

# The Day Star of the Orkney's.

A Romance--By Hannah B. McKenzie.

### CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

"Duty again? Terrible word 'duty'! Seems to me the greatest enemy of all human joy and ease and love," said Lilith. "Is it wicked of me, Dr. Halcrow? but I almost wish there was no such thing. We should all be so much happier without."

"Not if duty represents to us, as it should do, the will of God," said Magnus, in a low voice. "But I should not wait, Miss Stuart: it is a matter of life and death. Let me bid you good-bye."

"You will go then? Now I know that my influence over you counts for nothing," said Lilith. She looked straight into his eyes, and her own were wondrously soft and languid.

Elsbeth Troil shot one hurried, furtive glance from her work, and she caught that look of Lilith's. She saw, too, how Magnus Halcrow first flushed and then grew pale before that look. There suddenly flashed into Elsbeth's mind the remembrance of a scene she had read about, where, in the dim, long-ago woods of Broccelland, a wily Vivien flattered and lured a noble Merlin to his ruin. And Elsbeth's thread suddenly broke, and her hand seemed oddly unsteady for a moment. Then Magnus released Lilith's hand.

"You cannot be in earnest, Miss Stuart," he said gravely. "My honor as a doctor, and my humanity as a man, call upon me to go at once with help wherever it is required. I must not wait. Good-bye."

With two of his long strides he was at the door. He had never even noticed that Elsbeth Troil was present. Elsbeth went on with her sewing, only her face seemed a little paler now than it had been.

Magnus was soon speeding on his homeward way. He could not drive Lilith from his mind. A subtle attraction drew him to her, and yet, as soon as he was gone from her presence, something in him revolted against that attraction. He hardly dared give the feeling words lest he should have to own that he distrusted her.

He raced onwards, little guessing that the man to whose help he was going was one whose fate was strangely interwoven with that of Lilith Stuart's. There is little presence in human life, whatever telegraphy and spiritualism may say, and Magnus could not foresee the terrible future.

Day met him as he sprang from his machine.

"Oh, Magnus, how quickly you have come! I am so glad to see you. He is conscious, dear; but that is all. I think he was struck by lightning or his machine was, more likely—and 's dazed and paralyzed by the shock; but he may be injured, too."

"A stranger?" Magnus asked, as he gave his machine into Jamie's hands.

Day gave him a hurried account of all that happened as she preceded him into the sitting-room.

"I think he must have been cycling from Scapa to Stromness. He may have friends there, though I am quite sure he does not belong to the island. But here he is."

The eyes of the young man were wide open as Magnus approached him. Magnus was struck, as Day had been, by the refinement and patrician cast of the face before him.

"Leave us, Day," he whispered to the girl. "I shall come to you in a little while."

It seemed ages to the girl as she waited in the laboratory before her brother reappeared. In reality it was about an hour. Then he came to her side and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Brave little Day! You have saved a fellow-creature's life. I have been able to bring back full consciousness to a paralyzed brain and body, and in a week or two I have no doubt our friend will be as well as he ever was."

"In a week or two?" repeated Day. "Then there is some injury?"

"His ankle has been sprained, but that was owing to the fall; no bad results from the lightning-stroke will follow." Magnus bent and kissed his sister's soft cheek.

"Day, if you had not brought him to the house and sent instantly for me, I do not know that he would ever have recovered the shock. My dear little sister, you are the bravest girl in all the world."

The soft eyes filled very full at the words of praise; but, "low in her heart," Day thanked God. Never in her young life before had so strange a tie bound her to a fellow-creature, and her heart thrilled and grew warm at the thought of it.

"And now I think you might take him in one of Bell's famous decoctions, and give him a little nourishment," said her brother. "My part is done, and this is yours, Day. He is quite weak yet, and requires something to strengthen him."

"I shall have it ready in no time," said the girl.

She hurried away to get it ready, while Magnus returned to his patient. When Day came in, bearing her little tray, the dark eyes on the sofa met hers with a look of recognition. The young man stretched out his hand and took hers.

"I have no words with which to

thank you for the service you have done me, Miss Halevow—you and your brother." He looked towards Magnus, who was standing by the window. "But for you I might not now be conscious even that I had had such kindness shown me. I owe you my life. I shall never forget that I do so."

"I did nothing," said Day, blushing softly and speaking in a low tone—"nothing but what one human being would have done for another. No one would have left a fellow-creature lying outside exposed to such a terrible storm, and not have tried to bring him under shelter. You have nothing to thank me for."

"Is it nothing to thank you for that you have saved my life?" he asked earnestly. His voice was a pleasant one to listen to—soft, mellow and flexible; and the look in his dark eyes made Day's heart beat with such strange emotion as she had never known before.

"I do not know if I can ever show you how deeply grateful I am, Miss Halevow; but if I live, I pray I may yet be able to do so."

At this moment Magnus, who had not yet spoken, came forward.

"Do not make so much of what my sister has done for you; she would have done that much for any one," he said. "And there was a tone in his voice that the other was quick to notice."

"And now, as I hope you will accept our hospitality for a day or two—as, indeed, I think you must until your foot is all right—is it too much to ask you your name? You already know ours."

Was there an almost imperceptible pause ere the young man answered? A momentary embarrassment and hesitation? So at least it seemed to Magnus Halcrow. Then the young man spoke:

"You must excuse me, Dr. Halcrow, for not having mentioned it sooner. Let my unfortunate accident be my excuse. My name is Evan Monteith."

### CHAPTER V.

It was a week later, and on a glorious afternoon Evan Monteith had been able for the first time to walk from his room downstairs unaided.

"I can no longer make my lameness an excuse for troubling you with my presence," he said laughingly to Day, as she smilingly placed an easy chair for him in the window which commanded a magnificent view of Abbot's Head, the distant crag of Yesnabill, and the wide stretch of Summer-blue sea. "I must not trespass on your kindness much longer, Miss Day."

"Day's heart sank suddenly—sank very low and very rapidly. "You must not go until my brother gives you permission," she said, in a low tone.

"I think he will do so if I ask him," answered Monteith, in so marked a tone that Day looked up quickly. "It is easy to see when one is liked and trusted," Evan went on slowly.

"For some reason your brother, who is, I think, one of the best and truest men I know, neither likes nor trusts me, Miss Halevow."

"How can you imagine such a thing?" cried Day, her face growing first rose-red, then very pale. "It is unkind of you to imagine it."

"It is true, nevertheless," answered Evan Monteith. "I do not know who is to blame, Miss Day, but I can hardly think it is your brother, who is both just and generous. In that case, it must be my fault, and, if it is, it is a fault which I cannot help. Circumstances are against me, and prevent me trying to remove any prejudice there may be against me in his mind."

Day sat silent, her sweet eyes clouded and her lips drooping. Somehow she had felt aware of what Monteith now uttered since he had come to Abbot's Head. Magnus was kind and hospitable to him, as he could not help being to any one under his roof; but there was a want of cordiality in his manner which showed that some intangible, invisible barrier existed between him and his guest.

That barrier was suspicion. How little root it needs to grow this fatal plant, deadly as a upas-tree to every feeling of kindness and friendship! Magnus hardly knew when it had sprung up in his heart; but there it was, and he could not drive it out.

"Do not look so sad, Miss Day," said Evan presently, in a low voice. "Is it my words that have driven away the sunshine from your face? I am very sorry. Heaven knows I would sacrifice a good deal of my own happiness to keep it there."

He bent a little nearer to her; his hand almost touched hers. A thrill, the passion and joy of which were like "ten thousand little shafts of flame," ran through Day. She held her face low for fear he should see the look of love melting in her eyes.

Then suddenly a step sounded outside, the low murmur of voices. Evan sprang erect, and his hand fell from Day's.

The door opened and Magnus entered; but he was not alone. Day rose quickly as she caught a glimpse of the figure of Lilith Stuart that followed his—the slim, sinuous, graceful figure, arrayed in a smart cycling costume of pale green, trimmed with a darker

shade—which made her liker than than ever that wily enchantress Vivien.

"Miss Stuart has cycled over to pay you an afternoon call," said Magnus. He looked bright and elated.

Day was not one of those who are easily flattered or put about by an unexpected visit. She was a lady to her finger tips; and she was, moreover, too true a child of nature to wish to appear different from her usual self. She rose and went forward at once.

"How are you, Miss Stuart? You must have had a delightful spin; it is such a fine day."

Evan Monteith had also risen, and was standing behind Day's chair. Miss Stuart shook hands with Day, with a murmured, languid answer. She never took much trouble to make herself agreeable to her own sex. But, as she dropped Day's hand, Day saw an expression of such terrible surprise, fear, and horror spring into her languid blue-black eyes as struck Day herself dumb with astonishment. Involuntarily she looked round to see what had been the cause of that sudden change which froze the smile on those beautiful lips, and made the whole face cold and hard, with only a great terror looking out of it.

Then Day saw that the direction of Lilith's eyes turned towards the face of Evan Monteith, as he stood behind her, and that he was regarding Lilith with something like the counterpart of her look—one, however, in which a strange embarrassment mingled with one of astonished recognition. Magnus, who could not see Lilith's face, stepped forward.

"May I introduce Mr. Monteith to you, Miss Stuart—the gentleman whom I told you had met with so unfortunate an accident? Mr. Evan Monteith—Miss Stuart."

Lilith Stuart had undoubtedly a great command over herself. Whatever her feelings were, she suppressed them cleverly. She stepped forward, holding out her hand, and looked straight into Monteith's face with those dangerously beautiful eyes of hers—a look which made Day feel as if a dagger had passed through her very heart.

"Mr. Monteith! Is it possible. I hardly expected to see you here."

"No, Miss Stuart, I did not flatter myself that you would," Monteith answered. His words were ambiguous; so was his tongue. Magnus looked from one to the other in astonishment; then he saw that strange pallor on Lilith's face, and the strained look about her eyes, which even her wonderful self-control was not quite able to hide.

"You know Mr. Monteith, then, Miss Stuart?" he said. His voice sounded rough and hard even in his own ears. A great anger possessed him. He felt that Evan Monteith had grossly deceived him.

"Yes—we knew each other—years ago," said Lilith, with an odd little halt between each clause, as if she were doubtful of what to say. Then suddenly she flashed her radiant smile on Magnus. "It is a surprise to you, of course—you did not know that Mr. Monteith knew me; but it is so long since we met that we might almost say we are strangers—might we not, Mr. Monteith? You have been so long—abroad, was it not? And when did you return to this country?"

She had accepted the chair Magnus gave her by this time, and she and Day were both seated, while the men stood.

Monteith turned to answer her question, and that brought the two of them into a dialogue, which seemed to exclude the others. Magnus turned to Day.

"Can we have tea?" he said, in a low voice. Day looked up swiftly in his face, and her heart sank with pain—a pain that was more for him than for herself, after the manner of her kind; and yet there was a bitter pain for herself also.

(To be Continued.)

### LOVED FOR HIMSELF.

Queer Marriage Resulting from a Peculiar Will.

Here is a story told without saying whether it is fact or fiction: Hawkins was an eccentric old man, and in his will it was found that he had made his youngest son, Henry, his sole heir, on condition that he should marry within two years. It was a surprise to the community, as Henry was a worthless fellow and rarely on friendly terms with his father. Henry at once became the topic of conversation. Everybody was wondering what mystery would develop from such an odd beginning, and there were dozens of stories afloat to the effect that Hawkins was a miser and had left bundles of money hidden in odd corners of his rickety old shanty that had become the sole property of his son. Henry's name soon drifted into the papers all over the country. As a result, bushels of letters from marriageable women and wild-visioned girls came to him in the form of proposals. On the last day of the allotted two years Henry Hawkins and Belinda Secous stood in the registry office, where it was arranged the ceremony should be performed quietly. "If I could only feel sure that you love me and that you are not to marry me for money, how happy I would be!" said Henry. "But you ought to know," protested Belinda, "that it is because I love you, for you know I have \$25,000 of my own—though, of course, that is nothing to your fortune." The ceremony was performed. "So you love me for myself, alone, Belinda?" said Hawkins. "Just you and nothing else," insisted the bride of a moment. "I'm so glad," said Hawkins, tenderly. "It's a great relief, for my money is all a myth, Belinda. Will you please pay me?" —Tit-Bits.

### THEY KISSED SCHLEY

ENTHUSIASTIC OVATION TENDERED THE HERO.

Address of the Sailor Cheer Him and Shake Him by the Hand—In Striking Contrast to the Chilly Greeting Accorded Sampson a Few Days Ago.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 29.—Admiral Schley received a great demonstration at the navy department to-day. He came to the navy department quite early, and after a call upon Acting Secretary Allen he emerged from the main door of the secretary's office. His presence in the building had become known, however, and as soon as he was seen cheers came from the clerks, who assembled to catch a glimpse of the hero of Santiago. The officers and clerks from the navy, state and war departments crowded the corridors leading up to the navy department until it was impossible to pass through. They crowded around the admiral, eagerly reaching forward to shake his hand. The women clerks were even more demonstrative, and the admiral was kissed by old and young without discrimination. It was finally necessary to form a line and pass the crowd around through the large rooms of the secretary's office in order to give them a chance to shake hands with the admiral.

Many prominent army officers took part in the demonstration. The admiral finally escaped into Captain Crowninshield's office.

The ovation given Admiral Schley was in striking contrast with the chilly greeting accorded Admiral Sampson a few days ago, when he visited the navy department.

Admiral Schley will leave Washington this afternoon for Annapolis. After a short stay there he will proceed to Baltimore before starting for Porto Rico. His visit to the department this morning was for the purpose of meeting his old friends and making a few minor requests in behalf of officers and men of his fleet.

He expects to sail for Porto Rico next Wednesday with the military commission.

### SECRETARY ALGER TALKS.

Conditions at Camp Wikoff Not as Bad as He Expected.

New York, Aug. 29.—Secretary Alger arrived in this city last night, and is at the Fifth Avenue hotel. In an interview he said:

"I did not find the condition of Camp Wikoff nearly as bad as I had expected. I cannot see that there is any justification in the talk that neither the ill nor well soldiers are properly treated. I think there are splendid accommodations for all soldiers who will go to Camp Wikoff, and especially now that so many have been given furloughs. Thursday I received offers from New York and Brooklyn hospitals to take at least 300 sick from the camp."

Secretary Alger was asked: "How do you account for the confusion and lack of facilities at Camp Wikoff?" To this General Alger replied: "Did you ever go into camp with 100 or even fifty men? If so, you know there is much confusion with that number of men. What do you suppose it must be then with thousands of men who know but little about soldiering? There may appear to be much confusion and privation, but it is only what is to be expected in roughing it. On many occasions I myself have been in camp and have encountered these things. I found many soldiers lying with nothing but a blanket between them and the ground. Still there were thousands of bags in camp. I asked the men why they did not fill the bags with straw, of which there was a large quantity in camp, and so make beds for themselves. They said they had not thought of such a thing."

### PRESIDENT AT CAMP MEADE.

Hurried Inspection of the Grounds Made by Mr. McKinley and His Party.

CAMP MEADE, Middletown, Pa., Aug. 29.—President and Mrs. McKinley spent an hour to-day at Camp Meade on the way to Somerset, Pa., for a short vacation. General Graham had ordered a marching review in honor of his distinguished guests, but at their request the order was revoked.

The President and Mrs. McKinley reached here at 1 o'clock on a special train from Washington and were met by General Graham and staff and the First Delaware regiment, which was detailed as guard of honor.

After a hurried inspection of the quarters of the general and his staff, President and Mrs. McKinley were driven through the camp. The company streets were scrupulously clean and the men looked their best. The President was much pleased with the location of the camp and the appearance and condition of the men. The various regiments were drawn up in line to receive the party when they arrived at their quarters. The President visited the division hospital and the hospital which the Red Cross society of Philadelphia has established for the care of the most serious cases.

### THE SOLACE IS OVERDUE.

Some Fears for the Safety of a Hospital Ship From Santiago.

New York, Aug. 29.—A dispatch to the New York World from Boston says: The Red Cross hospital ship Solace, with sick and wounded sailors from Santiago, was due here Tuesday. No tidings have been received of her since she left the shores of Cuba, and grave fears have arisen concerning her safety. The Solace has on board a number of sick and convalescent sailors from Sampson's fleet who were to be taken to the naval hospital at Chelsea.

### TROUBLE IN 20TH KANSAS.

Col. Funston May Bring Charges Against Little—An Open Rupture.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 29.—Because Lieutenant Colonel Little wrote to Governor Leedy recommending certain promotions in the Twentieth Kansas regiment he may be court-martialed for insubordination. It has long been known in the camp there was ill feeling between Colonel Funston and Lieutenant Colonel Little. Its growth has been watched with increasing interest from day to day and lately there have been many predictions of an open rupture. It came last night. Colonel Funston then made a discovery that made his blood boil. He has laid the matter before General Miller and there is every prospect that Colonel Little will have to answer to serious charges before a court martial.

Since last June, when Colonel Funston took command of the regiment, strained relations have existed between the colonel and his subordinate, who, before his arrival, had been in command.

Little knew nothing about the discipline or drilling of a regiment, and as a consequence his superior officer had a difficult task upon his arrival in bringing the Twentieth Kansas to good order. During the last two months quarrels have been frequent between the two, more particularly since the regiment's recent removal from Camp Merritt to the Presidio. At one time it was rumored that Little was to be requested to resign.

"No, this is not the first nor the second time Little and I have fallen out," said Colonel Funston. "We have not agreed upon any one thing since we have been together in the regiment. There is no use, however, of discussing our past relations. I am concerned only about the present difficulty."

On the 17th of this month I sent recommendations for three appointments to my regiment to Governor Leedy. Second Lieutenant A. C. Alford I recommended for a first lieutenant, and Sergeant Major F. R. Dodge and Sergeant C. H. Ball for second lieutenants. Colonel Little sent by that same mail, without informing me of his action, his recommendations for two other men for the first lieutenant and one for the second lieutenant. No, I don't care to give their names; they were good men, too, and not responsible for Colonel Little's error. He agreed with me in recommending Sergeant Ball for the other appointment.

"I received the acknowledgment of my recommendations from Governor Leedy's secretary this afternoon. The governor was not in town, but his secretary wrote that the papers would be presented to his notice immediately upon his arrival. Little's recommendations must undoubtedly have reached home as soon as mine. They may prevail with the governor over mine. Little was the governor's private secretary when the war broke out and of course has a political pull, while I have none.

"If his recommendations do prevail and officers are put in here over my head, this regiment is going to witness all the changes of a tropical climate—but that isn't the story. It was only yesterday that I learned of Little's action, and you may imagine how I took the news. Unluckily, or, perhaps, luckily, I could not find Colonel Little. I fancy something very unpleasant would have occurred in view of the frame of mind I was in then.

"Last night I asked him if my information as to his unwarrantable action was correct. He replied in the affirmative. I asked him if he thought that he had military precedent for a subordinate's sending in such recommendations. He replied 'No,' but considered that he had done perfectly right, nevertheless. Then I told him that his conduct was to the prejudice of military discipline and that I intended to place him under arrest for insubordination. He did not resist the idea.

"Little is president of the court-martial now sitting in the Thomas affair, and I did not wish to inconvenience its workings and so did not carry out my threat. That he can be arrested and court-martialed for his offense I have good authority for believing, and I am still working on the matter.

"I have consulted with General Miller. He agrees with me that Colonel Little's action is a breach of military discipline and of military etiquette and an altogether outrageous proceeding in a subordinate officer. Now that I have had time to think the matter over I am not certain as to what my next move will be. Something decisive, however, must be done very soon. If Little's recommendations are acted upon favorably I hardly know what I should do. There certainly cannot be two colonels in a regiment and there never shall be two colonels in the Twentieth Kansas."

Colonel Funston appears to have the support of his brother officers, a group of whom surrounded him while he made the statement quoted. In all the quarrels between Funston and Little of the past two months it is said that the former has had the steady support of every officer.

A heaped man is the silent partner of his wife's foes.

Fabled Typhothetas of America Staves the Question Off for a Time.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Aug. 29.—After struggling through three long executive sessions, during which the nine-hour work-day was the subject of warm debate, the United Typhothetas of America disposed of the question for the present at least, by the passage of the following resolution: "Resolved, by the United Typhothetas of America, that this body does not deem it practicable at the present time to recommend to its members any change in the hours of labor which constitute a day's work."

### FIVE YEARS FOR DR. DUNCAN

Surgeon of the Twenty-second Kansas Convicted and Sentenced.

CAMP MEADE, Middletown, Pa., Aug. 29.—The court-martial in the case of Dr. Louis C. Duncan of the Twenty-second Kansas, found him guilty of desecrating the grave of a Confederate officer at the Bull Run battlefield and he was sentenced to an imprisonment of five years. The sentence must be submitted to the President for approval.

The offense for which Dr. Duncan was convicted was committed the first of the month when the Kansas regiment was near Union Mills, Fairfax county, Va., on the march from Camp Alger to Manassas. Soldiers were found digging up the graves of Confederate soldiers on the battle field of Bull Run. An officer, whom several witnesses claimed to have recognized as Dr. Duncan, was with the grave diggers and at times handled a shovel. Two soldiers of an Indiana regiment, Masons, recognized Masonic emblems on the foot stone and protested. When their protests were unheeded they went to the officer of the day, who reported the matter to the colonel. Dr. Duncan's arrest followed shortly.

Charges were filed charging the surgeon with desecrating the grave of Major T. J. Duke of the Cabahe rifles, an Alabama regiment. The court-martial was composed of thirteen officers: Brigadier General Cole, Colonels Abbott, Hoffman and Kavanaugh, Lieutenant Colonels Peterson and Wagar, Majors Fee, Slaviv and Fleming and three captains. General Cole was president and Major Stringfellow of Missouri judge advocate. Major Harvey, lieutenant governor of Kansas, acted as Duncan's counsel. Duncan tried to prove an alibi, but failed, in the judgment of the court.

Dr. Duncan was ranking surgeon of the Twenty-second. He was graduated from the Kansas Medical college of Topeka and was assistant surgeon in the state asylum for the insane for several months. Afterwards he was government surgeon at an Indian school at Anadarko, I. T. He was appointed to his position from Meriden, Kan. It is said that he had trouble in Kansas over the desecration of graves while a medical student.

### HITCH OVER SAMOA.

Serious Trouble With Germany Seems Possible.

New York, Aug. 29.—A dispatch to the Herald from Washington says: "Trouble is brewing over the Samoan islands, which under the treaty of 1890 are governed under a joint protectorate by the United States, Germany and Great Britain. Germany had marked the islands for her own before the treaty was negotiated, but her scheme for absorbing them was blocked chiefly by the United States, which, by the treaty of 1878, had acquired the right to establish a naval station at Pago-Pago harbor, and had virtually established a protectorate over the islands."

"Under the tripartite arrangement, Germany has been a disturbing factor and has endeavored to procure advantages superior to those of the United States and Great Britain. Mr. Cleveland favored withdrawing from the joint protectorate, but President McKinley is determined to retain all rights in Samoa guaranteed to this country by the treaty. He is now taking steps to improve and fortify Pago-Pago harbor, and dispatches from Europe show that Germany does not like this action."

### SITUATION HAS BECOME ACUTE

Relations Between England and China Exceedingly Strained.

LONDON, Aug. 29.—The Pekin correspondent of the Daily Mail says: The situation has become acute. The relations between the Tsung Li Yamen and Sir Claude MacDonald, the British minister, are strained to the point of rupture. Sir Claude MacDonald has intimated that any failure by China to observe Great Britain's wishes will be accepted as a casus belli. In support of Sir Claude MacDonald, the fleet has been concentrated at Wei Hai Wei and Hankow, and all the warships under 5,000 tons have been mobilized in the Yangtsze river. The naval demonstration is solely directed against China, as it is semi-officially stated that the existing relations with Russia are cordial.

### ANARCHY IN PORTO RICO.

General Stone Says Guerrillas Are Flinging and Murdering.

New York, Aug. 29.—A dispatch from Ponce, Porto Rico, says: General Stone, who has just returned from the vicinity of Aresibo, reports that a state of anarchy exists in the country districts. The withdrawal of the Spanish troops gives the guerrillas free play. A force of irregulars sacked and burned a large plantation near Adjuntas. General Stone says that the people are terrorized and are paying for American protection. The Spanish formerly covered the country with a mounted police. Our forces have not yet been put in charge. It is said the natives and the Spaniards are busy cutting each other's throats."

### FOURTEEN DIED AT SEA.

Three Transports Reach Montauk Point From Santiago, With 1,400 Men.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 29.—The transports Yucatan, Hudson and Catalina arrived at Montauk Point yesterday with fourteen hundred men from Santiago. The arrival of the ships was reported to the war department by General Wheeler, in command of Camp Wikoff. During the voyage four deaths occurred on the Yucatan, one on the Hudson and nine on the Catalina.