Bellefonte, Pa., June 3, 1898.

TROUBLE BORROWERS.

There's many a trouble Would break like a bubble, And into the waters of Lethe would depart, Did we not rehearse it. And tenderly nurse it.

And give it a permanent place in the heart

There's many a sorrow. Would vanish to-morrow, Were we but willing to furnish the wings; So sadly intruding

And quietly brooding, It hatches out all sorts of horrible things! How welcome seeming

Of looks that are beaming, Whether one's wealthy or whether one's poor! Eyes bright as a berry-Cheeks red as a cherry-

The groan and the curse and the heartache can

Resolve to be merry, All worry to ferry Across the famed waters that bid us forget, And, no longer fearful, Be happy and cheerful-

We feel life has much that's worth living for yet -Waverly Magazine

THOSE OLD LOVE LETTERS.

"What luck Dory ?" "Can't you tell, mother?" he answered, "by looking at my face. She says she daren't marry me as long as her father is against me.'

"I s'pose because you work at the round house he thinks you aren't her equal," said Mrs. Fair, who understood perfectly the

laws of caste in the town. "I guess so," Theodore answered despondently.

spondently.

For a time they ate in silence. It was the light lunch of Sunday evening. Theodore sat opposite his mother; he was dressed in his new suit, and his hair brushed up from his forehead, fell like a wave over the smooth crown. Mrs. Fair had covered the glories of her black silk with a long white apron, for she was a frugal soul. As she looked at her son, handsome and heavy-eyed, she wondered how Rose Turner could resist his suit.

"Did you ever ask Rose to run away with you?" she questioned eagerly, leaning her elbow on the table as she taught her son not to do.

Theodore flushed. "Yes-I've proposed it a dozen times," he said, annoyed at his mother's persistence. There was an incisive curve in her chin which he lacked, although Mrs. Fair had the name or being a mild woman.

"Thirty years ago Bruce Turner was just dead in love with your Aunt Martha," she said musingly. "He used to write to her all the time—silly letters as you ever read. A lot of 'em are upstairs now in an old trunk-when Martha went to Colorado she left them with a lot of other traps."

'I guess I'll go down town for a while," Theodore said, not particularly interested in the stale love affairs of Rose's father. After he had gone Mrs. Fair sat a long time at the table, filling her cup and sip-

ping her tea with abstracted eyes.

The next morning she went about her work with the same fixed look, as if she had been hypnotized by her own thoughts. She started in surprise when she heard the roundhouse whistle blow at twelve o'clock It was the first time Martha's claims had 11:30.

'Are you sick, mother?" Theodore asked when he came in and found her still in the suds and no dinner on the stove. Mrs. Fair smiled. "No Dory-only getting luny, I guess. Can you put up with

Theodore was wont to take life as it

came, so he uncomplainingly ate and went back to his work. Mrs. Fair ate a slice of pie when he had finished and went up stairs to her chamber. The rapt look of the morning had given place to one of stern-lipped decision. She came down in her bonnet, her dolman,

and with a small packet in her hand. She locked her door and walked down Main A young German, jubilant at having

man behind looked as if he were in prison. "Howdy do, Mrs. Fair?" he said, in a tone of joy not re-enforced by his face.

"Can I see you alone?" she asked, without preliminaries. "Certainly—certainly. Come into my ck office." He opened the gate at the back office."

end of the counter and held it for her to pass through. The back office was decorated with flyspecked lithographs of ocean steamers plowing their way through a pea green sea. "It's an unexpected pleasure, seeing you, Mrs. Fair," Turner said, rubbing his hands

together with a sound like the rustle of silk. "I came to see why you won't let Rose marry my boy," she answered.
"Ah, Mrs. Fair, nobody likes Theodore better than I do, but-"

"He works at the roundhouse," she in-"Because he is a good mechanic terposed. instead of a shyster lawyer or a third-rate doctor, you think your girl's above him. My own father," she added, proudly, "was a judge, but I was poor after Mr. Fair died, and Theodore liked machinery, so I let him do what he wanted to. He's a mechanic, but a better looking man doesn't walk these streets."

"He is handsome," Turner said, admiringly. That was the worst of the manhe would not argue.

"You must let them marry," Mrs. Fair said, strenuously. "If I was Rose I'd do it without your consent, but she's afraid "Rose generally does as I say," he put

in, complacently. "Now, with Amanda I have more trouble." 'Then I wish Dory had taken a liking to Amanda," she retorted. She now shift-ed her ground. "I expect you remember

Martha? "Oh, yes-of course," Turner answered. "You used to think a good deal of her." "I suppose I did in a boy's way," he replied, uneasily. "She's well, I hope?"

"Yes, she's well." Mrs. Fair laid the packet on her lap and her lips set in a cold smile. "You used to write letters to her when you were a man grown. When she began to go with Tom Fulton you wrote some wild words."

'Did I?" said Turner, looking as embarrassed as a middle-aged man will when confronted with the follies of his youth. "But all that was past long ago—I have buried a wife since then, Mrs. Fair."

She held the packet between her finger and thumb "I have some of your letters here—Martha left them at my house. She sacks.

read 'em to me when they came-I wouldn't touch 'em now if you had treated Dory right."

Turner reddened to the edge of his scant hair. He made an instinctive clutch at the packet, then relaxed in his chair. 'This is blackmail!" he exclaimed.

"I don't care," Mrs. Fair retorted, untying the string and taking a sheet from its envelope. "Here is one: 'Every day seems a year since you are gone. Nobody will ever love you as I do. Dearest won't

you promise ""
"Stop!" Turner cried, driven beyond endurance by the level cadence of his tormentor's voice. "I never wrote that

'I guess you did for your name's at the end-some of 'em are a good deal sillier than this one."

"I don't believe it." "Then I can read them to you," she said, quietly.
"I have a mind to take them away from

you!" he cried, rising from his chair. "I have more at home," she replied, without starting. "What is it you want of me, then?" he

asked, d sperately.
"I want you to let Rose and Theodore get married. If you won't I will read these letters in every house in the town and make you the laughing stock of the place."

"You wouldn't dare," he said. "Wouldn't I? Wait and see. Well, I must be going." She put the packet in her pocket, and stood up, shaking out the

back breadths of her skirt.

"Wait. I'll agree to let the young folks marry if you'll promise to give me every one of those letters," he said, reluctantly . "I'll give them to you as soon as they are really married," she answered, going

"How do I know you will?" he in-

quired. "Because I'm a woman of my worddid you ever know me to be two faced?" Mrs. Fair asked scornfully as she opened the door. Once in the street, her feet seemed winged and she felt a curious exaltation. She fancied a rogue might feel

thus after a successful bit of wickedness. That evening she told Theodore to dress himself and go to see Rose. "I saw her father this afternoon," she said, "and it's all fixed. He won't make any more trouble."

"What did you say?" Theodore asked staring at his mother—a red spot burned in each cheek and his eyes flamed. "I'll never tell even you, Dory. I brought to his mind some of the words of his youth and they softened him-that is all I can tell you.'

Immediately after the wedding lunch Rose and Theodore were driven to the station. Mrs. Fair stayed to help Amanda clear away the wreck of the feast. Turner changed his business sack and was waiting to walk home with her when she came into the hall-it was growing dusk.

They were rather silent on their way. 'Will you give me those letters now?" he asked when they had reached her doorstep. "Yes; they are ready," she answered unlocking the door and proceeding her es cort into the house. She hurried upstairs and came down with a package in her hand. She gave it to Turner. "Are you sure they are all here?" he in-

quired, anxiously. "Yes they are all there-35. They have always neen in the same trunk. Those I Cuba is another world to us. There —half her clothes were not rinsed, and she commonly had her wash on the line at even now. She followed him to the door. "Mind that broken step," she said, warningly. She watched him down the street, "I wonder what he'll do with 'em." she thought, as she straightened out the door-

> He walked rapidly to his office, opened the door went inside and lit the gas. He read the letters one by one, and as he read he wondered if the writer had not been another man wearing his flesh and using his name. Strange how foolish he had been! Yet he felt a shame-faced pride in their headlong rhetoric-his style had grown

thin and bare since then.

He opened out the sheets and stuffed them into the cannon stove; then he turned the damper and applied a match street to where Bruce Turner's sign, "Real Estate and Loans," hung over the sideling, as if trying to speak. Turner sat down until the light ceased to show through paid off his mortgage, brushed past her at the open damper. He opened the door. A little heap of bluish-black tissue, touched two stores, was divided by a counter sur-mounted by a miniature picket fence. The the bottom of the grate—the words of his youth would never trouble him more .-Chicago News.

Mrs. Pullman's Estate.

Mrs. George M. Pullman is determined to renounce the terms of her husband's will and to accept her dower right in the estate, as permitted by law. This decision was known to be her inclination from the beginning. The renunciation papers have been drawn up by her attorney and will be filed without further delay in the probate court. In renouncing her part as devised to her by the will and in accepting her dower interest she will secure a one-third life interest in all the Pullman realty and one-third of the personal property absolutely. Her share of the personal property alone will, on this basis, amount to at least \$3,000,000, which is much more than the amount provided for her in the will. That document gave her the yearly income from \$1,250,000 for life and the possession of the homestead at Prairie avenue and Eighteenth street. By the terms of the will she would have no personal

property to dispose of by bequest. M.s. Pullman's renunciation of the will will have no effect on the bequests made by her husband, except those to the two sons, Sanger and George, who will get from three to five millions at their mother's death.

A Governor's Old Friend.

Governor Atkinson, of Georgia, tells this story at his own expense: "It was during my recent inspection of the convict camps. Among other places I visited were the coal mines, and in order to make a thorough inspection it was necessary to go down into the mines and see the convicts at work. Two guards accompanied me down into the mines. They showed me everything of interest, and finally took me where the convicts were at work. As we approached them one of the convicts rushed over to me erying: 'Good Lord! Bill Atkinson, as sure as I live! I never expected to see you here. What on earth, Bill, did they convict you of doing?" I readily recognized the man as one whom I had known since my boyhood."

Failures.

A man marries a lovely creature in white satin and then lives with a woman who wears Mother Hubbards and dressing

CUBA, THE DESOLATE. Cuba has long been called the Pearl of the Antilles. The name was first given to it by Pietro Martire de Anghiera, the historian, in 1493. It has borne in turn the names of Juana, Fernandina, Santiago, Maria and Cuba. The old native name was Cubanacan. It was discovered by Columbus sixteen days after San Salvador. It may not be known to very many that the bones and ashes of Columbus repose at Havana in the great old cathedral there. A special permit procured with much difficulty admits us to the cathedral, and we look upon the marble slab on the left of the altar that marks the place in the wall where, in the recess, repose the sacred relics. In his death as in his life it seems he was not to be permitted to rest in peace. He died in Valladolid, Spain May 20th, 1506. He was not buried where he died, his remains being deposited in San Francisco Monastery, in the Alhambra, at Grenada. Seven years later he was removed to the Chapel of St. Anne at Seville, in the Carthusian; Monastery of Las Cuevas; twenty-three years later removed to the cathedral at San Domingo, Hispaniola, and 259 years later to the cathedral at Havana. No blood was ever upon his garments. He was humane, tender, and righteous-but was accompanied and followed by the greed, cruelty, and inhumanity which has ever characterized the Spaniards.

For 300 hundred years the splendid pearl lay glowing like a gigantic Kohinoor in the Southern waters, but attracted little attention from us. It is the struggle for freedom which lifts a person, a nation, or a people into the greater notice of a civilized world. For a hundred years, more and more we have been interested in Cuba until our attention is now rivited upon it, while the glorious century plant of freedom

is about to bloom there.

The nearness of Cuba to us is hardly appreciated. It is but three days and nights on the deep from New York, but sixty hours from the capitol of our nation, but nine hours from Key West, eighty-six miles to the nearest point on the island, but ninety-three to Havana itself.

An ocean voyage, however brief, is always interesting to me, and troublesome to the limit of the awful mal de mer, that mystery of sickness on the sea. I invariably, in a very short time, cast my bread upon the waters, never expecting to get it back again. I know little of the meaning of the expression "throwing up the sponge" but I think if I had ever swallowed one I

could throw it up on an ocean voyage.

From Key West to Havana is nine hours going over and only six returning. The early dawn brings the island in view, and soon as the bright light of the day steals upon us the frowning guns of forts and batteries are clearly seen. With Morro, the Cubanas, and the two adjoining forts, and the twelve great batteries mounted with latest patterns of Krupp guns, with the narrow channel to the bay, and land-locked harbor, each planted with torpedoes and mines, Havana is not to be easily taken. To besiege it and starve it out may be done with comparatively little trouble, a month or two being sufficient, doubtless, to exhaust all food supplies there.

As we pass into the harbor our boat glides along within 300 yards of the wreck of the Maine. Our heart is throbbing, and the tears may not easily be suppressed in the presence of this sad and suggestive

took out I put right back—I don't expect seems nothing like what we are accustomed Martha will care if I do give them to you. to at home. Everything is strange, new to us. The narrow streets, the low houses, city strikes us with wonder. The absence of glass for the windows in both buildings and railway cars, no fire-places, no stoves, and no fire ever but the charcoal fires for cooking, strike us again peculiarly. The fruit stands are objects of amazement to the visitor-the varieties of fruit simply without number. Later I learn that there are a dozen varieties of the pineapple and more than a hundred kinds of bananas. Who that has tasted them will ever forget the delicious pineapples and the still more delicious peach banana? Peaches, apples, and pears, however, do not grow on the island. But it would seem every other possible variety of fruit is there. The richness of Cuba is beyond all compute. Neither the gold treasures of California nor of Alaska can compare with it. It is worth all the gold mines in the world. So rich is the soil that the sweet potatoes and the sugar cane will grow without replanting for from five to seven years, and crops of various kinds may be harvested twice, and even thrice a year. The climate never reveals cold greater than forty above or heat greater than about ninty. The rich black soil, red, and mulatto, adapted respectively specially to sugar cane, tobacco and coffee, is not excelled in the world. There are 13,000,000 acres of untouched forests of the finest hard woods-mahogany, cedar, rosewood, granadilla, and other varieties. one could ever forget the glorious waving palms. There are thirty varieties of palms alone. The royal palm seems everywhere. It rises with symmetrical trunk, on an average, to the the height of 100 feet, limbless to the fern-like top that resembles in the distance the beauty of colossal ostrich feathers. And the date palm and the cocoanut palm, rich with their fruitage, and the roof palm with its beauty and wealth of leaves, and the great, imposing, splendid avenues of the royal palms stretching for miles through the country leaves to the mind vistas and views that seem like thrilling dreams. The mountains rise in almost continuous range from west to east, from 2,500 feet to 8,000 feet, towering at last most sublimely and majestically in the heavens. It is a land of great magni-

tude. crescent, is 760 miles long, and varies from 28 miles, the narrowest place, to 135 miles 28 miles, the narrowest place, to 135 miles in width. Imagine it converted into a burge blanket and it would easily account the harvest, and where hunger for the true diers, and while there is nothing in the pay huge blanket, and it would easily cover all England, leaving out Wales; it would shield the entire state of Pennsylvania, and almost hide New York, and one-fourth of Spain itself would disappear under its ample folds. There are 7,500 miles of seacoast, including all the bays and indentations. The scenery is a marvel to every drunk enough to reel in his walking, and visitor. From the heights of Matanzas, or near by the city, I looked one day upon a vision of beauty and grandeur scarcely sal fraud to be called voting never transequaled in the world. Travelers from all pired in this world surely. I visited the over the globe have looked with surprise and unstinted admiration upon the scene. In front of you is the beautiful and ample bay of Matanzas, far on the rolling, tinted ocean, in the distance the lofty mountains, and in your rear the Pride of Matanzas. splendid mountain of the providence. To to one for autonomy.

Some for autonomy.

But what of the suffering on the island? Jumeri River, and to your left the broad fertile, and charming vale of the San Juan.

It is a scene to enrapture and thrill. But I am sure it is of other things away. While I was at Matanzas 3,500 own eyes. I could not sleep at night are women.

heavy losses. Why is that flag floating there? know it is true and shudder as I sons are varied and, taken together, conany mercy or tenderness for the island. Three million of the natives—original inhabitants-living in a golden state, their revenge and hatred were unknown, were no one lived in whose veins flowed one little less cruel to her own. In time she the colonies that for a hundred years it has death. Americans helped to win this victory. And the lily of liberty was about to bloom on driven, many of them getting no longer "Yellow fever attacks a person only the world had never witnessed before. The And yet again, the Cubans are very unlike the Spaniards. This is a fact we are slow to recognize. There are 1,800,000 people were killed, thousands starved. The low-the volunteers. the Spaniards. This is a fact we are slow on the island. Of these 250,000 are Span-ish born. Almost all offices of the island the number who have perished of the reare held by Spaniards; the office-holders concentradoes in the two years since the and ex-officeholders and their families edict of Weyler is 300,000. It is more make up this number. There is not to ex- likely that 400,000 have perished, and yet ceed 100,000 native-born Cubans that sympathize with Spain. We have then 1,450,- of starvation. 000 who are clearly Cuban in spirit and life. The proportion of colored population is much less than we have presumed. If have no doubt I owe my life to-day to the new-made friends who There is not to exceed 400,000 in all with gave me this relic. They protected me any colored blood. The percentage is less while in the village. They would not perthan in the capital of our nation, where their homes I was admitted by night to a pany C, of the First Ohio regiment, and them been free until 1878, and all free since then. There remain 1,000,000 who are pure white Cuban blood. They are not pure white Cuban blood. They are not Cuba an insurgent's sword. The machete like the Spaniards. I repeat it, for it is of with which I was presented saw long serthe utmost importance for us to grasp this fact. For 400 years the Cubans have been the property of Lieutenant Colonel Ahudrifting away from Spain and Spanish ways mada, who was killed in the battle of the badly injured and the vision may be desand spirit. Take, for instance, the popular national sport of Spain—the bull fight— A column of 1,000 Spaniards was waylaid which, you must remember, takes place alby 700 insurgents, and in the battle which ways upon the Sabbath day. The unwritensued 200 wounded. Eighteen of the inten law, as rigidly as if written, requires surgents were killed and twenty-four the Kings of Spain to attend a bull fight. The masses worship it, and more than any other thing shows us the spirit of the Spaniard. But a bull fight cannot, and never has taken place on the island of Cuba where the Cubans have control. It is an an old saying that "Spanish bulls cannot be bred in Cuba." Take the actions of the insurgents and their spirit in the war that now, for three years, they have maintained. All the laws of civilized warfare have been

by Weyler of the rural homes and starva-tion of the population they still never stooped to butcheries. General Campos owes his life to-day to the fact that they are not like the Spaniards. Pretending to be wounded, he was placed upon a stretchso fearfully defeated, and carried unharmed from the field. They have ever respected the wounded and returned the prisoners. In my careful study of the average population of the island I am fully convinced that they have not the bloodthirsty spirit of the

almost as we are ourselves. One of my interesting experiences while on the island was passing some days in Cuban villages. It was at great personal The feeling against the American is risk. bitter on the part of the Spaniard on the island. At Havana, in broad daylight, one could not walk a block without most provoking insults being inflicted upon him At night he is hissed from every side as he passes civilly along. The peril that overshadowed the Americans on the island can-

Spaniard, and are as different from them

not be exaggerated and never has been. At the town of Colon, on my way from Matanzas to Sagua le Grande, I took purposely the wrong train, having to change cars and depots, and was of course put off at the next station to await the first train going my way. Cervantes, the village where I was put off, has a population of

3.000. While in this village I studied the schools, the church, the reconcentradoes, the soldiers, the trocha, the voting on the memorial voting day, and many other en-tertaining features of the Cuban life. The schools hardly merit the name. Not a hundred pupils are enrolled-not sixty were in attendance in all the town. The teachers are Spanish, employed for life. Twenty-five years is a life-term, and then they are retired on half-pay. Their ambition seems, in almost every instance, to merely to fill out the term and retire to the lazy, idolent, and worthless life of a donothing in southern Spain.

There is one little church house in Cervantes, another in a village eight miles away! Two little churches and one priest for 5,000 people. The priest is indolent, intemperate, unchaste, and, while there are doubtless exceptions, the average priest is seen in him. The people pay little or no attention to the church. It is Catholic, of course. No other has ever been permitted on the island. A few missions have at-The island, somewhat in the form of a tempted establishment on the island, with illest success as a rule. A field whiter for agine. The people are temperate and so- of a private to tempt anyone to throw up a ber, industrious, hospitable, kind, and the standard of morals is higher than you would suppose with the disadvantages that good job, yet the commissioned officers are pretty well paid, except for the time they are actually being shot at. In the time of have surrounded them. To be drunken is war all persons connected with the army I saw but one drunken man while in Cuba,

he was a Spaniard. Voting day is Sunday, and a more colospolls, I watched carefully, I inquired widey, and I am sure I am correct when I say that not one legitimate vote was polled in the entire town of Cervantes. Yet the next day the report went in from the judges of election, the full vote of the village three

No human tongue can portray the condition. Language is vain, words seem to have lost their meaning. After all I had read, all I had learned, after conversations you wait to hear, and in which you have yet far more interest. From the height seeing the photographs of the starving and here I can see with the glass the floating flag of the insurgents. It is but ten miles me for what I was to see with my

Spanish troops tried to dislodge the 350 in- for the horrible pictures that remained surgents there, and were utterly unable to from the day's scenes. It seems now like doso, being repulsed in every instance with Why has any other standard risen here to hend the fact. When General Weyler dispute with the flag of Spain? The rea- came to Cuba he wore a military cap with a white plume. That plume was the only stitute tremendous cause. Spain's inhu-manity is one reason. She has never had eyes, suit of clothes, and heart were black. eyes, suit of clothes, and heart were black. And yet he represents Spain and her spirit perfectly. Neither Campos nor Blanco is single disease germ can leave. Spain. But Weyler is Spain. He came to resident of Havana said to-day: doors never closed by day or night, hospit- carry out the will of the masses and the has malarial fever and smallpox the year able, honest, kind, gentle, dainty in form and pure in life, worshiping God without altar or priest, to whom murder, that the rural people were really keeping crease, and the situation grows worse as obliterated from the face of the earth by the greed and cruelty of the Spaniards. At the beginning even of the seventeenth century equipment, no means to fight with. They "the season advances, but a few days are enough to scatter disease." "When the war broke out there were could help on the struggle for freedom by helping on the insurgents. To destroy the base of supplies of the insurgents Weyler What must be their condition now, after drop of the old native blood. Spain was helping on the insurgents. To destroy the so oppressed, so taxed, and so maltreated drives them in, leaving them to starve to five weeks of the blockade? The men who

must 50,000 to 100,000 die from the effects

At Cervantes I was presented with a Cu-Bird's Tongue, the 19th of last September. wounded. This is about the usual proportion in all the fighting on the island. Cubans are real soldiers-men drilled and powerful. The Spanish forces are the merest boys, generally, and never knew a drill and cannot fight to any advantage.

One night I saw the Southern Cross hanging low and sweet over Cuba. God has set the stars there to glow in his mighty symbol of truth. At midnight that wondrous starry cross stands erect. Then forgotten. It is enough. The day will soon be here and Cuba will be free.—Rev. Eugene May, in Epworth Herald.

Sons of Somebodies

Respective "Pulls.".
Sons of Fathers.
Name Rank Father
Fred M. AlgerCaptainSec'y. of War
R. B. HarrisonMajorBenj. Harrison
James G. BlaineCaptainJames G. Blaine
John A. LoganMajorGen. J. A Logan
Fitzhugh Lee, JrFirst LtGen. Fitzhugh Lee
J. B. Foraker, JrCaptainSen. J. B. Foraker
Ed. Murphy, 2dCaptainSen. E. Murphy
A. C. Gray*Lt. ColSenator Gray
Wm. J. SewallCaptain Senator Sewell T. C. Catchings, Jr. CaptainRep T. C. catchings
John A. HullLt. ColRep. Hull
H. H. GordonMajorEx-Sen. Gordon
S. M. BriceCaptainEx-Sen. Brice
H. E. MitchellCaptainEx-Sen. Mitchell
John EarleCaptainLate Sen. Earle
S. M. MillikenCaptainLate Rep. Milliken
R. W. Thompson, Jr. Captain Ex-Sec. Thompson
Britton Davis Captain Ex-Gov. E. J Davis
C. L. WoodburyMajorEx-Gov. Woodbury
W. B. Rochester, Jr. CaptainGen. W. Rochester
H. S. New
P. B. StrongCaptainEx-Mayor Strong
Erskine HewittCaptainEx-Mayor Hewitt
L. C. GriscomCaptainClem't. A. Griscom
W. E. English Captain W. H. English
GRANDSONS.

Rank. Grandfather. Alg. Sartoris.......First Lt....General Grant Jay Cooke, 3d......CaptainJay Cooke C. E. McMichaels...Major.....Clayton McMichaels

NEPHEWS. George S. Hobart...Major...The Vice President W. B. Allison......Captain Sanator VIII Rank. W. B. Allison......Captain....Senator Allison S. Gambrill, Jr......Captain...Senator Gorman SON-IN-LAW. Name. Rank. Father-in-law Beverly A. Read..... Captain...Senator Mooney

CHILDREN OF THE SOCIAL PULL. Rank Larz Anderson......Captain Wm. A. Harper......Captain W. A. Chanler......Captain John Jacob Astor...Lt. Colonel Morton J. Henry....Captain G. Creighton......Web. Major EX-GOVERNORS.

John G. Evans......Captain OFFICERS OF EXPERIENCE IN THE ABOVE LIST. Seth M. Milliken, graduate of West Point; P. Bradlee Strong, J. J. Astor and George S. Hobart, militia officers. No

*Declined appointment. - New York Evening Post. Salaries to Fighters.

All Officers Are Paid Well for Their Services.

Uncle Sam has always been accused of have their salaries increased 20 per cent. and hence in the figures given the increase has been added. Following are the an-nual salaries of the commissioned officers: Major general.... Brigadier general. Colonel.... ieutenant colonel... Major
Captain, mounted
Captain, not mounted
Regimental adjutant...
Regimental quartermaster...
First lieutenant, mounted...
First lieutenant, not mounted...
Second lieutenant, mounted...
Second lieutenant, mounted...
Regimental chaplain...
Regimental surgeon... .3.125 00 Regimental surgeon.... Assistant surgeon......

A private soldier receives \$15.50 a month; ordnance sergeants, \$42.50, hospital stewards, \$56,25 and aiding hospital stewards,

\$31,25. -Ohio has the largest number of college students, 24,000, one-third of whom

Disease Raging in Cuba

The Terrible Rainy Season has Begun.—Malaria Prevalent in Havana and the Death Rate is Generally Believed to be on the Increase.

KEY WEST, Fla., May 28.-The rainy season in Cuba began more than a week ago, and it is not unlikely that Havana is a perfect pest-hole, but Admiral Samp-son's quarantine is so effective that not a single disease germ can leave. An old Within a week after

150,000 persons in Havana who had not has money will live longer than the man been past peaceful endurance. Again in The story of all this each one must have who has none. The latter will starve to 1762 the British captured Havana, and the read. But what it means no one has com-The story of all this each one must have who has none. The latter will starve to island was for one year under British rule. prehended. Into the fortified towns and Hunger soon puts a person in a condition

"Yellow fever attacks a person only American soil with a purity and beauty notice than twenty-four hours. Without once, and the Cubans generally have the food, extra clothing, or shelter of disease in a mild form during childhood, island in that one brief year caught the any kind, by the thousands, tens of thous- and are thence-forth immuned; but maspirit of freedom. And thereafter Cubans ands, men, women, and children were herd- larial fever has no antitoxine, and is very visited our lands, and many children of the ed into the inclosures, around which was a contagious, and a person recovering from planters and well-to-do Cubans have been ditch, a wire fence, and a series of forts educated here. The air of Cuban life is where soldiers guarded with orders to seized again and die. The Cuban insurrife with the American love of liberty caught at the altars of our own country. homes were all burned and destroyed and from malarial fever. It is estimated that

A sham battle at Chickamauga park in which the three brigades of General Wilson's first army corps participated, is reported to have been one of the most thrilling military spectacles that has been witnessed since the civil war.

A serious casuality occurred during the progress of the battle. Lieutenant Batty, member of the Ohio command shot directly at Lieutenant Batty, the charge striking troved. Bad blood was engendered by the incident and the men rushed together. It was only by the coolness and presence of mind of the officers that bloodshed was avoided.

What a Knot Is.

Probably there is no nautical term more frequently used during the present naval war than the word "knot." The word is synonymous with the nautical mile, or 6,080.27 feet, while, as everyone knows, the geographical mile is 5,280 feet. This would make the knot equal to 1 15-100 of a geographical mile, and, therefore, in or-is that speed means a distance traveled in unit time, so that when one speaks of a boat having a speed of 20 knots it is not necessary or proper to add per hour, as the word itself when employed as a unit of speed signifies nautical miles per hour. A cruiser that makes 21 knots travels 24.15 geographical miles per hour. The fastest speed yet obtained by any boat is said to have been obtained by the yacht Ellide, which is known to have a record of one geographical mile in one minute, 461 seconds, or 38.2 miles an hour. In fact, a recent article in one of the engineering journals states that a record of 40 miles an hour has been made by this boat. Her own progressive men in subjection.

Correspondents Exchanged.

The gunboat Woodbury has arrived at Key West, bringing Hayden Jones and Charles Thrall, the newspaper correspondents captured by the Spaniards in Cuba and exchanged for Lieut. Col. Cortijo, Surgeon Major Julian and two Spanish servants captured by the United States fleet on the prize steamer Argonauta.

The Spanish prisoners were taken to Havana Thursday night, on the gunboat Maple, where the exchange took place yesterday. Jones and Thrall were then transferred to the Woodbury and brought here.

The Army Soon to Number 278,000 Men.

Abjutant General Corbin has prepared a tatement showing the strength of the military forces of the United States when organized in accordance with the plans now under way :-

Cavalry Regiments at Large.....3,000 Ten Infantry Regiments, United States Volunteers (immunes), 10,000

Engineers at Large......3,500 Volunteers, Second Call......75,000 Grand Total......278,500

Over 400 Prisoners of War.

Of the 446 persons captured on all the prizes of war, 444 attached to the Spanish Navy in various capacities will be held as prisoners, under instructions from the attorney general. The others will probably be paroled. All are to be treated with consideration and given every possible privilege. The ships held to be legitimate prizes

will be sent North to be sold.

-The Oregon will be entitled to all the honors as the best of our battleships. In the 63 days' run from San Francisco to Key West, covering a distance of 13,000 miles, she coaled only four times-at Callao, Sandy Point in the Straits of Magellan Rio Janeiro and Barbadoes — reaching Key West with plenty of coal. The ship got the news of the Manila victory at Rio Janeiro, As an illustration of her going powers the Oregon made 375 miles on the last day of her run to Barbadoes, a British port.

Rough Riders off For Florida.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, May 29.—The regiment of rough riders left for Tampa this evening. The officers expect to reach Tampa early Wednesday morning. The soldiers left here in light marching order, and will be ready to embark for Cuba im mediately upon arrival at Tampa.

The Biggest Gun in Am erica.

BETHLEHEM, Pa., May 29.—The Bethlehem Iron company has made and shipped to Watervliet arsenal, New York, the largest cannon forging ever turned out in America. It is the first of the 16-inch group ordered for Sandy Hook.