A SPANISH DAGGER

A blood-soaked Spanish dagger in the posses of the late A. T. Martin, of Sun City, Fla., played a part in what is probably the most extraordinary adventure that has come to light since the war for the independence of Spain. The dagger came to Lieutenant Martin in exchange for a Spanish officer as a truce-gift and the story is as follows:

The young and beautiful wife of Onis, a soldier, kept a small store in a suburb of Havana, found herself the unwilling companion of Jose Gonzalez, the Spanish commandant of the district. This was before the battle of San Juan Hill and the pretty Gonzales was suspected of friendship for the American. The Spanish destroyed his home—set fire to——condemned his goods and turned him out of doors. Onis now joined the insurgents. His mother and two children became concentrates. His wife, too beautiful to be either imprisoned or cast aside, was seized by the Spanish commandant, who then became "her protector." Her fate, happily, was merciful to the husband.

With the solidarity peculiar to the Spanish, Gonzalez, next morning, called on Monteros, offering to give him freedom and full protection if he would leave the pretty woman. Monteros, two days later, appeared before Gonzales. His wife was within hearing, but was kept silent by a threat to kill her should she speak. Gonzales, in his hearing, professed a friend. That night while searching for his wife and children he was seized by a squad of Spanish soldiers and marched to death while pained to a stake.

The wife, bearing of his assassination, became the best friend of the peasant soldier, was escorted to the spot where her husband was to die in death, kissed his face and lay all night at his side, praying, waiting, weeping and hoping. Gonzales arose for breakfast early. He found the wife of the slain Cuban already awake, plunged into the depths of a grief she could not know the truth.

The soldier saw the grim spectacle that had confronted him vanish in easy death.

On the morrow of the third day Gonzales was seen by a soldier with arms stretched above his head, fists clinched, eyes staring and the bandoleer hanging from his breast. The blade was buried within—sent through the ave angry voice, "You are the one to whom I may look for protection—oh, Senor, pity me!"

Gonzales was relieved. It was nothing to him that some one had mistaken the woman—all she cared about was that she did not know the truth.

The soldier saw the grim spectre that had confronted him vanish in easy death.

SITUATION AT MANILA

So far as the situation in the Philippines for the past week is concerned, it can be summed up in a few words.

The natives, those highly civilized friends of democracy and liberty of our country, have succeeded in killing several American soldiers. The democrats in Oregon have been bungling and whimpering because the republican papers have failed to do their duty in the Philippines. They have been very chary of asking the people of Oregon to give any assistance to their compatriots.

Washington's birthday was the occasion for democratic speeches that would have precipitated another war with Manila. The Filipinos have been privileged to hear.

These three paragraphs just sum up the week's work. The troubles will undoubtedly continue until after December next, when the house and senate will be strongly republican and the Filipinos will be treated very kindly after the debates and speeches are taken to entitle respect. A series of publications since March 4 may possibly appeal to the public to do something.