

Cuba's Patriot Leader, General Maximo Gomez.

A Man of Iron With a Heart Instantly Responsive to Suffering Influences.

From the New York Sun.

It has been the writer's privilege and pleasure during the last year to study in the camp and in the field of battle the leaders of the Cuban revolution, as to which may be the greatest, it does not matter now. Time and the historians of the future will decide that point.

General Maximo Gomez, as commander-in-chief of the insurgent forces, is today the center of interest. The eyes of the civilized world are watching him. Suffering Cuba is looking to him to free her from her oppressors. His staff adores him. The rank and file of the army admire, fear, and worship him. On every hand you hear "Maximo Gomez has never been defeated in battle."

It was in this battle that Brancilio Pena was Gomez's everlasting enemy and the hero of Camaguey's fighting. While General Suarez, through his failure to come to the front with 400 reinforcements, met the rebuke and disgrace which afterward caused his death.

It was noon of the second day's fight when Colonel Pena and his escort of thirty men, hungry and overworked, rode into General Gomez's presence. "Where can you see me, my men, General?" asked the panting Colonel. "You look worn out," remarked General Gomez.

"Perhaps, but our guns are in good order," replied the Colonel. "You had better get a bite to eat before going into action," suggested Gomez. "Our appetites will be better after we have burned a little powder," pleaded Pena. "But you have ridden all night," urged Gomez.

"I had to send an orderly twice," General Gomez afterward told me. "General I could get Pena and his men off that hill. The Spaniards had almost surrounded it when he discovered that he had barely time to cut his way out and retreat."

"Why are you here?" Gomez finally asked. "I came to 'em,' answered Suarez. "After the 'em' on Gomez. "I could not 'em' you sooner." "You could neither cross nor go around those hills," inquired Gomez. "My practice (guide) could not find the way."

matter how insignificant the offense might be in the eyes of the world, with Gomez it is a matter of principle and there is no forgiveness for such a crime. For this reason he has forbidden all loyal Cubans to accept money for any services rendered him by any commodity furnished during the revolution.

While traveling through the interior with an escort of seven men the writer once offered to "punch six government" (banano) to cents for a cheese. The man smiled his thanks but refused the money, saying: "If I were to accept that silver, General Gomez would send me to the prison for a month."

Any man, Cuban, American, soldier, or "pacifist," may travel from one end of Cuba to another without a cent. He will receive food, shelter, and whatever necessities may be in the power of his host to extend, but he will not have one who will accept pay for service rendered. Sentiments through the central and eastern portions of the island are insurgent factories where hats, shoes, saddles, and even clothes are made. If a friend of "Maximo" you are welcome to fit yourself out, but no money will be taken in payment.

The writer will never forget the rebuke administered to a certain brigadier in southern Camaguey. It is not necessary to mention his name, for he has since redeemed himself by courage displayed in battle. Headless of General Gomez's orders, he had been not only permitting "parties" in his district to sell raspadura (brown sugar in cakes) to some of the Spanish garrisons, but it was proved that he had received \$50 for allowing the sale.

General Gomez sent for him. As the officer appeared the bugler sounded the "assembly." Turning to his force, General Gomez said: "You see before you a man who has been known as Brigadier. He is Brigadier no more, but 'Brigadier Raspadura' (sugar cake). From this time forth no man in Cuba is to either address him or speak of him other than as 'Brigadier Raspadura.'" Then turning to the culprit he continued: "Take off those stars! Give them to me, quick. You disgrace them. You have sold yourself for \$50. You can be bought for a cake of brown sugar. You are not a patriot; you are a common peddler of privileges. You are not fit to command men. Down to the ranks, foot where you belong, and be grateful if my soldiers condescend to march alongside of you."

General Gomez is exacting in his requirements of conduct, but most generous in his praise when it is merited. Although known to the world as a man of iron, beneath his mask of sternness lies a heart as tender as a woman's. He whipped his wife as she insulted the trust placed in his hands by the dead martyr to his more sacred than anything else on earth. Not less did he love and honor his mother. His right hand, Macco could comprehend Gomez's plans and execute his orders through a kind of military telepathy which never failed. Gomez's leaders never misunderstood each other. The shadow of a personal jealousy never crossed their lives. Gomez derived far more pleasure from Macco's successes than did the victor. General Gomez is a disciple of the old French cardinal in many respects. With him there is no such word as fail. For the man who fails he has no further use. Nor will he listen to excuses from any one.

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uncomfortable. General Gomez is seldom seen in repose or absorbed in deep thought. The restless, wary look of the eagle is always present, no matter how quiet or peaceful may be the surroundings. His bearing is dignified and impressive, but a strange, unaccountable magnetism seems to emanate from this remarkable little man at all times. No one can escape the influence of his glance into the hearts of cowards and makes the culprit tremble in spite of himself. He is a man of moods. When in a happy frame of mind he will look you square in the face and listen quietly to what you may have to say, but if annoyed his glance is to one side and down. His brows frame the point of his nearly trimmed iron gray beard, receives a peculiar, petulant beating from his restless right hand. "Go on, I hear you," he will say, when encountered in this mood it is policy not to "go on," but to retire with an little delay as courtesy will permit.

Upon the possible recognition of Cuban belligerency by the United States government he is most sensitive. "I have forbidden the discussion of that topic in my camp," he once said to the writer. "At one time we all hoped, with reason we thought, that our great and glorious republic would show a little consideration, if not absolute justice, to a people struggling for that most precious of all boons, liberty. But we have been disappointed. We realize fully that no matter how uneven the contest we must fight it out alone. I want my officers to understand the situation, to expect only death, and to rely on nothing but our own individual efforts to free this unfortunate island from the cruel grip of Spain."

The occasional allusions to Gomez as an "adventurer seeking fame or fortune in Cuba" are most unjust and unfounded. No man ever held a cause more sacredly at heart. There is no man who would so proudly die for a cause as he does not willingly share with the common soldier in his army. The pomp and glitter of rank have no charms in Gomez's eyes. Two small gold stars on the collar of his dark blue sack coat alone indicate that he is commander-in-chief of the "Army of Liberation." His gray uniform is simple, smart, and practical. He wears a vest minus two or three buttons partially covered a flannel negligee shirt, laced at the neck with a small blue silk necktie. Some fair figures have worked their way into his autumn leaves down the front of the fawn-colored shirt.

Twelve years of this man's life have been given to free and oppressed peoples. If fate spares him to witness the independence of Cuba, Gomez will ask for no greater reward. Conservative Advice. Playright (in excitement)—They are calling for the author. What shall I do? Stage Manager (who has seen the review)—You'd better slip out of the stage door and make a ready-made collection. Nor is there anything unreasonable in the fear that the mania may lay hold of an occasional person who is not able to indulge in the luxury of canceled postage stamps, and so lead to the impoverishment of families. It may be necessary to set up Keeley cures for confirmed and habitual collectors whose appetite is too strong to be subdued by ordinary means.

ONE OF LINCOLN'S STORIES. Fate of the Man who Advertised Gunpowder at Prayer Meeting. The following anecdote by Lincoln is recounted by General Horace Porter in his "Campaigning With Grant." In the latter part of the year 1862, Lincoln visited to the front in City Point. In the course of the conversation that evening he spoke of the improvement in arms and ammunition, and of the new powder prepared for the 15-inch guns. He said he had never seen the article, but he understood it differed very much from the powder that had ever been used. I told him that I happened to have in my tent a specimen which had been sent to headquarters as a curiosity, and that I would bring it to him. When I returned with a grain of the powder about the size of a walnut, he took it, turned it over in

IS A COSTLY MANIA. The Philatelist and His Craze in Some Manifestations. "Not worth a canceled postage stamp" must cease to be a current expression of utter worthlessness. At a New York sale a confederate 5-cent canceled postage stamp was sold for \$100. Another 10-cent stamp, all canceled, anywhere from \$1 to \$72.50 each. The stamp collecting mania has gone much further than that of coin collecting. Not even the mad desire for nightmare posters threatens to rival its fury. Usually it is harmless, because its victims are commonly able to adjust it without wrecking their business and throwing their families on the community for support. Occasionally, however, it fastens its relentless clutches on men of moderate means who are sometimes reduced to the point of selling the bed and other household furniture to buy a coveted stamp. A canceled stamp of Cape Colony or Patagonia often, too insignificant to be known to the public, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Just what good is served by a collection of postage stamps is not clear. It may be useful to the young in training them in classification and geography, thought that is never the purpose of the unfortunate collectors, but otherwise the object seems to be nothing more than to gratify the pride of possession; to inspire the lively sense of pleasure that comes from having what other men earnestly desire. The collection of almost anything else may have an excuse from fate and necessity. There is a study of the art of making the thing, whatever it may be. Postage stamps are of comparatively recent origin, and the art of engraving and printing may be studied to much better advantage in other prints. For that reason the collection of postage stamps is more honest affluence than the collection of coins, snuff boxes, cards, warning pipes, flippers, firearms, and so on. In the case of these others there is a poor pretense that the motive of the collector is to trace the development of the art. The collector of stamps, having no such reason to urge, is bound to stand forth as a man whose motive is the pride and passion of possession.

Since a single canceled postage stamp has a market value of \$75, there is nothing incredible about the statement that a New York banker who does not wish his name mentioned has a collection that is valued at \$30,000; or that the late A. T. Stewart paid \$5,000 for a single canceled stamp. There is nothing unreasonable in the fear that the mania may lay hold of an occasional person who is not able to indulge in the luxury of canceled postage stamps, and so lead to the impoverishment of families. It may be necessary to set up Keeley cures for confirmed and habitual collectors whose appetite is too strong to be subdued by ordinary means.

COMMITTED AN ALIBI. That's How the Judge Understood It and He Sentenced the Prisoner. From the Detroit Free Press. "Don't question anything you hear about the administration of justice in the early days of the West," advised the man who had dug and prospected over a large part of it in search of a fortune. "I've seen men out there acting as magistrates that could neither read nor write, and they were no approach to correctness in any language. "I recall one instance up near the head of Bitter Creek. While a miner was down at the saloon one night enjoying himself after the manner of such men, some one stole into his tent and made up the bags of dust he had buried there. Upon discovery of the theft there was a great hue and cry raised, a Sheriff's posse was called in and a young fellow from the East, little better than a tend-ruff, was arrested for the crime. He didn't look guilty or act guilty and there was a good deal of sympathy for him among the boys. Otherwise the regular formula of justice might not have been observed.

"When the trial came on the young man had a lawyer that he had sent for and was making it interesting for the prosecutor, who relied largely upon lung power and sledge hammer blows. Inside of two hours it was proved by evidence that could not be questioned that the accused had spent the entire night with a friend at his shanty three miles from camp. Outside of what the prosecutor said, he had never seen the prisoner going out in the evening and returning in the morning. Even the prosecution was gracious enough to admit at last that a perfect alibi had been proved. "That's no mistake about it," roared the court in order to emphasize his indignation, "it had been proved by the sneakin', slick-tongued hypocrite has committed an alibi. I sentence him to six months' hard labor." "And it took half a day to get the sentence annulled."

his hand, and after examining it carefully said: "Well, it's rather larger than the powder we used to buy in my shooting days. It reminds me of what occurred once in a country meeting house in Sangamon county. You see, there were very few newspapers then, and the country storekeepers had to resort to some other means of advertising their wares. If, for instance, the preacher happened to be late in coming to a prayer meeting of an evening, the shopkeepers would often put in the time while the people were waiting by notifying them of any new arrival of an attractive line of goods. "One evening a man rose up and said: 'Brethren, let me take occasion to say, while we're-a-waitin', that I have just received a new invoice of sportin' powder. The grains are smaller than you kin see 'em 'em with the naked eye, and polished up so fine you kin stand up and comb yer hair in front of one of 'em grains just like it was a lookin' glass. Hope you'll come down to my store at the crossroads and examine the powder for yourselves.' "When he had got about this far a rival powder-merchant in the meeting, who had been boiling over with indignation at the amount of advertising the opposition powder was getting, jumped up and cried out: 'Brethren, I hope you'll not believe a single word Brother Jones has been sayin' about that powder. I've been down there and seen it for myself, and I pledge you my word that the grains is bigger than the lumps in a coal-pile; and any one of you, brethren, if you was in your fur coat, you could not put on it any powder on your shoulder and march 'surg' through the sulphurous flames surroundin' you without the least danger of an explosion.'"

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One of Mrs. Pinkham's Talks

Concerning a Mother's Duty to Her Young Daughter. Together with a Chat with Miss Marie Johnson.

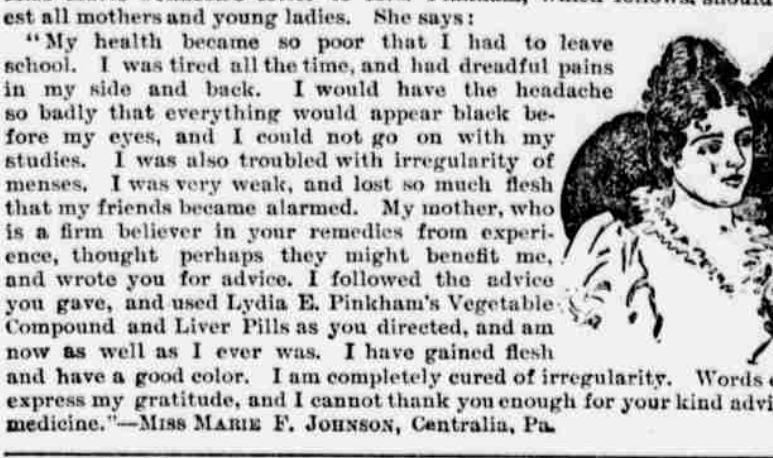
The balance wheel of a woman's life is menstruation. On the proper performance of this function depends her health. Irregularity lays the foundation of many diseases, and is in itself a symptom of disease. It is of the greatest importance that regularity be accomplished as soon as possible after the flow is an established fact.

Disturbance of the menstrual function poisons the blood. In young girls suppression develops latent inherited tendencies to scrofula or consumption, and no time must be lost in restoring regularity. Many a young girl goes to her grave because this difficulty has been thought lightly of, and mother has said, "Time will bring about a cure; she is young, I don't worry about her."

Mother, when you see your daughter languid and indifferent to things that usually interest a young girl, when you note that flush on her cheek, that glassy appearance in her eyes; when your daughter tells you that even the weight of her dress waist oppresses her, and that she has terrible pains in her stomach shortly after eating, don't ignore these signs! If you do, you will be following your daughter to the grave, for she will die!

This is gospel truth—it is developing consumption of the bowels! Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the greatest regulator known to medicine. Make haste to use it on the first appearance of the tell-tale symptoms; it will restore all the female organs to their normal condition. Miss Marie Johnson's letter to Mrs. Pinkham, which follows, should interest all mothers and young ladies. She says:

"My health became so poor that I had to leave school. I was tired all the time, and had dreadful pains in my side and back. I would have the headache so badly that everything would appear black before my eyes, and I could not go on with my studies. I was also troubled with irregularity of menses. I was very weak, and lost so much flesh that my friends became alarmed. My mother, who is a firm believer in your remedies from experience, thought perhaps they might benefit me, and wrote you for advice. I followed the advice you gave, and used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills as you directed, and am now as well as I ever was. I have gained flesh and have a good color. I am completely cured of irregularity. Words cannot express my gratitude, and I cannot thank you enough for your kind advice and medicine."—MISS MARIE F. JOHNSON, Centuria, Pa.



Portrait of Miss Marie Johnson, who provided a testimonial for Mrs. Pinkham's medicine.

LACKAWANNA LUMBER CO., MANUFACTURERS OF GANG SAWED PENNA. WHITE HEMLOCK AND HARDWOOD LUMBER. Bill Timber cut to order on short notice. Hardwood Nine Rails sawed to uniform lengths constantly on hand. Peled Hemlock Prop Timber promptly furnished. MILLS—At Cross Fork, Potter Co., on the Buffalo and Susquehanna Railroad. At Mina, Potter County, Pa., on Coudersport, and Fort Allegheny, capacity—100,000 feet per day. GENERAL OFFICE—Board of Trade Building, Scranton, Pa. Telephone No. 4014.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

Table with multiple columns listing railroad routes and schedules. Includes sections for Pennsylvania Railroad, Delaware and Hudson, and Lehigh Valley Railroad System. Lists various stations and train times.

Central Railroad of New Jersey

Table listing train schedules for the Central Railroad of New Jersey, including routes to Philadelphia, New York, and other nearby cities.

Del., Lacka. and Western.

Table listing train schedules for Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western railroads.

Fine Line of NEW STYLES STONE RINGS

Advertisement for jewelry, featuring stone rings, diamond and combination rings, sterling silver ware, and sterling novelties. Includes contact information for Mercereau & Connell.

Sunday School Lesson for October 10.

Paul a Prisoner at Jerusalem.

Acts XXII, 17-30.

BY J. E. GILBERT, D. D., LL. D., Secretary of American Society of Religious Education.

CONTEXT—In company with friends Paul entered Jerusalem May 16, A. D. 58, for the fifth time. He was met by a mob of Jews who had heard of his return. With sadness he trod the streets, knowing that the mere mention of his name might imperil his life. As the bearer of help from the Gentile converts to the mother church, he was presented in due time to the elders, over whom James presided. The work done was narrated in full, and those who heard rejoiced. Apprehensive of trouble, he submitted to James' advice to conform to the Nazarene custom as a conciliatory measure. Paul reluctantly consented. The effect was just the opposite of what was expected. On finding him in the temple the Jews falsely accused him of polluting that holy place, and raised a great tumult against him. On hearing the uproar the centurion had him under arrest as a disturber of the peace. On his way to prison he obtained permission to speak.

WARNING—In that address Paul told the story of his conversion, which occurred a quarter of a century before, and closed by relating an incident in his visit to Jerusalem soon after, with which our lesson opens. (Verses 17 and 18.) On that occasion (Acts, ix, 26-29) he had a remarkable vision. While in the temple engaged in prayer, Jesus appeared to him, directing him to leave Jerusalem, for the Jews would not receive his testimony. (Matthew, xv, 23.) In mentioning this event the apostle evidently intended to win his hearers by showing that he had been under supernatural or heavenly guidance; that he had become a follower of Jesus, and a minister to the heathen, not from his own will, but because called. That was the same as to plead the right of a prophet. All the holy men throughout the whole period of Jewish history had been raised up in this manner. (Numbers, xiii, 16.)

CONFESSION.—Paul acknowledged that he was reluctant to leave Jerusalem, even at the Master's direction; that he even asked permission to remain. (Verses 19 and 20.) He pleaded that, inasmuch as he had been a persecutor of Christians, beating them in the synagogues and casting them into prison, a fair trial should be given him. He stated that he should now, in part at least, undo the mischief he had wrought. He probably thought that his words would be received with favor because of his former conduct. Then came the memory of the tragic scene (Acts, vii, 58) when the saintly Stephen was stoned, and he, Paul, who had been sent to his death (Romans, xvi, 7) kept the garments of those who slew him; and this he offered as an additional consideration to secure the Lord's pardon for his former persecutions. These things he said. All this confession was made, years after, in the presence of the excited people, in the vain hope of gaining favor.

MISSION.—Paul assured his hearers that his special pleading did not alter Paul's purpose. Many prayers, offered for him, were unanswered. In this respect, that the particular request is not granted, but all prayers are answered in a larger sense (Matthew, xxi, 22); that he was ready to prepare man to appreciate the will of God, and to leave Jerusalem, he was ready to leave Jerusalem. (Verse 21.) On that sentence hung all his future. He might not tarry, because a larger mission was appointed for him, one destined to the beginning. (Acts, ix, 15.) Here was the watchword of his after life. (Romans, xi, 13.) He had asked for a local ministry, and Jesus had said, "I will send thee far hence unto the Gentiles." (Verse 21.) On that sentence hung all his future. He might not tarry, because a larger mission was appointed for him, one destined to the beginning. (Acts, ix, 15.) Here was the watchword of his after life. (Romans, xi, 13.) He had asked for a local ministry, and Jesus had said, "I will send thee far hence unto the Gentiles." (Verse 21.)

Alaska Gold Dust advertisement. Includes text: "It is hard to get. Fairbank's Alaska Gold Dust. It Cleans Everything. THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Boston, Philadelphia."