

DON'T FORGET

OR, LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

"H'm!" remarked Barbara, with another sniff, "perhaps not. But for all that, Miss Dorothy—Ma'am, I should say—David Stevenson was a mean boy, and I never could abide meanness in man, woman nor child."

"He was most generous to me," said Dorothy, with a sigh.

"Yes, to serve his own ends," said Barbara sharply. "You may take such generosity as that for me. Not that I was speaking of that ma'am, for I wasn't, but of the time when David was a boy—a horrid boy, who thought nothing of stealing the best apples and letting another take the blame of it."

"Oh, Barbara! Barbara!" cried Dorothy, "you've got hold of a wrong story. Why, I know that once when David stole some of auntie's apples, and young Tom Merriman got the blame, David came and told auntie himself."

"Yes; and for why?" demanded Barbara, with uncompromising sternness. "Because I happened to have caught the young limb at it and collared him before he could get away. 'You are stealing Mrs. Dimsdale's apples, David Stevenson,' I said, laying hold of him suddenly; and you stole them other apples that Tom Merriman has been sacked for. 'And what's that to you, you old sneak?' he asked. 'Sneak or no sneak,' said I, 'you'll turn out your pockets to me, my fine gentleman; and you'll go straight up to the house and you'll tell Miss Dimsdale that it was you stole the apples last week, and then you'll go and ask Tom Merriman's pardon for having let him lie under your fault. 'That I shan't,' says he. 'Then, says I, 'I just walks you right off to Miss Dimsdale, and she'll see you with your pockets full, red-headed as you are. No,' says I, 'it's no use to struggle. I've got you safe by the arms, and so I mean to keep you, whether you like it or not. And if once Miss Dimsdale knows the truth, do you know what she'll do, David Stevenson?' says I. 'No,' says he, sulkily. 'What?' 'She'll never stop to think that you're David Stevenson of Holroyd,' I says, 'but she'll just hand you over to the constable at once, and I don't think, my young gentleman, I add, 'that Tom Merriman having got the sack to fill your inside with ill-gotten goods, 'll help you with the bench in the very least.'"

"Well, so I suppose he gave in," said Dorothy.

"Well, of course, he had to," returned Barbara, with practical plainness; "but all the same, he never forgave me for having been the one to get the better of him, and never forgot it, not to the very last day we were at the hall. Ah! Miss Dorothy, darling, if I had thought proper to marry David Stevenson, you would have had to do without me. He never would have had me about him, and I wouldn't have taken service under his roof—no, not to save myself from ending my days in the workhouse."

"Barbara, Barbara," cried Dorothy chidingly, "not for me?"

"Well, if you had put it in that way, Miss Dorothy, you might have got over me," the old woman answered.

But stay! I think I ought to say here that although I have called her old in many parts of this story, Barbara was not, and could not reasonably be called an old woman in the common acceptation of the word. She was a year or so over fifty, and a very strong, hale woman at that, and at this time to Dorothy she was a very rock and tower of strength.

Well, by virtue of the letter from Esther Brand and in the joy and expectation of her coming, Dorothy passed that day with quite a light heart, and even sat down to the little piano and sang one or two of the songs that Dick liked best. And then she went to bed and slept, leaving the door open between her room and Barbara's for company, and she dreamed, as she always did, about Dick.

Nor was it a pleasant dream. She saw Dick on board of a large steamer, wearing white clothes and a sailor hat, looking very bronzed and happy. He was leaning over the side of the ship, with a cigarette in his mouth, just as she had seen him many a time, and by his side there stood a beautiful lady—not a girl like Dorothy herself, but a beautiful woman of about thirty years old, such as Dorothy fancied her old friend at home, Lady Jane Sturt, might have been at that age. They seemed to be talking earnestly together, and after a time—such a long time it seemed in her dream—Dick took one of the lady's hands and raised it to his lips; then she laughed and said something, and Dick caught her to him and kissed her on the lips. Immediately afterward, while Dorothy, with frozen lips, was gazing at them, Dick turned his head and looked her full in the eyes with the glance of an utter stranger.

CHAPTER XX.

With a shriek Dorothy awoke—the sun was streaming in at the sides of the window-blinds, and Barbara was just coming through the doorway with a little tray bearing Dorothy's early cup of tea.

"Did I scream, Barbara?" Dorothy gasped.

"A bit of a cry. What ailed you, ma'am?" Barbara asked.

"Oh! I was so frightened—I had such a horrid dream about the master. I thought—"

But Dorothy did not complete the sentence, for Barbara put out her hand with a horrified look. "Nay, now, Miss Dorothy, don't tell it. Whatever you do, don't tell me."

"But why?" cried Dorothy, opened.

"You should never tell a dream before noon, Miss Dorothy," returned Barbara, portentously.

"Oh!" exclaimed Dorothy, "isn't it lucky?" She knew that Barbara was a great believer in luck, and signs and omens.

"It's fatal," answered Barbara solemnly, whereat Dorothy burst out laughing, and the worst feelings of dread with which she had awakened passed away.

"I think," she said after breakfast when Barbara was clearing the table—"that I shall put on my hat and go up to the High street—I cannot finish this until I get some more lace;" then she held it up and showed it off to Barbara. "Isn't it sweet?" she exclaimed with intense satisfaction.

"It's lovely," returned Barbara, who was overjoyed at the prospect of a baby. "Then do you wish me to go with you, ma'am, or will you go alone?"

"Do you want to go?" Dorothy asked.

"Well, ma'am, to be honest, I don't. I want to turn out the room for Miss Esther. You see, she may come nearly as fast as her letter, and I shouldn't like to put her into a dirty room."

"It can't be dirty, Barbara," cried Dorothy, laughing, "because nobody has ever slept in it."

"Well, ma'am," Barbara retorted, "I can't say that I know a dirtier person than Mr. Nobody—on the whole."

Dorothy laughed. "Well, then you evidently have a lot to do, and I would just as soon go alone. So I will go



YOU STARTLED ME.

soon, before I get tired or the day gets hot;" for although September was half over, the weather just then was most sultry and trying to those not in the best of health.

She was soon ready, and went into the cozy little kitchen to ask Barbara if there was anything she wanted, but she did not happen to want anything at all.

"Do I look all right?" Dorothy asked, turning herself about.

"Yes, you look very sweet this morning, Miss Dorothy," said Barbara. "I wish the master could see you this minute."

"So do I," echoed Dorothy promptly. "Well, he will see me soon enough, soon enough. Good-by, Barbara."

Barbara followed her to the door and watched her out into the street, and truly, as she had said, her young mistress was looking very bonny that day. On her fair hair, loosely arranged, yet not untidy-looking, she had a small straw bonnet trimmed with ribbon and a cluster of gloire de Dijon roses. Over her pretty blue cotton gown she wore a long dust-cloak of some thin and light-toned material. She also wore tan-colored shoes and Suede gloves of about the same tone, and she carried a large white cotton parasol to shield her from the sun.

It was a very simple and cheap toilette, but it was fresh and dainty-looking, and Dorothy looked bright and lovable and a little lady from the crown of her bonnet to the tips of her shoes; indeed, more than one person thought so as she passed up the street; and the old General, who was out for his usual morning trot, stopped in his walk, and, wheeling round, stood to look after her till she had turned the corner and was out of sight, when he went on with his self-imposed sentry go, wishing with all his heart he was forty years younger.

Meantime Dorothy went serenely on her way, reached the shop for which she was bound, and there made her purchases, all small enough for her to bring them away in a neat little parcel in her unoccupied hand. And then, just as she stepped off the doorstep of the shop on to the pavement, she suddenly found herself face to face with David.

If it had been possible she would have retreated back into the shop; but it was too late for that. David Stevenson had already uttered an exclamation of surprise, and was standing close in front of her, holding out both his hands to her.

Now, if there was one person in all

the wide world whom Dorothy would rather not have seen just then, that person was David Stevenson. I think she looked all the dismay which she felt, and that she felt all and perhaps more than the dismay which she looked.

"Oh! is that you?" she gasped. David let his hands, with their glad welcome, drop instantly.

"You're not very glad to see me, Dorothy," he said, in quiet, but bitter reproach.

"I—that is, you startled me," she replied, in a wild endeavor to put off any questions he might think proper to ask her.

"Evidently," he said, dryly, "and you want to get rid of me, eh?"

"Oh, not at all," biting her lip and wishing that she could sink into the ground, or dissolve into thin air, anywhere out of the way of his hard and steely-blue eyes, which seemed to look her through, and to know in a moment all the secrets of her life.

"No? Ah, that is better. Then, since you don't want to get rid of me all in a hurry, perhaps you will let me walk a little way with you. May I?"

"Oh, yes, certainly," said Dorothy, giving herself up for lost at once.

"Do you live near here?" he asked.

At that moment there was a slight block on the pavement of the always busy street, and just as David spoke Dorothy perceived that the sweet-faced lady who lived on the floor above her was also blocked, and stood for a moment or so face to face with her. Undoubtedly she had heard David's question just as Dorothy had done, and undoubtedly Dorothy had never seen her eyes so cold or her lips so austere as they were now.

In her distress and annoyance at being thus apparently caught, Dorothy blushed a vivid, guilty crimson—a fact upon which the sweet-faced lady put the usual construction to which all highly moral persons seem to jump at once in a moment of doubt—that is, the very worst possible one.

"Can you give me no news from home, then?" Dorothy asked, in a desperate voice, raised far above her usual tones.

David looked down at her in surprise—an involuntary action which was not lost upon the lady, who was still unable to pass on.

"News?" he repeated. "Why, of course I can. I have so much news to tell you that I hardly know where to begin. Let me see—Lady Jane is back, of course."

Dorothy turned her head in time to see that the lady had passed on and was out of ear shot before David had begun his news.

There, just like David's stupidity, to be too late. Why, she wondered, irritably, could he not have happened to say something which would have let that woman upstairs know that they had known each other all their lives? But no, David had always blundered whenever and wherever she was concerned, and she supposed that he always would. Her interest in the home news was gone, lost in the depths of her annoyance, but she listened patiently till he had exhausted that topic, till she had heard who was married and who was dead, of a fire in such a one's rick-yard, and of a barn belonging to another which had been struck by lightning.

Then he told her how he had improved the Hall—her perfect old home, which in her mind needed improvement of no kind—how he had put a smart, capable gardener in to bring the place into real good condition—"And old Isaac?" said Dorothy, fiercely.

"Oh, he is still about—I shouldn't turn any old servant of yours off, you know. There are plenty of odd jobs for him about the place."

"What sort of odd jobs?" demanded Dorothy.

(To be Continued.)

WORSHIP OF GOD.

Rev. Bristol Gives Some Timely Hints Well Worth Cherishing.

The Rev. C. G. Bristol of Hartford, Conn., says in his anniversary sermon: "Let me remind you that among all the definitions and conceptions of worship and the house of God, ours is one that has from the earliest time leaned toward the more strict and conservative view. With us the church is not a concert hall nor a lecture room. We believe as firmly as others in intellectual training and in hours of amusement, but they must have their rightful place, and that is not the church. The church is for the worship of God, with these branches that justify concern the upbuilding of the spiritual life and the extension of the kingdom of God. Within the walls of the church you stand upon a hallowed spot, consecrated—made holy—for the worship of God. As Jehova spake to Moses, so he speaks to us here, 'Take off thy shoes from thy feet, for the place where thou standest is holy ground.' . . . A sensitive nature, a nature trained in the ways of culture, will always have respect for and be reverent in the house of God during the hours set apart for public worship. A nature that is not so sensitive nor so trained in the arts of true manhood and womanhood will not be reverent here, nor elsewhere considerate of the feelings of others. It is therefore at other hours in God's house that I ask you to maintain the attitude of reverence. When for any purpose you are brought here, whether the first day or the fourth; whether for work or worship, let us not forget it is God's house, and do all things as in His presence and for His glory. Enter it not until you have left at the door all worldly thoughts and commonplace conversations; be content to separate yourselves from human companionship for the moment, and be glad to walk with God."

Chicago's Highlanders' Regiment Will Have to Equip Itself.

CHICAGO, June 13.—Andrew Carnegie has sent the following communication to the Scottish Highlanders in Illinois in answer to their request, asking him to equip a regiment of Highlanders for service in the war with Spain, the regiment to be uniformed in Highland fashion at the expense of Mr. Carnegie and to bear his name:

"LANGRAN HUTTS, LONDON, May 30.—I do not believe that the war will last long, or over-reach the dignity of real war. You will see Spain go all to pieces soon, much sooner than you could get the historical Highland garb provided for the regiment proposed. If the country were seriously threatened and needed stalwart men who could be trusted to carry any position they were ordered upon, then I should consider the matter. Meanwhile, I believe I am honored with the suggestion that a body of my countrymen from the center of triumphant democracy should think of connecting my name with their regiment. ANDREW CARNEGIE."

"EASY COME, EASY GO."

J. D. Morrissey, Who Made His Money Mining and Lost It Racing, Is Dead.

LEADVILLE, Col., June 13.—John D. Morrissey, the well known mining man, died suddenly yesterday. He was about 50 years of age. In the early '80s he made about \$350,000 out of the Crown Point mine, which he owned jointly with Thomas and Joseph ("Diamond Joe") Reynolds. Morrissey bought a fine string of horses and became a well known figure on Eastern race tracks. He lost his entire fortune and returned to Leadville about a year ago.

They Expect American Ships to Come.

MADRID, June 13.—A dispatch from Tenerife, Canary islands, announces that an English vessel has arrived there to take off English residents, who are leaving in fear of the arrival of an American fleet.

Tennesseeans on the Way to Manila.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., June 13.—The first regiment of Tennessee volunteers, 1,200 strong, under the command of Colonel William C. Smith, passed through here to-day in four sections on the way to the Philippines.

RUMORS OF VICTORIES.

Santiago and Guantanamo Said to Have Been Taken.

STARS AND STRIPES RAISED.

Madrid Dispatch Says Sampson Reconneced Bombarding Friday, but That the Landing Party Was Repulsed by Spanish Forces.

CAPE HAYTIEN, June 13.—There is no direct news from Cuba this morning, but the rumor is again current that Santiago de Cuba has fallen.

KINGSTON, Jamaica, June 13.—News was received here to-day that a force of American marines had landed on the shores of Guantanamo bay and that the Stars and stripes are now floating from a Spanish flagstaff.

LONDON, June 13.—News comes from Havana that the American fleet resumed the bombardment of the fortifications of Santiago de Cuba yesterday. The assault began at 8 o'clock in the morning and continued until 11. The reason for the renewed attack was the fact that the Spaniards were attempting to repair some of the batteries which had not been entirely destroyed during the previous bombardments by the American squadron. The Spaniards had so far repaired the batteries that they were able to now and then send a shot at the American ships. This is said to have finally become annoying to Admiral Sampson, and he decided to stop the desultory peppering. He, therefore, opened fire.

MADRID, June 13.—An official dispatch received here from Havana, dated yesterday, says: This morning some of Admiral Sampson's ships recommenced the bombardment of Santiago de Cuba. At the same time a number of boats, towed by a steamer, approached and attempted to make a landing. The cannonade lasted three hours.

The Spaniards, skillfully posted, repulsed the attempted landing, and the Americans drew off. No damage was caused by the shells from the ships, which kept distant, evidently afraid to venture within range of the guns of the forts.

GRANT LED THE MANEUVERS.

Sham Battle at Chickamauga to Illustrate a New Battle Problem.

CHICKAMAUGA, Tenn., June 13.—The event of the day at Chickamauga was the execution of General Grant's battle problem. In this problem were a number of new and difficult maneuvers, and it was watched with great interest by thousands of officers and men. The maneuvers were all carried out according to General Grant's excellently conceived plan, and the fact was demonstrated that many of them would be very useful in actual conflict. The battle began at 7 o'clock and was concluded before noon.

There were two columns in the formation. The first, consisting of the First Vermont, Third Tennessee and Eighth New York regiments, commanded by Colonel Clark of Vermont, was formed along the Vineyard road.

The second column, consisting of the Fourteenth New York, Second Nebraska and First Missouri, under command of Colonel Charles J. Bills of Nebraska, formed on the Theford road. When the two columns met the struggle began in earnest. When this was finished, General Grant threw the two columns together to ward off a supposed attack from some direction of which he was supposed to have knowledge in advance.

CARNEGIE REFUSED.

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COLLINS MAY CONFESS.

Said to Be Weakening in the Face of the Starting Developments.

TOPEKA, Kan., June 13.—John Henry Collins, who is now in jail for the murder of J. S. Collins, his father, is said to be weakening, and the officers think that he shows an inclination to make a confession. The remarkable coolness which he has maintained since the murder was committed is leaving him as he learns the progress of the detectives in weaving a net of circumstantial as well as positive evidence about him. He started to talk two or three times yesterday, but always ended with the remark: "My attorney, Mr. Godard, told me to say nothing, and I will follow his advice."

The officers are said to have evidence against him so startling that they will not even hint at it, knowing that if the public got hold of it it would be almost impossible to protect the young man from being lynched.

A VOTE ON HAWAII.

House Agrees to Take It Next Wednesday on Newlands' Resolution.

WASHINGTON, June 13.—The feature of yesterday's session of the House was the securing of an agreement to consider and vote upon the Newlands resolution to annex Hawaii. Beginning to-day, the debate will proceed until 5 o'clock next Wednesday afternoon, when a vote will be taken. Eight Democrats voted with the annexationists in the movement to force consideration of the resolutions, they being Messrs. Berry of Kentucky, Devries of California, Livingston of Georgia, Brucker of Michigan, Cummings, Sulzer and Velslage of New York and Cochran of Missouri. It is claimed that at least twenty Democrats will favor the passage of the resolutions. The bill to enable volunteer soldiers to vote at Congressional elections was passed, and a number of minor measures, chiefly of a private nature, were considered.

RUSSIA MAY ACT.

It Is Said She Is Likely to Attempt to Mediate—Austria Won't Move First.

VIENNA, June 13.—The government has declined to initiate mediation between the United States and Spain, as it wishes to avoid the appearance of making intervention seem only a dynastic action in the interest of the queen regent, which might give fatal offense.

Nevertheless, a decided opinion is held that the time for intervention is very nearly at hand, although a hesitation to take the first step is evident everywhere. The probability is that Russia will undertake the initiative within one or two days.

ANOTHER TOWN REDUCED.

American Warships Bombard and Destroy Balquiri.

HAVANA, June 13.—Several American warships yesterday bombarded Balquiri, some distance east of Aguadores, and near the railway line to Santiago de Cuba.

Official advices from Santiago say that the bombardment "caused no damage."

Balquiri is a mining locality, and some of the mines are under American control.

CROWN CAN'T EXPEL THEM.

Only Act of Parliament Can Oust Dufosse and Carranza From Canada.

OTTAWA, Ont., June 13.—Statements sent out from Ottawa that the government has decided to deport Senor Dufosse and Lieutenant Carranza, the alleged Spanish spies, lack foundation. It is conceded now in official circles, after a careful examination of the law, that the crown has not the power to expel them from the country. The power is reserved to parliament, which brings it into play by a special act.

PEACE TALKED BY DIPLOMATS.

No Effort, However, Is Made to Reach State Department.

WASHINGTON, June 13.—Reports from Madrid that Spain, through the minister of foreign affairs, Count Almodovar del Rio, had taken formal steps toward securing peace have not been made apparent by any action in Washington up to this time. There has been no proposition for peace or for armistice, nor has there even been an entering wedge of inquiry as to how such a proposition would be accepted.

Miss Long a Nurse.

WASHINGTON, June 13.—A very substantial evidence of self-sacrifice for the sake of their country is afforded by the taking up of a military nurse's duties by the daughter of Secretary Long, Miss Margaret Long, with some of her chums at the Johns Hopkins medical school of Baltimore. The young ladies who go with Miss Long are Dorothy Reid, Mabel Austin, daughter of ex-Governor Austin of Minnesota, and Mabel Sims. They have already reported to the naval hospital at Brooklyn to nurse wounded and sick sailors who were sent up from Sampson's fleet on the Solace.

Uproar in Japanese Diet.

YOKOHAMA, June 13.—The imperial diet was reopened yesterday. After a stormy discussion the government proposals for land taxation were rejected amid great uproar. The diet will probably be dissolved.

Kansas Bank Quits.

TOPEKA, Kan., June 13.—The Blue Rapids City bank to-day served notice on the bank commissioner that it had paid off all its depositors and quit business.

DRIVEN FROM THEIR FORTS.

Sampson's Ships Bombard Another Spanish Fortification.

CAPE HAYTIEN, Hayti, June 10.—It is reported here that a great battle has taken place at Caimanera, in the bay of Guantanamo. At half past 5 o'clock Tuesday morning five ships of the American squadron opened a heavy bombardment of the fortifications of the town. There was a perfect hail of bombs in the bay, striking and demolishing many houses beyond the fortifications.

On the Spanish side the artillery replied vigorously, maintaining for some time a stout resistance. The fire from the warships, however, never slackened for an instant. It was regular and carefully directed, and a great majority of the shots proved effective. The Spaniards were forced to abandon their position on the shore and retreat to the town of Caimanera proper. It is supposed that later they fled from this position also, with the inhabitants.

Information has reached here that the Spanish at Santiago and Caimanera are preparing for a final desperate struggle, and are determined to resist the assaults of the Americans to the last extremity.

The commander of the district issued an order to burn Caimanera before yielding it into the hands of the Americans. The latter forced the entrance to the bay of Guantanamo and, according to the latest advices from Caimanera, it was feared that the Americans would make an effort to land forces there Wednesday afternoon. Measures to prevent this, if possible, have been taken by the Spaniards. The American fleet was still maintaining its position.

MADRID HEARS FROM MANILA.

Situation Very Grave for Spanish, Who Entertain Fear of Annihilation.

MADRID, June 10.—The following communication from Captain General Augusti, dated at Manila, June 3, has been published:

"The situation is very grave. Aguinaldo has succeeded in stirring up the country and the telegraph lines and railways are being cut. I am without communication with the provinces. The province of Cavite has completely rebelled, and the towns and villages are occupied by numerous bands. A Spanish column defends the Zapote line to prevent the enemy from invading the province of Manila, but the foe has entered through Bulacan, Laguna and Moron, so that Manila will thus be attacked by land and sea.

"I am striving to raise the courage of the inhabitants and will exhaust every means of resistance, but I distrust the natives and the volunteers because there have already been many desertions. Baccor and Imus have already been seized by the enemy.

"The insurrection has reached great proportions, and if I cannot count upon the support of the country, the forces at my disposal will not suffice to hold the ground against the enemies." It is reported that the Spaniards at Manila have already been compelled to take refuge in the fortified part of the town.

PORTO RICO MAY REVOLT.

Inhabitants Likely to Follow Cubans' Example and Renounce Spain.

NEW YORK, June 10.—Lieutenant Henry Whitney, Fourth United States artillery, who has twice penetrated into the very heart of Spanish territory, once in Cuba and lastly in Porto Rico, arrived here to-day on the British steamer Adranose from Porto Rico. Through him the war department will soon be in possession of important and accurate information concerning the military strength and defenses of the island.

He found 5,000 volunteer troops and 4,500 regulars in and about Ponce. The soldiers were sickly, however, and discontented for lack of pay.

Food he found to be scarce, and that fact combined with the American sentiment prevailing the towns, inclined him to the belief that if the United States troops did not invest the island within a month the inhabitants would turn upon the Spaniards and drive them out.

About the best way to get even with a man is to pay him what you owe him.—Chicago News.

LIVE STOCK AND PRODUCE

Omaha, Chicago and New York Market Quotations.

OMAHA.	
Butter—Creamery separator	14 1/2
Butter—Choice fancy country	11 1/2
Eggs—Fresh, per doz.	4 1/2
Spring Chickens—Per pound	14 1/2
Lemons—Per box	3 50
Oranges—Per box	2 75
Honey—Choice, per pound	11 1/2
Onions—Per bushel	75
Beans—Handpicked navy	1 25
Potatoes—Per bushel	75
Hay—Upland per ton	6 50
SOUTH OMAHA STOCK MARKET.	
Hogs—Choice light	3 80
Hogs—Heavy weights	3 75
Beef steers	3 40
Bulls	3 25
Stags	3 50
Cattle	5 20
Western feeders	3 80
Cows	3 50
Hifers	3 65
Sheep—Woolled lambs	4 50
Sheep—Native mixed	3 20
CHICAGO.	
Wheat—No. 2 spring	1 00
Corn—Per bushel	21 1/2
Butter—Per pound	27 1/2
Barley—No. 2	45
Eggs—No. 2	45
Timothy seed, per bu.	7 75
Wool—Per lb.	40
Lard—Per 100 pounds	3 82
Cattle—Prime feeding cattle	4 75
Cattle—Native beef steers	4 00
Hogs—Mixed	4 50
Sheep—Woolled lambs	4 50
Sheep—Woolled lambs	4 50
NEW YORK MARKET.	
Wheat—No. 2 red winter	1 00
Corn—No. 2	21 1/2
Butter—Per pound	27 1/2
Barley—No. 2	45
KANSAS CITY.	
Wheat—No. 2 spring	1 00
Corn—No. 2	21 1/2
Butter—Per pound	27 1/2
Barley—No. 2	45
Eggs—No. 2	45
Timothy seed, per bu.	7 75
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