

MAJOR JONES TRAVELS FIFTY YEARS AGO.

By Major Joseph Jones of Georgia.

LETTER VII.

BALTIMORE, May 21.—To Mr. Thompson: Dear Sir—I left off my last letter when I went to my hotel. Well, after tea I read the papers a while and then went out and took a walk by moonlight to see the city. I straggled round all over the place without paying much attention to what I was doing...

loped the form of the great father of his country. It made me have very strange feelings to look upon General Washington's clothes—it caused in my mind the most familiar impression of that great man I have ever felt, and which no paint or statue could ever give...

I tucked a seat on the stone steps and looked up at it as it stood out again the blue, star-bespangled sky. Thanks I, this is the head of the nation, the place where Uncle Sam does his thinking; and with that I got to ruminate about the fallibility of national wisdom as well as individual judgment.

Not far from Washington's cot, in a case by itself, is the cot where General Jackson wore at the battle of New Orleans. I stopped and looked at it with feelings of sincere veneration. Few would suppose the victory of New Orleans was won in such a coarse cot—but it is like the lion-hearted hero who wore it—coarse, strong, and bold...

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SANTIAGO AS IT IS TO-DAY.

SCENES OF SUFFERING IN A MILITARY HOSPITAL.

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When we got to the depot in the edge of the city, they unheeded the lorry-motive and latched on our boxes that pulled us away down into the center of the city to the railroad office. I could not count for twenty pairs of eyes to do, look in at this beautiful city. I would not like to be half so large or half so handsome. I had my time to give it more of a glimpse before we was at the stoppage place, and in the middle of another regiment of whips, all pulling and hauling, and axing me to go this way and that till I didn't hardly know which end I stood on.

Brimely one very civil little man with a piece of polished leather on his hat came to me, and he gave me a check for my baggage, and I'll take you to the Exchange Hotel, a very good house, sir." It was Hubson's choice with me, for I didn't know one house from another, so I just handed him over the tin, and he went to look out for my baggage. While I was waiting for his reinforcement of luckless gold to be exchanged, I went to look at the Exchange Hotel. Well, it was like a gambler's den, and I got into the fust rack and drove off. I wasn't more than seated, for we was at the door of a great big stone house, with a dome on the top of it like the Capitol at Washington, what the fellow said was the Exchange Hotel.

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SPANISH VICTORIES IN WASH.

Two of a General's Former Officers Capture Two of Maryland's Fair Beauties.

Washington Dispatch, Wash. N. Y. Times. A letter received in Washington today announces the engagement of two fair daughters of Maryland to two of Admiral Cervera's officers. The two officers, who will soon be Spain with them American brides are Lieutenant Enrique Latorre and Juan Carmona, and the latter being in the my branch of the service. The first named will make Miss Clara W. Duff of Baltimore, his bride. Lieutenant Carmona has won the heart and the promise of her hand from Miss Maudie Hays of Annapolis, whose beautiful features have entertained the Spanish officers since their arrival. She is the daughter of Mr. Joseph F. Hays of that town, a dealer in musical instruments at 213 Church street. She is the close friend and intimate of Miss Duff, who has visited her at her home in Annapolis since the arrival of the Spanish officers.

Upon their arrival at Annapolis the Spanish officers were not immediately received at the homes of the residents, but enjoyed the liberty of the village during the greater part of the day. On their rounds about the stores showing they drifted into the music establishment of Mr. Hays, where his daughter, Miss Duff, was sitting waiting. They came to purchase a guitar, and while away the time about their quarters, but the bright eyes of the American girls diverted their thoughts into channels other than commercial. Lieutenant Latorre, an accomplished musician, seated himself at an open piano and expressed in music what his heart-strings were saying. He was prevented from saying in words what it was the old story of the crusade, and its romantic side appealed so strongly to the American girls that it was answered in kind by Miss Hays seating herself at the piano at the conclusion of the young officer's serenade and singing a love ballad that did not depend upon the words for its meaning to be understood.

The impromptu concert was repeated the next afternoon, and for several days the Spaniards brought their brother-officers to listen to the music, and the little store became the favorite resort of the prisoners. Admiral Cervera himself visited it several times to listen to the music, and was prevented from saying in words what it was the old story of the crusade, and its romantic side appealed so strongly to the American girls that it was answered in kind by Miss Hays seating herself at the piano at the conclusion of the young officer's serenade and singing a love ballad that did not depend upon the words for its meaning to be understood.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 29.—The fact that the existing revenue laws and the issue of 3 per cent bonds will pile up an immense surplus in the Treasury is beginning to be freely recognized at the department. Secretary Guge has not determined upon any recommendations regarding the reduction of the revenue or the retirement of outstanding bonds, but will probably refer to the subject in his forthcoming annual report to Congress, upon which he has already begun work. The amount received for the bonds thus far has been almost exactly \$150,000,000, leaving \$50,000,000 to come. The cash balance gained \$4,000,000 to-day over Saturday, and now stands at \$299,000,000. If all the remaining money for the bonds were paid to-morrow, the balance would exceed \$30,000,000. It is scarcely very soon to go above \$300,000,000, and to remain there until there is a change in the revenue laws or a reduction of the outstanding debt.

Mr. Frank Hayward of Vance township hasn't voted in 20 years, but he says he is bound to go out this year and vote for the Democratic nominee.

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