

## ALASKA WITCHCRAFT

NATIVES STILL PRACTICE THEIR  
DARK RELIGIOUS RITES.

Governor Brady Makes His Annual  
Trip of Inspection to Various Points  
on the Coast—Fire Wipes Out Down-  
town Property in Chicago.

## Cling to Old Customs.

Secretary Bliss at Washington has made public an interesting letter from Gov. John B. Brady of Alaska, containing observations made by him while on his annual trip of inspection to various points on the coast. The letter is dated from the town of Seward, Alaska, and is dated May 10. The Governor says, should be paid to vessels navigating the Yukon, the traffic on which is so large that the tendency is to take great risks. The Wheeling, after leaving Dyea, called at the village at the north of Chicago Island, called Hoonah. Here one of the leading men of the village had been accidentally killed by a child 6 years of age. The people never take account of accidents, and the Hoonah natives held the child's mother and her people responsible and demanded reparation, which was given in the form of 200 men thoroughly armed going to a native village near Killisnoe, at which place the child's mother and her people belonged, and compelling them to turn over many blankets, trunks and money. The Governor severely admonished the natives and told them their old customs would not be tolerated. From this point the Wheeling proceeded to Yakutat. The Governor has considerable to say about the practice of witchcraft, which seems to exist to a considerable extent in that part of the country. He tells of a man and two women who were bound and tied for bewitching a man. On the ninth day the woman was released, and as he had nothing to eat, but a few drinks of water, he was in a terrible physical condition. The Governor spent some time talking to these people, and after explaining the laws of the United States told them that in the future he would not deal leniently with their witchcraft, distillings of rum and the factoring of beer, and compel them to conform to our laws in all respects.

## POLITICS IS THEIR AIM.

Railroad Employees at St. Louis Bring  
Out a New Organization.

An organization known as the Independent Order of Railway Men has been perfected in St. Louis, Mo., and St. Louis has been chosen as the headquarters for the grand lodge and the president elected is James S. Hardin, also of that city. It is said by one of the officers of the new organization that politics will be taken up, because only by dealing in politics can certain objects in view be obtained. The new organization is made up largely of former members of the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association, which went into liquidation in 1894. There is a payment in case of death and a disability weekly payment. Organizers will be started out at once to all sections of the United States and Canada.

## DISASTROUS CHICAGO FIRE.

Burning of the Monroe Restaurant  
Places Many People in Jeopardy.

Fire which started in the basement of the Monroe restaurant building, 118-120 Monroe street, Chicago, at 6:30 o'clock in the morning, swept away \$200,000 worth of property, imperiled scores of lives and resulted in injury to eight persons. At noon the five-story structure was a ruined shell. No one was ever hurt. The fire was many narrow escapes and the conflagration will rank among the worst in the city's history. It was the third great fire in Chicago's downtown district within a week, and, as in the others, the flames baffled the efforts of the firemen until the destruction was almost complete.

## Accused by His Child.

Several weeks ago Mrs. John Cox and one of her children were burned to death two miles east of Texarkana, Ark. It was reported as an accident, but Mrs. Cox had fainted and fallen into the fireplace, where the embers set fire to her clothing and burned her up. The flames were supposed to have also ignited a cradle and burned the baby. Now, as the result of a story told by an older child of John Cox, the husband's father has been arrested and is confined in jail charged with the murder of the woman and her child.

## Mysteriously Disappeared.

The whereabouts of H. H. Craig, a prominent merchant of Rochester, N. Y., have been a mystery to the San Francisco. He was separated from his daughter, Miss A. B. Craig, in the crowd at the ferryboat, as they were on their way to take the train at Oakland for Pasadena. No clew has been found to account for his sudden disappearance. It is still a question whether he met with foul play or succumbed to paralysis, to which he has been subject for some time.

## Marries Russian Count.

Count Alexis Rozanoff of Kodjak has just been married to Miss May Dickson of San Francisco. The count is a young Russian who has business interests in Alaska. He has asked permission of the War Department to build a hotel on the reservation at St. Michael's and is confident of a favorable answer to his request. He met his bride in Seattle.

## Hocking Canal Sale Is Legal.

The Ohio Supreme Court has decided that the act authorizing the sale of the Hocking Canal to the Columbus, Hocking Valley and Athens Railway Company is constitutional. The projectors of the road say it will now be built.

## Fatal Mine Explosion.

An explosion occurred at Manawa coal mine, near Monaca, Pa., on May 10. Two are known to have been killed, five injured, and from fifteen to twenty-five are said to be still entombed in the mine.

## Ex-Cashier Is Found Guilty.

In the United States court in Covington, Ky., the jury in the case of the United States against Thomas B. Yontz, ex-cashier of the First National Bank of Newport, Ky., charged with misappropriating the bank funds, found the defendant guilty on thirty counts.

## Get Gold from Sea Water.

A consignment of bullion which was deposited from the water of the ocean was received at the United States assay office in New York. It weighed ninety-two ounces. It was extracted by the Electrolytic Marine Salts Company at North Lubec, Me.

THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE IS  
DISAPPOINTED

BY CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME

## CHAPTER XXI.

Lord Carven had made two announcements. The first, which no one even thought of connecting. The first and most startling was, of course, that Lady Hamilton had been shot accidentally—a chance shot—though why a ball cartridge had been used was a puzzle—supposed to have been fired by poachers in the wood; the second was that Lady Carven had been suddenly summoned to her father's home in London. No one dreamed of connecting the two announcements, and in the disordered state of the household it never occurred to any of the guests to question the servants as to when the countess had gone. She had been absent for a week, and the apologies that the earl made were deemed quite sufficient. Some of the guests indeed said that it was as well Lady Carven was out of the way, as she would probably have been greatly distressed. To this day the earl is uncertain whether his wife had been shot or not. The only idea quite clear to him was that he must shield the woman who bore his name.

It was not very long before the doctor arrived, and then all alarm was at an end. He found the ball at once; it had gone very deep into the shoulder. It was extracted and the wound bound up.

Then lovely Lady Hamilton raised her golden head and asked, languidly: "Shall I be very ill, doctor?"

"No, I hope not. You will suffer a little pain—nothing much. I trust."

"Shall I be ill for a long time?" she asked. "Ah, my little, I dreamed that I was coming to Ravensmere to be shot!"

"It is very unfortunate," said the doctor, "but I do not think you will be ill very long, Lady Hamilton."

It was with a sense of relief that Lord Carven went to his room that night. He wanted to be alone to think over the events of the day. He found himself dwelling less on the terrible fact that his wife had shot Lady Hamilton than on the wonderful fact that she loved him. He could not sleep or rest. Never had his pain seemed so hard, his thoughts so troublesome. The excitement had been too much for him. Wherever he went, whatever he did, his thoughts were with Hildred. Had she reached Arley Ransome's house? Had he acted wisely in letting her go alone? Would any clew to her ever be found? The questions followed him, haunted him, pursued him. If he went to talk to any of his visitors, the conversation was sure to turn upon the poachers and Lady Hamilton.

Wearied of it all, he sought refuge with Sir Raoul in his room, and the old soldier noted with concern his worn and haggard handsome earl looked.

## CHAPTER XXII.

"Let me stay with you, Raoul," said the earl on entering his room; "my guests tease me to death. One hears of nothing but Lady Hamilton and the poachers. I have had to tell the story over and over again, until I am fairly tired of it. Let me find rest here."

"And to make matters worse," remarked the earl, with a gesture of weary despair, "here comes the doctor."

Dr. Randall entered the room unannounced and in great haste.

The earl sprang to his feet at the sound of his agitated voice, his face growing pale and anxious.

"Surely," he said, "Lady Hamilton is not worse?"

"No, she seems better. It is not about Lady Hamilton that I want you, Lord Carven. I was sent for the moment I left here in behalf of the man who used to act as your steward—John Blantyre."

"John Blantyre," said the earl, vaguely. "Is he ill?" The subject did not interest him very much—indeed, he thought it trivial amidst the excitement of his own affairs.

"No, not ill in the common acceptance of the term," answered the doctor. "He is dying, I fear."

"Dying, yet not ill! You speak in riddles, doctor."

"He is a little riddle to me," said the physician; "perhaps you can solve it. He has committed suicide—that is, he has made an attempt on his life, but he has not quite succeeded."

"He was very foolish," remarked the earl. Even the fact that his confidential steward had attempted to destroy his own life seemed to him a matter of less moment than the fact that his wife loved him.

Dr. Randall looked uneasily at the unconscious face.

"May I speak on a private matter?" he said.

"Certainly," was the quick reply. "I have no secrets from my relative, Sir Raoul."

"I cannot quite understand it," continued the doctor. "They sent for me, and when I reached the house I found that Blantyre had attempted to take his life. I will not tell you how—there is no need to add to a list of horrors. I found him dying, not dead; he is dying now. His only cry was for you, Lord Carven; he wanted to see you."

"Do not in the least desire to see him," said the earl, quickly. "Frankly speaking, doctor, repentant sinners and deathbeds are not much in my line. I could do him no good."

"Perhaps not—yet he gave me no rest until I had promised to ask you to go and visit him—no rest at all. The strange part of the story has to come, Lord Carven. It was not a poacher who fired the shot—it was himself. We have this time done the poachers an injustice."

The doctor was not prepared for the effect of his words. The earl sprang from his chair, rushed across the room and seized him by the arm.

"Say that again!" he cried. "John Blantyre fired that shot?"

"So he says," replied the doctor. "He gazed the story out to me in broken words. 'I always hated her,' he said; 'hated her; and last night I shot her by the edge of the lake. I shot her through the heart, and I saw her fall, and—'"

"It is impossible!" cried the earl. "The man must have been delirious! He never saw Lady Hamilton in his life—how could he hate her?"

"That is the strangest part of the story," said the doctor. "He persists in saying that he shot Lady Carven. I cannot understand the matter."

"I do," put in Sir Raoul, calmly. "Blantyre was dismissed at Lady Carven's desire, and he swore to be revenged upon

her. This is his revenge—he has shot Lady Hamilton, believing her to be the countess."

They were not long in reaching Blantyre's house, and before long the earl stood by the death-bed of his late steward. The man's dying face was turned toward him, his dying eyes gleamed as they recognized him.

"My lord," he said, "you were always kind to me. Her ladyship ruined me—she turned me away—and I hated her. I would not harm one hair of your head; but I have killed her; and I am not sorry. I am glad."

"Thank heaven that you have not!" said the earl, hastily. "I am so afraid to say that you have not injured me, that your murderous shot never reached my wife. The lady you have injured is a stranger to you—Lady Hamilton; she had thrown Lady Carven's scarf over her shoulders—hence the (for me) fortunate mistake."

This look on the dying man's face was terrible to see—the flimsy disappointment, bit-ter hatred.

"Then I have not killed her after all," he cried.

"No; you have wounded an innocent lady, a stranger to you—that is all; my dear wife has not been injured."

"And I sent for you believing that she was dead, dreading lest an innocent man should suffer for my deed, longing also that you should know I had taken my revenge."

"I can only thank heaven you have failed," said the earl.

John Blantyre raised himself; he hated, he loved the passions in the dying face were terrible to see.

"Tell her," he cried, "I am sorry I did not kill her; tell her that she ruined me and that I hate her for it; tell her that I loved her more than my life, and that I had cursed her I never opened my lips again!"

He fell back exhausted, and he kept his word. Never again were his lips opened in mortal speech. The earl tried, Sir Raoul left his sick room to try to soften and persuade him, gentle, low-voiced women bustled by his side, a grave minister pleaded with him to let death be his, but one terrible curse his lips were mute and dumb, whether so stricken by heaven or whether the result of his anger and disappointment, no one ever knew; he died in obstinate, sullen silence.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Lady Carven had refused to see any one; she had refused to quit her apartment. The horror of the charge made against her overpowered her. Could it be, Hildred, Countess of Carven, would she ever be brought before a public tribunal and tried for a crime of which she was perfectly innocent? Her vivid imagination ran riot about it. She pictured herself in a dark cell. She wept until from sheer exhaustion she slept.

A knocking at the door aroused her. "Hildred," called Arley Ransome, "I wish to see you."

"Papa," said the girl, "I am tired of the world—tired of my life. Let me die in peace."

Fearful of the attention of his servants, he went away, returning again and again with the same entreaty, but she would not see him. She refused all food, she never attempted to go to rest, and at last Arley Ransome grew alarmed about her. He would not force open the door—that would create a scandal, and the notion of scandal was as bitter as death to her.

It was with a feeling of intense relief that he saw Lord Carven arrive.

"This is a terrible business," he said. "My daughter must have been driven to great extremes before she did this."

"It is all a foolish mistake!" cried the earl. "Where is she? I want to see her."

"A mistake!" cried the lawyer, with dignity. "Most men would give your conduct another name, Lord Carven. People should be careful before they make such mistakes."

"Where is Hildred?" cried the earl. "I want to see her once."

"I am not at all sure that my daughter will see you," said Arley Ransome. "I must say that she has been cruelly treated. You are a peer of the realm, Lord Carven, but have you behaved as a gentleman to my child? Have you treated her with courtesy or affection?"

"Let me go to her at once," said Lord Carven. "Do not be hard on me, Mr. Ransome—I have had a great deal to suffer. And these few words disarmed the lawyer."

They went together to Hildred's room. Arley Ransome spoke first.

"Hildred, I have something very particular to say to you—open the door."

There was not a sound, and Lord Carven began to feel slightly alarmed.

"Hildred," said her father; "I have a message from your husband."

Still there was no sound, and, unable to control himself, the earl cried out:

"Hildred, for heaven's sake, speak to me! Let me in—I want to see you!"

The sound of his voice seemed to have an electric effect upon her. The next moment she turned the key in the lock and opened wide the door.

With a cry of fear and surprise he started back when he saw her. He had seen her lately so beautiful, so radiant—now her long black hair hung in disorder over her shoulders, her face was pale and stained with tears, her eyes were dim, her lips white. He hardly knew her.

"Hildred!" he cried. She looked at him with dim, sad eyes.

"You!" she said. "Is it you who thought me guilty of murder?"

"Leave me alone with her," he said. "I have much to say."

Mr. Ransome went away. The earl entered the room and closed the door. He went to his wife, holding out both his hands.

"Will you forgive me?" he said. "I can never pardon myself."

"You believe that I committed murder," she answered. "No, I cannot touch your hands."

"Hildred, listen. It was almost all your own fault—you said you were guilty."

"Not of murder," she rejoined. "I could not have supposed that you would think me capable of that, much as you dislike me."

"I do not dislike you, Hildred," said the earl, in a voice full of emotion, "and I am indeed grieved at having offended you. Do not refuse to pardon me."

"There can be no pardon, my lord, for the wrong you have done me," she replied. "And then the earl knew that, if ever he won his wife's pardon, it would be a work of patience and of time."

He gazed anxiously at her. She looked pale and wan, with the stains of bitter weeping on her face. He saw, too, that she shivered like one seized with mortal cold.

"Hildred," he cried, "do forgive me—you do not know how grieved I am to see you like this. I want to tell you how the misunderstanding happened. Will you listen?"

"Yes," she replied, mechanically; and she sat silent and motionless while he told her the story. She looked at him when it was ended with dull, dim eyes.

"I am very sorry," she said, "that Blantyre made the mistake. I almost wish that he had shot me through the heart. What have I to live for?"

"I could not spare you, Hildred—you have been the good angel of my life!" he cried.

"You would be better without me. Your estates are free and unincumbered now—you have roused yourself to a sense of your duties—you know how to perform them. I am of no more use. I am sorry that John Blantyre missed his aim."

"That is not all, Hildred. There is your bright energy, your hope, your cheerful animation?"

She clasped her hands with a shudder. "I am sick," she said, "sick with a terrible despair."

The earl was compelled to return to Hildred, and he did so almost tearfully. Lady Hamilton was fast improving; she would be able to go to her own home soon, the doctor said, and all anxiety about her was quite at an end. The truth of the story had come to light; all the papers had it; every one knew that Lady Hamilton had been shot by mistake, and that it was the young Countess of Carven whom John Blantyre had intended to kill.

The earl confided the result of his mission to Sir Raoul, who was not much surprised.

"You have tried her beyond her strength," he said. "I would have seen you without loss of time to return to London again."

Lord Carven did so, but his journey was fruitless. Hildred refused to see him; to all entreaties from her father she answered simply:

"I have said no word to add to what I have said; and with that answer the earl was obliged to be content."

In sheer despair he sent for Sir Raoul, who, though almost unfit to travel, hastened to him; he besought him to use his influence with the beautiful young wife who had been his enemy, but she grew wildly jealous of the idea that she would listen to Sir Raoul when she refused absolutely to listen to him.

"Why should you have more influence over her than I have?" he asked, half angrily.

"Because," said Sir Raoul, "I understand the higher better, nobler part of her nature, as you, I fear, will never understand it. I will try what I can do."

(To be continued.)

## ARE PAWPAWS GOOD?

The Head of the House Is Disappointed  
Over His Experiment.

Whenever you find in the city an old man who was born in the country, and passed his boyhood days on a farm, you are likely to find a man who has fond recollection of his free and easy life spent in the fields, when nuts and pawpaws were ripe. If he sees a few of the custard apples displayed at a fruit stand, he wants them. Of course they don't taste just as they did when he was a barefooted boy, but they make him think of his youth and his days on the old farm.

A man of this kind saw some pawpaws a few days ago on a stand, and of course he bought some. He was on his way home, and for the first time he introduced the fruit into the home circle. It created some excitement, and every one tried the Ohio banana. Now there is one thing to be said of a pawpaw, and that is, if it is well frosted and just beginning to turn black, it is not so bad, but if it is pulled green—as many of them are—it is not fit for a hog to eat. And these were of that class. The old man bit into one and made a stagger at eating it, though he acknowledged that it didn't taste like the fruit he had gathered by the bushel when he was a boy. The family rather ridiculed his explanation, that they were not ripe, etc. His boy said:

"Say, father, honestly, did you ever like them mushy yellow things and think they were good. If you did you must have been very hungry."

"But these are not frosted, and that's what's the matter with them. They're splendiferous when they've been blackened by frost."

"Oh," said his wife. "I expect you'll say next that they ought to be cooked or scalded, or something, to excuse yourself for all the praise you've given the nasty thing for years and years."

"Well, whether you like them or not, they're just as good as bananas, and all of you rave over them. Wait till frost comes and I'll get you some that will make you think the banana is poor eating."

"Now, father, said the daughter, 'own up. You don't like them yourself. When you were a boy on the farm you had a ravenous appetite, and, of course, after traveling miles and miles, eating tasted good. That's the way with those nasty pawpaws. You know they don't taste good, and even if they were frozen, they wouldn't be much better. I guess you had better throw them away.'"

"Indeed, I'll not," he said. "I'll put them on the porch roof, and you'll own up after a while that they're good."

And now the family is waiting patiently for the hard frost that it may taste a pawpaw at its best. But it's doubtful if they will like them, even then, for the taste is one of the acquired kind.

## Great Travelers.

William H. Dall, of the Smithsonian Institution, says in Science that "during the long days of the whale fishery several well-attested instances occurred of whales struck in one ocean, as the Atlantic, being afterward killed in the North Pacific, and vice versa." This would indicate that some whales are great travelers, for to get from the Atlantic to the North Pacific they would have to go many thousands of miles, passing either around Cape Horn or around the northern end of North America and through Bering strait.

## Unconscious State.

"I can't help being a little bit afraid of the dark," remarked the small boy, apologetically.

"That is very silly," replied his father. "You will outgrow it when you are older and more sensible."

"Of course. It won't be so very long before I'm big, and then I'll be like you and mother and not be afraid of anything except spilling salt and seeing the new moon over my left shoulder."

The truly good man seems to derive his greatest pleasure from the reflection that others are bad.

## UNCLE SAM IS READY.

This Government Prepared for the Worst  
that May Come.

## CAN MEET ANY EMERGENCY

The War and Navy Departments Have  
Not Been Idle.

Both Spain and the United States Have  
Made Preparations Indicating a  
Probable Conflict—Ships Disposed So  
as to Be More Advantageous—Congress  
Importuned to Increase the  
Regular Army—Purchase of War  
Vessels, Guns and Ammunition  
Abroad Continues.

## Washington Correspondence.

The United States is prepared for war. Its magnificent fleet of fighting ships is lying within striking distance of Havana. Its coast cities and towns are strongly fortified and guarded by coast defense vessels fully equipped for business. It has immense supplies of ammunition and stores distributed where they will be easily available. In regard to land forces, it has the army departments reorganized, retrained, and its 25,000 regulars so distributed as to be within call of any point threatened by the enemy. Furthermore, it has the National Guardsmen of 115,000 ready for any emergency.

Spain, too, is prepared for hostilities. She has on Cuba, fully 80,000 men, the army there having recently been re-organized. She has called out her reserves, and made every preparation to enlist volunteers. She has quite a formidable fleet at Havana, and, to support the same, quite a number of warships, distributed at other points in the West Indies. She has raised a small loan, and is fast supplying her navy and army with everything that is necessary to their efficiency.

Spain intends to fight if she's given half a chance. Her Government dare not do otherwise, else civil strife break out and the monarchy be overthrown.

In order to be fully prepared for whatever may come, a further disposition of lines and manning of the fleet has been made. The Atlantic coast has been strengthened. Two powerful fleets have

## REDISTRICTED DEPARTMENTS OF THE ARMY.

Posters Calling for Recruits Are  
Issued at Washington.

"Men wanted for the United States  
navy." Large posters with flaming head-  
lines and magnificent portraits of two bat-  
tleships were issued from the Navy De-

partment in Washington Monday. These  
will be sent throughout the country and  
the work of enlistment will follow. The  
age required is 18 to 35 years; the pay  
ranges from \$18 per month to \$40.

The following classes of men are desired:  
Seamen, ordnance mechanics, chief machi-  
nists, machinists first-class, machinists  
second-class. All applicants must pass a  
physical examination. The department in  
Washington accepts no enlistments. Ap-  
plicants are referred to the following re-  
cruiting stations: Boston, Brooklyn, New  
York, League Island navy yard, Wash-  
ington, D. C., navy yard, United States  
steamer Michigan at Erie, Pa.; New Or-  
leans, Mare Island navy yard, Norfolk  
navy yard and Gloucester, Mass.

It is, the Senator Says, the Only  
Solution of the Cuban Trouble.

"If the time for the intervention of the  
United States in the affairs of Cuba is not  
here now, it never will come," said Sena-  
tor Thurston to a reporter. The Senator  
says that the only solution of the trouble  
is such intervention, unless the people of  
the United States are willing to look on  
and see the work of starvation, already so  
far advanced, completed. The reconcen-  
trados are absolutely without hope, and  
if the death lists in any part of the island  
are decreasing it is only because the ma-  
terial for starvation to work upon is giv-  
ing out.

All that the reconcentrados can now do,  
with their homes and implements destroyed  
by fire, their little farms devastated and  
growing in weeds, their stock driven  
off to furnish food for the Spanish sol-  
diers, and themselves emaciated and dis-  
eased, is to remain in their pens with a  
look of quiet despair and take the little  
food that they can get, sent by the charity  
of the United States. It is perfectly true,  
says the Senator, that the insurgents  
practically have the whole island. All  
that the Spanish hold is Havana, and even  
while the congressional party was there  
there was fighting in the suburbs of that  
city.

Senator Thurston was asked what effect  
intervention would have in increasing the  
volume of the insurgent movement. He  
said that it would have some effect in that  
direction, for then the Cubans generally  
would rise and declare themselves.

Vessels Made Ready for War.  
At League Island, Key West and other  
points all warships have been coaled to  
their full capacity and have been supplied  
with a full quota of all kinds of ammuni-  
tion. The Navy Department has been or-  
dered since her return from Havana, and  
the gunboats Helena and Bancroft also.  
Preparations have been made with the  
secrecy and assignments to the one fleet or  
the other have been carried on so guarded-  
ly that it is impossible to find out just  
where any vessel is going to be found  
when the first shot is fired. The newly  
acquired Brazilian cruiser, Amazonas, will  
accompany the San Francisco, and will  
arrive in a few days all ready for service.  
Her sister ship will be brought across the  
Atlantic within two weeks and completed  
in an American yard. Several other ves-  
sels will have in the meantime been pur-  
chased and added to our available war-  
ships.

So delicate is the situation that our Gov-  
ernment cannot wait for guns to be man-  
ufactured by our own shops, but is pur-  
chasing them in England and Germany.  
These guns being of a caliber different  
from ours, ammunition has to be purchased  
with them. Batteries are moving from  
the West to the Atlantic and Gulf coast  
cities, and large quantities of ammuni-  
tion and supplies are being forwarded in  
advance of their arrival. A bill was in-  
troduced in Congress providing for the  
increase of the regular army to 104,000  
men; another for the building of three bat-  
tleships with an amendment increasing  
them to twelve, and for the construction  
of six torpedo boats and six torpedo boat  
destroyers.

Steps have been taken by the Navy De-  
partment to re-enforce the ships in service.  
The board on auxiliary cruisers has exam-  
ined the American liner St. Louis and  
measured her for armament. The owners  
of the fleet which comprises this vessel  
and the St. Paul, New York and Paris,  
will, it is said, not insist on the purchase  
of these vessels by the Government as it  
has a right to do in the event of their im-  
provement, but will permit the Govern-  
ment to charter them. The board will  
inspect the Ward line boats, and is also  
looking at steel yachts and at iron and  
steel coal tugs