

IS SURE OF HIS GAME.

SCHLEY CERTAIN HE HAS TRAPPED CERVERA.

Wednesday Morning the United States Fleet Arrived Off Santiago—The Harbor Not so Strongly Fortified as Generally Supposed.

KINOSTON, Jamaica, May 20.—The United States auxiliary cruiser Harvard, formerly the American line steamer New York, arrived here this morning after having left the American fleet at noon yesterday.

Twelve American warships are now outside the Santiago de Cuba harbor and Admiral Cervera and the Spanish fleet are almost certainly inside. Nothing certain is known as to the communication which Commodore Schley has had with the shore, or as to the number of Spanish fighting vessels bottled up in the harbor.

It is to be presumed that the Harvard has important dispatches for the naval authorities at Washington.

KEY WEST, Fla., May 20.—It is now almost certain that Commodore Schley has the Spanish fleet bottled up in the harbor of Santiago. There is so little doubt about this that the naval campaign is proceeding upon the assumption that Admiral Cervera is incapable of doing any harm. Within a short time the exact conditions at Santiago will be known without a shadow of doubt.

In spite of assertions to the contrary, Commodore Schley was not absolutely sure of his game when he last communicated with Rear Admiral Sampson, and the commodore will not take active steps to block up the entrance of Santiago harbor until he is perfectly certain that Admiral Cervera's ships are inside.

However, it may have come this already, as Commodore Schley's last communication, forwarded Thursday, only reached Rear Admiral Sampson yesterday.

The commodore stayed three days at Cienfuegos. He signalled to his ships, "I believe the Spanish fleet is in the harbor." On this belief a message was sent to the American admiral. The details of how Commodore Schley found out that he was mistaken are not yet known. At any rate, acting upon the admiral's instructions, the commodore moved east, arriving outside Santiago Wednesday morning, May 25.

The topography of Cienfuegos and Santiago is almost identical. Both harbors are about six miles long, with narrow entrances about 300 yards wide and protected by high land. A whole fleet could lie in the harbor of each place and be invisible from the outside.

After his experience at Cienfuegos it is probable that Commodore Schley was very conservative in deciding whether or not he had caught Admiral Cervera. From the tone of his dispatches it is evident that the commodore soon gained much secondhand and external evidence which pointed to Admiral Cervera's presence in the inner harbor. This evidence was apparently strong enough to make the commodore feel certain the object of his trip had been accomplished, but in view of his previous experience he would not risk a decisive statement until after ascertaining the fact for himself.

Before this dispatch is published, it is likely that Commodore Schley has sent some vessel into the entrance of the harbor of Santiago or has obtained from a reliable source ashore information as to the exact number and the names of the Spanish warships sheltered by the hills about that place.

Contrary to the generally expressed opinion, Santiago harbor is poorly protected. Like Havana and San Juan de Porto Rico it has its Morro castle, which is even a better target than those of Havana and San Juan. The only danger to be feared is from the mines which have been laid in the channel of Santiago since war was declared. But countermining would probably render these mines harmless should it prove desirable for Commodore Schley's ships to enter the harbor. Such a step, however, is unlikely.

In this connection it may be noted that since the commencement of the naval operations the moral effect of the mines has been great. This condition promises to continue and will probably mark the naval operations to a greater extent than ever imagined in the past.

WAR NEWS FROM BLANCO.

Says Admiral Cervera's Squadron Is Still at Santiago.

MADRID, May 30.—General Blanco cables from Havana that the torpedo boat destroyer Terror, from Martinique, has arrived at Fajardo, on the east coast of Porto Rico. She intended to go to San Juan, but found four American warships cruising in front of the harbor and changed her course.

General Blanco's dispatch says that Admiral Cervera's squadron is still at Santiago, that the bulk of Admiral Sampson's squadron is blockading that port, that Commodore Schley's squadron is watching the Yucatan passage, that the American vessels have left Cienfuegos and that the American fleet of blockaders remains in sight of Havana.

Chickamauga's Heavy Mail.

WASHINGTON, May 30.—Six additional postal clerks have been detailed to the camp at Chickamauga, making twenty-two in all at that camp. The mail is delivered there three or four times a day and as many as 25,000 letters have been delivered at one time.

A New Company Ready at Hiawatha. HIAWATHA, Kan., May 30.—Hiawatha will be a recruiting station in response to the President's call for 75,000 more men. A company of 100 men has already been organized here.

CADIZ RESERVE FLEET SAILS.

Condemned Boilers on the Pelayo—Crucifers Without Guns.

MADRID, May 30.—It is officially announced that the Spanish reserve squadron, commanded by Admiral Camarón, has left Cadiz. Before going to its destination the squadron will maneuver probably for several days in the open sea, afterwards immediately sailing for the Philippine islands, Cuba or the United States, as the government may judge most opportune. The squadron is understood to be composed of ten or twelve vessels.

NEW YORK, May 28.—A dispatch to the New York World from London says: The chief officer of a steamer just in from Cadiz said last night: "When we left Cadiz last Friday the only Spanish warships there were the battleship Pelayo, the cruiser Emperador Carlos V., one torpedo boat and the converted cruisers Patriota and Rapido. The cruisers were at the arsenal."

"Everything bore the appearance of unreadiness. The Pelayo's boilers, recently put in at Toulon, had just been condemned by the superintending engineer at Cadiz, on the ground that they were of insufficient strength. She was, however, coaling. The Rapido and Patriota had not been fitted with guns and neither had a crew. "There was no belief in the reports that the fleet was going to Manila or anywhere else for some weeks at least."

OREGON HOLDS THE RECORD.

No British Ship Has Equaled Her Run—5,000 Miles Without a Stop.

WASHINGTON, May 30.—"I think the country should know of the great run made by the Oregon," said Captain Crowinshield, chief of the bureau of navigation. "She is the first battleship built on the Pacific coast. The Union Iron works of San Francisco, the firm that built the Olympia, constructed her. She is 10,200 tons, with a main battery of four 13-inch, eight 8-inch and four 6-inch rifles. She has made a run that by far exceeds any ever attempted by a similar vessel in Europe or America. The flagship of the English fleet in Chinese waters, the Bellerophon, made a run of 12,600 nautical miles, or from Portsmouth, England, to Canton, last year, and the incident was heralded all over the world as unequalled. But the Oregon has made a run of 17,500 nautical miles and her captain reports to me that she is in absolutely perfect condition. Not even a grate bar is burnt out.

"Then her speed is remarkable. She made a run of 2,600 miles averaging thirteen knots, and the distance from San Francisco to Callao, nearly 5,000 miles, was made without stopping the engines once. Not since the invention of steam-propelling machinery has this ever been equaled or attempted."

DEWEY IN NEED OF SUPPLIES.

Short on Provisions and Ammunition—Another Cable Cut.

HONO KONO, May 30.—There is absolutely no truth in the report that the United States cruiser Bellerophon, now at Manila, has been damaged by an internal explosion.

The United States auxiliary cruiser Zeadiro, which arrived here at midnight yesterday reports that Rear Admiral Dewey is short of provisions and ammunition.

The Havilo-Manila cable, it is said, was cut by the Americans May 23. Aguinaldo, the insurgent leader, is with the insurgents between the Americans and the Spaniards. The incendiary fires continue. The priests and nuns at Manila have been removed to Lagonoy. All the coast towns are reported to be held by Spanish troops. The Americans are repairing the slip at Cavite.

SAYS WE CAN'T TAKE MANILA.

Ex-Captain General of the Philippines Prophesies Our Defeat.

MADRID, May 30.—In the senate yesterday Marshal Primo de Rivera, former captain general of the Philippines, defended his administration of the colony. He said he could not believe his ears when he was told of the disaster at Cavite, adding: "That rag called the American flag shall never float over the walls of Manila. The Yankees are deceiving themselves." Marshal de Rivera declared, "as to the situation at the Philippines. It is absolutely impossible that they should become masters of the islands, for the natives, to an immense majority, are determined to defend the territory to the last and to maintain Spanish sovereignty."

AMERICANS IN PERIL IN CHINA.

In a Riot Against Foreigners a Mob Burned the Mission at Tung Chow.

LONDON, May 30.—According to a special dispatch from Shanghai the American mission at Tung Chow near Wu Chow, province of Quang Seo, on the Hong Kiung, has been looted and burned by a mob in a riot that broke out against the foreign element. It is believed the American missionaries escaped.

The United States consul at Canton, Edward Hedloe, has demanded that the viceroys of Quang Tung send troops to Tung Chow to suppress the disorder.

THE BROOKLYN IN A FIGHT.

Stores and Ammunition Landed Near Cienfuegos—Ports Damaged.

NEW YORK, May 30.—A dispatch from Key West says there is a report there that the cruiser Brooklyn of Commodore Schley's fleet landed a large quantity of arms, ammunition and stores at Cienfuegos on Tuesday. This is said to have been done after a fight in which the fort on the south side of Cienfuegos was badly damaged. There is also alleged to have been a fight between 700 insurgents and a force of Spanish cavalry, the latter being defeated.

STRIKE AT CORDELIA.

The morning was one of the fairest that ever rose over the rocky head of Old Mount Ben; but it was not the beauty of the morning which brought Mark Matthews out so early, striding over the rough stones as if he trod on velvet.

There would be no velvet in life for him unless he found a way out of that day's perplexities, and where the way lay perhaps heaven knew. Mark didn't!

How hard he had worked to make his venture in the Cordelia silver mine a success nobody knew but himself, and now to be so near success, and yet to lose it through the obstinacy of a few pig-headed miners!

It was too bad; really it was! Mark walked on with compressed lips and flashing eyes, as near desperate as a cool-headed man ever gets to be, bound not to give up, yet not knowing how to help it. Suddenly turning a crazy point, he saw, a little ahead of him, a slight figure in a blue gingham dress and a big white hat. He did not care to meet even her just then; but she heard his step, and, looking round, with a bright color and a pleasant smile, she waited for him.

"Why, Mark, good morning!" she cried, as he came up.

"Good morning, Susie. You are out early."

"Not earlier than you, it seems. What is the matter, Mark?"

"How do you know there is anything the matter?"

"It isn't hard to see. Tell me."

"No, child. It would do no good to worry you."

"There! stop, Mark!" her hand on his arm, her bright eyes reading his face. "Do you see that little house down in the valley yonder?"

"Mine? Yes, Susie."

"Do you ever expect me to go there as its mistress?"

Mark wiped the drops from his brow as he answered in tones of pain: "God knows it has been my dearest hope for months past, dear girl!"

"Well, Mark, if I were there, you would tell me all your troubles. Can't you do it now?"

She waited an instant, and as he did not speak, she added:

"I know it, anyway. What are the men doing now, Mark?"

"Nothing. That's it, Sue."

"Have you sold out to the Denver men?"

"Sold? No! Think they will risk it, unless I can show them the silver? Oh, Sue! Sue! it is hard to be so near making a fortune and then lose it, when you know to a certainty that thirty-six hours more of hard work would show you were right!" and Mark fairly shook with suppressed excitement.

Susie again laid her hand gently on his arm and drew close to his side as she said:

"Make me understand it all, dear Mark; I surely have a right, you know."

He caught her hand and wrung it hard, as he groaned:

"Would to God you had never seen me, child!"

"I am glad I have seen you, Mark," very quietly. "Tell me what I ask, please."

"I will tell you, Sue. But it will do no good. You know that some of the



"SHOW YOURSELF LIKE A MAN." experts say the Cordelia will never pay."

"Yes, I've heard so."

"But I say it will! I know it will! There is a richer vein hidden there than has ever been struck in this region. We only want to find it. The Denver company think as I do, and if I can only show them the proof they will buy at my own price. Then, Susie, then we might be happy. Oh, Lord!"

"Hush, Mark! We will be happy if you can be brave and patient."

"Oh, Sue, I have been! I have been!"

"I know it, poor boy!"

"But, Sue, I have had to pay my men big wages for digging where they had so little faith, and it has exhausted my capital. Lately they have believed in the mine, and have worked on my promise to pay when they struck ore. All this is no news to you. But yesterday they throw down the picks and refuse to strike a lick more unless I pay them their back wages. I can't get more men, and the Denver company will be here day after to-morrow, I know. I know if the wretches would work we should strike the lead before that time. Great God! I could almost tear the mine open with my own hands!" and Mark set his teeth and ground his heel hard into the earth.

"Would they work if you could pay them?"

"Yes, But I cannot."

"How much ready cash would tide you over this, Mark?"

"The miserable sum of one thousand dollars, and I haven't got it. I'm sorry

now that I didn't take a partner when Colg wanted to go in with me last fall."

"You are lucky not to be in with Colg," said she, decidedly; "whoever goes out for wool with that man will come home shorn, or I miss my guess. But I don't want to talk of that. Mark, dear Mark, you do love me, don't you?" with the coaxing hand on his arm again, the bright eyes fixed on his face.

He took both her hands, and, holding them tightly, looked into her sweet face as he answered with deep feeling:

"Better than my own life, Susie!"

"I know it, Mark. Then will you do me a great, great favor?"

"If I can, assuredly, darling."

"Then, Mark, dearest, I have some money—a few thousands—let me lend you—"

Mark dropped the hands he held, and interrupted her with set resolve in his flushed countenance.

"Stop, Sue! no! I speak reverently when I declare in God's name that I will sink my all before I will risk one dollar of the little your father left to his orphan girl!"

"But, Mark, you can return it!"

"No, I say! There, do not let it distress you. I cannot do this."

"But listen, Mark. There may be—I have heard it hinted that there is danger to you from these men."

"Well, what of it?"

"Do you think I can bear that, Mark?"

"Don't fear for me, Sue. I can take care of myself here. We must end this. It only troubles you. Go home, Susie, and be content. Good by."

He sprung over a ledge leading to another quarter of the trail and was gone.

"Content?" sobbed she. "Content while he is so—"

"Miss Redmond, didn't I see the captain with ye just now?" suddenly asked a rough but kindly voice close to her. Sue turned, and saw old Dayton, Mark's foreman, coming round the point beside her.

"Yes, he was here," she replied. "But he has gone, you see."

"Which way, miss?"

"Over the ledge, toward the shaft-house, I think."

"Good Lord! He mustn't go there!"

"Why not, Dayton?" asked Sue, quickly.

"Miss, the men are like raging wolves! They have lost all sense, and Mark Matthews has gone down there, I'm going along to help him if he needs it."

He strode away before she could ask another question. She stood a moment with pale face and tightly compressed lips, then said:

"And so am I going to help him, whether he will or not."

She left the mountain-path, and with fleet feet ran down to the level of the settlement and into the wooden cabin, where she lived with her old uncle, Major Redmond, whose fortunes she had followed into this wild region, and who was her guardian and the trustee of the small property left her at her father's death.

She found the old man writing at his desk. He looked up as she hurried in, and to her question:

"Uncle Joe, have you seen Mark today?" he answered:

"No, child; but I am going to the shaft-house in ten minutes. I am afraid the boy is in trouble."

"Uncle, I know he is! Don't wait ten minutes! Go now, and take something for me."

"Why, how now?" asked the major, looking keenly into her face. "Anything new?"

"Yes, uncle. The men are angry because Mark has no money for them, and Dayton says they threaten violence. Uncle, you don't think they would really hurt him, do you?"

"I don't know, child. A gang of unpaid miners is an ugly thing to handle. They have got no sense."

"Neither has Mark Matthews!"

"I'll tell him you said so."

"Do it; I don't care! Uncle, how much of my money can you lay hold of right now?"

"Well, it wouldn't break me to find about fifteen hundred in the bank."

"Good, Uncle, go as fast as you can to the bank, draw it, and hurry to the Cordelia shaft house with it. Then make Mark take it, as a loan from you, not from me. Do you understand?"

The old man smiled knowingly, as he answered:

"Rather think I do, child. He refused to take it from you, did he?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't blame the boy. But the case looks bad just now for him. I haven't got much faith in the Cordelia myself. Still, if Mark had asked me to loan him the money I would have done it."

"He is too proud to ask anybody, Uncle Joe, but he shall not ruin himself while I can help it. Oh, hurry! hurry! or who knows what may happen? Here, I'll go with you. I can't stay here in idleness."

"You are excited, my dear. Better wait for me to report."

"No, no! I am going, uncle; I don't care what anybody thinks while Mark is in danger! Come!"

She hurried him from the house, and to the low buildings dignified by the name of bank in the town of Bright Ore. A few minutes served their purpose there, then they turned their steps toward the Cordelia.

Sue had judged rightly in thinking that Mark had gone to the shaft house when he left her. Dayton had found him there, at his desk in the corner of the rude building, busy over some figures.

As Dayton entered he turned a white face toward him and said:

"Old fellow, you have done your best, and so have I, but the jig is up now."

"Mr. Matthews, have you got your Winchester with you?" was Dayton's

response, as he snub and barred the door.

"Yes, What's up now, Day?"

"A pack of infernal fools, that's what!"

"Here, help me fasten this window, and get your iron ready," and Dayton fastened both windows as securely as could be done with the rusty hinges. Then he drew his rifle from the pile of plank behind which he had already hidden it, and said, grimly: "Now let 'em come! I reckon we can hold the fort!"

"We'll try," returned Mark, coolly. "Date, you were none too soon. They are coming."

"I knew that, the idiots!" snapped Dayton.

An uproar outside became more distinctly audible every moment. Hoarse voices, tramping feet, groans and curses—the angry mob of miners, eager and thirsting for blood.

A thundering knocking on the thick door was followed by shouts and cries.

"Here, come out, you inside! We want our money. Show yourself like a man! Stand up and face the music, or we'll string you up to a limb!"

"Dayton," said Mark, with gleaming eyes and low, deep tones, "I can't stand this! Open the window!"

"I swear I won't! nor shall you!"

"But, Mark, you can return it!"

"No, I say! There, do not let it distress you. I cannot do this."

"But listen, Mark. There may be—I have heard it hinted that there is danger to you from these men."

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"Old fellow, you have done your best, and so have I, but the jig is up now."

"Mr. Matthews, have you got your Winchester with you?" was Dayton's

him, laughing, trembling and crying at once.

"It means help, you foolish fellow!" said the good old major, coming forward to grasp Mark's hand. "Did you think we would leave you to the mercy of those dogs out there? You wouldn't take my girl's money, but maybe you will take mine! Here, pay those devils and set 'em to work. You can pay me when you sell the mine," and he pushed a roll of bills into Mark's hand.

"Major, I can't thank you!" gasped Mark, still holding Sue fast. "Sue! dear girl, this is your doing."

Sue only looked up, but did not need to speak.

"God bless you both!" tremulously faltered Mark. "God bless you!"

He folded Sue to his breast an instant, wrung the old man's hand, and was the cool man of business in a moment more.