[illegible] Editors and Pubs.

[illegible] DAY, APRIL 6, 1898

[illegible]

Bring ye white lilies,
With myrtle and rose,
Nurtured by breezes
And soft-dripping rain;
Bring ye dean pansies,
As sweet as Faith's hope,
Hyacintha, heart's-ease,
And heliotrope.

Bring ye white blossoms
As pure as the flakes
That float in the air
When the winter-storm breaks;
The lilac-tree blooms
And the jonquils unfold,
So, bring ye their treasures
Of purple and gold.

Clear fell the sunshine
At morning and noon,
And dripped the warm rain
With a musical croon.
Till out of each darkness
And out of the gloom
Came forth the bright buds
In the rapture of bloom.

The almond-tree blossoms
~~The world to awake,~~
So sing ye glad poems
For sympathy's sake.
And every sweet flower
In thankfulness bring
To bloom on the shrine
Of the new-risen King.

HATTIE WHITNEY.

Easter Wooding's Dream.

An Easter Story.

Who has not heard of Devon County? Devon, bonnie Devon, with its almost Italian skies, its inky stretches of rolling sea, its crystal streams, its secret combes, through which the sea foam rushes white as carded wool, and those deep, winding lanes, almost overarched with honeysuckle and wild-brier, the delicious windings of which seemed designed by Cupid for his devotees alone.

Charles Kingsley tells how Grenvil, cousin of William the Conqueror, drew around him to these sequested spots his trusty Saxon serfs and free Norse rovers and dark Silurian Britons, whose mingled blood still gives to Devonians their brave men and beauteous women.

Certainly John Maddock and Esther Wooding fully sustained their native country's reputation. Sweethearts they had ever been since the day when they were, while still hand in hand, to the white home school-house on the hill above Bideford. And now John was first mate on an Indian ship, and he and Esther had met to bid farewell ere he sailed away on his long, perilous voyage.

It was the Easter Eve of 1832. Spring's sweet breath filled all that southern clime; and as the lovers nestled in one last, passionate embrace, Esther felt as she had never felt before—a strange reluctance to let her affianced one go.

"I know you will come back again, John; but do you know I have an oppressive dread of some foreboding evil?"

"Cheer up, my dearie, for come back I surely shall, and, maybe, with enough of this world's goods to settle our home in Bideford."

He kissed her with a caress which drew the whole soul through their lips and hurried to the distant street to catch the stage to Plymouth.

Across the heathery hills he rode, whence had flamed the beacon light that told of proud Spain's threat and challenge. But John Maddock dreamed that Easter Eve of love and peace, not war; of life yet to come, when he and Esther should walk its flowery pilgrimage together.

His ship, the Serapis, conveyed a British regiment to India. When he reached Plymouth the quaint old streets were filled with a crowd, gathered to see the redcoats pass to the beach.

"A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the bounding deep—"

So ran the refrain of the band, and the men strode lustily along, their steps and voices keeping time and tune.

The vessel sailed away amid women's sobs and men's hurrahs, and that Sunday morning they watched her drift until the highest peak faded against an unclouded sky and she disappeared below the dip of the sea.

The Serapis raced before the wind like a bird past the Gambian Coast and lay in the doldrums in the Gulf of Guinea, while soldiers sweltered and swore and sailors whistled for a breeze. They moved again, and when off Port Nolloth, South Africa, a great Atlantic gale struck her, and for two days they rode at the mercy of the elements. Crash went the foretopmast, then the bowsprit, and afterward a jury mast rigged by John Maddock and the gallant crew, who toiled in vain to save the ship.

The captain stood with John on the poop that night, and heard the distant breakers on the shore.

"No hope for her, Maddock," said he, sadly, with a shake of his gritsly head. "We have done all."

The remainder John never heard. Just then she struck. He was thrown clear of the poop, overboard. He looked around. There reared the stern almost perpendicularly. He had run into the lacce of a rock-riven chasm, which gripped her like a vice.

The mainmast snapped with a crack; the breakers lashed her sides; and, with a dull, one great wave flooded her waist.

Oh, that cry of despair, how it haunted John's ears! He caught a falling spar and floated clear of timbers and cordage.

The nose of the vessel was high up in the rocks, dotted here and there with black figures. They had nothing to hold to, and one after another fell into the seething caldron beneath into full twenty fathoms of foaming water, which dashed its spray upward until it sprinkled the feathery palms along the bank a hundred feet above.

"None can live in such a sea as this," muttered John to himself, clutching his spar the tighter.

On came another breaker as the line paps, and in its prey. The Serapis parted as if severed by a knife. She dived down, and the next wave rolled over her with a hissing surge of triumph. A great sea-chest floated out; he grasped it in the nick of time and spun out with it from the deadly embrasure which was the grave of the vessel.

How long John Maddock floated that horrible night he could not remember. The tide had set toward the shore again, and he neared a small inlet, where the current ran like a millrace. Dead bodies were strewn along the beach, and huge, lazy cormorants floated in the morning twilight above his head, looking like specter vampires.

He had almost reached the shore when a voice hailed him:

"Is it you, John Maddock?"

"Yes," replied John, feebly, for he was worn out. "Who are you?"

"Three of us, sailors all, sir. We managed to scramble on some rigging. Look out for sharks. They're having a fine time this morning," added the man, with a groan.

They dragged him from the chest, fainting with exposure and fatigue. There stood, or rather knelt, the four solitary survivors of the wreck of the Serapis."

"Men," saith John, when he had recovered somewhat, "let us thank God and commit our comrades to His mercy."

And he repeated the words of resurrection faith, mingled with thanks for their deliverance, with a fervor such as only men of their experience can appreciate.

The day had fully dawned. The castaways spent it in burying the dead and building a fire to dry their sodden garments.

"Keep a sharp lookout for a vessel, while I go and hoist a signal," said Maddock.

Hard by the sand stretch where they landed was a small cave in shaly rock. That night they slept there, barring its entrance with timbers. And here we must leave the four companions to go back to Devon once more.

The women left weeping on Plymouth shores were destined to weep again. The Serapis never reported at Calcutta and hope deferred made many loving hearts sick with apprehension. Easter of 1833 came, but with it came no joy, rather the confirmation of the worst fears.

The captain of a homeward-bound vessel had sighted some strict wreckage of an Indiaman. He brought the news to Plymouth, and the day afterward, just as the church bells summoned the worshipers to the joyful adoration of the Eastertide, all Bideford knew that Esther Wooding had lost her lover, that noble sweetheart. Many an eye was moist and many a heart hot as the thoughts of his kindness were recalled with gratitude and tears.

Meanwhile, poor Esther, sad with unutterable sorrow, wandered down to the bar and watched the smiling sea, so treacherous and calm, as though at any moment it may yield up her dead.

"Oh, John! My own John! Why had I not kept you here! I knew evil would befall you!"

So she moaned, while the man of the wind answered her across the rustling reeds of Bideford Pool.

"Really, darter, beent y'u grivin' tu much?" said her querulous and way-worn old father. "John Maddock is gone, sure enough, but don't maze yourself with moanin', child."

"Truth to tell, the old man had already found John's successor, did he dare but name him.

"I want tu see y'u in some good man's home before I die," he added, peering up into her face.

"Don't talk of dying, father, nor of my leaving you. I hope both are equally distant events," replied Esther, with her sad eyes looking surprisedly upon him.

The old man shuffled before that clear, melancholy gaze, and turned to some other subject of discussion.

Her womanly instincts had told her that Ralph Colwell loved her. Ralph was rich, and though of middle age, a man of goodly presence and fortune. He had watched Esther's winsome face and trim figure glide past his office and over the bridge with a sigh of reconciled disappointment. To him the prospect of having Esther as his wife was, indeed, a tempting one, for he loved her with the quiet, deep strength of a mature man, who had not hitherto known the love of woman.

Now Cora was not such as all supposed, and Ralph Colwell's aspirations revived. He had been her father's generous friend, but he never presumed upon it; and when the terrible rock of had lain beneath the waters of the African coast for over a twelve-month, he timidly and thoughtfully urged his suit upon Esther, only to be met with refusal.

But men of Ralph's temperament are not easily turned aside from their purposes, and he could afford to wait. Her father died in June of 1833, and the house was left unto her desolate, Ralph proved, lover, friend, philosopher and financial resource all in one. He never intruded his rejected suit. His constant love by thoughtful watching wise work the day without this.

"I have little to give you in return for your devotion, Mr. Colwell," said Esther, gently, "but I am deeply sensible of all your goodness to me and mine."

"I only ask you to let me love you until you can love me in return, Esther. Grant me your hand, and I shall be the happiest of men."

She did so, and the wedding was fixed to take place on March 27, 1834; Easter Sunday followed on the 30th. The idea that John could have survived never occurred to her. The thought was too painful to be thought, so unmistakably had the record of the vessel's loss been given. And yet Esther Wooding felt her depression in greater degree as her nuptials drew near.

The 24th of March came. She was sleeping alone in her father's and her own home. For none would have interferred with her in those quiet days of honest neighborhood. When she retired to rest a fierce storm tossed the branches of the trees before her window, and the thunder of the surf as it sent the pebbles flying up the beach was distinctly audible.

No wonder she dreamt of John! She saw the shutter of rock, her lover's form hurled from the poop, and the doomed vessel gorged to pieces on the shore. John's white face was distinctly visible, floating over bounding billows, and she woke in terror.

The next night her depression was deeper than before. And, stranger still, she dreamt of John again. But this time the storm had ceased, and there was a great calm. She could see the beach where her lover had landed in the night, he seemed to wave his neckerchief, her parting gift, as though signaling a passing ship. When morning's dewy light stole in through her casement, Esther arose, and felt that most unreasonably and yet effectually had her sorrow left her.

She reproached herself for this lightsome mind, but it was in vain she did so.

"Tomorrow is the wedding day," she murmured, with ashen lips.

The thought disturbed her as it had never done before. And that last night she lay down to sleep and dream again. This third time she stood on Plymouth Quay, and, from the spot where Drake and Hawkins played their game of bowls, she looked, with a crowd, at an incoming ship, which fired her gun and saluted the colors.

"What vessel is that?" asked Esther in her dream, of the harbor-master.

"The Serapis, miss," replied the young lady," he responded, gallantly doffing his glazed hat.

John, her John, the one she deemed dead and buried in the Atlantic off the African coast, stood on the stern and waved his handkerchief.

The dream ended, and Esther once more arose, to find herself humming a tune, the first thrill of her once merry voice for two years.

"But this is my wedding day!" And at the returning thought her face blanched and her music ceased. "Oh, I cannot go to the altar today!" declared she to herself. And through the early hours she stole quietly away, with a borrowed team, to Plymouth.

Why to Plymouth? Esther did not know, or said she did not. An indefinable motive power had led her away from her plighted word. And, surely enough, she was on the quay that afternoon, not in her dream, but in reality.

Now where was John? The reader knows more than Esther did as yet. John and his three companions had lain on the island for many long days and nights, watching for some passing vessel, hunting, fishing and cheering each other with words of hope.

The four survivors had need of patience, for more than one vessel bore down, but they did not see their frantic signaling, or, if they did, heeded it not.

At last the neckerchief which Esther had thrown around John Maddock's neck was floating to the breeze at the top of a lofty palm tree. A vessel bound for Australia caught sight of it shortly afterward and took the four mariners of the Serapis from their solitary state.

Then followed the voyage onward to Calcutta and John's immediate return on board the first packet leaving for England.

With this brief interlude, we can resume our place by Esther on the quay at Plymouth. She is being followed, but none had put an appearance from Bideford as yet. Westain, as was all nature, in the glory of the setting sun when the vessel she had seen in her dream!

She turned around. Was she dreaming again? There stood the harbor-master, glazed hat and all.

"What ship is that?" queried Esther, in a low, strained voice.

"The Vulture, Indiaman, young lady," he replied, and touched his hat.

"Why should he not? He did so last night," thought Esther. "Then John is on that ship," she said.

"John? Who's John?" queried the master.

Esther heeded not. She ran slongside the nearing vessel. A bronzed figure stood on the stern. It was John.

"I knew you would come,' she remarked, very quietly, five minutes later, and then fainted in his arms.

The next afternoon they were married. All Bideford gave him an Easter welcome; for was not this a resurrection of the dead? And Ralph Coldwell winced, but bore his trouble bravely, as he gave the bride away, saying:

"She is yours, John, but now her father is dead, I claim the right to stand in his place to you both."

Today the aged John and Esther Maddock live in the home left them by Ralph, and this Eastertide their grandchildren gather to listen to this, my story, told annually by their adored grandfather.

STRATEGY OF A GRIZZLY.

Rakes Corn Near the Barn and Then Pulls Chickens In.

Nat Wetzell, a St. Louis commission merchant, has a huge grizzly bear, caged behind strong iron bars in the rear part of his place of business. The bear was sent to him by some friends in the Sierras. Within a few days after the bear was imprisoned on the premises, Wetzell missed one and then another of his chickens. He had turned out to fatten on the scraps and refuse and for a time he was at a loss to know what was taking them off. When the number had increased to a point where patience ceases to be a virtue he set a watch for the miscreant, and in due time discovered that the big grizzly was devouring them as fast as he could lay paws on them. The brut's process of capturing the luckless chicks would do credit to certain classes of mammals that do not go about the earth on all fours, and when he discovered how the thing was done, Wetzell had a hearty laugh in spite of his loss.

Corn had been thrown into the bear's cage in great quantities. As it disappeared with due regularity, it was supposed that bruin was enjoying it immensely, but the shaggy-coated old fellow was wiser than his keepers knew. He learned by experience that he could get the raft. The ice at one was not strong enough to w Vest's weight and he was forced the line go. The raft was spl down the river at a fearful rat anxious owner running along keep up with it. Suddenly rimmed with ice appeared in the of the raft. In a moment the ra dived under the ice, the rider jumped for his life to the stro the cargo had spilled into the stream. The steers and test men sank, but the sacks of corn went floating down stream.

It was bitter cold, but the sh was desperate. Vest did not long upon what to do. He pl into an empty sack and pulled in the one at a time. He did this be run along and into the stream mile and a half. His clothes him, but he saved his eggs. H went back to his companions and t cannot go to the altar today!" de declared she to herself. And through the early hours she stole quietly away, with a borrowed team, to Plymouth.

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[illegible]

Charles [illegible] 1742 [illegible] Queen of a King's [illegible] The Tiger Tigress.

Nearly every man who has [illegible] of Dawson during the past [illegible] or more has had something [illegible] "frozen out" [illegible] at various points between [illegible] Summit and the Yukon river, along with one companion [illegible] dogs, pulling a cargo of [illegible] bound for the Klondike. Eg[illegible] son are worth $1 or more [illegible] this high price proved such [illegible] tive to a Portland man that [illegible] ed to freeze a lot of them [illegible] them in. The egg man has [illegible] source of no little amusement [illegible] Klondikers who have come [illegible] have frequently laughed at [illegible] hardy speculation and [illegible] his failure. He has been a [illegible] landmark, and one of the stock [illegible] tions which Klondikers have [illegible] each other here has been, "Wh[illegible] you meet the egg man?"

The egg man is in Seattle, [illegible] sold his eggs and returned [illegible] sack which many a Klondiker [illegible] well envy. His name is Charl[illegible] Vest left Portland last October [illegible] steamer Elder. Before leaving [illegible] tained 1,743 dozen eggs, the [illegible] packed them in cans holding [illegible] ion each, or six dozen. The ca[illegible] sealed, frozen and put on ice. [illegible] weighed 2,025 pounds in cold s[illegible]

With one man to look after [illegible] dogs Vest hurried the eggs up [illegible] Camp and buried them in the [illegible] He put four cans in a sack and [illegible] sack over the dogs' backs. Ea[illegible] carried twenty-eight pounds [illegible] way. The men walked [illegible] were piled on sleds, pulled [illegible] dogs, and the journey continue[illegible]

Several adventures befell Ve[illegible] his companion on the way. [illegible] cember 21st, they stopped at a [illegible] and bought supper and lodging [illegible] bought some moccasins of one [illegible] hosts. In the morning one can[illegible] eggs, now becoming more and [illegible] precious, was gone. Vest had [illegible] picions, but had no evidence. [illegible] ed his host about the missing c[illegible] got no satisfaction, although [illegible] picions were confirmed. There [illegible] others camping at the cabin and [illegible] these two or three days later Ve[illegible] tained corroborative evidence [illegible] the guilt of the suspect. The [illegible] ed him and took him before the [illegible] Confronted with the evidence [illegible] crime the fellow confessed. The [illegible] decreed that the man should be [illegible] ished by giving up his outfit [illegible] Vest got $185 per dozen for the [illegible] of eggs, or $1,110 in all.

At Thirty-mile river an adve[illegible] of a different sort overtook th[illegible] man. A raft was built to float [illegible] stream. Vest stayed on shore [illegible] the raft down and he remained [illegible] board the raft. The ice at one [illegible]

One Way to Bring Up Children.

"My way of bringing up my [illegible] dren was' not other people's way," [illegible] Elizabeth Cady Stanton said to a [illegible] other day. "We were on ter[illegible] greatest familiarity. I remembe[illegible] daughter Hattie, now Mrs. [illegible] wore a new dress and apron to [illegible] neighbors and then promptly fell [illegible] and tore them both. 'Now, wha[illegible] your mother do to you?' asked [illegible] neighbor much distressed. 'She [illegible] do anything, replied the child. [illegible] will probably say that I slept [illegible] that in the early history of m[illegible] body was primary and clothes [illegible] secondary.'"

In Earlier and Later Days.

[illegible] in Scotland [illegible] in Ireland

[illegible]

[illegible] Flotilla to Stay at Cape Verde For the Present.

[illegible] ASK CUBANS FOR ARMISTICE.

[illegible] Ships Reported In Bad Condi[illegible] The Carlos V Sails For Ferrol. [illegible] Suspects For Mediation—Naval [illegible] Reserves on Duty.

[illegible]SHINGTON, April 4.—The opinion [illegible] universally held in Washington [illegible] the civilized world and diplomats [illegible] and that the question of wh[illegible] war will be determined within [illegible] seven days. Senators and repre[illegible] have met and conferred all day [illegible] talk about the gravity of the sit[illegible] and at the White House the [illegible] met and conferred with several mem[illegible] of his cabinet and other confiden[illegible] advisers regarding the message [illegible] he is preparing to send to con[illegible] At the cabinet war and navy de[illegible] the active work was going on, [illegible] altogether it was a day of sus[illegible] and feeling. No absolute day has [illegible] yet announced when the message will be sent to congress. Possibly it [illegible] be sent tomorrow, but more prob[illegible] Wednesday or Thursday next. In addition to the physical work of [illegible] the comprehensive document in which the president expects to [illegible] America's case with the Spanish [illegible] are other reasons why those in [illegible] of the war preparations will [illegible] some every hour's delay. War [illegible] which we have ordered abroad is not shipped, and the factories in this [illegible] at work day and [illegible] making powder and projectiles [illegible] anxious for delay. Some of the [illegible] gines in Connecticut with contracts [illegible] telegraphed Representative Hitt [illegible] all the delay possible. They say [illegible] day now is precious.

[illegible] there is still a divergence of opinion [illegible] what the president will recom[illegible] in his message; indeed, there [illegible] to be still a question as to whether [illegible] friends, however, assert [illegible] cially that his recommendations [illegible] be specific and vigorous and such [illegible] his party and the country would [illegible] ingly follow where he points the [illegible] One of these men said tonight that [illegible] manifest in his strong desire for [illegible] ce and his earnest hope that war [illegible] ot possibly be avoided was indicative [illegible] what to the sentiment of the lead[illegible] of his party and the country. He [illegible] not given up hope yet that hostili[illegible] may be averted.

[illegible] here are those who believe the presi[illegible] has not yet made up his mind as [illegible] the exact course he will pursue, and [illegible] ere seems to be a question as to [illegible] either the consular reports and the [illegible] diplomatic correspondence are to be [illegible] mitted with the message. The sus[illegible] ce caused by the necessary delay in [illegible] preparation of the message is shared [illegible] ng upon members of both houses, [illegible] d the most universally discussed [illegible] ction in Washington is whether con[illegible] ess can be restrained until the presi[illegible] message is received.

[illegible] The Spanish minister has received a [illegible] tch from Havana stating that the [illegible] conomist cabinet there has resigned [illegible] ch appeal to the insurgents asking [illegible] arrange an armistice for the purpose [illegible] arriving at terms for peace. The full [illegible] t of the message could not be se[illegible] ed, as the minister was not made [illegible] the legation. The insurgents are ap[illegible] led to on the ground that they are [illegible] Cubans and should join in the negotiations which all want. The appeal [illegible] states that Spain is willing to en[illegible] the present scope of autonomy [illegible] will suggest such a plan to the [illegible] cts, which is soon to be met.

[illegible] The prospect of European mediation [illegible] e aroused the keenest interest [illegible] throughout diplomatic circles here, and [illegible] ough inquiry at the leading embas[illegible] and legations failed to disclose that [illegible] y actual move had been made, yet [illegible] y a move is anticipated almost any [illegible] ay, and when taken it is felt that it [illegible] ll be an important factor in the situ[illegible] tion. It has been expected that France [illegible] would be the first to act by a tender [illegible] f good offices. Up to last night, however, the French ambassador, M. Cambon, had received no instructions in this [illegible] ct, and the general impression [illegible] s that lack of definite action, in British, [illegible] man and other diplomatic quarters.

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[illegible] It is probable that negotiations will [illegible] ed by this government such [illegible] as have taken place in Europe [illegible] over the French occupation of the island of Ba[illegible] the Spanish-American war. This [illegible] not given up hope yet that hostili[illegible] may be averted.

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[illegible]

[illegible] Were Sent From Virginia [illegible] Are Fired.

MADRID, April 4.—In response to a request General Stewart L. Woodford, the United States minister, has made the following statement:

"As representative of my diplomatic position absolutely forbid my granting an interview or giving the slightest intimation as to the present condition of diplomatic negotiations intrusted to my care. I came to Spain under instructions from President McKinley to secure peace in Cuba, with a permanent peace between the United States and Spain, a peace that should be built upon bedrock conditions—conditions of justice to Cuba, which assured protection to the great American interests in that island.

"I have labored steadily to obtain this result. I have never lost my faith, and, doubtful as conditions may seem today, I still believe these great and good purposes of my president may yet be secured. I shall not desist from my labors for a just and honorable peace until the guns actually open fire, and my faith is still strong that war with all its horrors can be avoided.

"Enough blood has been shed in Cuba already, and I cannot believe that the closing hours of the nineteenth century will be marked by war between Spain and the United States. My country asks 'for peace based upon conditions that shall make peace permanent and beneficent, and I have faith that Spain will yet do what is necessary to assure justice for Cuba. And with justice, peace is certain."

AT THE CAPITAL.

Officers at Sea at in the Movements of the Spanish Torpedo Flotilla.

WASHINGTON, April 4.—There was comparative quiet about the White House and the department of state. The President of the cabinet did not call on the president during the early part of the day, nor did they visit the departments. The White House was quiet to the usual state of Sunday quietude, Assistant Secretary Day being the only foreenoon caller. Secretary Long did not visit the navy department, but his mail was left at his residence. Assistant Secretary Roosevelt was at the department for a short time attending to correspondence. A number of naval officers and clerks were at their desks, principally those who have charge of active operations and the preparations that are progressing for equipping and supplying the navy.

The naval officers read with interest and discussed a Madrid bulletin regarding the movements of Spanish ships and the torpedo flotilla. It was said that the flotilla perhaps had encountered bad weather if it had attempted to sail direct from Cape Verde and might have been driven to the Verde islands. It was also said that experienced navigators were of opinion that the flotilla had taken the course it had in order to avoid adverse winds and find a better course by way of the Verde islands than by taking a direct route. This would enable coal, as sail power could be used to advantage. Some naval officers were of opinion that they could not trust wholly to Madrid information concerning the movements of Spanish war vessels at present, and especially if the Spanish admiralty thought advantage would be gained by misleading the American navy department.

COLWELL BUYS A SHIP.

English Sailors Cheer as the Stars and Stripes Are Raised on It.

LONDON, April 4.—A cruiser which Lieutenant Commander Colwell, the United States naval attache here, has just purchased from the Thames Iron works and over which he has hoisted the stars and stripes, was built by the Thames Iron works for Peru. It was finished during the war between Peru and Chile and the British government would not permit it to leave on account of the neutrality law.

The cruiser will coal and provision at once and sail tomorrow. Lieutenant Commander Colwell will assume the command of his crew tomorrow, having filed the application of American seamen, many of whom have applied at the United States embassy and consulate for service on board. The men are decided who will man the ship, but possibly Lieutenant John J. Knapp will take command. He is expected here today or tomorrow. The torpedo boat recently purchased for the United States government at the Schichau yards, where she was built for Germany. Lieutenant Commander Colwell says American naval officers will be surprised to see how good a ship the new acquisition is. He is anxious to be transferred to active service on shipboard in the event of war