

be an empty tank broken by the explosion, as it was not badly dented and merely ripped the length of the seam. The ten-inch tank was badly battered out of any conceivable shape.

Continuing, witness said the divers up to the night before he was then on the stand, had not been on the outside of the ship. The mud was too deep for them to walk on the bottom.

"What is the condition of the starboard turret?" witness was asked.

"To my knowledge, it has not been found, sir," was the reply.

He understood something had been found under the place were the turret formerly was, but its exact character had not been determined.

"About what impression is produced upon your mind?" Ensign Powellson was asked.

"From reports alone, or of the appearance of the wreck?"

"Either from such reports or the condition which you believe to exist."

"The impression produced upon me," replied the witness, "is that an explosion took place well to port of mid-ship line and at a point in the length about opposite the conning tower."

Witness then replied to further questions that his opinion was based upon the observation of things above water. He gave no weight to Mr. Morgan's statement about falling into a hole on the port side, because Morgan might have been mistaken all the time. Referring to his notes made of things on the Maine, Ensign Powellson said that the arch of the engine room, telegraph and the shaft of the steering gear coming down through the armored tube (turret) was bent from port to starboard. The port side of the protected deck was covered with a greasy deposit, the starboard side being comparatively free from it.

The forward smoke pipe between the main and superstructure decks did not show any signs of the internal pressure of gases. On the main deck forward of the conning tower, where the fore and aft angle bulb was located, the planking was blown off on the only remaining plate of the main deck on the port side, while the wood was still attached to that part of the starboard side between the conning tower and the turrets. What witness saw would indicate that the pressure lifted the protective deck up on the port side, and the protective deck on the starboard side held fast and bent that deck downward. Witness here exhibited two sketches to the court showing a diagram of various parts of the sunken ship, and explained them to the court.

The witness's evidence about the strip on the starboard side of the outside plating of the ship, which was folded and rolled backwards, was recalled to him. Powellson said he could see the plate bent outward, and was only two feet under water where the spear occurred. Witness had taken soundings and had found five fathoms of water on both sides of the Maine down to the mud. Taking a 14-pound lead line and dragging with a wherry for obstructions on the port side, dragging close to where he thought the waterways would be found, he found no obstructions whatever. On the starboard side he found obstructions for 20 feet where he had reason to believe the waterways had originally been.

In answer to questions, Powellson said there was nothing left of the port plating at all. He dragged along the outside to see if anything had fallen out, and found nothing. Witness thought the ship on the port side was entirely gone opposite a point indicated in a diagram handed to the court. It was entirely blown up.

This concluded Ensign Powellson's testimony on the third day.

Ensign Powellson was recalled on the sixth day, when he said since his last testimony, he had received a book of specifications from the Maine. Refreshing his memory from these records, he said the plate on the protective deck were one inch thick, weighing 40 pounds per square foot.

Capt. Frank Stevens of the City of Washington testified that he was standing amidships of his ship, where he could look toward the Maine when she was blown up. He heard a dull, muffled explosion and commotion, as though it was under the water, followed instantly by a terrific explosion, lighting up the sky with a dull, red blaze and filling the air with missiles which fell all around him.

He felt a trembling of the ship at the last of the explosions on the Maine. There was a decided interval between the first and second noise of the explosions. He was not standing where he could see the Maine lift.

WHO WAS APRIL FOOLED?

"A letter for you, miss!"

Ivy Grover turned round on her piano stool and, as she took the note and glanced at the superscription, her face wore a puzzled expression. Opening it she read:

No. 126 Jackson St., Rochester,
April 1, 189--.

My Dear Miss Grover.—I scarcely know how I dare address you, and yet I feel that I must know my fate. I write to ask you the question that trembles on the lips of every lover, and makes him dumb before his idol. May I call you mine forever?

Trusting you will favor me with a speedy reply, I am yours devotedly,
LELAND WHITE.

The note fluttered unheeded to the floor as with clasped hands Ivy sat in a deep study. She was unable to analyze her own feelings. That Leland White, who had called quite frequently during the past winter, and who had been her escort upon a few occasions, had actually asked her to marry him, was almost beyond her comprehension or belief. Rousing herself with an effort she sought the solitude of her own room; whilst she should battle with this first serious question of life, which had come to her.

Hello, what's this! exclaimed Leland White that afternoon, as from a pile of business letters thrown upon the desk in his father's bank, he extracted a feminine looking missive, addressed to himself. Curiosity caused him to brush the others aside while he opened and read the following:

No. 65 Park Place, Rochester,
April 1, 189--.

Dear Mr. White:

Your manly letter of today was a great surprise to me as, so far as I have observed, you have manifested nothing but the interest of a friend in me. I have, however, such a deep respect for you that I have no fears of anything but happiness with you; therefore I do not hesitate to accept the honor you confer upon me by choosing me as your companion.

IVY GROVER.

Leland's face was a study, such as would have delighted the soul of an artist. When he had finished reading he exclaimed impatiently: "What the deuce can be the meaning of this!" Glancing again at the letter he noticed the date April 1st. "Hem! a practical joke played by some one. But how? that's the question! Has she received the joke letter and is this her reply, or is this all there is to it? How I wish I knew her writing! If she did not write it some other lady did, that's certain; this is no man's hand nor imitation either. Now how out of it?

I like Miss Ivy well enough, but, as to proposing I certainly had not thought of that. Confound practical jokers anyway!

"I don't want the girl to suffer through it. How I wish I knew whether this were genuine or not. If I had written and this were her reply, I should call this evening with a ring and a bouquet; she, certainly, would expect me, but if she knew nothing of it that would be rather awkward. What shall I do? I know, I'll call. I can surely tell by the way she receives me, what she knows about it, or I suppose I can. The bouquet can do no harm and the ring can wait. After all I don't know of any one else I want and, as father was saying the other day, I really should be thinking about getting married. I have paid attention to no one else since my return from Europe. Yes, I shall call."

Here his reverie was interrupted and he was kept busy the remainder of the day.

"I wonder if he will come tonight, he surely will," murmured Ivy as she set alone that evening in the drawing room. She wore a very becoming pale blue silk which Leland had admired. Her heart beat painfully and she experienced peculiar sensations.

A ring at the door caused her to start, blush and tremble; a moment later the maid opened the door saying: "Another letter for you Miss. Ivy seized it eagerly. "Yes," she thought, "it is his writing." Tearing it open with trembling fingers she read the words "April Fool!"

She stood for a moment as if paralyzed then the girl realized for the first time that it was the first day of April and that she had been made the subject of a joke. With this realization, came the thought that Mr. White had not written the letter which had brought such happiness to her and which she now drew from her bosom and crumpled in her hands with the other one.

"But he will get mine, he will get mine! And oh, what will he think?" she wailed. In her distress she failed to notice another ring of the door-bell nor was she aware of the opening of the door until the maid announced Mr. White. He advanced with both hands extended, but Ivy stood still covering her face with her hands. He gently drew her hands away asking tenderly: "Dear Ivy, what is the meaning of this?" "That is just what I should like to know." "Now, let us clear this mystery all up, your letter made me perfectly happy; and I expected to be met with smiles instead of tears." "But it was all a cruel joke."

"How do you know?" "This told me," and she handed him the paper bearing the words, "April Fool!"

"When did you get this?" he asked sternly.

"Just before you came."

"I thought so. I wish I had been a few moments sooner. But Ivy this foolish joke need not make any trouble for us if will but be sensible."

"But you did not write the letter I received this morning."

"I knew all about it, however, and if I did not write this," taking the crumpled letter from her, my heart has asked this question and now my lips ask it. Ivy will you be mine? I shall not take a different answer from the one I received today, but, Ivy, I want to hear your lips give that answer."

"I feel as if you were asking this just because I made a fool of myself."

"Indeed I am not. I should have asked you myself had not some one else done it for me. I should not have had the courage to ask it quite so soon, perhaps, that is all. You did not make a fool of yourself either."