JOHN M. MORRIS, H. SEYMOUR GEORGE, } EDITORS AND PROPS.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27, 1898.

More than seventy-five per cent. of the population of Spain live on farms.

Says the Philadelphia Press: "What a wonderful romance is wrapped up in the life story of the late Blanche K. Bruce! From slave to statesman. From the shadow of the auction block to the fierce light of a public career; from obscurity to the representative of a race. The colored man need not go outside his own racial environment for inspiration to a great and useful career. As Booker T. Washington has said, the ultimate fate of the colored man lies largely in his own hands."

"Just come aboard from the Maine, sir!" was the simple formula by which Master-at-Arms Load announced to the officer of the deck of the receiving ship Vermont, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, his own arrival and that of four of his shipmates who had escaped from the wreck of the Maine in Havana harbor. Men of action are men of few words. Sailors are generally tender-hearted men, but in the navy little time is expended on outward expression of sentiment. Reports are brief and orders are stern. It is a hard, though not necessarily a hardening, life.

While much is said from time to time of our trade relations with Great Britain, Russia, Germany and other European Powers, but little is said of our trade relations with Switzerland; and yet, according to the Atlanta Constitution, we yearly import from this little republic goods amounting in value to several millions of dollars. Last year our imports from Switzerland aggregated $13,169,040. But what does this little country produce that, in spite of our abundant resources, we find it necessary to spend so much money in that market? The answer to this question is found in the following table:

Articles.	Amount.
Silk and silk goods	$3,628,179
Cotton and woolen tissues	730,355
Laces and embroideries	5,222,673
Straw goods	398,395
Clocks and watches	828,005
Music boxes	93,216
Cheese	745,337
Leather goods	37,437
Aniline colors	646,781
All other articles	860,672
Total	$13,169,040

Is there not a valuable lesson for us in the foregoing table? If little Switzerland, with its sterile rocks and restricted environment can furnish the United States alone with products aggregating in value high up into the millions, ought there to be any limit to our own possibilities?

The United States Agricultural Department has recently sent out some interesting figures bearing upon last year's cotton crop. These figures show that the entire acreage allotted to the cotton crop aggregated 23,273,209 acres, and that the crop itself aggregated 8,582,705 bales, or .37 of a bale to each acre. The acreage of last year's cotton crop is distributed among the various States in the following manner, the percentages being used instead of the exact figures:

Texas	24.877
Georgia	15.527
Mississippi	14.076
South Carolina	10.974
Alabama	9.771
Arkansas	7.097
Louisiana	6.647
North Carolina	6.139
Tennessee	2.774
Indian Territory	1.027
Florida	.571
Oklahoma	.413
Missouri	.232
Virginia	.133
Kentucky	.004
Utah	.001
Kansas	.007

From the foregoing table it appears that Georgia is accredited with 24.877 per cent. of the entire acreage devoted to cotton last year, and that she ranks in the list second only to Texas. In the quantity of cotton actually produced, Georgia also ranks second. With respect to sea island cotton, however, she ranks first. Of sea island cotton Georgia last year produced 64,[illegible] bales, Florida 26,431, South Carolina [illegible] bales and Texas 2500 bales.

Aboard the Silver Star.

One rainy night, about half past 8 o'clock, the train had dashed into McKibben's Corners, and the mail had been delivered at the store and post office.

John Fairjohn, the postmaster, had opened the bag and counted the letters. There were, as he made it out, just ten and one was larger than the others and had a red seal; and then he had found that he had left his glasses on the newspaper in the back room, and without his glasses he could not read a line; and so, of course, he had gone after them, returning to find two persons in the store—Farmer Roper and Squire McSphynx, whose ancestors had given name to the place.

"Wet, ain't it?" said Mr. Fairjohn, nodding.

"Wet, or not our folks ain't going to do without their groceries, you see," said the squire. "Mail's in, I see. That train came near running into my truck, too. Wasn't noticing the flag, and drove across just in time to save myself. Any letters for me?"

"I'll see," said Mr. Fairjohn.

He turned to the little pile of envelopes and letters and then over in his hand like a pack of cards.

"Why, there's only nine," he said. "I'm sure I counted right. I counted ten, and I thought one had a red seal. I might as well give up keeping the office if I'm going to lose my senses like that. Leastways I'm sure one was here while I was gone, was there, squire?"

"Only Roper and I," said the squire, "and Roper's son. But he didn't come in, did he?"

"No," said old Roper. "I don't think Job came in at all. He just went on somewhere."

"Well," said the postmaster, after another search, "well, I must be mistaken. Yes, there is a letter for you—your folks, anyway—and something for you, Mr. Roper. And I suppose you wouldn't mind tossing that in at the Smiths' as you pass."

"Oh! no," said Farmer Roper. "Give it to me. That's from Smith that's clerking it to New York, I reckon. Can't get any of 'em to stay and farm."

"Your son Job did," said the squire.

"Oh! my son Job. He'd try the patience of his namesake," said Farmer Roper. "My son Job! Bah—"

Just at this moment the door of the store opened and there entered at it a little woman, dressed in a cheap cotton dress and wrapped in a thin and faded shawl.

She looked timidly about the store, still more timidly at the heap of letters, and then in an appealing voice, like that of a frightened child, said:

"Mr. Fairjohn, is there any letter for me this time?"

The postmaster, who was a little deaf, had turned his head away and did not know that she had entered, and she came closer to the counter and to the light upon it before she spoke a little sharply, waited a little longer and her face had signs of grief written upon it, but she was not either old or ugly yet, and there was something in the damp curls clustering under the faded calico hood, and in the little round dimpled chin, absolutely childlike, even yet.

"Is there any letters for me this time, Mr. Fairjohn?" she said again; and this time the postmaster looked up.

"No, there ain't; and you're a fool for taking such a walk to ask," said he, with rough kindness. Wouldn't I have sent it if it had a come, Mrs. Lester?"

"Well, you see, I left in a hurry to get it," said she. "You can't blame me for being in a hurry; it's so long."

"That's true," said the postmaster. "Well, better luck next time. But why don't you wait? Mr. McKibben will take you over when he goes. He passes your corner."

"Yes, wait, Mrs. Lester," cried Mr. McKibben. "I'll take ye, and welcome."

But she had answered:

"Thank you. I don't mind walking," and was gone.

"Keeps it up, don't she?" asked the postmaster.

"It's a shame," said Mr. McKibben. "How many years is it now since Lester went off?"

"Five," said the postmaster. "I know, for it was the day I came here. She was as pretty a woman as you'd want to see then, wasn't she?"

"Well, yes," said Mr. McKibben.

"Sailed in the Sphynx," said the postmaster. "And we all know that the Sphynx went down in that voyage, all hands along with her. The rest of the women put on widow's weeds, them that lost husbands—four in this town itself. They took what the Almighty sent and didn't rebel. She set up that her husband wasn't dead, and she would come back. She's kept it up ever since; come for his letters regular; and he was drowned along with all the rest, of coure, ten years ago. She must be 30. Well, she's changed a good deal in that time."

"Yes," said the other old man; "but there's her son Job, wild over her yet. He's offered himself twice. He stands ready to offer himself again any day—ready to be a father to her boy and a good husband to her. He's better off than I be. His mother's father left him a little bad. He's crazy, is Job—crazy, I say. Plenty of pretty gals and healthy, smart widows; and he sees no one but that pale, slim, little thing that's just going out into the mud; and she—why, of course she's lost her senses or she'd have him. Works like a horse to keep herself and the child, lives in a rickety shanty, waits and waiting for a drowned man to come back again. Why, every one knows Charlie Lester was drowned in the Sphynx. There wasn't a soul saved, not one. It was in the papers. Now, if he bottle was found with a letter in it, writ by some one just before the ship sunk. And she's waitin' for him yet!"

"Crazy on that point," said the postmaster. "Well, poor soul, she'd only been married a week when the Sphynx sailed; that makes a difference."

"Oh, yes," said the farmer.

Then, the letters being ready, they went out to their wagons, and Mr. Fairjohn, having stared out into the rainy night awhile, put up his shutters and went to bed. Meanwhile the woman plodded on through the mud. "Walking off her disappointment," she said to herself. It was one she should have been used to, and now the absurdity of it seemed to strike her for the first time in all these years.

"They laugh at me," she muttered to herself. "I know they laugh at me. Perhaps I am mad; but they don't know what love is. Charlie wouldn't have left me like that. If he had died he would have given me some sign; and yet—yet, if he were alive, it would be stranger still. No, no; they are right—I am wrong. He must be dead."

And as though the news had just been whispered to her, she clasped her hands to her forehead, gave a cry, and sank down on her knees in the road.

She knelt there a few moments and then arose. In this little interval the wind had blown the clouds from the sky, and the moonlight lay white upon the path, and lit her on her way to her poor home.

There at the door sat a man, a strong, determined looking fellow, who arose as she approached and held out his hand.

"Here you come," he said, "tired to death. Jessie Lester, can't you give up this nonsense and think of the living a little. Think of me, Jessie, for half an hour."

"I do think of you," she said. "I'm very sorry you should be so good to me when I must seem so bad to you."

Then she sat down on the porch and took her little hood off, and leaned her head wearily against the wall of the house; and the man arose and crossed over and sat down beside her.

"Give it a sober resting place, Jessie," he said, "here on my heart."

She looked out into the night, not at him, as he spoke.

"Job," she said, "I begin to think you are right, that he went down in the Sphynx with the rest, ten years ago. But what good would I do you? What do you want to marry me for?"

The man drew closer as he answered.

"Before you married Charles Lester I loved you. All these ten years since that vessel went down in mid ocean, I've loved you. A man must have the woman he loves if he gives his soul for her."

"What a horrible thing!" said she.

"His soul?"

"I should have said his life," said Job. "I don't want to shock you. But you don't know what it would be to me to have you. And then I'd do everything for your boy."

"Yes," she answered. "I know you would."

There was a pause. Then she gave him her hand.

"Job," she said, softly, "I shall pr[illegible]

[illegible] said anything [illegible] I've been crazy all this time, and you want me for may have [illegible] very good of you to love me so."

And thus it seemed to have ended that ten years' watching and waiting and there was triumph in Job's eyes as he turned away and left her with his first kiss upon her lips. But at the end of the green lane he paused and looked back.

"I told her the truth," he said, "when I said that when a man loved a woman as I love Jessie, he must have her, if the price were his soul itself."

And then he drew from his breast a letter with a great red seal upon it, looked at it for a moment, and hid it away again.

Married? Yes, they were to be married. Every one at McKibben's Corners knew that now. Jessie Lester went no more to the post office for her long expected letter. Job was furnishing his house—had furnished it, for on the morrow the wedding was to take place. And it was night again. A month from that night, Jessie should come for the last time, as every one thought, through rain and mud, to make her sadly foolish query, she was sensible at last—very sensible. She had chosen the substance instead of the shadow.

And now, as we said, it was night, and a wetter one than the other—later, too, for Mr. Fairjohn had closed the store, and was compounding himself what he called a "nightcap," of warm water, lemons and sugar, and was supping it by the stove, when there came upon his door a feeble knock, and when, being repeated, he heard it, there staggered out of the rain a dripping figure—that of Jessie Lester, the bride who was to be on the morrow.

She was trembling with cold, and as he led her to the fire she burst into a flood of tears.

"I'm frightened," she said. "Some one followed me all the way. I heard them."

"You've no business to be out alone at night," said old Fairjohn, bluntly. "And what's the matter?"

She looked up at him piteously.

"I thought there could be a letter," said she. "I dreamt there was one. I thought Charlie came to me and said: Go to the office once more. I have written, I have written,' And I thought I saw a letter with a red seal."

"So did I," muttered old Fairjohn to himself.

He went to the box where the letters were kept, and brought them to her in his hand.

"Look for yourself," he said. "And now, Mrs. Lester, I'm an old man. Take my advice. Remember what your duty will be after tomorrow. Remember not to go crazy. Ten years have gone since your husband left this place. If he's alive he's a rascal, and you are free of him by law; but we all know that every man on board the Sphynx was drowned. So be a good wife to Job Roper and forget this folly. I'll take you home again this time. Don't come again."

"I seemed to know it had a red seal."

And as she spoke, old Fairjohn, glancing at the door, saw a dark shadow there; saw it grow darker, saw it enter, and, starting up on his defense, if need was, recognized Job Roper

He was very pale, and he took no notice of Fairjohn, but, crossing the store, stood beside Jessie Lester.

"You love that man best, even now," he said. "You'd rather have found a letter from him than not, though tomorrow is our wedding-day."

She looked up into his face with a piteous glance.

"I never lied to you, Job," said she. "You know that."

He grew whiter still.

"I told you a man would lose his soul for such love as mine," said he. "Did you think those were idle words?"

"I had as plunged his hand into his bosom and the next instant a letter, with a red seal, lay in Jessie's lap.

"I've made you happy, and now I'll go," he said. "Fairjohn, I stole that letter a month ago off the counter yonder. I knew who wrote it at a glance," and then the door clanged behind him and he was gone.

But Jessie had torn open the letter and never looked after him.

And these were the words she read, old Fairjohn read over her shoulder:

"Aboard the Silver Star.

"Jessie, darling: I don't know what makes me believe that I shall find you mine still, after all these years; but something does.

"Five of us were cast on a desert island when the Sphynx went down. The two yet alive were taken off one day in six months, and there she'll set an' setan' set, doin' absolutely nothin' for hours an' hours day after day! 'Fon my soul, I s'hd think she'd mildew!"

A SERIOUS QUESTION.

Higgins—My wife always let me have my own way in everything, and she never does anything herself without asking my advice.

Jasper—Goodness, that must be awkward! Whom do you blame it on when things turn out wrong?

CHECKED.

Hobson—Paderewski was drowned. Did you hear it?

[illegible] Comic Papers

HIS LACK OF FAITH.

The weather man predicts "fair."
But when he strolled out, by and by,
He took his mackintosh along—
How can he tell us why?

AN INDICATION.

She.—Has he distinguished himself in any way?

He.—I judge from his distingue air that he has not.

HARD LUCK.

"Victim of hard luck, of course?" asked the sarcastic citizen.

"In every shape and form," answered Dismal Dawson. "W'y, my friend, I never git out of jail but what the weather turns cold er begins to rain."

COULDN'T FIND THE POCKET.

"Baffled!" muttered the great detective.

He threw his wife's dress to the floor and strode gloomily from the room.

HIS WHEEL WAS FIRST.

"What was your first thought?" she asked, as she seated herself beside his cot, "after you realized that you had lost your foot?"

He replied: "I thought, 'Well, this is a fine fix, I'm in! I'll not be able to ride the bike any more."

THE LIMIT.

Impassioned Lover.—Tell me, my angel, what to do to prove my love? Oh! that I might, like some knight of old, battle for you, die for you.

Sweet Girl.—I wish you would give up smoking.

Impassioned Lover.—Oh! come, now, that's asking too much!

A FABLE.

Once upon a time the Horse fell into a reminiscent mood.

"Yes," he mused, "it is quite true that my hair turned white in the space of a few minutes."

"From fright," asked the other beasts, much interested.

"Well," replied the Horse, "you see the girl who was driving me got red-headed all of a sudden."

AN ECCENTRIC MAN.

Hicks—Isn't your friend Squeezicks rather eccentric?

Wicks—Eccentric? There never was so odd a creature in the world. Why, actually when he makes a speech he always begins with the peroration and finishes with the exordium.

A RUSE.

Dick—Yes, you see, I'm in no end of a fix, I would never have proposed if I'd had the least idea that she would accept me, but she did.

Jack—Well, propose again, as if you had forgotten. That ought to make her angry enough to refuse you.

ONE OF MANY MARTYRS.

"I wish it wasn't the style for a man of business to dictate his letters to a stenographer and typewriter," the head of the great dry goods firm muttered to himself. "I could write half a dozen letters with my own hand while I'm dictating one."

And then he called his stenographer and hummed and hawed for fifteen minutes over an answer to a correspondent in one of the interior counties who had written to inquire if the great merchant thought war would make any increase in the demand for horse blankets.

A CONDITION EXPLAINED.

"Yes," said the man who is generally to be found with his feet on a desk, "there's no doubt about it; collections are terribly hard."

"Do you speak from personal experience?" inquired the friend.

"Certainly. I haven't been able to collect a dollar for three weeks."

"Have you tried?"

"No; I knew it was of no use. That is—er—well, to tell the truth, I haven't been feeling much like work lately, and when I come to think of it, there isn't any one who owes me a dollar."

THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

Gus Borem—"My father made a great point of teaching us to leave the room gracefully."

His Victim—"Oh, I wish you'd do it now. I should so like to see you."

A POSSIBILITY.

Old Nancy Doane was noted for the striking originality of some of her expressions. One day she was talking about the utter inanity of another old woman in the neighborhood, and she said:

"I never see her but I She'll lop down in a corner, an' there she'll set an' setan' set, doin' absolutely nothin' for hours an' hours day after day! 'Fon my soul, I s'hd think she'd mildew!"

A SERIOUS QUESTION.

Higgins—My wife always let me have my own way in everything, and she never does anything herself without asking my advice.

Jasper—Goodness, that must be awkward! Whom do you blame it on when things turn out wrong?

CHECKED.

Hobson—Paderewski was drowned. Did you hear it?

[illegible] Chronicle.

[illegible] mistaken. And was simple [illegible] OWN music.

[illegible] Two souls with but a thought' refers to the couple [illegible] marriage, does it not?

He—Not always. They often [illegible] that both have made fools of themselves after marriage.

UNDECIPHERABLE.

Eminent Egyptologist—Have you deciphered that rare document found in the pyramid?

Associate—No; it will never be deciphered, but we know what it is. It's a doctor's prescription, evidently dropped by an American tourist.

A DIPLOMATIC QUERY.

"Are we very much interested in this matter?" inquired the European monarch.

"Somewhat," replied the Minister.

"That doesn't answer my purpose with sufficient accuracy. What I want to know is whether we are sufficiently interested to warrant our offering 'disinterested remarks.'"

Warned Gould of the Cost.

Paul Gore, now clerk at the Astorian Annex, was room clerk at the Grand Pacific for several years. He has a story in connection with Jay Gould's first visit to Chicago. Mr. Gould registered at the Grand Pacific, was standing in the lobby with hands in his coat pockets, looking like a countryman for the first time.

The little millionaire approached P. Vidal, who was clerk at the hotel and modestly asked him what would be the best way for him to go to Lincoln Park. Vidal, not knowing who Gould was, gave him the necessary instruction by street cars, etc. Gould heard him through and then said: "I could I not go in a carriage?"

"Yes, you can; but it is a little pensive," said Vidal.

"Well, as this is my first visit, I think I will try to stand the expense."

"All right, but to whom shall I charge the carriage?" asked the clerk.

"To Jay Gould," came the quiet answer. Vidal almost fell to the floor but Gould got the carriage.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Where Patti Found Rest.

"The Castle of Silence" is the graphic description given of the home of Mme. Patti and her husband, the Marquis Signor Nicolini, at Craig-y-Nos, by a correspondent of a Vienna paper who was a friend of the twain.

"The noise, crush and crowding which they were inevitably subjected to in connection with the great tours of the songstress led them to love silence for its own sake when they were at home. The silence of Craig-y-Nos was almost perpetual. Neither of the pair ever sang except for about four days preceding one of Adelina Patti's grand concerts, and then spent the whole day in practice. The only disturbance in the silence was in the evening, when the immense and costly orchestrion, a thing unique in its kind, would grind out mechanically waltz after waltz while Patti and Nicolini sat placidly listening.

Patti and Nicolini never sat down to dinner, even when alone, except in full dress; and Patti had 692 toilets.—London Morning Ledger.

Liquid Air.

Some curious experiments with liquid air were recently made by Professor Dewar at the University of Cambridge, a couple of gallons of the substance having been despatched from this city to him in a milk can. The method of manufacturing liquid air is described as the compressing of ordinary air to 2,000 pounds per square inch, and cooling it in a coil and allowing it to expand, thus producing a temperature of 312 degrees, Fahr., at which temperature air is a liquid at atmospheric pressure. The experiments included making the liquid boil by dropping a frozen egg in it; the substance also boiled when bits of platinum, copper and rubber were introduced. When removed, the tin and rubber were found to be as brittle as glass, but the other minerals were not in the least affected.

Lost on the Atlantic.

From March, 1840, until March, 1893, 123 transiantic vessels—steamships plying between Europe and America only—were lost en route, and as a direct result of the loss of these vessels 6,389 lives were lost. The estimate of lives lost from various other causes is 000. The number of steamships never heard from after leaving port was seventeen. The number burned was nine, and the number foundered was twelve. The other wrecks were caused by collisions, being washed ashore, collision with icebergs, etc. From March, 1893, to the beginning of the present year the loss of life on the Atlantic has been much less than in former years, though one or two large steamers have had serious mishaps, and one—the Boston—was never heard from.—San Francisco Chronicle.

[illegible]ES CAPT[illegible]

Spanish Merchant Ves[illegible] Are Now Held at Key West.

[illegible]BLOCKADE ESTABLISHED.

[illegible]essel Has Yet Passed Through Our Lines.

[illegible]RAL SAMPSON'S FIRST SALUTE

[illegible] Fire Fifteen Shots In [illegible] of the Fleet's Commander. [illegible] Officially Declared War. Attitude Toward Neutrals.

[illegible] WEST, April 25.—The capture of [illegible] Spanish steamer Pedro and the in[illegible] attending on the squadron's appe[illegible] before Havana, already reported in these dispatches, form [illegible] exactly interesting initial chapter [illegible] history of the war.

[illegible] of 6:20 p. m. Saturday, when Ha[illegible] was 15 miles distant, the squad[illegible] signaled into battle formation [illegible] single column, the New York being [illegible] flagship and the Cincinnati leading [illegible] cruisers and gunboats.

[illegible] as the evolution was completed [illegible] drawing signal was hoisted on the [illegible]

[illegible] regard movements of commander [illegible]

[illegible] simultaneously Captain Chadwick sent [illegible] Engineer C. J. McConnell this [illegible]

[illegible] up all the steam you can. A [illegible] has been hitherto used, and the ad[illegible] close to capture her."

[illegible] few moments later smoke was [illegible] from all three of the flag [illegible] funnels, and she stood away to [illegible] northeast.

[illegible] squadron, led by the Iowa, con[illegible] on its course, heading in a south[illegible] direction. The New York was [illegible] the flagship church through [illegible] the distance, close under the [illegible] covered hills of Cuba, midway be[illegible] Havana and Matanzas, could be [illegible] the outlines of a large steamer [illegible] to the eastward.

[illegible] the officers and crew of the New [illegible] gathered on her deck eagerly [illegible] the flagship church through [illegible] Morning white at her stern, [illegible] making 18 knots. The admiral [illegible] the forward bridge.

[illegible] New York gained rapidly on the [illegible] to the great delight of all on [illegible] the cruiser.

[illegible] evident that the latter would [illegible] the stern chase quickly.

[illegible] crew of the New York by this [illegible] were at their stations, and the [illegible] were loaded and trained. Then [illegible] flag was seen flying at the [illegible] gaff.

[illegible] of delight went up from the [illegible] on board the New York.

[illegible] evident that the Spaniard was [illegible] her best to get away from the [illegible] and was heading in nearer and [illegible] to the shore, hoping to find safe [illegible] shallow water, where the warship [illegible] not dare to follow her.

[illegible] the Spaniard was about three [illegible] from the shore and about a mile [illegible] the New York, on a line from [illegible] lighter's forward turret belched out [illegible] of fire, accompanied by a [illegible] report.

[illegible] not only meant as a warning shot, [illegible] steel projectile went ricochetting [illegible] the water in dangerous proximity [illegible] fleeing merchantman.

[illegible] of the report had hardly [illegible] among Cuba's hills when the [illegible] had move to.

[illegible] ten minutes later the New [illegible] near her.

[illegible] distance a few lonely looking [illegible] could be seen perching on a wild [illegible] beach.

[illegible] crew, commanded by Lieu[illegible] E. E. Capehart, and composed [illegible] Engineer Neall, four ma[illegible] and a boat's crew, all well armed, [illegible] lowered over the side of the [illegible], and, amid exultant cheers from [illegible] comrades on board of the New [illegible] they pulled over to the Spaniard, [illegible] moved to be the Pedro of Bilbao, [illegible] print prize.

[illegible] flagship and her prize were al[illegible] Morro castle at about 7 p. m. [illegible] 3½ miles off shore. The harbor [illegible] of Havana could be plainly [illegible] from the decks of the flagship, [illegible] during the afternoon had been [illegible] for action, and shortly before [illegible] Ensign Bunby joined Lieutenant [illegible] Chadwick on board the Pedro, and [illegible] sailed for Key West without [illegible] at 8 p. m.

[illegible]PTER TAKES A PRIZE.

[illegible] Boat Captures a Spanish Ship Loaded With Rum.

[illegible] WEST, April 25.—Shortly before [illegible] yesterday the torpedo boat Porter [illegible] the Spanish coasting schooner [illegible], while the Dauntless towed [illegible] West last night.

[illegible] New York, with the torpedo boat [illegible] in close attendance, was lying [illegible] 12 to 15 miles off Havana, [illegible] the smoke of a steamer was seen [illegible] miles to the southwest. The Dauntless and the Porter started for her [illegible] Porter steaming ahead [illegible] and, that she was the Italian [illegible] Giovanni Bausan, bound [illegible] The Italian ran the Ameri[illegible] blockade [illegible] Porter [illegible] assistance [illegible] captured [illegible] for the [illegible] Hampton [illegible]

[illegible]WOMAN TO THE VIRGIN QUEEN.

[illegible] Spanish Merchantman Cap[illegible] tured by the Nashville.

[illegible] Spaniards Welcomed [illegible] With a Few.

[illegible] Rear Admiral Sampson's Fleet Fires Fifteen Shots in Honor of Its Commander.

[illegible] Blockade Established Yesterday—Vessel Captured Yesterday Is Not Yet Heard From—Attitude Toward Neutrals.

[illegible] Cuban Coast Guarded by Our Ships—Spanish Merchantman Captured by the Nashville—Spaniards Welcomed With a Few Shots.

[illegible] Cuban Coast Guarded by Our Ships—Spanish Merchantman Captured by the Nashville—Spaniards Welcomed With a Few Shots.

[illegible] Rear Admiral Sampson's Fleet Fires Fifteen Shots in Honor of Its Commander.

[illegible] Blockade Established Yesterday—Vessel Captured Yesterday Is Not Yet Heard From—Attitude Toward Neutrals