

fleet there. On one of our ships were three newspaper reporters for New York and Chicago papers. They were here during the fight and went to Hongkong to send their reports to their papers by telegraph. One of them sent 1,500 words in a message descriptive of the battle.

This same ship of ours is going to Hongkong with mails and telegrams and for news tomorrow. Since last writing, there have been two English, one Japanese, one French and two German men of war come to look out for their people here.

On receipt of the admiral's news at Washington the President sent a telegram to the admiral, saying that he (the admiral) had been promoted and that he, (the President) thanked the admiral, officers and men for the victory he had won. The admiral ran up his new flag and it was saluted by all the ships here, our own and the foreign ships. I send you a copy of the telegram.

Since my last writing we have been lying here mostly, taking every Spanish vessel that has come around. All of the forts have been blown up, and the guns in them wrecked. We are taking all the good guns from the Spanish ships that are above water, and when this is completed we are going to blow them (the ships) to pieces, so the Spanish can never raise them again.

This morning we were all surprised to see a Spanish gunboat coming into harbor flying the Spanish flag. One of our ships shot so that the shell fell just in front of her, wishing to stop and take her. The boat seemed to take no notice, but went on. Another of our ships began firing to stop her but on she came. These shots were not aimed at her, but intended to fall ahead of her to make her stop. Finally our ships began a heavy fire at her and the shells were falling all around her. She stopped and hauled down the Spanish flag. One of our ships went out and brought her to the fleet and now she is ours. We learned from the Spanish captain that he had been away from Manila fourteen months down in the southern Philippine Islands and did not know that war had been declared, nor anything about the situation. He thought we were having target practice, and seeing the shots fall so near him thought he was in the way so hurried up to get out of the way; but when the shots came faster than ever, he finally guessed what was up, so hauled down his flag and stopped.

The captain and his men were sent ashore and the United States now owns the gunboat. The captain said his wife and family were coming here from the same place in a day or two, so we expect to get another Spanish steamer when she comes in.

Manila is really blockaded; no food goes into the town. Since it has a population of about 250,000 people, food is getting scarce there. We are filling our ships with coal from the Spanish coal supplies which they had at their naval station.

The houses of the Spanish living at Cavite have been completely ransacked and all of them have gone to Manila.

The reporters were yesterday sent to the Zafro to live so we now have them on board.

We have orders to hold Manila and the Philippines until further orders, so our stay is indefinite. We look forward to news from Hongkong by this steamer we send tomorrow.

Another officer from the Monocay has come to join the fleet by orders of the admiral. Of course you have long since read the newspaper reports about this affair and know it, so I need not write about it. Regards to all. Yours, etc.

H. A. PEARSON.

The number of killed and wounded with the Spaniards is much larger than

at first supposed. It is now estimated that the Spanish killed and wounded is 1,000 or more. I visited their hospital and saw some of the wounded. Wounds of all kinds, arms and legs cut off and every sort of injury possible. We had none killed and only a few wounded, none beyond a scratch or bruise, a most wonderful thing. H. A. P.

UPON A DIET OF PRUNES.

"What makes you so quiet?" a tall girl, who displayed a big enameled flag pin, asked a short one as they met at the lunch counter. "Has your best beau enlisted or has some dear friend gone to Santiago?"

"Neither," answered the short girl, pulling herself up on the high stool; "but why do you think I am quiet?"

"Because you are. I never saw anyone so changed. The last time I saw you was just after Christmas, and nobody could get in a word edgewise, you talked so fast. Now you have next to nothing to say, and when you do speak you speak so gently that I can scarcely hear you. The whole expression of your face has changed, and I must say it's for the better. Your complexion is lovely, your eyes bright, and there is such a spirit of content about you. Is it love?"

"No," answered her companion, laughing. "Guess again. But you never could. So I'll tell you what has wrought this change in me. It isn't love; it's prunes."

"Prunes!" exclaimed the tall girl, ordering an oyster pate, a slice of strawberry shortcake, with plenty of cream, and a bottle of ginger ale.

"Yes, prunes," answered the other. "Waiter, bring me a big dish of stewed prunes, some bread and butter, and a glass of milk."

"Mercy! what a luncheon!" exclaimed the tall girl. "If that's what you like why don't you take your meals at a second-rate boarding house where they have stewed prunes for the first course at breakfast, the same for the last course at luncheon, and prune pie for dessert at dinner? I can give you the address of one."

"Laugh all you want to," rejoined the short girl, "but prunes have made a new girl of me, not only physically and mentally, but morally."

"Serve as a sort of atonement for your past, do they?" asked the tall girl.

"What a mischievous rogue you used to be! I can't believe that prunes are responsible for this change. No; go tell that to the Spaniards. Out with it! What has changed you?"

"I tell you it was prunes," insisted her companion. "You remember how nervous and run down I got last winter? I was either down in the depth of despair or up on the mountain tops of hilarity. Can't you call to mind how I was up to all kinds of pranks, teasing everybody, making fun of everybody, sparing nobody's feelings if I could get a laugh and make others laugh; and don't you remember how noisy I used to be and how uneasy everybody felt when I was around, not knowing what I would do or say next? Yes, I thought you would. Well, I'm completely changed, and prunes did it—"

"Do tell me all about it," urged the tall girl, and a nervous woman sitting next to her listened eagerly for the reply.

"Well, I went out to Chicago about that time—it was in February, I think—and I was in such a state that my friends sent me to a well known Chicago physician. He said at once, 'You need prunes, young woman,' and I said, 'You mean pruning?' for my family is always insisting that I had grown wild. It all came from over-

"No," he said, 'I mean prunes. You

need a prune diet. They'll set you straight;" and then he told me he had proved the prune to be a moral agent, and that European authorities on dietetics were discussing his discovery at that very time and making experiments. I asked him to tell me all about his discovery, and he said that he had made the prune an object of special study and knew it to be a preventive of crime. He was at one time connected with a reform school for boys, and that's when he found that he was right in believing the prune to be efficacious in moving the school youngsters to obedience. These boys were exceedingly unruly, and had rebelled against everybody and everything tending toward the reformation of their morals. Finally the doctor fed them once a day on prunes for a week, and at the end of that time they were well mannered and docile. He said that the change in them was the most wonderful thing he had ever witnessed, though not hard to understand. I said that I thought it was, but he explained that the prune has a certain medicinal property, which acts directly on the nervous system. It makes me laugh to hear people say, 'She has a bad heart,' or, 'He has a vitiated mind.' When people aren't honest and true and pure, the nervous system, nine times out of ten, is out of order, and prunes will cure them."

"But how did you take the prunes?" inquired the tall girl, with a great show of interest.

"Well, I kept a stone jar full of stewed prunes on hand, and five or six times a day I would go to it and eat three or four. In German households such crocks of prunes have stood for medicine chests for a hundred years. The German housewife provides the jar of prunes, and the members of the family dip into it at all hours of the day, just as a family of po' white trash in the south dips into a common snuff box. The first thing in the morning and the last at night I took a drink of prune juice, and how it made me sleep! This was prepared by adding a quart of boiled water to every pint of prunes and allowing them to simmer to shreds. After straining a little lemon juice was added, but no sugar. This drink allays fever and is fine for a cold. Prunes that are to be eaten as a medicine should be simmered at least three hours and without sugar."

"How long did you take the prune cure before you began to be benefited?" interrupted the nervous woman, with evident embarrassment.

"Oh, I hadn't been at it more than a fortnight when I felt like a new creature. How was I affected? Why, I slept like a log, ate three square meals a day, and strangest of all, my whole bearing and manner changed. I grew as gentle and mild mannered as my very gentle mother could wish, and my attitude toward people changed, too. I didn't feel like disturbing everybody and stirring up people wherever I went, and hurting people just to see them squirm. Now I feel perfectly amiable toward everybody and everything except Spain. I'd like to help crush Spain, of course."

"But to get back to the prune cure. In a month I began to get plump, my complexion cleared up, my eyes grew bright, my mind clear, and, best of all, I didn't have a nerve left in my body. Now I can stand any amount of hard work, annoyance, worry, without going to pieces. I don't see what anyone wants to join a Don't Worry circle for, when prunes cost only 7 cents a pound. It requires much less mental and physical exertion to eat prunes than it does to attend elub meetings, and I for one, am sure that the prune cure beats the Don't Worry circle at their own object."

"Oh, by the way," she rattled along