landing point, which would have been at best a difficult operation if such a vigorous campaign had not been in progress. General Rodriguez was carrying the fight right up to the gates of the city.

The night before we landed Colonel Nestor Aranguren, with a small party, held up a train three miles outside of Havana, on the line to Guanabacoa, in the hope of capturing a particularly cruel Spanish officer named Fondevilla, whom it was intended to shoot on the spot. The man Aranguren wanted was not on board; but he captured a dozen Spanish officers and two Cuban officers who had gone over to the enemy. The Spaniards were released in a few days, to save the trouble and expense of feeding them; but the two traitorous Cubans were hanged.

We arrived off Havana the evening of May 24. A number of steamships were anchored off the Morro, waiting to go into the harbor at daylight, and we went close enough to them to satisfy ourselves that they were all merchant ships. The fact that they displayed all the regulation lights was not good evidence that there was no warship concealed among them; for two years before the Spaniards had been given a lesson in running without lights which they never forgot.

General Collaso was planning an invasion of Pinar del Rio from Florida, and, in an effort to head him off, the gunboat Sanchez Barcaztequi ran out of Havana one night without showing a light. Just off the Morro the coaster Mortera, of the Herrera Line, ran full tilt into her and tore her open into the engine room. The warship sank so quickly that her commander and most of the crew went down with her. This disaster effectually broke the Spaniards of a habit that is always dangerous for navigators who cannot find their way round in the dark. I never saw a Spanish warship that did not display all the lights required by marine regulations, and generally more. This gave us a great advantage over them; for we never showed so much as the light from a match or a cigarette when we were anywhere near the Cuban Coast.

We lay astern of the merchant ships until the moon went down, and then steamed up the shore and landed our cargo and party by the illumination from the lighthouse on Morro Castle. We could just as well have gone four or five miles farther down the coast; but I wanted to show General Weyler that if he was given to boasting I was not, and that it was a duty with me to keep my promises. If the distance could have been measured it might have been found that we were within a mile of the Morro; certainly we were not more than a mile and a half away.

The Morro light is a brilliant flash that can be seen for eighteen miles, and every time it swung round one could have seen a pin on the deck of the Dauntless. Over the rising ground that separated us from the harbor and across the bay the lights on the hills back of Havana were in plain sight, and when the light from the Morro flashed on them the sentries pacing the walls of Cabañas stood out in bold relief. Back of the old Cabañas, toward the sea, was a partly completed modern fort which, with decent gunnery, could have blown us to pieces in two minutes; but everyone seemed to be sound asleep.

When we were putting the arms ashore a steamship stood off and on about five miles away, and seemed at times to be watching us. She might have been a Spanish warship; but she did not attempt to interfere with us. The beach at that point is very rocky, and there was some trouble and delay in landing the dynamite, which was packed in water-tight fifty-pound boxes, with buckets, or rope handles, at each end. The surf battered the landing dories against the rocks every time they went ashore, and, fearful that these shocks would explode the dynamite, the Cubans dumped a lot of the boxes overboard in shallow water. The waves subjected them to much rougher usage than they could possibly have sustained in the boats; but strange to say not one of them exploded. Before daylight they were all washed up on the beach and recovered.

The next night a lot of this dynamite was set off under a train on which General Weyler was supposed to be going from Havana to Matanzas, where Dr. Pedro Betancourt was making things extremely uncomfortable for the Spaniards. In their hurry the rebels exploded their mine under a train just ahead of the one in which Weyler was traveling, and he escaped

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A NEW ENGLAND ANDROMEDA

BY CONINGSBY WILLIAM DAWSON

COUSIN CAROLINE lived in Bethlehem, Massachusetts, the town from which America grew—at least that's what we Bethlehemites say. We don't tell it to strangers, lest our claim should be contended, and being descended from Quakers we are not favorable to disputes. We take it for granted among ourselves, however, that our ancestors, by their unaided strength, founded this great Republic; in consequence of which fact we of Bethlehem are the only true aristocracy in America. It's a grand sight to see our ladies go visiting attired in the stiffest of black satin: they have an etiquette as courtly and binding as that of any of the Princesses of Europe.

We Bethlehemites are a separate nation rather than a community of townsfolk, and our prejudices have the proportions of national hatreds. Boston we patronize and despise on account of the modernness of Back Bay; but Salem we despise and never speak to, because it truckles to summer visitors, and makes profit out of being ancient. In Bethlehem it is considered vulgar to be wealthy, bad taste to be modern, and sacrilegious to sell, alter, or destroy the old homestead. Our straggling streets and crooked dwellings have not changed in a hundred years; and of the inhabitants it is only the bodies, not the minds, that have changed. We make it a point of honor to be quaint, and nothing fills us with greater pride than to be told that we are a century behind the times.

Cousin Caroline was as stanch a Bethlehemite as you could hope to find throughout all the period of her girlhood; that is to say, until she had arrived at her— But why number her years? All spinsters are girls in Bethlehem till their hair turns gray or white. Cousin Caroline's was still golden and she had the manners of a demure child. She had been courted for many years by Silas Jephcott, and, while he was making up his mind in what words to propose, she kept house for her brother Joseph. It was considered a mark of conspicuous refinement in Silas that he should have consumed so much time in overcoming his lover's hesitancy; but it was never doubted that he would one day change Caroline's state by the marriage ceremony from that of a girl to a woman. A quite different change came suddenly, without his aid, in a way entirely unexpected.

A NEW YORK periodical, long established and gradually emerging out of suspicion into the respect of Bethlehemites, was anxious to increase its sales. To this end it offered to send free of charge, with a year's subscription, copies of the works of certain standard authors. Among the names given to select from was that of an extremely French author whose Christian name was Guy. Cousin Caroline knew little about France and next to nothing about its literature; but she liked the name of Guy: it sounded romantic to her. In filling out her subscription blank she ordered all that were available of his titles. This act, though she did not know it, was the first step in her emancipation.

When the books arrived, she peeped between the pages, and was somewhat scared at the illustrations. Then she set them aside till Sunday; for there is an unwritten law in Bethlehem that new books must never be begun on a week day. It is considered low and lazy—"Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work, and on the seventh thou shalt improve thy mind." Improving one's mind is a luxury that most of my townsmen set out to attain by spreading a pocket handkerchief above the face, supporting the feet upon an opposite chair, and nodding tranquilly off to sleep. They have the example of Boston ever before them as a perpetual pillar of salt, a dreadful reminder of the kind of ruin that culture can make. Study Latin? Learn Greek? Read Emerson? No, thank you! we reply. Remember Back Bay! And so our most fashionable intellectual employment is sleep.

ON a golden Sabbath afternoon in the early fall Cousin Caroline retired to her bedchamber, tied on her apron that her satin dress might not be spoiled, and began her acquaintance with French literature (translated). She had not gone far before her hands began to tremble and her color to rise. She had entered into a world delicate and tempestuous, smiling and changeable as a landscape on an April day,—a world where men and women lived ecstatically for joy, forgetting duty, a land where long courtships were utterly unknown. For the first time she had an insight into the intensity to which love may grow, and for the first time she experienced the pagan's sense of the poignant brevity of life.

Up till now she had shared her townsfolk's admiration for the extreme refinement of Mr. Jephcott's tardy wooing; she had even felt herself honored by it. As she read this Frenchman's fiery pages, riotous with passion and rhythmic with beauty, her heart beat wildly with longing for the impulsive lovers of youth; a discontent with Silas stole over her, and a doubt as to the generosity of his method of expressing reverence.

She laid aside the book. She felt that she was doing something wicked in reading an author who could produce in her such sensations—and yet to her maidenly consternation she discovered that she enjoyed her wrongdoing. After all, he was a standard author and strongly recommended by the New York periodical—but this was Sunday!

Thinking the first volume might be exceptional, she exchanged it for the second. The second was as bad as the first, and third as the second—they were all alike. An entrancing sense of guilt seized hold of her, the rebellious pleasure of one who, after a long tyranny of years, breaks with convention for a little while and thinks of deeds that are natural and delightful. As an external expression of revolt she cast aside her apron and, turning the key in the door, abandoned herself wholeheartedly to the impious perusal of Guy. She knew that Brother Joseph would not approve; but, strangely, that knowledge added to her enjoyment.

Brother Joseph was ten years her senior, and had always maintained a strict survey of the literary callers on his sister's mind. At present, in the room below, with his large hands folded on his long beard and his handkerchief spread above his face, he peacefully slumbered, all ignorant of the Parisian Perseus who was rescuing a New England Andromeda on this quiet Sabbath afternoon.

Caroline read on ravenously. As she wandered through the city of lovers out toward Versailles, where all women are adored and all men are Byrons, the dreams of her teens came flocking back to her, the hopes and fears of nearly twenty years ago, which Time and Brother Joseph had taught her to deny. If she paused at all, it was to reflect with anger on the starved affections of her girlhood. It seemed to her that all the years she had waited for her slow going Bethlehemite to propose, the stormy heroes of these stories, or their counterparts, had been tap-tap-tapping at love's door of opportunity. One of them was hers by right!

She Had Not Gone Far before Her Hands Began to Tremble and Her Color to Rise.

AT five o'clock she heard footsteps on the piazza, and the bell rang. She knew who it was, and she did not rise. Every Sunday, Silas came to partake of their evening meal and to escort her to church afterward. The bell rang again, and yet a third time. Then she heard a pushing back of chairs in the room below and the voice of Joseph calling, "Car'line! Car'line! Here's Silas!"

During supper she was very silent and her eyes were very bright. Silas glanced at her furtively and admiringly, thinking how pretty she had grown. Brother Joseph discussed the morning sermon, pointing out its laxities and departures from truth. Noticing at length that he was doing all the talking, he paused and then asked:

"What do you think about it, Sister Car'line?"

Usually so direct a question would have caused her to blush and hesitate, bringing about the desired result of urging Silas to her rescue. Tonight it was otherwise. "I think," she replied quietly, "that folks who've lived in Bethlehem all their lives don't know much about anything. I dessay the minister was right."

Brother Joseph dropped his fork on his plate in astonishment, and even Silas looked scandalized. "Sister Car'line," said her brother, speaking slowly, "you'd best not say things like that outside. Si here is safe, and I won't tell on you. I don't know what's come over you to talk that way."

"Well, Bethlehem ain't all the world, anyway," she fired: "there's France, an' Italy, an' Europe. Their ways ain't our ways, of course; but some of them must be right. We don't know everything. Now, Guy says—" And then she remembered that they hadn't been introduced to Guy.

Silas looked uncomfortable: he evidently suspected a rival. There was a certain shocking tone