jam, isn't it?"

Mrs. Gray smiled. "When great-grandmother was a little girl," she said, "and didn't do as she was told. I've heard that her mother used to give her only bread for supper, and point the butter-knife at it."

"That's a queer dish," said Joe, as he buttered his second potato; "it wouldn't do for boys."

But Mattie didn't say one word.—Youth's Companion.

Harmless.

"Col. Firechewer drew a gun in Pitchly's place last night."

"No?"

"Oh, yes; drew it at a raffle."

GREAT SEA FIGHT.

How Admiral Cervera's Fleet Was Wrecked.

RIDDLED WITH SHELLS.

Heavy Armor Was Perforated With Projectiles.

GLOUCESTER'S WORK.

The Little Auxiliary Cruiser Fought All the Enemy's Fleet At One Time—The Spanish Admiral Became a Prisoner of Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright, Formerly of the Maine, Who Said To Him: "I Congratulate You, Sir, You Have Made As Gallant a Fight As Ever Was Made On the Sea."

Scattered along the shores for miles to the west of Morro Castle, lie the armored cruisers and torpedo-boat destroyers that comprised Admiral Cervera's fleet. In a running fight of two hours these vessels, the cream of the Spanish navy were almost completely annihilated Sunday morning by powerful ships of Admiral Sampson's fleet.

Admiral Cervera, after making as pluckily a fight against overwhelming odds as is recorded in naval history, was compelled to surrender. He was taken as a prisoner of war, together with every man in his fleet not drowned or killed in the action.

The Spanish Admiral was wounded in one of the arms. His splendid ships, the Cristobal Colon, flagship; the Vizcaya, Almirante Oquendo and Infanta Maria Teresa, and the torpedo-boat destroyers Furor and Pluton, lie on the Cuban rocks, shell ridden, smoking hulks.

Cervera Surrenders His Sword.

Cervera, on the Colon, made the longest run toward liberty. He yielded to fate only in the face of death, and is a prisoner now on the Gloucester, which before the war was the Pierpont Morgan's yacht Corsair.

When his ships, all aflame, was pounding on the shore, ten miles of Santiago, a boat from the Gloucester put out to him and he gave his sword to Lieutenant Morton, who was in charge of the boat. When he went aboard the Gloucester he was met by Lieut.-Com. Richard Wainwright, who was the watch officer of the Maine the night she was blown up in the Havana harbor.

"I congratulate you sir," said the lieutenant-commander, as he grasped the hand of the Spanish admiral. "You have made as gallant a fight as ever was made on the sea."

It is estimated that about 1,300 prisoners were taken. Of these 475 were taken by the Iowa, Capt. Robley D. Evans.

From the very first of the fighting the little Gloucester was in the thickest of it. At one time she was pouring her six-pounder shells against the entire Spanish fleet, while the guns of Morro Castle were making her their target. She riddled the Spanish destroyers and fought the Vizcaya and Oquendo as fiercely as if she were a battle ship.

A Splendid Naval Dash.

Magnificent beyond description was the bold dash by which Cervera attempted to get his fleet out of Santiago harbor. Cervera himself led the way with his flagship, the Cristobal Colon. It was to be a dash to liberty or to death, and the Spanish admiral made the plunge with eyes open.

Sunday quiet rested over the entrance to Santiago harbor. No signs of life were visible about Morro. Beyond and toward the city of Santiago all was still. After two days of fighting the armies of both nations were resting in their trenches. Off this way, for half a dozen miles from shore, most of the vessels of Admiral Sampson's fleet lay lazily at anchor.

Admiral Sampson had set out in the morning to dislodge the Spanish from their works at Aguadores where the Michigan troops were repulsed along the line of railway Saturday morning while they were marching westward to seize the Morro battery and blow up the fort. The American torpedo-boats were not with the fleet. When Admiral Sampson left the Morro the battle ships and the cruiser Brooklyn were grouped off the harbor mouth.

Colon Darted Out First.

It is not known whether Admiral Cervera blew up the Merrimac or passed it in single column. The Cristobal Colon first glided out of the harbor and shot to the westward. Her two funnels and high black bulwarks showed plain against the green of the hills, her pennant and the Spanish red and yellow ensign waving above.

In a few seconds the American fleet was in motion, the Indiana, which was closest, heading straight in shore to get close range. The Spaniards opened fire with an 11-inch Hontoria gun, and mighty fountains of water rose above the battle ship and wet her decks. The shell fell near her bow.

The Indiana replied with her 13-inch guns, and a moment later let go everything she could bring to bear.

One of the first shells fell on the Spanish cruiser's deck. Cervera was then going past, and the Indiana rounded to give him a broadside. As the Iowa and the Texas opened fire the Almirante Oquendo was just coming into view in the harbor mouth.

At first one could scarcely believe his eyes, but when the Oquendo appeared and steamed swiftly westward into the smoke, where Cervera's flag still flew, it flashed upon those on the American fleet that here was to be history-making indeed. It was a sublime spectacle of a desperate admiral, who had decided to give battle against overwhelming odds in the open water rather than remain and blow up his own ships in the harbor of the beleaguered city.

Spanish Fired Broadsides.

Cervera's flag was hidden for a time as he fled westward, his port broadside emitting flashes of flame, which marked his progress. For the next five minutes he ran a gauntlet such as few ships had ever run in history.

The Indiana fell on the Oquendo, paying no heed to the Morro battery, whose gunners tried hard to protect the cruiser as she moved to the westward. The Iowa let Cervera go on into the hands of the Oregon, Massachusetts and Brooklyn, and then turned, with the Texas, to pound the Oquendo. Soon every American ship in the vicinity was in action. Smoke shrouded the coast and blew away lazily, revealing geysers about the ships where the Spanish shells from the cruisers and the Morro tore the water.

Another ship emerged from the harbor. It was the Vizcaya, coming at full speed, smoke curling over her bow as she took her course to the westward and brought her bow guns into play.

Next came the Infanta Maria Teresa and Spain's two dreaded torpedo-boat destroyers, perhaps two hundred yards apart. The Maria Teresa was received with a terrific storm of shells. Smashed and on fire she was beached close to the Morro.

American Strategy.

The Iowa steamed for a time forward with the Oquendo and the Indiana did the same with the Vizcaya. As the fight thus moved westward it became clear that the Americans were willing that the Spanish ships should run far enough from the Morro to lose the aid of the guns there, and in twenty minutes this was done.

This was a bit of strategy which was developed under fire and which was accepted at once by all the American ships without orders. In fact, the smoke often made it impossible to see the signals which Commodore Schley was making from the Brooklyn so tremendous was the firing all along the line.

Both the Oquendo and the Vazcaya were sometimes within a thousand yards of the Indiana. The range varied, but, as a rule, it was short and extremely deadly. Nevertheless, the high speed and thick armor of their class stood the Spanish ships in good stead as they followed in the path of honor marked out by Admiral Cervera.

Three quarters of an hour after the action began it was evident that the Spanish had many guns disabled and would have to surrender. There were terrible casualties on the enemy's ships. As the smoke cleared a little one could see the Spanish flagship, her port broadside spouting smoke, still holding on to the westward.

The Texas and the Massachusetts joined the Indiana and the Iowa. The Oquendo and the Vizcaya hugged the shore and steamed after Cervera on the Colon, to go with him to defeat and death.

Ships Set on Fire.

Shells burst on the decks of the Spanish cruisers at short intervals. Often the ships were on fire, but again and again their crews extinguished the flames and manned again and again the guns from which they had been driven.

The green coast smoked with the shells which flew over them, and crashing sounds heard amid the thunder of great rifles told of armor-piercing shells driven into and through the protected sides of Cervera's ships. Still they fired. Their shots fell about the Indiana and Iowa thickly.

Great Work of the Gloucester.

Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright, of the Gloucester, like Nelson, seemed to have a blind eye. If he was signalled to pull out, he remained, with his six-pounders to do work which was both heroic and astonishing. At one time the Gloucester was being fired at by the Vizcaya, both torpedo boat destroyers and the Morro battery. That she was not sunk and that she had enough men left to work her guns was marvelous.

She lay close in to where the Vizcaya came out, and ran along parallel, firing at the cruiser as fiercely in proportion to her size as did the Indiana and Iowa. Captain Eulate probably feared a torpedo from the Gloucester, for he turned loose his secondary battery at her as he passed on into a storm of shells from the battleships.

Then the destroyers came on, and the Gloucester accepted them at once as a part of her contract. These destroyers were strong in machine guns and guns of the three and six-pounder class. It seemed that smoke jets burst from them in twenty places as they slipped along after the Vizcaya. The water all about the Gloucester was kept splashing by shells and by bullets from machine guns. But the yacht steamed ahead, keeping the destroyers directly between her and the shore and hammering them. The Morro was throwing shells from behind, and occasionally the Vizcaya turned a gun or two to aid her followers.

The yacht was often completely hidden by smoke.

In ten minutes the fire of the destroyers slackened, but, although some of their guns were disabled, their machinery was all right and they moved on until Morro could no longer take part in the battle.

The New York Takes Part.

Then the New York appeared, having been summoned to return from Aguadores. She was six miles away when the destroyers saw her. The Morro thundered at Sampson when he came within range, but the Admiral never heeded, seeing only in the distance the dim forms of the Vizcaya and the Oquendo, hopelessly hemmed in by a circle of fire, and in the foreground the Gloucester fighting two destroyers at short range.

When the destroyers saw the flagship they sped away from the Gloucester and tried to overtake the Vizcaya and get into shelter on her starboard side. If that could not be done there ought to be a chance to torpedo the Indiana and break through our line to the open sea, where speed would save them, but the Indiana steamed in shore and the Iowa went further away.

The Indiana's secondary battery had the first destroyer's range, and rained shells upon her. Splintered and torn, but still with their steering gear and machinery intact, both destroyers turned back to run for the harbor and seek safety inside, but it was too late. The fight had been carried nearly four miles west of the Morro, and the New York was already past the harbor mouth.

The Gloucester was ready for the destroyers close at hand. She and the destroyers and the Indiana formed a triangle of which the destroyers were the apex, and the American fire, converging, was two fierce for human beings to withstand.

A Carnival of Destruction.

One destroyer drifted into the surf of fire a battered wreck, and then crept on toward the Gloucester and the New York, with her guns silent and showing a flag of truce. She was on fire, and her crew ran her ashore to save the lives of those who had escaped the shells. She blew up soon after they abandoned her.

The Spanish admiral was lost in smoke to the westward, when the Oquendo went ashore, with flames bursting from her decks. The Iowa, Indiana, Texas and Massachusetts ceased firing, the Massachusetts going to join the Oregon and the Brooklyn, in hunting up and smashing Cervera's ship.

Once headed off the Oquendo turned into a small bay four or five miles west of Santiago, where she lay close to the land. With an ever-weakening broadside the Vizcaya followed, first heading out as if to break through the line of battle. The Indiana and Iowa closed in, and their formation made her escape in that direction impossible.

Captain Eulate then attempted to reach the east side of the bay, occupied by the Oquendo, but in vain. Her guns, with the exception of those forward, were out of action. Here low guns were still fired at intervals. Those who were not working the bow guns crowded forward to escape the smoke and fire aft.

The Oquendo was soon ashore, her guns silent and smoke rising in thick, black clouds from her.

There was a thundering of guns to the westward now, and flashes told that Cervera still fought, but to the eastward of his ship lay the burning wrecks of his two destroyers.

The torpedo boat Ericsson was seen coming along with the New York. The Indiana and the Iowa were closing in, and shell after shell burst above and aboard the Vizcaya. Eulate hoisted a white flag as his ship went ashore to save the remnant of his men. Simultaneously up went a flag of white on the Oquendo, and down came the flag of Spain.

But One Ship Left.

An hour and a half had elapsed since Cervera left the harbor, and of the vessels which came out only his flagship was still in action.

The Morro battery still stormed impotently at the New York. The American army, with a thousand dead and wounded, was not yet in Santiago, but Cervera's fleet was destroyed, and Cervera himself was only struggling on because he wished to make his defeat glorious in the eyes of the attentive world.

He had proven, at least, that he was not bottled up so tightly as was supposed. He had lost nearly all his vessels, and perhaps more than half of his men, but his penant was still flying and some of his guns were still in action.

Cervera passed the bay in which the Oquendo had sought refuge and held on a due westward course close to the land, but evidently nourishing the desperate hope that he might break through the line and reach free water. He had passed in succession the Indiana the Iowa and the Texas, not to speak of the little Gloucester, which spouted six-pounder shells at him. Since his flag had appeared outside the harbor his ship had been struck again and again. By this time the Vizcaya and the Oquendo were beaten, but in spite of the twelve and thirteen-inch shells that were rained upon him at a range which was short for such guns, in spite of the fact that his boilers and machinery was damaged, he held his course. From a point a mile west of the Morro the Cristobal Colon was invisible frequently in low-hanging smoke from her own guns and also that which drifted in shore from the battle ships.

Cervera Headed Off.

At half-past eleven o'clock Cervera saw the Oregon coming in shore ahead of him to round him to. The smoke was very thick. The firing was incessant.

Cervera's available guns were no longer well served. Shells had set fire to his ship near the stern, and the flames were controlled with difficulty, but the Spanish Admiral altered his course and headed off from the coast, as if to attempt to pass between the ships and run for it.

It was impossible. The Iowa and the Texas were already moving down to close the gap, and the Spanish flagship, raked by the Oregon and the Brooklyn at from a thousand to three thousand yards, and by Iowa and the Texas at longer range, turned in shore again and ran for the rocks, where the surf was breaking. Cervera still replied occasionally.

Flagship in a Blaze.

But his ship moved slowly now, as if disabled, and in a few minutes more his guns were silent. Black smoke replaced the swirling white. The flagship was aflame. Her men had been unable either to work the guns or smother the flames caused by bursting shells, and she was headed for the rocks.

She struck bow on and rested there. Red flames burst through the black smoke and soon a pillar of cloud rose straight up a thousand feet and then bent against the green mountain.

Cervera's ship was hopelessly lost. The American battleships ceased firing before she struck, and ran in, apparently with the intention of saving the survivors as prisoners. This was evidently expected by the Spaniards, hundreds of whom thronged the forward deck, watching the flames eating their way toward them. These were taken prisoners.

SPANISH PRISONERS MUTINY.

It Requires a Volley From the Marines to Bring Them to Their Senses.

Four hundred Spanish prisoners confined at Port Antonia on the Harvard mutinied.

When the outbreak occurred the marines were at once ordered to quell it, and, all other means failing, the order to fire was given.

The result was deadly, six of the mutineers being killed and twelve more wounded.

What caused the mutiny is unknown, but it is suspected that in some way the news of the battle outside Santiago harbor and the capture of Admiral Cervera stirred the men to such a pitch of excitement that they could not restrain themselves.

The prompt action taken to suppress the disorder quickly restored quiet, and there are no signs of further trouble. The wounded are reported doing well.

The State of Texas is taking on twenty tons of ice at Kingston.

An Accident and a Drowning.

At Fort Macon, N. C., in firing the annual national Fourth of July salute of six guns, a shot exploded prematurely and seriously, if not fatally wounded Artilleryman Charles Rosler. His eyesight is destroyed and face, arms and chest badly burned.

A PROCLAMATION.

People Called Upon to Give Thanks for Victories and Pray for Peace.

President McKinley issued the following proclamation to the American people:

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA:

At this time, when to the yet fresh remembrance of the unprecedented success which attended the operations of the United States fleet in the Bay of Manila on the first of May last, are added the tidings of the no less glorious achievements of the naval and military arms of our beloved country at Santiago de Cuba, it is fitting that we should pause, and, staying the feeling of exultation that too naturally attends great deeds wrought by our countrymen in our country's cause, should reverently bow before the throne of divine grace and give devout praise to God, who holdeth the nation in the hollow of His hands and worketh upon them the marvels of His high will, and who has thus far vouchsafed to us the light of His face and led our brave soldiers and seamen to victory.

I therefore ask the people of the United States, upon next assembling for divine worship in their respective places of meeting, to offer thanksgiving to Almighty God, who, in His inscrutable ways, now leading our hosts upon the waters to unscathed triumph, now gliding them in a strange land through the dread shadows of death to success, even though at a fearful cost, now bearing them without accident or loss to far distant climes, has watched over our cause and brought nearer the success of the right and the attainment of just and honorable peace.

With the nation's thanks let there be mingled the nation's prayers that our gallant sons may be shielded from harm alike on the battle-field and in the clash of fleets, and bespared the scourge of suffering and disease while they are striving to uphold their country's honor; and withal let the nation's heart be stilled with holy awe at the thought of the noble men who perished as heroes die, and be filled with compassionate sympathy for all those who suffer bereavement or endure sickness, wounds, and bonds by reason of the awful struggle. And above all let us pray with earnest fervor that He, the dispenser of all good, may speedily remove from us the untold afflictions of war and bring to our dear land the blessings of restored peace, and to all the domain now ravaged by the cruel strife the priceless boon of security and tranquility.

WILLIAM McKINLEY.

Executive Mansion, Washington July 6, 1898.

A SEA HORROR.

Over 500 Lives Lost in a Collision in a Fog.

FRENCH STEAMER SUNK.

Women and Childen Beaten Back from Lifeboats.

ONLY 165 WERE RESCUED

On Morning of July 4, Big French Ocean Liner and British Ship Cromartyshire Came in Collision About Sixty Miles South of Sable Island and Within a Few Minutes La Bourgogne Was at the Bottom of the Sea With Most of Her Human Freight, Only Two First-class Passengers Being Saved.

A Halifax, N. S., special says:—The French liner La Bourgogne, which left New York July 2, for Havre, France, with 503 passengers and a crew of 222, sank after a collision early Monday morning and 550 persons were drowned.

The disaster occurred at 5 A. M. Monday, in a thick fog, sixty miles south of Sable Island, and about two hundred miles southeast of Halifax.

La Bourgogne, which is said to have been going at a 17-knot speed, was run into by the British iron ship Cromartyshire, and sank half an hour after.

The Cromartyshire, though her bow was torn away, laid by and picked up the 165 persons rescued. Of these 106 were members of the crew and 59 were second-class and steerage passengers. No one of the first-cabin passengers was saved. The captain and other deck officers went down with the ship.

On Monday afternoon the Cromartyshire sighted and signaled the Allen liner Grecian, and the latter took on board all the La Bourgogne survivors and then towed the Cromartyshire to this port.

Three hundred women and children are said to have been on the La Bourgogne, but only one woman was saved. She was notly protected and rescued by her husband, Prof. A. D. Lacasse, of Plainfield, New Jersey.

Some of the scenes enacted on board the La Bourgogne, just after the collision were terrible to witness. Men fought for positions in the small boats like raving maniacs. Women were forced back and trampled by men who made self-preservation their first object. On board were a large number of the lower class of Italians and other foreigners, who, in their frenzy, stopped at nothing that promised safety for themselves.

Instead of the heroic discipline which so often has been the one bright feature of such awful moments, the crew of the steamer fought like demons for the few life-boats and rafts, battering the helpless passengers away from their only means of salvation.

In one boat was a party of forty women, but so great was the panic that not a hand was raised to assist in its launching. The occupants, so near saved, were drowned like rats when the ship, with an awful hissing sound, went down.

So desperate was the situation that an Italian passenger drew his knife and made direct at one who, like himself, was endeavoring to reach the boats. Immediately his action was imitated in every direction. Knives were flourished and used with effect. Women and children were driven back to inevitable death at the point of weapons, the owners of which were experts in their use. According to stories of survivors, women were stabbed like so many sheep.

The scene on the water was even worse. Many of the unfortunates were struggling in the water, attempting to drag themselves into the boats or on rafts. These were pushed back into a watery grave. Here, too, knives were used freely.

Not all the dead met death by drowning. Christopher Brunon saw a sailor belonging to the Bourgogne strike a passenger over the head with a bar and kill him. The body dropped into the water. The passenger had grabbed the boat in which the sailor was and attempted to get on board.

One passenger said the officer and crew of La Bourgogne neglected the passengers entirely. The second officer was the only man who did anything to help the terrified and helpless passengers. He cut loose all the boats he could, and, in fact, all the boats that were launched were launched by the brave second officer. He was last seen standing on the deck, with his hand on the rigging, going resignedly to certain death.

Among the survivors are a party of Assyrians and Armenians [illegible] enty-five Assyrians left New York. All but eight [illegible] the eight lost his wife and two brothers and ten other relatives. Another two daughters. Only one of thirteen Armenians survived. The Assyrians were bound to their homes near Damascus, and every one had from $100 to $200 saved. They lost all.

On board the steamer Grecian Armenians wept like children and would be comforted.

The one surviving Armenian tells a sorrowful tale of the drowning of an Armenian priest and his family who got into a boat with some thirty other people, made no effort to launch the boat [illegible] priest [illegible] prayers.

When the steamer was about to make her final plunge the captain blew the whistle as a farewell to those [illegible] was shortly engulfed.

"WE HAVE LOST

Cervera's Message to Blanco Detailing His Defeat.

A Washington special says: The War Department has received the report of Admiral Cervera to General Blanco on the disastrous naval fight to the Spanish cause off Santiago. It is as follows:

"To the General-in-Chief, Havana: In compliance with your orders I went out from Santiago de Cuba with all the squadron, and after an unequaled combat against forces more than triple mine, had all my squadron destroyed by fire. Teresa, Quendo and Vizcaya beached, and the Colon fleeing. I accordingly informed the Americans



LIEUTENANT R. P. HOBSON.

and went ashore and gave myself up. The torpedo chasers foundered.

"I do not know how many people were lost, but will surely reach 600 dead and many wounded. Although not in such great numbers, the living are prisoners of the Americans.

"The conduct of the crews rose to a height that won the most enthusiastic plaudits of the enemy.

"The commander of the Vizcaya surrendered his vessel. His crew are very grateful for the noble generosity with which they are treated. Among the dead is Villamil, and I believe Lazcaga (spelling uncertain), and among the wounded Concas and Eulate We have lost all, are necessarily depressed.

"CERVERA."

Wants to Give a Flag to Heroes.

General Miles has received the following telegram from Mrs. Donald McLean, of New York: "I beg permission to present when possible a star-spangled banner to the Twenty-first Infantry heroes, whose singing of the national anthem in the jaws of death thrills the very soul."

Three Out of Four Now Lynched.

At 1 o'clock the other morning a mob took Goode Gray, a colored man, from the county jail at Bizon, Ark., and lynched him. He was one of four colored men charged with the murder of Bart Frederick several months ago. Two of Gray's accomplices have been lynched at different times.

Princeton Sails to Key West.

The United States gunboat Princeton left League Island Navy-yard, Philadelphia, for Key West. She is in charge of Commander West, The Princeton was built at Dialogue's shipyard, in Camden, N. J., and this is the first trip she has taken since she was accepted by the Government. She was launched in June, 1897.

Kern City, Cal., Burned Out.

The little town of Kern City, Cal., has been almost destroyed by fire. Three blocks and a half in the center of the place were swept away, the loss being $75,000; insurance [illegible] half that amount. The Southern Pacific railroad buildings were saved.

FIELD OF LABOR.

Chicago bakers have struck.

Salem, Ohio, has a chewing gum makers' union.

Waco, Tex., hasn't a non-union railway employe.

Muncie, Ind., street car men get $1,65 for eleven hours.

Toledo steam and hot-water fitters demand $3 per day.

Boston Printers' Union will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary.

Springfield unions will establish a co-operative shoe store.

Philadelphia Water Bureau laborers get $1,75 for eight hours.

Danish and Norwegian machinists, of Brooklyn, have organized.

The Granite Cutters' Union will demand eight hours in 1900.

Western men captured the offices of the Printing Pressmen's Union.

Cleveland clerks will prosecute merchants who do business on Sundays.

Baltimore unions forced the municipality to provide free concerts in the parks.

Ohio's law regulating and licensing plumbers has been declared unconstitutional.

A year ago there were four unionists at Kewanee, Ill. Today there are thirteen unions and a Central Labor Union.

LIEUT. HOBSON FREE.

Merrimac's Crew Exchanged for Spanish Prisoners.

Gen. Shafter announced the exchange of Lieut. Hobson and his men as follows:

Playa del Este, July 7.

Secretary of War, Washington:

Fifth Army Corps Headquarters, Cuba, July 6.—Lieut. Hobson and all of his men have just been received safely in exchange for Spanish officer and prisoners taken by United States. All in good health except two seamen convalescing from remittent fever.

SHAFTER,
Maj. Gen. Commanding.

THE TERROR STILL AFLOAT.

The St. Louis Has An Engagement With the Spanish Destroyer.

The announcement is made at Cape Haytian that a dispatch from San Juan de Porto carried to St. Thomas by a carrier-pigeon, asserts that the United States auxiliary cruiser St. Louis had an engagement with the Spanish torpedo-boat destroyer Terror, and killed the engineer and five men.

The same dispatch says a number of volunteers have offered themselves for service to the military authorities of San Juan.

ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

It is said that Patti has a phonograph in her castle into which she frequently sings, occasionally lending the resulting cylinders to friends at a distance.

Two magnificent candelabra from the Royal Porcelain manufactory at Berlin have been sent to Queen Victoria by the German Emperor and Empress as birthday presents.

Miss Matilda Middleton, well known in Paris through her exquisite miniature, has returned to her home in Chicago, and has opened a studio there. One of the best of her recent miniatures is that of United States Marshall J. C. Ames.

Mayor Phelan, of San Francisco, is to build at his own expense a library and recreation building at the city almshouse. The structure, with the books, will cost about $10,000.

The new Randall dining-hall for Harvard, which will soon be built, is paid for from funds bequeathed the college by J. W. and Berlinda L. Randall.

Owing to serious illness in his family Congressman Champ Clark, of Missouri, was not able to deliver his promised Fourth of July oration in Springfield, Mass.

Elizabeth Brewer, who died near Kingston, Ont., a day or so ago, was said to be the oldest Quakeress in the country.

PRESIDENT'S ULTIMATUM.

The Unconditional Surrender of Linares' Army the Only Solution.

The President's ultimatum was voiced by an authorative source as follows: "The only solution of the situation is the absolute and unconditional surrender of General Linares' army, and that will take place if it requires the whole of the 225,000 men in the United States army to accomplish it."

General Miles will reach the army before Santiago with the reinforcements within a day or two, and if the end has not been reached there shortly afterwards, it will be for him to advise whether this vast army is to be called into play.

WILL SAVE ALL THEY CAN.

Wrecking Company to Recover as Much of the Spanish Fleet as Possible.

A Washington special says: The Navy Department is already making arrangements to recover as much of the valuable Spanish fleet as can be saved. An agreement was closed with the Merritt & Chapman Wrecking Company to undertake the salvage of as much property as possible from the wrecks.

The company's wrecking steamer Merritt, left New York for Newport News, Va., where she will take on coal and needed supplies and proceed directly to Cuba.

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