

MEMBERS OF THE SPANISH PEACE COMMISSION.



FRENCH GRIP ON SPAIN.

The Relations of the Two Countries Have for a Long Time Had Peculiarities.

Ever since, and even before, the days when the kings of France and Spain met on the Isle of Pheasants and made the treaty of the Pyrenees, one of the chief aims of the French policy has been to obtain influence and control in Spain.

It was the same with Napoleon. Though, like Louis XIV., he did not try to annex any part of Spain after the manner of his annexation in Italy and Germany—he knew how dangerous it is to "spoil the face" of a Spaniard—yet he strained every nerve to obtain the control of the Iberian peninsula, and may indeed be said to have mauled the empire by his determination to make Spain a political satellite of France.

In 1823 a French army crossed the Pyrenees and occupied Madrid, and for the time France obtained complete ascendancy in Spain. The influence thus obtained had no doubt to give away to English pressure; but it reappeared again with Louis Philippe's scheme for the Spanish marriages, the scheme which so nearly produced a war with England and seemed to promise so much for French influence in the peninsula.

Napoleon III. always exercised a great deal of indirect influence in Spain, and was careful to maintain the old policy—that of possessing what Americans call "a pull" on the government at Madrid. It was, indeed, the fear of losing French influence in Spain that nominally produced the Franco-Prussian war.

London Spectator. "The immediate cause of the war was a dispute as to the filling of the Spanish throne. After the war France was for a time too busy to pay much attention to Spanish affairs, but it was with a sense of deep humiliation and disgust that she learned that Alphonse XII. had visited Berlin, had accepted the colonelcy of a regiment of Uhlanes, and that Spain was apparently slipping under the influence of the triple alliance. Immediately the French statesmen saw the error that had been made, and it became at once the avowed object of the French foreign office to do everything that was possible to conciliate Spain and reestablish French influence at Madrid.

SILK MADE IN AMERICA.

Most of That Worn in the United States Is of Home Manufacture and of Good Quality.

"Most of the silk worn by American women is manufactured in the United States," said the silk buyer in a dry goods store. "The value of the manufactured silk imported from abroad during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1898, was \$23,523,110, and during the census year of 1890 the value of the silk of American manufacture was \$69,154,599. As during the decade from 1880 to 1890 the product of American silk mills doubled in value, it is fair to say that in 1898 about 80 per cent. of the silk goods sold to American women is of home manufacture. Of the silk imported from abroad nearly one-half—\$10,842,561—was made in Belgium, while France, with imports of \$4,434,402, is a bad second, with Switzerland in third place, from which we bought \$3,492,734 worth. Japan supplied \$2,061,907 and China only \$135,889. The reason for the small importation from the orient is that much of their product goes to Europe to be finished before reaching the United States.

"American silks of certain grades are just as good as those made abroad, and a good many of them are better. It was formerly necessary for shopkeepers sometimes to pretend that silks made in America were imported, and it is becoming unnecessary nowadays, as women realize the excellence of the goods of home manufacture."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Family Resemblances.

"This is Mr. Highbones, is it not?" "Yes, ma'am." "I should have known you by your resemblance to your little daughter, I am Miss Billings, her teacher." "Glad to know you, Miss Billings. Yes, I am often told that Kitty is remarkably like me." "I regret to have to tell you, Mr. Highbones, that she doesn't learn well at all. I doubt if she will be able to keep up with her class."

Heart Breaking.

Trembling Suitor—Ah, if I only dared to tell you what is in my heart. Can't you see? Can't you guess what it is I would say to you? Beautiful Widow—Yes, I think I can read your thoughts. But, pray do not speak the words that are trembling upon your lips. Let us respect the dead. I have decided not to marry again—for at least six months.—Chicago Evening News.



THE BOWSER'S TROUBLES. Mr. Bowser Has a Whirl at Carpet-Beating.

M. QUAD. Copyright, 1898.

"Well, but what's all this?" exclaimed Mr. Bowser, as he came home to dinner the other evening and found the sitting-room carpet piled in a corner and the room dismantled. "It's time for house cleaning, you know," replied Mrs. Bowser. "When you go down in the morning I wish you'd stop at the carpet cleaning place and have them come for that carpet."

He said he would and made a note of it, but after dinner a sudden thought struck him. He stood looking at the carpet for a minute and then said: "By George, but I'll do it! It'll not only be the best kind of exercise, but save bother and delay. Mrs. Bowser, I'll beat the carpet in the back yard this evening."

"But I don't want you to," she protested. "That carpet has got to go to the cleaning works and be thoroughly beaten." "That carpet will be thoroughly beaten right here, my dear. There's a back yard, a stout clothesline, and with the aid of a broomstick I'll knock every speck of dust out of it in ten minutes."

"But please don't try it. It will take two men to handle it, and nobody can beat a carpet in ten minutes. You couldn't beat it thoroughly in half a day." "Now then, see here," he continued, as he began to remove his cuffs, "I want exercise in the arms and shoulders. I'm as stiff as a post. Beating a carpet will be better than the dumbbells or clubs. An hour's work will make me sleep like a top to-night."

"But something will happen and you'll—you'll raise a row!" she faltered. "Bosh! Nothing will happen, and there'll be no row. It's 20 years since I beat a carpet, and it will bring back the old days. Your father was beating a carpet in the back yard when I asked your hand in marriage."

"I'll pay for having it beaten out of my own money, if you'll let it alone." "It isn't a question of expense, Mrs. Bowser," he answered, "though we might as well save the two dollars as to give it to the beaters. As I said, I want the exercise. I also believe that I can knock out more microbes and germs with a broomstick than any steam carpet beater in the world. I'll shift into an old suit, and then I'll give you a few lessons on how to beat a carpet all in the merry springtime, heigho."

Mrs. Bowser continued to protest, but without avail. As soon as he got into an old suit of clothes, he spat on his hands and made a sudden jump and seized the monster bundle and gave a wrench and a pull. He was successful in warring it along to the door leading to the basement, but then there came a hitch. Mrs. Bowser took advantage of it to offer to buy theater tickets for the evening if he would go, but he could not be moved from his purpose.

"Just you go down and hunt me up a broomstick, and then stand by and see the fur fly," he responded, and she passed down ahead of him. As the bundle of carpet was larger than the doorway, it did not need much acumen to see that the one had either to be enlarged or the other compressed. Compression seemed to be the quickest way out of it, and Mr. Bowser spread himself all over the bundle and braced and tugged until it suddenly rolled through the doorway. He hadn't planned to go with it, but somehow he did. It was an even start. Mr. Bowser was also on top half the time going downstairs, but on reaching the hall below he was underneath, and it took the united exertions of Mrs. Bowser and the cook and the grocer's boy to set him at liberty.

"Someone pushed that carpet, and I know it!" he shouted, as he got the dust out of his throat and struggled up. "But we were all down here," protested Mrs. Bowser. "I told you something would happen, and so it has. It's a wonder you didn't break your back or neck. Won't you let it alone now?" "Never, Mrs. Bowser—never will I be baffled by an old carpet. I have set out to beat it, and beat it I will or break my neck twice in two. It rather got away from me on the stairs, but it's all in the exercise, you know. Now, then, out she comes!"

or six failures he let the corner fall, jumped on the roll with both feet and gave utterance to his feelings. Mrs. Bowser was on hand to say: "I told you not to try it. It would take the strength of three men to get the carpet over the line." "Woman, am I running this carpet or are you?" he demanded, as he turned on her. "But you can't lift it up!" "Then I'll die trying! When I want your advice about beating a carpet I'll ask for it!"

She went back into the house and he figured a little. He decided that if the carpet were spread out on the ground it could be beaten just as well as if hung up, and he drew a long breath and began unrolling it. He had unrolled about three yards when his feet stepped on each other and he fell down, and the number of tacks waiting to receive him was just 17. He felt every one of them at once, and was surprised into a yell which brought a dozen heads to as many back windows to see who was being murdered. When Mrs. Bowser got out he was trying to climb the back fence, but she caught him by the legs and pulled him down and exclaimed:

"Now, then, have you gone crazy? What's the matter with you?" "The blamed thing is full of tarantulas or buzz saws," he gasped, "and about a hundred of them got their teeth into me at once!" "It was tacks, Mr. Bowser. You ought to have looked out for them. Look at your hands! And your neck and ears are bloody! I told you in the beginning that—"

He interrupted her with a gesture, then rushed forward and kicked the roll until his legs could kick no longer. She started to tell him that all the neighbors were looking and laughing, but he froze her with a glare, and, picking up the broomstick, pounded away until it was only a splinter in his hand. Then he drew himself up and walked into the kitchen and upstairs. She knew what was coming, but could not avoid it. He was waiting for her, and promptly said:

"Woman, you have succeeded in your plans!" "My plans—how?" "To get me almost butchered alive and to make me the laughing stock of the neighborhood!" "But didn't I tell you—"

"No, ma'am, you didn't—not a word! I see through the whole thing. There is your infernal old carpet out there. I am going out. I am going to see my lawyer. I may never return. I bid you good-by—good-by forever!" But at midnight he came sneaking back to his home and his bed, and next morning when four men drove up in a wagon to take the carpet away he pretended neither to see nor to hear.

Words Have Different Meanings. The history of many words which we are continually using, little thinking how old and venerable they are and what they meant originally, is curious. Take the word "daughter." This is an old, old word. Like father and mother, brother and sister, it takes us away back to the time long before there was an English-speaking people or a German people, before even the Romans and the Greeks had become distinct and separate peoples and when our forefathers were still simply "Aryans," living somewhere in the heart of Asia. The Germans as well as we use this word, but they spell and pronounce it "tochter." The ancient Greeks, who were likewise "Aryans," used it, too, but they gave it still another pronunciation—"thugater"—while the ancient Hindoos, who came also of this good old Aryan stock, pronounced it "daitar." Now, the old Hindoo language is in many particulars more nearly like the original Aryan tongue than any other of the languages that descended from it, and it has enabled scholars to explain many words of which the meanings could hardly otherwise have been guessed. Daughter is one of them. This word seems to have meant originally "milk." Our forefathers in that long ago were herdsmen and every daughter was a milkmaid. Another word which takes us back to scenes of rustic life, though not so old a word as daughter, is the word "pecuniary." We use the word in relation to money matters.—Chicago Tribune.

Not an End Conclusion. Little Bertie, aged five, was ready for his bedtime bath and walking for his turn musingly, when he startled his mother with the question: "Mother, isn't it awful hot in Heaven?" "Why, no; very far from it." "Oh, I think it must be awful hot." "Why, whatever put that into your head?" "Coz you see, all the angels I ever saw in pictures didn't wear any clothes."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

True Democracy. Pip—After all, do you suppose when a man's elected he's really the choice of the people? Nip—Why, yes, I fancy so—if he's spent enough money.—Brooklyn Life.

NO TRUTH IN THE STORY.

Gen. Brooke Emphatically Denies that American Troops Have Been Guilty of Bad Conduct in Porto Rico.

Washington, Nov. 4.—Some of the newspapers in Porto Rico have been publishing articles bitterly critical of the conduct of the United States soldiers who have been sent to the island as a permanent garrison. The soldiers have been accused of all sorts of misdemeanors, of ruffianism, of petty larceny, of the destruction of private property, and in fact of every kind of excess which might be charged against green troops in a foreign country. The charges reflected particularly upon the volunteer regiments, and were so general that Secretary Alger took notice of them.

It is evident if they were well founded the Porto Ricans were likely to be alienated from their new allegiance almost before they had become fairly attached. So a cablegram was sent to Maj. Gen. Brooke, commanding all of the United States troops in Porto Rico, calling his attention to these reports. The answer came Thursday in the shape of the following cablegram from Gen. Brooke:

"Bad behavior of our soldiers in Ponce province is news to me. Col. Castleman, commanding the colonial brigade there, is now with me and says the report is entirely unfounded. New regiments coming in were unsettled for a few days, but are all away from there now and at their regular stations."

Predicts Great Things for Klondike. Chicago, Nov. 4.—John J. Healy, vice president of the North American Transportation and Trading Co., who has just returned from a six years' sojourn in the Klondike, said yesterday: "The truth about the Yukon country is that it will yield \$30,000,000 between now and next October, and with the completion of government roads and the operation of quartz mining machinery the output will amount to \$100,000,000 in gold annually. In less than five years 100,000 whites will be at work in the Yukon and a hundred years of steady labor will not exhaust profitable mining in Alaska."

First Assignment of Troops for Cuba. Washington, Nov. 4.—The first assignment of troops in the occupation of Cuba was made Thursday. The orders follow: "The secretary of war directs the following assignment of troops: Headquarters and six troops of the Eighth United States cavalry, and the Third Georgia volunteers, to Nuevas, Cuba. Six troops of the Eighth cavalry, and the Fifteenth United States infantry, to Puerto Principe. Brig. Gen. L. H. Carpenter is assigned to command the troops, with headquarters at Nuevas."

Electrocuted. Columbus, O., Nov. 4.—Charles Nelson, colored, the Bowling Green murderer, was electrocuted in the annex of the Ohio penitentiary at 12:30 o'clock this morning. Nelson was very cool and assisted the officers in adjusting the straps. A new device in the shape of a hood with wet sponges in the apex which fitted over the head was used successfully. Nelson killed James Zimmerman, a grocer, at Bowling Green, O., July 8 last by striking him on the head with a hammer.

Marchand Arrives in Cairo. Cairo, Nov. 4.—Maj. Marchand, the commander of the French expedition at Fashoda, arrived here last evening. Only two Senegalese soldiers accompanied Marchand, whose future movements depend upon the instructions which Capt. Baratier brings him. The major reports that he left all his companions in good health and adds that they had abundant provisions and a plentiful supply of ammunition.

Dewey's Squadron Decreased. Washington, Nov. 4.—The revenue cutter Metacomb, now with Admiral Dewey's fleet at Manila, has been detached from the naval service and restored to the revenue cutter service. The Metacomb will be ordered to San Francisco.

Will Leave It to Private Firms. Washington, Nov. 4.—Secretary Long said yesterday that the government would take no further steps to raise the rest of the Spanish warships destroyed by Admiral Schley's fleet off Santiago, but that the department would receive propositions that end from any private firm that cared to undertake the work.

Will Recall Marchand. London, Nov. 4.—Reliable information from Paris confirms the reports that Dupuy, the premier, has decided to wash his hands of Fashoda and to recall Maj. Marchand.

WANT MORE COIN.

Spain Puts a High Price on the Philippines.

A LITTLE GAME OF BLUFF

Dons Claim that Porto Rico is Sufficient War Indemnity.

EXCITEMENT IN MADRID.

Newspapers of the Spanish Capital Protest Vigorously Against "the Americans' Abuse of Strength," but Have No Hopes of Assistance from Their Neighbors.

New York, Nov. 4.—A dispatch to the Evening Post from Paris says: "The reported rupture of peace negotiations between Spain and the United States is not credited in the French foreign office. France willingly will serve again as an intermediary in the hope of putting Spain under permanent moral as well as financial obligations, thus strengthening her own position in the European balance of power."

"Paris and Brussels bankers are taking active interest in the question of Spanish debts. The Spanish members of the commission are offended by the curtness of the memorandum of the American claims."

"The American members probably will welcome a change in the Spanish side, as they are not a match in legal subtleties for Senor Montero Rios. Whether there is a rupture or not Senor Sagasta is likely to continue to dictate the negotiations. I have high authority for prognosticating the course of the first dispute over the American interpretation of the third article of the protocol and the claims upon the Philippines for war indemnity as inconsistent with the previous articles."

"Senor Sagasta will say that he considers that Porto Rico is a sufficient indemnity. In the second place, if non-suited, he will proceed to put a value upon the Philippines far in excess of any possible war indemnity, or even France, would offer terms higher than the Americans take as the basis of negotiations. He will plead that no Spanish ministry could live if they accepted the American terms. As a third step he would resign office, leaving the negotiations to begin over again under a conservative ministry. Thus a speedy termination of negotiations is not expected."

Washington, Nov. 4.—By way of preparation for what may happen at the meeting of the peace commissioners in Paris to-day it may be said that the officials here have no idea that the Spanish reply will be an unconditional acceptance of our last proposition relating to the acquisition of the Philippines. On the other hand they do not expect an unequivocal rejection. What is likely to occur is that the Spanish commissioners will come in with a counter proposition, the basis of which probably will be a considerable increase in the sum of money to be paid to the Spanish government for the Philippines. This will open a way to negotiations on that subject, and inasmuch as the commissioners spent about six weeks considering the sections of the protocol, dealing with Cuba and Porto Rico, it is reasonable to believe that at least a few days may be properly allowed for the discussion of the Philippines.

Madrid, Nov. 4.—The announcement of the intentions of the United States regarding the Philippines has greatly excited the public here. It is generally recognized, however, that it would be futile to appeal to Europe, which has abandoned Spain to her fate. The newspapers protest vigorously against the "incredible cynicism and abuse of strength by the Americans." El Globo exclaims: "Europe and America seem determined to sanction by cowardice and selfishness a crime that will be a blot upon the history of the century."

Steamer Pacific Burned. Collingwood, Ont., Nov. 4.—The passenger steamer Pacific, owned by the Great Northern Transit Co., burned at the Grand Trunk wharf here Thursday. The railway freight sheds were also destroyed. The Pacific was valued at \$65,000 and was insured for \$25,000. The loss from the burning of the freight sheds will be very heavy.

\$500 Reward

The above Reward will be paid for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the party or parties who placed iron and slabs on the track of the Emporium & Rich Valley R. R., near the east line of Franklin Housler's farm, on the evening of Nov. 21st, 1898. HENRY AUCHY, President.

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