

DOUBT OUR INTENTION.

ports of Contemplated American Invasion of Spanish Ports Discredited at Madrid.

Madrid, June 29.—The Spanish officials here assert that there will be no difficulty in Admiral Camara traversing the Suez canal, as the accompanying transports, they add, have all the coal squadrons required. It is believed here that the Spanish ships will enter the canal Tuesday.

The Spanish government does not admit the report that an American squadron is to visit Spanish waters, but the ministers say they have taken all possible precautions, that the ports are ready and that 26,000 men who have been called to the colors will be distributed among the principal Atlantic and Mediterranean ports of Spain.

Madrid, June 29.—Aguinado, the insurgent leader, it is announced from Manila officially, has called upon Capt. August to surrender, but the latter refused, saying he was "resolved to maintain the sovereignty of Spain and the honor of the flag to the last extremity."

Madrid, June 29.—Capt. Gen. Auñón cables from Manila under date of June 23 that he continues to maintain his position, though the enemy is increasing in numbers, while the operations are inundating the entrenchments and desertions of native soldiers are increasing.

It is estimated that the insurgents number 30,000 armed with rifles and 4,000 armed with swords, etc. Auñón has over 1,000 sick and 200 wounded.

The citadel has been invaded by the urban inhabitants, who have abandoned their homes owing to the barbarity of the rebels. Those inhabitants constitute an embarrassment, aggravating the situation, in view of the bombardment, which, however, is not seriously apprehended for the moment.

Capt. Gen. August's family is still in the hands of the insurgents. General Auñón, with a thousand soldiers, has rendered. His soldiers, most of whom are natives, joined the insurgents. A majority of the detachments on the island of Luzon have surrendered, owing to their lack of food, though some succeeded in escaping.

Washington, June 29.—The O'Higgins was not sold to Spain, and positive information has reached here that Chile will not sell the ship to any government.

Washington, June 29.—The understanding at the war department is that the total number of regulars and volunteers which will be dispatched to Manila in command of Maj. Gen. Merritt will approximate 21,000 men. Of these 10,000 already have left San Francisco in three separate expeditions.

San Francisco, June 29.—Gen. Merritt expects to take possession of the Philippines peacefully. Should resistance be offered, however, he will be fully prepared to use force and plenty of it. He will discuss the matter with the president at Manila, and the two will act in concert in whatever move is made. It is understood that the Filipinos may not misunderstand his motives and intentions, which is printed in Spanish. Thousands of copies will be posted in the islands, and there is no chance for anyone here to fail to grasp what is meant by the document. The chief points are the announcement that the United States, presented by Gen. Merritt, has assumed a provisional government in the islands; that his authority is supreme; that no oppression is intended; that liberty will be allowed every inhabitant in far as it can go without conflicting with law and order, and that, above all things, the freedom of the people is desired, the ultimate aim being their release from Spanish bondage.

London, June 29.—A dispatch to the Daily Telegraph from Manila says: The bombardment is exciting deep irritation in the American fleet. Admiral Dewey intends to demand a capitulation of the instant reinforcements arrive. He told Prince Henry of Prussia that he would be glad to see the German officers at Manila, but it would be well to caution them to keep out of the American line of fire. It remains to be seen whether Germany has really given such promises as are pretended.

London, June 29.—The Evening News publishes a long dispatch from Manila covering the points already brought to the press. It emphasizes the wrong anti-British feeling which has sprung up at the capital of the Philippine islands and refers to the necessity of sending more British ships there, and the conviction of the Spaniards that Germany is going to help them.

EARTHQUAKE IN ITALY.

vere Shocks Are Reported in Various Sections—A Number of Persons Killed.

Rome, June 29.—An earthquake shock was felt Monday night around Aquila, capital of the province of that name, 100 miles northeast of this city, and along the Apennine valley. A number of houses collapsed, one person was killed and seven others were injured. In the province of Santa Rufina, near Aquila, a number of houses fell and several persons were killed by a shock which occurred at the village of Capolice.

FREEDOM'S GLORIOUS DAY



FROM where the stately pines of Maine Their crests lift to the sky To where the blossoms gem the plains That toward the sunset lie— Our banner in its glory waves Without a missing star, O'er happy homes, o'er patriot graves, Unmarred to-day by war.

The bells of Liberty ring out From sounding shore to shore, And loud and lofty is the shout: "Our land for evermore!" Through every sea our navies glide, Their sails kissed by the sun, And Honor lays her wreath beside The sword of Washington.

The winds that sweep the icy gorge Of boundless freedom sing, And patriots to Valley Forge Their votive offerings bring; Aye, thro' the mists that dim the years We see the early day; And not a loyal freeman fears A foe from far away.

The mountains' bare and rugged peaks Our Nation's worth proclaim, And every lucid river speaks The story of our fame; O'er all the land our fathers gave And blessed with pray'r divine, In peace rejoice the free and brave From orange tree to pine.

Unfettered soar the thoughts of all Where'er our standard flies, Aye, Right must rise and Wrong must fall 'Neath Freedom's azure skies; With laureled progress in the van We march with pride to-day; Before us newer hope for man, Behind us old Cathay.

Then, let the anthems that we raise From swelling sea to sea Fill every heart with peace and praise, Beneath our banner free: For man is man where'er it flies In splendor, near or far; No evil in its shadow lies— No stain on stripe or star. —T. C. Harbaugh, in Ohio Farmer.

How JIMMY LOST TOD.

LOUIE says she'll correct the spelling and other wrong things in this; so it won't be my fault if it isn't all right. I s'pose Jerry'd think she could do it better, but I'd rather have Louie, anyhow; and Jerry'd always have to be spoken of as Geraldine, which is too long to write often.

All the boys call her Jerry behind her back, though she doesn't know it—and it's lucky for them. You see, Jerry gets mad pretty easy. P'raps it's 'cause she teaches school.

Mother says boys are trying. She thinks I'm a very trying boy, and I s'pose she ought to know. I wonder if old people ever think they are trying themselves? They are, anyhow. I don't mean mother.

Well, to proceed—that's a good way of putting it, I know, 'cause Mr. Simpkins said it in his lecture, and Louie said: "Now, Jimmy, don't ramble, but stick to your story." So here goes for sticking—I mean proceeding. It's hard work, 'cause I never wrote a real story before.

The reason why my story happened on the fifth was 'cause Fourth of July came on Sunday that year, so that firecrackers and other celebrations had to wait over.

And it was hard for the boys that waited, judging from experience—Mr. Simpkins said that, too. It sounds well, I think, besides being a fact.

Well, mother said I could get up at five a. m. on Monday, and not a minute before, and then I did think mother was very trying, indeed.

I knew I'd wake up sooner, and, sure 'nough, I did, and heard the clock strike four. It was a long time till half-past four, and four minutes from that the sun would rise, I knew, for I'd looked in the almanac.

I just raised up in bed to peek at my firecrackers and punk, lying handy, and that half hour was longer than the other.

I can tell you it didn't take me long to slide into my clothes when the time came, and I did wash my face, though my toothbrush happened to slip back of the washstand, and I didn't feel like taking the time to get it out.

Tod heard me moving 'round, and came in from her room; so I had to help her a good deal, and that wasted a lot of time. But she's a smart child,

and combed her own hair pretty well, considering.

P'raps you don't know that Tod's (short for Toddlekins) our youngest. Somebody thought I meant a dog one day when I spoke of her; but I think Tod's a fine name, being short and sort of brisk.

Well, we tiptoed downstairs, so's not to wake anybody.

Tod slipped down one step, dropped her torpedoes and began to cry. But I spoke up as much like Jerry as I could: "Tod, not a word, or you go back to bed."

That scared her so she jumped and dropped another package; so I had to pick her up and carry her out of the front door quick, torpedoes and all.

It was a fine day, a glorious Fourth—or maybe I should call it a Fifth, only that doesn't sound right.

No one was around 'cept the men

tioning. But after the bad luck we had setting off some in front of the chicken coop—we nearly killed two of our best chickens—I drew the line at firing any near the setting hen.

Billy thought it would be fun to see what she'd do, but somehow I felt it would be better not to. Besides, that hen was Jerry's.

I never thought once of Tod till most breakfast time, when mother put her head out of the window and called: "Come, Jimmy; it's time to get ready for breakfast. Bring Tod in."

"All right!" I shouted; and Billy and I ran over to the track.

And no car was there! Billy and I just looked at each other, and I felt kind of dizzy. He stuck both hands in his pockets and said "Whew!" with a very red face.

"The car's gone!" said I, though p'raps it wasn't a necessary remark.



"SEE ANYTHING OF A LITTLE LOST GIRL?"

at the station, who were getting the early train ready.

Billy Crocker had promised to meet me, and I was going to provide him with firecrackers, 'cause he spent his money for lemon balls and felt delicate 'bout asking for any more to celebrate with.

But no Billy showed up. So I let Tod fire off a good many crackers, and she only burned her dress in one place. It was a new one, and I'd forgotten the apron mother said she must surely wear, but I took some consolation in knowing that if Tod had had on her apron it would have been burned, and now it wasn't.

Anyhow, I don't see how boys can be expected to remember aprons, not wearing such things themselves.

Just as mother said, Tod began to be sleepy in no time. But I'd promised to take care of her, and knew she would go in the house and go to sleep again. It was really pretty early for a five-year-old to get up. She wanted to 'cause I did so, so mother said she could try it.

I like to please Tod. She's my favorite sister, too. She's nearer my age, and the others are so grown-up—particularly Jerry. Then, besides, I'm Tod's favorite brother; at least, I should be if she had another, which she hasn't.

To proceed: I told Tod to run in and take a nap, and to do it softly, so's not to wake 'em up; for it couldn't be six yet, as the early train hadn't started.

Billy Crocker came along then, running like mad.

"Hello!" says he. "Guess I'm late." "Guess you are, lazy-bones," says I, handing him some crackers and punk. "But now you're here, so blaze away."

"Jimmy," cried Tod, touching my arm; and the cracker I'd lighted went off rather quick. However, it didn't hurt much. I put my finger in my mouth to cool it. "Jimmy, I can't open the front door; it's locked."

"That's so!" I says. "How stupid of me! I forgot to fix the night latch." "Oh, Jimmy, I'm awful sleepy," says Tod.

It wouldn't have hurt her a bit to take a nap on the nice warm grass, but mother had warned me 'specially 'gainst that. If Louie had been home, I could have called her quietly. She was away on a visit, though, and I hated to disturb mother and father.

"Let her take a nap in that empty car," says Billy.

It had stood on the side track several days, and I thought it a capital idea. So I went across the road with Tod and she laid down on one of the cushion seats.

It was pretty warm, but I didn't want to run any risks, so Billy rolled up his coat for a pillow and I put mine over her, and she was fast asleep in a minute. We had a fine time after that, Billy being a boy with ideas. What we didn't do with firecrackers isn't worth men-

tioning. But after the bad luck we had setting off some in front of the chicken coop—we nearly killed two of our best chickens—I drew the line at firing any near the setting hen.

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"No," said a man, writing at a desk, never looking up. "Nothing reported here, except three handkerchiefs, a glove and two boys' coats brought in from that train. That's all."

"Those are our coats," said I. "Then identify 'em," said the man. I looked at Billy and he looked at me; then we both looked at the conductor, who laughed again.

"Describe your coats, boys," said he: "Oh!" says we. And then we told him, and he brought out two coats, which, sure 'nough, were ours.

"Mine was over her and Billy's was rolled up under her head," I said. "Who?" asked the man.

"Tod," I said. "Was that your brother's name?" "No, sir; it's my sister's, and I should think you might act 'a if you cared a little, 'cause she's lost."

"Oh, she'll turn up all right," said that hard-hearted, mean man; and went on writing.

All this time the conductor had been standing in the doorway, with his forehead all puckered up, like father's when he's thinking.

"Come, boys," says he; "we'll go and tel'graph to your father."

"I'll bet my kite you'll never see her again, Jimmy," Billy said, and then he began to tell me a story 'bout a little girl who got lost and was never found. I don't b'lieve I ever liked Billy Crocker so little as then, but I tried to make 'lowances for him, 'cause Tod wasn't his sister, you see. Besides, if I'd spoken sharp to him, as I felt half a mind to, I was sure I'd break out crying.

After the conductor had tel'graphed to father, we got in the car again. He gave Billy and me each two sandwiches. He said he thought we must be hungry. And he was right, and ever since that I don't think conductors can be beat for being good to little boys.

He made the train stop at every station on the way back, but every time he'd come in he'd say: "No news yet," and I wished he wouldn't say it quite so often.

Billy tried to "cheer me" by telling all kinds of stories. He said he was certain Tod had either been stolen for a ransom or else she'd been carried off so's to sell her hair for wigs, like a story he'd read, or she might have been sold somewhere for a slave.

"Anyhow, she's a goner, Jimmy," said he at the last station before Harristown, "and I'm sorry for you, 'cause you're 'most sure to get a licking."

That's 'bout the way I looked at it, but somehow I felt the worst about Tod. When we got to Harristown we saw mother and father standing on the station platform. The next minute the train had stopped, and Billy said: "I'm glad I'm not in your shoes, Jimmy."

And then he sneaked out of the rear door and was gone quicker'n you could wink.

Well, when I got out, I just rushed up to mother and put both arms around her, and said: "Oh, mother! what shall we do?" She hugged me just as tight and kissed me.

"My poor, dear, careless boy!" said she. "Oh, Jimmy, we was so scared 'bout you!" said somebody else.

And I looked up in a hurry, and there would you b'lieve it?—stood Tod! "Why—why, mother!" was all I could manage to say.

Then father asked me some questions and seemed as glad to see me as if I'd been lost 'stead of Tod.

Then we went over home. I felt so tired and sleepy I could hardly walk, and as soon as we got there I laid down on the lounge and was made much of by everyone, 'stead of being in disgrace, as I supposed I'd be.

Tod sat in her little chair close to me and held my hand in one of hers and her doll in the other one, and I never saw her look so pretty, and she explained the whole thing.

"Why, Jimmie," said she, "I woke up in just a little while and climbed out of the car. And Norah was at the back door and I went right in. So I wasn't lost at all."

Nobody scolded me the least bit. Mother said she thought I'd be punished enough, and she hoped I'd profit by it. Then she kissed me.

After Jerry came home I heard her say one day to father: "I b'lieve you're right 'bout James. I really see signs of improvement in him at last."

And I think that's the most remarkable part of my story, don't you?—Chelsea G. Fraser, in Detroit Free Press.

Wise Precaution.

"And what is that especially large piece of fireworks?" asked the careful man's wife, as the inventory of Fourth of July material proceeded.

"That?" he inquired, holding up something quite large and beginning to take off the wrapping paper.

"Yes. Is it some new kind of skyrocket?"

"No. It isn't anything in the pyrotechnic line. But it's the most important article in the whole collection."

"Why?" she exclaimed, as he took the paper entirely off. "It's a telescope!"

"Yes, and we'll never pass another Fourth without one. I got that so that Johnny could stand off and see whether the fuse of a cannon firecracker has really gone out or not."—Washington Star.

Eat in Haste

And suffer at leisure. When your abused stomach can no longer cheerfully and properly perform its duties, a few doses of Hood's Sarsaparilla are like fresh water to a withered plant. This medicine tones the stomach, restores digestive strength, creates an appetite and with a little care in diet, the patient is soon again in perfect health. Try it and you'll believe in it.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine.

Hood's Pills cure constipation. 25 cents.

HALF FARE.

Washington, D. C., and Returns.

On July 3d to 6th, tickets will be sold from all points to Washington, D. C., and return via the Chesapeake and Ohio Ry. at one fare, plus \$2.00, on account of the meeting of the National Educational Ass'n. Tickets will be good until July 15 returning and may be extended to August 31st. This is the best opportunity you will have to visit the famous Mountain and Sea shore resorts of the East, also Old Point Comfort and Hampton Roads, the rendezvous of the North Atlantic Squadron.

For particulars and sleeping car reservations apply to U. L. Truitt, Nor. West. Pass'r Agent, 234 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

There are some spectacles that can never be forgotten, but there are no spectacles by absent-minded old ladies.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Something Important.

Take advantage of this special offer and send your name and address, together with the names and addresses of ten of your friends who ride bicycles, with twenty-five cents to pay express charges to the Frictionless Bearing Company, 35 Liberty Street, New York City, and we will forward you a set of our new bearings for bicycles which require no oil, and certainly make your wheel run twice as easy. They fit any wheel, and you can put them on in twenty minutes. Send size of balls in front and rear wheel and crank hanger. The regular price for equipping a bicycle is \$2.50, but in order to get them in use all over the country quickly we make you the above proposition. After trying them, if you would like to act as agent send for terms.

Every man spends about half his time doing things he forgot to do in his season.—Acheson Globe.

Electric Fans in Sleeping Cars.

The Baltimore & Ohio South. Western Railway officials have solved the problem of cooling sleeping cars in stations at night. At Cincinnati, Louisville and St. Louis this line has sleeping cars placed in the stations at 10 p. m. which do not depart until after midnight, and in order to make them comfortable and cool have placed 16-inch rotary electric fans in each end of the sleepers, thus removing the heated and impure air from all parts of the car. The fans have been in operation about three weeks, and have been the subject of many favorable comments from the traveling public.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Even an undertaker gets enthusiastic over good business.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

I am entirely cured of hemorrhage of lungs by Pilo's Cure for Consumption.—Louisa Lindaman, Bethany, Mo., Jan. 8, '04.

MRS. LUCY GOODWIN

Suffered four years with female troubles. She now writes to Mrs. Pinkham of her complete recovery. Read her letter:

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I wish you to publish what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Sanative Wash and Liver Pills have done for me.

I suffered for four years with womb trouble. My doctor said I had falling of the womb. I also suffered with nervous prostration, faint, all-gone feelings, palpitation of the heart, bearing-down sensation and painful menstruation. I could not stand but a few minutes at a time.

When I commenced taking your medicine I could not sit up half a day, but before I had used half a bottle I was up and helped about my work.

I have taken three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used one package of Sanative Wash, and am cured of all my troubles. I feel like a new woman. I can do all kinds of household work and feel stronger than I ever did in my life. I now weigh 131½ pounds. Before using your medicine I weighed only 108 pounds.

Surely it is the grandest medicine for weak woman that ever was, and my advice to all who are suffering from any female trouble is to try it at once and be well. Your medicine has proven a blessing to me, and I cannot praise it enough.—Mrs. LUCY GOODWIN, Holly, W. Va.

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Allen's Chlorine Salve is the only sure cure in the world for Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Scrofulous Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, White Swellings, Fever Sores, and all Old Sores. It never fails. Draws out all poison. Gives prompt relief. Cures permanent. Best salve for Boils, Carbuncles, Piles, Salt Rheum, Burns, Cuts and all Fresh Wounds. By mail, small size 50c. Book Free. J. P. ALLEN, MEDICAL CO., St. Paul, Minn. Sold by Druggists.

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