

ASKS FOR A FORTUNE.

RAVAGES OF TIME HAVE NOT
DISAPPEARED.Denver Woman Sues the Man Who
Took the Contract to Remodel Her
Face—Her Wrinkles Increase—Will
Sent to the Dead-Letter Office.

Dimple Is a Fake.

Because, as she alleges, her hand-made dimple did not show when she smiled, and for other reasons, Miss Helen Brooks feels damaged in the sum of \$50,000. She lives in Denver and wanted to become beautiful. With that end in view she engaged a dermatological institute of New York to make extensive repairs and alterations to her face. Miss Brooks says the job was a fizzle, and she has begun suit in the Supreme Court to recover damages. Her face will be offered in evidence as people's exhibit A. Having read voluminous advertisements, Miss Brooks made, she declares, several trips from Denver and paid \$275 to have her face remodeled at the institute. That was in April, 1896. She asserts that the two wrinkles in her brow were to be obliterated by removing some of the scalp and drawing the skin back. This was also expected to make the arched eyebrows horizontal. Incisions in the upper eyelids were made, to render the eyes larger and brighter. Her ears, she also claims, were to be whitened down and brought in contour with the rest of the face, and a cunning little dimple in the chin was to complete the rejuvenating process. A doctor overhauled and made these extensive repairs on the face of Miss Brooks, and the lady weeps now every time she looks in the glass. The dimple that was to be, she contends, is nothing but a scar, one ear is shorter than the other, and the lobes curl outward like the edge of a gooseberry tart.

IN DEAD-LETTER OFFICE.

Eccentric California Miser Left an Estate of \$100,000.

Peter Christensen, a wealthy bachelor farmer who died a few weeks ago on his ranch near Waterloo, Cal., left an estate worth upward of \$100,000, and so far as known no heir of his resides this side of Denmark. No will has been found. Now comes a story that he made a will several years ago and left it with the late Judge Baldwin. After the death of Baldwin the document was mailed to Christensen, and after lying in the postoffice at Stockton thirty days was sent to the dead letter office, and is now in Washington. Efforts are being made to get the important document, which, it is said, will give large bequests to old friends of the eccentric miser.

LIVES WITH A BROKEN NECK.

Case of an Empress, Kan., Man Puzzles Surgeons and Doctors.

William Kibby, a hostler employed by W. H. Gilchrist, is baffling the surgeons of Emporia, Kan., by living with a broken neck. While clipping a horse Kibby was kicked in the back of the neck. He at once became unconscious and an examination showed that the fifth vertebra of the neck was dislocated. When the doctors pulled the neck back into position Kibby became conscious, but when he was laid in a chair the neck again became dislocated. The doctors fitted up a harness for the man's head, and Kibby is able to talk. Hopes are entertained for his recovery.

Tells of Murder at Revival.

Henry Naggles, a Grant County, Wisconsin farmer, at a revival meeting confessed that six years ago he and two companions murdered a peddler near Pennington, Wis., and, after robbing the dead man, cut his body into small pieces, which they buried. He said that one of his companions was now serving a penitentiary sentence for another murder and the other was living somewhere in Iowa. Naggles has been arrested and officers are looking for the accomplice.

Defeats the Old Party.

General elections for the Ontario legislature took place throughout the province and resulted in a virtual, if not actual, defeat for the liberal government, which has held power for more than twenty-five years.

Tried to Kill a King.

An unsuccessful attempt was made to assassinate King George of Greece. One of his assassins, Kariditz, a minor employee of the Mayor's office in Athens, has been arrested.

Burglar Is Asphyxiated.

Edward Evans, a burglar who was being pursued by police from Portland, Oregon, ran into an old gas house, where he remained until he was asphyxiated.

Loaded with Real Estate.

Mayor Oscar F. Price of Jamestown, N. Y., has made a general assignment for the benefit of his creditors. An overload of real estate was the cause.

Southern Postmaster Shot.

J. F. Freeman, a white man who was appointed postmaster at Ada, Ga., in February, was shot in front of his house by unknown persons in ambush.

Fleet for Cuba.

The United States fleet at Key West received orders to hold themselves in readiness to start for Havana at the tap of the drum.

Fatal Fire at Kalamazoo.

Ten men met their death as the result of a fire and an explosion in the Hall Bros. pharmaceutical works at Kalamazoo, Mich.

Prohibition in Kansas.

A druggist has been refused a permit to sell liquor. This is the first permit applied for in Olathe, Kan., under the present law, and it was for signing this druggist's petition that ex-Gov. St. John, the former prohibition leader, was denounced a week ago by the W. C. T. U.

Fire Makes Many Homeless.

Fire broke out at midnight in a four-story tenement house in Brooklyn, damaged property to the extent of \$30,000 and made seventy families temporarily homeless.

Fight Fire on Shipboard.

The British steamer legislator, Captain Tennant, bound from Liverpool for Colon, was burned at sea in latitude 31.23 north and longitude 44.10 west. The fire burned fiercely for three days, during which time six men lost their lives and four were severely injured.

La Roca Dock Completed.

Consular Clerk Murphy reports to the State Department at Washington, under date of Colon, Feb. 8, the completion of the La Roca dock, the Pacific terminus of the Panama canal. He says that the tide run twenty-five feet there the value of the work is yet to be demonstrated.



CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME

CHAPTER XVI.

Autumn came with its golden wheat, its ripe fruit, its gorgeous beauty of coloring. The spirit of improvement was at work at Ravensmere; already the obnoxious cottages had disappeared, and in their places clean, healthy, well-drained dwelling houses were springing up. Lady Carven worked hard, allowing herself little rest, and the earl was filled with wonder at her systematic method.

They worked together. She made their duties so pleasant to him that he would not for the world have renounced them. Husband and wife became, as the Earl said, good companions, good friends. They had many interests now in common—the improvement of the estate, the building of model cottages, the education of the young, the relief of the poor and distressed. With a thoughtful look in his blue eyes the Earl would sometimes say to his wife:

"I cannot imagine why I thought all this so tiresome before, or what gives me so much pleasure to do it now."

No one was more gratified than Sir Raoul. He exulted in the fact that his predictions were fulfilled.

"I always thought a good woman's influence boundless," he said; "and now I am sure of it."

But he was not misled; he saw exactly how things were—that the Earl had started with the conviction that his wife was an unformed school-girl, and that, though believing her now to be a very clever woman, he still retained much of his early impression. Lord Carven had accepted the fact that he did not love his wife, and that her love, and that their marriage was a fatal mistake, and which his own folly had led him—and he had not changed his opinion; he absolutely never thought of love with reference to her. They were good friends, with one common interest—that was all.

With Hildred it was not quite the same thing. She had once loved him; and now, as his better nature appeared, she began to care for him again. Not that she ever betrayed such a feeling to him. She was kind, affectionate, patient; she devoted herself to his service; but no word indicating a warmer feeling than friendship ever escaped her lips. She did not even own to herself or know that she was beginning to love him.

One day, after luncheon, when some visitors were staying with them, the conversation turned on a certain Lady Hamilton, who had just returned, a widow, from India.

"Lady Hamilton was one of your early loves, Ulric, was she not?" said Sir Raoul, laughingly.

"I suppose so," said the Earl, carelessly. "I had a great many early loves. Do you know what my opinion is?"

"No," answered Sir Raoul. "I do not."

"I do not believe that I have ever loved at all, using the word 'love' in its best and highest sense."

"Then it is for want of appreciation," said Sir Raoul, curiously.

Neither of them knew that Hildred had overheard the few chance words, but they had pierced her heart as with a two-edged sword.

A kind of jealousy that she could not understand took possession of her. If, looking at pictures or photographs, Lord Carven praised one or thought it pretty, she would examine it in detail to find out if possible what he admired in it. If, in speaking of any lady friend or visitor, she heard expressions of admiration, or a vague unrest would come over her, she would try to understand what attracted him. He had a frank, careless, easy way of expressing himself. Often, when she heard him, her face would suddenly grow pale even to her lips. If he loved at all, he loved her.

Lord Carven discerned nothing of this, but Sir Raoul was more deeply versed in human nature, and he saw that the young countess was beginning to love her husband with a passionate love. He did not know whether to be pleased or sorry—whether she would ever be returned. Yet he could not feel surprised.

One morning a letter came to Ravensmere. It was from Lady Hamilton, to say that she was returning from Ceylon, where she had been staying some time, and would be glad to pay her promised visit.

Lord Carven's first sensation on reading the unexpected little note was not one of unmitigated pleasure. They had been spending a very happy week alone, the Earl, the Countess and Sir Raoul—a week that he had thoroughly enjoyed because the greater part of it had been spent in the open air with his wife and Sir Raoul. They had been watching the builders' progress, watching the improvements, and the Earl was more pleased than he would have cared to say at seeing once more a smile on the faces around him. He did not feel quite sure at first that he cared for the coming interruption. He gave the letter to Lady Carven.

"If she comes," he said, "it is pretty certain we must invite a party to meet her."

The young Countess looked up.

"We are a party," she told him—"we are three."

Lord Carven laughed.

"There is a very real reason why she came here and found that we had not invited any one to meet her? Raoul and I would be exhausted by the amount of homage we should have to pay. Lady Hamilton is the very queen of coquettes."

"I do not like coquettes," said Lady Carven, curtly.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was the evening of the day on which Lady Hamilton was expected. Several of the guests invited to meet her had already arrived, and the young Countess of Carven anxiously expected her visitor. She had a strange kind of foreboding about her.

"I wonder," she said to Sir Raoul, "if some people do bring misfortune with them. I have an idea that Lady Hamilton will bring evil to me."

Sir Raoul laughed, and told her in his simple chivalrous fashion that a beautiful woman could bring only sunshine and happiness; but the young Countess sighed. "Helen of Troy did not bring much sunshine," she said, "and she was beautiful enough."

It was with some little curiosity that the young Countess went to meet her guest. Lady Hamilton had been shown into a pretty little boudoir, where she awaited her hostess; and these two women

on who were so strangely to cross each other's lives looked almost eagerly at each other.

Lady Carven saw before her a tall, graceful, lovely blonde, whose sunny eyes and golden hair were bright and beautiful, whose red lips smiling showed teeth like pearls. After returning in the most musical of voices the greetings of her hostess, she requested that she might be shown to her room.

She was in some measure just what Lady Carven had expected to see. She appeared in the drawing-room two minutes before the announcement of dinner was made, and then Hildred examined her more critically. Her entrance made a sensation among the gentlemen. Hildred stood watching the scene, watching the pretty maneuvers of the royally beautiful coquette, and how soon they took effect.

Hildred sighed as she turned away. This was the kind of beauty that her husband loved—blonde, tall and graceful.

She looked at her husband, he had not joined Lady Hamilton's circle of admirers, and she felt all the happier on seeing that.

"Do you know, Carven," asked Lord Darners, one of the guests, "who is the handsomest woman here?"

"And so many how can I decide?"

"The decision does not require a minute's hesitation," said Lord Darners. "Look around and you will see that there is no one to compare with your wife. She is by far the most beautiful woman I have ever seen in my life."

The Earl looked on wonderingly.

"Is she? Do you know that I have never thought so much of her appearance?"

"Then you have been blind. Look at her now."

Lord Carven looked up. He saw a tall, beautiful figure and a magnificent face, with dark, round, brilliant eyes and a lovely mouth, which played a half-grave, sweet, timorous smile. He seemed to be impressed.

"You are right," he said; "she is very beautiful."

"I should imagine so," returned Lord Darners, emphatically. "Why, by her side even the brilliant Lady Hamilton looks faded. Every one is talking about your wife; you do not know how many envy you."

Lord Carven laughed aloud. Perhaps if the world knew all, he told himself, there would be little cause for envy.

"She is beautiful," he repeated to himself. He had suddenly awoke to the knowledge of the fact. He said to himself that he must have been blind. Had this woman been any other than his wife, he would have thought her perfection. As he looked at her he wondered that he had ever boasted of his preference for blondes. What could compare with the splendor of those dark eyes, the exquisite coloring of that noble southern face? He must have been blind. He crossed the room to where the young Countess stood talking to Lady Hamilton.

"Hildred," he said, simply, "will you save one dance for me?"

She looked at the pretty tablets and then smiled at him.

"I am not engaged for the next waltz," she said.

"Then give it to me," requested the Earl; and the dark eyes were raised to his.

"If I had been engaged, I should have felt inclined to break my engagement," she said.

Lady Hamilton was not quite pleased. Two sons could not shine in one hemisphere; and, if Lady Carven had any idea of outshining her, she was to remember that idea was abandoned the better.

"It is rather odd," she said, with one of her brightest smiles, "to see husband and wife waltz together—one would imagine you were still lovers."

Hildred was on the point of retorting that they had not yet been that, but prudence restrained her.

"You will not forget your promise?" said the Earl.

And Lady Carven took up the pretty tablets again.

They held many names. Against the waltz she wrote, "My husband."

He was watching her intently, and when she had finished writing he took the tablets from her hand. How strange the words looked! There were noble names above them, noble names below them. "My husband," he wondered why he had not written "Lord Carven" instead of his initials. As he returned the tablets to her, their eyes met in a long, lingering glance. Suddenly she turned from him with her face on fire; and Lord Carven, with a strange sensation at his heart, began talking to Lady Hamilton.

"This is my waltz," said Lord Carven, shortly afterward, as he came up to his wife. She did not raise her eyes to his; she was afraid to do so. What if he should tell her secret? What if he should read love for himself shining in their depths?

The Earl half smiled, half sighed at the piquant strangeness of the situation. This noble woman, to the knowledge of whose beauty he had suddenly awoke, was his own wife. They had spent much time together, both sang and worked together, yet he never remembered to have embraced her; now his arm was round her, his face close to hers. He saw before him the whole time, standing out clear and distinct from the others, the two words, "My husband."

Lord Darners had said that he was a subject of envy. The fact had all been a sorry mistake. How beautifully this neglected, unloved wife of his danced! It was the very poetry of motion. But how strange it was!—she never looked at him; she did not talk or laugh; she seemed rather to avoid him as it were.

"She does not like me," thought the Earl; "and she has little reason to." He was frank enough to own that.

The dance ended, he led his wife to a seat, and then left her with a bow.

As it needs but a small matter to fire a train of gunpowder, so it needed but little to awaken her love into keen, quick, passionate life. That one dance with him had done it. She loved him with her whole heart, and the suddenness with which that conviction flashed over her bewildered her. She sat quite still, her soft, sweet music, the ripple of the little fountain, the subdued murmur, all mingling in her ears—flowers, lights, jewels, fair faces, all dazzling her eyes—and she said to herself: "I love my husband."

The whole world seemed changed to her. Shyly, timidly, she looked at him. He was talking to a group of ladies, his handsome face all animation, his tall, well-built figure all grace. He was a man to be proud of—a man to love. But he must

never know about this love of hers—this newly-found precious treasure. He despised her for her want of noble birth; she must keep her love as secret as the grave.

That increased the distance between them. She was so fearful that he should think her unwomanly, so afraid that he should imagine she wanted his love, that she took refuge in cold, shy, proud avoidance. There were no more rides or drives to see the buildings and improvements; there was no more quiet letter-writing in the library. When Lord Carven wanted Hildred, she had some gentle ready excuse, and with a house full of visitors it was difficult to determine whether those excuses were genuine or not.

It was not in Lady Hamilton's nature to pass by the admiration of a man like the handsome Earl. He must admire her. Had he not done so spontaneously, she would have won it from him. All homage was acceptable to her, particularly so, because he had a handsome man, and because he had a beautiful dark-eyed wife who never looked quite comfortable when they were talking together—two little incentives which Lady Hamilton profited and which afforded amusement to her. What was nothing but sheer mischief, sheer love of admiration, was death all the more to the proud young wife who counted every smile that her husband gave her. (To be continued.)

FOX'S HOME ON A HOTEL ROOF.

Object of Much Interest to the Guests of the Boston Tavern.

High up on the roof of the Boston Tavern, 100 feet and more from the pavement, lives a little gray fox that has spent nearly his whole life with the smoke of the chimneys blowing about her and the roar from the streets of the city filling her ears day and night. Taken as a cub from her native woods of Maine, she has grown up with the slated roof of the tavern as her world, and with Tom, the porter, who takes care of her, as her only companion.

Originally there were two of the cubs. They were taken by a gentleman who was on a fishing expedition on the Bonnie River last June and sent as a present to one of the guests in the hotel, who, not caring about keeping them, gave them to Mr. Clark, the proprietor of the tavern. Mr. Clark had a place made for them on the roof, where there is plenty of room to run about, and a short time after they came one of them became frightened, jumped from the parapet and was killed. The other, taking warning by the fate of her companion, was more careful, and has gradually become moderately tame. She will eat from the hand of the porter, and when he is alone will come to him when called, although she will not allow him to handle her at all. The moment any strangers appear on the roof, however, she is off to the furthest corner and will keep the whole width of the roof between herself and them as long as they remain in sight.

Her lot is not an unpleasant one for an animal in captivity, for she has the whole roof to range over and is seldom disturbed. The roof has only a slight slope. It is a smooth, slated surface, surrounded by a high parapet and broken by numerous chimneys and by the light well and skylights, which rise in the center of it. The fox has the run of the whole of it and explores every part, people in the near-by buildings being sometimes startled by the sight of a fox running about on the roof of a hotel in the heart of the city.

In the corner she has a box filled with earth, where she crawls when she wants to go to sleep, scooping out a round hole with her paws and nestling down into it, curled up in a little ball. Tom feeds her chickens and lettuce, so that she has no need to complain of her fare. She is fond of mint, delighting to roll in it and scratch in it with her paws, although she does not eat it. She has been and is an object of a good deal of interest to the guests of the hotel, but, as has been said, she does not reciprocate any attention shown her, croaking behind some chimney or skylight, watching the visitor with bright eyes and with ears pricked up until he goes down again.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Long Island Farmers.

"Dollar wheat" has tempted Long Island farmers near Riverhead to make an interesting experiment in wheat-growing, which they propose to begin on an extensive scale, says the New York correspondent of the Baltimore Sun. For this purpose they have purchased in Italy a ton of seed wheat of the red-headed variety at a cost of \$2 per bushel, including all freight charges, or about \$80 for the ton. The Long Island agriculturists hope to be able to regain the reputation of Long Island wheat which it possessed in the last century, when millers were prosperous, and the old-fashioned long-armed windmills, some of which are still picturesque features of the landscape, were all in active operation. For some reason the quality of the domestic wheat degenerated, and for years has been so soft as to be useful only for feeding cattle. It is believed that the soil is quite as well adapted to wheat raising as it was a hundred years ago, and that the importation of virile seed will cure the troubles the agriculturists have experienced.

Recognized the Description.

A flowery young preacher was sent to a vacant city church to preach. His eloquence dazzled the younger members of the congregation, and the elders of the church were besieged to have him down again. They at length consented; but they had forgotten his name. So they wrote to one of the seminary professors, saying: "Please send us that flowery, streamlet, rivulet, starlight man to preach for us next Sabbath. We have forgotten his name, but we have no doubt you will be able to recognize him." He was recognized. He was sent. He became minister of the church.

To constitute larceny of money found in a pocketbook the intent to appropriate it is held, in State vs. Hayes (Dova), 37 L. R. A. 116, not necessarily to exist at the time when the pocketbook was found, if the fact that it contains money is not then known. It is sufficient if the intent is formed when the money is discovered. The authorities on the rights and liabilities of the finder of property are reviewed in a note to the case.

As time is the greatest of physicians, so silence is the greatest of arbiters. Time and silence succeed oftentimes where all other agencies and influences fail.

QUIET ON THE SURFACE.

Warlike Spirit of the People Has Somewhat Subsidized.

TALK IS NOW LESS HOSTILE.

Verdict of the Naval Board Is Patiently Awaited.

Two Weeks May Elapse Before Official Reports Are Made on the Maine Disaster—Belligerent Congressmen Claim the Silence Is Ominous—Meantime Uncle Sam Will Be Prepared for War.

The naval court of inquiry in the case of the ill-fated battleship Maine is proceeding as a court martial and keeping its proceedings to itself. The Secretary of the Navy says that he has no information not given to the public, that he knows nothing of the character of the evidence taken, or the opinions or conclusions of the board of inquiry. What is more to the point, Secretary Long intimates that he does not expect to know anything about how the Maine was destroyed until the board of inquiry makes its report, which may be not for two or three weeks.

With such positive assertions from Secretary Long, there can be nothing but speculation in Washington as to what the verdict will be. There is plenty of speculation and little of it is now in line with the accident theory.

In the absence of exciting news from Havana there has been a noticeable cessation of the excitement in Washington. The conservative attitude of the President has reflected in Congress, and members who first would listen to nothing but war are now disposed to wait patiently for the actual decision by the court of inquiry. Members of Congress, says a Washington correspondent, are gradually coming to see that events are moving fast enough.

Method in the Silence.

It may be truthfully asserted, however, says a well-informed Washington correspondent, that nine out of every ten members of Congress believe there is a deep significance in the seemingly dilatory tactics of the administration in regard to the disaster. They believe that President McKinley and the members of his cabinet are not so much in the dark regarding the information secured by the court of inquiry as is indicated by the official bulletin, and that there is method in the silence. Many of the members are convinced that the President is playing for time and that every minute is being utilized to make preparations for war. Other members believe that the President has received word from the court of inquiry that the explosion was an accident and that he is taking measures to have it appear that the court is making a most exhaustive and deliberate investigation in order that no cry may be raised that a snap verdict was returned.

At the Navy Department the impression was given out that Secretary Long was greatly disappointed at the word which came from Key West that the board of inquiry would not be able to report for several weeks. Secretary Long had expected all along that the report would be in before this time. He said that he did not think the President would be content to wait so long, and that his intention was to wait until the board of inquiry had reported. The members of Congress, however, are skeptical of the assertion that the President is no wiser than the public, and many insist that every bit of important testimony is sent to him in cipher dispatches almost as soon as it is presented to the board of inquiry.

It is believed by some that Spain is preparing the way to contest any finding that the battleship was blown up by accident. With the wreck sinking deeper and deeper into the mud of the harbor, it may be difficult to prove any assertion to the contrary. It has been asserted by Spaniards that there were mines in the harbor, and there has been no denial until Senator Du Bois made the unofficial assertion Saturday. Shortly after Blanco became captain general of Cuba there were reports from Havana of explosions in the harbor which excited people, but were explained as caused by experimenting with explosives in the harbor, where Spanish officers were planting mines and torpedoes. It has never been denied that Havana was protected by these modern defenses. The denial at this time is looked upon as the beginning of more diplomatic maneuvers by Spain to delay and escape the responsibility for blowing up the Maine.

Excitement Is Abated.

Everywhere in Washington abatement of unrest and excitement of the past fortnight is noticeable and it is now quite evident that the administration has settled down to the belief that the naval board of inquiry will not conclude its work and be ready to report for two or three weeks, and that in the meantime the Government

and people can only wait as patiently as may be for the verdict.

The action Monday of Senator Hale and Representative Bontelle, chairmen, respectively, of the Senate and House committees on naval affairs, in pigeonholing the recommendation of Acting Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt for legislative authority to enlist at once 1,500 additional seamen deprived Senators and Representatives of an opportunity to discuss the situation growing out of the Maine disaster.

Naval preparations go on as before, but the diplomatic policy of the administration with regard to the Cuban question is held in abeyance. Those close to the President say that he is less apprehensive of the consequences of the disaster than he was a week ago. These represent McKinley as being inclined to think that the warlike spirit of the people which broke out so fiercely upon receipt of news that the Maine had been destroyed is subsiding somewhat.

That the disaster to the Maine has upset completely the President's Cuban policy is indicated by the fact that the time

to get at the facts. Secretary Long received a letter from one of the officers at Havana, in which a statement was made that so far the result of the investigations made by the divers within the wreck has been rather unsatisfactory. The writer explains that the water of Havana harbor is so foul the divers cannot see their way about and have to depend upon the sense of touch. It is understood the writer of the letter was rather pessimistic as to the outlook for getting at the actual facts.

At best it is going to take time to ascertain the truth, and the country will have need of all its stock of patience. The court of inquiry will return to Havana to be present after the wrecking operations have been started. Although no official news concerning the movements of the court has been received, the authorities think the court will need at least two weeks, and perhaps a much longer time, for completion of its work. This inquiry, the conservatives say, is too important to be rushed through. Too much depends upon its results. Most serious is the re-

covery of bodies from the Maine by means of ropes.

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