PERILS OF THE SEA.

Ill-Starred Yukon Steamers Lost While on Their Way to the North.

Five Are Named in the Luckless Fleet—The "Beach's" Grim Experience.

Seattle, Wash., July 20.—(Special.)—The fourth treasure steamer to arrive here within two days was the steam schooner Lakme, with ninety Klondikers and treasure estimated at from $250,000 to $500,000. The richest party on board was made up of six French Canadians who had $70,000 between them. They will converse only in French and are very reticent. Another Canadian is said to have brought down $60,000, having sold his claim and left the Yukon for good. Most of the Lakme's passengers came down the Yukon on the May West, the first boat to leave Dawson. Others of the West's passengers are on the Garrone, bound for Victoria.

The most important news brought by the Lakme concerns the disastrous ending of a number of stern-wheel steamers destined for service on the Yukon river. The Alfred J. Beach, W. H. Evans, International, Argo No. 2, and Constantine are in the Lakme's list of lost. All with the exception of the Evans went down at sea. The latter is a total wreck on one of the islands off the Alaskan coast. Strange to say not a life was lost in the series of disasters.

The loss of the Alfred J. Beach is the most interesting. The Beach and the Evans were in tow of the Noyo and left here June 21. On July 4, when 350 miles out to sea from Dixon entrance, the Beach went down. Twenty-four Chicago men and women, who owned the steamer, put out into the stormy night in her life boats. They finally got on the Evans, when the latter began to leak and the Noyo turned back and finally beached her a total wreck at How-Kan. The ocean boat then took the passengers of both river steamers to Dutch Harbor, where many of them are now destitute, having lost everything in the wreck.

The steamer International was a valuable steel boat owned by the Empire line, and started north in tow of the Connemaugh. She filled before reaching Behring sea and sank, carrying with her a barge.

The Constantine was owned by the British North American Company, of Vancouver, and was in tow of the South Portland. She sank when about 400 miles out at sea on July 4.

The Argo No. 2 was towed by the Argo and belonged to a Cleveland company. She broke up on the trip to Dutch Harbor. No one was aboard her at the time.

MANITOBA CROP PROSPECTS.

Winnipeg, July 20.—The crops reports received by the Canadian Pacific railway up to the present show that in all sections of the country served by the company's lines, the crops are making satisfactory progress.

DIVIDENDS FROM DEER PARK.

Additional Machinery Ordered and Heavy Shipments Promised in the Near Future.

Rossland, B.C., July 20.—A seven-drill compressor and hoist plant, the latter to have a lifting capacity of 2,000 pounds one thousand feet, is to be installed as quickly as possible at the Deer Park mine. As soon as the plant is installed, the mine will commence large shipments of ore with a view of declaring dividends.

THE PRICE OF FREEDOM.

Payment of Treaty Money, Results in the Apprehension of a Numerous Collection of Moses.

Port Arthur, July 20.—While the Indian agent was paying the treaty money to the Indians at Heron Bay yesterday, Constable Whalen arrested four Indians all named Moses for eight murders that were committed during the last four years around that vicinity. The prisoners were brought here last night and put in jail.

LORD AND LADY ABERDEEN.

Rossland En Fete at Midnight in Honor of the Governor-General and His Consort.

Rosland, July 20.—(Special.)—Lord and Lady Aberdeen arrived in the city last night shortly before midnight. The principal buildings were beautifully decorated for the occasion and the camp turned out en masse to receive the distinguished visitors at the station with bands of music and a torchlight procession. Addresses of welcome from the city council and Board of Trade were read amid great enthusiasm.

THE SORROWS OF WAITING.

(London Globe.)

If it were possible to calculate accurately how many years of the life of a man who had lived out all his days, had been spent in simply waiting, the result would probably be surprising. Those periods of "just half a minute" which our friends, male and female (especially female) ask us to wait, when added together, would reach a formidable total; and the time occupied in waiting for the train on some of our railway lines, of profitably employed, would shortly enable a man to retire from business with a snug fortune invested in gilt-edge securities. At times a man may wait and wait with resignation, even with equanimity, if he has nothing better he wishes to do at the moment, and is not cursed with too active a mind; but it makes a man gnaw his lip and inwardly churn to be kept waiting while some dreadful old dowager proses on the perfection of the scenery, or the value of homeopathy, as he sees the only girl he ever loved being borne off by a hated and unscrupulous rival. The old lady may notice his agitation, but she will round her period, though the whole firmament of heaven be convulsed. There are lots of people like that. They seem to make a rule of life to keep everyone waiting as long as they possibly can. We will not speak of bishops and publishers, for it is bad business to speak evil of dignities; but headmasters and booking clerks should be held up to execration till they mend their ways. Ask the shivering schoolboy, who waits in the "Head's" study to receive his morning dose of birch, how he likes tarrying while the arch-pedagogue leisurely turns the pages of the Times and discusses tea and toast in his comfortable dining-room. The "swishing" may be painfully tingling, but it is those long minutes of suspense that are the cruellest part of his punishment. He will tell his frankly interested companions afterwards that "he didn't mind the licking; what he barred was waiting for it in that confounded study." The booking clerk who continues to glean the latest sporting intelligence in the "Morning Tipster," when the traveller anxiously and repeatedly asks for a ticket, is by no means a rarity in the booking office; and we may think ourselves lucky if he does not hurl insults as well as tickets through his window if we wax too impatient.

Fate, too, keeps us waiting quite as often as our fellow-man. Fate is the stage-manager of the world, and a most whimsical, wrong-headed stage-manager too! She works up for a situation, players and audience are on tenter-hooks to see whit is going to happen, when off she flies to something else, and the stage waits while she fiddles along with some wholly irrevelant matter. By the time she returns to her "mutton" all interest in the entertainment, has evaporated and the denouement fizzles out like a damp squib. What audience, when hanging on the words of the hero, who is about to rescue the virtuous maiden, together with countless gold, from the clutches of the wicked baron, would allow the action of the play to be enterrupted by the song and dance of the Sisters Spagialetti? The intelligent playgoer would not stand it at any price. He would simply tear up the benches and bombard the Sisters Spagioletti, nor would he bother about giving notice in accordance with the law of nations in time of war. This is the sort it interlude, however, which Fate constantly interposes in the play of life, and we poor mortals have to sit tight and suffer till matters adjust themselves. It is sickening work to wait year after year for the object of our hopes, and then when we obtain it to find that it is mouldy and rotten with age, but this is what most of us have to put up with.

The sanguine man of hasty temper swears that he will not wait. He gets angry and hot, and bustles about treading on people's feet, making himself uncomfortable, and exasperating his neighbors to the verge of madness by his clamour and his pushing, but he has to wait all the same. His morbid, conscientious friend, on the other hand, waits quietly enough, but no one knows what he suffers in the process. The crowd do not notice the lines and shadows in his face, the flecks of white in his hair, but there they are, and it is the everlasting waiting for something that has there placed them. To be always waiting for something is more or less inherent in man. For the 'bus, or a fortune, or dinner, or the 'what not, and this is the more annoying as it is but a dull business at best. Poets may advise us to gather roses while we have the opportunity, but when we have gathered them we are not satisfied till we have with which to fasten them into our coat, or a bowl in which to arrange them. The roses of life are all very well in their way; they amuse us for a minute or two, but they soon pall, and we begin anxiously to look out for the apples and nuts of autumn. It is a pity that man cannot give up this bad habit of continually looking forward, cannot devote himself instead to a life of pure contemplation, but he cannot, and there is an end of it.

ROSSLAND'S HOSPITALITY.

The Enthusiastic Patriotism of the Camp Impresses Lord Aberdeen.

Rossland, July 20.—After a stay in the city of eighteen hours, Lord and Lady Aberdeen left at 5 p.m. for Nelson, their entertainment during their sojourn here having left nothing to be desired. The town was decorated lavishly with evergreens and bunting, and to-day, after being serenaded by two hundred school children, the vice-regal party made a tour of the principal mines, frequently expressing undisguised astonishment at the wonderful ore showings and in the afternoon His Excellency was entertained by leading citizens at a luncheon, speeches being made by Lord Aberdeen, Mayor Wallace, Hon. C. H. Mackintosh and others. His Excellency expressed himself as deeply impressed with the generous hospitality of the city and the enthusiastic patriotism of the camp.

While the luncheon was in progress, Lady Aberdeen addressed the ladies of the city on the Victorian Order of Nurses. The meeting was held in the Rossland opera house and was crowded. A committee was formed at the close of the meeting to consider the advisability of organizing a branch of the Woman's Guild and establish a Victorian Order of Nurses in this city.

OLD WORLD PRIDE IS TOUCHED.

The German Press Sounds a Protest Against the Carrying of The War Into Spain.

Berlin, July 20.—The Kruz Zeitung (Conservative) says: "The authorities at Washington are over-rating their strength. It would be a profound political mistake to send Commodore Watson to the Spanish coast. Even if an occupation of the Canaries might lead to regrettable complications, all this being much more volcanic territory than the Philippines."

Charleston, S.C., July 20.—With bands playing and 30,000 people cheering, the first expedition to follow General Miles to Porto Rico got away from there this evening. The expedition is under command of Major-General J. H. Wilson.

Washington, July 20.—Arrangements practically were concluded by the government to-night for the transportation of the Spanish prisoners at Santiago, from Cuba to Spain.

PAYING THE PENALTY.

The Olinde Roderiques Supposed to Have Been Nipped in Blockade Running.

St. Thomas, July 20.—The Compagnie Generale Trans-Atlantique steamer Olinde Roberiques, formerly the Franconia, gross tonnage 3,188, plying between Havre and Haytien ports, is now three days over due from Porto Plata, Santo Domingo, and it is supposed that she has been captured while attempting to run the blockade at San Juan de Porto Rico. After leaving San Juan on July 4 she was warned not to attempt to enter on her return voyage.

TORONTO NEWS NOTES.

Vice-President Shaughnessy's Denial—Waives Extradition Proceedings.

Toronto, July 21.—Vice-President Shaughnessy denies that the C.P.R. has withdrawn its claim for differentials on trans-continental traffic.

Hugo Wolff, the German arrested on board the steamer Lake Huron at Quebec on the charge of forgery in Germany, has confessed, and will return without extradition proceedings.

John Craig, M.P.P. for West Wellington, is seriously ill.

TAKING A REST.

No Interesting War Developments Are Possible During the Next Few Days.

Preparations Advancing for the Descent Upon the Coast of Spain.

Washington, D.C., July 20.—The war and navy departments are now engaged in maknig all arrangements for the despatch of the Porto Rico expedition and Watson's eastern squadron. There has occurred one of those natural pauses in the progress of the campaign incident to the completing of one set of operations and the initiation of another, there being no possibility of the receipt of news of a great battle or of surrender there is less excitement and less evidence of nervous strain than for weeks past. General Miles' expected departure was again deferred. The explanation given was that there was difficulty experienced at Santiago in securing the naval convoy for the expedition. It is known, however, in addition, that the President himself has restrained General Miles to the extent of abjuring him in earnest terms not to commit the folly of starting for Porto Rico without full preparation.

The government has profited by the lessons taught by the Santiago expedition. Aside from the actual loss of life that might be expected to result from a badly calculated start, it is realized that relations with some of the European powers would be impaired in a small measure at least by a diverse moral effect created by anything approaching a defeat for the American arms at this stage of the war. Therefore, it is certain that so far as the department can prevent General Miles' soldiers will not run short of food nor of tents, nor of the means of transportation that were so deficient at the beginning of the Santiago movement.

General Miles reported this afternoon that he had with him ten transports which it is presumed have aboard several thousand soldiers, although at least two of them are filled with equipment. Inquiry made at the navy department to ascertain where the delay had arisen in securing convoys was met with the statement that the orders to Admiral Sampson in this matter were very general. He was simply directed by the department to furnish a convoy and it was assumed that he would confer with General Miles as to the number and character of vessels required for that purpose. As the campaign from a naval point of view is not to be principally a land movement, the naval officers do not believe a very extensive convoy is necessary.

According to the calculations at the navy department Admiral Dewey's fleet at Cavite should now be reinforced by the coast defence vessel Monterey, which with her tender and collier Brutus has now been about 20 days out from Honolulu. With the addition of this fine and powerful monitor, Dewey will be amply able to take care of himself so long as the naval forces in the Philippines are maintained in the proportion they now occupy. However, the disclosure by the state department of the lack of foundation for the sensational stories of strained relations with Germany has largely abated the anxiety entertained at the navy department as to Dewey's position at Manila.

The war department was agreeably surprised at the number of bids received in answer to its proposals for transporting the Spanish now at Santiago to Cadiz. The terms offered by some of the companies were also regarded as very reasonable, and as it is desirable to terminate the present condition of affairs at Santiago at the earliest possible moment, it is expected the award will be made immediately. An offer from a Spanish steamship company was a surprise to the department officials and at least one of them thought it might be well for the government to avail itself of this offer.

THIRTY AGAINST A THOUSAND.

The Heroic Stand of Col. Wilson and His Men Against the Matabeles.

(Chicago Inter Ocean.)

The heroic deeds of brave Englishmen will always linger in the minds of their countrymen, and any additional particulars that can be obtained in connection with such deeds are always welcome. A representative of the Matabele Times, a paper published in Buluwayo, recently succeeded in obtaining a narrative from M'Kotchwana, one of the warriors of the Inguba regiment which attacked and annihilated Wilson's force. It took some time getting M'Kotchwana to speak of the affair. He was quite ready to talk about the crops, locusts, etc., but it was not until he was twitted as to whether he had done anything but till the land like a woman that he spoke.

"Yes, my father," he answered. "I have fought in battle," and then he related the following account of that grand stand of thirty-four Englishmen against overwhelming hordes of an infuriated savage enemy:

"When the white incos Wilson came across the big River Shangani," said the native, "we watched him, and, although he knew it not, he was surrounded on all sides by the remnants of regiments which had fought at the Bembesi, the Imbezu, the Insugameni, the Nyama Indhlovo and others. At nightfall we missed the white majakas, but toward the rising of the sun, Umjaan, the great chief, came to us and said: 'I have heard the white warriors in the bush; come, let us go and kill them.' We were about 1,000 in number, and without noise we went and surrounded the place where the white men had their fire. Two of them were standing up looking into the bush. Some of us made a little noise. One of the white men standing awake went and awoke up another man. I think it was their incos. He came and looked all round into the bush, and then aroused all the other amakiwa. They got up, and I saw they were busy getting their ammunition ready and saddling their horses. As it drew near the time for the sun to peep over the edge of the world, we started firing at the white men. They mounted their horses and tried to proceed in the direction of the great Shangani. But our men shot well and horses dropped dead. It was a cloudy morning, and the rain fell fine and swiftly. There were as many 'amakiwa' as three times the fingers on my two hands. Most of them had on black covers over their shoulders (capes).

"When the white warriors found they could not go on they shot the living horses and stood behind them waiting for us. We fired our guns at the white men, but at first they did not do us much harm, as we were well protected by the trees and bushes. As the sun rose we noticed several of the white warriors lying dead. Umjaan gave orders to rush up to the enemy. We issued from behind the protecting trees and tried to run up to kill all I'Wilson and his party, but they killed many of us with the little guns in their hands and wounded more."

"How many were killed and wounded in that first rush, M'Kotchwana?"

"As many as six times the fingers on my two hands—so many," and the old warrior waved his hands six times.

"But how many were killed outright?"

"So many," and M'Kotchwana signified forty. "Then we went back behind the trees and fired often, till many of the 'amakiwa' fell and few remained. Again Umjaan said: 'Let us kill all that are left,' but some of them said: 'No; they are brave warriors; let us leave the life in those who are not yet dead.' But the men of the Imbezu said: 'No; let us kill all the white men.'

"Again we rushed against the few who remained standing. When they saw us coming they made a big singing noise and then shouted three times. They kill more of us. I was struck near the temple and remembered no more. My brother told me afterward that all the white men fell fighting till the end. They were brave men, my father. The next day at sunrise we took all their clothes and skinned the face of the biggest white 'majaka' and took it to Lobengula, who was away one day's journey. The great chief said that was not the skin of the leader. We returned and took yet another skin off the face of a white chief. When Lobengula saw it he was satisfied. He asked whether his Imbezu regiment had done all the killing. When he heard that they had not done more than others, he said: 'Have I then all this time put my trust in a lump of dirt?' 'I had two sons killed that day, my father,' said M'Kotchwana, 'and my brother was shot in the stomach. The 'amakiwa' were brave men; they were warriors.'"

Asked how he obtained possession of the cape, M'Kotchwana said it was on a white soldier who was killed before the first rush. He fell outside the ring of dead horses; they thought he was not dead and kept on shooting at his body. When the natives ran up M'Kotchwana seized this cape off the white man's body.

GRAND LODGE IN SESSION.

Representative Members of the Craft in Canada Assembled at Toronto.

Toronto, July 20.—The Grand Lodge of Canada, A. F. & A. M., opened here to-day, when William Gibson, M.P., after reading his address, was presented with a handsome gavel made from part of the U.S.S. Maine, by Frank C. Lodge, deputy G.M. of Michigan, on behalf of the visitors from the States.

GEN. GASCOIGNE'S SUCCESSOR.

Col. Hutton of the Sixth Rifles the New Commander in Chief—Americans Favor Reciprocity.

Ottawa, July 20.—(Special.)—Official advices have been received that Col. Hutton of the Sixth Rifles has been appointed successor to Gen. Gascoigne and Major Foster of the Royal Engineers successor to Col. Lake, quartermaster-general.

Copies of the regulations governing imports into the British preferential tariff have been sent to the leading custom ports of Canada for distribution to wholesale houses.

Fifty commercial organizations in the States have declared in favor of reciprocity in trade with Canada.

Officials of the money order branch have completed arrangements for the establishment of the postal note system, and within a few days three denominations will be on hand. There will be sixteen denominations altogether, ranging from twenty cents to five dollars, but owing to delay in printing them it is impossible to issue all at the same time. The commission will be one cent on orders up to forty cents, two cents up to $2.50 and three cents up to $5.

[Concerning the newly appointed commander-in-chief and quartermaster-general, the Canadian Military Gazette printed the following in its issue of the 5th inst: There is a well founded rumor that Col. E. T. H. Hutton, C.B., A.D.C. to the Queen, P.S.O., Assistant Adjutant-General at the Curragh, has been selected by the war office for the appointment of Major-General Commanding the militia. Col. Hutton's record is as follows: Born December 6, 1848, appointed ensign King's Royal Rifle Corps, August 9, 1867, promoted lieutenant August 3, 1871, captain July 14, 1879, brevet-major November 18, 1882, substantive-major January 24, 1883, lieutenant-colonel May 29, 1889, and colonel December 21, 1892. He has held the following appointments: Instructor of musketry and adjutant of a battalion of his regiment; A.D.C. to Major-General Commanding Egyptian Force, Egypt; assistant military secretary to G.O.C., Egypt; brigade-major, Aldershot; D.A.A. and Q.M.G., Egypt; D.A.A.G., Aldershot; A.A.G., Curragh. His war services are: Zulu campaign, mentioned in despatches, medal with clasp; Transvaal campaign in command of a squadron of mounted infantry; Egyptian expedition 1882, mentioned in despatches, medal with clasp, bronze star, Medjidie, 4th class; Soudan expedition 1884-5, in command of mounted infantry in Egypt, clasp. He is a graduate of the Staff College, a C.B. and A.D.C. to the Queen. He had command of the colonial forces in New South Wales, with the local rank of major-general in 1893. It will be remembered that he was chiefly instrumental in federating the Australian colonies for defensive purposes, and threw up his appointment there after a bitter fight with the Premier of New South Wales. He would be a most acceptable officer to command the militia. * * * Major H. J. Foster, R.E., p.s.c., has been selected for the appointment of Quartermaster-General, in succession to Colonel Lake, whose period of service has expired. It is not considered desirable by the war office to appoint an officer as Q.M.G. under field rank—one step being given in army rank and the officer appointed colonel in the militia. Major Foster, like his predecessor, is a Staff College man, and has served at the Intelligence Office, headquarters, London, Eng. It is satisfactory to know that this appointment is to continue to be held by a Staff College man and it is to be hoped that no other will be appointed. We have repeatedly urged that the appointments of G.O.C. and Q.M.G. should be p.s.c. men, and there is every likelihood of its being carried out.]

YELLOW JACK IN SANTIAGO.

The Disease Widespread Among the Troops but of a Mild Type.

Washington, July 20.—Dr. Greenleaf's last report to Secretary Alger from the camp of Santiago came this afternoon and was to the effect that while the yellow fever was widely spread among the troops it was very mild in type. General Duffield, who has been suffering from the disease, was reported to be improving yesterday.

DEATH IN THE FLAMES.

Watchmen Lose Their Lives By Fire In a Quebec Saw Mill.

Toronto, July 20.—At St. Moise, a small village on the I. C. R. near St. Flavie, Quebec, Cayonettee's shingle mill was destroyed by fire this morning and the two watchmen were burned to death—Guillame Ross and his son, Solomon Ross.

HEROES IN BANDAGES.

"Kit" Sends From the Front a Picture of the Homecoming of the Wounded.

Though Wrecked by Shot and Shell Their Courage Burns Bright and High.

Writing from Key West, Fla., on the 8th of this month, "Kit," of the Toronto Mail and Empire (in private life Mrs. Watkins, a lady well known and much esteemed in Victoria, where she not long ago passed a pleasant holiday) has the following with regard to the home coming of the wounded, the pathetic picture being drawn with the customary vigor of the writer, and presenting the reverse scene to the heroic views of brilliant accomplishment and heroic action that have passed in panoramic succession before the eyes of Americans since the initiation of hostilities:

The "boys in blue" are coming home. A couple of weeks ago I watched a splendid army embark, bands playing, colors flying, people cheering, on the mile of great ships that lay along the wharves, gangways out. Last night, by the light of a few lanterns, I watched an army of wounded men in ragged and faded uniforms, with arms, heads, feet swathed in bandages, disembark and pass, limping, halt, bowed over—on litters, in ambulances, in cabs—through lines of people who stood there silent, looking at them. No bands, no flying colors, no cheering. Pride and grief filled every heart too full to permit the tongue to give expression. Never in the whole course of my life, never at any pageant, any procession, did I feel anything like the thrill that passed through me when the first man, with the sleeve and side of his shirt cut away, and half his body wrapped about by linen cloths, moved slowly and painfully along between two stalwart marines. The hush that fell then over the crowd deepened. As the terrible procession began even idle chatter, idle whispering, ceased.

Armed with war passes—which are useful occasionally—I was permitted to pass by the soldier who was guarding the long dock. At its further end lay the transport Iroquois, with her load of broken-down men. The hospital corps, aided by marines and volunteers, was moving hurriedly forward, carrying litters. At the foot of the wharf the Red Cross ambulances stood in a bunch, supplemented by street cars, cabs, open carriages, wagons—every vehicle that Key West could turn out. Very few but those engaged in the work of moving the wounded men were allowed at the side of the big transport. There was no bustle, no clamor, no confusion. Lieut. Marix, of the marines, would call out an order, two men would mount the steps leading to the lower deck, while two more waited at the foot of the ladder. These were so placed to aid the wounded men to relieve them of their baggage and accoutrements. At a little table on the lower deck sat a couple of men taking down names and issuing tickets. Each man got his billet to the convent hospital. The poor fellows could be seen descending painfully, the little ticket caught between their teeth, their arms or legs helpless, their whole bodies limp and drooping. And yet these men had, many of them, walked fifteen miles from the front to the coast along that cruel road in Santiago, under the blistering rays of the fierce Cuban sun. And now they were done up. Tired, broken, weary men, coming home to rest. There was not a murmur from any of them. More than half the poor fellows were keeping up bravely, to show how little they cared about wounds. Scores of them expressed to me personally their hope that they would be made well quickly and sent down to the front again. The record they brought with them was the glorious one of splendid fighting, magnificent courage, and many, many wounds.

Again one saw in the sporadic light of moving lanterns heaps of baggage thrown about the wharf; guns, cartridge belts, canteens and everywhere, lying, crouching, thrown down prone, soldiers. Not one shouting "On to Cuba!" Not singing, or laughing, or cheering as they toiled on, sweating and dusty, in the heat of a Southern midsummer day. Men, most of them as yet unbaptized by fire. These men, wounded, weary, sitting on their little bundles, their forms drooping, their limbs bandaged, presented a thousand times a more heroic, a more touching picture. They had given a cheer as the ship came in and home was sighted—just one long cheer—after that silence, and waiting with a dogged patience to be told off in squads for the hospital.

Not that they were not chatty and cheerful individually. Every man I spoke to gave me some bright story of the fighting, spoke some word of gladness at sight of home, or said cheerily how he hoped to be all right in a couple of weeks and down again at the front. No man seemed daunted; no man lacked heart and courage. Bodily pain and sickness overcame many, and the inert listless figures on the stretchers were dreadful to see; but the fighting heart was here, and the brave spirit and the unflinching front. I take off my hat to you, soldiers of the great Republic!

And the finest thing about them was the way they spoke of the Spanish fighting. There was not a man but told with admiration of the bravery of the enemy.

"We was all wrong thinkin' them fellows was cowards," said one of the 6th, speaking with some difficulty because of a bullet wound through his cheek, "they fought fine. To be sure they was in ambush, and the sharpshooters up in the trees gave us some trouble, but all is fair in war, and there was no running away till retreat was sounded. God! how they picked out our officers, though! Down they went like ninepins under the fire of the sharpshooters. As we climbed that hill at Siboney they just mowed us down like you'd cut wheat in a field. We was in the open, and the beggars was in the thick brush along the sides. They had artillery at the top, too. We couldn't see a Spaniard, sir, but they could see us, and maybe they didn't punish us. You never saw such a country. The hills rise sheer up off the coast. It's like trying to scale a wall to face them, and all round is heavy brush and ravines. There are no roads at all—only a narrow trail. The Spaniards were roosting in the trees, and just shot down at us as they pleased. As the men fell the hospital corps stepped forward as quickly as they could and carried them to the rear. The Spanish fired on them just the same. Red Cross! They didn't respect no Red Cross. Why, I seen a wounded man they had just raised on a litter killed by a shot from a sharpshooter. That was the only mean thing I seen them do. They can fight—no one need tell me again as the Spaniards can't fight." He paused to gather breath. "My wound? No, I didn't feel it much. Just as if a stone had hit me on the back of my neck and gone through to my cheek. It stung a bit, but I didn't know I was shot till I felt the blood running down. I'll be all right in a week, an' gom' down on the transports again to have another shot at them."

"Tell me"—to a crowd of the wounded lads who had gathered about me—"did any of you feel at all afraid at the first? I've often heard that soldiers lose courage just in the first minute." There was a shout from them! "Afraid! no ma'am! You bet we wasn't afraid. The sight of the boys fallin' all round us made us mad. Lord! will I ever forget the feelin' that came to me when I see poor Jim Peters bite the ground, just one side of me! He was shot clear through, poor chap, and just dug his heels into the ground as the life went out of him. God! I could have wiped out the hull Spanish army as we breasted the hill, an' left Jim a-lyin' there. Afraid! No ma'am! I guess we was too mad to know whether it was day or night. We jest pushed on, on our bellies, and pounded them Spanish till we took the hill an' planted Old Glory atop of it with a cheer!" And I couldn't speak to the man because the tears were choking me, were blinding me. "I'd have given ten years of my life to have been a man and with you," was all that I could say.

Moving about among them I heard many a little story. "Come over to the light and I'll show you the finest relic of the war," said a soldier, half of whose body was bound up in white cloths. We stooped to the lantern. "See this." He took something from his pocket with his sound hand, and gave it to me. It was a Mauser bullet, which had struck a cartridge in his belt and embedded itself there, forming a perfect cross. "That cartridge saved my life," said the man. "I'm pretty well chewed up, but I wouldn't be talkin' to you here to-night if that Mauser had got under my belt."

In squads those wounded who were able to stagger along somehow were marched to the waiting cars. What a march! They fell into line, indeed, and faced about at the word of command, but the step! This man hopping on one foot, holding the other bandaged one well up from the ground; that one on crutches improvised out of his Krag-Jorgensen and a small, weak stick which some one had lent him. Another stumbling forward with drooping head; another dragging a useless leg after him, and moving slowly and painfully. The son of a millionaire—one of the famous Rough Riders—passed with his shirt literally in rags, that streamed about him, and his arm in a sling. The faces of all the men were covered with long growths of hair, and what you could see of these faces was pale and peaked. It seemed incredible that a few short weeks could so change men from splendid young athletes to seemingly aged and decrepid creatures. You can have no idea of the dreadfulness of war until you have seen these things.

Three hundred and fifty maimed and wounded men were taken off the transport that night. The moon, the peaceful moon, rose serenely and shed her soft light over the very spot where these men were able to hobble were taken off first. Then came the call for litters. Had you been there a shudder would have passed through you as you saw those poor helpless forms lifted to the stretchers, lowered from the deck, and laid out there, under the light of the moon, on the wharf. One's soul yearned and grieved over them. One's soul! and one was a stranger, of no kith or kin to these wounded men, beyond the kinship of humanity. What of the mothers of them, the wives, the sweethearts? There was not a man of them but some woman must have loved. They lay just as they had been placed. Some doubled up, some stretched out straightly, with their cammisoles laid on their breasts, and their tobacco pouches strung at their wrists; some with bare feet, many under the grey army blanket. A bearer stood at head and foot of each litter, with straps cast about his neck. The order came, "Litters. Carefully; now, carefully. Right foot first. March." And the little regiment tramped down the wharf. Some of the poor creatures lying there seemed dead all but the eyes, which burned with fever brightness. Those eyes turned hither and thither, as if looking for the face of a friend; eager hungry, searching eyes. What stories they told! How they forced women there to turn their backs and cry softly, the way women do to relieve that terrible tension of the heart. Sighs burst from these bearers, as each stretcher was lifted and borne past one heard those low moaning cries that are so ineffably sad in the hopeless sound of them. And all the while the lanterns flashed, the moon shone with serene radiance, the sea murmured against the shore.

SMALL GRAINS OF COMFORT.

Spain's Officers in the Philippines Trying Their Best To Be Cheerful.

Madrid, July 20.—Senor Sagasta and General Correa, minister of war, declared that the latest news from the Philippines is of the most favorable character. General Correa's advices indicate that the insurgents are now displaying "only lukewarm hostility towards the Spanish troops."

Captain-General Augusti sends an official despatch asserting under date of July 14, that while the blockade is becoming very strict, the enemy lost heavily in several recent engagements, "by which the moral of the American force has been weakened and the Spaniards have been greatly encouraged."

The despatch alleges also that the garrison is ready to fight to the death and that General Monet and several officers who had escaped from Malabebe have arrived here.

Captain-General Augusti concludes as follows: "Modestly and without exaggeration, which is contrary to my character, I have described with loyalty the position to which I am concentrating all my efforts for my country and my King."

CUBANS WELL SATISFIED.

The Junta Expresses Satisfaction At Uncle Sam's Management of the War.

Washington, July 20.—Senor Muesada and other representatives of the Cuban junta, have been in consultation with the officials of the war department today. The United States officials were assured that there was no dissatisfaction with the management of affairs in Cuba so far as the Cuban representatives were concerned, and that if General Garcia and other Cubans operating about Santiago were not in harmony with the United States authorities there, it arose from a misunderstanding of the President's proclamation and of the intentions of the United States government in the premises.

AND STILL MORE EDITORS.

This Time It Is Wisconsin and Michigan Who Go Visiting.

Winnipeg, July 20.—(Special.)— One hundred and eighty-five Wisconsin and Michigan editors are expected here on Friday, en route to the Pacific Coast.

MILES GOES FORWARD.

The Military Expedition at Last Despatched to Porto Rico.

Americans Determined Upon Invading Spain Despite European Protest.

Washington, July 21.—General Miles, leading the military expedition against Porto Rico, started at 3 o'clock to-day from Siboney for the point on the island of Porto Rico, where it is the intention that the troops shall land. It is expected that General Miles will wait at some appointed spot on the route for the expedition from Tampa, Newport News and New York to fall into his column. These expeditions are all under way, some of them with two or three days' start of General Miles, so that the delay should not be very great.

The convoying vessels are the battleships Massachusetts, the protected cruiser Cincinnati, the gunboat Indianapolis and four vessels of the auxiliary navy, the Gloucester, the Wasp, the Dixie and the Leyden. Secretary Alger believes that General Miles on the Yale will arrive at his destination Sunday morning with three thousand men under his command. A day later will come four thousand men with transports and the following day three thousand five hundred more. Whether the landing will be deferred until the arrival of this entire force or whether General Miles will take the initiative and hoist the flag himself on Porto Rico soil is left to the discretion of that officer.

It is the department's determination that he shall not lack for troops or equipment and this expedition may be followed by several others as fast as the troops can be got ready, until word comes from the General that he needs no more. General Schwan's brigade, a splendid body of trained soldiers, sailed from Tampa to-day, to join General Miles and if the pioneer expedition is not an immediate success it will not be for lack of disposition in the war department to supply every requisite.

That Admiral Dewey has the situation in the Philippines well in hand is exhibited by his telegrams, the latest of which was received to-day, which, without boasting, simply reports like the others that have gone before, that affairs are quiet and satisfactory. The state department has come to have fully as good a sense of appreciation of Dewey's diplomatic ability as the country has for his naval skill and courage and the best evidence of this is that it has not found it necessary up to this point to interfere in any way either to protest or amend his work. The navy department has now discovered that the big monitor Monterey will not arrive at Cavite until August 5, that being the advice received at the department from the captain of the vessel when she touched at Honolulu. The Admiral's announcement of the arrival of the second detachment of troops at Cavite has given great comfort to the war department, which was not altogether at ease concerning the first small expedition lying between Spaniards and insurgents. With these added troops it will now be possible to demand the surrender of Manila, but it is gathered here that the American purposes is to defer such a movement until the United States troops now about have arrived at Manila bay unless the attitude of the insurgents forces prompt action on the part of the commanders.

Secretary Long said to-night that the preparations for the dispatch of the Watson squadron to European waters were going on uninterruptedly, but that the departure necessarily would await the movement of the warships at Porto Rico, the Massachusetts and other ships being required for convoying the troops to Porto Rico. This disposed of a report that the expedition had been abandoned—it was felt that the report was the more mischievous at this time as it indicated a purpose to yield to the implied threats from European sources that European coalition would result if the American warships attacked the coast of Spain.

Neither the state nor the navy departments look for any embarrassment from European quarters outside of Spain as a result of the naval movement against the Peninsula. During the day orders were sent to Norfolk to hurry forward work on the colliers which are to accompany the Watson expedition.

Had the army troopsships been able to go to Porto Rico without a naval convoy, the Watson squadron could have got away within the next few days as the war board had wished to close all the preliminaries by next Sunday, but as the battleships Massachusetts, cruisers Columbia, Cincinnati, Dixie and Yale together with several lesser craft were considered necessary as a patrol for the Miles expedition, this changed the plans slightly. The Dixie is almost certain to be in the Watson squadron, and the Massachusetts is likely to be.

The report from Barcelona that the people were fearful of the approach of the Watson squadron that they were urging France to establish a protectorate over all the Catalonia districts including Barcelona, is dismissed by officials and members of the diplomatic corps as fantastic speculation. It is said to be thoroughly well established that France has not lent a helping hand to Spain in any of her afflictions.

NOT GOLD BUT THE GRAVE.

News Received of the Death of Four Fortune Hunters in the Yukon Country.

Vancouver, July 21.—(Special.)—A. Philp, business partner of Hon. Clifford Sifton, and a brother of C. S. Philp of this city, arrived from Seattle last night having come down by the Roanoke from Dawson via St. Michael's. He brings news of the death of four men who left here for the gold fields last year, as members of one party. One was a Vancouverite named McCurdy, a member of the family of J. C. McCurdy, of 1308 Hornby street. The stricken family were notified to-day and have the sympathy of many friends. Young McCurdy's three companions died last fall going over the Trail, and it seems that in the famine scare the young Vancouverite went to Circle City, where he was stricken with sickness. He was carried aboard the steamer on which Mr. Philp was at Circle City, and taken down to St. Michael's. Coming down on the Roanoke he died at Dutch Harbor and his remains were interred at sea.

Barrie, July 21.—The Grand Trunk railway freight sheds here were burned this morning with contents. Two cars loaded with machinery and a large grain bin containing a thousand dollars' worth of grain were also destroyed. The loss is heavy.