Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., Aug. 18. 1899.

MIDSUMMER SONG.

The amber smile of early morn
Hath flashed across the ripening corn;
And on the spider's netting frail
The dew is gleaming bright,
As if an elf hath lost her veil
While fleeing from the light.

From out the of wood the streamlets run
On silver feet to greet the sun;
No bramble snare their steps can bind,
Their laughter rings above,
Where balmy blossoms weight the wind
With messages of love.

Now swells the din of merchant bees
Along the meadow's flowery seas,
While music floats from every bough
In carols sweet and clear;
It is the heart of summer now—
The noontide of the year.

—*Kansas City Journal.*

THE TERROR OF POVERTY GULCH.

1.

What was once known in Colorado "as "the Gunnison rush" has long passed into the hazy realms of tradition. It was an exciting period while it lasted, and for a mining craze it lasted an unusual while.

In its primative motives human nature is the same everywhere; but in the suddenly formed mining camps of the West its superficial phenomena are modified by new and picturesque groupings, which often reveal unexpected and interesting phases of character.

It is the incongruous elements of this race for wealth—as of any race—that render it picturesque. If only those whose experience had any relation to mining joined in these rushes to new mining camps they would be very tame affairs. But the pitiful senselessness of the effort, so far as concerns the greater number of participants, imparts a certain ludicrous pathos to the scene—a hysteric cheerfulness that vibrates between a laugh and a sob, like any other form of insanity.

The experience is theatrical—this is the charm of it—a farce-tragedy with Chance for scene-shifter and Hope and Despair taking turn about at the prompt-book.

Like all other camps of the Gunnison region, Poverty Gulch had its day and its own special rush. People who got discouraged at White Pine or Irwin rushed to Poverty Gulch or Gothic, and those disappointed in Poverty Gulch or Gothic rushed off to some other point where the *ignis fatuus* of hope lured them.

Mr. Edgar Chadburn was the United States deputy mineral-surveyor at Gothic. No surveyor had yet been appointed at Poverty Gulch, and when Sam McGruder decided to have the Ibex claim surveyed he had to send over to Gothic for Chadburn to do the job. It was toward the end of an October afternoon when Chadburn rode slowly up the gulch with his surveying outfit packed behind his saddle. He was a strikingly intelligent-looking and handsome young man of twenty-three or twenty-four.

It happened that he had never been called over before, and as the sun goes down early in those deep mountain gulches, he was anxious to reach Mr. McGruder's cabin before dark. He knew it was in the gulch, but had no idea where he should find it. Already he had passed several rough little windowless huts, most of them half buried in the hill-side and covered with sods, but these were the abodes of miners who were out on the mountains, and he had come upon no one of whom he could make inquiry.

Presently he came upon a cabin standing in the open, close to the road, which rejoiced in the distinction of a half-sash window each side of the door, above which, printed upon a strip of cloth, was tacked a sign bearing the following comprehensive enumeration of arts and industries:

HOT COFFEE & DOUGHNUTS
at all hours

LESSONS ON THE PIANO &
BANJO

WASHING & IRONING
neatly done

Mrs. L. Barclay
Mrs. M. Sullivan

Smoke issued from the chimney, and Chadburn rode up to the door and called. There was no answer. He got down and knocked, but no one came. Lifting the latch, he pushed the door open.

The room had a deserted appearance, neither the appliances of the laundry nor the instruments of the divine art of music being visible. The stump of a log smouldered in the fire place and some potatoes were roasting in the ashes. There was a double bunk in one corner, upon which lay the remains of an old mattress. Near the fireplace was a ragged lounge, over which a battered gray blanket was spread. A cheap cotton comfortable tossed back and the miner's pillow—a flour-sack stuffed with hay—showed that it was the bed of whoever occupied the cabin. There was a pine table under one of the windows, and on this were a few cheap dishes, and an old lard-can which served as a water-bucket.

Chadburn concluded that the cabin was at present occupied by some poor miner, and he was withdrawing, when his glance fell upon a doll with its head stuffed into the sugar bowl and its legs dangling in the air. Being a sentimental young man, he could not resist the impulse to pause and examine it. The anomaly of such a thing in the cabin of a miner who, from the look of the room, appeared to be "batching," amused the fancy. It clearly indicated a child in the household, and he wondered, seeing there was really no bed except the lounge.

The doll appeared to have shared the privations of the family, and to have borne a disastrous part in its domestic infelicities, for her nose was broken, her skull irreparably fractured, and her legs and arms lacerated by recent wounds, through which the sawdust ebbed slowly away with every movement. One leg was nearly torn from the trunk, while the only attire she could boast was a single garment of the most rudimentary construction—its original use to be suspected from the words "Pure Solar Salt" in blue letters across the front.

As Chadburn was remounting he heard peals of children's laughter from the aspen thicket behind the house. Hoping to find some one who could direct him to McGruder's cabin, or perhaps only because, being a sentimental young fellow, he had a sympathy with children's laughter as with children's tears, he left his horse, and crossing the little stream, now near dry, that ran behind the house, walked along a few rods through the brush, till he saw, beyond, in a more open spot, the group from whom the laughter had proceeded.

They had bent over one of the taller of the little aspens and were swinging and teetering on them. The ring leader of the company was a slender and supple girl of perhaps nine or ten, with a tangled brush of reddish brown hair. Her scanty clothing was a miracle of rags. She was clinging with both hands to one of the bent over trees and throwing herself with marvelous agility through the figures of that gymnastic feat known to the sturdy boyhood of America as "skin the cat," for the delectation of six or seven boys and girls, mostly smaller than herself. It was this that occasioned the laughter and applause.

She was herself the first to perceive the presence of the uninvited guest upon the scene, and dropping in alarm from the tree, she gave an intimation to the others that startled them all to their feet, and then sprang after a young bull dog with a bit of clothes-line attached to his neck, who was sportively making off with her battered straw hat.

Foreseeing that he should startle the little audience, Chadburn had stood off at some little distance, silently watching the naive entertainment, with an amused smile upon his handsome face.

Snatching her hat from the pup's teeth, the girl rewarded him with an affectionate kick, and catching up the rope, dragged him after her and joined the startled group who stood staring at the intruder. With a a toss of her head to reassure the frightened youngsters, she called out, boldly: "What you want! You ha'n't scart nobody!"

Chadburn was too much amused at her childish bravado and her fantastic appearance to recall very definitely the motive that had brought him to the spot, and he stood for a moment looking the girl over, with a smile that both frightened and vexed her.

Wild, tousled, ragged and unkempt as she was, there was still a grace and boldness and brightness about the child which captivated the young man's imagination at once, and marked her as of a distinctly different fibre from the juvenile yokels who surrounded her.

Yet the other children, if dirty-faced and neglected, were warmly and sufficiently clothed, while the garb of the young gymnast was pitifully miserable. It was evident that the pup had long made a familiar plaything of her straw hat. Her feet were covered with the wreck of a pair of fine gaiters, which appeared to have been discarded for sufficient cause by some dainty giantess of the camp. There was nothing suggestive of hosiery about her ankles, but she wore a pair of boy's trousers that somewhat protected her legs from the sharp weather, though they were badly exploded at the knees. Her dress, which had originally been a warm wollen garment, she had long outgrown. The skirt and sleeves were in shreds, and the front of the waist was so bedaubed with dirt and grease that it had more the appearance of a plaster than a garment. It might be said rather to indicate her sex than to clothe her. Her wrists and hands were dirty, and chapped and red from the cold.

His smile disconcerted the girl more than menaces would have done. It suggested the idea of ridicule. She gave an imperative intimation to the boys of the group, and without taking her eyes from the intruder's face, reached down and picked up a cobblestone. Each of the boys promptly armed himself in the same way.

Then tossing her head again with a childish bravado that captivated the smiling stranger, she called out, "Now gimme any more o' your sass an' I'll heave a rock at you!"

With increasing amusement Chadburn threw up his hands in mock alarm, and called out: "Oh, pray don't! I beg a thousand pardons. I want to make some inquiries. Do you live in this cabin?"

"Course I do!"

"Oh, you do! May I beg to ask if you are the lady who conducts the laundry enterprise or the lady who offers her services in the art of music? Are you Mrs. Barclay or Mrs. Sullivan?"

The older of the children perceived that this was badinage, and glancing furtively at their leader, began to snicker.

"None o' your business," retorted the girl. "Gimme any more o' your sass an' I'll sick Tige on you. Tige!" She jerked the rope and dragged the dog to the front to be ready for emergencies; but again Chadburn raised his hands protestingly and declared he had intended no offence.

"I simply want to inquire where Mr. McGruder's cabin in."

"Goin' to McGruder's?" asked the child, eagerly. "Oh, I ken show you where it is, mister!" and calling out "Young uns, go home," she dragged the resisting pup after her, and darting fearlessly up to Chadburn's side, pointed out to him a cabin, about half a mile up the gulch, which, being on the hill-side, was visible.

The surveyor, who by this time was much less interested in reaching McGruder's than in studying the wild, fascinating child, reached down and took her cold and dirty little hand in his own kindly, and opened and shut his warm palm over her cold and chapped little wrist to promote the circulation.

The sentimental fellow saw a kind of inchoate beauty, in the heavy tangle of reddish-brown hair that rolled into a spontaneous curl at the back of her neck, in the broad forehead, and in the fearless, honest, and penetrating blue-gray eyes. The lashes were heavy and long and dark, and the eyebrows were distinct and delicately arched—the whole indicating in his mind a fine mental and physical organization, which was clearly being undermined by want and neglect, and depraved by miserable, if not evil associations. It filled the kind heart of Chadburn with a divine pity. It touched the chord of fatherhood.

"You don't live here all alone?" he asked, as they walked toward the cabin.

"Oh yes, I do now, since Mag and Lil cleared out."

"They have cleared out, have they, and left the cabin to you."

"Yes—had to. Didn't have no kind o' luck. Mag she took the newmony, and lit out for Gunnison as soon as she got well—wasn't washin' enough here to pay her anyway—and Lil she said it was lonesome enough here to kill a dawg, with Mag gone, and she couldn't stand it."

"And they left you here all alone?"

"No, not all alone; you know I've got Tige."

"But, don't you get lonesome?"

"Ho! no! Tige's lots o' company—ain't you, Tige? Smartest dawg that ever was—ain't you Tige? Knows every word you say to him—don't you Tige?" Ought to see him fight! Can shake the everlastin' stuffin' out of anything in the gulch—can't you, Tige?"

"But how do you manage to live?"

"Oh, I get along. Lil, she gives me lots o' things. She's awful good, poor Lil is. And the boys they give me a good deal. They're awful good to."

The cheerful and unconscious courage of the little girl, and her gratitude for the evidently precarious and insufficient benefactions which enabled her to live—doubtless often hungry and certainly often cold, but still nobody's drudge and always free—struck Chadburn as really more pathetic in a child than tears would have been. He perfectly understood that by "the boys" the untutored child referred to the miners and other men of the camp.

"What will you do when winter comes?"

"Oh, I dun'no; maybe I'll take boarders."

"Take boarders! Then you know how to cook, do you?"

"You bet I ken cook. Mag learnt me a lot about cookin'. I ken cook most as good as Mag ken."

"Then perhaps I can get supper with you?"

"Oh, I wisht I could get supper for you; but me and Tige had company to-day, and we et everything up—'cept the 'taters."

"Oh, you had a party, did you?"

"Yes," she said, pushing the door open; "them youngsters. Oh, we've had a lovely time, and Tige he most tore the clothes off'n one o' the boys—did'nt you, Tige? But he was on'y playin'—wasn't you Tige?"

The dog, whose natural intelligence had been sharpened by his intimate companionship with the lonely child, hearing himself addressed, stood off a couple of yards, with his heavy and powerful fore shoulders squared, blinking the raw red lids of his bright eyes, and tilting his head continually as he watched the facial expressions of the girl, evidently translating it into something he understood better than human words.

"But perhaps you could get me a cup of hot coffee?" suggested Chadburn who was anxious to give the little waif some money.

"Can't. We et all the supper up. If I thought Lil had any money, I'd go up to the store and buy some things an' get supper for you," she said, reflectively, and then added: "But I know she a'n't. Lil don't get much money."

"Is this Lil your mother?"

"N-naw!" answered the child, with a scorn of the possibility.

"Nor this other woman—Mag, as you call her!"

"Ho! no! Mag is Irish. I a'n't Irish. I'm French. Lil says I am a creole. My mother's dead. She give me to Lil when she's dyin'. I was a little weenty girl."

"Where is you father—dead too?" A purpose had begun to form vaguely in Chadburn's mind, which made him anxious in the matter of this last inquiry.

"Ho, I dunno! Somewheres, I guess. Maybe he's dead too. Lil says she more'n half believes he must be. She says he a'n't nothin' but a low-down ornery tin horn any how 'coz he never treated my ma right. Ma was a lady. Lil says so."

"Where is this Lil now, and why don't you stay with her?"

"Stay with her? Why, Lil's took up with the barber, and she plays the peeanner at the gamblin'-house nights. Mag'd just slap the jaws off'n me if she ketched me stayin' up there with Lil. Mag and me's goin' to open boardin'-house soon's she get's money 'nough."

Chadburn let her run on. He was interested in every word she uttered now, because every word reflected some light upon her nature or revealed something of the influences that had formed her present character. There was a pathos to him in every vulgar phrase she uttered, because each affected him as a separate misfortune to a helpless child, the result of an association to which he felt sure he was not born.

The child ran on: "After Mag left, Lil couldn't stand it here—said it was so doggoned lonesome. Lil is a poor weak pilgrim, as Mag used to say, an' a'n't got a bit o' backbone in her. She can't stand the lonesomes. But I guess she's kinder lonesome up there too. Cried like everything, she did, yesterd'ay, when she was down here to see me. She's jest awful good, though, Lil is. Bought me two pound o' sugar yester'd, an' a bag full o' cakes. Lil a'n't a bit stingy. Goin' to get me a nice new dress next week, when she draws her pay. But I don't believe Lil gets much money, poor thing! A'n't got so very much clothes herself."

"Oh, I believe I've forgotten to ask you what your name is," said Chadburn.

"Why, Flopsy, of course! but ta'n't *really* Flopsy, you know, its Florence. My whole name is Florence Gordonier, and I can write it with a pen."

"What is that thing in the sugar-bowl?"

"That?" said the child, darting forward and snatching up the doll. "Oh, that's Flipsy! Tige most tore the leg off'n her to-day. Tige, I'll kich the stuffin' out o' you for that!"

She sprang upon the hapless pup like a fury, but divining his danger, he scurried under the lounge for refuge.

"I guess your doll's done for," said Chadburn.

"Sh—sh—sh!" said the wild child. "I don't want her to know she's a doll. Yes, I guess poor Flipsy's goose is cooked. She was going to be married, too, soon's I got money to buy her a new dress, if Tige hadn't gone and bit her all to pieces; but I lammed him good for it you bet!"

"Why did you put her in there?"

"Why, so she could lick the sugar-bowl and wouldn't cry."

This fantastic conceit made Chadburn laugh, though tears were in his eyes. The pathos of a child's hungry emotions pushed to the extremity of nourishing the heart upon such a make believe filled him with compassion, and he drew the girl's slender, ragged figure within the circle of his arm and kissed her dirty face. His mind was nearly made up.

"See here," he said, trying to speak cheerfully, though his voice was husky; "what are you goin to do for supper yourself?"

"Oh, I've got 'taters."

"And wood and light. The fire is most out."

"Oh, I must hurry and rustle up some wood before dark. That's all the light Tige and me wants when I throw the wood on after dark and make the fire blaze. I go to bed purty early when I a'n't got wood; but when I've got lots I make it blaze up, and then Tige and me sits down by the fire, and I tell stor'es to Tige about bears and rabbits. Oh, Tige and me most ketched a rabbit one day!"

"See here," said Chadburn, putting a silver dollar on the table: "I'd like to to come back and have supper with you and Tige. I'm going up to McGruder's now; but perhaps Mrs. McGruder will not ask me to supper, and if she doesn't, I'll come back here. In fact, I'll come back here anyhow. I want to hear some of those stories you tell Tige."

"The child was wild with delight. "Oh, Tige!" she exclaimed: "a dollar! We'll make b'lieve it's a party. Would you care if we do?"

Chadburn assured her he regarded the festal idea as an inspiration.

"Now get some—let me see—some eggs to boil; a quart of new milk; a loaf of bread; a whole lot of cakes—the kind you like best; a little piece of cheese—not too much cheese, you know; about a pound of sugar, of course, if that's what you like best; half a pound of candy—"

"Candy? Oh, Tige, candy! It's goin' to be a real party!"

"Then say, some nuts or an apple a piece for you and me, and last a bone from the butcher's for Tige."

"Oh, Tige! on'y think! He'll jes' go wild!"

"But look here; when everything is ready, sit down and eat—you and Tige. Don't wait for me a minute. I may be late, and I know you must be hungry. Drink all the milk up, and eat some eggs and bread, and all the cake you want, but be sure and save a little of the candy for me."

"Oh yes, lots of it. But don't be late, will you? It won't seem like a party with on'y Tige and me. An' I won't give Tige his bone till you come, so's you ken see how glad he'll be."—*Fitz James McCarthy in Harper's Weekly.*

(*To be Continued Next Week.*)

A Trip After Rare Cacti.

What a St. Louis Collector Says About the Yaqui Indians.

William W. Marshall, of St. Louis, has just returned from that portion of Mexico over which the Yaqui Indians, war painted and ferocious, are now fighting. He went on a search for rare and valuable cacti, of which he is an ardent collector. Mr. Marshall says: "I was laid up at Hotam with a sprained ankle, for a month. Hotam is on the Yaqui River about 75 miles from the Yaqui Valley, the home of the Indians who are creating the present disturbance. They are remarkably fine specimens of humanity and are quite superior to the Mexicans. They work hard, fight well, are intelligent, brave and civilized.

"To a man they are Catholics and most devout.

"I doubt the veracity of the dispatches which state that their uprising was brought about by the influx of Americans into the gold fields. The Americans have always been received in a kindly manner by the Indians, who greatly prefer them to the Mexicans. It is probable that the same cause that precipitated the other wars in which the Yaquis engaged actuated them to this—the gradual encroachment of the Mexicans upon their rich lands and the quiet dispossession of all their property that is constantly going on.

"On feast days the Yaquis hold powwows. From 4000 to 6000 Indians come to these 'pow-wows,' which happen five and six times a year, and at the conclusion of the feast hold councils and discuss subjects of national interest, they being, to a certain extent, self-governing.

"It was at the last one of these, held just before I left, that the present war was determined upon. It will be waged to the bitter end.

Agnostic Converted.

Publicly Burned the Finest Infidel Library in Ohio. Attorney M. O. Waggoner, of Toledo, Recants and Joined Church After Seventy-two Years of Unbelief —Gramaphone Religious Services.

Attorney M. O. Waggoner, one of the oldest, wealthiest and best educated citizen of Toledo, Ohio, as well as one of the most prominent agnostics in the United States, has renounced infidelity entirely, and last Wednesday evening, in front of the Ashland Avenue United Brethren Church, made a bonfire of the finest agnostic library in Ohio.

For 72 years M. O. Waggoner, although born of pious parents, has been one of the most profane scoffers who ever spoke against the Almighty. He has united with the church mentioned, and was taken in as a full communicant. According to his own statement, Waggoner had for some time been struggling with the conviction that his position on religion was not strong. This conviction so preyed upon his mind that he was on the verge of nervous prostration.

At the hour of midnight, and all alone in his room, he arranged a complete religious service for a gramaphone. The numbers which he placed in the machine consisted of hymns, Scriptural readings, etc., among which were: "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow," the 23rd Psalm and "Rock of Ages Cleft for Me." "It was during the production of the last named hymn," says Waggoner, "that light came into my soul, and I felt the consciousness that my sins had been forgiven."

Robbers Use Chloroform.

Four Hundred Henhouses Visited at Night by a Band that has been Rendezvousing in Jersey Pines.

A bold band of chicken thieves are stealing poultry out of the Burlington, Mercer and Ocean counties, N. J., by the wagon load. The midnight work of the gang has netted them upward of a thousand dollars, and so far their rendezvous has not been located. It is somewhere in the Jersey pines beyond Pemberton, from which place the poultry is shipped to markets, being taken in boats on Rancocas creek. The raids of the thieves have been continued for more than a month, and four hundred chicken coops in four counties have been visited.

It is not known who are in the band, but the township constables who are working on the case think that there are eight or ten of them, and they operate in pairs, going in different directions each night, handling from six to ten farms in the night. It is said that they fill the hen coops with a preparation of ammonia chloroform, so as to drug the chickens and prevent them cackling and arousing the inmates of the house.

After several sponges of this fluid are thrown into the henhouse they can remove the chickens with ease. Then they drive to their cabin hidden away in the pines, and from there the poultry is shipped to a confederate in Philadelphia, who finds a ready market. The farmers are organizing to run down the culprits.

How to Paper Whitewashed Wall.

It is difficult to get paper to stick to walls that have been made smooth by frequent whitewashing. The smooth finish may be scraped off or the surface may be changed with a coat of paste. If you decide to use the paste, make it in the following manner: Put one pint of flour in a saucepan and beat into it one quart of cold water. When smooth add two quarts of boiling water, stirring all the time. Let this boil up once, then strain and cool. Brush this paste over the walls and allow it to dry. When you are ready to paper wet the walls, spread paste on the paper, and hang it in the usual manner.

——Prosperity to be lasting should be general. While certain industries and branches of trade, in control of trusts, are being boomed, that greatest of all industries, agriculture, is not benefited. The farmer is called upon to pay more for all he purchases, but receives no more for his products now than he did a year ago. —Westmoreland *Democrat.*

Takes Place of Wheat.

The Nut is Used Considerably by Foreigners as Food.

We have little idea in this country to what a considerable extent the nut is used for food in a few foreign lands. Our consuls have been sending information on this subject from far and wide, and the facts here given are condensed from a number of these reports. We are trying to teach foreign nations that Indian corn is an excellent article of food, but most of the European peasantry still believe that maize is fit only to fatten hogs and beef cattle. Many of these same persons sit down to a dish of steamed chestnuts with much relish, and are content if they have nothing else, which shows that tastes differ.

Throughout France, from the Bay of Biscay to Switzerland, there are large plantations and almost forests of chestnut trees. The nuts are very large, resemble the American horse chestnuts, and are extensively eaten by the peasantry and animals. In the fall and winter the poor often make two meals a day on chestnuts. They are steamed and eaten with salt or milk, and physicians say they are wholesome, hearty, nutritious and fattening. In some parts of France walnuts also are a regular article of diet, but they are losing ground as an article of food because of their comparative scarcity. Walnuts are also used to make oil, and the convicts in some prisons are employed cracking the nuts and picking out the kernels, from which the oil is expressed.

Almonds grow well in the middle and southern parts of France, and while the shell is soft, green and tender, the nut is sold largely as a table article. The meat is white and creamy. Hazelnuts are always high priced and are a luxury. The peanut is rarely eaten in France, though the taste for it is growing. It is imported in enormous quantity for its oil. A few years ago there was a good deal of talk about the merits of bread made of peanut flour, and it was thoroughly tested in the German army, where for a little while it was a part of the ration issued to a number of regiments. It was declared to be a too highly concentrated and an irritating sort of food, and the soldiers didn't like it. The use of peanut flour was accordingly discontinued.

In Italy almonds are eaten while green or soft as dessert by the well-to-do, but the poor cannot afford them. Chestnuts are the only nuts that enter into the regular diet of the people. Almonds, filberts and walnuts are more of a luxury, and are served as dessert or with wine at social gatherings.

The chestnut almost takes the place in Corea that the potato occupies in the Western world. It is used raw, boiled, roasted, cooked with meat and in other ways. In Syria nuts are not a part of the regular diet, but enter into the composition of some popular native dishes. "Nuts in this country," writes our consul of Alexandretta," may be classed as a luxury, for use as a dessert and for consumption by the natives at night just before going to bed."

Confederate Generals.

More Than Half the Lieutenant Generals Are Now Dead.

Colonel Charles E. Jones, the historian of Georgia, has prepared a list of the surviving Confederate generals. The Confederacy had in all nineteen lieutenant generals, of whom seven still survive. Of the eighty-one major generals sixteen are living, and of the 365 brigadier generals ninety-two. In other words, of the 437 general officers to whom the Confederacy confided the leadership of its great armies, only 115 remain. Here is the list of the surviving lieutenant generals, with their addresses:

James Longstreet, Washington, D. C.
Alexander P. Stewart, Chickamauga, Ga.
Stephen D. Lee, Columbus, Miss.
Simon B. Buckner, Glen Lily, Ky.
Wade Hampton, Columbia, S. C.
John B. Gordon, Atlanta, Ga.
Joseph Wheeler, Washington, D. C.

All of the surviving major generals live far down in Dixie save three, who are in Washington—Henry Heth, L. L. Lomax and Matthew C. Butler. Of the surviving brigadier generals five live in Washington —Frank C. Armstrong, John B. Clark Jr., B. H. Robertson, James E. Slaughter and Marcus J. Wright. Eight of the others live in the North or the far West, but seventy-nine are below the old Mason and Dixon line. Three live in California and three in New York city, one in St. Louis and one in West Virginia.

The Yaqui Rebellion.

Indians Have Made Preparations for a Long and Bloody War in Mexico.

A dispatch received at Austin, Tex., from Terrazas, Chihuahua, Mexico, which is located near the scene of the Yaqui uprising, is to the effect that the Indians are arranging for a prolonged war. The dispatch says:

"The Mexican government will need a long time and a big force of troops to quell the rebellion. The Yaquis are better prepared now than ever before for a long and bloody campaign. They are all well fixed financially, nearly all of them having saved the $200 per head which the Mexican government paid them when they signed the treaty of peace two years ago. They have been making money since then, too, and it is known that they have been laying in a big supply of arms and ammunition for some time past.

"It has been common talk among the American prospectors in the Yaqui valley that the Indians were preparing for another outbreak, but, as the braves had always shown a friendly spirit toward the Americans, it was thought they would not molest them when they did go on the warpath. They are determined to recover all of their lost country, however, and will kill everybody they find within the limits of their old possessions."

Pianos and Literary Reform.

A funny story about Miss Marie Corelli comes from Stratford-on-Avon, where that mystic novelist has been living opposite a young ladies' school. It appears that in this school are many pianos, daily practice upon which by the pupils has been excessively damaging to Miss Corelli's nerves. Driven to desperation, the New York *Tribune* says, she wrote to the principal of the school, asking that when piano-forte practice was going forward the windows might be kept closed, as the noise interferred with the progress of literary composition. To which the school mistress replied that if the noise would prevent the composition of another book like the "Sorrows of Satan" she would order a half dozen more pianos.

——It is very few years since a creamery was almost unknown as an industry. Now there are over 900 of these butter factories in Pennsylvania, or about one-fifth the number in the United States. The total product of the state's creameries each year is about 19,000,000 pounds of butter, while 77,000,000 pounds of it are made on farms.

Little Is Accomplished.

French Criticism of Campaign in the Philippines.—American Troops Slow in Movement.

PARIS, Aug. 16.—The Paris edition of the New York *Herald* publishes the following:

M. Jean Hess, the well known French explorer, who has visited the Philippines for the *Figaro*, writes a long letter on the present war, dated Hong Kong, June 20th, which was published in the *Figaro* yesterday morning.

M. Jean Hess considers that in the beginning the Americans regarded the Philippine campaign as a big "operation" worked by business men. It progressed at first, and seemed likely to "pay," but, while the power of the Spanish was properly estimated by the men "handling" the "deal" they failed to estimate correctly the Filipino's aspirations and his power of resistance.

To reduce him, says M. Jean Hess American gold does not suffice; American blood is necessary. "A great deal even is required. M. de Bernard, our consul at Manila, has noted the arrival of 42,000 soldiers. At the general staff of the army I learn that at the present moment there are not 30,000."

COMPARISON DRAWN.

Continuing M. Hess draws a comparison between the individual strength of the 40,000 American soldiers, their naval assistance, their well fed condition, their superior arms, their means of procuring further munitions of war, their possession of a base of operations like Manila, with the 15,000 guns of the Filipinos, "men of an inferior race," reduced to making their own powder by very primitive methods, and then goes on to say:

"In this unequal struggle between the iron kettle and the earthenware pot, after four months of daily effort, what have the Americans gained? What have they occupied?

"On the north of Manila the railway, for a distance of sixty kilometres, and the course of the Rio Grande, for forty kilometres. I have been to the extreme points of San Fernando and have seen fighting there.

"On the east of Manila, twenty kilometres, as far as the water works, up a navigable river.

"On the south of Manila, four kilometres, as far as Pasay, where I have seen the American advance guard at a distance of only 800 metres from that of the Filipinos.

PENINSULA OF CAVITE OCCUPIED.

"The peninsula of Cavite is occupied, but four months of fighting and bombarding Paranaque have not been able to establish for one single day land communications between Manila and Cavite.

"Add to this, in the other islands, the ports of Iloilo, Negros, Cebu and Jolo.

"And that is all. It is not much. Color that on a general map of the Philippines and you will say that it is nothing."

M. Jean Hess is sceptical regarding the the chances of the Americans possessing much more in the near future, for, he says, the more the Americans advance the greater will be the difficulties they will meet with.

The French explorer mentions that he passed three weeks in the Philippines, living much with the Americans and more with the Filipinos, seeing and listening.

Criticising the work of the American troops in the field, M. Hess considers them slow in movement. On the occasion of the taking of Malolos, at the end of March, while General MacArthur was to make a front attack by way of the railway, another brigade was to make forced marches by a circuitous route to take Aguinaldo in the rear.

DISTANCE OF FIFTY KILOMETRES.

This route meant marching a distance of fifty kilometres. According to M. Hess, French or Spanish troops would have done it in two days. The American volunteers, he says, took twenty days, after six engagements, which could not count as battles, the brigade not having to repulse more than 500 Filipinos.

When the brigade arrived at Malolos the place had been captured eight days before and the Filipinos had retreated without hindrance and had reformed at Calumpit.

Regarding the personal qualities of the American soldier, M. Hess thinks he wants too much comfort in campaigning and is too liable to complain of the hardships he may be called upon to endure.

He says the American army seems to be composed of less soldiers than of adventurers, engaged at high wages, with permission to pillage. In this connection he dares not publish all he was told and all he observed. He says the people would hardly believe him.

Regarding the Filipino, he says that the idea of the independence is in the brain of the race and will only be destroyed by destroying the race.

Philippine Incidents Not Creditable to Our Government.

Bombardment by Gunboat. Captain Otis, of the Washington Regiment, Relieved of His Command and Placed Under Arrest—An Appeal to the Powers Made by Aguinaldo—Cable Sent by General Otis—A Refusal from China.

MANILA, Aug. 10, via HONG KONG, Aug. 16.—The gunboat Napidan last week shelled Paete, on the lake, near Santa Cruz. The town was full of people, who had been encouraged to return after General Lawton's expedition, having been assured that they would not be molested if they peaceably attended to their own business. L. L. Copp, who was in command of the Napidan, heard that insurgents had reoccupied the town, and, steaming close in, opened fire with his six-pounders, without warning. The people, seeing the boat approaching, fled to the hills in a terrified condition and with barely time to escape. One child was killed and bank buildings were damaged, the authorities expressing regret on account of the incident.

After the taking of Calamba by the Americans, General Lawton ordered that Captain Otis, of the Washington regiment, be relieved of his command and placed under arrest on account of slowness and seeming reluctance of the company under his command in obeying the order to disembark from the canoes and wade through the marsh under fire. The men say that a majority of them have been sick and unfit for duty and were given to understand that they would not be asked to do any more fighting.

AN APPEAL TO THE POWERS.

MANILA, Aug. 16.—4.50 p. m.—Aguinaldo has appealed to the powers for recognition of "Filipino independence" in a document dated from Tariac, July 27th, and signed by Buencamino. It has been received by all the foreign consuls in Manila, with the request that they forward it to their respective governments.

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