

CARDENAS IS SHELLED.

ANOTHER CUBAN BOMBARDMENT.

SILENCED BY THE TERROR.

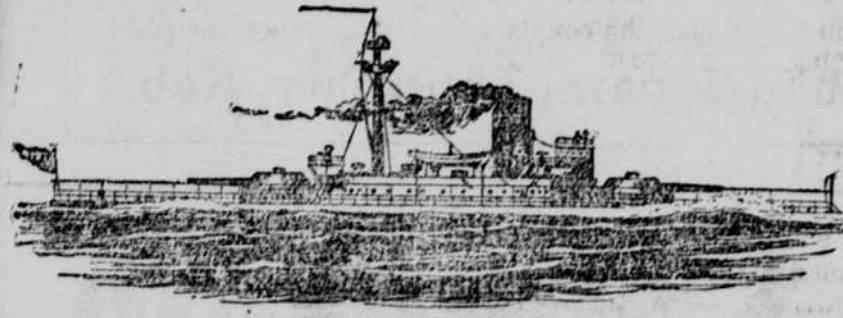
Many Spaniards Reported Killed After an Hour's Firing—The Gunboat Machias Also Took a Hand—Shots From the Shore Batteries Provoked Attack by the War Vessels.

NEW YORK, April 30.—A dispatch printed by a Wall street news agency says that the monitor Terror and the gunboat Machias bombarded Cardenas killing many Spaniards, but after an hour's firing the batteries of the enemy were silenced.

A New York Evening Post dispatch from Key West to-day says: "Reports received here from the blockading fleet this morning were to the effect that the bombardment at Matanzas on Wednesday was followed up yesterday by a bombardment of Cardenas, east of Matanzas, on the north coast of Cuba."

At that station were the monitor Terror and the gunboat Machias. Shots from the shore batteries provoked them to fire back. For two hours, the report says, Cardenas withstood the bombardment. Then the ancient guns, which did no damage to the ships, suddenly grew silent.

Captain Harrington of the Puritan heard nothing of the firing upon Cardenas, where two Spanish gunboats were hid in the inlet. He says it is impossible to get nearer than six miles to the town, which is not fortified.



MONITOR PURITAN.

WAR REVENUE BILL.

Republican Members Decide Upon Fifty Amendments.

WASHINGTON, April 30.—The Republican members of the ways and means committee held a meeting yesterday at which fifty amendments to the war revenue bill were agreed to. Many of them are mere verbal amendments, but some are of considerable importance. One of these exempts mutual and co-operative life insurance companies from taxation. The tax on insurance companies is transferred from the policies to the premiums. In this the amendment conforms to the law of 1865. The tax on marine, inland and fire insurance policies is extended to cover employers' liability associations, title insurance companies, glass and all other special insurance companies, of which many classes have grown up in the past few years.

Railroad telegraphic messages and all other leased wire messages are exempted by an amendment limiting the tax to messages "on which the companies' charges are to be paid or to be collected." The tax on chewing gum is reduced from 1 cent on a 5-cent package to 1/2 cent. The tax on beer is extended to include beer "stored." The amendment was deemed necessary to cover beer in storage. The license of dealers in leaf tobacco is reduced from \$24 to \$12 on those whose sales do not exceed \$10,000 per annum, and from \$18 to \$24 on dealers whose sales exceed that amount.

The most important amendment was one which levies a tax of 1 cent upon all pay telephone messages costing below 25 cents. The original provision exempted messages for a distance below thirty miles. Mr. Tawney of Minnesota estimates that this amendment, which will cover all city and suburban business, will raise \$5,000,000.

To Urge Saints to Enlist.

SALT LAKE, Utah, April 30.—A letter from the first president of the Mormon church to Governor Wells on the subject of enlistments has caused something of a sensation. The president said that the fact that the Apostle Brigham Young, in a discourse at the tabernacle Sunday, counseled the saints to remain at home, and that the recruiting office in this city the opening day secured only forty-seven volunteers, was regarded as a reflection upon the patriotism of the people and that the presidency of the church would urge the saints to enlist.

German Attacks to Go With the Troops. BERLIN, April 30.—Lieutenant Count Von Tetta, the German military attaché at Washington, who is now in this city, has been ordered to return to the United States and accompany the forces of the United States which will operate in Cuba.

Pole Marries to England. TORONTO, Ontario, April 30.—Senator Polo received several long cables from Madrid last night. The only information, however, that could be obtained was that as a result of one of the cables the minister might at any moment have to start for London.

SEIZED SPANISH MAIL.

Letters From Blanco and Reports of Spies Are in the Government's Hands.

WASHINGTON, April 30.—The clerks in the dead letter office at the Post-office department have been busy all day examining the captured Spanish mail, the first batch of which has been received in Washington from the postoffice at New York. By an order issued by the Postmaster General, all postmasters throughout the country are instructed to forward to the department at Washington all letters and packages addressed to persons in Spain.

Some of the letters were of very great importance to the military and naval authorities of the United States. Some of them are reports made by General Blanco and other Spanish officials in Cuba to their superiors in Madrid, and relate to the condition of affairs and plans for the defense of the island. Others were written by Spanish spies in this country, and most of them are unimportant. Several letters will be turned over to the secret service division of the Treasury department, as they contain clues that may be useful hereafter.

No one can remember when the government of the United States has held up and opened private correspondence before. Certainly never since the war of 1812, although during the rebellion letters were frequently intercepted by orders of the war department or the department of justice, when it was suspected that they contained official information.

TRAITOR ON THE PURITAN.

Death Sentence to a Spanish Seaman on the American Monitor.

KEY WEST, Fla., April 30.—It is asserted in an authoritative quarter that a Spaniard whose name is Charles Ypliaz was discovered tampering with the largest magazine on the monitor Puritan last Sunday afternoon.

The Spaniard was engaged in drilling holes in the bulkhead of the 12-inch magazine when discovered. He

was immediately placed under arrest. He has been six years in this navy and rates as a storekeeper. He was several years on the Minneapolis and the time of his present enlistment would have expired in a few weeks. He is now in double irons in the brig of the Puritan.

A court of inquiry has found him guilty and recommends court-martial. A thorough examination of the man and his suspicious actions during the last few weeks, when recalled by his detection, have convinced Captain Harrington, commander of the Puritan, that the man harbored an insane notion that, as his country demanded it, he was willing to make himself a sacrifice and destroy the monitor by igniting the contents of the largest magazine on board.

When searched the man was found to have about his person cotton waste saturated with turpentine. This, it is believed, was to have been used as a fuse.

Papers in the case are in the hands of Rear Admiral Sampson. Great excitement is said to exist among the men on the war ships in consequence of the discovery.

INSOLVENT BANK RULING.

Comptroller of Currency Dawes Renders an Important Decision.

WASHINGTON, April 30.—An important ruling has been made by Charles G. Dawes, comptroller of the currency, relating to the practice of the comptroller's office in regard to the collection of the assessments against the stockholders of insolvent national banks, and the distribution of the proceeds of such assessments.

Under this ruling, whenever it becomes necessary in adjusting the rights of creditors and stockholders of insolvent banks, to either levy a second assessment upon stockholders for the benefit of the creditors, or to return an excessive assessment to stockholders, the comptroller will review the original assessment for the purpose of making such an adjustment, contrary to the practice of the office heretofore, which has been to regard an assessment based on the first estimate of deficiency in the bank's assets as final, irrespective of whether that estimate was, as a matter of fact, too large or too small.

This ruling is of great importance as it relates to assessments already levied throughout the country, as well as those hereafter to be levied upon stockholders of insolvent national banks whose affairs are not entirely closed.

Kansas City Fire.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., April 30.—The Golden Eagle Clothing Company's store, at the southwest corner of Eleventh and Main streets, was heavily damaged by fire at an early hour this morning. The loss is estimated at from \$10,000 to \$15,000.

Guas and Ammunition Destroyed.

SHREVE FALLS, S. D., April 30.—A fire at Worthington, S. D., burned to the ground the armory. The ammunition, uniforms and guns of company D, National guards, were totally destroyed.



CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"Mr. Harris will walk with me," faltered Dorothy, shrinking back.

"By what right?" demanded David, in a bitter undertone.

"By the right of Miss Strode's wish, sir," put in Dick, icily, "and in some measure by the right of having been the last person to whom Miss Dimsdale spoke in this world, and in some measure by the right of having been one of the three persons who saw her die."

It was all over in a minute or two, and only those standing very near to them heard a word at all. Dick took hold of Dorothy's hand and drew her out of the room, and the rest of the company followed as they would—David Stevenson among them, his head well up in the air, but his eyes gleaming with anger, and his face as white as chalk.

However, it was useless to show anger about such a matter, and the incident passed by. And when the last sad office was over, the large company separated, only the lawyer from Colchester returning to the Hall to make the usual explanations and to read the will to Dorothy.

"And are you going to remain here for the present?" he asked the girl kindly.

"Oh, no, I am going away at once," she answered.

"But may I ask where?" he inquired.

"Yes; we are going away, Barbara and I, for a change—I must get away; it is dreadful here. I hope I shall never come back again."

"You will feel differently after a time," said the lawyer, kindly; he knew how things were with David Stevenson, though not what Dorothy's feelings towards him were.

The three were alone then, Dick Aylmer having purposely abstained from appearing at the house after their return from the churchyard; he was, indeed, at that very moment, sitting by the fire in Barbara's little room at the back of the house.

"Yes, perhaps, after a time," she answered feverishly. "But, Mr. Marks, I wanted to ask you a question—Mr. Stevenson told me that I should have about a thousand pounds?"

"About that, I should think; but we cannot tell exactly until Miss Dimsdale's affairs are settled."

"But will you get them settled at once? I want to have everything settled," she said anxiously. "You see, I cannot arrange anything for myself until I know just how I stand, and I should like to know just what I shall be able to do as soon as possible."

"Very well, we will hurry everything on as much as possible," said Mr. Marks to David; "Miss Dimsdale's affairs were in perfect order."

"Oh! yes, it will be easy enough," said David; then as the lawyer was gathering his papers together, he said in an undertone to her: "You are very anxious to shake the dust of Graveleigh off your feet, Dorothy?"

The great tears welled into her eyes, and for a moment she could not speak. "I don't think you give me much encouragement to do anything else, David," she said, reproachfully. "I am very anxious to go away, because it is dreadful living in this house without Auntie—dreadful; and I am very unhappy, David, and I don't think it is very kind of you to be so—so—" but there the sob choked her and she stopped. "I never thought you would be unkind to me," she said under her breath.

"I'm a brute," he answered, "There, don't cry, Dorothy. You shall have everything as you want it."

The result of all this was that, two days later, Dorothy and Barbara went off to Bournemouth, accompanied by Lorne Doone in a big basket, and there they remained, quietly and gradually recovering from the great shock of Miss Dimsdale's death. If they were not very happy in their simple lodgings they were very peaceful, and once Dick came and stayed at the hotel near



RUSHED OUT OF THE ROOM.

For a couple of days, and then Dorothy was very happy indeed.

During this time their banns were published in one of the churches at Bournemouth and also in a London church, in the parish of which Dick engaged a room and put therein some of his belongings, so as to make himself a standing in the place. But Dick was only at Bournemouth for those two days, and twice when David Stevenson was in Colchester on business he

happened to meet him in the street, not a little to his relief.

And Mr. Marks meantime worked away, and, for a lawyer, really hurried things up in a wonderful way, so that by the time Dorothy's twenty-first birthday came everything was settled, and he was ready to hand over to her the money to which she was entitled under her aunt's will. Mr. Marks therefore wrote to her, telling her that he was ready to hand over to Barbara the sum of one hundred pounds; to her, Dorothy, a sum of thirteen hundred and forty-five pounds, the sum left over and above after all expenses had been paid. He asked her also when she and Barbara would be able to meet him and Mr. Stevenson, the executor of Miss Dimsdale's will.

Dorothy replied at once that she would be in London two days later, and if it suited them both would meet them there—would he write to Mr. Morley's Hotel, to say if that would be convenient? And eventually they did meet at Morley's Hotel, and Dorothy and Barbara signed the necessary papers, heard the necessary explanations, and from that moment were absolutely free of all connection with Graveleigh for ever, if they so wished.

"You will put that check into a proper bank," said Mr. Marks to Dorothy.

"Yes," Dorothy answered, "It will go to the bank before three o'clock."

"And remember, if at any time there is any little matter that I can do for you or any advice I can give you, you can write to me as a friend, and I will always do my best for you," the old lawyer said.

"Thank you so much," cried Dorothy, pressing his hand affectionately. The old man blinked his eyes a little, patted her shoulder and coughed, and then took himself rather noisily away, with a kindly hand-shake to Barbara. Then it was David's turn to say goodbye.

"I wanted to tell you, Dorothy," he said, huskily; "that I bought the old cobs, as you wished, and they will have an easy berth in my stables as long as they live. And I wanted to tell you, too, that I meant every word of what I said to you the day after Miss Dimsdale died; if ever you want me you have only to say a single word and I shall come."

"You are very good, David," said she, with trembling lips.

"I don't know what you are going to do or what your plans are," he went on, "but I hope you will be happy, and that God will bless you, wherever you are and whatever you do; and then he bent down and kissed her little, slender hands, and, without looking at her again, rushed out of the room."

CHAPTER XII.

COR Dorothy fell sobbing into Barbara's arms. "Oh! Barbara, it is all so dreadful; it is all so dreadful; it brings it all back; again," she wailed.

"Nay, nay, my dearie, think of what's going to be tomorrow," Barbara murmured, tenderly. "Don't grieve like this, my dearie; don't, now."

"But I can't help grieving a little, Barbara," Dorothy cried, impatiently. "You forget what they have been all my life to me until just now. And Auntie wanted me to marry David almost to the last, and though I couldn't do that, he has been very kind and generous to me, and I hate not to be friends with him, after all. And then I meant to tell him a little about Elsie Carrington, and then each time I've seen him I have felt so miserable and so guilty, Barbara, that I could have cried of shame. Yes, indeed, I could."

"Well, but, my dearie, it's over now, and David Stevenson would not; have been satisfied to have you friends with him. Men never are when they want love. And, after all, it wasn't your fault that you never liked David; I never could abide him myself, and I'm sure, Miss Dorothy, dear, that you detested him long enough before you ever set eyes on Mr. Harris."

"But, Auntie—" Dorothy sobbed.

"I'm sure the dear mistress was the last one in all the world to have knowingly made you miserable about David Stevenson or any other gentleman on earth," Barbara answered, positively.

"But what did you want to tell me about Miss Carrington, dearie?" "Elsie always liked him," Dorothy began, when the old servant interrupted her.

"Nay, now, Miss Dorothy, take my advice and don't you be meddling between David Stevenson and Miss Carrington. They wouldn't either of them thank you for it if they knew it, and if you was to mention her name even it would set Mr. David against her forever. Never you trouble your head about him; he's no worse off than he's always been—better, in fact, for he is richer now than before the Hall fell to him. I dare say he'll feel bad for you for a bit, but remember, Miss Dorothy, that it's harder to lose what you have than what you haven't got and never had."

"Perhaps you are right, Barbara," said Dorothy, a little comforted.

"Ay, I am right there," said Barbara, wisely.

Well, the next day Dick Aylmer came up from Colchester with all the delight of a long leave before him, and in the wildest and most joyous spirits, so that Dorothy was fairly infected by his gaiety. That evening he took her and Barbara to dine at Simpson's, and then to a theater to finish up the evening. And the morning following that, Dorothy, dressed in a quiet gray gown, with her silver belt around her waist, got into a cab with the old servant and drove to the church where their banns had been "read," and there they met Dick, and the two were made man and wife.

It was a very quiet and solemn wedding in the gloomy, empty church, with its dark, frowning galleries and its long, echoing aisles, down which their voices seemed to travel as into the ages of eternity.

And then when the short ceremony was over—and oh! what a lifetime of mischief a clergyman can do in twenty minutes—Dick kissed his wife and then Dorothy kissed Barbara, and they all went in to sign the registers.

"You'll have your lines, Miss Dorothy," urged Barbara.

"No, they are safe enough here," Dorothy replied.

"But I would have them, my dear," Barbara entreated in a whisper.

"Yes, we will have our lines," said Dick; he would agree to have carried the church along if it would have given them pleasure, he was so happy just then.

And then they went off to Dick's hotel, where they had a champagne



KISSED HIS WIFE.

lunch in a private room, and Dick drank to his bride's health and Dorothy drank to his, and Barbara drank to them both, and then insisted that the wine had got into her head.

And after that they parted for a short time, Dorothy and Barbara going off to Morley's to fetch their luggage and pay their bill, and meeting Dick again with his belongings at Victoria Station, where they parted in earnest from Barbara, who was going to spend the two months with various friends and relations in or around London.

"And Barbara, this will keep you going till we get back," said Dick, slipping twenty pounds into her hand.

"But, Mr. Harris," cried Barbara, feeling that there were four notes, "it's too much; I shan't need it."

"Take it while you can get it, Barbara," he laughed; "I dare say we shall be desperately hard up by the time we get back again," and then the train began to move, and he pushed her hand back. "Good-bye, you have the address; Mrs. Harris will write every week; and then the train had shipped away beyond speaking distance.

"Poor old Barbara!" she cried. "Dick caught hold of her hand. 'My darling, I have got you all to myself at last,' he murmured passionately.

They were soon away from London and off to Dover, for Dick had foreign leave, and they had agreed to spend the next two months by the sunny shores of the Mediterranean. (To be Continued.)

ABOUT SAFFRON.

Its High Price Has Led to a Peculiar Form of Adulteration.

Saffron would strike an ordinary observer as decidedly expensive at 56 shillings per pound, until told that it is composed of the central small portions only of the flowers of a species of crocus, 70,000 of which it takes to yield the material for one pound, says Chambers' Journal. The wonder then becomes that it is so cheap, that it can pay to grow and gather it at the price. As a matter of fact, it has failed to pay the English grower—by this retaining, in the name of his town of Suffron-Walden, but a hint of former importance in this particular direction; French and Spanish soils being more suitable to the full growth of the flowers, and foreign labor cheaper in the work of picking. Its use in medicine has practically died out, but, perhaps, the popular belief that, steeped in hot milk or cider, it helps the eruption of measles to fully appear. As a dye in creaming curtains and to give a rich appearance to cake it is still, however, in general demand, for which purpose it is well suited in being both harmless and strong. One grain, composed of the style and stigmas of nine flowers, being sufficient to give a distinct yellow tint to ten gallons of water. Its high price, by the way, has led to a peculiar form of adulteration, for, apart from the crude and commonplace ones of dyeing with a heavy powder, such as gypsum, to give weight, the similar portions of other and commoner flowers have been specially dyed and worked thoroughly in among the genuine ones.

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