

Bellefonte, Pa., Dec. 1, 1905.

THE "LOOK OUT MAN."

Now listen, little children, an' I'll tell a story true, An' better you remember, 'cause it means a lot to you.

"The Look-Out man is walkin' in the stars begin to peep To see if little children are in bed and fast asleep,

GRANDMA'S THANKSGIVING DAY.

"Can't you smell it, father?" "Eh?" "The smell of it—smell it, father!" piped the slender old voice a little louder.

"It's Thanksgiving, father." "Andrew Penny's mild old face evinced astonishment. He had not thought it was getting so close upon the heels of Thanksgiving.

"Father, you come over here to the door a minute. Stand right here close to me—there, don't it remind you? Don't you remember how we used to stand listening for little Judy's breathing, after she'd gone to bed!

"Judith! Judith! I dunno how I'm goin' to get through another winter without pullin' on the old yare!" he cried out wistfully. "I dunno how I'm goin' to think of it, will ye? Old Dandy a whiney!"

"Well, I've had little Judy in my mind all day. I guess it was smelling the Thanksgiving, so. Judy always helped me with the mince-meat. She was a great hand to chop the suet and apples."

"The old voice drifted away from the door and grew indistinct, till Dolly sat up in bed. Then she could hear it again: "Little Judy was dretful handy, father. She was always helping me same as little Andy was you. They were dear children."

"That's the mince-meat," mother said, suddenly aloud. "They're making the mince pies! Father, father, don't you smell the mince-meat? There—that! Don't it remind you? Andy's wife got my rule copied into her cookbook. I'd give a good deal to know—but I'm certain she is. It smells so. She's making it by my rule, father!"

"Downstairs, where the smells were spiciest and strongest, Andy's wife and Dolly were talking things over as they stoned the raisins. "I've got to, Dolly. I couldn't have them at the Thanksgiving day," the matronly little person was saying, plainly; "not with the Malboros here. Mersey, think of grandpa's eating with his knife!"

"No-o, and still it seems kind of meanish to shut them up in their room on Thanksgiving Day, mumsie—" "Shut them up!—you are very crude, Dorothy. I shall send them up a beautiful dinner exactly like ours down here. You know very well how they shiver from seeing strangers. It will be a real relief to them, I've no doubt."

"The raisins are stoned. I think your services are not needed any more, my dear," Andy's wife said, with dignity. This clear-eyed daughter of hers that was growing up so astonishingly fast sometimes embarrassed her curiously. "The idea of her putting in her little or for the old people! Nonsense! as if a dinner to the Malboros and a dinner to grandpa and grandma must not on sheer necessity be a house-length apart! It did not occur to little Andy's wife that one might be postponed to make room for the other—just for Thanksgiving's sake. She had made up her mind to have Fulton Malboro and his wife and two stately daughters to dinner on that day. It was a good time to pay off one's social debts.

"I shall send them the invitation today. I ought to have sent it before," she soliloquized, with a decisive nod of her pretty head. But the invitation was never sent. Fate was weaving other threads—some one—into her plans. Half an hour later a messenger boy came with a dispatch for Andy's wife.

"Dolly, Dolly, come down here quick!" she called at the stairs, in shrill agitation.

"I've got a telegram from your Uncle Dick, and I've got to go right off. Ruth is very sick—do you think I'd stop a minute when my one, only sister needs me?" "O, mumsie—O, I'm so sorry!" Dolly came hurrying down the stairs. "Of course, you'll go! I'll pack your things myself. And you can call for papa on the way and take him with you. He won't let you go alone. I can see to everything—O, I forgot Thanksgiving!"

"Never mind Thanksgiving. Fortunately, I haven't invited the company yet. That's a mercy. You can just do exactly as you like about having a Thanksgiving dinner. I don't know whether you'll be longer here if you do or if you don't. Anne could cook the turkey, on a pinch. The excited voice ran on steadily, while Andy's wife and Andy's daughter got together the necessary things for the journey.

"I guess you'd better have one, dear, on the whole. Ask some of the girls in to eat it with you. There's Nettie Potter and the Knapps and Bliss Bishop. Tell Anne to haste—haste—haste the turkey."

"There was only time for a hurried word of good-bye at the old people's door, and then, out of the confusion and haste, came a great calm. Dolly thought the house had never been so quiet in all the span of her sixteen years. She wandered about forlornly. At nine o'clock she was glad enough to go to bed.

"Yes," she mused, lying in the dark and talking child-fashion to herself, "yes, I'll ask the girls. Mother forgot Love Mackay but I shan't. I wouldn't leave Love out. That makes—let's see—six of us. They'll all come, I know. Six girls—I guess grandpa and grandpa'd rather eat in their own room!"

Dolly laughed softly at the thought of the frolic six girls could make of a Thanksgiving dinner all to themselves. What would two old people think of it? They'd rather have a quiet little dinner to themselves, of course.

"And I'd rather they would," admitted honest Dolly. "They were going to anyway, if mumsie hadn't gone, so I'm not making any change."

Still—still—Dolly nestled uneasily on the pillows. On Thanksgiving Day was it kind of meanish—was it? Somebody came and set the door into Dolly's room a little way open. It was grandmother, probably. She often did when her room was too warm. Grandma was afraid to open the hall door nights, on account of robbers!

"The dear child is sound asleep," Dolly heard the gentle old voice murmur, and she knew grandma was standing, listening. "I'd love to creep in and kiss her once, but I guess it wouldn't do. I always did little Judy. Father," grandma raised her voice, "father, ain't you noticed how much the dear child's getting to look like little Judy lately? I hope you'll say you have. It's a comfort to me."

"The voice was very wistful, as if grandma was in need of comfort. "Father, you come over here to the door a minute. Stand right here close to me—there, don't it remind you? Don't you remember how we used to stand listening for little Judy's breathing, after she'd gone to bed!

"Well, I've had little Judy in my mind all day. I guess it was smelling the Thanksgiving, so. Judy always helped me with the mince-meat. She was a great hand to chop the suet and apples."

"The old voice drifted away from the door and grew indistinct, till Dolly sat up in bed. Then she could hear it again: "Little Judy was dretful handy, father. She was always helping me same as little Andy was you. They were dear children."

"That's the mince-meat," mother said, suddenly aloud. "They're making the mince pies! Father, father, don't you smell the mince-meat? There—that! Don't it remind you? Andy's wife got my rule copied into her cookbook. I'd give a good deal to know—but I'm certain she is. It smells so. She's making it by my rule, father!"

"Downstairs, where the smells were spiciest and strongest, Andy's wife and Dolly were talking things over as they stoned the raisins. "I've got to, Dolly. I couldn't have them at the Thanksgiving day," the matronly little person was saying, plainly; "not with the Malboros here. Mersey, think of grandpa's eating with his knife!"

"No-o, and still it seems kind of meanish to shut them up in their room on Thanksgiving Day, mumsie—" "Shut them up!—you are very crude, Dorothy. I shall send them up a beautiful dinner exactly like ours down here. You know very well how they shiver from seeing strangers. It will be a real relief to them, I've no doubt."

"The raisins are stoned. I think your services are not needed any more, my dear," Andy's wife said, with dignity. This clear-eyed daughter of hers that was growing up so astonishingly fast sometimes embarrassed her curiously. "The idea of her putting in her little or for the old people! Nonsense! as if a dinner to the Malboros and a dinner to grandpa and grandma must not on sheer necessity be a house-length apart! It did not occur to little Andy's wife that one might be postponed to make room for the other—just for Thanksgiving's sake. She had made up her mind to have Fulton Malboro and his wife and two stately daughters to dinner on that day. It was a good time to pay off one's social debts.

"I shall send them the invitation today. I ought to have sent it before," she soliloquized, with a decisive nod of her pretty head. But the invitation was never sent. Fate was weaving other threads—some one—into her plans. Half an hour later a messenger boy came with a dispatch for Andy's wife.

then fell asleep to dream that it was too late—that little Judy had sent for father and mother to come to the land o' promise. Ah, but it is sweet to wake out of a sorrowful dream like that! Dolly sprang out of bed in the full glow of sunshine, with the warmth and the glow in her heart, too. "It's true! It's true! I'm alive, and they're alive—I can hear grandfather snore!" she laughed, in her relief. "It's a beautiful sound! O, but I'm glad it's today—grandma's Thanksgiving Day!"

A little later she tapped at the old people's door. "Thanksgiving! I wish you a merry Thanksgiving!" she called, gayly, "and, grandpa, are you up? For there's such a lot to do—may I come in? Goody, you're up! You'll roast the turkey, won't you, grandpa? And you'll make the sauce for the pudding, and the stuffing, and—O, I don't know what you won't have to make! Anne's no good on Thanksgiving Day. Do you know what? Let's give Anne a 'day out' and have things all to ourselves! O, let's! You shall season things and roast and bake things, and grandpa and I'll peel 'em and carve 'em—and eat 'em!"

Anne had her day out, and grandma had her Thanksgiving Day. At last the feast was ready, and the radiant three of them sat down to it. And when grandpa carved he called Dolly "little Judy" and gave her the white meat and the wishbone! She was little Judy to them both all the way through the feast.

It was at dessert that Andy and Andy's wife came home. The sickness that had called them away had proved a short one, and had yielded readily to treatment. So Andy's little wife was in fine spirits when she strolled softly up to the dining room door to surprise Dorothy and her girl guests. Andy went, too, and they stopped and gazed at each other in bewilderment, on the threshold. What was this?

Father was laughing, and mother's voice bubbled out in a soft, sweet echo. One was at the head of the table and the other at the foot, and somewhere in between Mistress Dorothy sat with a radiant face. "Pass your plate, little Judy—pass it over here for another helping," mother cried, over the pudding dish.

"Andy, Andy, what does it mean?" whispered the little wife, huskily. "It means we've been making a mistake all this time, and the child has found it out," little Judy answered her.

They stood there watching, unseen. Their hands stole together by and by, and in the pressure of their fingers there was born for father and mother a land o' promise on earth.—By Annie Hamilton Donnell in The Christian Advocate.

Facts About Coffee. In cultivation the coffee tree attains a height of between six and ten feet. The leaves are evergreen, very shiny, oblong and leathery; the flowers are small and clustered in the axils of the leaves; they are snow-white and of a delicious fragrance. The fruit when ripe are a dark red, almost purple, color and the seeds are semi-elliptical and of a horny hardness. They are commonly termed beans.

Coffee requires a fertile soil. In Brazil, hillsides exposed to the sun are usually chosen as coffee fields. The coffee plant usually begins to bear when it is three years old. When six years old it produces a full crop, and generally continues to do so for ten years, and sometimes longer. One of the leading branches of olive trade is the preparation of green olives. This is carried out on a large scale at Barcelona. There is a large internal consumption of the olives and besides, the annual exports now reach 7,000 tons. The olives are put up in bottles or kegs. To carry out the pickling process, the olives are well sorted, as only those which show no faults can be kept. They are then placed for several days in cold water, which is renewed frequently. Then they are placed in a brine bath, which consists of a salt and soda solution, and are covered with the liquid. In some cases different aromatic substances are added to the bath so as to give a special flavor to the olives. Ripe or nearly ripe olives are but little in demand and are not consumed to a large extent. As to the extraction of olive oil has been carried out heretofore by a primitive process. Each small cultivator extracted his own oil by a press which he hired, generally making payments in oil or farm products. The olives were ground up in a horse-mill before pressing. The ground olives were then put in a lever press, using boiling water for the extraction. The presses are heavy built, but the process is a slow one and the olives need to be stored on hand for some time. They are thus likely to ferment and give an inferior quality of oil. It is estimated that there are some 3,000 or 4,000 of such primitive oil-presses in use in Spain at the present time. The pomace which remained was formerly used for fodder or a combustible, but now it is generally sold and more oil is taken from it as an improved process. Some of the large producers saw the necessity of working on a greater scale and commenced to introduce large cylinder presses and grinding mills, which gave an increase in the quantity as well as the quality of the oil. The use of these machines is now becoming general in the large factories. As to the remainder of the olive oil process, the oil is placed after extraction in large earthenware jars or tin tanks and is then filtered. In some cases the air is kept from the oil by means of a layer of alcohol which is placed on the surface. The inferior grades of oil are used in soap manufacture.—Scientific American.

While the different grades of coffee produced throughout the world shows considerable variation in quality and appearance, all are the product of the same species of tree, the difference being due to the variations of climate and manner of cultivation and preparing for market. The flat bean and peaberry coffee of Brazil grow up on the ends of the branches and the former near the trunk. The flat beans of Brazil, which resemble the Java bean, are often sold as Java coffee; similarly, the round bean, or peaberry of the same country, is commonly sold as Mocha coffee.

Rio coffee is grown in the territory of Brazil whose market is the city of Rio de Janeiro, one of the principal coffee producing districts of the world. It varies considerably in size and color, is very strong in flavor, in fact, the strongest coffee grown. Most of the Rio coffee received here is a small sized bean, varying in color from a dark green to a golden yellow.

Java coffee varies considerably in quality. The bean is large and of a yellow or brownish yellow color, the latter tint being peculiar to the Java product. The better qualities, which include private plantation and fancy marks, make a rich, strong infusion, and are very highly esteemed by consumers.

Mocha coffee is a variety of which much is heard, but which is very seldom seen. It is a very small bean, roundish and irregular in shape and grayish in color. The Mocha bean is a product of Arabia, but the imports of Arabian Mocha into this country are ridiculously small compared to the consumption of so-called Mocha. Small beans of different countries are indifferently sold as genuine Mocha in the United States.

Much of the so-called Mocha and Java consumed in this country consists merely of selected Brazilian beans. It may console consumers to know that the Brazilian coffee planters claim that the finer grades produced by them are equal to the best that are grown in any other country, and the claim seems to be substantiated by the fact that they are so frequently substituted for Mocha and Java coffees.

Kansas and Crime. Of one hundred and five counties in Kansas forty-four are without a pauper, twenty-five have no poorhouses, thirty-seven have not a single occupant in jail, and thirty-seven have not a criminal case on the docket. The prohibition of the sale of liquor as a beverage, if enforced, would transform the whole face of society and solve many troublesome problems. Why the people will not enact and demand the enforcement of such laws is a much deeper question than many seem to think. Every one knows that if, for instance, a new drug were introduced into the city of New York, producing effects similar to those that alcohol produces upon those who use it, all classes except the victims would rise up, and the traffic would be extirpated before it could trench itself in the various elements which now maintain the ascendancy of rum. Kansas should inflict the heaviest punishment upon violators of its prohibitory law, and ostracize politically those who try to destroy it.—Christian Advocate.

The Empress Dowager of China.

Her majesty's love of flowers was one of her characteristics which seemed most incompatible with the idea I had formed of her from what I had heard, and her love of flowers and all nature caused me first to change that idea. It seemed to me no one could love flowers and nature as she did and be the woman she had been painted.

She had flowers always about her. Her private apartments, her throne rooms, her lodge at the theater, even the great audience hall, where she went only to transact affairs of state and hold official audiences—all were decorated with a profusion of flowers, cut and growing, but never, though, of more than one kind at a time. She wore natural flowers in her coiffure always, winter and summer; and however careworn or harassed she might be, she seemed to find solace in flowers. She would hold a flower to her face, drink in its fragrance, and caress it as if it were a sentient thing. She would go herself among the flowers that filled her rooms, and place, with lingering touch, some fair bloom in a better light, or turn a jardiniere so that the growing plant might have a more favorable position.

The Chinese do not place certain out flowers in water, but keep them dry in bowls or vases to get their full fragrance. The empress dowager had some quaint conceits about the arrangement of these. She would have the corollas of the lily-bloom or the fragrant jasmine placed in shallow bowls in curious, starlike design, beautiful to look at, as well as most fragrant.

Her passion for flowers being generally known among the courtiers, princes, and high officials, they sent daily offerings to the palace of all that is rare and choice in the way of plants and flowers; for they knew this one present her majesty will always accept and appreciate.

There are some quaint customs in the place as to flowers and fruits that grow within the precincts. Though the princesses and ladies have the freedom of the gardens and may pull as many flowers and cut as many fruits as they wish, it is not etiquette for them to gather the same. She would never so much as touch a fruit when in the presence of the empress dowager, unless they are especially told to do so. When her majesty tells them to pull a flower or fruit, the permission is gratefully accepted and that special flower or fruit religiously kept.

The first fruits of every tree and vegetable, the first flowers of every plant and growing shrub in the palace grounds, are considered sacred to their majesties, and no princess, attendant, or eunuch would touch a flower or fruit until the empress dowager had been presented with the first of them. All these apparently trivial marks of respect to the sacred persons of their majesties were religiously observed.—[From Katharine Carl's "With the Empress Dowager," in the November Century.

Something About Spanish Olives.

The olive industry in Spain is increasing in importance within late years, mainly owing to the efforts which have been made to improve processes, so as to compete successfully with the Italian industry. One of the leading branches of olive trade is the preparation of green olives. This is carried out on a large scale at Barcelona. There is a large internal consumption of the olives and besides, the annual exports now reach 7,000 tons. The olives are put up in bottles or kegs. To carry out the pickling process, the olives are well sorted, as only those which show no faults can be kept. They are then placed for several days in cold water, which is renewed frequently. Then they are placed in a brine bath, which consists of a salt and soda solution, and are covered with the liquid. In some cases different aromatic substances are added to the bath so as to give a special flavor to the olives. Ripe or nearly ripe olives are but little in demand and are not consumed to a large extent. As to the extraction of olive oil has been carried out heretofore by a primitive process. Each small cultivator extracted his own oil by a press which he hired, generally making payments in oil or farm products. The olives were ground up in a horse-mill before pressing. The ground olives were then put in a lever press, using boiling water for the extraction. The presses are heavy built, but the process is a slow one and the olives need to be stored on hand for some time. They are thus likely to ferment and give an inferior quality of oil. It is estimated that there are some 3,000 or 4,000 of such primitive oil-presses in use in Spain at the present time. The pomace which remained was formerly used for fodder or a combustible, but now it is generally sold and more oil is taken from it as an improved process. Some of the large producers saw the necessity of working on a greater scale and commenced to introduce large cylinder presses and grinding mills, which gave an increase in the quantity as well as the quality of the oil. The use of these machines is now becoming general in the large factories. As to the remainder of the olive oil process, the oil is placed after extraction in large earthenware jars or tin tanks and is then filtered. In some cases the air is kept from the oil by means of a layer of alcohol which is placed on the surface. The inferior grades of oil are used in soap manufacture.—Scientific American.

Three Hundred Thousand Tons of Tobacco.

In the United States last year 7,689,337,207 cigars were made. This is an increase of 185,000,000 over the output of the preceding year. Only half as many cigarettes were made, but the percentage increase was nearly twice as great. It is scarcely believable that the American manufacture of snuff for twelve months aggregates over 21,000,000 pounds. These tobacco products are valued by some persons at over three hundred million dollars. In comparison with the number of "real Havana" cigars which we see offered for sale we note that the total importation of tobacco into the United States last year was in value not more than one fourteenth of the domestic product.—Christian Advocate.

The monument foundation in the Diamond at Lewistown has been completed. The excavation to the depth of fifteen feet was made and ninety tons of sand, one hundred and sixty-five barrels of cement and one hundred and sixty-two wagon loads of crushed stone were used to form the foundation. It is probable that the main shaft will not be placed into position before next spring. The monument when completed will be sixty-three feet, four inches in height.

Conundrums.

"Why is a washerwoman like a sailor?" "Because she keeps crossing the line and going from pole to pole." "Why is an active volcano like a talkative woman?" "Because both keep 'spouting.'" "When do boys resemble the wind?" "When whistling." "When are bad boys like grain?" "When getting thrashed."

"—She—Why is it that you never have much to say to the ladies?" "He—Oh, I have enough to say, but they have so much more to say to me that I don't get a chance to say my say."

"—When a man has his treasure in heaven he does not wake up in a fright every time he hears a mouse in the house."

"—There never was a man who did not occasionally manufacture a groan to excite the sympathy of his friends."

"—If you would be a leader you must have a way of laughing at ridicule and rooks."

"—The devil never worries over the man who saves all his smiles for the stranger."

"—The rich man cannot have a better bank than the poor man's cellar."

"—The lowly place of service may be the mountain top of communion."

When this Earth is Crowded.

The last week having brought some fresh contributions to the recurrent lamentation by public men in the decline of the birth rate in the United Kingdom, a writer in the London Standard discusses the question from the opposite viewpoint, basing his remarks on the latest statistics of births and deaths. Assuming that these are correct and that the present emigration will increase pro rata he shows that the population 70 years hence will be double, making the number of inhabitants 83,000,000, which it will be impossible for the British isles to support unless there are some changes in the conditions of life.

But allowing for the possibility of the country being able to support this number and estimating that the population will be doubled every 70 years, the writer pictures a time no further forward than the Norman conquest is backward, say the year 2901, when there will be 6,924,000 people to the square mile in England, which would give each individual about half a square yard of space. To house and accommodate these suitably every inch of dry ground in the country would have to be covered with 16-story skyscrapers, leaving no space for streets, parks, shops, theaters or anything but dwellings.

Assuming that the emigration to the unoccupied lands of the world will vastly increase, the writer supposes that the emigrants will produce progeny at an equal rate, while other nations of the world are also increasing in population. Quoting the calculation of an eminent statistician, the late Sir Robert Giffen, that peoples of European origin increased from 170,000,000 at the beginning of the nineteenth century to 510,000,000 at its end, and reckoning that the world's population doubles every 75 years, he demonstrates the impossibility of maintaining the present rate of multiplication, and contends that the sooner the birth rate declines to one-third of what it is at present the better for our descendants. Indeed, he says, the time is not far distant when the rate must not exceed one birth to every 200 marriages or all the people must die before they reach 20 years or must destroy one another.

Benjamin Broadbent, who has been rejected mayor of Huddersfield, claims success for a scheme which he initiated in November, 1904, when he promised £1 to the parents of every baby born during his year in office which lived 12 months. The number so reared was 110, and there has been only one death in the last eight months. The infantile mortality in the district in which the scheme was applied was 54 per 1,000, as against 150 per 1,000 for the whole country and 122 for the district before the introduction of Mr. Broadbent's plan. Mr. Broadbent says he has received inquiries from the Princess of Wales, President Roosevelt and scientists as to the outcome of his scheme.

Age of the Presidents When Inaugurated.

The forty-seventh birthday of Theodore Roosevelt, celebrated Oct. 27th (he being forty-three at the time of his inauguration), directs attention to the ages of the Presidents when inaugurated. We here state their ages beginning with the oldest: William Henry Harrison, 68; James Buchanan, 66; Zachary Taylor, 65; John Adams and Andrew Jackson, each 62; James Monroe, 59; Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, and John Quincy Adams, each 58; George Washington and Andrew Johnson, each 57; Benjamin Harrison, 56; Martin Van Buren, 55; Rufus B. Hayes, 54; William McKinley, 53; Abraham Lincoln, 52; John Tyler and Chester A. Arthur, each 51; James K. Polk and Millard Fillmore, each 50.

Franklin Pierce and James A. Garfield, each 49; Grover Cleveland, the first time, 48, and the second time, 56; Ulysses S. Grant, 47; Theodore Roosevelt, 43.—Christian Advocate.

FORAKER WILL

Dho Senator Would Amend Inter-State Commerce Law. Washington, Nov. 25.—Senator Foraker presented to the senate committee on inter-state commerce the draft of his bill to amend the inter-state commerce law. The senator stated that he had tried to meet the complaints against present railroad conditions and at the same time avoid conferring upon the inter-state commerce commission, or any similar body, the power over railroad rates.

The Foraker bill, however, provides for enjoining the publishing and charging of excessive rates and for enjoining and discrimination forbidden by law, whether between shippers, places, commodities or otherwise, and whether effected by means of rates, rebates, classifications, private cars, preferentials, "or in any other manner whatever." While this does not confer upon the court the power to fix a rate it does authorize the court to say what is an unlawful rate and how much is unlawful and to enjoin the carrier from charging more than is found to be lawful. The bill also is designed to prohibit the giving of passes; to allow free access to railroad documents and to meet complaints as to rail rates on export and import freight.

Provision is made so that the laws to expedite cases in the courts will apply to the new law. No carrier is allowed to grant a special rate or in any manner collect from any person a greater or less compensation than it receives from any other person.

CUSTOM HOUSES SEIZED

Allied Fleet Lands Sailors On Island Mytilene. London, Nov. 28.—The Daily Mail publishes the following dispatch from Mytilene, dated November 27: "Eight warships of the combined fleet arrived here at 8 o'clock this morning. Admiral Ritter Von Jedina, accompanied by the Austrian consul, proceeded to the government house at 10.30 o'clock and handed an ultimatum to the governor. At 1 o'clock this afternoon 500 sailors landed and seized the customs and telegraph offices. Everything is quiet."

Say Sultan Accedes to Demands.

Vienna, Nov. 28.—The Neue Freie Presse published a dispatch from Constantinople saying that the sultan, through Tewfik Pascha, the foreign minister, has announced to Baron Von Calice, the ambassador of Austria-Hungary, that Turkey accedes to the demands of the powers regarding the financial control of Macedonia.