

NEW YORK LETTER.

Special Correspondence. (When President King of the Merchants' Association told Mayor Van Wyck that there were 40,000,000 persons in the United States who had never seen the city of New York and had an unfavorable opinion of it, the mayor asked why. Mr. King replied that they think it is a corrupt city. The mayor then laid the blame on the metropolitan newspapers, which, he said, publish all the bad things that are done here, and do not afterwards take the trouble to correct the false impression created. But even Mayor Van Wyck can take no exception to the way the New York newspapers are supporting the work of the Merchants' Association. This is an organization for the purpose of advertising the city of New York in order to attract visitors and increase trade. It is doing its work well and the newspapers are giving it the most loyal support, realizing the fact that if New York is to retain its commercial supremacy, it must ever be vigilant and meet the competition of other and no less enterprising cities. At a time when war is making a news sensation every day, the papers here are devoting columns to this association. One of the results of their active co-operation is the fact that Mayor Van Wyck himself has woken up to the importance of the movement, and has assured a delegation representing the association, of his lively interest in, and sympathy with, its work, and of his desire to co-operate in every way he could.

Watching Cyclers. A growing Sunday amusement in this city is to line up along the Boulevard and see the bicyclists go by. Fashionably dressed men and women stand in groups or stroll along separately or in pairs, while hundreds of cyclists and cyclists glide by, forming an ever-changing, particolored panorama of human nature of every possible phase. For the most part the crowd is respectful and attentive, and only gives vent to its emotions with half suppressed "Ahs!" and "Ohs!" as some particularly fantastic costume on a slight female figure flashes past. And the ancient stout gentleman, who sits erect in his gray suit, the small boy who rides with his body horizontal, and imagines he is a "scorcher," the tandem lovers, the bronzed and alert policeman, all receive proper attention. We doubt whether Rotten Row or the Bois is ever graced with such earnest spectators and such varied dramatic personae to look upon. And so Sunday after Sunday the crowd lines up with unflinching regularity for its bicycle mannae.

The Martins to Live in England. The Bradley Martins, having lived so much abroad, now announce this condition permanent, and have therefore bought a magnificent house in London. Well, their money may be misused, but not its owners. It is surprising to see the humble origin of these worshippers of foreign style. Bradley Martin is the son of an old fashioned Albany cashier, while his wife is the daughter of an equally old fashioned lumber dealer, who, by economy and industry, became a multi-millionaire. How these old fashioned capitalists would have been shocked could they have known that their hard earned wealth would be spent in a foreign land! It now appears that the grand costume ball that the Bradley Martins gave last year at the Waldorf-Astoria was intended as a social farewell, but perhaps the country can get on without them.

600 Typewriters in One Company. The constant increase in typewriting is one of the features of the present day, and the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has 600 machines in service. Typewriters, however, are increasing in numbers far too rapidly, and it is estimated that nearly one thousand are now out of employment in this city. Stenography generally accompanies typewriting and brings increase of pay. Chauncey M. Depew and other leading business men never travel without a private secretary possessing both of these equipments, and the pay under such conditions is generally \$25 per week, but ordinarily typewriters do well to earn one-half or even one-third of this rate.

Ebbidge T. Gerry Didn't Sell. Among those who did not rush at the top of their speed to sell their steam yachts to the government when the present war broke out was Ebbidge T. Gerry, formerly Commodore of the New York Yacht Club. Mr. Gerry owns the handsome and comfortable steam yacht Electra, which is one of the most satisfactory craft of her kind ever launched. She may be seen in the afternoon lying off the New York Yacht Club anchorage at the foot of East Twenty-sixth street. That is to say, she is there when she is not at Newport. It is hardly likely that the war alarm will prevent Mr. Gerry from making his customary summer cruises. He seldom goes further from New York than Bar Harbor, and in spite of all reports it seems highly improbable that the Spanish warships will interfere with him.

The Elevated Operates the Bridge. The Brooklyn Bridge Railroad will no longer be operated by the city of New York. Under a contract entered into by Bridge Commissioner Shea and the receiver of the Brooklyn Elevated Railroad, and ratified by the supreme court, the Brooklyn Elevated has taken possession of the bridge railroad and will operate it, paying \$20,000 a year for track privileges and ten cents a car toll. The city will be relieved of the heavy expense of operating the railroad and it is hoped that a deficit in the finances of the bridge will be avoided. CYRUS THORP.

The Maid—"Miss Ethel is not in, sir, but I'll tell her you called." "Aly"—"Aw—thanks. Tell her right away, please, so you won't forget it."

MAJOR GEN. W. R. SHAFTER.

Was Considered Just the Man to Free Cuba from the Spaniards. Major General William Rufus Shafter, commander of the United States army of invasion into Cuba, was recently described by his life-long friend, Senator Julius C. Burrows, as "every inch a soldier, and just the man to clean the Spaniards out of Cuba." The son of a pioneer farmer, William R. Shafter was born in the town of Galesburg, Kalamazoo county, Mich., October 16, 1835. With scant educational opportunities, the future general toiled on his father's farm until he attained his majority. By that time he had saved sufficient money to carry him through the winter term at the Prairie Academy. He returned to agricultural pursuits, but the monotony of a farmer's life was irksome to his ambitious spirit, and the outbreak of the civil war found him ready and willing to become a soldier. At the first opportunity that presented, young Shafter tendered his services as a private. He was a fine specimen of manhood physically, hardy, athletic, a dashing rider, and very handy with a gun. Persons in local authority appreciated his worth, and he was commissioned first lieutenant in Company I of the Seventh Michigan Infantry. He was mustered into service a few days after the repulse of the Federal troops at Bull Run, and from that time to the present he has been in the military service of the United States.



MAJOR GEN. W. R. SHAFTER.

One of the first engagements in which Lieutenant Shafter's company participated was the battle of Ball's Bluff, which resulted in disaster for the Union forces. Fortunately the Michigan militia emerged from the battle in fair condition and rendered effective service with McClellan in the peninsula campaign. At the battle of Fair Oaks Shafter was wounded, but he so distinguished himself that the commanding general said in his official report: "Lieutenant Shafter of the Seventh Michigan volunteers, in charge of the pioneers, was slightly wounded, but kept the field and furnished a beautiful exhibition of gallant conduct and intelligent activity."

In the summer of 1862 the Nineteenth Michigan regiment was organized and Shafter was assigned to it with the rank of major. The regiment joined the western army and for a year or more saw a great deal of hard service in Kentucky and Tennessee. In the official reports of the middle Tennessee campaign Major Shafter is praised for meritorious conduct and specially mentioned as "one of the most deserving officers of the Nineteenth Infantry." Together with other Federal officers, he was captured by the Confederates, but his gallantry in battle had been so conspicuous that his captors allowed him to retain his horse and side arms. He was a prisoner of war for three months and was exchanged in May, 1863.

Soon after Shafter's return to his command he was commissioned lieutenant colonel of the Nineteenth regiment and this promotion was speedily followed by two successive brevets, the first as colonel in recognition of his gallantry at Fair Oaks, and the second as brigadier general for "gallant and meritorious conduct" at Thompson's Station. He served for about a year as lieutenant colonel of the Nineteenth and was promoted to be colonel of the Seventeenth regiment of colored troops. He remained in this latter command until the close of the war, and was mustered out of the volunteer service November 2, 1866.

Prior to his retirement from the volunteer army, however, Colonel Shafter was commissioned lieutenant colonel of the Forty-first United States Infantry, and his connection with the regular army has been unbroken ever since.

In every station of responsibility he has acquitted himself with credit. With the development of plans for the invasion of Cuba the president and secretary of war began to look about for suitable leaders. Prominent among the eligibles was General Shafter. President McKinley made him a major general of volunteers on the fourth of last month, and he was assigned to command the troops in the Santiago de Cuba campaign. "Put Shafter on the island," said Senator Burrows to Secretary Alger, "and I will guarantee that he will speedily clean out Cuba from end to end."—New York Times.

Would Change Places. Little John (after casting his penny into the fund for the Balam Islanders)—"I wish I was a heathen." Sabbath School Teacher—Oh, Johnny! Why do you wish such an awful thing as that? Little John—The heathen don't never have to give nothin'—they are always gittin' somethin'.—Harper's Bazar.

AT MONTAUK CAMP.

There is Need of Great Haste in Preparing for the Army. Montauk, L. I., Aug. 10.—At present the situation here is fairly satisfactory. It is true the United States army authorities were not prepared to take adequate care of the detachment of the Sixth cavalry which arrived Monday night. There were no tents on hand, and if the Long Island Railroad had not permitted them to sleep in the half completed restaurant building which is being put up near the station the two hundred sick men would have had a disagreeable and perhaps dangerous experience.

Another detachment of 325 troops from the Sixth cavalry arrived here yesterday. With them were thirty sick, making the total number of sick now in camp thirty-six. None of them is dangerously ill. The noon train brought fifty sergeants and five officers of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania, U. S. V., Signal Corps. The tents and equipments for the troopers have arrived and morning found the plateau the business scene that Montauk has ever known. Carpenters who arrived during the night went to work early and before noon nearly all the tents for the Sixth were up. Revellie sounded at 6 o'clock and with it the Montauk camp began its existence. The following temporary order was issued from General Young's headquarters at Third house: Revellie, 6 a. m.; early mess, 7 a. m.; midday mess, noon; taps, 10.30 p. m.

The main problem, indeed the problem upon which everything depends, is that of transportation. So far as the railroad is concerned this problem has already been solved. Since Thursday two and a half miles of sidings have been laid and the railroad is in a position to receive at least two hundred carloads of supplies or of men a day. Where the difficulty will come in is in unloading these cars and transporting the supplies and men to the camp, which is several miles away. Grave doubts are expressed whether it is possible for the quartermaster's department to solve the problem. At noon to-day there were 1,500 mules on the ground, but there were practically no wagons. Every carload that has been delivered to the Long Island Railroad has been rushed to this point, and is now on the side tracks, but until to-day not one step had been taken for the unloading of these cars and the removal of tents, blankets, hospital stores, lumber, food, medical supplies and the thousand and one things which will be necessary unless Montauk camp is to be the scene of a great military tragedy and a great military scandal.

The arrival of a few hundred cavalrymen yesterday showed how important adequate preparation will be. These men had not been in Cuba, they had not spent day after day on the firing line in the blazing sun and the chilling night rains. They had been in camp within the boundaries of the United States under the charge of officers who took the best possible care to preserve the health of their commands. Nevertheless one-third of the cavalrymen who arrived yesterday were practically helpless. They could not have marched one mile after they left the trains if their lives had depended upon it. They were lifted out of the cars by comrades hardly stronger than they, and lay upon the ground uncovered and unprotected until the railroad company offered them the use of the restaurant.

Unquestionably when the transports begin to arrive from Cuba and to unload 25,000 men who have been subjected not only to severe climatic conditions, but to the most strenuous test of endurance imposed in human experience, the problem will be a thousand fold more serious. The Cuban veterans will have spent a week on board crowded transports. There will be, undoubtedly, thousands of sick. For these there should be provided ambulances to transfer them from the landing place to the hospitals, hospitals to shelter them, doctors and nurses to attend to them, medicines to cure them, and delicacies to tempt their appetites. The soldiers who are not invalids will need tents and food and water, and the thousands of horses and mules at the camp will also need supplies. The first of the transports will, it is expected, arrive on Thursday, and within two weeks thereafter the war department states that from fifteen to twenty transports will steam into Fort Pond bay and unload their thousands of soldiers, both well and ill.

Unless the government works faster than it is working now the experience at Tampa will be repeated with the tragic additional fact that it will not be fresh and healthy troops whose lives will be at the mercy of the war department, but that it will be a broken and semi-invalid army which must be taken care of.

Suits Against Bank. Springfield, Mass., Aug. 10.—Recipients Bliss and Hyde of the defunct Bay State Beneficiary Association of Westfield and Boston have filed suits against former officials of the concern for amounts aggregating \$265,000. The suits arise from the belief of the receivers that the former directors have failed to account for amounts aggregating over \$100,000. The receivers allege that at one time Westfield officers sold rights of the company to a Boston clique for ninety thousand dollars and that later the rights were sold back to Westfield parties at \$70,000, and in this way, the receivers claim, the rights of the many thousands of members were used for mere speculative purposes.

Disastrous Fire in Bismarck. Bismarck, N. D., Aug. 10.—Fire last evening burned a large portion of this city, causing a loss of several hundred thousand dollars' worth of property. The flames started in the agent's office of the Northern Pacific depot. In a short time the building and the big warehouses of the company were in flames. Every drug store in the city was burned and all the groceries but two or three, and newspaper offices and the great bulk of the business portion of the city, with several blocks of residences. Many people are homeless.

The Samson Coal Station. Washington, Aug. 10.—Plans have been completed for the proposed coal station at Pago-Pago, Samoa. It is estimated the work will cost \$250,000, and the plant includes a steel pier running out some distance from the shore. At the end of the pier there will be a depth of 25 feet.

RICHARD IS A FIGHTER.

Lieutenant Commander Wainwright is a Rival to "Fighting Bob." Contemporary naval annals are now threatened with a "Fighting Dick" in addition to a "Fighting Bob," and surely Captain Evans would not grudge this need of glory to his junior in the line.

From that awful moment on the night of February 15, when Wainwright stood beside his captain on the sinking quarterdeck of the Maine and gave the order to lower away the boats, he had looked forward to some such opportunity as that which linked his name with the Gloucester as indissolubly as Hobson's is linked with the Merrimac.

Not that Wainwright is a man to brood on vengeance. He has a heart too big to cherish malice. Only his dearest desire was that he might have the good fortune to be an instrument of retaliation.

No man knew better than he the ghastly horrors that followed that night in Havana harbor. No man was more certain than he that the Maine disaster was not an accident, and none was better qualified to reach a just conclusion. During all the long weeks following the disaster it was Wainwright who toiled beside the wreck, and above it, from dawn till dark, directing the divers' work, recovering the bodies of the dead, familiar with every development of evidence, the confidant of every grim secret brought to light by the submarine research.

April 5, long after Captain Sigbee and all his other subordinates had been relieved of their painful task, Wainwright, the sole surviving officer of the Maine left in Havana harbor, pulled down the weather stained flag that had floated day and night from the shrouds of the wrecked battleship. When Wainwright left Havana the United States government relinquished its sovereignty over the Maine.



"DICK" WAINWRIGHT.

Mr. Wainwright was in Havana harbor continuously for seven weeks after the Maine was blown up. During all that time he was never known to set his foot in Havana city. "I don't care about shore leave," he used to say, when his friends asked why he never appeared in the Ingleterra hotel with his fellow officers. If you invited him to a little dinner or a quiet game of poker you got the same answer, or else he was too busy to spare the time or too tired after his day's work on the water. Then, if you watched him, you might see him go below into the cabin of the Fern, where he had his quarters, and, lighting his pipe, he would spend half the night pouring over sectional drawings, perhaps with Ensign Powelson, or studying out some new bit of submarine divers' evidence that seemed to clinch the truth about the Maine.

This taciturn lieutenant commander, moreover, so it was whispered by his friends on the Fern, had registered a mental vow never again to enter Havana city unless at the head of a battalion of bluejackets.

Verily, if ever a man remembered the Maine, "Dick" Wainwright did. Big-hearted, as are most brave men, the death of 266 of his gallant subordinates left a wound that would not heal. He was as popular with them as with his fellow officers. Though a strict disciplinarian, the Maine's executive officer during the two months he had been attached to the ship in that capacity had won his way to their hearts.

Lieutenant Commander Wainwright has coined one phrase that will probably live in the traditions of the navy. "Fighting cannot be made a safe business."

The battle of the Yalu river had called the attention of naval experts all over the world to the terrible execution wrought by splinters from small boats and portions of the superstructure of ships of war when struck by modern projectiles. Mr. Wainwright, among other officers, was detailed to write a treatise discussing the following question: "If about to go into action what disposition would you make of your small boats with a view of securing the greatest safety of your men?" Wainwright's reply was an able one. The pith of it, however, was substantially contained in the following: "If about to go into action in comparatively shallow water, I should, if time permitted, strip the vessel clear of her small boats and moor them safely at a distance until after the fight. If pressed for time, I should simply put them adrift. If about to go into action in deep water, I should set my boats adrift anyhow, leaving the ship and her officers and crew to take the chances of the fighting cannot be made safe."

Mr. Wainwright probably inherits his fighting spirit. He is the son of old Commodore Wainwright and comes of good naval stock. His appointment to the Naval Academy was from the District of Columbia.—Chicago Times-Herald.

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The New Bankruptcy Law. Penalty of Mothering a Hero. Mrs. Hobson, the mother of Naval Constructor Hobson, who is now in Atlanta, says she has lately had thousands of letters from people in every imaginable class of life, some from young men who were fired by the courageous spirit of Richmond Pearson Hobson, others from veterans who extolled the fearless achievement, and still more from mothers who wrote to congratulate the mother of one of the famous men of the day. Mrs. Hobson says that requests for her photograph and autograph were numerous, and that, while she had complied with a great many, it was manifestly impossible to accommodate all. She said that her mail had accumulated so heavily that she would be forced to employ several stenographers to catch up with it.

Rapid Improvement. "My wife was a victim of boils and had several of them at one time. She began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and soon began to improve. After taking a few bottles she was entirely cured. I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for rheumatism with good effect." C. W. Dawson, Nimble, Pa. Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. Easy to take, easy to operate; reliable, sure. 25c.

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