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THE HEAVY WEIGHTS

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S ELOQUENT SERMON IN SAN FRANCISCO.

The Burdens That the Lord Will Sustain if Christians Will but Cast Them Upon Him—The World a Great Hospital. Mountains of Sin Removed.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 27.—Rev. T. De Witt Talmage is now in this city, whence he will sail next Thursday on the steamer Alameda for Honolulu on his trip around the world. He preached today to a large and deeply interested audience on the subject of "Heavy Weights," the text being taken from Psalms lv, 22, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."

David was here taking his own medicine. If anybody had on him heavy weights, David had them, and yet out of his own experience he advises you and me as to the best way of getting rid of burdens. This is a world of burden bearing. During the past few days tidings came from across the sea of a mighty and good man fallen. A man full of the Holy Ghost was he, his name the synonym for all that is good and kind and gracious and beneficent. Word comes to us of a scourge sweeping off hundreds and thousands of people, and there is a burden of sorrow. Sorrow on the sea and sorrow on the land. Coming into the house of prayer there may be no sign of sadness or sorrow, but there is the man who has not a conflict? Where is the soul that has not a struggle? And there is not a day of all the year when my text is not gloriously appropriate, and there is never an audience assembled on the planet where the text is not gloriously appropriate, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."

A Well of Tears.

In the far east wells of water are so frequent that when a man owns a well he has a property of very great value, and sometimes battles have been fought for the possession of one well of water, but there is one well that every man owns, a deep well, a perennial well, a well of tears. If a man has not a burden on this shoulder, he has a burden on the other shoulder.

The day I left home to look after my health and for myself, in the wagon my father sat driving, and he said that day something which has been with me all the time: "De Witt, it is always safe to trust God. I have many a time come to a crisis of difficulty. You may know that, during been sick for 15 years, it was no thing for me to support a family, always God came to the rescue. I remember the time," he said, "when I didn't know what to do, and I saw a man on horseback riding up the farm gate, and he announced to me that I had been nominated for the most honorable office in all the gift of the people of my county, and to that office I was elected, and God in that way met all my wants, and I tell you it is always good to trust him."

Oh, my friends, what we want is a practical religion! The religion people have is so high up you cannot reach it. Had a friend who entered the life of evangelist. He gave up a lucrative business in Chicago, and he and his wife finally came to severe want. He told me that in the morning at prayers he said: "O Lord, thou knowest we have not a monthful of food in the house! Give me; help us!" And he started out in the street, and a gentleman met him and said: "I have been thinking of you all the good while. You know I am a flour merchant. If you won't be offended, I would like to send you a barrel of flour." He cast his burden on the Lord, and the Lord sustained him. Now, that is the kind of religion we want.

Business Burdens.

Like the strait of Magellan, I have heard of old, there is a place where, which-ever way a ship captain puts his ship, he finds the wind against him, and there are men who all their lives have been running in the teeth of the wind, no matter which way to turn they do not succeed. Some of them may be in this assemblage, and I address them face to face, not perfunctorily, but as one brother speaks to another brother, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."

There are a great many men who have business burdens. When we see a man worried and perplexed and annoyed in business life, we are apt to say, "He has not to have attempted to carry so much." Ah, that man may not be to be pitied at all! When a man plants a business, he does not know what will be the outgrowths, what will be its value, what will be its branches. There is a man with keen foresight and good business faculty who has been thrown into the dust by unforeseen circumstances springing upon him from behind. When to buy, when to sell, when to trust and to what amount to trust, what will be the effect of this invention of machinery, what will be the effect of that loss of crop and a thousand other questions perplex business men until the hair is silvered and the wrinkles are plowed in the cheek, the stocks go up by mountains and down by valleys, and they are at their wits' ends and stagger like drunkards.

There never has been a time when there have been such rivalries in business as now. It is hardware against hardware, books against books, chandelier against chandlery, imported article against imported article. A thousand men in combat with another thousand stores. Never such advantage of never such variety of assortment, never so much splendor of show window never so much adroitness of salesmanship, never so much acuteness of advertising, and amid all these severities of competition in business how many men break down! Oh, the burden on the shoulder! Oh, the burden on the heart!

Toiling For Others.

You hear that it is avarice which drives these men of business through the street, and that is the commonly accepted idea. I do not believe a word of it. The vast multitude of these business men are toiling on for others. To educate their children, to put wing of protection over their households, to have something left so when they pass out of this life their wives and children will not have to go to the poorhouse—that is the way I translate this energy in the street and store—the vast majority of that energy. Grip, Gouge & Co. do not do all the business. Some of us remember when the Central America was coming home from California it was wrecked. President Arthur's father-in-law was the heroic captain of that ship and went down with most of the passengers. Some of them got off into the lifeboats, but there was a young man returning from California who had a bag of gold in his hand, and as the last boat shoved off from the ship that was to go down that young man shouted to a comrade in the boat: "Here, John, catch this gold. There are $3,000. Take it home to my old mother; it will make her comfortable in her last days." Grip, Gouge & Co. do not do all the business of the world.

Ah, my friend, do you say that God does not care anything about your worldly business? I tell you God knows more about it than you do. He knows all your perplexities; he knows what mortgage is about to foreclose; he knows what note you cannot pay; he knows what unsalable goods you have on your shelves; he knows all your trials, from the day you took hold of the first yardstick down to that sale of the last yard of ribbon, and the God who helped David to be king, and who helped Daniel to be prime minister, and who helped Havelock to be a soldier will help you to discharge all your duties. He is going to see you through. When loss comes, and you find your property going, just take this book and put it down by your ledger and read of the eternal possessions that will come to you through our Lord Jesus Christ. And when your business partner betrays you, and your friends turn against you, just take the insulting letter, put it down on the table, put your Bible beside the insulting letter, and then read of the friendship of him who "sticketh closer than a brother."

The Lord Sustained Him.

A young accountant in New York city got his accounts entangled. He knew he was honest, and yet he could not make his accounts come out right, and he toiled at them day and night until he was nearly frenzied. It seemed by those books that something had been misappropriated, and he knew before God he was honest. The last day came. He knew if he could not that day make his accounts come out right he would go into disgrace and go into banishment from the business establishment. He went over there very early—before there was anybody in the place—and he knelt down at the desk and said: "O Lord, thou knowest I have tried to be honest, but I cannot make these things come out right! Help me today—help me this morning!" The young man arose, and hardly knowing why he did so opened a book that lay on the desk, and there was a leaf containing a line of figures which explained everything. In other words, he cast his burden upon the Lord, and the Lord sustained him. Young man, do you hear that?

Oh, yes, God has a sympathy with anybody that is in any kind of toil! He knows how heavy is the hod of bricks that the workman carries up the ladder on the wall. He hears the pickax of the miner down in the coal shaft. He knows how strong the tempest strikes the sailor at masthead. He sees the factory girl among the spindles and knows how her arms ache. He sees the sewing woman in the fourth story and knows how few pence she gets for making a garment, and louder than all the din and roar of the city comes the voice of a sympathetic God, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."

Then there are a great many who have a weight of persecution and abuse upon them. Sometimes society gets a grudge against a man. All his motives are misinterpreted, and all his good deeds are depreciated. With more virtue than some of the honored and applauded, he runs only against raillery and sharp criticism. When a man begins to go down, he has not only the force of natural gravitation, but a hundred hands to help him in the precipitation. Men are persecuted for their virtues and their successes. Germanicus said he had just as many bitter antagonists as he had adornments. The character sometimes is so lustrous that the weak eyes of envy and jealousy cannot bear to look at it.

A Target For the Lightning.

It was their integrity that put Joseph in the pit, and Daniel in the den, and Shadrach in the fire, and sent John the Evangelist to desolate Patmos, and Calvin to the castle of persecution, and John Huss to the stake, and Korah after Moses, and Saul after David, and Herod after Christ. Be sure if you have anything to do for church or state, and you attempt it with all your soul, the lightning will strike you.

The world always has had a cross between two thieves for the one who comes to save it. High and holy enterprise has always been followed by abuse. The most sublime tragedy of self sacrifice has come to burlesque. The graceful gait of virtue is always followed by scoff and grimace and travesty. The sweetest strain of poetry ever written has come to ridiculous parody, and as long as there are virtue and righteousness in the world there will be something for iniquity to grin at. All along the line of the ages and in all lands the story has been: "Not this man, but Barabbas. Now, Barabbas was a robber."

And what makes the persecutions of life worse is that they come from people whom you have helped, from those to whom you loaned money or have started in business or whom you rescued in some great crisis. I think it has been the history of all our lives—the most acrimonious assault has come from those whom we have benefited, whom we have helped, and that makes it all the harder to bear. A man is in danger of becoming cynical.

Danger of Cynicism.

A clergyman of the Universalist church went into a neighborhood for the establishment of a church of his denomination, and he was anxious to find some one of that denomination, and he was pointed to a certain house and went there. He said to the man of the house: "I understand you are a Universalist. I want you to help me in the enterprise." "Well," said the man, "I am a Universalist, but I have a peculiar kind of Universalism." "What is that?" asked the minister. "Well," replied the other, "I have been out in the world, and I have been cheated and slandered and outraged and abused until I believe in universal damnation!"

The great danger is that men will become cynical and given to believe, as David was tempted to say, that all men are liars. Oh, my friends, do not let that be the effect upon your souls! If you cannot endure a little persecution, how do you think our fathers endured great persecution? Motley, in his "Dutch Republic," tells us of Egmont, the martyr, who, condemned to be beheaded, unfastened his collar on the way to the scaffold, and when they asked him why he did that he said: "So they will not be detained in their work. I want to be ready." Oh, how little we have to endure compared with those who have gone before us!

Now, if you have come across ill treatment, let me tell you you are in excellent company—Christ and Luther and Galilei and Columbus and John Jay and Josiah Quincy and thousands of men and women, the best spirits of earth and heaven.

Christ Can Understand.

Budge not one inch, though all hell wreak upon you its vengeance, and you be made a target for devils to shoot at. Do you not think Christ knew all about persecution? Was he not hissed at? Was he not struck on the cheek? Was he not pursued all the days of his life? Did they not expectorate upon him? Or, to put it in Bible language, "They spit upon him." And cannot he understand what persecution is? "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."

Then there are others who carry great burdens of physical ailments. When sudden sickness has come, and fierce cholera and malignant fevers take the castles of life by storm, we appeal to God, but in these chronic ailments which wear out the strength day after day, and week after week, and year after year, how little resorting to God for solace! Then people depend upon their tonics, and their plasters, and their cordials rather than upon heavenly stimulants.

Oh, how few people there are completely well! Some of you, by dint of perservance and care, have kept living to this time, but how you have had to war against physical ailments! Antediluvians, without medical college and infirmary and apothecary shop, multiplied their years by hundreds, but he who has gone through the gantlet of disease in our time and has come to 70 years of age is a hero worthy of a palm.

The world seems to be a great hospital, and you run against rheumatisms and consumptions and scrofulas and neuralgias and scores of old diseases baptized by new nomenclature. Oh, how heavy a burden sickness is! It takes the color out of the sky, and the sparkle out of the wave, and the sweetness out of the fruit, and the luster out of the night. When the limbs ache, when the respiration is painful, when the mouth is hot, when the ear roars with unhealthy obstructions, how hard it is to be patient and cheerful in insidnous!

The Faith Cure.

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord." Does your head ache? His wore the thorn. Do your feet hurt? His were crushed of the spikes. Is your side painful? His was struck by the spear. Do you feel like giving way under the burden? His weakness gave way under a cross. While you are in every possible way to try to restore your physical vigor, you are to remember that more soothing than any anodyne, more vitalizing than any stimulant and more strengthening than any tonic is the prescription of the text, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he will sustain thee."

We hear a great deal of talk now about faith cure, and some people say it cannot be done and it is a failure. I do not know but that the chief advance of the church is to be in that direction. Marvelous things come to me day by day which make me think that if the age of miracles is past it is because the faith of miracles is past.

A prominent merchant of New York said to a member of my family, "My mother wants her case mentioned to Mr Talmage."

This was the case. He said: "My mother had a dreadful abscess, from which she had suffered untold agonies, and all surgery had been exhausted upon her, and worse and worse she grew until we called in a few Christian friends and proceeded to pray about it. We commended her case to God, and the abscess began immediately to be cured. She is entirely well now, and without knife and without any surgery." So that case has come to me, and there are a score of other cases coming to our ears from all parts of the earth. Oh, ye who are sick, go to Christ! Oh, ye who are worn out with agonies of body, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."

Empty Cradles and Chairs.

Another burden some have to carry is the burden of bereavement. Ah, these are the troubles that wear us out! If we lose our property, by additional industry perhaps we may bring back the estranged fortune. If we lose our good name, perhaps by reformation of morals we may achieve again reputation for integrity, but who will bring back the dear departed?

Alas, me, for these empty cradles and these trunks of childish toys that will never be used again! Alas, me, for the empty chair and the silence in the halls that will never echo again to those familiar footsteps! Alas, for the cry of widowhood and orphanage! What bitter Marahs in the wilderness, what cities of the dead, what long, black shadow from the wing of death, what eyes sunken with grief, what hands tremulous with bereavement, what instruments of music shut now because there are no fingers to play on them! Is there no relief for such souls? Aye, let that soul ride into the harbor of my text:

The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose
I will not, I will not desert to its foes.
That soul, though all hell shall endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

Now, the grave is brighter than the ancient tomb where the lights were perpetually kept burning. The scarred feet of him who was "the resurrection and the life" are on the broken grave hillock, while the voices of angels ring down the sky at the coronation of another soul come home to glory.

The Ruined Race.

Then there are many who carry the burden of sin. Ah, we all carry it until in the appointed way that burden is lifted. We need no Bible to prove that the whole race is ruined. What a spectacle it would be if we could tear off the mask of human deflement or beat a drum that would bring up the whole army of the world's transgressions—the deception, the fraud, and the rapine, and the murder, and the crime of all centuries! Aye, if I could sound the trumpet of resurrection in the soul of the men in this audience, and all the dead sins of the past should come up, we could not endure the sight. The sin, grim and dire, has put its clutch upon the immortal soul, and that clutch will never relax unless it be under the heel of him who came to destroy the works of the devil.

Oh, to have a mountain of sin on the soul! Is there no way to have the burden moved? Oh, yes. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord." The sinless one came to take the consequences of our sin! And I know he is in earnest. How do I know it? By the streaming temples and the streaming hands as he says, "Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Why will prodigals live on swines' husks when the robe, and the ring, and the father's welcome are ready? Why go wandering over the great Sahara desert of your sin when you are invited to the gardens of God, the trees of life and the fountains of living water? Why be houseless and homeless forever when you may become the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty?

A Practical Wooer.

A young lady, who was the recipient of attention from two young men equally eligible in point of good looks, social position and financial solidity, and entertained similar feelings for both, was in a quandary as to which to choose, should they propose. A friend to whom she confided her difficulty suggested that she should put both to some test to prove the strength of their affection. She took the advice, and to the first who avowed his affection said:

"You tell me that you love me. How do I know that you are sincere? What would you do to show your love?"

"Anything," replied the ardent lover, who had a spice of romance in his disposition. "Anything—I would go to the world's end for you. I would die for you, if necessary."

Such ardent protestations brought the blushes to her cheeks and a thrill of happiness to her, and she thought that certainly no one could love her more fondly than he did. She asked him, however, for a little delay before giving an answer to his suit.

Meanwhile the other proposed, and she questioned him in like manner.

"Well," said he, "I'll tell you what I would do to show you my love. If you marry me, you shall have good clothes to wear. I will see that you are always the owner of a handsome sealskin jacket, and that your hats or bonnets are always in fashion, and I will be a faithful and loving husband to you."

"But wouldn't you go to the world's end for me or any of that sort of thing, you know?" she asked as she toyed with his coat buttons.

"I don't want to go to the world's end," he replied. "I've got a nice paying business here, and, as for dying for you, I'd rather live with you."

"Well," said she as visions of the sealskin jacket and fashionable bonnets flashed before her mind, "I think you can speak to pa."

The practical wooer is the man for the times.—Boston Home Journal.

A Curiosity of Taste.

What do you think of the idea of sweetening your sugar with a little salt or quinine? Don't laugh at the proposition, for there is more of a point to it than can be seen on the surface of the mere assertion. Professor Zuntz, a German chemist and an expert before some big Berlin physiological society, accidentally discovered the fact that sugar's sweetening properties were actually strengthened by the addition of a minute quantity of salt. From his experiments he finds that if to a solution of sugar there be added a slight amount of salt and water, so weak that it excites no saline taste, the result proves that the strength of the sugar is much augmented thereby. He also says that the very weakest possible solution of quinine and water produces a similar effect. The explanation which the learned professor gives of the above seeming incongruity is this—that be the saltness or bitterness ever so feeble providing it is sufficient to excite the follicles of the tongue at all, it imparts an increased sensibility to the organ of taste. For fear that the above will be hardly intelligible, I will close by giving a quotation from Professor Zuntz: "The sensation of taste is wonderfully excited by the simultaneous stimuli of the epyrean follicles and the consequent enlargement of their peleta."—St. Louis Republic.

TO OUR HONORED DEAD

The Statesmen at Washington Unite in Tributes of Respect.

THE PRESIDENT SET THE EXAMPLE

The Chief Magistrate Participated in the Services on the Heights of Arlington, Though He Made No Address — All Government Departments Closed for Decoration Day.

WASHINGTON, May 31.—Congress rested yesterday, and all the government departments were closed, while private business also was generally suspended. Flags hung at half mast on the public buildings and the streets were crowded with uniformed veterans and sightseers. President Cleveland set the example in observing the day, which was generally followed by the citizens. Several members of congress took part in the exercises at the different cemeteries as orators, while among the onlookers were some statesmen who had fought for the Confederacy.

Whatever of bitterness may have been the inheritance from the war seemed to be forgotten, and the few Confederate graves at Arlington were decorated with those of their own one time enemies. Most of the generals of the war are buried about Washington, so that friends and former comrades had many conspicuous monuments to decorate. There was a long parade up Pennsylvania avenue in the morning, participated in by the district militia, under the command of General Albert Ordway, and the G. A. R. posts, and the ceremonies at the cemeteries began at noon. Slight showers fell at intervals, but the rain was not sufficient to interfere with the programs announced. The day was sunless and chilly, however. Elaborate preparations had been made for the observance of the day.

The most important ceremonies were held on the Heights of Arlington, across the Potomac and overlooking the city, where 16,000 Union soldiers are buried. Every grave was marked with a flag and a bouquet of roses. Some of the decorations were elaborate, principally the tributes from the Loyal Legion at the monument of General Sheridan. Thousands of people crowded the grounds, among them many members of congress and some representatives of the foreign legations. At noon a national salute was fired, and the tomb of the unknown, where the bones of hundreds of soldiers taken from battlefields are interred, was decorated with appropriate services by the Grand Army, posts, the Woman's Relief corps and the Sons of Veterans.

In the amphitheatre, where religious services were held on the Lee plantations on Sundays, the bugle sounded assembly. Music was given by the Marine band and the G. A. R. Musical assembly.

President Cleveland arrived shortly after 12, accompanied by Secretaries Gresham and Morton. The party took seats at the front of the speakers' stand, and was applauded. General Black and Corporal Tanner, both ex-commissioners of the pension bureau, were on the stand, and later Senators Carlisle and Hoke Smith arrived. Hon. Augustus N. Martin, of Indiana, chairman of the house committee on pensions, delivered an eloquent oration and Colonel John A. Joyce read a poem.

Representative Bryan, of Nebraska, aroused great enthusiasm by his speech. He began: "The only excuse one of my generation can offer for speaking here is to assure the veterans that this day shall not die with you. When the nation has forgotten the battlefields where were won its greatest victories it will not forget the burial places where rest its great dead." Speaking of the results of the war he said: "It would have been defeat to have held together in iron bands two estranged sections, but it is glorious victory to have been able to bring back an unwilling brother and make him a happy brother."

President Cleveland sat through the entire program, which lasted three hours, but did not speak. After the ceremonies he drove back to the city with the members of his cabinet, meeting thousands of people who were driving over to Arlington after the dust of the day.

"Prominents" as Horse Thieves.

GUTHRIE, O. T., May 31.—During the past eighteen months nearly 2,000 horses have been stolen in Pottowatomie county, but it was impossible to obtain any clew to the identity of the thieves until the past week, when a man in jail for murder made a confession which gave the officers clews resulting in the indictment by the grand jury yesterday afternoon of thirty-three residents of the county for horse stealing. Many of the indicted men are farmers of prominence. Seventeen of them have already been jailed. Considerable excitement prevails.

Insult to Our Flag.

ST. THOMAS, Ont., May 26.—The American flag in front of the United States consul's office in this city was torn down and destroyed Thursday night by some members of the Queen's Own Rifles, of Toronto, while under the influence of liquor. Some other members of the regiment who were in the crowd protested against the outrage, but were unable to prevent their excited companions from carrying out their intentions.

Princess Colonna Off for Europe.

NEW YORK, May 31.—Princess D. Galatro-Colonna and her children were passengers on the American line steamer New York, which sailed for Southampton at 1 o'clock yesterday. She went to the steamer accompanied by her stepfather, John W. Mackay, the California millionaire, and John W. Mackay, Jr. It is thought she is going to her mother in London.

Captain Castilho Imprisoned.

LISBON, May 30.—Captain Castilho, of the Portuguese warship Mindello, who was in command at Rio de Janeiro when the Brazilian insurgents were taken on board that vessel, and who was also in command when the insurgents escaped, has been imprisoned in the marine barracks here pending his trial by court martial.

A Virginia Elopement Sensation.

RICHMOND, Va., May 31.—Society circles have been wrought up at the news that Miss Addie Johnson had eloped Sunday night with Mr. Edward White, formerly of this city, now of Chicago. Miss Johnson is connected with some of the best families in the state, being a niece of ex-Congressman Venable, of Peters-burg, Va.

An Amateur Aeronaut Drowned.

CINCINNATI, May 31.—At Manhattan Beach, a pleasure resort near Riverside, Isaac Adler, an amateur, made a balloon ascension, and came down by a parachute into the Ohio river and was drowned.

THE CONFEDERATE HEROES.

Dedication of a Monument to Their Memory at Richmond.

RICHMOND, May 31.—The unveiling and dedication of the monument to the memory of the private soldiers and sailors of the Confederacy was the occasion of a great celebration in Richmond yesterday, with solemn ceremonies and an imposing parade. As a preliminary there was a cavalry reunion attended by several of the old Confederate commanders. General Fitzhugh Lee, Wade Hampton, Governor O'Ferral, Rev. G. William Jones and General Rosser being present and making speeches. All of those took part in the parade, of which General Lee was chief marshal.



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, RICHMOND.

The city has not been so crowded since the unveiling of the Lee monument, and the greatest enthusiasm was displayed. The great procession was the feature of the day. An especially attractive display was made by the children, who were formed in a division by themselves bearing flags, and richly decked in bunting and colored sashes. There were hundreds of little ones from 5 years of age up, and no grown persons were permitted in their division.

No Damages for Riot Victims.

NEW ORLEANS, May 31.—The United States court of appeals decided the Italian cases against the city of New Orleans for damages resulting from the deaths of the Italians in the parish prison assault on March 14, 1889. In the lower courts the jury returned a verdict in the test case, allowing $5,000 damages for the plaintiff. The city entered a plea of no cause on action, and Judge Billings decided in favor of the city. The decision then rendered is now sustained, the court holding that municipal corporations of this state are not liable for any damage done by mobs or riotous assemblages, except for damage to property. The decision was unanimous.

Officers of the Railway Telegraphers.

DENVER, May 31.—The railway telegraphers' convention finished its work and adjourned yesterday. The full list of officers elected is as follows: Grand chief telegrapher, W. V. Powell, Wichita, Kan.; assistant grand chief, M. M. Dolphin, Kansas City, secretary and treasurer, J. Waterbee, Denver, senior telegrapher, T. M. Pierson, Indianapolis; junior telegrapher, J. E. Stinson, Dallas, Tex.; inside sentinel, H. C. White, London, Ont.; outside sentinel, J. C. McDermott, San Francisco, editor and manager, J. R. Tandlin, Dallas, Tex.; members of grand executive committe, L. A. Tanquary of Pueblo and Charles Daniels of Atlanta.

Crushed to Death Under the Grand Stand

CHIPPEWA FALLS, Wis., May 31.—The opening of the new grounds of the Chippewa Falls Baseball association was attended with a fatal accident, the grand stand sinking beneath the weight of hundreds of people. The accident occurred just before the beginning of the game. A scene of terror followed the breaking of the structure, and many ladies fainted. John McCurdy, one of the contractors, who was underneath the stand, was crushed to death, and John McMillan, his partner, badly hurt. A number of ladies were painfully bruised and cut, and Judge Conway seriously injured.

Five Drowned While Fishing.

PICTON, Ont., May 31.—At Smith's Bay, about eight miles from here, Alexander Lindsay took his brother's three children, aged respectively 8, 12 and 13, out on the bay for an afternoon's fishing. Towards evening the boat was discovered bottom up. Search was made for the occupants, and their bodies were found all together in about seven feet of water. Later on in the evening the body of Mrs. William Ingram was found near the same spot. It is supposed that Mrs. Ingram had joined the party in the boat.

Yale Will Compete with Oxford.

NEW HAVEN, May 31.—It is now almost certain that Yale will send an athletic team over to England to compete with Oxford some time in the month of July. Several well known Yale graduates have promised to pay the team's expenses, and Oxford, it is expected, will consent that the Yale team will receive the gate receipts. The team will consist of Hickok, Sheedon, Cady, Sanford, Morgan and either Cleuny, Kershaw or Bunnell.

Governor Brown Wants a Renomination.

BALTIMORE, May 31.—Governor Frank Brown formally announces himself as a candidate for renomination at the state convention which will meet in the summer of 1895. At the fall election following members of the legislature will be chosen who will vote for a United States senator to succeed Senator Charles H. Gibson. Governor Brown's present term of office will not expire until the first Wednesday of January, 1896.

Bank Wreckers Convicted.

INDIANAPOLIS, May 29.—The jury in the case of Percival B. Coffin, Francis A. Coffin and Albert S. Reed, on trial for wrecking the Indianapolis National bank, returned a verdict of guilty. The attorneys for the defendants moved for a new trial. Francis Coffin and Percival Coffin furnished bonds in $25,000 and $12,500 respectively, and were allowed their freedom until Monday.

Fell Ninety Feet.

JERSEY CITY, May 31.—Patrick Hayden, about 40 years of age, was found unconscious and terribly injured at the foot of the Palisades along the Paterson plank road at the foot of Congress street. He revived sufficiently to say that he either fell or was thrown over the cliff, which at that point is ninety feet high. He is likely to die.

Rome Anarchists Still Busy.

ROME, May 31.—Two bombs exploded almost simultaneously at 11 o'clock last night outside of the windows of the ministry of finance and the ministry of war. The damage done the buildings was small

Julia Marlowe Married.

PHILADELPHIA, May 29.—Miss Julia Marlowe, the actress, was yesterday married to Robert Taber, her leading man, by Rev. Joseph Blanchard, assisted by Rev. Arnold H. Hord.

VICTIMS OF THE RAIL.

A Defective Switch in Minnesota Brings Death to Six.

A LARGE NUMBER BADLY INJURED.

The Derailed Train Took Fire and Two of the Dead Were Burned to a Crisp. A Collision on a Massachusetts Road Kills Three.

MILWAUKEE, May 31.—A special from the town of Marshfield, Wis., says: The St. Paul limited south bound train on the Wisconsin Central met with a horrible accident, which has never been equaled in northern Wisconsin and adds another long list of victims through disasters of this kind. The train, which was made up of seven coaches and sleepers, left Abbott's Ford behind time, and while running at fifty miles an hour, struck a defective split switch at Manville, a deserted station, derailing the entire train and piling engine and cars in a heap of broken timbers. To add to the horror the entire mass was soon in a sheet of flame which, mingled with the groans and cries of the injured, made a scene that turned the hearts of the bravest.

General Manager Whitcomb said of the accident and the probable cause: "The split switch of the passenger track had evidently been tampered with, allowing the wheels of the locomotive to catch the point. The engine and all the cars of the train, except the rear coach and business car, left the track, and all were burned except the two mentioned. The injured are receiving every attention possible to give, and the track will be promptly cleared, so that trains can move on them."

W. B. Russell, who was killed, was an employe of the chief engineer, and had been up the road on business for the company. He was a young man, employed as road man, and came here from England.

The dead are: James Hubbard, engineer, of Stevens Point; George Bearhart, fireman, of Stevens Point; Jason Bigelow, head brakeman, of Stevens Point; W. B. Russell, civil engineer, of Stevens Point; Oliver Bosley, news agent; Mrs. John Wagner, an elderly lady passenger.

Injured—Henry Chester, Marshfield, legs and shin badly injured, may die; O. W. Bozley, news agent, Stevens Point, died soon afterward; Arthur Turnure, Chicago, head cut and otherwise injured; Dr. Weitzel, Gidden, hurt internally; Fanny Burtle, Springdale, Ills., hand badly cut; William Ryan, Sturgeon Bay, ribs broken and head cut; E. A. Twitchell, lawyer, Minneapolis, head cut.

The bodies of Russell and Bigelow were burned to a crisp.

SHARON, Mass., May 31.—A bad freight smashup occurred here yesterday, in which three men were killed and one seriously injured. As an express freight between Providence and Boston was passing here it smashed into some freight cars left on the north bound track by the local freight train. The locomotive of the freight was somewhat damaged, the tender demolished and three cars smashed into kindling wood. The dead are: Fireman Edward T. Goodwin, 28 years old; scalded to death; Benjamin McLoud, 26 years old, married, scalded to death; unknown tramp, crushed to death. The only one seriously injured is an unknown tramp, who was stealing a ride in company with the one killed.

MACON, Ga., May 31.—The rear coach of a train on the Albany and Columbia branch of the Southwestern railroad was overturned by a broken rail at Holt's, and forty people were injured, two or three of whom will in all probability die. The train consisted of six coaches loaded with excursionists from Andersonville to attend Decoration Day exercises at the National cemetery. Those fatally injured are John Smith of Bluffton, Andy Jones of Edison and Mrs. Little of Hilton, Ga. None of the others are thought to be seriously injured. The derailed coach rolled down a steep embankment, and it is a miracle that many were not killed outright, as it contained over 100 people.

More Industrials Sent to Jail.

HELENA, Mont., May 30.—Leaders of the Seattle contingent of the Commonweal army were brought into the United States court to answer the charge of contempt in seizing a train on the Northern Pacific on May 11. J. W. Kelly, the leader, was sentenced to the county jail for six months. John Ross, the engineer, was also given six months. William Blair, Stewart Lackey and Tom Davidson were each sentenced to thirty days.

Two Killed by a Cave In.

TACOMA, Wash., May 28.—A large cave in occurred here at the Bluffs, near the wharves, by which two men were killed and two injured. The dead are: Major W. T. Gillespie, a well known mining man, and Arnold Bernberger, a stationary engineer, aged 45.

Mrs. Fitzgerald Acquitted.

NEW YORK, May 30.—The jury in the case of Mrs. Catharine Fitzgerald, sister of Police Inspector McLaughlin, on trial for the murder of Mrs. Hattie Pearsall last October, brought in a verdict of not guilty after being out ten minutes. The defense was insanity.

Going to Gray Gables.

BUZZARD'S BAY, Mass., May 31.—Private Secretary Thurber and Richard Watson Gilder inspected Gray Gables yesterday and afterward said Mrs. Cleveland and her children would soon be here.

General Weaver for Congress.

ATLANTIC, Ia., May 30.—General James B. Weaver has been nominated as the Populist candidate for governor from the Seventh district.

1894 JUNE. 1894

Su.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.
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3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

MOON'S PHASES.

New Moon 3 6:00 p.m. | Full Moon 18 2:10 a.m.
First Quarter 10 8:18 a.m. | Third Quarter 26 5:06 a.m.

MATTERS IN MARYLAND.

BALTIMORE, May 27.—The latest news from Senator Gorman's home at Laurel is that he is much better, and his physicians say a few days of rest will now restore him. His illness was the result of overwork and nervous prostration.

LAUREL, Md., May 30.—Senator Gorman passed a good night, and is improving. He was able to see his secretary for a short time, and disposed of some of his correspondence. It is thought he will be able to go to Washington the last of next week.

BALTIMORE, May 28.—A detachment, 125 strong, of Colonel Galvin's California industrial army, is encamped, six miles north of this city. They are en route to Washington, which city they expect to reach, recruiting as they advance, in four or five days.

PRINCE FREDERICK, May