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The Chatham Record
RATES
—OF—
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GLORIOUS RESULTS CROWN OUR EFFORTS.

Santiago, and Eastern Cuba, Has Fallen, and Gen. Toral, With 20,000 Spaniards, Surrendered.

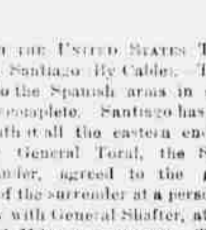
THE PROUD EMBLEM OF SPANISH AUTHORITY TRAILING IN THE DUST OF DEFEAT.

The Conquered Spaniards Surrendered On the Condition That They Be Sent Back to Spain at Our Expense.

The White-Winged Messenger of Peace Comes From Spain Holding Out the Olive Branch. The Irene Incident May Assume Serious Proportions. Rights of Individuals Suspended by the Spanish Government. The Fourth Expedition Has Sailed for Manila.

WITH THE UNITED STATES TROOPS, Before Santiago (By Cable).—The reverse to the Spanish arms in eastern Cuba is complete. Santiago has fallen, and with it all the eastern end of the island. General Toral, the Spanish commander, agreed to the general terms of the surrender at a personal interview with General Shafter, at which General Miles was present. The victorious American army, after a campaign of three weeks of almost unprecedented hardships for both officers and men, accept the news with heartfelt relief.

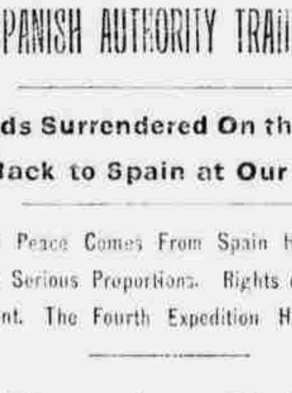
The victory is greater than appeared at first. All the Spanish troops in the Fourth corps, the military division of Santiago province, from a line drawn north from Aserradero, 18 miles west of Santiago, through Dos Palmas, Palma Soriano, Alcantara, to Sagua de Tanamo, on the north coast, and eastward to Cape Maysi, are surrendered and the territory is abandoned. Between



18,000 and 20,000 Spanish prisoners are taken, about 10,000 of whom are in Santiago. The remainder are at Guantanamo, and others are garrisoned in the towns of eastern Cuba. All these troops are to be embarked and sent back to Spain under parole.

"The negotiations which culminated in the surrender of General Toral have been dragging on for ten days, with the intermission of Sunday and Monday, when our batteries and fleet bombarded the enemy's position. Throughout these periods of truce, General Toral has shrewdly played for time, always declining to surrender unconditionally and falling back, when hard pressed, upon the statement that he was simply a subordinate and powerless to agree to the proposals without the sanction of his superiors, except under penalty of being court-martialed. At the same time he seemed to intimate that, personally, he thought it useless to hold out any longer. But he and his garrison were soldiers, he said, and could die, if necessary, obeying orders."

General Toral is a man of 60 years of age, with a strong, rugged face and fine soldierly bearing. His brave words inspired a feeling of respect and admiration in the hearts of his adversaries. Nevertheless, the Spanish general's anxiety to avoid further sacrifice of life in his command was manifest and he did not hesitate to ask for time to communicate the situation to Madrid, although he dubiously shook his head when he spoke of the probable response. He also volunteered the information when General Miles gallant-



ly inquired after General Linares' wound, that the latter would probably necessitate the amputation of his left arm at the shoulder. General Miles at the interview did not attempt to assume the direction of the negotiations, but as general of the United States army he vouched for the conditions General Shafter offered.

The Last Expedition.

Those champion filibusters, the Florida and Fanita, under convoy of the little auxiliary gunboat Peoria, which proved herself a veritable daredevil, have landed the largest and probably the last expedition sent to aid of the insurgents. It was a task beset with perils and difficulty, costing one man his life and wounds to half a dozen others.

Carlist Outbreak Eminent.

The Madrid correspondent of the London Standard says: "The Carlist agitation is assuming proportions in many of the northern provinces. Special attention is being given to the Pyrennean frontier, where smugglers on both sides, the French legitimists are lending a willing hand. The authorities are convinced that arms and war stores have been introduced and that the Carlists have been supplied with money from abroad."

The Harvard at Portsmouth.

The United States cruiser Harvard, in command of Captain Charles F. Cotton, from Santiago, having on board 1,000 Spanish prisoners, has arrived in Portsmouth, N. H.

Barcelona Panic-Stricken.

LONDON (By Cable).—It is announced in a special dispatch from Barcelona, that the inhabitants of that city are panic stricken. They believe the Americans will select defenceless Barcelona as the first point to bombard.

Arrived at Fort Monroe.

The transport Breakwater, arrived at Fortress Monroe, from Santiago de Cuba, bringing 140 wounded and sick soldiers.

Holding Out the Olive Branch.

The Madrid correspondent of the London Daily Mail says: "Preliminary negotiations for peace are already under way in the shape of indirect inquiries regarding the terms of America which Spain might accept. M. Cambon the French Ambassador at Washington, and Sir Henry Drummond-Wolff, British ambassador at Madrid, are acting respectively on behalf of Spain and America in the conduct of inquiries which at present are quite informal. Duke Almodovar de Rio, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Senor Gamazo, Minister of Public Instruction and Public Works, have been appointed by the government to conduct the negotiations. One of the chief reasons which have driven the government toward peace is a fear that the Americans may get a footing in Porto Rico, thus establishing a stronger claim to include that island in the demands for territory. Stocks are rising on the Madrid exchange every day, strengthening the conviction that peace is near."

The Fever Situation.

Surgeon Greenleaf cabled the War Department as follows: "Siboney, July 1. Only 23 cases of yellow fever and three deaths within the past 24 hours. The type of the disease is mild. The camp site is moved whenever practicable. Have taken vigorous sanitary precautions to prevent the spread of the disease."

Peace, Says Sagasta.

The Tageblatt's Madrid correspondent says Sagasta has declared that he is now convinced that the Americans would be defeated by the land forces in Cuba, and that the Americans knew this themselves, but since Spain no longer has a fleet the Americans could starve the island without subjecting themselves to exposure of the Spanish bullets. Hence he has resolved to bring about peace as soon as possible.

Gen. Miles to Command.

The Porto Rican expedition will be commanded by General Miles in person, though General Brooke, now in command at Camp Thomas, is expected to be his main dependence. The size of the expedition will depend on General Miles' wish, although it is believed that 25,000 men will be sufficient for the purpose.

Praise from the English Press.

All the London papers tender an ample meed of praise for the success of American strategy in securing possession of eastern Cuba with so little bloodshed. They recognize further resistance on the part of Spain is hopeless.

Clara Ward Dead.

The Buda Pesth correspondent of The Libre Parole, Paris, announces the death of Clara L. Ward, the divorced wife of Prince Joseph, of Chimay and Caraman.

Cotton Mill Failure.

John H. Mason & Sons, one of the oldest manufacturing firms in Providence, R. I., are financially embarrassed. The liabilities of the firm are placed above $500,000.

Fourth Expedition Has Left.

The fourth Manila expedition, consisting of the flagship of Major General Otis, City of Pueblo and the transport ship Peru. The City of Pueblo carries the remaining companies of the Fourteenth United States Infantry, recruits of the First and Second Battalions of the Eighteenth and Twenty-third Regiments; enlisted men of the Fifth North Dakota, First Wyoming and First Idaho, medical officers and members of the hospital corps, a total of 814 men. The troops on the Peru consist of a squadron of the Fourth United States Cavalry, light batteries of the Sixth United States Artillery, a detachment of the Third United States Artillery, a detachment of the signal corps under Captain Russell, a detachment of volunteers, medical officers and members of the hospital corps, about 800 men.

Rights of Individuals Suspended.

The Official Gazette at Madrid publishes a royal decree, temporarily suspending throughout the Spanish peninsula the rights of individuals as guaranteed by the constitution. The decree adds that the government will render an account to Parliament of the use it may make of this measure. The publication of the decree is generally accepted as being convincing proof that Spain is now ready to sue for peace and that negotiations to that effect are actually in progress. The government wishes to have full power to suppress any evidences of discontent or rebellion wherever they appear. The Carlists are furious and are sure to attempt to create trouble.

Annoyed at Germany.

A Washington Special says the attitude assumed by the German naval commanders in the Philippines is without doubt a source of annoyance and apprehension to our government. The spirit of quibbling, as between the insurgent forces in the Philippines, attributed to the German government by its own papers, is far from satisfactory. Still our government is satisfied that its interests are safe in the hands of Admiral Dewey and is adhering to its original intention of allowing him a free hand to deal with the situation.

The Subig Bay Incident.

The London Daily Mail's Hong Kong correspondent cables that it is "now known here that Admiral Dewey requested the correspondent at Manila not to give the full story of the Irene incident, for fear of arousing feeling in America which might lead to complications with Germany. When the full details became known it would be seen that the incident was more serious than it first appeared to be.

Premier Sagasto declares that neither the Madrid nor the governmet in Cuba has intervened in the negotiations for the surrender of Santiago.

Satisfaction Over Santiago's Fall.

The London weekly papers express great satisfaction over the fall of Santiago de Cuba. The Speaker thinks the event presages the end of the war, but describes it as "a stroke of good fortune which the Americans had no right to expect." It adds: "The terms of surrender are not dishonorable. They reflect credit upon both sides."

Corbett and McCoy to Meet.

George F. Consodine, representing James J. Corbett, and W. B. Gray, representing "Kid" McCoy, met and came to an agreement for the men to meet at Buffalo on September 10th, before the Hawthorne Athletic Club in a 20-round boxing match.

An Alaskan Steamer Comes In.

A private dispatch from Victoria, B. C., says that the steamer Cottage City, arrived there from Alaska, with a number of passengers from Dawson City, who have a large amount of gold dust and drafts, estimated at $1,000,000.

The Commission.

Gen. Miles appointed Generals Wheeler and Lawton and Lieutenant Miley as a commission on behalf of the United States to arrange the details for carrying into effect the capitulation of Santiago and eastern Cuba.

The War Loan.

The subscriptions to the new 3 per cent. war loan of $200,000,000, which closed on the 14th, including the offers made by syndicates, will amount to $1,200,000,000, or six times the amount of the issue.

A WOMAN'S INFLUENCE

By LULU JAMIESON

CHAPTER XII. Continued.

The next morning Margaret received a note from the rectory asking her to come to Mrs. Ivens, who was very sick. Waiting only for a hasty breakfast, and obeying Brian's instructions to wrap herself warmly, she departed on her errand of mercy.

Through the peaceful quiet of the Sabbath morning she made her way over the well beaten road, until she reached the rectory, an unpretentious little house, sitting back in an equally unpretentious garden.

A narrow beaten pathway led to the main entrance, and on either side of it were tiny borders of dead flowers, around which lifeless stems the brown leaves clung [illegible].

Margaret's ring was answered by a tired-looking maid servant, who led the way into the poorly furnished little parlor. [illegible] the girl [illegible] as to her mistress' condition Margaret's eyes traveled [illegible] about the room, where [illegible] not even the disillusionizing influence of poverty could entirely [illegible]. Yet there was something [illegible] in the worn chairs, the faded, almost threadbare, carpet, the few inexpensive ornaments, and the numerous make-shifts; little pretensions to comfort and luxury, which deft fingers had fashioned into pretty deceptive devices, all presenting the long and patient labor, thoughtful love, and tender [illegible] so often wrought into the possessions of the poor.

[illegible] the brave little woman who had seemed so well only a few days before, stretched on a bed of weakness, the busy [illegible] worrying over the wants of a growing family, the tireless feet resting [illegible]. Near the bed sat Mr. Ivens, the rector of the most unpopular church in S——. He was a man of many [illegible] and attainments, but unfortunately for him he lacked the self confidence necessary to meet and overcome the [illegible] of life.

Margaret knew and understood a nature so similar to her father's. She discovered the wealth of learning and nobility of [illegible] under an over-mastering diffidence, and she admired the qualities which others could not see.

Now as she saw him, bowed by the shadow of a coming great sorrow, holding the [illegible] hand that had smoothed so many difficulties for him, yet whose cheerful and [illegible] never more to [illegible], she felt her heart filled with a compassion no words could express.

He was so [illegible] with his grief that he scarcely noticed her as she quietly glided to his post beside the bed, but Mrs. Ivens had heard the almost noiseless footsteps and opened her eyes [illegible].

"Ah, it is you, Margaret," she said with a momentary flush of pleasure on her pale face.

Margaret nodded cheerily, and laid her hand, with a soothing tenderness, on the hot, throbbing head. "Does it ache much?" she asked.

"No, Margaret, only a little. Will you tell Mary to get the children ready for school? It would help to do it myself, but I am very tired."

"I don't believe you [illegible]," was Margaret's rather unsteady answer. "The children won't go to school to-day. It is Sunday."

"Sunday, and I lying here. James, why didn't you tell me? We had so much to do to-day."

Her eyes sought her husband's, but he was looking rather wistfully at Margaret.

Margaret read the unspoken language of their [illegible], and she found it very difficult to answer cheerfully.

"We are going to let you be lazy to-day, Ellen, [illegible] that formidable amount of work must wait for another Sunday. I intend to assert my authority, and, to begin, I'll [illegible] here while Mr. Ivens eats some breakfast. Mary will ring to send him down."

The gentleman took this hint, and, as obedient as a child, left the room. He knew that Ellen was safe and happy in Margaret's hands, and already he felt better for her cheerful, helpful presence.

Half way down the stairs he was met by a preternaturally grave child of 8 years whose wistful eyes gazed sadly into his. Evidently she had been waiting for him, for without a word she slid quietly to his side and allowed her hand to glide [illegible] assuring sympathy into his.

In this silent way they reached the dining room, where Mary had breakfast on the table and three tots aged, respectively, [illegible] and two seated in their high-chairs, waiting for papa.

Little wonder that Margaret's mind should be [illegible] with painful thoughts of these [illegible], as she sat by their mother's side, or that her eyes became [illegible] when Ellen expressed such gratitude for her attentions.

"If you only [illegible] how glad it makes me to do even a little for you," she said, with a struggle to speak calmly. "You see, it is so seldom I can be useful, that I am particularly [illegible] now. If I had been poor, I [illegible] should have been [illegible]."

"Yes, but you [illegible] [illegible] Margaret. You [illegible] what it is to be poor. It is [illegible] and [illegible] children."

The voice [illegible] of pain.

"I have known [illegible]," Margaret answered. "I have known [illegible] pain [illegible] [illegible]."

[illegible]

"It is hard to [illegible] Margaret. [illegible] I [illegible] and no much to do, while I am here helpless. You must help me to get well, Margaret. Help me to get strong. Why do you turn your eyes away? Is it because—— Ah! is it because you think I shall never be well again? Sometimes I have thought so too, and I have prayed that it may not be so, for James' sake and my babies."

The weak voice broke, and Margaret, incapable of a word, could only press the hot hand between her own cool ones while her eyes burned with the tears she found so hard to withhold.

She was very glad when the rector came in a few moments later and she could leave the room to overcome her emotion and write the following note to Brian:

"DEAR BRIAN—Do not expect me home to dinner. Mrs. Ivens is very ill. Will you come here this afternoon? I am anxious to see you."

Finding a boy, Margaret directed him to leave the note at Elmwood.

CHAPTER XIII.

BRIAN'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

When Brian came to the rectory that afternoon Margaret asked him to go up and see Mrs. Ivens.

"I wish your candid opinion," she said. "I think she is very ill, but Ellen is not the one to give up until forced to do so."

From his brief visit Brian came down with a serious face. Margaret was standing in the lower hall, and one glance made her heart sink heavily.

"The case is hopeless," he said, in answer to the question she was trying to frame. "I am so sorry for you."

"Rather be sorry for them," she rejoined, trying to shut out the sympathetic face, which made it more difficult for her to be calm. "Who will tell him? Do you suppose he can ever be reconciled to her loss?"

"I don't know," interposed Brian, for want of a better answer. "I suppose we must all be reconciled to whatever comes to us."

"And don't, it is cruel to talk of being reconciled. I'd never be reconciled. Never!"

With this vehement [illegible] she started to move away, but her [illegible] her and she would have fallen had not Brian, quick to detect her weakness, caught her in his arms.

"This will not do, Margaret," he said, with some authority. "I think you had better go home with me. You will make yourself ill."

"What nonsense, Brian! Ill from watching a few hours with a sick friend? I wouldn't [illegible] [illegible]. That is not physical weakness."

"Aren't there others to do for Mrs. Ivens?" he asked, with some warmth. "Why should it all fall on your shoulders?"

"All fall on my shoulders? Oh, Brian, how you do exaggerate," and "of course there are others. Plenty of them. Everybody [illegible] for some one [illegible] [illegible] to have me with her. And with her I mean to stay."

"Then stay you may," he answered, meeting her defiant eyes. "I [illegible] [illegible] carry you away bodily, though I don't think you should have your own way in every case. I have one request to make. Perhaps you will condescend to respect it. [illegible] yourself."

"I am not one of the fainting kind," replied Margaret, going up stairs. "Goodby for the present. You may call tomorrow, if you will."

Brian did [illegible], and the second [illegible] confirmed the opinion expressed in his first. Mrs. Ivens was dying, not from any sudden [illegible] but from a gradual giving away of her vital forces. A life of care and anxiety, vexations and privations, and worrying struggle to make both ends meet, had told at last on the delicate constitution. Many who fall by the wayside are not [illegible] brave than those who bear the martyr's stake, and, if the truest heroes are those who bear life's burdens uncomplainingly, Mrs. Ivens might justly wear the crown of heroism.

Margaret was [illegible] to her trust, others came and went, but she remained by the sick bed. Brian exhausted his entreaties in vain and even Christmas Eve could not tempt her to leave her friend.

"You tell me her hours are numbered. Let me stay until the end. It cannot be very long now."

And Brian said no more.

Mrs. Ivens' hours were, indeed, numbered. The flame of life burnt fainter and fainter, and when the night of Christmas Eve passed into the dawn of Christmas Day, the angels of life and death crossed in their pathway, and the tired soul found the land of perpetual rest—the joys of an eternal morning. The incidents of those closing moments were indelibly photographed on Margaret's mind.

She had to be brave and strong for the sake of those so sadly bereaved. Mary had sobbed and the rector had bowed his head in quiet [illegible], but she had shed no tears. She had brought the solemn awe struck children to their mother's side, she had seen the kiss of infinite tenderness pressed upon each and Little [illegible] her heart had a deep [illegible] when for the last time the little head was pillowed on a dying mother's breast; yet her eyes had been hard and dry, though the painful tightness at her throat had made her [illegible] to those [illegible] so hard to speak. And even now the tears would not come, though she had thought and thought until her mind was weary.

The sunshine lay all about her, the bright, glad sunshine of Christmas—on the floor, where the carpet looked so faded and worn, on the very spot that Ellen's fingers had mended so often and so patiently in the old ordinary days; on the old chintz [illegible], where she [illegible] lying now—so [illegible], so thoughtlessly while the heart [illegible] tender, [illegible] had made the house a home in all that gives that word its highest, holiest meaning, was forever stilled in its last sleep, and the tired patient hands lay folded in the calm rest to be broken never again.

A sound in the hall! She started up [illegible]. [illegible] watching [illegible] serious and sensitive [illegible] had been so still [illegible] voices were good to listen.

The heavy footsteps paused sharply on [illegible]. They were not Mary's and not the rector's. They were Brian's.

He entered the little room where she [illegible] to rest, and with his sympathy [illegible] on his face, came to her side.

"Mary has told me," he said, quietly. "I am so sorry. I suppose I may take you home now. It is Christmas, you know, and I——"

"Christmas!" she echoed, in a far-away voice. "Are you sure, Brian? Christmas always brings happiness, I thought, and there is no happiness here. I am ready to go home, though. I believe I have been waiting for you. I am so tired, so very tired. I don't feel that I can ever be rested again."

Brian looked his concern. Such weakness was unusual in Margaret.

"I am afraid you have done wrong," he said, with some reproach. "You should have taken my advice, Margaret. But I suppose it is too late to scold now. You need rest. That is evident."

Margaret scarcely heard him. She rose rather unsteadily and started to leave the room, but with sudden remembrance she turned back with the words:

"I shall take the children to Elmwood. Christmas here would be a mockery for them."

A shade of annoyance passed over his face. "It would be useless to oppose you even if I desired to do so," he returned. "Take them, of course, but do let Mrs. Davis care for them. I can't have you worrying yourself into an illness. I believe in a certain amount of sympathy, but too much is too much."

"I only want to go to bed and sleep forever," was Margaret's answer. "I am so tired from being sorry."

"Then the sooner you go home the better. I have the carriage, and if you are ready——"

"In a second, Brian. I will not keep you waiting long."

This time of waiting was spent by Margaret in the darkened room, where the rector sat by all that remained to him of a beloved wife.

She approached the still form and pressed a long kiss on the pale brow. She felt the rector's burning eyes upon her and she heard the hoarse words with which he turned to her.

"How am I to live my life alone?"

She longed for the power to comfort him, yet all the sympathy she could express seemed to hold the mockery of empty consolation.

"There are the children," she said in a low voice. "Four loving little hearts to make your life less lonely. And God is good. He sends the stress, and He sends the strength to bear it. We are seeking what seems so hard to understand [illegible] kindness from our Father's hands. We must linger here in suffering and tribulation, but the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. 'Thy will be done.'"

Leaving the echo of her prayer behind her, Margaret joined Brian, with the four grave-faced children, upon whose childish minds the mysterious shadow of death had made so solemn an impression.

She found it hard to meet the pathetic inquiry of those wistful eyes, and, being quite relieved when she could place her little charges in the kindly care of the capable Mrs. Davis. After that she went to her own room to sleep for the remainder of the day, and when dinner time arrived her head was so aching she could [illegible] [illegible] thinking that she could scarcely [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] Brian.

"But I had no rather don't think [illegible]," she remarked to the heavy eyes and pale, tired face which looked at her from the mirror. "I suppose I must try to be cheerful."

But her short talk with Elsie, just before dinner, did not tend to brighten her spirit.

The child had spoken so earnestly of the great care her mother's death had left upon her, and expressed such a pathetic wish to grow bigger so that she could help papa more, that Margaret found it hard to answer calmly with those earnest eyes upon her.

"You may be little, Elsie, yet you can help papa even now. These little feet can be tireless in his service, these hands may always work for him, and this tender little heart may love and comfort him in every trouble."

"Little people and big people, too, can only do their best."

"Poor little tot," commented Brian, when Margaret repeated this conversation after dinner. "Let us not think of them any more to-night, Margaret. Let us try to be happy. I am so sorry your Christmas has been clouded. I got you this in remembrance, and I really have not had a chance to give it to you."

"Only a remembrance," she asked, taking the exquisite little jeweled pin from his hand. "This is fit for a princess. How it flashes in the light. It dazzles me. I—I don't know how to thank you, and I have nothing for you, Brian."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Rosetta Stone.

The "Rosetta Stone," a famous Egyptian relic, is now in the British Museum. It was discovered in the year 1799 by M. Boussard, a French explorer, near Rosetta, a seaport of Lower Egypt. It is of black basalt, about forty inches long by thirty wide, with three engraved inscriptions upon its surface. The first of these is in Greek, the second is a conglomeration of hieroglyphics and the third is enchorial writing, a system used by the Egyptians in recording everyday matters. After years of laborious research the savants of Europe ascertained that the three inscriptions were three versions of a decree in honor of Ptolemy Epiphanes by the priests of Egypt, because he had remitted their taxes. This wonderful relic dates back to about the year 200 B. C.—Philadelphia Press.

A Mixed Brood.

A resident of Friendship, Ga., owns a turkey hen that not only keeps his family well supplied with young turkeys, but sometimes surprises the family by the presentation of a mixed brood. On the last occasion, after setting on twelve eggs for her usual term of incubation, she was found the other morning hovering over ten young turkeys and a young opossum, it having required two turkey eggs to produce one 'possum. The young 'possum in question was about the size of a half-grown rat, and was resting under the turkey as contentedly as any one of the legitimate brood.

To Clean Copper.

To get the tin, solder and dirt off old copper bottoms, so as to make them clean, cleanse first in a boiling solution of three parts caustic soda, one part niter and five parts water, and then in dilute sulphuric acid, or dip momentarily in warm nitric acid, specific gravity 1.2, and wash immediately in running water.

THE SURRENDER COMPLETE.

The Day of God Ushered in the Day of Peace.

SHAFTER TAKES POSESSION.

At Highnoon the Flag of Tyranny Lowered and the Flag of Liberty Raised—A Salute of Twenty-One Guns to Old Glory.

SANTIAGO, Cuba (By Cable).—Amid impressive ceremonies the Spanish troops laid down their arms between the lines of the Spanish and American forces, at 9 o'clock Sunday morning (the 17th). General Shafter and a division and a brigade commander and their staffs were escorted by a troop of cavalry, and General Toral and his staff by 100 picked men.

Trumpeters on both sides saluted with flourishes. General Shafter returned to General Toral the latter's sword, after it had been handed to the American commander. Our troops lined up at the trenches and were eye-witnesses to the ceremony.

At the palace, elaborate ceremonies took place. Exactly at noon the American flag was raised over the palace and was saluted by 21 guns by Capron's battery. At the same time all the regimental bands in our line played "The Star Spangled Banner," after which President McKinley's congratulatory telegram was read to each regiment. The Thirteenth and Ninth regiments of Infantry will remain in the city to enforce order and execute municipal authority. The Spanish forces are to encamp outside of our lines.

Shafter's Official Report.

SANTIAGO DE CUBA, July 17.—"Adjutant General United States Army, Washington: I have the honor to announce that the American flag has been this instant, 12 noon, hoisted over the house of the civil government in Santiago. An immense concourse of people was present. A squadron of cavalry and a regiment of infantry presented arms and the band played national airs. A light battery fired a salute of 21 guns. Perfect order is being maintained by the municipal government. The distress is very great, but little sickness in town. Scarcely any yellow fever. A small gunboat and about 20 seamen left by Cervera have surrendered. The obstructions are being removed from the mouth of the harbor.

"Upon coming to the city I discovered a perfect entanglement of defences. Fighting as the Spaniards did the first day, it would have cost 5,000 lives to have taken it. Battalions of Spanish troops have been depositing arms since daylight in the armory, over which I have guards. General Toral formally surrendered the place and all stores at 9 a. m.

(Signed) "W. R. SHAFTER,
"Major General."

Articles of Agreement.

The agreement consists of nine articles. The first is that all hostilities shall cease pending the agreement of final capitulation.

Second. That the capitulation includes all the Spanish forces and the surrender of all war material within the prescribed limits.

Third. The transportation of the troops to Spain at the earliest possible moment, each force to be embarked at the nearest port.

Fourth. That the Spanish officers shall retain their side arms and the enlisted men their personal property.

Fifth. That after the final capitulation, the Spanish forces shall assist in the removal of all obstructions to navigation in Santiago harbor.

Sixth. That after the final capitulation the commanding officers shall furnish a complete inventory of all arms and munitions of war and a report of the soldiers in the district.

Seventh. That the Spanish general shall be permitted to take the military archives and records with him.

Eighth. That all guerillas and Spanish irregulars shall be permitted to remain in Cuba if they so elect, giving a parole that they will not again take up arms against the United States unless properly released from parole.

Ninth. That the Spanish forces shall be permitted to march out with all the honors of war, depositing their arms to be disposed of by the United States in the future, the American commissioners to recommend to their government that the arms of the soldiers be returned to those "who so bravely defended them."

17,000 Rifles Turned In.

Adjutant General Corbin made public the following dispatch from General Shafter: "Headquarters, U. S. Army, Santiago, July 17.—Adjutant General, United States Army, Washington: My ordnance officer reports about 17,000 rifles turned in today and [illegible] cartridges. At the mouth of the harbor there are quite a number of fine modern guns about 6 inch, also two batteries of mountain guns, together with a saluting battery of fifteen old bronze guns. Disarming and turning in will go on to-morrow. List of prisoners not yet taken. SHAFTER, Maj. Gen.

For Spain and Porto Rico at Once.

Watson's squadron is preparing to go to Spain, and several vessels are preparing for the expedition to Porto Rico. General Miles says a sufficient force will be sent to the island at once to take and hold it.

How Peace Could Be Hastened.

The Madrid correspondent of The London Standard says: "The prospects of peace could be [illegible] if the United States were to [illegible] the impatience and ambition of [illegible] the Cuban and Philippine insurgents."

Cable Found by Accident.

The last cable from Santiago de Cuba was caught by the [illegible] of the Massachusetts near Aguadores. The finding of the cable was accidental. It has been decided to buoy the cable for future use and not to cut it.