Submit Press

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Brooklyn is the centre of more healthy "good roads" talk than any other city in the country.

Admiral Thomas C. Selfridge has just been placed on the retired list of the United States Navy, and the event is, in a measure, unique in the history of this branch of the service, inasmuch as the Admiral's father is already on the retired list. He was retired in 1866, after thirty-six and one-half years of service. His name now heads the column of the retired officers of the navy. His son has seen forty-five years of service. There is no similar instance on record.

After twenty years of legal fighting, mainly in the Federal courts, a Leavenworth (Kan.) woman, who was bound to recover the insurance on her husband's life, got the State administration to back her in a suit in the Kansas State courts, and at last secured $22,100, which included interest on the policies of one company. Of this sum the lawyers got half, under the original contract made when the suit was first instituted. During the pendency of the suit the woman married again. She says that the company from which she recovered had been "sandbagged" by its own Kansas attorneys. She expects now that other companies concerned will pay up.

The Chicago Tribune says: In initiating steps for the transfer of the Erie Canal to the general government the State of New York very distinctly indicates that it has found the canal a very large "elephant" on its hands, which it is anxious to dispose of on the most favorable terms. One reason for this action is undoubtedly to be found in the fact that within the past few years $9,000,000 has been expended on the enlargement of the canal, and now $7,000,000 more is needed to complete the work. In the earlier stages of its history the canal was of inestimable value to the trade of New York and the Western States, especially those adjacent to the great lakes, but the multiplication of railway lines throughout all this region has diminished its value for commercial purposes. The only reasons which could justify the general government in assuming responsibility for this work would be the enlargement of the canal so as to make it possible to transfer American naval cruisers from the Atlantic to the lakes in case of war. Such a work would, at least for the present, put a quietus on the project for the construction of a ship canal from Lake Ontario to tidewater on the Hudson.

The circulation of the Bible in this country is enormous, steady, and constantly increases, observes Harper's Weekly. Of Bibles and Testaments the American Bible Society annually sells or gives away about a million and a half, the International Bible Agency sells about half a million, and other large concerns, of which there are four or five in New York alone, circulate a great many more. With such a distribution as that in constant operation one would think the demand would presently be supplied, but that is not the experience of dealers. They say the demand increases all the time. That must be because two or three million new citizens are born every year in the United States, and a large proportion of them presently get new Bibles. The idea of starting a new citizen in life with a second-hand Bible is not popular. "New boy (or new girl), new book," is the rule, and tolerably fortunate children have a fair collection before they have grown up. A moderate allowance of the sacred writings for one American citizen includes one family Bible that belonged to parents; one family Bible for one's own family; one Testament in large print used in childhood; one convenient Bible presented by mother; one Bible in flexible covers subsequently obtained; at least one obscure edition containing the Apocrypha; one Bible, revised version; the Revised Version of the Apocrypha; a few Bibles in foreign languages; an office Bible; [illegible]

OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD.

With burning brain and heart of hate
I sought my wronger, early, late,
And all the wretched night and day
My dream and thought was slay, and slay.

My better self rose uppermost,
The best within my bosom lost
Itself in love; peace from afar
Shone o'er me radiant like a star.

I slew my wronger with a deed,
A deed of love; I made him bleed
With kindness, I filled for years
His soul with tenderness and tears.
—Robert Loveman in the Independent.

EL PADRE TRISTE.

BY WALTER MAXSON.

Diego sat on the south side of the ancient adobe church of San Pedro. It was about the close of day when the good fathers, whose lives had been passed at the now forgotten mission, were taking their customary seiesta. It was Diego's time to be idle. He looked southward, over the orchard trees just burst into bloom, over the stubby vines that the half-naked descendants of a once lordly race were training for the winter's vintage, over the garden patch and network of irrigating ditches, over the great tawny desert of death, toward the land of his birth. The wind, a very mild breeze for February, whistled around the corner of the building. It came fresh from the Raton Mountains. It chilled him. He drew closer to his shelter. It chilled his heart also, and, as he looked over the orchard decked with fragrant promise, he muttered the old proverb, "Presto maduro, presto podrido (soon ripe, soon rotten). Evidently his mind was projected beyond the range of human vision.

With the involuntary expression came the thought of a name that he had not heard uttered for years—his own name, Diego. None of those with whom he had lived these three springtimes knew his name save old Padre Sebastiano, his confessor, in whose breast a secret was as safe as in the grave. He also remembered that the name had been given him in honor of his patron saint, and that he was descended from a "conquistador." Degenerate as he was, he enjoyed recalling this fact.

"El corazon manda las carnes' (The heart bears up the body), but I can't endure this forever. I must speak to the fathers to-night and take the vows."

Three years before, in this same month when the earth springs into life beneath the warmth of the returning sun, a wanderer drew into the gate of the Mission San Pedro. His face was haggard, his body weak after the long desert ride. His horse was in as lamentable a condition as its master. The stranger was young. He seemed almost boyish, even in his injury. He opened his eyes to the sunrise glow between the child and the man. As he dismounted he staggered, reached toward the portal for support and fell in a swoon. It was not the first time that such an occurrence had happened at the lonely mission on the edge of the desert. The good fathers knew what to do in such cases, and they were no more faithful in their efforts because his serape, dust-begrimed as it was, indicated a hidalgo. And they soon have been had the object of their solicitation been the humblest Indian in New Mexico.

When Diego came to himself weeks had passed. He strove to tell his story, but as often as he did so, Padre Sebastiano bid him be still and wait until his strength returned. So it chanced that on a summer's day, as he sat sadly in the courtyard listening to the trickling of the water, he felt a hand laid on his shoulder, and Padre Sebastiano, bending over him, said:

"Tell me, my son, what troubles you. You have never confessed, nor taken the blessed sacrament."

"Not here, father; not here! come into the chapel and I will tell you all; but when you hear my story you will turn me out like un leproso."

"Nay; say not so! The heart of the Mother is always compassionate and often, while you slept, my prayers have gone up for you to the holy San Pedro in whose glorious memory this humble mission was founded, but come."

The old man led the way to the little chapel, frescoed by loving hands that had long since entered into eternal rest, whose altar was adorned with spoils of conquest and with relics from far-distant Spain, and thence into the confessional where none might hear what passed between saint and sinner. Diego instinctively fell upon his knees and a shudder went through his well-knit frame as he thus began:

"Father, pray for me. My sin is greater than I can bear. I cannot confess it, even here.

"Proceed, my son. You have sinned. I trust you have repented. It cannot be that one so young, so fair as you, has sinned unto death."

"I have, I have."

"Tell me, and I will judge." Thus encouraged the penitent continued:

"My name is Diego Domingo y Agramonte. My home is, or rather was, in the Barrio de Maplini, beside Laguna del Veyes. Yes know the place, father. The fairest spot on earth, where it is always spring, where the birds sing by night as well as by day, and where the air is always fragrant with the perfume of orange blossoms and of more distant mountain flowers. There I lived in my sweet mother's hacienda, and never once had serious thought of love or trouble. Thus time passed until I was nineteen years of age, when strange stories came to us of the wonderful railroad that was coming from the Rio Grande del Norte, and was already near the city of Chihuahua. I had read much of the 'maquina de vaho,' but I wanted to see it for myself, and the peones who went away to work and came back jingling pesos, when before they had never seen anything greater than un medio, only whetted my desire to travel.

"Ah, my son," said the old man, interrupting, "the love of money is the root of all evil.' Nudi intravimus, nudi eximus.'

"But, padre, it was not money that I was after. I wanted to see the world. So just before Pia de noche buene' I started for Chihuahua. My mother blessed me with tears, and my father, who knew my temper and inexperience, urged me to hasten back and take charge of the hacienda. Chihuahua was the largest city I had ever been in, and I wandered about the plaza for a day or two quite lost in the crowd. The Americanos were everywhere, and seemed to have plenty of money, and to own everything, and when I thought how our beautiful Mexico had belonged to old Castile before an Englishman had set foot on the soil I used to feel bitter. I soon found friends who felt the same way that I did, and we picked quarrels with the gringos until the police interfered.

"One night, after I had been there about a week, we went to a fandango. There I met my fate. I saw the most beautiful senorita that I had ever seen. She was not dark, like our Coahuila belles, but her head glinted like the ripening wheat on the uplands, and her eyes were a deep, dreamy blue, and her form—well, I lost my heart. She threw back the mantilla that covered her head and smiled at me. This gave me courage, and I asked her to dance. I can never forget the touch of her hand. It gave me a thrill that I had never before experienced. I felt it often during the next two weeks, but I have never known it since. The next dance she gave to one of my friends, and, as they passed me, she dropped a rose at my feet. Before the night was over I knew all about her. Her name was Maria Sepeveda, and she was an heiress. Of course, she had been much sought after, but as yet she had shown no decided preference for any one. This was my chance. I was her shadow. If she was at a fandango, I was there also, and when there was no fandango, I would take my mandolin and stand beneath her window. In less than a week I had told her all about the beautiful Diego de Maplini, and, of course, I told her many things quickly in our country, I told her that I loved her and she promised—"

Diego paused. His passionate voice was choked with sobs. Padre Sebastiano stroked his bowed head, but did not speak. In a moment the young man resumed.

"Such happiness could not last forever. It was too great. One night, and I was to return home the next day, we were at a fandango. My father came to me. He was in great pain. He spent gold where I spent silver. He used to drink a great deal and to gamble a great deal more. The senoritas liked him too' well; but I hated him. He could drink wine and gamble, and was reported to be a powerful hidalgo in his own land. Well, Maria and I had enjoyed ourselves, and then this Americano asked her to dance with him. I did not think she would do it, but you know, 'No es necrastura si se de oro la ganzua (there is no lock if the key be golden). So they went on the floor together. I saw him whisper sweet words in her ear, just as I had done, and rattle the coins in his pocket, and my heart became hot within my breast. I wanted the next dance, but Maria paid no attention to me. She danced again with the gringo. When they came near me I scowled. He saw me and laughed a sneering laugh that was not in English, but I could not understand the language, but I did know the word 'greaser.' Maria understood him. She turned toward me and laughed also. I could stand it no longer. I went outside into the cool air. It did not cool me. I heard the sound of music. It had no charms for me now and again, as I looked in, I saw Maria still dancing with my enemy. For hours I waited. At length the Americano came out and walked toward their hotel. There were three of them. I followed like a cat. I could have followed that man to the end of the earth. By and by he stopped behind his friends to light a cigar. This was my chance. I drew a stiletto knife was between his ribs. He fell with a groan. His friends ran back, and while they stopped to raise him I escaped in the darkness. I knew Chihuahua as well as they. I hurried home. There my friend Ramon, and told him all about it.

"Diego,' said he, 'they know you. Agramonte. My home is, or rather was, in the Barrio de Maplini, beside You must get out of this city to-night. Right away. You cannot go home, because the police will look for you there, and the United States will never let the matter rest.'

"'What shall I do?'

"'Take your horse and go across the river. They will never look for you in this country. Here is money. Your father will repay me.'

"In another hour I was on my way. I thought that I would go to Santa Fe. So I told Ramon; but the blessed mother brought me to your mission. Padre, will you turn me away?"

"God forbid, my son. But did you kill Senor Americano?"

"That I cannot tell. I meant to."

"It is just as likely that you did not, if you struck him only once. These Americanos have many lives. Do you ever think of Maria now?"

"Oh, Padre, can I ever forget her? Sometimes I have the old love just as bad as I had it in Chihuahua, and sometimes I think that if she were here I could kill her, too."

"You must put such thoughts away, my son. If you have killed a man your whole life must be one of repentance. Do you repent?"

"I do, indeed; and pray all the holy saints and fathers to intercede for me. Ora pro me."

The confessor had been young himself, and knew the great world far better than did his companion. He did not speak the word that Diego wished to hear uttered, but gave him a kiss of peace, and said:

"Wait here; I go to consult with the brethren."

The penitent knew that his secret was safe. But he wondered what Padre Sebastiano would say about his remaining in this asylum. He had not long to wait. The good man returned with the news that the exile might depart when he wished. He had, however, had learned to love him, and he was welcome to remain at the mission if he chose.

"Only," said the priest, "if you stay you must earn your bread by the sweat of your brow. We hope that some day you will be one of us."

In this manner it came about that Diego Dominguez y Agramonte, who had always ruled and never served, went out to labor with the Puebios, and when his "peonage" was done he would come into the chapel and take in the vesper service like a true gentleman of Mexico that he was. The fathers had done all this to try him. They realized his worth, and soon promoted him to be superintendent of the business details of the little community. They gave him an unoccupied cell for his own use; but as often as they urged him to take the irrevocable vow, he would declare that as yet he was not worthy. He once confected, as he confessed, the habit of his superiors, and was foremost in deeds of charity and self-denial. The Indians regarded him as a lay brother; but he never smiled nor mingled in their amusements as did the others. So, not knowing his name, they passed on and fro among them as "El Padre Triste."

All this came to him as he basked in the sunlight. A shadow lay athwart him. Looking up he saw Padre Sebastiano. The laborers were at their toil. The air was full of fragrance of freshly turned earth and of bursting buds. Henceforth this world was his world. The past was buried. No more for him would the orange flowers bloom in the far-away Boulson de Maplini; no more would he dream of the golden-haired senorita of Chihuahua. He, too, would be a father, and these patient, dusky sons of the soil would be his children—his care.

"Padre," said he, arising, "I am resolved. If you are willing, I will take the vow."

"The saints be praised! Diego, you are no longer my son, but my brother," and with streaming eyes the priest hurried away to break the joyful news.

"That night Diego lay down on his pallet with a feeling of blessed security such as he had never known before. Scarcely had he fallen asleep when he was aroused by a rude shake.

"Get up, Diego! A wagon has been overturned in the canon on the road to Santa Fe. A messenger has just come from there. One man is badly hurt, and there is a woman in the party. The place is about fifteen miles from here, but you can ride fast, and know what to do. Take a bottle of brandy with you, and what else you may need from the medicine chest. God speed you!"

With all his spiritual fervor the young man could not forget that he had once been an caballero. His horse, the same that he had ridden into Santa Pedro, had grown fat and lazy in the corral, and El Padre Triste felt a savage glee as he dug in the spurs and galloped away over the untracked sand in the chill of the night. In half an hour the way became rocky. The mountains, at first a distant black band, now arose to the stars, an insurmountable barrier, save where the little stream that gave life to the mission had furrowed its way through perpendicular walls a thousand feet in height. The horse went warily. The darkness could almost be felt, and one false step might mean death. Diego did not think of this. He was wondering whence these travelers came. Were they from Mexico, making a pilgrimage to the City of the Holy Faith? If so, could they by any chance recognize him? After all these years was he [illegible] disguise? Perhaps it was time to ponder these things where the flickering light of a midnight campfire disclosed his journey's end. Voices reached him.

The speech was his mother tongue. On the ground near the fire lay a man moaning, his comrades doing all in their power to alleviate his suffering. Near by, wrapped in blankets, was a sleeping form. Diego tied his horse and advanced toward the group. He did not see a familiar face. The watchers rose to meet him.

"Oh, padre, you are just in time. Jose is almost dead."

"Not so, friends," he replied in their own language; "he's a long way from being a dead man. Put on some wood and make a blaze."

He poured some liquor down the throat of the writhing wretch, bound up the wounds and set, as best he could, the broken limb. All this took time, and as the fire burned more brightly and the noise of the conversation grew louder, the form in the blankets moved uneasily. Then the blankets were thrown back and a woman approached. Diego's back was toward her. He saw—nothing but duty.

"Diego!"

El Padre Triste bounded to his feet and turned. The hair that glistened like the ripening wheat on Maplini uplands and the eyes of dark, dreamy blue were before him; but the smile was gone. In its place was an expression of astonishment.

"Senora Maria, how do you come here?"

"For you, Diego; I stood it as long as I could, and then—and then Ramon said he thought you had gone to Santa Fe, and I ran away to find you."

"But, senor Americano! If he had been alive you would never have thought of me," Diego said bitterly.

"Diego," the old smile crept around the lovely mouth—"Diego, Senor Americano did not die. His wife could not to nurse him two weeks after you ran away. He is alive yet for aught I know. He just got a good lesson, and I—I wanted a little fun, you see. Won't you forgive me?"

"Mariquita!"

The next morning as Padre Sebastiano was looking toward the northwest he saw a cloud of dust approaching. It came nearer—a horse, and it carried two. Nearer yet. It was Diego. He was smiling, and behind him, in true knight errant fashion, rode a woman. The father saw, beside himself with amazement, ran out to meet them, and he never quite recovered from the salutation which he received:

"'Madre del Dios,' padre, I am glad I did not take the vow."—Short Stories.

Gunning of the Afridis.

Every hill was picketed, so that the Afridis did not dare to "invest" us, writes Dr. A. Donaldson Smith, of Philadelphia, to the New York Journal from Swaikot, on the Indian frontier. The show of gunning of the enemy, however, I mention an incident that occurred only the night before in this pass. The telegraph wires had been frequently cut, and to prevent further annoyance of this kind a sentinel had been placed under two of the poles in as secret a manner as possible; but the wily Afridis came down in the night, cut the fuse and left the dynamite. They enjoy scoring in any way against the English, like keen sportsmen, and when they have gained a point they will often write sarcastic notes to the officers they have worsted. A little while ago some daring Pathans stole into a bungalow where an officer was sleeping and had the audacity to light a candle. The officer on awakening saw a tall Afridi standing over him with a drawn sword and dared not reach for his revolver, which lay under his pillow. He left a couple of minutes this light was put out and as the Englishman saw two figures retreating through the doorway he seized his revolver and took a shot. The result was that the next day he received a note containing the following cutting words:

"Well, you are a swine. You knew I had you at my mercy and let you go, and yet you take a shot at me when my back is turned. Look out for our next meeting." Many accounts of this description have reached me from first sources.

King and Gamekeeper.

Victor Emmanuel of Italy possessed a far better temper than people were wont to believe. He was apoplectic and fierce look on his ugly, though honest face. Not even when his gigantic gamekeeper, Boretta, while carrying him on his back across an Alpine glacier, rendered impatient by a sudden movement of the king, which almost capsized him, growled out: "Tente.su, hourie," (hold steady, you jackass), did his majesty betray the least irritation. For he quietly replied: "You apparently ignore, friend Boretta, that the jackass is the one that carries the load."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Heart Facts and Figures.

The human heart is six inches in length, four inches in diameter, and beats on an average 70 times per minute, 4,200 times an hour, 100,800 times a day and 36,792,000 times in the course of a year. So that the heart of an ordinary man, eighty years of age, has beaten 3,000,000,000 times.

Richest Princess.

The richest princess in the world is the Princess Louise Josephine Leopoldine Gisela, married to a [illegible]

A MATTER FOR INVESTIGATION.

He—What would you say if I kiss you?

She—There's but one way to find out, sir.

END OF HIS ROPE.

"What did he say when the antes declared that he stole horse?"

"He said that was noose to him."

A WISE YOUNG MAN.

He—Well, I must bid you good night.

She—Why, it is only 10 o'clock.

He—I know, but your father may kick if I stay later.

A STRUGGLE.

"There are some men who would rather fight than eat."

"If you lived at our boarding house you would have to fight to eat."

GREATEST OF THEM ALL.

"Wagner is not so bad, after all."

"Why?"

"They say he has never written anything that can be whistled."

AT A WOMAN'S CLUB.

Father (to his nineteen-year-old daughter)—And what did you do at the club to-day, dear?

Daughter—Oh, papa! we had a good time. We spent three hours discussing the value of silence in women.

SILENCED.

Said the married man, who likes to be sympathized with: "My wife never happy unless she has a grievance."

"How happy she must be!" said the pretty girl, and then the married man grew strangely silent.

OVERLOADED.

Fuddy—I was surprised to see Dorkins run on as he did last night. I believe in a fellow being funny, but really he overshot the mark.

Duddy—Naturally; didn't you notice he was overloaded?

THE PURITANS.

Teacher (of juvenile class)—Johnnie, what was the first thing the Puritans did when they landed at Plymouth rock?

Johnnie—They fell upon their knees.

Teacher—That's right. Now, Tommy, what was the next thing they did?

Tommy—Fell upon the aborigines.

SERVED HER RIGHT.

Maude—Tom and I were out sleigh riding last night and he got angry at something I said and we had a falling out."

Clare—"Well, it served you right. If you would make him drive with both hands or do the driving yourself there would be no excuse for falling out of a sleigh."

APPARES.

"See here," exclaimed the Custom House official as he held up a half dozen black bottles, "I thought you said this trunk contained nothing but wearing apparel?"

"That's what I said," answered the tourist.

"Well, what do you call these?" asked the official.

"Nightcaps," was the calm reply.

UNCERTAIN.

"Au revoir!" he exclaimed, proceeding a kiss upon her brow. "Shall we see each other upon the morrow?"

"Ah, shall we?" she sighed.

"The question had discovered to you understand, a tendency in the heroine to disappear from the modern novel, and tendencies were not to be resisted."

All was thus uncertainty.

TWO FATAL HYPOTHESES.

The Trembling Suitor—I have come to ask you for your daughter's hand—but stay! Let me assure you that I am not a fortune-hunter. If you did not have a penny in the world I would love her just the same.

Old Billyuns—Young man, you are either a liar or a fool, and in either case I wouldn't want you to have my daughter. Get out!

NONE IN STOCK.

"I have been in the business forty years," said the floorwalker, "but I don't know it all yet. You saw that young woman with the green hair?"

"Yes," replied the ribbon clerk.

"She came up to me and asked if we had any nice house gowns especially suitable for wearing when she was looking for burglars."

THE ALTERNATIVE.

"Can you not learn to love me?" he pleaded.

His beautiful—stenographer shook her head sadly.

Upon the instant he was transformed.

"Then," he exclaimed, becoming now as cold as marble, "you will kindly learn to spell!"

She could not help but shiver, looking out upon the future.

R LEE'S

Sin's Demand Is Promptly Refused by President McKinley.

CABINET NOT SUMMONED

Do Not Want Warships to Carry Supplies to Cuba.

WILL BE SENT JUST THE SAME

Believed That General Lee's Sympathy For Cuba Is Cause of Sudden Demand—Spain Could Have Disembarked Him Without Asking.

WASHINGTON, March 7.—The Spanish situation developed two new phases today, when it became known that Spanish government had promptly asked the recall of Consul Lee, who is at his post at Havana, to which request the United States had courteously but firmly refused to comply; also that the Spanish government has suggested the impropriety of sending replies to the Cuban insurgent junta by the cruiser Montgomery, the gunboat Nashville, to which suggestion the United States had given a like answer in the negative.

The initiation of these steps came in a brief and explicit cable dispatch from Madrid. Prior to its receipt, however, the authorities here had been fully conversant with the feeling of high officials at Madrid, and had been allowed to go the public on either subject. The disclosures from Madrid left no further ground for reticence in Washington, and after a conference at the White House between the president, Assistant Secretary Day of the state department and Secretary Long of the navy department the following authoritative statement was given out by Judge Day as comprising everything that was to be said by the administration on the subject:

"The president will not consider the recall of General Lee. He has borne himself throughout this crisis with great manifest ability and courage, to the president's entire satisfaction. As to the supplies for the relief of the Cuban people, all arrangements have been made to carry a consignment this week from Key West by one of the naval vessels, whichever may be best adapted and most available for the purpose, to Havana and Sagua."

Although the officials here are nonsommital on the subject, it is believed the request for General Lee's recall was made at least a day or two in advance of the Spanish government receiving the reply of this state department, as no mention of either upon Lee's recall or upon its contention that the relief supplies should not be sent to Cuba in naval vessels.

Behind the formal statement made by Judge Day, it is understood that the conference at the White House would not discuss the subject, and it was stated positively that no authorized statement comprised everything that would be given to any [illegible]

The advices from Madrid, together with the authoritative statement here, left no room for doubt as to what had occurred. The request for General Lee's recall is understood to have come within the last few days, and the business since the last cabinet meeting on Friday, as no reference was made to it at that time. It came through Minister Woodford, and, according to the procedure, as a common mode of requesting the withdrawal of a minister or a consul is through the representative of the government to receive the request, which in this case is Senor du Bosc, the Spanish minister d'affaires. Senor du Bosc had received no instructions on the subject, but was mindful of the convenience of the government, and thereupon cabled the request for the recall of General Lee. But he is in one respect unique, in that he is endowed with semidiplomatic powers by the wish of our government and by the consent of the Spanish government. The request of the Spanish government for his recall may, therefore, be regarded as tantamount to a demand for the recall of an objectionable minister—such, for instance, as Senor Dupuy de Lome. There must be some substantial or satisfactory reason for such a demand in such cases. The reasons presented against General Lee probably were confined to notes he has so far performed with the full approbation and approval of President McKinley, the demand was not entertained, as is clearly shown in the formal statement given out by Assistant Secretary Day.

Under such circumstances the incident would close, unless Spain took the decisive step of insisting on General Lee's recall, and this I believe, will not be acrquatur. This radical course is not expected, however, and all the indications reaching officials here is that Spain will not proceed further with the incident.

IT WAS NO ACCIDENT.

Conviction Naval Court Will Thus Report.

AMERICAN CONSULAR OFFICER ARRESTED.

HAVANA, via Key West, March 7.—As the conviction now becomes settled that the court of inquiry will decide that there was a mine exploded under the Maine, discussion of the causes of the disaster and civilians here is previous to the warlike measures which [illegible] disclosed. It is known, however, that the Spanish government has charted for some time General Lee's presence in Havana, although this had never taken the form of a definite protest prior to the present time. It began to assume more serious aspect shortly after the arrival of the Maine at Havana. At that time General Lee escorted Captain Sigsbee on his round of official calls. These were made with due formality, but the Spanish officials took offense when the calls were restricted to General Blanco, Admiral Manterota and the representatives of the military arm of Spanish service, and did not include Premier Galvez and his associates of the autonomous cabinet, who represent the new civil regime which Spain is seeking to enforce.

The matter came to the attention of Senor Dupuy de Lome, then Spanish minister at Washington, and although there were no protests the situation doubtless reached the state department as suitable amends were made by Captain Sigsbee calling on Dr. Congosto, the civil secretary general, and Premier Galvez and his associates. There was like irritation over a dinner given by Consul General Lee to the officers of the Maine. The list of the guests on that occasion is said to have omitted some of the Spanish naval officers and to have included the consuls representing the names of a number of American newspaper correspondents who were regarded by Spanish officials at Havana as antagonistic to them.

This also came to the attention of the officials here, but was not made the basis of any action, but rather of unofficial remonstrance of General Lee's mode of procedure.

Within recent days it has been understood by officials here that the feeling against General Lee had become decidedly tense, and the request for his recall was for that reason in the nature of a complete surprise. There are circumstances, however, which certainly disclose good grounds for the recall, although it is not known that Spain has made any exact specifications of complaint. Since the Maine disaster a report has been circulated that General Lee held the personal opinion that the explosion was due to external cause. No official report of this character was ever sent to Washington, so far as is known. But the mere circulation of the report at Madrid attributing such views to General Lee has been the subject of much comment in Spanish official circles.

The press dispatches from Madrid also disclose that General Lee is held accountable by the Spanish people for the present of the purchase of Cuba by the United States from Spain, as well as for a general sentiment of sympathy toward the insurgents. The sympathy of the Imparcial, a leading government organ, that the next session of the cortes will consider the case of General Lee shows the strong influences which induced the Sagasta cabinet to ask his recall.

In this connection the fact is noted that Senor Dupuy de Lome is due in Spain at this time. His enforced retirement, on a demand by the United States, is felt to have aroused the Spanish government. Madrid which finds expression against Consul General Lee. There is little doubt, however, that the Spanish officials took offense when the calls were restricted to General Blanco, Admiral Manterota and the representatives of the military arm of Spanish service, and did not include Premier Galvez and his associates of the autonomous cabinet, who represent the new civil regime which Spain is seeking to enforce.

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