

## WAR SHIPS FOR SPAIN

REPORT IS CONFIRMED BY ENGLISH NEWSPAPERS.

Two Coast Defense Vessels Ready to Be Launched in France Also Purchased—Official Bulletin on Live Stock in the United States.

Three Cruisers for Spain. The English newspapers confirm the news of Spain's purchase of warships. The St. James' Gazette, which published the denial of the Spanish embassy and Spanish naval commission, which has an office in London, says: "It is ascertained on very high authority, in spite of denials, that the Spanish Government has almost certainly succeeded in buying three nearly completed cruisers in England, and two coast defense vessels which are about to be launched in France. Experts are almost as much surprised at the success of Madrid in raising money as by the clever diplomacy which secured the Chilean and Brazilian cruisers of the Armstrongs at a cost believed to be £1,000,000, almost before the move was suspected." The article goes on to say that much competition between Spain and the United States for these various ships was expected, "but America has come to the conclusion that its naval resources are strong enough to confront Spain, and is playing a waiting game."

## BULLETIN ON LIVE STOCK.

## Decrease in Number of Horses, Cows, Cattle and Swine.

The Agricultural Department at Washington has issued the following bulletin on live stock: The returns of the number of live stock on farms in the United States Jan. 1 show 13,909,911 horses, 2,257,695 mules, 15,840,886 milch cows, 29,264,197 oxen and other cattle, 37,656,960 sheep and 39,759,993 swine. These figures show a decrease of 443,756 in the number of horses, 190,841 in the number of mules, 1,242,211 in the number of cows, 1,242,211 in the number of sheep and 1,242,211 in the number of swine. There is an increase of \$38,317 in the number of sheep and 42,011 in mules. While there has been an increase in the number of milch cows in each of the New England States, and a considerable increase in the Northwestern States, there has been a decrease throughout almost the entire South, and this fact, together with a slight decrease in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana and Illinois, reduces the total for the country at large to six-tenths of 1 per cent below that of last year. Of the seven States reporting a total of over 1,000,000 horses, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Georgia, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska show an increase, and Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and eight Southern States a decrease. There is a marked increase in the value of live stock on farms reported by the States. The value of the country, the total value of farm horses having increased during the year by \$25,713,011; that of mules, \$6,728,972; milch cows, \$65,578,993; oxen and other cattle, \$104,367,218; sheep, \$25,700,191, and swine, \$8,978,659—a total increase in value of \$230,162,859, or 14.7 per cent.

## AMERICAN SCHOONER SEIZED.

## Captured by Spanish Gunboat on South Coast of Cuba.

The Spanish gunboat Ardiola has captured in an inlet near Casilda, on the south coast of Cuba, the American schooner Esther of Edenton, N. C., bound from Pensacola to launch. The captain of the schooner was asked to give the reason for the presence of his vessel in the inlet and claimed that his rudder was broken. No further details of the affair have been received, but if the statements of the captain of the Esther turn out to be correct the schooner will be liberated. The captain has protested against the seizure of his vessel. The Esther is of 1,131 tons gross register.

## Enforcers an Age Limit.

A maximum age limit for employees has been fixed by the new Union Pacific management. The rule is now in operation as far as the shops of the company are concerned, but as to whether it will be enforced in other departments is at present something of a question. The rule is that no one over 10,000 men on the lines of the company in the West. Sixty years is the limit of employment in the mechanical department. Not only are all persons over that age in the shops being discharged, but none will be employed in the future who are near that period of life. No official announcement has been made by the company.

## Moving Over the Passes.

The steamship North Pacific, from Skagway, Juneau and Wrangell, called at Departure Bay. Her supply of coal having run out. Her officers describe the situation at Skagway most favorably. They say that deaths from spinal meningitis were often the result of exposure on the trails, the men being brought into Skagway dying. The number of deaths, Captain Carter says, has been greatly exaggerated. Fine weather prevailed when the North Pacific left Skagway. White and Chilkoat rivers were fit for travel, and many had already begun the journey inland.

## Higher Wages Granted.

As the result of a conference recently held between Thomas Dolan and a number of workmen employed in the cloth mills of Thomas Dolan & Co. at Philadelphia, a 12 per cent increase has been granted.

## Russia Wins in China.

The Berlin Tagblatt publishes a dispatch from Peking saying that China has agreed to lease Port Arthur and Ta-Lien-Wan to Russia for ninety-nine years.

## Killed by a Burglar.

William O. Hutchins, a manufacturing jeweler at Providence, R. I., was shot and killed by a burglar. The robber was fleeing after discovery, and Hutchins was knocking the intruder over the head with a heavy walking stick, when the one fatal bullet was fired.

## Crushed Under a Car.

Two Italian laborers were instantly killed and two badly hurt by a two-ton dirt car which fell upon them while they were at work on the new East river bridge at New York.

## Cashier Canning Confesses.

Sherwood C. Canning, receiving teller of the First National Bank of Cincinnati, O., was arrested and locked up on the charge of embezzling \$23,000 of the bank's funds. Canning broke down when put behind the bars and confessed. He is married and has a family.

## Big Tag Underwriter Lost.

Terrific weather is reported from Northern Persia, the worst known for a quarter of a century. The heavy rain from the Caspian sea to Teheran is impossible from snowdrifts. More than 100 persons have perished, and many others are missing.



BY CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME

## CHAPTER XVIII.

With an intolerable sense of shame and disgrace, it suddenly occurred to Lady Carven that her lot in life was quite different from other people's. It seemed to pass over her with a sudden terrible commotion. She had been so occupied with her efforts as regarded her husband, her plans of reform, her schemes for the benefit of others, that she had not given much thought to her own position as a wife whose husband made no pretense of loving her. The knowledge of her real status came to her now with a keen sense of intolerable pain, yet she would have borne its bitterness but for the fear lest the brilliant, beautiful blonde should become as wise as herself. That would have been intolerable.

A trifling circumstance brought Hildred's jealousy to a climax. The Earl was going out in a great hurry one morning when he found that the button of his glove was hanging by a thread. Lady Hamilton, who was now engaged in some kind of fancy work, with needle and silk in her hand, sat by. He went to her at once.

"Lady Hamilton, be kind to me—give this one stitch," she laughingly commanded; she would not let him remove the glove.

"You need not take that trouble," she said. "I can do it as it is."

With a pale face and darkening eyes the young Countess watched the little scene. Why had he gone to her for this small service? Why should she hold her husband's hand and look with laughing eyes into his face? She could not endure it. She went up to them.

"I thank you, Lady Hamilton," she said. "I will do that for Lord Carven."

Lady Hamilton looked up in amazement, but there was something in the young Countess' face which made her yield at once. She drew back coldly.

"Lord Carven asked me to do it," she said.

"In all probability he had forgotten that I was here," she returned, in a high, clear voice.

The Earl, like a prudent man, remained quite silent. He looked at his wife's face as she bent over the glove, and he saw something there that, shrewd as he was, puzzled him. Why was she so pale?

What was it that shone and gleamed in the dark eyes? Why did the proud lips tremble? What was in her face? He gazed in silent wonder. She had finished. "The button will not come off again," she declared.

"I hope not," said Lady Hamilton, in a peculiar tone of voice; "and, if it does, do not ask me to help you again, Lord Carven."

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laughing eyes. Was it her morbid fancy, or did she really hear her husband say, "Yes, and I will tell you the story of my marriage?"

She did not wait to ask herself if it were mere fancy. She believed that she had heard it, and the idea of it drove her almost mad. They were going to watch the sun fade among the flowers, and the Earl would meanwhile entertain his companion with the story of his marriage—how he had wed the money-lender's daughter, or else Lord Ravensmere, but how he had avenged himself by neglecting her. Hildred's heart and brain were on fire. The husband she loved despite his neglect and the rival whom she disliked were going to laugh over her safe shelter.

An idea suddenly occurred to the unhappy wife—they should not do this, they should not laugh at her, her love and her jealousy should not be sport for them. She would follow them unperceived, and then, when they began to laugh over her story, she would confront them, and dare them to amuse themselves with her anguish. All the pride of her nature was aroused. She would suffer death rather than be laughed at by her husband and her rival.

The grounds of Ravensmere were so well wooded that behind her safe shelter of the tall trees she could walk quite unseen by the Earl and his companion. The sweet southern wind that scarcely stirred the leaves brought to her from time to time chance words, but none of them were of her. She did not want to listen to their conversation; she only wished to prevent the story of her marriage from being told. Sometimes the low, musical laughter of Lady Hamilton reached her, and then the rich ring of her husband's voice would sound cheerily in the gathering gloom; and all the time she, his wife, was slowly threading her way after him like the shadow of fate.

There had not been one word of her yet—the conversation had all been about people they had known years before; and now they stood on the borders of the lake, where the crimson waters, to the dazed mind of the young Countess, looked like blood. She shuddered as the idea occurred to her. Some of the crimson glow fell on the white dress and on the silken veil. She saw Lady Hamilton look out her little white hand and cry, gleefully:

"Look, Lord Carven—my hand is dyed red!"

They had not spoken of her. The red sun was fast descending.

"That is what I wish you to see," said the Earl. "The moment in which the sun seems to touch the water a red gleam passes through it; then the next moment it is quite dark."

They watched in silence, while the dark figure stood motionless and still behind them. The sun, as it set, seemed to touch the outer edge of the lake; a red gleam came over it, beautiful and curious, and then, almost at once, it was dark.

"We will go home to the cottage," said Lord Carven; and his wife remembered that the long avenue of trees extended to the very gate. She could therefore walk almost side by side with them, yet quite unseen.

They had not mentioned her name. Could she have been wrong in her suspicion? Had she mistaken her husband's words?

They were standing at the edge of the lake, a cold, dark sheet of water now, and she established herself behind a great group of alder trees. It seemed to her that the silver veil she wore, the gleam of her head and shoulders absorbed all the light there was. Presently she drew near. Another group of trees separated her from the two who were so unconscious of her presence—large trees with swaying branches; through them the night wind brought every word to her. They talked of the light on the water, and the sudden darkness there—of some one who had known and loved Lady Hamilton before her marriage. She laughed coquettishly over it.

How long was that nonsense to last, the unhappy young wife asked herself? How long was she to stand under the darkening evening skies, with the great alder branches swaying to and fro, and the sighing of the wind in her ears, the fire of love, the madness of jealousy raging in her heart—how long? It was unbearable. She felt inclined to cry out that it must end. She clinched her fingers, she bit her lip; then suddenly she heard the sound of her name—her maiden name—"Hildred Ravensmere!" What were they saying? Was the Earl telling how he had been compelled to encounter himself with a wife he did not love? Was he saying that, although he did not love her, and they were strangers to each other, she cared for him? Was he laughing because she had owned that she was jealous of him?

## AN OLD DRUM.

## It Was Carried in the Revolution and Again in 1812.

Capt. George Warren has the oldest snare drum in the State. It was carried in the revolutionary war by Daniel Hopkins, of Plainfield, Conn., Col. Parsons' regiment of Continental troops, Sixth Company, Sixth Regiment, and was carried at the siege of Boston, April and May, 1775. The regiment then marched under General Washington, to New York, and was at the battle of Long Island, Aug. 27, 1776, and at White Plains, Oct. 28. The drum was also carried on July 7, 1812, by Muscien William Hopkins, of Plainfield, in Capt. Archibald Tuckman's company, at Fort Trumbull, June 7 to July 14, 1812.

The shell of this drum was saved out of a log by hand, and is in two parts, glued together in the center with chips of wood.

William Hopkins, the last owner, died in Plainfield fifteen years ago, aged 95 years. He was a school teacher, and his uncle, Stephen Hopkins, of Rhode Island, was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

William Hopkins also claimed that this drum was carried by his ancestors in the French war in Canada, when Windham County furnished a number of companies. Sergeant Simon Copp, of Killingly; Lieut. Larned, of Woodstock; and Private Plank, of Killingly, who marched under the music of this old drum, he buried in the old Putnam cemetery, south of Grove street, with about fifty other soldiers of 1776—Putnam (Conn.) correspondence New York Evening Telegram.

## Negro Philosophy.

Mule don't kick 'cordin' to no rule.

Cross-roads bad place to tell secrets.

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Tree-frog kin see de rain fur orf as de olmanick—J. A. Macon.

When you make de jail too nice, you better strenkin' de hog-pen.

Books don't tell when de bee-martin an' de chicken-hawk fell out.

Da's some fac's in de wul dat don't slide 'long on de telegraph-wire.

What you can larn by boxin' wid a left-handed nigger cos' mo' an' it come to.

"May heaven pardon me, I did!" she moaned.

"Here you must remain. I shall come

back. I shall know where to find you, crouching at the end of the alder trees, where you hid yourself to listen to your husband and his guest. Great heaven, that a spy should bear my name! Stay here until I return. If you attempt to escape, I will send the whole county after you. And I was beginning to care for you—to think you a noble woman!"

She shrank covering from him. His angry face, the anger that shone in his eyes, the stern voice frightened her. She shrank lower and lower, until she fell on her knees, sobbing as though her heart would break.

"Stir at your peril!" he said, and then he left her.

(To be continued.)

## GOLD MINE OUT OF REACH.

Made a Big Find, but It Was on an Indian Reservation.

The speaker was one of the old prospectors to whom the present Alaska talk recalls memories.

"When I was a kid prospecting in Arizona," he said, "a little thing happened that made me think for a couple of days that I was wiser than I was credited with being. In the time I had been in the gold country there had been a good many laughs on me, the same as there is on any tenderfoot, and I was just aching for a chance to surprise the boys when this little incident turned up."

"It was in connection with some of that Pueblo Indian pottery. I bought a little gold for a curiosity on a reservation that an outfit of three of us passed through. In handling the ugly bit of crockery I noticed a roughness of the surface. I wondered if there might be anything back of it; so, without saying anything about it to my two partners, I broke it up and applied the tests."

"The clay was full of grains of 'color.'"

"The next thing to do was to find out from the Indians where they got their clay. I planned to hold back my find from the other fellows until I had everything in shape to surprise 'em. They kept me pretty busy making up excuses for hanging around for the Indians for the next week, but I found the excuses. Dry old Abraham Butts would smile once in awhile, but I never thought for a minute that he 'saved' my game."

"I got the Indian potter drunk, and he told me where he got his clay. The clay turned out to be full of color. It was not until I started to locate a claim in the beds that I was jumped on and told quite plainly that they were inside the reservation limits, and that a white man had better stay away from them."

"That part of it wasn't half so tough as the fact that the other two fellows had been watching and chucking over the whole transaction. Old Abraham had found some of the pieces of my Pueblo gold the day I broke him up, and had tumbled right on. They didn't say much about it; no, they only smiled a little, and continued to buy me presents of Pueblo pottery until I swore I'd shoot any man that brought up the word Pueblo again."

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