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The Easton Gazette.

THE OLDEST PAPER IN TALBOT COUNTY.

The Purest in Politics, the Subscription Lists containing the most Bona-fide subscribers.

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A LOVE SYMPHONY.

Along the garden ways just now
I heard the flowers speak;
The white rose told me of your brow,
The red rose of your cheek,
The lily of your bending head,
The bindweed of your hair;
Each looked its loveliest and said
You were more fair.

I went into the wood anon,
And heard the wild birds sing,
How sweet you were; they warbled on,
Piped, trilled the self-same thing.
Thrush, blackbird, linnet, without pause,
The burden did repeat,
And still began again because
You were more sweet.

And then I went down to the sea,
And heard it murmuring, too,
Part of an ancient mystery,
All made of me and you.
How many a thousand years ago
I loved, and you were sweet,
Longer I could not stay, and so,
I fled back to your feet.

—Arthur O'Shaughnessey

THE INSKIP PRIDE.

BY GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN.



S proud as an Inskip!" And there one stopped; the acme of pride had been reached.

When the last of the Inskips passed forth from the family mansion to descend by way of a suite of rooms in a private family, to two in a second rate boarding house, and then to a single room over a barber's shop, one would have expected the significance of the saying to wane with the Inskip fortunes. But "proud as an Inskip" was still whispered beneath one's breath as Miss Lavinia swept up the aisle of old Christ Church to the family pew.

Though passed into that indefinite period, middle age, her step had not lost the sprightly stateliness, the graceful yet insolent abandon so significant of her character as a girl; a character entirely given to impulse, yet using its Inskip pride as an impenetrable armor from which to witness the results of its own indifference to consequences. Miss Lavinia's career was a thing of public reminiscence; a thing to be brought up and aired and sold for the astonishment and edification of the present generation; talked of with that keen relish with which things helping to make history are always related.

Of her insolence? They will tell you how, when Richly, that Midas of the North, pressing her for an answer as they stood together at the bow of a great Mississippi steamboat, made mention of his enormous wealth—they will tell you how Miss Inskip, gazing abstractedly into the blue distance, drew from the purse at her belt a banknote, numbering at least three figures. Then, letting the wind catch it from her white fingers and carry it fluttering over the river's yellow expanse, she turned and left old Richly, red with anger, to digest his answer as best he might.

Daring? Another story is of a wretched youth whose adoration was so mixed with fear that, at her command, he meekly descended from his horse, that a fugitive slave might mount in his place; and while she rode on some twenty miles to aid the poor wretch's escape, the young man walked the wooded roadside half the night in mental anguish, dreading to disobey her command to await her return. And, be it said, it was not he who finally told of the story. Oh, yes, certainly she owned slaves herself! Her excuse? The fugitive, driven from his hiding place by hunger, had appealed to her from the roadside, throwing himself on her mercy.

And for wit, that mask of ugliness, old Colonel Cognac is still known as "Apollinaris Bewidere"—an instance of Miss Lavinia's satire.

Was she beautiful? Ask this generation's fathers. Indeed, it is whispered that not one of our mothers but accepted her lord's heart and hand after those articles had been laid in vain at the feet of Miss Lavinia Inskip. In her time she slew her thousands and her tens of thousands. Tradition says the present owner of old Inskip mansion, Judge Richard Alexander, whom every Sunday sees in his place at old Christ Church, has never looked at woman since.

This last is one of the stories oftenest told, perhaps because of the opportunity it affords to describe the famous ball at the Inskip mansion. Three thousand dollars in roses on the ball room walls alone, they say; while in the dining room, the center piece of fruits, flowers, and spun sugar mounted to the dangling prisms of the chandelier, and the elaborate supper surrounding it costs as many more thousands.

On that night Richard Alexander, younger then by some thirty years, handsome, poor, fresh from the country, full of faith in everything, Lavinia included, seemed to have been chosen to be her especial victim and diversion. With her eyes she would summon him, that her red lips might mock him. Did he leave her in anger, her handkerchief was dropped at his feet, as if by accident, as she waltzed by, or, catching his moody eye, her sweetest smile would float back, to lure him to her again. Were he her partner—and full half her card was his—it was to dance a single turn, her perfumed hair intoxicatingly near his face, then to tire, that she might bestow the remainder of the dance on some other of her attendant throng, until, between hope and doubt, young Alexander's passionate heart beat beyond control.

It was in the yard—the beautiful old yard about the mansion, where she had led him, the wild south wind blowing her yellow gauzes from her arms, her throat—that he, having torn a thorny length of bloom from a climbing yellow brier, with sudden daring caught its two ends and held it, crown-like, about her head. With insolent consciousness of her beauty, she threw her head back, bringing her mocking, upturned face near to his. Then, seeing the wild look of daring that sprang to his eyes, she laughed lightly and flipped him in the face, with the gloves she held, as one might correct one's dog.

Taunted beyond endurance, they say, he seized her in his arms and kissed her. With a moment's pause, while the Inskip pride gathered its force, she snatched the thorny switch of brier and struck him across the face, not once, but many times—he standing white and motionless, after the first stroke, until her passion spent itself.

After that, young Alexander passed out of the social life of the place, and the career of Miss Lavinia Inskip became more than ever celebrated. Stories without number are told of this period of her life. Once, it is said, at an accepted suitor's jealous remonstrances, she slipped his ring from her finger, tossed the costly bauble through the open window, and left the wretched man, metaphorically, to follow. She quarreled with another only a few days from the altar, and distributed the costly trousseau, the talk of the country, among her servant girls. And so they went, all these traditions—all of them telling how she and wealth and wit and beauty and insolent pride were one—she whose all was now within the four walls of a room over a barber's shop.

Old Christ Church had again come into fashionable favor, and its sittings were in demand; so much had been done for it by the presence of a new and young assistant rector and a surpliced choir. Years had passed since rent had been paid for the Inskip pew, yet no one had thought to question Miss Lavinia's right to sit there. To-day her generation was fast thinning out. The old rector was abroad; Miss Lavinia's pew was wanted, and the young assistant, calmly assuming the prerogatives and duties of the sleepy and inert vestry, saw no reason why it should not be taken. There were numerous single sittings vacant, he reasoned, and in a prettily worded note to Miss Lavinia he intimated as much, at the same time neglecting to mention the matter to his vestry.

Did Miss Lavinia ever receive that note? It would have been hard for those to decide who saw her walk into church that next Sunday, her India shawl so adjusted on the sloping shoulders as to make the best display of the old silk dress, her slender hands folded on the faded velvet prayer book, her once auburn hair streaked to a yellow gray, but her eyes as bright as in the days of their insolent youth. With the old stateliness, and just a touch of the old abandon, she walked the length of the aisle, and her strong soprano voice rose in the chant as usual, from the cushioned interior of the Inskip pew.

That week it was whispered around that a piece of the Inskip burying ground in the cemetery was offered for sale—that large entrance plot with its famous purple beeches, which in the old days boasted such a display of flower beds and shrubbery. Afterwards it came to light that the young rector had called on Miss Lavinia that same week to explain the point, and to request her to resign her pew for a smaller one. Miss Lavinia received his views in silence, made no protest, and he left, apparently sure of her acquiescence. Yet on the following Sunday she took her usual place with an air which those who knew her recognized as Inskipian, and could have interpreted as declaring defiance to the last degree.

That very week the ground in the cemetery was disposed of, and the entire proceeds of the sale were proffered the vestry of Christ Church in payment of the debt on the Inskip pew, to the unbounded astonishment of that slow-going body. Had the young minister known of this transaction, the matter would have ended there; but as it happened, he did not. Miss Inskip not considering him at all in connection with the matter. But in the meantime, regarding his audience with her as final, he had signified to a new and wealthy parishioner that the large rental offered for the pew was accepted, the details of the arrangement to be referred to the vestry at their next meeting.

About this time two contrary versions of the story began to be whispered abroad. On the following Sunday, which happened to be Easter Day, the large congregation felt an apprehensive thrill as Miss Lavinia entered—perhaps intentionally—a little late. It watched her sweep up the long central aisle, it saw her stop as she reached the Inskip pew, filled to the very door with the family of his rich parishioner, happily unconscious of the position they had unwittingly assumed. Here its very pulse seemed to pause with Miss Lavinia. She stopped. Her face was deadly pale. The pews on either hand were filled. She threw her head back; she turned to go.

Then the pulse of the congregation came back with a bound. Judge Alexander—once the young Richard Alexander—had stepped into the aisle as she came down, had met her, was pointing through the open door to his empty pew. She faltered, she raised her glance to his. Could it be tears in an Inskip's eye. Then she shook her head, walked with stately haughtiness down the aisle of old Christ Church and out of its doors.

Overcoat deliberately folded upon arm, silk hat in hand, the judge closed the door of his pew and left also. Throughout the church, here and there, old members rose and silently followed his example. The young rector stumbled, repeated himself, and the Easter service went on.

Miss Lavinia had gone home on feet that scarcely seemed to touch the pavements, so swift was her stately speed. She had locked herself and her pride behind the narrow door that was her barrier between the things of to-day and the world of yesterday.

Real Valenciennes on cotton, a Grecian urn amid the barber's pomades, pearls on his wife, were not more out of place than Miss Lavinia in that small room. An epigrammatic acquaintence once said that in her youth she questioned the right of nature to expect the Inskips to draw breath for themselves. Now, she folded the old shawl with careful, almost reverent hands, fearful of the time when it should be worn out. She wrapped the velvet prayer book in a linen cambric handkerchief of cobweb fineness, that its silver clasps might not tarnish. Then, a surges of wounded pride swept over her afresh, Miss Lavinia walked the floor, her thin hands clenched at either side.

'An Inskip expected deference of Heaven itself!" She had laughed when she heard such things, but in her insolent heart she had gloried that there was truth in them. Was not every Inskip taught these things from birth? Had she not imbibed them, and lived up to them, until to her they were part of the plan of creation itself? Had not her childhood's fancies, her girlhood's friendships, her woman's heart, been crushed beneath this Inskip pride? Her woman's heart—

Old as she was, a blush that scorched her soul burned over Miss Lavinia's face. He, whom she had humiliated past forgiveness, for very hatred of the knowledge that her love was won where it ought not be given—he, today, had witnessed her humiliation, and, hardest of all to endure, had offered her his protection!

What was it she had seen in his eyes as they looked into hers for the first time in thirty years? Was it triumph? Was it pity? They were too glowing for pity, too tender for triumph. God help her to still the heart that cried the truth—it was love! After thirty silent years it was love!

But even now, her pride could not allow him that! "It is not all his," she cried. "I have been faithful, too. To one after another I tried to give myself, but I could not—I could not! I have been faithful, too—" A sob in an Inskip's voice; tears stealing between the thin fingers from an Inskip's eyes!

There was a knock. She had refused the dinner brought to her room. Could hours have passed, was it the barber's wife bringing her supper? Miss Lavinia opened the door. It was to receive the tray of food, upon which lay an envelope. And the handwriting upon that envelope she had not forgotten in all these years!

"He had loved her always," said the note. "Would she let him come to her?"

No! All was his to-day, that had once been hers. She had followed his career—would the world have believed it behind such icy indifference of manner? She had read of him as the masterful, self contained, successful man of law, and she knew too well that wealth, position, name, her very home, was his; even such of her old servants as were living now served him, and she had nothing but her pride! And in the long night, walking the floor, opening her window to the warm south wind, she hugged it close. It had been parent, lover, child—all that is given woman to love; and it should be her companion until death.

"No," she wrote him at daybreak, "no. Yet she owed him this—would he forgive her for the past?" Here for the moment her heart beat stronger than pride.

When the latter was gone, she would have recalled it, to erase that last sentence, but it was too late. The barber's wife had taken it on her road to market.

Was this the end? Would he reply? Why should she care? Pride had ended it now—forever. She must get her needle. "He that works not, neither shall he eat"—strange philosophy for an Inskip tongue!

And yet, if indeed it was ended, why should her heart beat so when the barber's wife came to her door that afternoon?

"The judge, he is below, in the parlor behind the shop," the woman explained.

"I cannot see him. Tell him so."

Yet again, grumbling audibly, the barber's wife returned. "He will not go. 'Tell her,' he says—'tell her I am waiting, and will wait until she comes.'"

"You must insist. I will not come." The woman's face threatened mutiny, for she was not paid for service. Miss Lavinia hesitated, then, her thimble caught her eye—thin, worn, pricked into holes, yet it was gold. She pressed it into the woman's hand. "Explain to him that I will not come—make him go!"

To her door again and still again the woman returned. "He is waiting, he bids me say, and will wait until you come."

The afternoon dragged by. Towards evening the barber's wife rebelled. Something must be done. She had company invited, and her parlor she wanted and would have. So she told Miss Lavinia in no gentle tones. The Inskip pride trembled under such insolence. Was this retribution, coming now, step by step? The woman's angry voice shrilled higher.

Miss Lavinia arose. "Hush," she begged, "he will hear you. I will go down and dismiss him."

White, stately, yet trembling strangely, Miss Lavinia walked through the barber's shop, which smelled more loudly than ever of scented soaps and hair oils, into the little parlor behind.

The old—or was it the young?—Richard Alexander turned. Ah, yes, it is the young Richard, tender, ardent, glowing, though his hair is gray!

She tried to motion him back, but his arms are about her—he has kissed her. Oh, memories of a night so long ago! Oh, youth—oh, love!

The Inskip pride came rushing to her lips; it trembled for utterance, it fell dying into a broken cry. "It has been my pride," she sobbed. "I have always loved you, Richard!"

The judge brought his wife into church on his arm the first Sunday after they were married. Nor did it seem ostentatious—the rich dress, the silken wrap, the fine accessories, it seemed only as it should be—Miss Lavinia had come into her own again.

The over zealous young minister had been taught the limits of his authority by an aroused and indignant vestry. The silver name plate was restored to the family pew, but Miss Lavinia, no longer an Inskip, sat with the judge. Evidencing that quality which the hymn book attributes to pride, the Inskip family pew remained—empty.

—Munsey's Magazine.

A Phenomenon About Gold.

It has always been a wonder to the honest miner where the gold comes from that he finds in the grass roots at the tops of mountains far away from ledges of gold bearing quartz. Out at Cripple Creek, Col., last summer this phenomenon was pointed out, and one ingenious explanation, which is generally accepted by the ignorant miners, was that the little particles of gold dropped from the soot that was thrown out by the volcanoes that are said to have ornamented that section away back in the mysterious past. But Professor Walcott, the director of the geological survey, says that is not so. He thinks that the tops of the mountains there where the gold dust is now found were once covered with crags of quartz which decayed and crumbled ages ago. Their dust has mostly blown away, but the kernels of gold, being heavier, have hidden in the soil and remained. Hundreds of thousands of tons of dirt have been carted from the mountain tops to the creeks in the valleys where there was water to wash it on. That is what they call "mining the scenery."—Chicago Record.

Disappearing Gun Carriages.

After long experiment army ordnance officers have found a type of disappearing carriage for the ten inch sea coast rifles which in simplicity of operation and economy of power fills the requirements. This is what is known as the Buffington-Crozier carriage, the invention of two ordnance officers. Some time ago proposals were invited for the construction of ten of these carriages, and a few weeks ago the bids were opened at Washington. The lowest bid came from the Kilby Manufacturing Company, of Cleveland, at $12,350 each, other bids ranging as high as $22,000.—New York Press.

It is a singular fact that during the intensely hot summers in India apoplexy is almost unknown.

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FOR BARGAINS.

☞Everything in CASSIMERES, DRESS GOODS, DRESS TRIMMINGS, LACES and EMBROIDERIES at and below cost. Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves and Corsets greatly reduced. About 300 pairs of Corsets left. A good CORSET for 35 Cents.

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THE NEWS.

P. G. McLaughlin, a prominent Board of Trade speculator, dropped dead in Chicago. Heart disease is supposed to have caused his death. — Representatives of fifty American firms met in Cincinnati, and organized the National Association of Manufacturers of Corrugated Pipe and Galvanized Eave Troughs, with T. C. Snyder, of Canton, and James A. Miller, of Chicago, as the temporary officers. — Ada Curray, aged four years, was burned to death while playing in front of the fireplace at her home in Hinton, W. Va. Her parents were away, burying another daughter, and Ada was at the home of a neighbor. — "Major" Sampson the member of the notorious Market street gang, who is wanted in Chicago for complicity in the murder of Gus Collander, the election clerk, shot last election night, is under arrest in New Orleans. — Robert Macoy, aged eighty, grand recorder of the Grand Commandery of the Knights Templar of the State of New York, died at his residence in Brooklyn. Mr. Macoy was the author, compiler and publisher of many books relating to Free Masonry. — Edward W. Corey, the defaulting treasurer clerk of the National Bank of Commerce of New York, was sentenced to six years and six months imprisonment in the Kings County Penitentiary by Judge Benedict, of the United States Circuit Court. Carter pleaded guilty.

The company's store of Bell & Lewis, in Dubois, Pa., was burned. The fire is believed to have been started by striking miners. The loss will be $75,000. — Hamlin, a small town in West Virginia, was nearly wiped out by fire. — A two-story house was successfully used in several cases in Middletown, N. Y. — The steering gear of a sled in Oyster Bay became unmanageable and six coasters were injured. — A large Christian Science Church was dedicated in Boston. — Pilot Boat, No. 3, of Boston, was sunk by the schooner Horace B. Parker, of Gloucester off Minot's Ledge, and her crew of four drowned. — William Dan's wife killed her husband and shot her mother-in-law in Utica, N. Y. — The remains of John F. Bruner, a shoemaker of Trenton, N. J., who disappeared last November, were found floating in the canal. — The Adams county bar gave a banquet at the Eagle Hotel, in Gettysburg, to Judge Wm. McLean. — One man was killed by a collision between trains in Fremont tunnel, California. — Judge Charles E. Taylor attempted to shoot a deputy sheriff at Franklin, Pa. — A severe storm prevailed in Northern California. — Victor Monchereaux was arrested at Denver, charged with having murdered Marie Contassoit, October 28. — Nathan Fuller, of Nebraska, was killed in a collision on the Lehigh Valley Road, and a load of sheep slaughtered. — Captain Polin Taylor, collector of taxes for Philadelphia, is dead.

Hargrove & Co.'s tobacco factory in Richmond was destroyed by fire. — James M. Walker, once associated with Mackay, Fair, Flood & O'Brien, died poor, in San Francisco. — Fire destroyed the center building and south wing of the Insane Asylum at Anna, Ill. — The Hamburg-American Culture factory, near the center of Kempton, N. Y., was totally destroyed by fire. The loss is estimated at $40,000, and there was a stock of manufactured electric motors in storage. — Frank Murphy, in falling from a ladder in Jersey City, grasped a live wire, and was killed. — The miners at Dubois and Reynoldsville, Pa., struck on account of a reduction in wages. — W. C. McCane, aged thirty-one years, a wealthy mine owner, of Denver, Col., attempted suicide by turning on the gas in his private room in the Norristown, Pa., Hospital. He had been sent to the hospital on account of temporary illness. — Druelist William Bebbler was indicted by the grand jury in Belvidere, N. J. — The body of John T. McKeown, a Detroit real estate dealer, was dragged from the river bottom. It bore no marks of violence. When last seen, a week ago, he was en route homeward after a convivial evening.

W. A. Thompson, well-known as Charley Mitchell's manager, who has been handling a pure-food show, which collapsed, was arrested in New Orleans on a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses, the complainant being R. R. Allen, who bought five thousand tickets on a speculation, being promised that they would be good for expositions held throughout the South. — The Supreme Court of the United States at Washington, granted a reprieve until March 4 to Theodore Lambert, the murderer of Baker Kairer, of Camden, N. J., who was to have been hanged Thursday. This is the second reprieve that has been granted Lambert. Governor Werts having previously granted a stay of execution from December 13 until January 3. — Raphael Marano, thirty-three years old, was found dead in bed, and Raphael Marano, his cousin, and Raphaelo Sirono, Sr., and Raphaelo Sirono, Jr., was found unconscious in their rooms from inhaling illuminating gas, which had escaped from a leaky main in a tenement-house in Boston. — Franklin Baldwin, manager of the Bi Metallic Smelter, and one of the leading citizens of Leadville, was terribly, and probably fatally, injured by a runaway team, which knocked him down and trampled on him. — The residences of P. H. Mast, millionaire manufacturer in Springfield, O., was burned. The interior was entirely destroyed. Loss about $60,000; insurance $30,000 on building and $10,000 on contents. The fire is supposed to be of incendiary origin.

Mrs. Batey Johnson was frightened to death by a root doctor in Augusta, Ga. — The strike at the Carnegie mills at Homestead and Braddock was broken. — Maud Williams, a girl of ten years, was nearly killed by two dogs in Pittsburg. — Frank Usher, of Pottsham, N. Y., committed suicide by leaping from steamship City of Birmingham. She was off Cape Hatteras. — Victor Monchana, accused by Alphonse Lemair of being the Denver strangler, made a counter-statement accusing Lemair. — A negro named Ware, living near Dunangan, Hall county, Ark., murdered his wife and mother-in-law, and then burned his house. He was arrested and jailed at Gainesville. — The Republicans of Wayne county, Pa., nominated Homer Greene to fill the vacancy in Congress caused by the death of Myron B. Wright. — Mild weather in the West, heavy rains and a general thaw caused the rivers to rise, and streams overflowed their banks. Two bridges on the Cleveland, Loraine and Wheeling Railroad were washed away. A steamboat was sunk on the Kanawha by ice cutting a hole in her. — Henry J. Leonard, supposed to be Henry E. Spaulding, was arrested in New Orleans, charged with embezzlement of $15,000 from a Boston firm.

A TRAIN on the Fitchburg Railroad at Keene, N. H., ran into a sleigh containing Charles Brooks, aged 61, his daughter Ada, about 26, and Tendis Bergoyne, a boy about 15. All three were instantly killed.

MR. CLEVELAND
Makes a Pointed Statement on Hawaiian Matters.

INSINUATIONS DENIED.

In Reply to a Hint Thrown Out in the Senate Debate that the Visit of Hawaiian Royalists Had Connection with Ordering Ships from that Locality.

The Senate debate on Senator Lodge's resolution in regard to Hawaiian matters has elicited a pointed statement from the President.

The attention of the President having been called to a hint thrown out in the Senate discussion that the visit of a certain "committee of royalists from the Hawaiian Islands" was connected in some way with the departure of American ships from that locality, the President said:

"Of course such an insinuation is very absurd. Its propriety and the motive behind it, I am sure, can safely be left to the judgment of fair and right-thinking Americans.

"I am entirely willing that all our people should know everything I know concerning the visit of the so-called 'committee of royalists.'

"Last year, in the latter part of July, or early in August, three gentlemen from Hawaii arrived here and asked through the Secretary of State my designation of a time when they could have an interview with me, and present a message from the deposed Hawaiian Queen. Though I could not with propriety recognize them, I was not disposed to refuse them personally the courtesy of an audience. Therefore, a future day and hour were fixed for the interview. In the mean time, at my request, transmitted through the Secretary of State, these gentlemen made known the precise purpose of their visit in the following note:

OBJECT OF THEIR VISIT.

"August 11, 1894.

"The Hon. W. Q. Gresham, Secretary of State.

"Sir: We, the undersigned commissioners, sent by her majesty, Queen Liliuokalani, request an audience of the President of the United States. We desire to ask his excellency whether there is any hope for his doing anything for the restoration of the constitutional government of the Hawaiian Islands.

"J. A. CUMMINS
"H. A. WIDEMANN,
"SAMUEL PARKER.'

"After this note had been submitted to me, I prepared in writing with some care a reply to the question it contained to be read by me to the commissioners at our meeting. I intended to avoid all misunderstanding and misconception by absolutely confining myself to such written reply, of which the following is a copy.

"Gentlemen:

"You must permit me to remind you that this interview is not an official one, and instead of receiving you in any representative capacity, I meet you as individuals who have traveled a long distance for the purpose of laying a certain matter before me.

"You ask me if there is any hope of my 'doing anything for the restoration of the constitutional government of the Hawaiian Islands.' I suppose that this question is largely prompted by the fact that soon after the overturning of the late government of the Queen I investigated that transaction and was satisfied that there had been such an unjustifiable interference in all of that movement on the part of the representatives of the United States, in its diplomatic and naval service, as to call for correction, not only to rectify what seemed to be a wrong done to others, but also through that rectification to ward off what appeared to be a danger to American honor and probity.

NOTHING NEED BE DONE.

"Fully appreciating the constitutional limitations of my executive power, and by no means unmindful of the limitations that might arise, I undertook the task

"(having failed in my plans, I committed the entire subject to the Congress of the United States which had abundant power and authority in the premises. The executive branch of the government was thereby discharged from further duty and responsibility in the matter unless moved thereto by Congressional command. The Congress has both by its action and its omission to act, signified that nothing need be done touching American interference with the overthrow of the government of the Queen.

"Quite lately a government has been established in Hawaii which is in full force and operation in all parts of the islands. It is maintaining its authority and discharging all ordinary governmental functions. Upon general principles, and not losing sight of the special circumstances surrounding the case, the new government is clearly entitled to our recognition without regard to any of the incidents which accompanied or preceded its inauguration.

"This recognition and the attitude of the Congress concerning Hawaiian affairs, of course, lead to an absolute denial of the least present or future aid or encouragement on my part to an effort to restore any government heretofore existing in the Hawaiian Islands.

GROVER CLEVELAND.'"

"When the day appointed for the meeting arrived I was confined to my bed by illness and unable to keep my engagement. I therefore caused the paper I had expected to read and it was delivered to the commissioners, who, I believe, returned at once to Hawaii. I never saw any member of this commission or committee and never have had any communication or transaction with any of them, directly or indirectly, except as I have here stated."

THE STATEMENT IN QUESTION.

The statement to which President Cleveland takes exception was made by Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, in the course of a colloquy with Senator Gray, of Delaware.

"I am told," said Mr. Aldrich, "that a committee of royalists from the Hawaiian Islands came to the United States, and visited Washington, at some time within the past year, and that almost immediately subsequent to their visit to this Capital, the United States ship, which was stationed at the Hawaiian Islands, was withdrawn, and has not been replaced. I do not say that the withdrawal was on account of the visit to Washington of the committee to which I refer, but it was rather a singular circumstance that the vessel should have been withdrawn so closely following the visit of those gentlemen to his city."

OUR TRADE WITH SPAIN.

In Conceding a Minimum Tariff to Us That Country Has an Advantage.

As indicated in the cablegram from Madrid, the negotiations between the State Department and the Government of Spain looking to the restoration of the minimum tariff on American products entering Cuba and Porto Rico have almost reached a satisfactory conclusion.

This outcome will be received with pleasure by the great exporting firms of the East, as well as by the milling interests of the West, which have seen a large and lucrative portion of their trade threatened with destruction. It is true that some minor details remain to be adjusted, but little difficulty is expected in securing their settlement, and it is not doubted that the tariff relations between Spain and the United States will be restored to their old status without resort to any harsh measures that might leave ill-feeling difficult to remove.

It appears that in conceding to the United States the benefits of the minimum tariff Spain has also secured a substantial advantage. Her West Indian colonies ordinarily supply the United States with about seventy-five per cent. of the sugar imported into the country. With the exception of Hawaii all of the other great sugar exporting countries pay a direct bounty on sugar exported. Thus their sugar is liable to duty of 1-0 of a cent per pound over and above the 40 per cent. duty imposed on Cuban sugar, and in consequence the Cuban planters practically receive a protection equal to the discriminating duty paid by European sugars, and it is believed will thus be able to control the market of the greatest sugar consuming country on the globe.

CABLE SPARKS.

SEVERE earthquake shocks were felt at Milazzo and Messina, Sicily.

MR GLADSTONE was slightly injured a few day ago by a fall in his house.

The Italian expedition into Abyssinia has met with success and the troops have returned to the coast.

A VIGOROUS attack upon the Crispi government is to be made by the followers of the Marquis di Rudini.

SEVERE burning of a laundry on the Edgeware road, London, its eight inmates were burned to death.

Mr. Alfred McClure, the United States vice-consul-general at Bolirada, Servia, died after a long illness.

SERIOUS differences of opinion exist between King Alexander of Servia and his father, ex-King Milan.

THEFTS of valuable miniatures from the Vatican library have been detected. Two arrests have been made.

ATTACKS have been made upon the French and Belgian settlements in Africa, and fighting followed, with loss of life.

THERE are evidences in Cons antinople that the Porte is beginning to assume a conciliatory air toward the Armenians.

IT is reported that the Turkish commander of Bitlis, in which district occurred the outrages upon Armenians, has committed suicide.

Ex-Premier Sambuloff, of Bulgaria, has been arrested upon a charge of being the murderer of M. Beltcheff, minister of finance in 1891.

RUSSIA and England have agreed upon an amicable settlement of the Pamir question, the former country making concessions to Great Britain.

THERE has been much disorder in Samoa recently outside of the Apia district. The collection of taxes has not been attempted for the past year.

IT is reported in Washington that Japan is getting impatient at China's delay in presenting terms of peace and the negotiations may be declared off.

THE report that a daily mail service is to be established between Southampton and New York is discredited in London by the steamship companies.

Two thousand men attacked a convent farm at St. Aminati, Austria, and the military had to be called upon to restore order. Twenty arrests were made.

AMERICANS in Paris and Berlin attended New-Year receptions at the American embassies. Emperor William was among the callers at the American embassy in Berlin.

IT has now been ascertained that nearly two hundred and twenty-five fishermen belonging to Hull, Grimsby and Yarmouthwere lost during the recent gales in Great Britain.

THE funeral of Sir John Thompson, was held in St. Mary's Cathedral, Halifax, N. S., and was largely attended by Canadian officials. In Rome the English and American residents held a memorial service.

A WHITE MAN LYNCHED.

Hanged and Shot by a Mob of Disguised Men —Was Burned to Death.

Full particulars has reached Raleigh, N. C., of the lynching of John F. Bergeron, a white man in Beaufort county by disguised men on Christmas evening. Bergeron shot and killed a man named Watson. He was arrested on Chris mas Day. He was ordered to be sent to jail, but the deputies learned that a large mob was on the road, and it was decided to take Bergeron by steamer.

While Bergeron was under guard at a store in Idalia a mob rushed in, heavily armed, and seized Bergeron and his four guards, and marched them all half a mile away to a field in which stands a large mulberry tree. When the rope was placed around Bergeron's neck he said: "Men, I know I killed Watson, but I did not know what I was doing." He was lifted by the lynchers, then dropped. Orders were then given and the mob fired at the body.

COREA'S INDEPENDENCE.

The King Reported to Have Formally Declared the Freedom of His Government.

The Central News correspondent at Seoul telegraphs that the King of Corea proceeded to the ancestral temple and there formally declared the independence of Corea. The royal party was escorted by a body of soldiers armed and equipped in modern style.

The inhabitants of Kow Yo Kea, in Southern Corea, have seized and beheaded three of the principal leaders of the Tong-Hak rebels. The Tong-Haks are being pursued by Corean soldiers, and in consequence of the death of their leaders the rebels are fleeing in all directions.

JAPS' CRUEL ACTS.
Tales of the Awful Atrocities of Port Arthur Corroborated.

HELPLESS PEOPLE KILLED.

Troops of Mikado Fired on Women and Children, Mutilated Bodies and Slaughtered Many.—Town Ransacked.

A letter received in London from Mr. Cowan dated Kobe, December 3, substantiates in every detail the first account of the terrible atrocities by the Japanese at Port Arthur. Mr. Cowan says: "What happened after Port Arthur fell into Japanese hands it would have been impossible and even dangerous to report while on the spot. At the earliest possible moment every foreign correspondent escaped from the scene to a place where freedom of speech could be safe. The last sounds we heard were those of shooting, of wanton murder, continued on the fifth day after the great battle. The Chinese had resisted desperately to the last, retreating slowly from cover to cover, until they got right back among the buildings on the outskirts of the town. Then, at last, all resistance ceased; they were thoroughly defeated and made a stampede through the streets, trying to hide or to escape across the country east and west as best they might.

"I was on the brow of a steep hill commanding a close view of the whole town at my feet, with the west port at my back, the Table Fort on my left, Gold Hill Fort and the sea on my right and the Eastern Forts away in front beyond the town. When I saw the Japanese march in, forcing up the streets and into the houses, chasing and killing every live thing that crossed their path, I looked hard for the cause. I saw not a single shot fired, and not one came from any but Japanese. I saw scores of Chinese hunted out of cover, shot down and hacked to piece and never a man made an attempt to fight. All were in plain clothes, for the soldiers flying from death got rid of their uniforms as they ran. Many went down on their knees, supplicating with head bent to the ground, and in that attitude were butchered mercilessly by the conquering army. Those who fled were pursued and soon over taken and done to death.

"Gun shots behind us turned our attention to the North Creek, leading into a big lagoon. Here swarms of boats were moving away to the west, loaded to their normal limit with panic-stricken fugitives, men, women and children who had stayed too late in the beleaguered town. A troop of Japanese cavalry, with an officer, was at the head of the creek, firing down seaward, slaughtering all within range.

"Another poor wretch rushed out at the back of the house as the invaders entered the back door promiscuously. He got into a back lane and a moment later found himself cornered between two fires. We could hear his cry for quarter as he bowed his head in the dust three times. The third time he rose no more but fell on his side, bent double in a posture of petition for the greatly vaunted mercy of the Japanese who stood ten paces off and exultantly emptied their guns into him. More of these piteous deaths we saw, unable to stay the hands of the murderers until, sick and saddened beyond the power of words to tell, we slowly made our way in the gathering gloom down the hill, picking a path through the rifle pit, thick with Chinese cartridge cases and back to headquarters. There, at the Chinese general's pavilion, facing the spacious parade ground, Field Marshal Oyama and all his officers assembled and strains of strange music from a military band, now weird, characteristic of a Japanese march, now a lively French waltz and ending with the impressive national anthem, 'Kamingo,' and a hugh roar from 20,000 throats of Banzai Nippon. All were overflowing with enthusiastic patriotism and delight of the day's work done, the splendid triumph after the hard-fought fight.

"None of the Japanese dreamed that their guests from the West were filled with horror, indignation and disgust. Robbed of our sleep on the eve of the battle and utterly exhausted, we lay long next morning until the sound of shooting aroused us. To our surprise and dismay we found that the massacre of Wednesday, which might have been explained, though certainly not excused, on the ground of excitement in the heat of the battle and flush of victory and the knowledge of dead comrades mutilated was being continued in cold blood. On Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday was spent by the soldiery in murder and pillage. Bodies of men were strewn in the streets in hundreds, perhaps thousands, for we could not count; some with not a limb unscored, some with heads hacked and cross-cut and split lengthwise, some ripped open, not by chance, but with careful precision, down and across, disemboweled and dismembered.

"Meanwhile every building in the town was throughly ransacked. What was worth taking was taken and the rest destroyed."

TALMAGE'S NEW WORK

First Congregation Gathered in the New York Academy of Music.

Every seat in the Academy of Music except the last rows of the highest galleries, was occupied Sunday. It was the first congregation of the Free Lance Church, that Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage has founded. Many of the members of his former churches were in the front seats and in the boxes and as in the former church-es, strangers filled the most of the seats of a vast auditorium. The theatre dr