THOSE WHO

PAY FOR WHAT THEY GET

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The Easton Gazette.

The Purest in Politics, the Lists containing the most subscribers.

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WHEN LOVE KNOCKED.

At my heart's door Love knocked one day.
"Open!" he said, but I heeded not.
For care was there and so I thought
There was no room. Love went away.

But soon again did he appear,
Much more persistent than before.
To him I opened wide the door.
When lo! dull Care rushed out with fear.

Love in my heart now reigns supreme,
And so when Care comes into view
I tell him, "There's no room for you,"
For Love makes life a happy dream.

PAQUARETTE'S PAINTER.

BY BERTHA BOLLING.

I lived in a cellar that opened on a tiny court forlorn of shrub or flower.

But the cellar was dry, and had a great south window through which the sun streamed gloriously — when the sun was shining — and the tiny court, with its patch of dusty grass, where here and there a persevering dandelion held aloft its golden pompon, was pleasanter to look on than the dreary alleys into which the other cellar-windows looked.

But when the sun was hidden, and the rain came down with its monotonous drip, drip, from the sides of the high brick wall that surrounded the little court, then the cellar seemed very dark and very far away from heaven, indeed; and the young painter was forced to come very near to the south window, which was his only window, and often, to hold his sketch close to the rain-swept window panes in order to work at all. And on these days he was not hopeful; for his dark eyes caught shadows of the sky without; his soul refused to dream those dreams of sunlit Spain for which the canvas waited, and only his homesick heart ached with longing for them.

And Paquarette disliked the rainy days as well. For when they came she could sit on the rickety old chair in front of the easel, which, just outside the painter's door, led up to the garret where she lived; and on whose creaking steps she sat, on sunny days, like a very plump angel on a very uncertain Jacob's ladder, to watch, unnoticed, the painter at his work.

Paquarette was four, and herself a picture. Her round little face had not lost its innocent babyishness, nor her blue eyes their touching trustfulness; just as her plump hands still held their baby dimples. A sunburnt little face it was, for Paquarette could never remember to keep the high-crowned sunbonet securely tied under her chin as it was put, and in an exciting moment it was sure to be pushed far back, until it hung on her shoulders, swinging on to the fat neck by the strings relentlessly knotted in front, and leaving the pretty head of burnished, brownish curls free to the sun and air. And many exciting moments had she and the sunbonnet experienced since the painter came to live in the cellar.

He was not a person to attract a child, for his mouth was grave, almost severe; he rarely spoke or smiled, and his dark eyes were sad, save when they flashed ominously at times.

But for Paquarette, so accustomed to a glimpse of Spain — and to the lonely child, who, when her mother went out to work in the morning, was left for a long day to herself, who had few toys and no companions, this picture, which grew in beauty every day, was as a priceless treasure — a never-failing joy. Hour after hour she sat with hands folded in her lap, not moving, scarce daring to breath, lest he, this magician who held on his thumb the strange board with its wonderful dashes of color, should look up, see her there and send her away.

She had kept her silent watch all through the making of the long gray wall that overlooked the deep blue bay; had even watched in silence a vine climbing slowly up the crumbling stones and blossom into a scarlet flower; and when the artist traced a lion in the stone, above the glowing blooms — painted it out — and in again — and out once more with one reckless sweep, throwing the brush far from him, with a fierce word hissing between his teeth, she trembled to the tips of her small bare toes; flung back the bonnet from her flushing cheeks, and leaned forward so far that she seemed poised upon the very edge of the dusty step, like a timid bird ready for flight.

He was striding up and down his brick-paved kingdom, muttering to himself:

"But I will have him! Yes, I will have him! The moment is not yet my own, but it will come. The picture shall be perfect. It shall be to her not a picture — but a realization, a living hour! She shall not forget! She shall not be another's!"

He stooped and picked up the brush from the corner where it lay, and, wiping off the sand it had collected, came back to his work with a quick impetuosity of resolve.

With scarcely hand he sketched the lion in again, he painted on with free, quick strokes, and in an hour a perfect reproduction was his, of the splendid form that guarded the wall in the shadow of the old Spanish fort.

"Ha, ha! my beauty, ha, ha!" he laughed, with a last caress of tone and touch, "I have you" — "You've got [illegible] in your emplacement complete" — Paquarette caught the words from the tion from the window behind him.

He turned, and beheld his enthusiastic audience literally swept off its feet; for Paquarette, by aid of the rain tub, had reached his window sill, and, forgetting her fears, knelt upon it, leaning anxiously forward on her outspread hands, her wide-open eyes glowing with excitement.

"When did you see him last, my little one?" he asked, smiling oddly. The smile lighted his face in a way that was very pleasant, and Paquarette, gazing up into it, felt satisfied.

"Just before you rubbed him out the last time," she answered, gravely.

"And," smiling more and more, "do you like him better now?"

"Yes," said the child. "You said you'd have him, and you have him."

"How long have you been here?" he questioned, suddenly.

"Oh, every day! I sit on the steps, so I can see the picture. And I sit still, so's not to make a noise. I will go back!" And she began to crawl slowly backward, supporting her weight on her clubby fists.

He leaned forward, and catching her by her arms, to retard the exit which seemed likely to end in the rain-tub, he drew her in again, saying kindly:

"You may sit here in the window, if you will keep as still as you have kept on the steps; and not get in my light and interrupt my work" — he had already turned to the easel again.

He took a little red apple from his pocket and tossed it into her apron.

The wind rose, and the curls, bereft of the sheltering bonnet, streamed back from the baby's face, and tangled themselves together. A cloud scurried over, and dashed a few big drops on her cheek; and presently the rain began to fall fast. Paquarette sighed, and drew on the refractory bonnet, preparatory to departure.

But the painter only drew the easel nearer the window, and went on with his work.

Already a little stream was running out of the gutter above, and splashing in the raintub below; and the white sunbonnet hung limply, like a wet cabbage-leaf, over the peachy face, when the child, twisting herself into a tiny bundle in the corner of the window-seat, that her shadow might not fall athwart the canvas, swung softly down to the edge of the tub, thence to the ground, and took her silent way to the lonely room in the garret.

But the next day brought the sun again, and with it Paquarette. And no sooner had she seated herself on the steps than the painter looked up, smiled a cheery good-morning, and motioned her to the seat in the window.

She came gladly; and this time he leaned far out and reached her with his strong hands, and lifted her up at one swing.

And she beamed with delight when she found he had folded an old coat to serve as a cushion for her; and, best of all, when he told her she might sit there every day.

It was two months later, when the summer had waned and departed, the leaves were drifting into brown heaps in the alleyway, and the dandelion blooms had resolved themselves into airy globes that broke at each rude puff of wind, and sent a cloud of miniature white worlds soaring aloft from the dingy court, as if to seek a world of summer beyond the skies — it was then, in the early autumn, that one evening the picture was finished; and the painter said with a sigh: "It is done!"

Paquarette was not there at the finish. He had hardly hoped to complete it that day, but it had seemed best for her in the morning when she had viewed it from her throne on the ragged coat. And she was so filled with admiration and delight that she had found it hard to struggle against an expression of her feeling other than ecstatic clappings of her hands. But silence had been her watchword since that delicious day, far back in a dreamy distance, when he had given it to her. And well she obeyed its warning.

When he had stopped once to criticise, she had told him, half-regretfully, that she would not return in the afternoon, as she was going out with her mother, who had a half-holiday that day. He had scarcely heard her then, so absorbed was he in his own thoughts; but now, when the work was done, and he laid down his brush, and was confronted by the old coat on the window-sill, he missed her presence from the accustomed place.

He covered the picture carefully at last, and went out for a walk in the twilight.

When he came back, he brought with him the morning paper, of which he had not thought till now, and, lighting his lamp, sat down by his pine table to read.

He became moment by moment more anxious and excited; crept half-way down the page, and leaned against the wood [illegible] looking in. He was absorbed, and she kept her accustomed quiet, hoping he would see her soon, and tell her of the picture.

His eyes sped rapidly down the column and stopped, fixed.

There was a marriage notice! Her marriage!

He sat so still, and looked so white, that Paquarette was frightened, and tried to call her mother.

Then he had sprung to his feet, torn the sheet into a thousand pieces, cast it from him, trampled it, flung chair and table out of the path, and traversed the room like a wild beast, caged.

The trembling child gave but one more scared look in the direction of the easel, safe in a distant corner, then sped away up the dusky stairs.

Morning found the painter still pacing up and down — more slowly now — with face of ghastly pallor.

The sun was high, the morning warm, the voices of school children floating in to him like harshest discord from the streets before he flung himself into the char he had left the night before, and buried his face in his arms.

There he made a resolve.

An hour later, he arose stiffly, with the hesitation of an old man, approached the shelf above the fireplace, and took down a small vial. It was half full of a dark fluid; and he looked, absent mindedly, at the grinning skull and the cross bones that labeled the bottle to his lips, and paused; for a soft voice said, pityingly:

"I thought you were sick! Do you have to take bad medicine?" And Paquarette slipped down from the window, and stood looking up at him with innocent, tender eyes.

He turned from her, and leaned his head against the rough shelf.

"Don't! Please don't!" pleaded the trembling voice, while the little hands caught at his own. "I know you feel bad; but look here, what I've brought you — a whole orange all for yourself! I didn't ask for it; I bought it with my red beads. Look!" She turned gently at his coat sleeve with one hand, holding the orange up to him with the other.

He let his arm drop until it fell about the baby shoulders, the hand journalistic [illegible] vial; and she went [illegible] on, counting as a mother persuades a tired child, as her own mother might have done with her:

"Now! I'll take the nasty medicine away — I'll put it over here — and you shall eat your orange."

She drew the uncorked bottle carefully from the tense fingers as she spoke, and trotted away to put it on the table.

Then she came back, smiling.

And the man stooped down, and put his arms around the child, and held her close. And she caught up a corner of her apron, and wiped away the tears from his cheeks.

"Do you like it with sugar, or just so?" she asked.

There about the plump, sunburnt neck showed a narrow white circle where the beloved red beads had left their impress. He bent his head and kissed it, thanking God for trust and innocence.

Twenty years have come and gone; but if you should happen to wander down a certain pleasant street, and up a winding staircase, at its end you would find there an artist's studio; and in it, the artist himself, surrounded by his pictures.

He loves them, passionately. But if you should tempt him to tell you which he loved the best, and counted as his masterpiece, he would point you proudly to one of a baby girl, barefoot, and clad in a checked apron, with a white sun-bonnet, pushed far back, forming a background for the curly head; with dimpled mouth smiling, and trustful eyes of blue looking warmly into yours, and one little hand caught in a string of bright red beads hanging about the chubby neck.

And when you are gone away the artist will perchance open a drawer near by, and take out the counterpart of those self-same beads, and look on them with tender eyes — so long, perhaps, that the door will open very softly at last, and a dark head thrust itself into the opening; and when its owner sees what the artist is doing, she will slip quietly along until she is behind his chair; and then ask, softly, as one white arm goes around his neck:

"What, dreaming?"

And the artist draws her to him.

"Thank God, I am not dreaming now!" he whispers, fervently.

And both the soft arms are clasped around his neck, and the blue eyes, still sweet and trustful, look into his; and Paquarette stoops, and kisses the painter. — The Home Queen.

A Remarkable Dairy Machine.

A wonderful dairy machine is said to be on exhibition in England. This machine, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, the invention of Herr Salenius, a Swedish engineer, makes butter in about a minute from sterilized milk direct. The milk is heated in the sterilizer (or Pasteurine, as it is called) to 165 degrees Fahrenheit, and runs thence into the cream-skimming chamber of the machine. As the cream is skimmed, it rises into the churning chamber, being cooled down to sixty degrees in its progress by means of very small cooling frames through which iced water constantly passes, and which revolve with the skimmer at the rate of 6000 revolutions per minute. The cream is forced into a tube, perforated with tiny holes, through which it emerges with great force on to each fresh layer of the cream of that morning's milk, and is thus butter by concussion. The butter thus formed in granules emerges from a spout into a tub, mixed with butter milk. When all the churning is done, a wooden stirrer is passed up and down gently for two or five minutes, to make the butter separate from the greater part of the butter-milk. The butter is then taken out and passed through a butter worker, which squeezes out most of the butter-milk remaining in, after which it is placed on ice for two hours, and then worked a little more and made up. Several advantages are claimed for this remarkable machine, which fails fair to create a change in butter making upon a large scale. In the first place, by Pasterizing the milk, disease germs, if any there are in it, are destroyed, as well as the microbes which cause the putrefaction of the butter. The process of butter-making is so rapid that there is very little chance of any germs that may exist in the atmosphere of the dairy getting into the butter, especially as all, or nearly all, air must be forced out of the chambers of the machine by the extreme rapidity of the movements going on inside. When the butter is once pressed, the possibility of germs getting against it is almost eliminated. Thus a wholesome and long-keeping butter is produced. Another advantage is that it can be converted into butter directly after being obtained from the cow, and yet another is that the considerable saving of labor, when the use of the "machine" is compared with that of the ordinary separator and churn. It is asserted that this machine has been in use for several months in butter factories in Sweden and Finland. The demonstration of its merits in London created a sensation among the dairy farmers.

The Sad Side of War.

Miss Anna F. Webb, of Oxford, Penn., who is teaching in San Sebastian, Spain, writes as follows to her father, Rev. Edward Webb, describing the manner in which the war in Cuba affects the people of Spain:

"The principal thing that occupies our minds and hearts outside of school affairs is the embarkation of the Cuban troops. Last Thursday one regiment left and the next day another. The whole town was wild over it. There have been high masses in the street, with altars, decorations and processions; banquets and parades by day and illuminations by night. When the soldiers took the train at 11 o'clock at night, bands and fireworks in the whole city poured forth en masse to the railroad station, our family, with the other students, included. It was a most touching scene.

"In spite of great enthusiasm there was fearful sadness, and the sobs were as frequent as the cheers. The poor mothers feel that their boys will have to fight fever more than bullets. At the last minute there was commotion, and people came hurrying; up to two of the men (boys they really were), bringing them their release. Parents and friends at this last hour succeeded in raising the money to pay for a substitute and so save their boys from going to Cuba. The excitement was tremendous.

"Oh, how I wish this farce of a war was over! It is even worse than war itself, for Spain is being frightfully impovished. Many young men are losing their education and prospects in life, while other poor families at home are almost dying without their support. Then, with all, there seems to be no glory, only death in a fever hospital, where probably as many die from neglect as from disease itself. It is all so terrible."—Washington Star.

The Queen's Coachman.

Queen Victoria's state coachman, Edward Miller, is an old and faithful servant, who has held his post for thirty-six years. He drove the Queen to the Duke of York's wedding, on which occasion he handled four horses from the box. There were no postillions. The supreme control of the royal stables rests with the master of the horse, an office at present held by the Duke of Portland. Next to His Grace in command is the crown equerry, Sir Henry Ewart, who is really the acting chief. Sir Henry, by the way, looks after the naming of the horses. His duties, however, are not all so light as this one. The immediate control of the mews is in the hands of Mr. Nicholas, who was formerly a lieutenant in the royal horse artillery. He has under him a staff of about sixty officials.

One of the most interesting relics of the old Buckingham House is the "riding horse," which has other interests than that of the grammarian's escape. In it the royal children were taught horsemanship, and on the wall one may see the iron brackets used when they practiced lemon cutting.—New York Recorder.

The King of Belgium keeps the wolf from the door on $2000 per diem.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Armenian Horrors."

TEXT: "They escaped into the land of Armenia."—II Kings xix., 37.

In Bible geography this is the first time that Armenia appears, called then by the same name as now. Armenia is chiefly a tableland, 7000 feet above the level of the sea, and on one of its peaks Noah's ark landed, with its human family and fauna that were to fill the earth. That region was the birthplace of the rivers which fertilized the garden of Eden when Adam and Eve lived there, their only roof the crystal skies and their carpet the emerald of rich grass. Its inhabitants, the ethnologists tell us, are a superior type of the Caucasian race. Their religion is founded on the Bible. Their Saviour is Christ. Strange, then, it is that they will not become followers of Mohammed, that Jupiter of sensuality. To drive them from the face of the earth is the ambition of all Mohammedans. To accomplish this, murder is no crime, and wholesale massacre is a matter of enthusiastic approbation and Governmental reward.

The prayer sanctioned by highest Mohammedan authority and recited every day throughout Turkey and Egypt, while styling all those not Mohammedans as infidels, is as follows: "O Lord of all creatures! O Allah! Destroy the infidels and polytheists, thine enemies, the enemies of the religion. O Allah, make their children orphans and defile their bodies, cause their feet to slip, give them and their families, their households and their women, their children and their relatives by marriage, their brothers and their friends, their possessions and the race, their wealth and their lands as booty to the Moslems, O Lord of all creatures!" The life of an Armenian in the presence of those who make that prayer is of no more value than the life of a summer insect.

The Sultan of Turkey sits on a throne impersonating that brigandage and assassination. At this time all civilized Nations are in horror at the attempts of that Mohammedan Government to destroy all the Christians of Armenia. I hear somebody talking as though some new thing were happening, and that the Turkish Government had taken a new role of tragedy on the stage of Nations. No, no! She is at the same old business. Overlooking her diabolism of other centuries, we come down to our century to find that in 1822 the Turkish Government slew 20,000 anti-Moslems, and in 1850 she slew 10,000, and in 1869 she slew 11,000 and in 1876 she slew 10,000. Anything short of the slaughter of thousands of human beings does not appear enough to put into her cup of abomination to make it worth quaffing. Nor is this the only time she has promised reforms. In the treaty of Paris, 1856, at the mouth of the Dardanelles she has promised the civilized Nations of the earth that she would stop her barbarisms, and the international and hemispheric farce has been enacted of believing what she says, when all the past ought to persuade us that she is only pausing in order to put the [illegible] lons off the track and then resume the work of death.

In 1830 Turkey in treaty with Russia promised to alleviate the condition of Christians, but the promise was broken. In 1839 the Sultan again promised reforms. He and the French and German guns at Metz and Paris and in Johnstown floods and Charlestown earthquake and Michigan fires and Russian famine? It was comparatively of little importance that the German Emperor decorated her with the Iron Cross, for God hath decorated her in the sight of all Nations with a glory that neither time nor eternity can dim. Born in a Massachusetts village, she came in her girlhood to this city to serve our Government in the patent office, but afterward went forth from the doors of that patent office with a divine patent signed and sealed by God Himself to heal all the wounds she could touch and make the horrors of the flood and fire and plague and hospital of her presence. God bless Clara Barton. Just as I expected, she hits the bunker of the Red Cross. Turkey and all Na[illegible] are pledged to respect [illegible] defend the Red Cross, and yet all of [illegible] in the opinion of many, is an [illegible].

It is my opinion it does stand for Christianity, for was not the cross under which most of us worship red with the blood of the Son of God, red with the blood of those who ever shed, red with the blood-pouring out for the ransom of the world? Then lead on, my Red Cross, and let Clara Barton carry it! The Turkish Government is bound to protect her, and the chariots of God are 20,000 and their charioteers are angels of deliverance, and they would all ride down at once to roll over and trample under the hoofs of their white horses any of her assailants. Let the 200,000 Christians of Constantinople lift their hands in supplication, and intone them into one prayer that would move the earth and the heavens, hundreds of millions of Christians' voices, American and European crying out: "O God Most High, spare Thy children! With mandate from the throne hurl back upon their haunches the horses of the Kurdish cavalry. Stop the rivers of blood. With the earthquakes of Thy wrath shake the foundations of the palaces of the Sultan. Move all the Nations of Europe to command cessation of cruelty. If need be, let the warships of the civilized Nations boom their instigation. Let the crescent go down before the cross, and the Mighty One who hath on His vesture and on His thigh a name written 'King of Kings and Lord of Lords,' go forth, conquering and to conquer. Thine, O Lord, is the Kingdom! Hallelujah! Amen!"

Dynamited the Safe.

Eight masked men dynamited the safe of the Farmers Bank at Verona, Mo., and escaped with $9,000 in cash. The robbers made good their escape, riding in the direction of Monett. The robbers are supposed to be professionals. They entered the city on horseback, secured Nightwatchman Hoover and bound him to a tree across the street. They then forced the front doors of the bank, and in a short time literally blew the vault and safe to pieces with dynamite, live and die for Christ's sake. They will have the highest thrones in heaven, while their defiances will not get near enough to the shining gates to see the faintest glint of any one of the twelve pearls which make up the twelve gates.

This defamation of missionaries is augmented by the dissolute English, American and Scotch merchants who go to foreign cities, leaving their families behind them. Those dissolute merchants in foreign cities lead a life of such gross immorals that the pure households of the missionaries are a perpetual rebuke. Buzzards never did believe in doves, and if there is anything that unbridals hates it is the water lily. What the 550 American missionaries have suffered in the Ottoman Empire since 1820 I leave the archangel to enumerate on the day of judgment. You will see it reasonable that I put so much emphasis on Americanism in the Ottoman Empire when I tell you that America, notwithstanding all the disadvantages named, has now over 27,000 students in day schools in that Empire and 35,000 children in her Sabbath-schools, and that America has expended in the Turkish Empire for its betterment over $10,000,000. Has not America a right to be heard? Aye, it will be heard! I am glad that great indignation meetings are being held all over this country. That poor, weak, cowardly Sultan, whom I saw a few years ago ride to his mosque for worship, guarded by 7000 armed men, many of them mounted on prancing chargers, will hear of these sympathetic meetings for the Armenians, if not through American reporters, then through some of his 300 wives. What to do with him? There ought to be some St. Helena to which he could be exiled while the Nations of Europe appoint a ruler of their own to clean out and take possession of the palaces of Constantinople. To-night this august assemblage in the capital of the United States, in the name of the God of Nations, indicts the Turkish Government for the wholesale assassination in Armenia, and invokes the interference of Almighty God and the protest of Eastern and Western Hemisphere.

But what is the duty of the hour? Sympathy, deep, wide, tremendous, immediate! A religious paper, the Christian Herald, of New York, has led the way with munificent contributions collected from its subscribers. But the Turkish Government is opposed to any relief of the Armenian sufferers, as I personally know. Last August, before I had any idea of becoming a fellow citizen with you Washingtonians, $50,000 for Armenian relief was offered me if I would personally take that relief to Armenia. My passage was to be engraved on the City of Paris, but a telegram was sent to Constantinople asking if the Turkish Government would grant me protection on such an errand of mercy. A cablegram said the Turkish Government wished to know to what points in Armenia I desired to go with that relief. In our reply four cities were named, one of which especially would have me into the chief massacre. A cablegram came from Constantinople saying that I had better send the money to the Turkish Government's mixed commission, and they would distribute it. So a crowd of spiders proposal a relief committee for unfortunate flies. Well, a man who would start up through the mountains of Armenia with $5,000 and no Government protection would be guilty of monumental foolhardiness. For the Turkish Government has in every possible way hindered Armenian relief.

Now where is that angel of mercy, Clara Barton, who appeared on the battlefields of Fredericksburg, Antietam, Falmouth and Cedar Mountain and under the blaze of French and German guns at Metz and Paris and in Johnstown floods and Charlestown earthquake and Michigan fires and Russian famine? It was comparatively of little importance that the German Emperor decorated her with the Iron Cross, for God hath decorated her in the sight of all Nations with a glory that neither time nor eternity can dim. Born in a Massachusetts village, she came in her girlhood to this city to serve our Government in the patent office, but afterward went forth from the doors of that patent office with a divine patent signed and sealed by God Himself to heal all the wounds she could touch and make the horrors of the flood and fire and plague and hospital of her presence. God bless Clara Barton. Just as I expected, she hits the bunker of the Red Cross. Turkey and all Na[illegible] are pledged to respect [illegible] defend the Red Cross, and yet all of [illegible] in the opinion of many, is an [illegible].

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PANIC STRICKEN.

Bomb Explodes in a Havana Village.

PASSENGER TRAIN BURNED

The Authorities Thought the Siege of the Insurgents Had Begun — Spanish Infantry Being Mounted As Rapidly As Possible.

Quite a commotion was caused in certain circles in Havana by the report that the insurgents were approaching Havana. The news spread with great rapidity and there was considerable relief among the Spanish authorities when it was discovered that the alarming report grew out of the explosion of an immense torpedo in the village of Vedado, near the city.

Dispatches from Santiago de Cuba tell of a skirmish there in which the insurgents left seven killed and the troops captured nine prisoners.

From Matanzas there was a dispatch announcing another skirmish between the insurgents and the Spanish troops, during which the former had eight killed in addition to their leader, Roque Rodrigues. The insurgents are also said to have retired, carrying with them 32 wounded.

At Mount Guayabo a new band of insurgents, commanded by Ruperto Sanchez, in a brush with the troops, had five men wounded.

The insurgents who have been in the vicinity of Managua, are reported to have retired with the loss of 5 killed and 27 wounded.

Gen. Maceo, who was last reported at Bahia Honde and Bandera, is said to be at San Cristobal, both westward of Havana and in the province of Pinar del Rio.

Another report has it that General Maceo is moving eastward with the intention of placing himself in communication with General Gomez. The Spanish authorities claim that the insurgents will now leave the province of Havana and Pinar del Rio for the provinces of Matanzas.

The Government is busily engaged in securing all the horses possible in order to mount the Spanish infantry, the great advantage to the insurgents being the rapidity with which they have been able to move owing to the fact that their forces are mostly composed of cavalry.

It was stated in official circles that General Gomez camped at the plantation of Fajardo, near Gabriel, in the province of Pinar del Rio, having found it impossible to pass the military line drawn by the Spaniards across the island, and that the insurgent-reported moving northward from Galvican are not the main body of General Gomez's command, as at first supposed, but only a portion of his forces which has been cut off from the rest.

At Cabana, it is added, Gomez captured a railroad train and ordered all the passengers to be brought in his presence. He then caused the train to be burned.

Charles Salomon, the corr spondent of a New York newspaper, was detained at Seneca on his arrival there, charged, it is believed, with being in some manner connected with the revolutionary movement through his correspondence.

FIFTY-FOURTH CONGRESS.

HOUSE.

TWENTY-SIXTH DAY.—The House, after a considerable amount of business reported from the District of Columbia Committee, took up the pension appropriation bill. Mr. Graff, of Illinois, one of the subcommittee of conference, and they would all ride down at once to roll over and trample under the hoofs of their white horses any of her assailants. Let the 200,000 Christians of Constantinople lift their hands in supplication, and intone them into one prayer that would move the earth and the heavens, hundreds of millions of Christians' voices, American and European crying out: "O God Most High, spare Thy children! With mandate from the throne hurl back upon their haunches the horses of the Kurdish cavalry. Stop the rivers of blood. With the earthquakes of Thy wrath shake the foundations of the palaces of the Sultan. Move all the Nations of Europe to command cessation of cruelty. If need be, let the warships of the civilized Nations boom their instigation. Let the crescent go down before the cross, and the Mighty One who hath on His vesture and on His thigh a name written 'King of Kings and Lord of Lords,' go forth, conquering and to conquer. Thine, O Lord, is the Kingdom! Hallelujah! Amen!"

Dynamited the Safe.

Eight masked men dynamited the safe of the Farmers Bank at Verona, Mo., and escaped with $9,000 in cash. The robbers made good their escape, riding in the direction of Monett. The robbers are supposed to be professionals. They entered the city on horseback, secured Nightwatchman Hoover and bound him to a tree across the street. They then forced the front doors of the bank, and in a short time literally blew the vault and safe to pieces with dynamite,

KEEP IN SIGHT!

—Do not neglect your eyesight, 'tis precious; many a headache or dizzy feeling is relieved by the proper glasses.

Careful Examination Assured.

O. F. STURMER,

OPTICIAN.

N. B.—The Eastern Shore is flooded with spectacle fakirs—do not let them swindle you.

THE NEWS.

The American ship Iceberg, of New York, was burned at Junin on November 20.——At Minneapolis the City Bank, one of the smaller state institutions of the city, suspended payment pending an examination by the state bank examiner. The institution has been known to be weak for some time.——At Chicago an application was made for a receiver for the Calumet Iron and Steel Company.——Alonzo Werst, of South Bend, Ind., killed himself. It is thought he was insane.——John B. Foraker was chosen United States senator by the Ohio legislature.——In Chicago the property of the August Hauseke Company, furniture dealers, was levied on by the sheriff to satisfy a claim for $26,500, made by the Milwaukee State Bank. The assets are $130,000, and liabilities $70,000, the principal creditor being the Milwaukee State Bank.——Application was made in the Court of Chancery at Trenton, N. J., for a receiver for the New Jersey Packing Company, of Glasboro. The petition was filed by N. Towle, the treasurer, who says the liabilities are $83,500 and the assets $12,000.——Charles H. Schroder, a miner, aged forty-five years, and Andrew Swanitch, his laborer, aged twenty-six, were killed by a fall of coal in the Delaware and Hudson colliery, at Plymouth, Pa.——In a drunken row among a number of Hungarians at Georgetown, Pa., Joseph Kuprasaus was shot and killed. Peter Wassel and Frank Sigkofski were arrested, charged with committing the crime.——Investigation shows that the penitentiary in Richmond, Va., is badly managed. Pickett & Co., oyster packers at Norfolk, assigned.——Odd Fellows' Day was celebrated at York.

The sealing schooner Kilmeny, twenty-four tons, M. Halgrun, master, and carrying a crew of four whites, is reported to have gone to pieces on the west coast of British Columbia in the recent gale.——James Farley, of Philadelphia, Pa., was found dead in an area in Newark, N. J. During the night he had fallen into the area, and, striking on his head, broke his neck.——Postmaster Johnson was held up by a masked robber at Pendleton, Ore., at the point of a pistol, and compelled to surrender $503 of postal and money order funds.——The Government commission appointed to consider and report upon the questions regarding the propositions for deep-water ways from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic, has worked busily in Detroit during the past week, and is nearly ready to go to Washington.

——Mr. John Patten, in a lecture before the Baltimore Section of the National Astronomical Association, attributed sun spots to chemical action in the sun.

A man supposed to be John Meyer, a traveling salesman, was found dead in a room in the Elberon Hotel, New York city. He had committed suicide by inhaling gas through a rubber tube connected with the burner.——Dr. Godfrey Hunter, member of Congress from the Third Kentucky District, was nominated for United States senator by the Republican members of the Kentucky legislature in caucus. Isaac Wilson, Democratic member of the legislature, died in a hotel at Frankfort, whose vote was cast for Senator Blackburn by a friend in the Democratic caucus while Mr. Wilson was lying on his deathbed. His death breaks the tie in the Kentucky legislature.——Henry Fatherly, a young farmer of Northampton county, Va., committed suicide.——Lulu Wetherill, aged twelve years daughter of T. J. Wetherill, cashier of the Parkersburg (W. Va.) National Bank, was dragged from her home by an unknown man and nearly killed.——A uniform rate for mining was decided upon by the joint committee of coal operators and miners of the Pittsburg district, on the 16th. The Avenue Savings Bank closed its doors in Columbus, O. Alleged cause, money loaned too freely. It is in not the immediate business center. The officers say everybody is secured.

Head Tingees and George Mahan were shot to death, and Hiram Sweeney and Phaon Simons badly injured, in a fight with the Humphreys in Letcher county, Kentucky.——Governor Altgeld, of Illinois, granted a pardon to ex-Representative John L. Gehr, doing a five years' time at Joliet Penitentiary for murder during a riot at Little's mine, in Tazewell county, 1894, when two men were killed and the mine burned. The governor holds Gehr innocent.——The Brunswick Company, organized in Brunswick, Ga., in 1887, and capitalized at five million dollars, was placed in the hands of a receiver by United States Judge Speer, at Macon, on the application of the Knickerbocker Trust Company of New York, holders of $200,000 first mortgage bonds. J. M. Talley, of Macon, was named receiver.——John J. Rapage, ex-auditor of Delaware county, O., was sandbagged by three men near Marysville, robbed, thrown on a railroad track, run over by a train, and will lose an arm and leg. He may die.——In Albuquerque, N. M., Judge Collier appointed Charles W. Smith receiver of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, the appointment to take effect February 1. The order of the court especially stipulates that no employes of the road shall be dismissed within thirty days thereafter, and that the new receiver shall assume all responsibility resting on the old receivers.——Howard and Haynie, of Duluth, owners of one of the largest retail dry goods houses at head of the lakes, made an assignment.——Wm. Borresta, fireman on passenger train No. 1 on the Council Bluffs division of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway was killed in a collision between several derailed freight cars and the passenger train at Franklin Station, Chicago.

A GIRL SAVED A TRAIN.

Built a Fire on the Track to Give Warning of an Obstruction.

A wreck on the Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern was averted by little Mary Och, a nine-year-old girl, near Slocum Bridge, O. The little girl was out with a lantern hunting a stray horse, which she discovered was caught fast in a bridge, near a sharp curve of the railroad.

Knowing that the evening accommodation train, which is generally crowded with passengers, was nearly due, the child crawled across the lofty trestle, passed the frightened and plunging horse, and then around the curve, where she built a large fire in the centre of the track to attract attention to the trainmen.

Her efforts were successful, the train being stopped within a few feet of the beacon. Had the engine struck the horse, it, with the train would probably have been thrown into the creek-bed, a distance of eighty feet. There were over 100 passengers on the train, and their gratitude to the brave little girl was unbounded.

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New Home and American Sewing Machine. A first-class Machine at $18.00 and $21.00.

Agent for Old Staten Island Dyeing establishment. A call will be appreciated by

Your Friend,

J. E. SHANNAHAN.

LETTER OF DENIAL

Cleveland Made No Deal With Bankers.

SCORES A NEWSPAPER.

Had Not Entered Into Negotiations Directly or Indirectly for the Disposition of the Bond Issue.

The debate on the Elkins resolution in the Senate, when the administration was accused by several Senators of having entered into an agreement with a syndicate to float the expected issue of bonds, is the subject of a letter written by President Cleveland to Senator Caffrey, of Louisiana. The letter has just been made public by Mr. Caffrey. It is in the handwriting of the President and covers six pages of closely written note paper. It is in full as follows:

"Executive Mansion, Washington, Jan. 5 1896.—My Dear Senator: I have read in the Congressional Record the debate in the Senate on Friday concerning the financial situation and bond issues.

"I am amazed at the intolerance that leads even excited partisanship to adopt as a basis of attack the unfounded accusations and assertions of a maliciously mendacious and sensational newspaper.

"No banker or financier, nor any other human being, has been invited to visit Washington for the purpose of arranging in any way or manner for the disposition of bonds to meet the present or future needs of the gold reserve.

"No arrangement of any kind has been made for the deposition of such bonds to any syndicate or through the agency of any syndicate.

"No assurance of such a disposal of bonds has been directly or indirectly given to any person. In point of fact, a decided leaning toward a popular loan and advertising for bids has been plainly exhibited on the part of the administration at all times when the subject was under discussion.

"Those charged with the responsibility of the gold reserve so far as legally possible have anxiously conferred with each other, and, so permitted, with those having knowledge of financial affairs and present monetary conditions as to the best and most favorable means of selling bonds for gold.

"The unusual importance of a successful result if the attempt is again made ought to be apparent to every American citizen who bestows upon the subject a moment's patriotic thought.

"The Secretary of the Treasury, from the first moment that the necessity of another sale of bonds seemed to be approaching, desired to offer them, if issued, to the people by public advertisement, if they could thus be successfully disposed of. After full consideration he came to the conclusion, to which I fully agree, that the amount of gold in the reserve, being now $20,000,000 more than it was in February last, when a sale of bonds was made to a syndicate, and other conditions differing from those then existing, justify us in offering the bonds now about to be issued for sale by popular subscription.

"This is the entire matter, and all those particulars could have been easily obtained by any member of the Senate by simple inquiry.

"If Mr. Morgan or any one else reasoning from his own standpoint, brought himself to the belief that the government would at length be constrained to again sell bonds to a syndicate, I suppose he would have a perfect right, if he chose