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THE EYE OF A NEEDLE

DR. TALMAGE SPEAKS FOR WOMEN WHO TOIL.

The Blessing and the Blight of Work—Body and Soul Upon the Rack—Men and Women Oppressors—Woman's Highest Adornment.

BROOKLYN, June 3.—Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, who is now on his round the world journey, has chosen as the subject for today "Martyrs of the Needle," the text being Matthew xix. 24, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle."

Whether this "eye of the needle" be the small gate at the side of the big gate at the entrance of the wall of the ancient city, as is generally interpreted, or the eye of a needle such as is now spelled in sewing a garment I do not stop to tell. In either case it would be a tight squeeze for a camel to go through the eye of a needle. But there are whole caravans of fatigues and hardships going through the eye of the sewing woman's needle.

Very long ago the needle was busy. It was considered honorable for women to toil in olden time. Alexander the Great stood in his palace showing garments made by his own mother. The tapestries at Bayeux were made by the queen of William the Conqueror. Princes, the emperor, would not wear garments except those that were made by some member of his royal family.

So let the toiler everywhere be dignified!

The greatest blessing that could have been conferred on our first parents was be-cursed out of Eden after they had done wrong. Adam and Eve, in their perfect state, might have got along without work or only such slight employment as a perfect garden with no weeds in it, demanded. But as soon as they had sinned the best thing for them was to be turned out where they would have to work. We know what a withering thing it is for a man to have nothing to do. Good old Ashbel Green, he of fourscore years, when asked why he kept on working, said, "I do so to keep out of mischief." We see that a man who has a large amount of money to start with has no chance of the thousand prosperous and honorable men that you know, 999 had to work vigorously at the beginning.

The Idle Woman.

But I am now to tell you that industry is just as important for a woman's safety and happiness. The most unhappy women in our communities today are those who have no engagements to call them up in the morning; who, once having risen and breakfasted, lounge through the dull forenoon in slippers, turn at the hegl and with disheveled hair, reading the last novel, and who, having dragged through a wretched afternoon and taken their afternoon nap, and having spent an hour and a half at their toilet, pick up their cardcase to go out to make calls, and who pass their evenings waiting for somebody to come in and break up the monotony. Isabella Strant never was imprisoned in so dark a dungeon as that.

There is no happiness in an idle woman. It may be with hand, it may be with brain, it may be with foot, but work she must or be wretched forever. The little girls of our families must be started with that idea. Finally cure of our American society is that our young women are taught that the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, tenth, fiftieth, thousandththing in their life is to get somebody to take care of them. Instead of that the first lesson should be how, under God, they may take care of themselves. The simple fact is that a majority of them do have to take care of themselves, and that, after having, through the false notions of their parents, wasted the years which they ought to have learned how successfully to maintain themselves. We now and here declare the humanity, cruelty and outrage of that father and mother who pass their daughters into womanhood, having given them no facility for earning their livelihood. Mme. de Stael said, "It is not in these writings that I am proud of, but the fact thg I have facility in 10 occupations, in any one of which I could make a livelihood."

A Word to Parents.

You say you have a fortune to leave them. O man and woman, have you learned that, like vultures, like eagles, like birds, riches have wings and fly away? Though you should be successful in leaving a competency before you, the trickery of executors may strip it in a night, or some elders or trustees of our churches may get up a bogus company and induce your orphans to put their money into it, and before lost prove to them that it was wholly decreed that that was the way they were to lose it, and that it went to the most orthodox and heavenly style, the damnable schemes that professed Christians will engage in—until Satan puts his fingers into the collar of the hypocrite's robe and rips it clear from the bottom! You have no right, if you are well off, to conclude that your children are going to be as you are.

A man died, leaving a large estate. His son fell dead in a Philadelphia grogshop. His old comrades gathered and said as they bent over his body, "What is the matter with you, Ned?" The surgeon standing over him said: "Hush up! He's dead!" "Ah, dead!" they said. "Come, boys, stand and take a drink in memory of poor Peggsey!"

Give you nothing better than money for your children? If you have not, will your daughters into the world with empty brain and unskilled hand, guilty of assassination, homicide, infanticide. There are many toiling in our cities for $3 and $4 per week who were the daughters of merchant princes. These suffering ones would be glad to have the crumbs that once fell from their fathers' table, and the worn out, broken shoe that she wears is the lineal descendant of the $12 gaiters in which her mother walked, and that torn and faded calico had ancestry of magnificent brocade that swept Broadway clean without any expense to the street commissioners. Though you live in an elegant residence and fare sumptuously every day, let your daughters feel it is a disgrace to them not to know how to work. I denounce the idea, prevalent in society, that, though our young women may embroider slippers and crochet and make mats for lamps to stand on without disgrace, the idea of doing anything for a livelihood is dishonorable. It is a shame for a young woman, belonging to a large family, to be inefficient when the father toils his life away for her support. It is a shame for a daughter to be idle while her mother toils at the washtub. It is as honorable to sweep house, make beds or trim hats as it is to twist a watch chain.

Finical Notions.

As far as I can understand, the line of respectability lies between that which is useful and that which is useless. If women do that which is of no value, their work is honorable. If they do practical work, it is dishonorable. That our young women may escape the censure of doing dishonorable work I shall particularize. You may knit a tidy for the back of an armchair, but by no means make the money wherewith to buy the chair. You may, with delicate brush, beautify a mantel ornament, but die rather than earn enough to buy a marble mantel. You may learn artistic music until you can squall Italian, but never sing "Ortonville" or "Old Hundred." Do nothing practical if you would in the eyes of refined society preserve your respectability. I scout these finical notions. I tell you no woman, any more than man, has a right to occupy a place in this world unless she pays a rent for it.

In the course of a lifetime you consume whole harvests and droves of cattle, and every day you live breathe 40 hogsheads of good pure air. You must by some kind of usefulness pay for all this. Our race was the last thing created—the birds and fishes on the fourth day, the cattle and lizards on the fifth day and man on the sixth day. If geologists are right, the earth was a million of years in the possession of the insects, beasts and birds before our race came upon it. In one sense we were innovators. The cattle, the lizards and the hawks had pre-emption right. The question is not what we are to do with the lizards and summer insects, but what the lizards and summer insects are to do with us.

If we want a place in this world, we must earn it. The partridge makes its own nest before it occupies it. The lark by his morning song earns its breakfast before it eats it. The Bible gives an intimation that the first duty of an idler is to starve when it says if he "will not work neither shall he eat." Idleness pains the health, and very soon nature says: "This man has refused to pay his rent. Out with him!"

The Toil of the Needle.

Society is to be reconstructed on the subject of woman's toil. A vast majority of those who would have woman industrious shut her up to a few kinds of work. My judgment in this matter is that a woman has a right to do anything she can do well. There should be no department of merchandise, merchanism, art or science barred against her. If Miss Hosmer has genius for sculpture, give her a chisel. If Rosa Bonheur has a fondness for delineating animals, let her make "The Horse Fair." If Miss Mitchell will study astronomy, let her mount the starry ladder. If Lydia will be a merchant, let her sell purple. If Lucretia Mott will preach the gospel, let her thrill with her womanly eloquence the Quaker meeting house.

It is said if a woman is given such opportunities she will occupy places that might be taken by men. I say if she have more skill and adaptedness for any position than a man has let her have it. She has as much right to her bread, to her apparel and to her home as men have.

But it is said that her nature is so delicate that she is unfitted for exhausting toil. I ask in the name of all past history what toil on earth is more severe, exhausting and tremendous than that toil of the needle to which for ages she has been subjected? The battering ram, the sword, the carbine, the battle-ax, have made no such havoc as the needle. I would that these living sepulchers in which women have for ages been buried might be opened, and that some resurrection trumpet might bring up these living corpses to the fresh air and sunlight.

Go with me, and I will show you a woman who by hardest toil supports her children, her drunken husband, her old father and mother, pays her house rent, always has wholesome food on the table, and when she can get some neighbor on the Sabbath to come in and take care of her family appears in church with hat and cloak that are far from indicating the toil to which she is subjected.

Trials of Women.

Such a woman as that has body and soul enough to fit her for any position. She could stand beside the majority of your salesmen and dispose of more goods. She could go into your wheelwright shops and beat one-half of your workmen at making carriages. We talk about woman as though we had resigned to her all the light work, and ourselves had shouldered the heavier. But the day of judgment, which will reveal the sufferings of the stake and inquisition, will marshal before the throne of God and the hierarchs of heaven the martyrs of washtub and needle.

Now, I say, if there be any preference in occupation, let woman have it. God knows her trials are the severest. By her acuter sensitiveness to misfortune, by her hour of anguish, I demand that no one hedge up her pathway to a livelihood. Oh, the meanness, the despicability of men who begrudge a woman the right to work anywhere in any honorable calling!

I go still further and say that women should have equal compensation with men. By what principle of justice is it that women in many of our cities get only two-thirds as much pay as men, and in many cases only half? Here is the gigantic injustice—that for work equally well if not better done woman receives far less compensation than man. Start with the national government. For a long while women clerks in Washington got $900 for doing that for which men received $1,800.

To thousands of young women in our cities today there is only this alternative—starvation or dishonor. Many of the largest mercantile establishments of our cities are accessory to these abominations, and from their large establishments there are scores of souls being pitched off into death, and their employers know it!

The Wail of Womanhood.

Is there a God? Will there be a judgment? I tell you, if God rises up to redress woman's wrongs, many of our large establishments will be swallowed up quicker than the South American earthquake ever took down a city. God will earth these oppressors between the two millstons of his wrath and grind them to powder!

I hear from all this land the wail of womanhood. Man has nothing to answer to that wail but flatteries. He says she is an angel. She is not. She knows she is not. She is a human being, who gets hungry when she has no food and cold when she has no fire. Give her no more flatteries. Give her justice!

There are about 50,000 sewing girls in New York and Brooklyn. Across the darkness of this night I hear their death groan. It is not such a cry as comes from those who are suddenly hurled out of life, but a slow, grinding, horrible wasting away. Gather them before you and look into their faces, pinched, ghastly, hunger struck! Look at their fingers, needle pricked and blood tipped! See that premature stoop in the shoulders! Hear that fever, hacking, merciless cough!

At a large meeting of these women, held in a hall in Philadelphia, grand speeches were delivered, but a needlewoman took the stand, threw aside her faded shawl, and with her shriveled arm hurled a very thunderbolt of eloquence, speaking out the horrors of her own experience.

A Pathetic Picture.

Stand at the corner of a street in New York in the very early morning as the women go to their work. Many of them had no breakfast except the crumbs that were left over from the night before or a crust they chew on their way through the streets. Here they come—the working girls of the city! These engaged in beadwork, these in flower making, in millinery, enameling, cigar making, bookbinding, labeling, feather picking, print coloring, paper box making, but, most overworked of all and least compensated, the sewing women. Why do they not take the city cars on their way up? They cannot afford the 5 cents. If, concluding to deny herself something else, she gets into the car, give her sixpence. You want to see how Latimer and Ridley appeared in the fire. Look at that woman and behold a more horrible martyrdom—a hotter fire, a more agonizing death.

One Sabbath night, in the vestibule of my church, after service a woman fell in convulsions. The doctor said she needed medicine not so much as something to eat. As she began to revive, in her delirium she said gaspingly: "Eight cents! Eight cents! Eight cents! I wish I could get it done! I am so tired! I wish I could get some sleep, but I must get it done! Eight cents! Eight cents!" We found afterward that she was making garments at 8 cents apiece, and that she could make but three of them in a day. Hear it! Three times 8 are 24! Hear it, men and women who have comfortable homes!

Some of the worst villains of the city are the employers of these women. They beat them down to the last penny and try to cheat them out of that. The woman must deposit $1 or $2 before she gets the garments to work on. When the work is done, it is sharply inspected, the most insignificant flaws picked out and the wages refused, and sometimes the $1 deposited not given back. The Women's Protective union reports a case where one of these poor souls, finding a place where she could get more wages, resolved to change employers and went to get her pay for work done. The employer says, "I hear you are going to leave me?" "Yes," she said, "and I have come to get what you owe me." He made no answer. She said, "Are you not going to pay me?" "Yes," he said, "I will pay you," and he kicked her down stairs.

Women Against Women.

How are these evils to be eradicated? What have you to answer, you who sell coats and have shoes made and contract for the southern and western markets? What help is there, what panacea, what redemption? Some say, "Give women the ballot." What effect such ballot might have on other questions I am not here to discuss, but what would be the effect of female suffrage upon woman's wages? I do not believe that woman will ever get justice by woman's ballot.

Indeed women oppress women as much as men do. Do not women as much as men beat down to the lowest figure the woman who sews for them? Are not women as sharp as men on washerwomen and milliners and mantua makers? If a woman asks $1 for her work, does not her female employer ask if she will not take 90 cents? You say, "Only 10 cents difference." But that is sometimes the difference between heaven and hell. Women often have less commiseration for women than men. If a woman steps aside from the path of virtue, man may forgive—woman never! Woman will never get justice done her from woman's ballot.

Never will she get it from man's ballot. How, then? God will rise up for her. God has more resources than we know of. The flaming sword that hung at Eden's gate when woman was driven out will cleave with its terrible edge her oppressors.

A Source of Strength.

But there is something for our women to do. Let our young people prepare to excel in spheres of work, and they will be able after awhile to get larger wages. If it be shown that a woman can in a store sell more goods in a year than a man, she will soon be able not only to ask but to demand more wages, and to demand them successfully. Unskilled and incompetent labor must take what is given. Skilled and competent labor will eventually make its own standard. Admitting that the law of supply and demand regulates these things, I contend that the demand for skilled labor is very great and the supply very small.

Start with the idea that work is honorable and that you can do some one thing better than any one else. Resolve that, God helping, you will take care of yourself. If you are after awhile called into another relation, you will all the better be qualified for it by your spirit of self reliance, or if you are called to stay as you are you can be happy and self supporting.

Poets are fond of talking about man as an oak and woman the vine that climbs it, but I have seen many a tree fall that not only went down itself, but took all the vines with it. I can tell you of something stronger than an oak for an ivy to climb on, and that is the throne of the great Jehovah. Single or affianced, that woman is strong who leans on God and does her best. The needle may break, the factory hand may slip, the wages may fail, but over every good woman's head there are spread the two great, gentle, stupendous wings of the Almighty.

Many of you will go single handed through life, and you will have to choose between two characters. Young woman, I am sure you will turn your back upon the useless, giggling, painted nonentity which society ignominiously acknowledges to be a woman and ask God to make you a humble, active, earnest Christian.

A Useless Life.

What will become of this godless disciple of fashion? What an insult to her sex! Her manners are an outrage upon decency. She is more thoughtful of the attitude she strikes upon the carpet than how she will look in the judgment, more worried about her freckles than her sins, more interested in her bonnet strings than in her redemption. Her apparel is the poorest part of a Christian woman, however magnificently dressed, and no one has so much right to dress well as a Christian. Not so with the godless disciple of fashion. Take her robes, and you take everything. Death will come down on her some day, and rub the bistre off her eyelids, and the rouge off her cheeks, and with two rough, bony hands scatter spangles and glass beads and rings and ribbons and lace and brooches and buckles and sashes and her golden chains.

The dying actress whose life had been vicious said: "The scene closes. Draw the curtain." Generally the tragedy comes first and the farce afterward, but in her life it was first the farce of a useless life and then the tragedy of a wretched eternity.

A Mother In Israel.

Compare the life and death of such a one with that of some Christian aunt that was once a blessing to your household. I do not know that she was ever offered a hand in marriage. She lived single, that untrammeled she might be everybody's blessing. Whenever the sick were to be visited or the poor to be provided with bread, she went with a blessing. She could pray or sing "Rock of Ages" for any sick pauper who asked her. As she got older there were days when she was a little sharp, but for the most part auntie was a sunbeam—just the one for Christmas eve. She knew better than any one else how to fix things. Her every prayer, as God heard it, was full of everybody who had trouble. The brightest things in all the house dropped from her fingers. She had peculiar notions, but the grandest notion she ever had was to make you happy. She dressed well—auntie, always dressed well—but her highest adornment was that of a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price. When she died, you all gathered lovingly about her, and as you carried her out to rest the Sunday school class almost covered the coffin with japonicas, and the poor people stood at the end of the alley, with their aprons to their eyes, sobbing bitterly, and the man of the world said, with Solomon, "Her price was above rubies," and Jesus, as unto the maiden in Judæa, commanded, "I say unto thee, arise!"

Peanuts.

They say peanuts are extraordinarily nutritious, and that, though almost wholly indigestible raw or roasted, when reduced to meal and boiled or otherwise thoroughly cooked they are readily assimilated. Owing to their low proportion of sugar and starch, they may serve to enhance in most welcome degree the bill of fare of persons under treatment for obesity. In other words, they are an ideal antifat diet. From two points of view their value as food is of interest to Americans. In the first place, would it be desirable or practicable to introduce the moral and grits here? Secondly, is this new discovery likely to stimulate the demand for United States peanuts? The later question is likely to be answered in the negative, inasmuch as this kind of crop can be grown and gathered in Africa more cheaply than in this country. Of course, as a matter of fact, the peanut is not a nut at all. It is a sort of pea—an annual that has to be planted every year and dies in the fall. The blossom of the plant puts forth a little appendage, which makes its way into the moist earth and swells out below ground into a pod that has from one to four peas in it. When they are ripe, they are pulled up, stacked in the field to dry and finally cleaned and sorted for market.—Washington Star.

DEATH IN THE STRIKE.

Two Killed and Several Injured Near Pekin, Ills.

ENGINEER KILLED IN INDIANA.

Strikers of McKeesport, Pa., Visit Duquesne and Force the Workmen Out, After Destroying Property—Colorado Mine Strikers Becoming Less Warlike.

McKEESPORT, Pa., June 6.—Last evening when the workmen of the National Tube works who have taken the places of strikers came out, they were met by a mob of several thousand. Many of the workmen returned within the enclosure, but a number attempted to get to their homes. They were set upon by the strikers and terribly beaten. The entire police force were on duty, but they were powerless. One man started up Fifth avenue, and a mob of fully 1,000 gave chase. He jumped on an electric car, but the mob surrounded the car and pulling down the trolley, cut the wires, compelling the cars to stop running. About 9 o'clock the mob surrounded the works and took possession of the plant. Several men who were found inside were terribly beaten. In obedience to the mayor's proclamation the mob finally dispersed, but only to post pickets to prevent new men coming in.

MCKEESPORT, Pa., June 7.—No attempt has been made to start up the National Tube works. The strikers are swarming around the works and the depots. Every point is being watched by them, and trouble will surely follow any attempt to introduce new workmen or deputies.

Some one came among the strikers congregated about the tube works and announced that some tube workers were working at the slack piles across the river. A mad rush was made by 700 or 800 men to put a stop to it. When they reached the tipple of John Davitt it came down before the onslaught within a few minutes. From there the crowd made a break for a new tipple being erected by John McIntyre, about a mile above. The McIntyre tipple shared the same fate as the Davitt.

After the destruction of those works the mob started for Duquesne. When it reached that place it had increased to 6,000 strikers and sympathizers. With yells they attacked the Duquesne Tube works, drove all the men at work out of the plant, drew the fires and ran the hot metal from the furnaces out on the floors.

Three barges of coal were cut loose at McIntyre's mine and floated down the river. Six cars of slack were burned while in the Pittsburg and Lake Erie yards because the strikers thought they were intended for the tube works. Then the crowd crossed the bridge to Rhodes' Station and fired Junker Brothers' chute and platform.

A striker named Lauterbach, who was injured on Tuesday, died at the hospital last night.

CRIPPLE CREEK, Colo., June 7.—There will be no battle between the fortified union miners on Bull Hill and the army of deputy sheriffs who are encamped on Beaver creek, less than five miles from Bull Hill, unless a treacherous move is made by one side or the other.

Affairs were decidedly warlike until 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Although the deputies cut all the telegraph wires between this city and Midland, the miners were quickly informed by their scouts of the advance of the sheriff's force, and prepared for battle. They were willing to submit to the militia, but declared they would never be arrested until the troops arrived.

Major Lindsay and President Parker, of the First National bank, called up Sheriff Bowers by telephone and begged him to stop his deputies until the troops could reach camp. Sheriff Bowers agreed to this, and there is every reason to believe that there will be no further hostilities.

PEKIN, Ills., June 7.—There was a bloody battle at Little's coal mine, five miles down the Illinois river from Pekin. Word was received at Pekin that 500 miners from west of the river were about to attack the mine. Sheriff Frederick swore in a posse and set out for the scene. The strikers assembled at Bentonville and crossed the Illinois by Ferries. There were about 400 men and some women.

The sheriff and posse remonstrated with the mob in vain. The leader of the strikers, with a revolver in each hand, cried out "follow me," and the crowd charged on the mine. The two Littles and their two sons and a colored man retreated to the tower above the shaft and opened fire on the attacking party, some of whom were seen to fall. The fire was returned, and hundreds of shots were fired into and through the tower. The Littles hoisted a white flag, but the firing did not cease. The tower was set on fire and up shot the flames. It was feared the powder would be reached, and the crowds retreated. The air-shaft was kept closed.

The killed are: John Jackson, colored, a miner at Little's. Ed Bloom, one of the strikers. Wounded: Ed Prier and Peter Little, of the besieged, the former shot in the breast, probably fatally. Half a dozen others were slightly hurt.

FROSTBURG, Md., June 7.—Detachments from the Fourth and Fifth regiments are patrolling the little towns in the neighborhood of the mines in the Maryland coal region, and the experience does not resemble play soldiering. The effect is that the towns are under martial control. The patrol is kept up in order to prevent, if possible, a repetition of the dastardly dynamite outrage which took place near the Eckhart mine yesterday.

It has been pretty well known for some time that a number of the strikers were supplied with dynamite and some of this, or from other source, was used on the house of Charles Lancaster, one of the miners who has stood by the company. Lancaster, his wife and his sister were asleep in the house at the time, and their escape is almost marvelous. The whole front of the house was shattered. The explosion was accepted by the miners as a warning of what would occur, and many stayed away from work on this account, although protected in their passage to the mines by the military. Yesterday, in spite of the protection, at the five mines only 125 men went to the works.

BRAZIL, Ind., June 7.—A crowd of angry miners blockaded a Vandalia freight train east of here and stoned the trainmen. The engineer, William Barr, was struck on the head by a heavy stone and instantly killed. Brakeman A. J. Harshman was hit in the back and badly hurt. The strikers continued throwing stones until every window in the caboose and engine was broken. The excitement is intense. Officers are in pursuit of the strikers.

COLUMBUS, O., June 7.—Governor McKinley has ordered out a force of 1,200 militiamen to the scene of the strike in eastern Ohio.

LADAS WINS THE DERBY

The Three Ambitions of Lord Rosebery's Life Finally Gratified.

LONDON, June 7.—Lord Rosebery's colt, Ladas, won the English derby yesterday. Matchbox was second and Reminder third. Ladas won in a canter in 2.45 4-5, a length and a half in front of Matchbox. The distance was a mile and a half. Thousands of wildly cheering people invaded the course after the race was decided, and



LADAS.

Ladas was soon surrounded by a multitude half mad with enthusiasm.

Over 100,000 people, according to the estimate, journeyed to Epsom by road or by rail, in some manner or other, the attendance being above the average in point of numbers and respectability.

Before entering public life Lord Rosebery said he had three ambitions—to marry the richest girl in Great Britain, be premier, and to win the derby. All three wishes have been gratified. He married the richest of the Rothschild girls.

Secretary Smith a Doctor of Laws.

CHAPEL HILL, N. C., June 7.—Fully 3,000 persons attended the commencement of the University of North Carolina here yesterday. Hon. Hoke Smith, who delivered the oration of the day, was given a hearty welcome and his remarks were warmly applauded. His allusion to the fact that slavery and the system of reconstruction had been the twin evils that had retarded the natural prosperity of the south was received with marked approval. In the course of his speech Secretary Smith stated that he believed that the tariff bill would become a law by July 1. The degree of LL. D. was conferred on Secretary Smith.

Two Hundred Coxeyites Sentenced.

BOISE, Idaho, June 6.—Judge Beatty yesterday sentenced the 200 Coxeyites arrested several days ago for stealing a Union Pacific train. "General" Scheffler was given six months, "Quartermaster General" Breckinridge four months and the other leaders from thirty days to three months in the various county jails in the state. The rank and file, almost 180 in number, were given from thirty to sixty days in a blockade prison to be erected on the Idaho and Oregon line.

Strikers Released on Bail.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., June 7.—The miners who were arrested charged with stealing a Santa Fe train last week were released on bond yesterday, a formal charge having been made against them in the criminal court. The sum was $500 in each case, and was furnished by the city marshal of Richmond, Mo., who brought the men sufficient money to pay their fare home, for which place they left at once.

Mrs. Cleveland at Gray Gables.

BUZZARD'S BAY, Mass., June 7.—Mrs. Cleveland and her two children arrived here today, having left Washington yesterday morning. It had previously been known to Washington until the middle of October. In addition to the children, Mrs. Cleveland was accompanied by the German governess, two maids and the president's valet. She found Gray Gables completely ready for occupancy.

Left Before the Militia Arrived.

MARION, Ills., June 7.—The miners broke camp at Cartersville and retreated before the militia arrived. Forty cars of coal were run out that had been held by the miners. Six leaders of the mob, George Tygett, Wat Stocks, Adam Barth, Matt Walker and Parson McGinnis were arrested. There has been no loss of life and no property destroyed except the powder magazines.

Ex-Secretary Foster Home Again.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 7.—Ex-Secretary of State John W. Foster arrived from the Orient yesterday on the steamer China. After the Behring sea commission concluded its session at Paris Mr. Foster started on a tour of the world. The ex-secretary will pay a short visit to Monterey and then leave for Washington.

O'Dowd's Quandary.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., June 7.—Patrick O'Dowd, who came from Montana to this place to see his former wife, who is now the wife of John Higgins, is undecided yet just what course he will pursue. He had not seen his wife in twenty-seven years, and she believed him dead. She married Higgins thirteen years ago.

Horse Racing by Electric Light.

CONEY ISLAND, June 7.—It is reported here that the managers of the Brighton Beach race track have decided to hold races on their track at night, beginning on July 4. They will put in extensive electric light apparatus, and the lights will be ranged all around the track, the grand stand and the betting ring.

Four Colored Men Drowned.

CAIRO, Ills., June 7.—Four colored men, James Wheeler, Ed Green, James Holmes and Ed Skaggs, were drowned at Bird's Point, Mo., while crossing the river in a skiff. The boat was overturned and the swift current carried the men under an adjacent barge.

Fatally Burned by Gasoline.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., June 7.—A gasoline stove exploded in Adam Long's house on Central street, and two servants, Mary Glynn and Nora Keivel, were frightfully burned. Mary Glynn died shortly afterwards, but the other girl will probably recover.

J. Lowrie Bell's Successor.

WASHINGTON, June 5.—In a list of nominations sent to the senate by the president was that of Charles Neilson, of Maryland, to be second assistant postmaster general, vice J. Lowrie Bell, resigned.

Big Rolling Mills Forced to Close.

CLEVELAND, June 7.—The big rolling mills at Newburg have been compelled to close down for want of fuel. It is estimated that between 3,000 and 4,000 men are idle as a result of the shut-down.

Ex-Minister Phelps' Condition.

ENGLEWOOD, N. J., June 7.—The condition of William Walter Phelps is unchanged. Dr. Curry said that his patient was in great danger of typhoid fever, and very sick man.

GASTON'S TESTIMONY.

The Wire Manufacturer Before the Senate Committee.

HE RECOGNIZED NO SENATORS.

Though He Did Hear a Conversation Regarding Sugar in Mr. Terrell's Room at the Arlington Hotel—There Was Very Little Politics in the Discussion.

WASHINGTON, June 6.—The committee investigating the sugar trust gave out last night the testimony of Walter Gaston, the wire manufacturer of Wilkesbarre, Pa., who occupied the room next to Mr. Terrell at the Arlington hotel, and upon whose statement to a congressman was based the article in the New York Mail and Express which is one of the topics considered by the committee. The article was read to Gaston, and he said:

"With the exception of the fact that I was in the room—that I overheard a conversation on sugar, that I told a congressman next morning from what I heard that I did not believe the Wilson bill would pass, nor any other tariff unless it was a better bill—it is absolutely manufactured out of whole cloth, absolutely false from beginning to end. In telling the congressman—we had confidential relations together for some time—I told him this in pure confidence, without giving him details. I mentioned nobody. I simply told him that from a sugar conversation the night before in an adjoining room I did not believe the Wilson bill would pass, nor any tariff bill unless a much more favorable bill for the various industries of the country were framed. That I will stand."

He then said that upon being awakened he learned from the conversation in the adjoining room that the sugar men were not so elated with the tariff schedule offered by the subcommittee of the finance committee. He did not recognize the voice of any person in the room, although it was those persons who were dissatisfied with the sugar schedule. From the general drift of their conversation he was sure they were interested in sugar. He denied that he arose and peeped through the keyhole. The only reason he had to suppose that senators were in the room was the familiarity they displayed with what had been going on in the subcommittee room that day. He had never said to any one that he recognized the voices of senators.

It was his understanding that the subcommittee had offered the sugar industry 40 per cent. ad valorem and one-eighth of a cent differential for refined sugar, and this was unsatisfactory to the men in the room, and from what they said he was sure that the Wilson bill would be defeated. He was asked concerning many of the statements in the newspapers, and declared most of them absolutely false in every particular. He knew Terrell was in the room because some one came in and said: "Good evening, Mr. Terrell." One of the men seemed more familiar with the subject of sugar than the others, and was complimented by the others for his knowledge. There was no politics in this discussion, all sugar, and some social talk.

Asked as to why he thought the bill would be defeated, he said: "The interests of one in tariff matters should be the interest of all, and I knew, or I thought I knew, that the sugar men could not get it all, and that it would have to be live and let live, as it is in all these matters. Therefore, if the sugar men were better taken care of the other schedules would be better taken care of. That was my inference, and it was not an unnatural one."

Senator Allen—"I understood you to say awhile ago that you knew the sugar trust had put in their power to defeat this bill if not satisfactory to them?"

"Yes, sir."

"What do you mean by that?"

Mr. Gaston—"I mean this: There are two sugar refineries in Louisiana, and in Louisiana there is a county of two cents on sugar. The sugar interest having certain senators representing it, in the closeness of the vote in the senate, of course there is not a very great margin, as you know."

He went on and stated that in a general way that he thought the various senators who did not like certain features of the bill would combine with the sugar interests and defeat the measure. This he inferred; he did not know anything about it.

He did not give the name of the congressman that he had told of the conversation, and was given until today to decide whether the congressman's name should be given to the committee.

WASHINGTON, June 7.—Congressman Cadmus, of New Jersey, is the man to whom Walter Gaston told the story of the conversation he had overheard in the room of Mr. Terrell, of the sugar trust, at the Arlington hotel on the night of March 6 last. Mr. Gaston was before the senate sugar investigating committee again yesterday, and he gave Mr. Cadmus's name, which he declined to do on Tuesday. The committee immediately decided to send for Mr. Cadmus, and examined Mr. Gaston. Mr. Cadmus positively refused to mention any names. He corroborated Mr. Gaston's statement.

British Columbia's Flood Subsiding.

VANCOUVER, B. C., June 7.—News from up the rivers is that the water is falling. Many of the mining claims are in such a demoralized condition that it is impossible to estimate the loss of life or the damage to property. A number of bodies have been recovered, and it is known that many persons have been drowned. Victoria, Vancouver and Nanaimo are the only towns in British Columbia not affected by the high water.

Industrials Barred Out.

CAIRO, Ills., June 7.—The advance guard of Kelly's fleet attempted to make a landing here yesterday, but was prevented by special officers, who are patrolling the levee. The men crossed to the Missouri side of the river, where they will wait the arrival of Kelly and the rest of the navy. The authorities are determined to keep the industrials out of the city.

Steam Tug Blown Up.

NEW HAVEN, June 7.—The steam tug Russell was blown to atoms yesterday, killing one man and injuring several others. The cook, Frederick Weller, was in the galley preparing dinner, and he was blown with the wreck. Frederick Wyner had several ribs broken.

The Interstate Bridge.

WASHINGTON, June 7.—The senate amendments to the house bill authorizing the construction of a bridge across the Hudson river by the New York and New Jersey Bridge company were agreed to by the house. The bill now goes to the president for his signature.

LINGUISTS IN CONGRESS.

Speeches Can Be Made In Almost All Languages In the House.

"A man can get up in the house and make a speech in almost every modern language, not counting the dead, with every assurance of having an intelligent audience," said Representative Bartholdt to a reporter. "I have made no effort to gain an accurate knowledge on the subject, but speaking at random there are at least 20 members who either speak or understand German. Williams of Mississippi studied at Heidelberg; Richards of Ohio, I think, at Toningen; Flynn of Oklahoma speaks German readily, and Mc