THOSE WHO

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The Easton Gazette.

PAPER IN TA

The Purest in Politics, t
Lists containing the mo
subscribers.

VOL. LXXX. NO. 8. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1896. $1.50 PER YEAR.

OIL ON THE WATERS.

'Tis said that sailors, in the Southern Seas,
In danger's hour,
Throw oil upon the seething waves, and these
Lose half their power
Our lives are vessels on Time's restless tide,
And, day by day,
The surging billows, rolling far and wide,
Disturb our way.
And oftentimes in fell distress we lie,
Stranded almost,
Lashed, helpless, by the wind and waves, and nigh
A rockbound coast.
Oh, if in that dread peril we could throw
Faith 'round our bark,
The waves would sink, the winds less fiercely blow,
Light follow dark.

—J. T. Barton-Wollaston, in Home Queen.

LA PASCUA.

BY RALPH G. TABER.

THE black bull is of the Sensuntepec breed; his like has never been seen here before—so tall, so glossy, so wide of horn, so strong of shoulder and lean of flank! You should have seen the fire in his eyes as they drove him into the patio! And there is something more, Señores," the speaker leaned forward and held his brown finger upon his thick lips, mysteriously: "it is a secret known but to the few."

"Then it is scarcely a secret," the younger of his two auditors replied. A faint smile hovered uncertainly about the corners of his mouth, and he toyed idly with the glass before him.

"What is this wonderful secret?" asked the other, expelling a cloud of smoke from his lungs.

"It is said there will be a new matador"

"Pouf! that is not news, Don Pedro. These matadores—they come and go, like the bulls they slay; it is only a question of time with them. Sooner or later a drink too much makes the nerves falter, and then—then the knife hits half an inch too low, or it fails to strike the right moment, and a new matador is needed! The other—"

"But this," interrupted the landlord—"this is news, Sonores; for the matador has never even faced a bull, not as banderillero nor capeador—"

"Caramba! What is the name of this fool?" The question was asked in a tone of contempt, and the tall youth looked up with an impatient frown.

The landlord shrugged his shoulders: "I do not know the name, but he comes from the upper country."

"Then we will drink to the excellent bull. Come, friends; shall it be aguardiente?"

"I thank you," the youth replied, courteously, "but not for me, Senor; I do not drink it." Rising from his seat, he wished them good-day and departed.

"What is our young friend who will not drink?" asked the guest, as he tasted his glass of strong spirits.

"A passer, who came but this morning. He gave his name as Antonio. I know no more about him."

As Antonio gained the street, he heard the tones of a distant marimba beating out the National air. Following a tortuous walk, that was hedged on either side by banks of blood red roses, he slowly crossed the broad square in front of the low adobe inn. He selected a bud, trimmed the thorns with his knife, and thrust the stem beneath the band of his wide sombrero.

Reaching the street on the opposite side, he found himself before the cathedral, whose pretentious entrance faced the flower-covered square. A rudely carved stone high up on its yellow adobe wall proclaimed that the first foundation stone had been laid 120 years before—and the structure was not yet finished. The stucco decorations within its high arch had fallen away in places, and spots of green mold clung to the plaster casts of the saints.

Antonio carelessly noted all this, but his thoughts were of the solemn high mass, that was soon to be celebrated, and of the gaily dressed throng that would fill the church and overflow into the plaza, when the grand processional should draw near. For it was the feast of La Pascua and the crowning day of the Holy Week.

The air was tremulous with musical sounds, and the people began to congregate. The marimba notes swelled louder and louder, the tramp of a multitude echoed along the rough pavements, and the head of the procession turned into the square. As it approached, Antonio doffed his hat respectfully; and he knelt when the robed priests passed, with the shining "Santisimo" held on high, surrounded by swinging censers. The smoke of the incense filled the street with its subtle perfume, and served to throw an additional charm about the chariot that followed. This was a float drawn by twoscore of young girls clad in pure white garments, with thin veiling pinned to their soft, black hair and falling back over their shoulders. The chariot, too, was draped in white, and upon its broad platform was presented a tableau of the Nativity. Before a gilt manger, in which a figure of the holy Child, [illegible] ering the three wise men, reverently knelt and gazed upon a glistening star that hovered over the cradle. Behind them were the skin-clad shepherds, each with a snow-white lamb in his arms, and beside the crib stood the Mother, a slight, fair girl, draped in flowing robes, chosen from all who had come for the fete because of her saintlike beauty, and bashfully proud of the distinction that was hers to enjoy for the hour.

As the latter's glance fell upon Antonio, kneeling bareheaded in the throng, and as she felt his eyes bent upon her, her face was marked by a passing shade of annoyance. Antonio caught the expression, and the quick blood surged to his olive cheeks.

He muttered bitterly to himself: "She is saying again, as she said before, 'Antonio, what a coward!' But it shall be for the last time. To-day—to-day I shall show her!"

He rose from his knees and shouldered his way through the crowd, to enter the church, where the organ was purring the notes of the processional. As he unconsciously crossed himself at the font and made the genuflexion, his eyes sought for her—this girl who had called him a coward. He saw her at last; she had knelt, near the aisle, in a flood of bright, red sunlight that streamed through a leaded window. Her loose gray robe had been laid aside, and the mass of her hair had a tinge of bronze, as the colored rays fell upon it. Antonio had no thought of the mass. He hardly heard the grand singing.

Presently a nervous hand touched his shoulder and a rough voice whis-

"Was it to see them kill the bull—the fine black bull of Sensuntepec—that you came down to the city? You were wise not to answer the public challenge. I have seen him, and I—even I, who have given many a bull the sword thrust—do not like the look of this fellow."

"It is two hundred pesetas," Antonio answered absently.

"And I would earn them, Antonio, in spite of my broken wrist, if only to gain the glory. But a new Espada has challenged—one whom they say is new to the redondel." Then he added, with some asperity: "Your chance would have been quite as good as his—and think—two hundred pesetas! Had you not lacked the courage!"

Antonio did not resent the speech. He merely answered, quietly: "You too, then, think I lacked courage. That it was a lying reason I gave to Lola, as excuse for refusing the challenge!"

"Hardly a lie, Antonio. I give not the lie save for reason. It is more that your life has been of the sheep—that you have not the nature to battle and kill."

Antonio made no reply. He was living again that night on the hills when, wakened from sleep by his lambs' loud bleating, he had seized his machete, had rushed to the fold, and had slain the mountain lion. The angry mark on his shoulder burned again, where the brute's strong claws had struck him, and his olive cheeks burned, too, as he thought of how Lola had called him coward, and how her father now said he lacked courage. Her father, the famous matador, who had broken his wrist in the last Pascua fight, and yet managed to kill his victim!

The garrulous old man had continued to whisper. What was it he had been saying?

"——is a fortune. And you could have married my Lola."

Antonio turned and laid his hand impulsively on the old man's arm.

"It is enough for now, Senor. You will attend the fight with her? Then you will see me later."

Antonio abruptly left the church and, crossing the square with rapid strides, plunged into the mass of crooked streets, between the brown-tiled dwellings, and presently emerged at another square, the famous Plaza de Toros. It was inclosed by a high adobe wall, on whose top was a thick growth of cactus. He did not approach the main entrance, which a merry crowd was besieging, but sought a small door on the eastern side, at which he knocked nervously.

The guard within called out, gruffly:

"Quien?"

"Antonio Gomez."

"Welcome, Antonio Gomez."

The barly guard eyed the youth's lightly figure, as a dealer might take notes of the good points of a horse, and nodded in grave approval: "You would make a brave matador, my son, if you had first the much-needed practice. As it is—well, it may be, perhaps—if Toro Negro will let you."

He led the way to an inner room, which he placed at Antonio's disposal, and reverently laid out the richly colored sash, the small red flag and the short sword, sharp as a razor, that comprised the matador's equipment. Antonio took up the light weapon, balanced and swung it back and forth, ran[illegible]ers along its keen edge, [illegible]on the table.

"When [illegible]d smiled and nodded. Senor," he said, [illegible] I will call you [illegible]ment.

Antonio could hear [illegible] hoofs, as the picadores [illegible] the music of the band came [illegible]down by faintly, through the thick walls, as it played the strains of a familiar song—a favorite song of Lola's. How stirringly Lola had sung it that night on the mountain! And when she had finished she laid her guitar beside him, and spoke of the Pascua bull fight, and, with a soft arm around his neck, asked him to take up the challenge, in an effort to win the grand public prize—the much coveted prize that would fall to him who might conquer the black Sensuntepec bull. In their poverty it was quite a fortune to them. It was by far the largest prize that had ever yet been offered. Its possession would mean they might marry at once, without waiting for that uncertain time when they might be able to save enough to pay the fee of the Padre. The Padre's fee was very high; fifty pesetas for holding the mass, fifty more for the precious scroll that would prove the ceremony.

Why, then, had he so bluntly refused? It was not from cowardice; that he knew. He hardly understood it himself, but that he had an unreasonable dislike of inflicting useless torture.

And Lola had called him a coward; had refused to hear such a childish excuse, and, with a fine scorn, had left him.

And he had gone back to his little cane hut, and had lain awake through the long, dark night, watching the twinkling Southern Cross and thinking about the girl whom he loved—who had mockingly called him a coward!

And long before daybreak he left the hut, and, at sunrise, awoke the Padre—and the Padre had written a letter for him—at the price of his last peseta.

And he had not seen Lola since, until in the church procession. But today—to-day he would show her that at least he did not lack the courage!

He heard the shouts and the cheering, as the picadores entered; then he [illegible]d the wild, pulsating notes of the [illegible]bas, sounding far away and indistinct. [illegible] he heard an occasional burst of applause; and still he sat there waiting.

At last the guard came to call him. He rose and took up the short bladed sword and his other safeguard, the small, red flag, and passed out into the sunshine.

He cast one glance about the surging sea of expectant faces, and then looked longingly up at the hills that rose behind the city. Their bluish tops seemed trembling in the haze, the air seemed drowned in expectancy, and far-off sounds came plainly—among them the tinkle of a sheep bell far up on the shimmering mountain side.

Then a sharp cry rang out: "Guarda-ese Antonio—guardese!"

He caught one glimpse of a girl in white, who stretched her bare arms out toward him. Then he turned to avoid the great, black bull that came rushing down the redondel. He instinctively leaped—only just in time—and the small, red flag was torn from his hand. The maddened beast tossed it high in the air and turned to prepare for a second attack, while the spectators, pleased with his agile leap, boisterously applauded.

The bull pawed the ground, with lowered head, throwing a cloud of dust in the air. His parched tongue hung from his open jaws, his hot breath came in panting gasps, the red blood trickled down his sides where the spears of the chulos had pricked him, and his bloodshot eyes shone with madness, as he quickened his pace to a thunderous charge.

Antonio calmly awaited the assault, and then—then the mad beast stopped short in his wild onset, trembled, and, bellowing, crouched to the ground in a spasm of fear. Antonio stupidly gazed at the bull; then he heard a dull rumbling beneath him and felt the baked earth lift and surge and sink and rise, like an angry ocean after a storm. The hilltops swayed in the quivering air, strong men shrieked aloud in their dread, and the solid walls of abode groaned and creaked and crackled.

Antonio dropped his now useless sword and, with a bound, reached the side of the ring where he had seen Lola standing, and where the panic-stricken spectators were blindly fighting for the exits.

"Lola!" he shouted, "my Lola!" and out of the surging mass he heard her calling to him. "Leap!" he cried, with uplifted arms, and, struggling through the crowd, she obeyed.

Others, gasping the prayers to the Saints that their palsied lips failed to utter, were dropping all about him; but Antonio caught her skilfully, and, with his light but precious burden, staggered away from the crumbling wall. As he reached the center of the redondel the earthquake ceased for a moment; then a second series of shocks began, a wide crack opened across the court, a dizziness overpowered him and he sank to the heaving, uncertain earth, not in the muteness of terror, nor with a desperate prayer in his throat, but with a welling song in his soul, as he clasped his Lola closer. Was he not from the upper country—the country that lay far back of the hills, the high mountain land where Momotombo's towering black peak breathed blacker smoke from dawn to dawn and made the treetops bend and nod to the tune of the hills' fitful slumbers? Why should he fear the quaking earth? Fear was for those of the lowlands born; Momotombo had rocked his cradle; and the song that trembled within his soul was a song of thanksgiving and gladness—the thrilling note of his vibrant heart as he pressed Lola to it.

It was over again in a moment. The hilltops resumed their still place in the sky, a welcome wind stirred the tall mango trees, and Lola shuddered and opened her eyes, and drew his head down and kissed him.

One by one man regained courage to speak, although at first it was only in whispers.

Antonio assisted Lola to rise, as her aged father approached them.

"You have done well, Antonio," he said. "The Toro lives, but he has made his fight. You have won the two hundred pesetas."

A happy light shown in Antonio's eyes, and, drawing Lola closer, he asked: "Then you think, now, I lacked not courage?"—New York Independent.

A Modern Monte Cristo.

A strange but authentic story regarding a hidden gold mine, known only to the Indians and one white man, has been brought to light by the attempt of a young man named F. G. Doners to commit suicide at Minneapolis, where he had been arrested upon a charge of passing worthless checks for large amounts.

Doners for some time has been visiting in Minneapolis. He seemed to have plenty of money, and a few days ago induced a hotel man there to cash a check for a large amount by representing that the p[illegible] had been drawn by his father, a [illegible]aw man, living near Fort Arth[illegible] When arrested, [illegible] heart broken [illegible]elf in the [illegible]down by faintly, through the thick walls, as it played the strains of a familiar song—a favorite song of Lola's. How stirringly Lola had sung it that night on the mountain! And when she had finished she laid her guitar beside him, and spoke of the Pascua bull fight, and, with a soft arm around his neck, asked him to take up the challenge, in an effort to win the grand public prize—the much coveted prize that would fall to him who might conquer the black Sensuntepec bull. In their poverty it was quite a fortune to them. It was by far the largest prize that had ever yet been offered. Its possession would mean they might marry at once, without waiting for that uncertain time when they might be able to save enough to pay the fee of the Padre. The Padre's fee was very high; fifty pesetas for holding the mass, fifty more for the precious scroll that would prove the ceremony.

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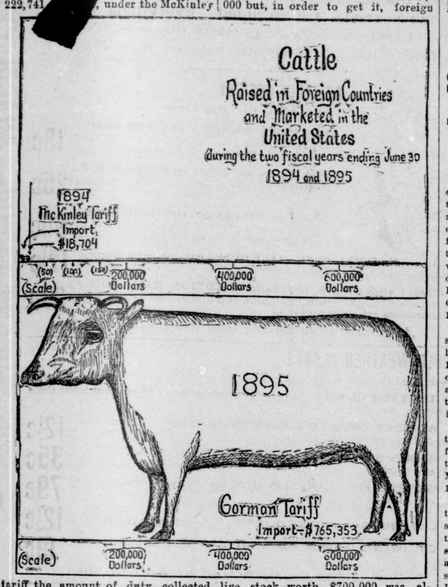
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LIVE STOCK IN EVIDENCE.

Live stock was [illegible]orted to the extent of $1,938,[illegible] during the fiscal year ending [illegible]30, 1895. During the previ[illegible] the value was $1,222,741[illegible], under the McKinley



tariff the amount of duty collected live stock worth $700,000 was alupon foreign cattle, hogs, horses, lowed to supplant American live mules and sheep was $342,910, the stock. This was pretty hard upon average of valorem rate of duty being American farmers, but the free-28.04 per cent. Under the Gorman traders' tariff was not designed to tariff the average rate was 20.23 per benefit Americans.

CAPTURING THE MARKETS OF THE WORLD.



CHARITY OF LABOR.

Quiet and Effective Relief Given by Labor Organizations.

Labor organizations do much charitable work that is never heard of. Wage earners are in a far better position to learn of the distress that surrounds them than others are. It is brought face to face with them every day, and the relief afforded is given quietly and unostentatiously. No free clothing and free bread funds are heralded throughout the world. The charity of labor is sympathetic. It is not a free advertising scheme.

The year 1894 was a hard one upon the labor organizations in New York State. The twelfth annual report of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor shows that 474 organizations, with a membership of 121,957, expended $106,801.63 among those who were out of work. This was in addition to $89,159 distributed among men on strike. There was a further sum of $151,545.22 expended that was not classified, and the report of the bureau says that: "Presumably a greater portion of this last named sum was paid to members who were unable to procure employment."

Evidently about $230,000 was expended by labor organizations, in this State alone last year, to relieve the distressful condition of those who were out of employment during the period when the country was threatened with a free trade tariff. Time's good work was quietly and unostentatiously performed. The contribution of $200,000 by labor to relieve its fellows, contrasts strangely with the much advertised free bread fund which, even if a million loaves were given away, would not cost more than $25,000 or $30,000. How different it is, too, to that second advertising scheme of giving away free clothing when the clothing was contributed by others than the one who got the credit for it.

Labor believes that "charity begins at home." It finds the need of it in its own ranks and sets quietly to work to relieve its distress. Labor, moreover, had no hand in bringing it about as those free advertising schemers had. No trade was more affected by the Democratic hard times than that of the printers—a non-protected industry. The sum of $35,377.72 was distributed, within a year, to idle printers in New York, showing clearly how printers suffer under tariff revision that is injurious to American industries. Printers need protection as well as the labor that works in manufacturing.

Want Another Message.

We have been waiting for a ringing message from the President on the subject of protection for the United States. If Mr. Cleveland is willing to fight John Bull on behalf of the Venezuelans, why not on our own account? If he objects to John Bull's invasion there, why not object to his invasion here, at home, in our own markets? If there is to be a lock-out of Mr. Bull from Venezuela, why not also from the United States?

Points for Protectionists.

Eleven Southern States mined 23,321,608 tons of coal in 1894, or more than 20 times the product of same States 20 years ago. Exports of manufactured goods nine months of 1895 were $145,793,586, against $133,978,609 a year ago. It is to be hoped the coming Congress will arrange to meet the Government's ordinary expenses by protection to American industries rather than aid aliens to get our gold and displace our laborer by filling our markets with foreign made goods.—Clapp's Circular.

A True Prediction.

I have no hesitation in declaring that a tariff for revenue only—that is, a tariff law under whose provisions the largest amount of revenue can be raised in the easiest manner for the Government—would be more disastrous to our people than free trade, for, while it would leave open and free competition to all countries in everything we raise or manufacture, it would increase the cost of those we cannot and yet must have, the factor of competition being left out.—W. P. Frye, United States Senator.

Is Grover His Nurse?

There are perhaps few men in the country who have clearer conceptions on theoretic finance that Mr. Carlisle; but in practical finance he must be ranked among the babies and sucklings.—New York Journal of Commerce.

CABLE SPARKS.

Sir Philip Currie, the British ambassador to Constantinople, had an audience with the Sultan and presented an autograph letter from the Queen.

The Chilian government asks European bankers to advance to it £2,000,000 sterling, pending the floating of a projected loan of £4,000,000 st rling.

The Brazilian government has concluded a contract for the immigration of 100,000 foreigners, Italians being excluded from the provisions of the contract.

The Baie de Chaleurs Railway has been ordered sequestrated by the Canadian government because it is insolvent and tha the conditions of the charter has not been complied with.

A disastrous fire has occurred in the Herminigildo coal mine, S le ia, with much loss of life. Fifteen bodies have a ready been recovered and seventeen injured miners have been taken out.

The Navy League of Canada has been organized, its object being t provide ships in which young Canadians can be drilled in gunnery and qualify them for the naval reserve of the British empire.

The Boer Legislature authorized an increase of its military force. It is thought in Johannesburg that the intervention of the United States in behalf of American prisoners will have a good effect.

A cablegram from Prague announces th death of Charles Jones, U ited States consul at Crefeld, Germany. Mr. Jones was formerly consul at St. Petersburg, but exchanged positions with John Karel. He was at one time Lieutenant-Governor of Wisconsin.

UTAH'S SENATORS.

Republican Vote Cast for Cannon and Brown.

STRONG FREE SILVERITES.

Frank Cannon Once a Wild Mormon Boy—His Father's Use of Church Influence in Politics to Advance His Son.

Frank J. Cannon and Arthur Brown were elected to the United States Senate with but two dissenting voices among the Republican members of the legislature. There was no excitement during the balloting. It was a foregone conclusion that the caucus had settled the election. The ballot in the Senate was 12 each for Cannon and Brown, Republicans, and 5 each for Thatcher and Rawlins, Democrats. In the House the ballot was: Cannon, 31; Brown, 29; Goodwin, 1; Bennett, 1; Thatcher, 14; Rawlins, 14.

In his speech of acceptance Senator Brown said: "One of my greatest aims will be to help the cause of silver at the needed ratio of 16 to 1, and not only will I use my greatest efforts in behalf of silver, but I hope I will always be found striving, in my weak way, to work for the advancement of Utah's interest in general."

Messrs. Cannon and Brown will present themselves before the bar of the Senate before February 1. They will then draw lots to determine which shall take his seat until March 4, 1897, and which shall hold until 1899.

Both nominees are free silverites in all that that term implies. In one of his campaign speeches last summer Frank Cannon said the Republican party would roll away the stone from the door and resurrect free silver, and threatened it with much trouble if it should prove untrue to his prediction. Arthur Brown has been one of the most prominent mining attorneys in the territory for many years, and is largely interested in silver mines that would be benefited if silver should be remonetized.

He is noted in Utah for his numerous eccentricities in speech. He came to Utah from Michigan over fifteen years ago, and has practiced law here ever since. He stands among the leading mining lawyers and has been very successful in criminal practice.

The election of brown has been rather surprising. In the past he has been one of the bitterest of Mormon haters.

Frank J. Cannon will not prove as picturesque as his colleague. He rather delights in his ability to play the game of politics. He can make a flowery speech. Cannon is the favorite son of his father, George Q. Cannon.

At one time he was re arded as one of he wildest of the young Mormon boys. He disobeyed parental authority, and fi ally left the church. He was brought back to better ways, however, just after the breaking up of the old religious parties, and, because of his name and the acknowledged influence of his father in his behalf, was nominated for delegate to Congress in 1892. In that campaign he was beaten by Joseph L. Rawlings by a plurality of 2,800. Two years later the same opponents faced one another, and, through the use of church *influences*, by George Q. Cannon, his son was victorious by a majority of 1,818.

FIFTY-FOURTH CONGRESS.

HOUSE

THIRTY-THIRD DAY.—The House passed the Pension Appropriation bill. A number of amendments were made. The bill, as passed, carries $141,925,820, about $60,000 less than the estimate. The bill was passed fifty days ahead of any previous pension appropriation bill.

THIRTY-FOURTH DAY.—The session of the House of Representatives was devoid of public interest. Quite a number of bills of minor and purely local importance were passed, and also the Military Academy Appropriation bill.—The bill to grant the wi ow of General Cogswell, of Massachusetts, who was a member of the last Congress, a pension of $75 a month was favorably reported by the House Committee on Pensions.—A statement was received from the Attorney-General Wilson explaining the system of docking railway mail clerks for carelessness.

THIRTY-FIFTH DAY.—The House of Representatives passed the Urgent Deficiency bill. The bill carried $4,415,922, $3,242,582 of which was for the expenses of United States courts. The abnormal growth of the expenses of federal courts came in for a good deal of criticism, and there was a general expression in favor of a salary system.

SENATE

THIRTY-THIRD DAY.—The United States Senate was not in session to-day.

THIRTY-FOURTH DAY.—Two opposing phases of the Monroe Doctrine was presented in the United States Senate—one from the Committee on Foreign Relations in favor of a strong reaffirmation of the doctrine, and another from Mr. Sowell, of New Jersey, urging that the doctrine had been carried so far beyond i s scope as to threaten dangerous consequence. Mr. Davis, of Minnesota, presented the committee report, as he is author of the resolution embodying essential features of all previous resolutions. The silver bond bill was laid aside t mporarily, as no Senator was ready to speak. Mr. Platt and Mr. Hale pointed out the delay on this measur., and Mr. Platt asked that a day be set for a vote. Mr. Jones, of Arkansas, in charge of the measure, declined to fix a time, as several Senators were still to be heard. Mr. Pefler's bill concerning congressional funerals was further discussed, and the n referred to the Committee on Rules with a view to formulating a general rule on funerals. Mr. Pugh's resolution for silver payments of out standing gover ment obligations did no reach a vote, although urged by its author.

THIRTY-FIFTH DAY.—The Senate put aside finance and foreign affairs and gave the day to work on comparatively minor bills on the calendar. About seventy bills were passed, clearing the cal ndar of much accumulation and leaving only the important measures pending. Among the pension bills passed were those for the sister of Gen. Grant, Helen Dent, the widow of Col. Dent, and for the widows of Rear Admiral English, of Maj. Gen. Carrol, of Lieut. Schwatka, the Artic explorer, and of Brevet Brig. Gen. Donaldson. The bridge legislation included bills for bridges over the Mississippi at St. Louis; over the Missouri River, in South Dakota, and over the Columbia River, in Oregon.

WORK AND WORKERS.

The steel workers' wages are to be advanced.

The window-glass houses controlled by the Pittsburg and Indiana combinations shut down for a month.

The shops of the Taylor Manufacturing Company at Chambersburg, Pa., closed down indefinitely.

The factory of the Woonsocket Rubber Company, at Millville, Massachusetts, employing 1000 men making rubber boots, was closed indefinitely.

The Bank of Wauneta, Neb., S. C. Henry, cashier, failed to open doors. The failure is caused by complication with the Bank of Stratton, which failed last Monday. Assets are said to be $25,000; liabilities, $1,200.

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 $33,500 and the assets $12,000.

The property of the August Hanusske Company, furniture dealers, Chicago, was levied on by the sheriff to satisfy a claim for $26,000, made by the Milwaukee State Bank. The assets are $130,000 and liabilities $70,000, the principal creditor being the Milwaukee State Bank.

Relief work in Arkansas is being conducted under the direction of the consular offices and the American missionaries, so that the decision of the Sultan to exclude the Red Cross Society from his dominions need not prevent relief work.

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—to not let them swindle you.

THE NEWS.

The burning out of an air-shaft at midnight in the Wellington Hotel in Chicago caused a panic among the guests of the place. Many of them rushed to the hotel office clad in raiment not just the thing for street wear, but all returned to their rooms within a few minutes.—In police court in Des Moines, Iowa, the seventeen students of Drake Medical School arrested for grave robbery were discharged from custody, there being no evidence on which to hold them.—In the presence of several hundred guests and members, the Chicago Mineral and Mining Board was formally opened in the New York Life Building, on La Salle street, midway between the Board of Trade and the Chicago Stock Exchange.—Three men were killed and four seriously injured by the explosion of an acetyline gas receiver in English & Messick's building, at New Haven, Conn.—The four principal gas companies of Chicago, foiled in their recent plans of consolidation by the state officials, have taken steps to test the question of the right to consolidate.—A convention of cotton producers was held in Memphis, Tenn., and action taken to effect a continuation of decreased acreage. All the leading planters in the South were present or represented, and a permanent organization was effected.

The Taylor Engine Company, of Chambersburg, Pa., confessed judgment for the benefit of creditors, and the shops were closed down and placed in the hands of the sheriff.—The sub-committee of the Republican National Committee appointed to arrange for the convention in St. Louis met in that city. Timothy E. Byrnes, of Minnesota, was elected sergeant-at-arms; George W. Wiswell, of Wisconsin, first assistant, and W. W. Johnson, of Baltimore, second assistant.—William Steinecker, a prominent business man of Evansville, Ind., shot himself through the head with a revolver, after having wrecked his three fine apartment flats by an explosion of powder. Steinecker was a widower.—Jacob Bruehl, a barber, his wife and seven-year-old boy were fatally burned at their residence on Knowlton street Cumminsville, O., from effects of an explosion of a gasoline stove. The father received his injuries trying to save his sick child after the bed had caught fire.—Attachments were issued against the shoe house of Smith & Stoughton Co[illegible] of Charles F. [illegible]000, and the [illegible] Rore is now in the hands of the sheriff.—The cruiser Baltimore, which has just arrived at San Francisco, reported having encountered a typhoon after leaving Yokohama.—Rev. Warren Powers, of Hall Station, Ga., was called to his door and shot dead.

D. V. Emond was arrested at Utica, N. Y., charged with being a buncoer.—At Duluth Judge Nelson, in the United States Court, issued a decree ordering the sale of the Duluth and Winnipeg Railway.—Fire at the Michigan Peninsular Car Works in Detroit caused a loss of $50,000.—A storm caused considerable damage in Oregon.—The crew of the schooner William Wilson, sunk off Shovelful lighthouse, have been saved.—Chief of Police Murphy, of Bay City, Mich., received a telegram from the G. Giles Mercantile Company, of Portland, Oregon, stating that A. A. Knopfel, the Bay City broker who mysteriously disappeared at Cincinnati, is in Portland.—Michael Hanrahan, an aged gardner who lived in Princeton, N. J., for twenty-seven years, disappeared from his home the 1st of January, and has not been heard from since.—Owing to the scarcity of raw sugar, the Philadelphia refineries have withdrawn all their products from the market.—It is charged that George Lambert, of Lambett & Co., whiskey dealers of Raleigh, N. C., defrauded creditors by buying whiskey in large quantities and selling it for less than cost, pocketing all the money.

The sealing schooner Kilmeny, twenty-four tons, M. Hulgram, 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 $500 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 worked busily in Detroit over various charts of the regions necessary to be traversed by the routes suggested.—Mr. John Patten, in a lecture before the Baltimore Section of the National Astronomical Association, attributed sun spots to chemical action in the sun.

MAY SETTLE DIRECT.

Probability of an Arrangement Between Great Britain and Venezuela.

There are indications that the administration has become convinced that the Venezuelan commission will not have the honor of settling the great boundary dispute. There is reason to believe that some assurance of a satisfactory nature has come to the State Department that