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THE ENTERPRISE.

True to Ourselves, Our Neighbors, Our Country and Our God.

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TWO GENTLEMEN OF HAWAII.

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

CONTINUED.

"Now, Mr. Warringford," said Lawyer Berkton, in his slow style, looking at Dole as if for encouragement, "there is a secret connected with your uncle's life of which you know nothing. The only two who are now living, perhaps, who do know it are President Dole and myself. We were boon companions of your uncle in younger days, and understand the full circumstances of the case. I say perhaps we are the only ones living. There were others, but we have lost all trace of them. Now, that you may fully understand what is before you, you will please read this communication which your uncle placed in my keeping the very day that you were brought home ill, and, of course, as you have learned, the day upon which he died. You had better read this before any of the others, as it stands largely in the light of a will and exacts certain conditions coincident with those existing in the will. The will, however, was made out a short time after your sister disappeared. And this document was written on the day your uncle gave it to me. I need say nothing further. The document makes everything clear.

"I would request, Mr. Berkton," I replied, "that if the document is a long one, you will be kind enough to allow Gordon to read it aloud. As my nearest friend, I would naturally turn to him for advice, if any were needed, and there seems no necessity for a double reading. I am not equal quite to reading at length aloud; so, if you and Mr. Dole agree, Gordon will read it."

"It makes no difference," said Berkton, handing the paper to Gordon.

Gordon cleared his throat, and, spreading the paper on a table before him, read as follows:

"At the Corals, on the Island of Oahu
(Date.)

"To my executor or my nephew, Thomas Warringford, if he should recover from his alarming illness, and I, in the meantime, should die:

"It is with the failing vision and the trembling of an old man who feels his end approaching that I write this last letter, in which I make a disclosure to my nephew, should he survive, and in which I leave directions for the reparation in some manner, if not too late, of a wrong which has been done a child, first by direct abduction by others and since by neglect by myself.

"Assuming that my dear nephew shall recover, I shall write this as a direct communication to him, as in case I survive him, I shall be able to replace this with documents better fitting the needs of the case.

"To begin, then, dear Tom, although I have been known as a bachelor to you and your dear parents, I was married twenty years ago.

"In the town of Wailuku, on the island of Maui, there resided, twenty years ago, a family of French settlers, composed of Jean Chicot, his wife Marie and their daughter Annette. Annette was about twenty-five years of age, very fascinating and of a wildly romantic nature. This was no doubt due to her father's disposition, which was baneful and given to vagaries of a most striking nature.

"At this time I held possessions in Maui near Wailuku, and spent a considerable portion of my time on a plantation called, 'Sugar Head.' Jean Chicot worked for me and assisted me in the clerical work, acting as an overseer and sort of paymaster; for with all his vagaries and whims he was, at that time, a most trustworthy man. I did not like his wife. There was something about her that repelled me—something of a serpent-like element in her nature. But I met Annette and fell in love with her. Of course, the Chicots were more than willing that their daughter should marry a wealthy planter, and Annette became my wife. We lived at 'Sugar Head,' and at first the promise of happiness was very great. But after a few months, Jean Chicot began to assert an evil influence over his daughter (my wife), and the first estrangement took place.

"This sort of thing kept up continually, until my wife gave birth to a child—a daughter. When the child was but one month old, my wife left me under pressure of her father's influence—left me. She disappeared from 'Sugar Head' one day while I was out among my men and took the child with her. I have not seen my wife nor child since. I have reason to believe that my wife died some three or four years ago.

"When Annette left me so cruelly, without a shadow of provocation, I shut my heart against her, and did not in any way attempt to find her, or win her back. For years I smarted under the wrongs that old Jean Chicot had done me. I sold 'Sugar Head,' and have never been on the island of Maui since. As for the child, I do not know what they did with her. They were a mysterious lot, and were capable of anything in the line of oddity. I do not think she was harmed, even though the parents of my wife hated me most heartily. I have since had cause to believe that this hatred and their action was the result of machinations of natives. Whatever was the cause, the effect was to break up my home and cause me many heartburnings. I have never forgiven my wife. Were she to be found to-day, I wish it to be distinctly understood that nothing in this document tends to undo the decree of the court which freed me from the tie. I obtained a divorce soon after she left me.

"But now to the purpose of this letter. My little child was entirely innocent—a babe—as much sinned against as myself. While I could never bring myself to trace her and look upon the daughter of the false woman who wrecked my happiness, yet I feel that there is something due the child in the way of reparation. As she was in no wise to blame for the action of her mother there is no cause to carry the hatred and punishment of neglect further than my death. Therefore, I leave it incumbent upon you, Tom, my nephew and heir, to find my child if she be now living, and settle upon her, if she be proven worthy of the endowment, one-third of my estate. If she be proven unfit to handle a fortune or disinclined to leave her present associations, if they be bad, then she is to be provided only with an income sufficient to keep her from want.

"The child's name was Helene.

"I knew of no mark to assist in the identification of Helene save a small red mark, heart-shaped, which appeared on her left shoulder. Of course this may have disappeared in later years.

"I feel no love for the daughter whose destiny I leave to your care. All love was destroyed when her mother deserted me for reasons known only to herself. But a sense of justice bids me, in my last days, to provide for my flesh and blood, as befits her present capability for an intelligent use and appreciation of the inheritance.

"This is all, except, that, as a help in this work that I leave to you, it may be well for you to know that Annette took with her when she disappeared, our marriage certificate, and that this certificate had her portrait and mine in the two upper corners, a fashion of these days in Hawaii.

"I sign myself, dear Tom,

"Your affectionate uncle,

"Thomas Warringford."

"Witnesses: {Sanford B. Dole, H. Berkton." [Seal.]

When Gordon had finished reading this remarkable document, I lay back in my chair entirely exhausted. The thing seemed to me to be so preposterous, so unlike Uncle Tom, that I scarcely believed what I heard. But there was no mistaking either the signature of my uncle or of the witnesses.

"This is a strange matter," I said, "and one that will require careful research. It demands immediate attention."

"I don't see what you can do but go at it as soon as you are able and hunt up this mysterious cousin. Still it is a good bit of money to lose."

"Gordon," I said, "that is unworthy of you. It is not what you would say were you placed in my circumstances. You would do just what I am going to do."

"That, of course, is what your uncle demands."

"More."

"I don't see what more you can do."

"If Uncle Tom has a daughter living, no matter whether she be among high or low associations, she is heiress to his entire estate and must have it."

"No, oh, no," said President Dole. "There is not the least need to go further than your uncle's wishes in the matter. One-third of his estate is a large amount, and the girl, if found, will no doubt be perfectly satisfied with that portion."

"It is not what will satisfy her, but me," I replied. "If there is a living heir, I do not want a penny of Uncle Tom's money."

"He is right," said Mr. Berkton with a sigh. "Much as we may regret the necessity, Warringford is quite right. I do not say he is in duty bound to do this, but morally. The Corals and everything else belong to Helene Warringford, if she be alive."

Dole shifted uneasily in his chair.

"Well, do as you think is best," he said. "But you will find her, no doubt, among the ignorant French, Portuguese and natives in Wailuku, wallowing in superstition and idolatry, if not worse."

"Let us hope not," said Gordon. "Let us hope for the best."

"Of course, you are familiar with the former provisions of your uncle's will," said Mr. Berkton.

"Yes," I replied. "I understood that after a few bequests, the estate was to be divided between my sister Winifred and myself, if Winifred was recovered. If her death was proved, I was to have the whole."

"That is true. But on the day your uncle gave me the paper that General Gordon has just read, he added a codicil to the will, providing for the division of his estate into thirds, one for his daughter Helene, and leaving the other two-thirds under the same conditions that formerly governed all."

"Very well," I said, with a shudder at my horrible recollection. "The fact of my sister's death being painfully certain to me, having witnessed it myself, I am now, with the exception of a few minor bequests, joint legatee with Helene Warringford."

"Correct," said Mr. Berkton.

"Then I have power to withdraw from the heirship and give the two-thirds to her."

"If you so elect," replied the lawyer.

"I do," I replied.

"Are you going to read the will?" asked Dole.

"There is no need now," I said. "Before anything can be done, Helene Warringford must be found, and must act in her own behalf."

"Quite right. Quite right," said Lawyer Berkton. "It is the proper thing to do."

"Then we are done for to-day," said the President. "I have a meeting with Willis and the Secretary of Foreign Affairs, and will bid you adieu. Gordon, pray consider yourself at liberty to omit all departmental service and assist Warringford in his efforts to find his cousin."

"Thank you, sir," said Gordon. "I was about to make that request."

After Berkton had gone, Gordon took up the document of Uncle Tom's which the lawyer had left and scanned it again carefully.

"The first thing we've go to do is to find that beast of a Chicot, if he is alive or his wife. They must be pretty old, but if the old adage, 'Too good die young,' is to be applied geometrically, this old animal will live to be several hundred years old."

"I hope he is alive," I replied. "It will be so much easier to find the heiress of The Corals."

"It will," he said. "It will! Hang the heiress of The Corals!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

My eagerness to accomplish the errand which had become my solemn duty by the last testament of Uncle Tom—to find his daughter Helene, and restore to her her proper inheritance—and the still greater eagerness, amounting almost to blood-thirstiness, which consumed me, to reach the hateful and false priestess Kaumai and punish her for my poor sister's death, hastened my recovery. My will asserted itself, and I rapidly improved, so that before a week longer had passed I was fit to undertake the journey either to Lanai, to find the priestess, or to Wailuku to hunt up the wicked Jean Chicot or his descendants, if he had any living, and wrest from them the knowledge of my cousin Helene's present whereabouts.

Gordon had so arranged his official matters that he could leave his next highest officer in command, and devote his entire time to my assistance. But Gordon went into the search for the heiress to The Corals with far less sense of duty than I did. In fact, he often said that it would be no more than right to let the thing go by default, and keep the estate myself. He claimed that the daughter of Annette Chicot, and the granddaughter of the wicked Jean and his equally wicked wife, would, by this time, have imbibed their views and grown up in their ways, which would render her an unfit custodian of so vast an estate. But Gordon's views were warped by his affection for me. I knew perfectly well that had he been placed in the same circumstances, he would not leave a stone unturned until he had found the rightful owner and placed her in possession of everything that belonged to her.

And there was another reason for Gordon's disinclination to pursue this search—at once. He had become somewhat stern and forbidding—almost morose—the change dating principally from the day I proved to him on the porch that what he had learned to fear from my utterances while in the fever was only too true. He had felt all the time great sorrow over the unfortunate loss of my sister, but had plunged into the search for her, and had carried the search on months after month with an energy and hope born only of love. This hope had sustained his equanimity to a certain extent. But now that he had learned of Winnie's death, and the horrible manner in which it was brought about, he was simply mad with the one idea to find the murderers and their priestess and bring them all to punishment. Now that I was well out of danger, the thought of revenge was uppermost in his mind, and crowded and dwarfed every other thought.

I was as eager to find the murderers of Winnie as he was, but I felt that I owed it to Uncle Tom to attend to his affairs first. I was forced to swallow my sorrow and look at the question philosophically. Winnie was dead. No matter what we did, or how much we hurried, we could do her no good. Had it been otherwise, I would have been on the way to the island of Lanai before I was able to walk without assistance. But I knew that my poor sister's beautiful form lay imbedded in the lava somewhere on Kapatoli, and all my haste would be of no avail in her behalf. And my revenge could wait. It would be sweeter when it came. No matter if years elapsed. I would, when I found Kaumai, delight in watching her death struggles.

So Gordon and I argued the question, but as it was really my affair either way, he finally came around so far as to agree to go to Wailuku first, and if we found but little difficulty in tracing the Chicots and my uncle's daughter, to pursue that errand first. But he stipulated that if we found difficulties in our way, or the search promised to be a long one, we were to go to Lanai, dispatch the priests that had escaped the volcano, and deal with Kaumai as she deserved, if she, too, had escaped the eruption.

So, with twenty soldiers from the garrison at Honolulu, we started for Wailuku.

There was attached to the war department a little steamer, purchased to convey officers of that department or others high in authority to and fro among the islands.

It was a splendid little sea-going vessel, under an efficient crew, well officered, and afforded as good accommodations as any ship that touched at Honolulu. And in this steamer, the Aumo, we set out on our journey and search.

Jollroy Seacamp had been so much interested in my affairs that it seemed perfectly natural for him to be one of the party. He sat on the deck of the Aumo and smoked his blackest cigars, and cheered us with his rattling tongue, which was ready to respond, no matter what might be the subject under discussion.

(To be continued.)

Massage For the Blind.

Dr. Arthur Y. Bennett recently read a paper before the New York State Medical Association upon "Massage as an Occupation for the Blind," in which he called attention to the large and increasing number of blind persons, most of whom are dependent upon others for their support, and said that the estimated number in this country is 56,000, of which 4336 are in this State. In order that many of these may become self-supporting, he advocates that they be taught massage in the State institutions, being trained in the anatomy and physiology of the body before they learn the practical work. He considers that the peculiar delicacy of touch which the blind possess makes them especially fit for this kind of work.

One of Marshall Field's three-dollar cash boys asked him for a raise. "I only got $3 per week at your age," said the millionaire. "Well," said the boy, quick as a flash, "may be you weren't worth any more." He was promoted.

"COLUMBIA, GEM OF THE OCEAN"

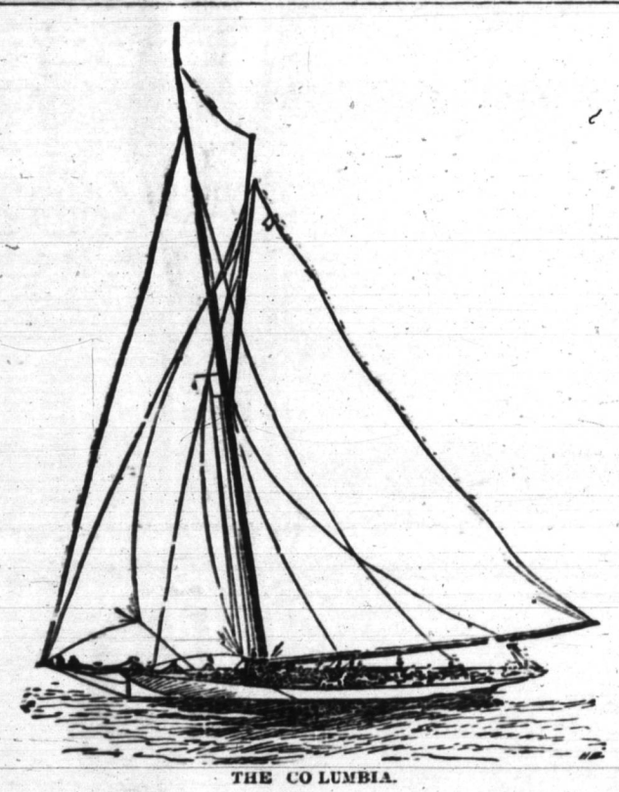
Shamrock II Fairly Outsailed in Every Race.

THE CUP YET REMAINS IN AMERCA

Sir Thomas Lipton Satisfied That the Better Boat Won—Much Enthusiasm.

The final race between the challenger, Shamrock II and the defender Columbia, was run Friday. The Columbia had already won in two previous races, and although the lead had been a narrow one, great hopes of her coming out victor in the final race were entertained on Friday. She completed her defense of the honored trophy in another stirring race with the Shamrock II over a leeward and windward race of 30 miles, crossing the finish line two seconds behind her antagonist, but winning by 41 seconds on the time allowance.

This allowance is computed under yachting rules and is based on the sailing length of each boat. The chief element in it is the Shamrock's relatively larger spread of canvas than the Columbia.



THE COLUMBIA.

Plucky Sir Thomas Lipton, owner of the Shamrock II, standing on the bridge of the yacht Erin, led his guests in three hearty huzzahs for the successful defender.

"She is the better boat," he said, "and she deserves to be cheered."

Sir Thomas, although defeated, will go home with the satisfaction of knowing that his golden boat is the fastest foreign yacht that ever crossed the Western ocean. During the series of races not an untoward incident occurred and Sir Thomas will return to England by far the most popular of all the foreigners who have challenged for the America's trophy.

The concluding race was the closest of the series, but because of the fickleness of the wind on the beat home, as a contest of the relative merits of the yachts it was not to be compared with the magnificent battles of Saturday and Thursday. The wind was strong and from the shore, embroidering the sea with foam and piling up no swell—ideal conditions for the challenger.

At the preparatory signal at 10:45 A. M. both boats were far up to the windward and came down toward the lightship. Just before the warning gun they again headed up into the wind simultaneously and worked back to their former positions. Both were on the port tack and close-hauled, with the Columbia on the weather quarter of the challenger.

The American boat was first to come about after the warning gun at 10:55. The Shamrock II immediately astern of the defender, at the same time breaking out her tremendous ballon jib and letting fall to starboard her spinnaker pole. It was Captain Sycamore's game to cross last if possible. This he was able to do, but while he had the pride of position in a leeward start, he found himself 30 seconds behind the handicap gun.

Captain Barr, in the meantime, had delayed breaking out his light sails and still held the Columbia's sheets in flat. Thus, he, too handicapped his boat in crossing, but not so much as his rival, for it is estimated that he was only 15 seconds behind the handicapped gun. Spinnakers on both boats were broken out on the line and away they went on what proved to be the last race of the international series of 1901.

Barr kept up his good work and took advantage of every change of air that could possibly help him. The Columbia was seen to be perceptibly gaining, but every soul in the fleet was wondering if she could pull up enough to cross the line ahead. The wind headed both boats a bit.

At 3:30 the Shamrock II went about on the starboard and headed for the middle of the line. The Columbia tacked under her lee. Barr's game being to backward the headsails of the challenger. On they came, the American boat gaining slightly. The crowd began to cheer, for it was then a certainty that the gallant defender was well within her time allowance.

The Shamrock II was first to luff across, but hardly was this perceptible before Barr did the same thing with the Columbia, and they went over only two seconds apart. The two seconds were to the credit of the Shamrock II in actual time, though she was a beaten boat according to the rules of the game.

The usual pandemonium that attends the final victory in a cup contest followed. Whistles, sirens, bells, bands and cheers united in a grand chorus of jubilation, and J. P. Morgan's steam yacht Corsair added to the terrific din by firing a national salute of 21 guns.

Minister Exonerated.

Carbondale, Ill., Special.—The coroner's jury summoned to inquire into the killing of Ben. C. Brown, on the streets of this city Saturday at noon, has rendered a verdict fully exonerating Rev. Jos. McCamish. The prisoner is an man 56 years of age and served with distinction in the Confederate army. The funeral of Brown was held Monday.

Bogus Joseph Wheeler, Jr.

Boston, Special.—The actions of a young man who for the past few days has been masquerading under the name of Jos. Wheeler, Jr., U. S. A., are engaging the attention of the police. It appears the young man registered at a leading hotel and from there sent notes to various business men asking for loans of money. The extent of this operation has not been learned. The hotel clerk missed him and an investigation showed that he was not the son of the famous United States army general, as he claimed to be. Then the police were put on his trail.

Dies at Sea.

Wilmington, N. C., Special.—A telegram received in this city announced the death of Mr. W. A. Riach, auditor of the Atlantic Coast Line, and for many years a highly esteemed and prominent citizen of Wilmington. He died Friday, the 4th inst., on the steamer Umbria, on his return from a visit to his old home in Scotland. He was accompanied by his wife. The remains will arrive here Tuesday evening for interment.

Brevities.

Late dispatches show that desperate fighting at close quarters marked the recent unsuccessful Boer attack on Fort Itala, on the Zululand border.

Rudyard Kipling has come to the front as a critic of the British War Office's relapse into old methods.

King Edward, who is ill, is said to be suffering from lumbago.

French submarine boats are criticised as not being able when submerged to find an enemy.

Valuable early maps of America have been found at Wolfegg Castle, Wurtemberg.

President Castro, it is believed, is determined to retrieve his fortunes on the Colombian frontier in order to avert a formidable revolution.

Dr. Joaquin M. Martinez, the new Chilean Minister to the United States, arrived at Panama on his way to the United States.

The Columbia won the third and deciding yacht race of the international series with the Shamrock II.

The Protestant Episcopal General convention continued its session in San Francisco.

Southern Baseball League.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Special.—A meeting of the board of directors of the Southern Baseball League was held here to-day, at which it was decided to change the date of the annual meeting from October 15 to October 12. At this meeting all the business of the year will be closed up and the contention for the pennant between Nashville and Little Rock will be settled.

NEW ATTORNEYS.

Supreme Court Grants License to a Number of Them.

Out of a class of forty-seven applicants for licenses to practice law, who were examined by the Supreme Court on last Monday, twenty-eight were successful. The examination consisted of sixty-six questions bearing on constitutional law, criminal law, real property, equity, mercantile law, contracts, costs, corporations, evidence, homestead, domestic relations, practice and legal ethics.

The court completed the work of grading the examination papers last week and announced the successful applicants as follows:

John W. Bolton, Cumberland county.

Otto F. Dingelhoef, New Hanover county.

Oscar P. Dickinson, Nash county.

Powell W. Glidewell, Stokes county.

Frederick D. Hamrick, Cleveland county.

Gideon H. Hasten, Forsyth county.

Alfred B. Justice, Hertford county.

James C. Little, Union county.

David M. Stringfield, Pender county.

Lycurgus R. Varser, Gates county.

James A. Worrell, Northampton county.

Charles E. Thompson, Pasquotank county.

Walter D. Smith, Harnett county.

John H. Folger, Surry county.

Silas G. Barnard, Buncombe county.

Edward Mayo Land, Halifax county.

George V. Cowper, Hertford county.

Wiley Croom Rodman, Beaufort county.

Robert A. Pittillo, Buncombe county.

Reuben W. Lemmond, Union county.

David B. Smith, Guilford county.

James R. Mitchell, Hertford county.

William J. Cocke, Buncombe county.

Metus T. Dickinson, Wayne county.

Marcus C. Winstead, Person county.

Charles W. Sapp, Forsyth county.

Archibald Stuart Hall Smith, Halifax county.

Nathaniel O. Petree, Stokes County.

Gets a Pardon.

John De Berry, the fifteen-year-old negro boy under sentence to be hanged in Richmond county October 10, for criminal assault upon a six-year-old negro girl has received a commutation to life imprisonment in the State's prison at hard labor. The commutation was issued yesterday by Governor Aycock.

De Berry was convicted and sentenced to death during the September term of the Richmond county court and since that time strenuous efforts have been made by counsel for the defense to induce the Governor to interfere with the execution of the death sentence. The claim was made that De Berry was insane, and in order to sift the merits of the case Governor Aycock and Dr. J. F. Miller, of the Eastern Hospital for the insane, to make a special trip to Rockingham to make a personal examination as to the condemned prisoner's sanity. Dr. Miller made a report to the Governor several days ago but it was never made public until yesterday. It was to the effect that the boy is not an idiot, neither is he insane but he is a defect, a boy of very low mental development.

In announcing the commutation of De Berry's sentence to life imprisonment the Governor gave out the following:

"The sentence of death in this case is commutated to imprisonment in the penitentiary at hard labor for life. The four resident physicians who have examined him certify that he is of a very low mental grade and very ignorant and recommends his commutation, but at their request I sent Dr. J. F. Miller, of the Eastern Hospital, to make an examination. He reports to me that the prisoner is not an idoit nor is he insane, but he is a defect, a boy of very low mental development. He recommends commutation to life imprisonment. The commutation is also recommended by the sheriff T. S. Wright, W. I. Everitt, C. S. C.; W. S. Thomas, Register of Deeds; J. H. Walsh, editor of the Headlight; A. J. Maxwell, editor of the Anglo-Saxon; ex-Schriff J. W. Smith.

Tampa Situation Improving.

Tampa, Fla., Special.—The labor situation here is greatly improved. Over 200 strikers returned to work and the number Wednesday, it is said, will be equally as large. The cigar manufacturers feel considerable encouragement at the situation. The excitement that has existed for several days has materially decreased.

Four Killed in Church Fight.

Middlesboro, Ky., Special.—A feudal fight, in which four were killed and four wounded, occurred Sunday at the Big Springs Union Baptist church, over the Tennessee line. The killed are: Tip Chadwell, James Chadwell, Rush Morgan, Henry Morgan. The wounded are: Henry Ogerstreet, mortally; Jones, mortally; Morgan, leg broken; Joe Moberly, flesh wound. The feud has existed between the Virginia Morgans and the Tennessee Chadwells since the civil war. Since then 30 Morgans and 40 Chadwells have been killed in the numerous fights that have taken place.

Brevities.

In his letter accepting the fusion nomination for Mayor of New York Seth Low makes Richard Croker the leading issue.

Geo. I. Flanders, of Albany, N. Y., was elected president of the Farmers' National Congress at Sioux Falls, S. D.

Walter McClennon, a negro, was shot to death by a mob in the Huntington (Tenn.) jail.

HODGSON EXAMINED.

The Naval Battle of July 3d is Described by Him.

BROOKLYN ENGAGED TERFE SHIPS.

Was All Alone Fighting the Viscaya, the Colon and the Oquendo When the Oregon Came Up.

Washington, D. C., Special.—Lieutenant Commander Hodgson Monday again occupied the greater part of the time of the Schley court of inquiry as a witness. He was followed on the stand by Captain W. W. Folger, formerly chief of the bureau of ordnance of the Navy Department, but commander of the New Orleans during the Spanish war. Lieutenant Dyson was also recalled to add some details to his former testimony concerning the coal supply of the American fleet during the Santiago blockade. The reading of this Schley-Hodgson correspondence was concluded when court opened. Mr. Rayner began his cross-examination by asking Mr. Hodgson whether the Marblehead had hailed the Brooklyn when the two vessels passed each other as the Brooklyn was on her way to Cienfuegos. The witness replied in the negative. The examination then turned upon events about Cienfuegos.

Commander Hodgson said that he had seen the lights on the shore at Cienfuegos which were afterward determined to be signals, but he had supposed they were signals between different branches of the Spanish forces on shore. He added that when Captain McCalla arrived with information as to the meaning of the signals, he was immediately dispatched to the shore to communicate with the insurgents.

Mr. Rayner asked: "How far were you off during this blockade of Santiago, from the Morro during the day and night of May 23, 29, 30 and 31?"

In response the witness said: "Early in the day time our habitual position was about six miles. In the night I think we steamed up and down in front of the harbor, a distance of about six miles. He stated that the picket boats, the Marblehead and Vixen, were inside the line of the fleet, about midway between that line and the shore line.

Mr. Rayner asked then about the expression atributed to the witness. She will cut down the Texas." "There is a good deal in that reported colloquy that I did not say," he added. "The statement was never made," he went on, "but the commodore did say, 'Damn the Texas'." Continuing, he said that the dialogue as reported was fictitious and that he had denied its verbal accuracy, while not denying the truth of a part of it.

The afternoon session of the court began with a question put to Lieutenant Commander Hodgson by Mr. Hanna. He asked why he had written his categorical denial of the newspaper report of the colloquy between himself and the commodore. The question was objected to and Admiral Dewey said: "We have the facts. The letters were written. That is all the court wants. We want facts—facts. People are influenced by different kinds of things. We want the facts. Draw out the facts."

Mr. Hanna: "All I want to find out is the occasion for writing this letter."

"Admiral Dewey: "The court don't want that information. We don't need that."

Mr. Hanna then changed his question and the witness said that he had written his explicit denial in response to a request from Admiral Schley.

"Have you anywhere denied the substantial accuracy of the facts as set forth in the report of that colloquy?"

"On the contrary, I have admitted it."

Continuing, the witness said that Commodore Schley had not said as reported that the Brooklyn was too near the Spaniards.

Mr. Rayner asked: "What do you know about the strength of the batteries, the number of batteries or the strength of the guns before the reconnoissance on May 31? What actual knowledge did you have?"

The witness replied: "I had no knowledge whatever before the reconnoissance."

"What knowledge did you acquire as the result of that reconnoissance of bombardment?"

"By the number of shots that were fired, by the character of the discharge, the smoke, etc., as indicating the calibere of the guns, by the fall of the projectiles, the amount of water they would throw up, and the evident direction of the fall as indicating whether the projectiles were moving with great velocity or slow. In that way I judge, alone."

"These things were developed as the result of the reconnoissance, were they not?"

"I consider the reconnoissance in that particular to have been successful."

"The reconnoissance was successful for the purpose of developing the number and strength of the batteries at Santiago?"

"Eminently so."

Lieutenant Dayson was recalled. His testimony related to the supply of coal carried by the scout boats on May 25, when the retrograde movement to Key West was begun. The court adojurned.

Miss Stone's Situation.

London, Special.—"It is reported from Sofia," says a dispatch from Vienna to the Daily Express, "that United States Consul Dickenson and an envoy of the missionary society, arrived there Saturday, intending to follow up Miss Stone (the abducted missionary), and to deposit a portion of the ransom. The brigands have extended the time for payment one month."