

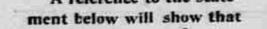
THE WASHINGTON TIMES

MORNING, EVENING AND SUNDAY. OWNED AND ISSUED BY THE WASHINGTON TIMES COMPANY, TIMES BUILDING. EASTWIST CORNER PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE AND TENTH STREET.

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WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNE 17, 1896.



BONA-FIDE CIRCULATION.

A reference to the statement below will show that the circulation sworn to is a bona fide one. It is easily possible for a newspaper with an elastic circulation to swell its legitimate circulation enormously, in order to deceive advertisers, by sending out thousands of papers to news stands, which are returnable, and which are in fact returned, but nevertheless are included in what purports to be an honest statement of circulation.

Intelligent advertisers, however, judge by results, and bogus circulation don't give them.

The family circulation of The Times is many thousands in excess of any other Washington paper and is believed to be fully two times that of its afternoon contemporary.

The circulation of The Times for the week ended June 12, 1896, was as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Day and Circulation. Saturday, June 6, 45,951; Sunday, June 7, 24,999; Monday, June 8, 44,826; Tuesday, June 9, 44,230; Wednesday, June 10, 44,444; Thursday, June 11, 44,820; Friday, June 12, 44,597.

Total Copies Printed, 293,837. Less damaged copies, office left over, unsold, in copies, and copies returned, 26,011.

Net, 267,826. I solemnly swear that the above is a correct statement of the circulation of The Washington Times for the week ended June 12, 1896, and that every copy was delivered or mailed for a valuable consideration.

WILLIAM BUTLER, Superintendent of Circulation. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13th day of June, A. D. 1896.

ERNEST G. THOMPSON, Notary Public.

EDITORS OF THE NEWS

IN THE MORNING TIMES.

If you miss any news in the evening edition look in the list below. What you're looking for was probably published in this morning's edition, and as The Times never repeats you'll have to take both editions to get all the news as quick as it happens.

MORTON WON'T BE DRIVEN—Cannot be moved into taking Second Place.

GLEASON SCORES ANOTHER—Repeats Scenic to Dramatize the District.

PLATFORM IS COMPLETED—Contention of Speakers is ready for the Convention.

CLEVELAND SPEAKS—Denies He Desires No More Honor from His Party.

LAUKA DA LANDED HER ARMS—Two Fishermen Carried Slightly Reached Cuban Soil.

RAIN CAME IN TORRENTS—No Game at National Park Yesterday Afternoon.

WHEEL CLUBS ARE AWAKE—Appointing Delegates to Attend Monday Night's Meeting.

TO COMMAND FOOT MEET—Col. S. S. Sumner Will Take Charge Today.

STILL BACK OF GAMBRINUS—Brewery Workers' Association Denies Rumors of Withdrawal.

BIDS-MAIDERS AND USHERS ARE LACKING—Wilson-Vanderbilt Wedding Will Not Be Pretextual.

MUSIC WON HER A MEDAL—Mrs. Daisy Louise Fox Receives the Trophy Won at the World's Fair.

AWARDED BY THE CARDINAL—Pupils of the Holy Cross Given Their Diplomas.

DETECTIVES WORKING DARK—Another arrest in the Buxton case not improvable.

SATOLLI'S PLANS NOT MADE—He Does Not Know When He Will Take His Departure.

HIS HONOR GETTING TIRED—Judge Bradley Wants the Will Case Pushed.

WARDEN LEONARD'S REPLY.

Desired Charges of the Management of the Jail.

Warden John R. Leonard has filed with Judge Hager, an answer to the charges preferred against him by Mr. Raymond O. Cook. The contents of the reply are kept secret, but it is known that he denies the question of a jail investigation will, it is believed, be decided within a few days. The case is practically in the hands of Judge Hager, his associates having left the management of the investigation to him.

The most important evidence yet filed was that of James Peak, who yesterday, as stated exclusively in The Evening Times, corroborated under oath the assertions of Thomas Palmer and others.

It was asserted today that some of the jail officers have refused to declare the falsity of the charges, and as far as can be learned, only three officers have put their names to Warden Leonard's denial.

James Cotton will give tomorrow a supplementary statement concerning efforts alleged to have been made to get him to retract from his statements.

TIME TO TAKE UP A COLLECTION.

Like a turtle that has lain on a log basking in sunshine until disturbed by the stones of a schoolboy, Mr. Cleveland has again poked his head out of his shell and given utterance to another opinion on the silver question. The clamor of the silverites has awakened him from his third-term dream to a realization that the Democratic party is disrupted, disheartened, and practically defeated in advance of the election simply because he, its logical leader, refused to harmonize its several conflicting interests and continue it as the "grand old organization" of which he proudly boasts.

The silver question may be a betsey, and if crystallized into law may prove a great injury to American interests, but it owes its present aggressiveness and prominence in politics entirely to Mr. Cleveland, and if made the cause of Democratic defeat he, more than any other Democrat, will be responsible for the downfall of his party. During the entire term of the Fifty-third Congress Mr. Cleveland refused to take counsel with leading Democratic members of that body, and under no circumstances would he accept a compromise to conciliate the silver element, although the compromise offered would in no way have affected or injured the existing money standard.

It was this stubbornness on the part of the President that enraged the silverites and incited them to successful aggressiveness, and their efforts to array the masses against the gold bugs were greatly aided by the apparent collusion of the administration with the great corporations and money barons of the country. View the situation from whatever side you may, and it will be seen that had Mr. Cleveland attempted to conciliate the silver element the present controversy might have been averted. Perhaps he had an object in acting as he did. If so, the cost has been the temporary disruption of his party.

It remains to be seen if the alleged "sound money" Democrats will be as successful at the Chicago convention as their capitalistic colleagues have been at St. Louis. Mr. Cleveland's nomination four years ago was the result of a liberal display of financial politics, and doubtless an effort will be made at the Democratic national convention to once more make him the wheel horse of the Democratic trust band wagon, inasmuch as his latest utterance is practically a bid for the nomination. It is nearly time to take up a collection, if that is to be the "sound money" program.

WEYLER'S FENCES.

It is reported from Havana that the authorities and the people are so badly demoralized on account of the nearly successful attempt of the insurgents to cut off the water supply of the city that Weyler has determined to increase at once the fortifications around the capital and to make barbed wire a part of the defenses. It may perhaps be remembered that barbed wire has been also liberally employed in the construction of the trenches, at one end of which is Batabano, the only port besides Havana, in possession of the Spaniards, and which was partly destroyed by the insurgents only a few days ago. This trench has proved no obstacle to the free movements of the insurgents. It has been crossed and recrossed by them a dozen times, and the more it has been strengthened, with the greater ease, it seems, the Cubans have passed it. Weyler is almost on the point of abandoning it altogether, for, disease is playing the mischief with the troops, who, besides, are needed in other places. It is not probable, therefore, that barbed wire will prove any more effective in fencing Havana than it has at the trench to keep Macco from passing to and fro.

About the only thing Weyler has done since he arrived in Cuba and uttered the boast that he would suppress the insurrection in sixty days has been to issue proclamations and edicts of more or less baneful import and to put up barbed wire and other fences with which to stunt the insurgents or keep them from getting out. As an altogether novel implement of war, barbed wire, which is used in this country chiefly to keep cows from jumping into another man's field, is decidedly interesting. But it is likely that after awhile it may even dawn upon Weyler's intellect that a people fighting for its independence cannot be crushed by barbed-wire fences.

CLEARLY WRONG.

Peremptory orders ought to be issued by the Commissioners or the chief of police, or whoever else may have authority in the matter, forbidding the incarceration in a police station cell, during a whole night of young lads who may be guilty of a violation of the bicycle regulations. It is perfectly right on the part of the police to enforce these ordinances strictly, and the imposition of fines upon the offenders will probably have the effect to make them and others more careful, but they should exercise discretion sufficiently not to lock up a boy all night for what is not a grievous trespass of the law, reprehensible though it be, and thereby cause both him and his parents quite unnecessary anguish. If the youthful offender is not in possession of the necessary collateral his bicycle might be accepted as security for the payment of any fine that could be imposed.

The most recent case of this sort is especially aggravated. In this instance the parents of the boy, knowing him to be in the habit of returning home in good season, were greatly alarmed when at a late hour he had not made his appearance, and were in search of him nearly all night. In the early morning hours he was found by a friend of the family locked up in a police station cell, and the humiliation was not spared him of riding to the police court in the "black Maria" with the usual assortment of vagrants, drunkards and thieves. All this is nothing less than shocking, and there should be an end of it at once.

He Challenged His Mind.

Customer—How changed are these brushes? Shopman—Fifty cents, sir.

"And these others?"

"Two dollars, sir."

"They look much the same. What is the difference?"

"Much better quality, sir. This brush at \$2 is worth six of the others."

"You don't mean to say so?"

"Yes, it is, sir, honestly."

"All then here's \$8 and I'll take six of the others."—Spare Moments.

City Brevities

The Tenleytown M. E. Church Sabbath-school has adopted for an outing at College Villa Grove on July 1.

Six new motors have been received by the Georgetown and Tenleytown Electric Railroad Company for use on its line.

The public schools of Tenleytown gave a charming entertainment last evening to the crowd of Twenty-sixth street and Pennsylvania avenue.

Star of Hope Juvenile Temple and District Lodge, No. 3, I. O. G. T., will give an entertainment this evening at the hall on the corner of Twenty-sixth street and Pennsylvania avenue.

Frank Bowman, thirty years of age, was taken suddenly and seriously ill last night at the corner of Seventeenth street and Rhode Island avenue. He was taken to his home, No. 1440 Rhode Island avenue, in the Third precinct patrol wagon.

Mrs. Reeves, while riding a bicycle on Fourth street northeast yesterday, was painfully injured by colliding with a horse car of the Eckington and Soldiers' Home line. She received medical treatment at her home, Fifth street, between B and C streets northeast.

Robert F. Joyce, sergeant, U. S. A., retired, died at his residence, No. 304 T street northwest, last evening. He was stationed twelve years at Fort Washington. He was one of the soldiers sent from Governor's Island, N. Y., on the Star of the West to relieve Fort Sumter, and was fired upon.

Two transfers of liquor license were approved by the excise board today, one wholesale and the other retail. The retail license was transferred from Capar I. Miel to John J. Dugan, No. 1200 Eleventh street southwest. In the other case the wholesale license of Joseph A. and Joseph L. Pasanog transferred to the member firm, at No. 808 Ninth street northwest, James L. retiring.

SERIOUSLY THOUGHT TO BE HUMOROUS

How He Reasoned About It. "Don't you know, young man, that every cigarette you smoke is a nail in your coffin?"

"Then I'll never get into it."

"Why not?"

"Because it's already too securely nailed up."

The Elixir of Life.

A laugh is like a blood with tingling life; Or like the well-filled jug, That banishes all care and strife.

Tracing His Lineage.

"How far back can you trace your lineage, Mr. Moore?"

"To Noah."

"That's rather remarkable. How do you do it?"

"Noah, you remember, had three sons—Shem, Ham and Japheth."

"Well, that's only two."

"And one Moore."

The Explanation.

Irate Wife (at 2 a. m.)—This is a pretty time to be getting home. Where have you been, sir?

Tipsey Hub—At 'em, cosh, 'em, 'em.

"Concert! And do that explain your condition?"

"Yes, m' dear. The music was simply intoxicating."

Quite Likely.

Quibbles—I see that some one has written a McKinley campaign song.

Nibbs—It must be a song without words.

Naturally.

S. S. Teacher—Now, Johnnie, what did the Israelites do when they crossed the Red Sea?

Johnnie—Guess they dried themselves, m'am.

A Dangerous Text.

"Well, Uncle Rastbury, how did you like the sermon?"

"Fow'ful fine sermon, Marse John."

"Where did the preacher take his text?"

"From dat portion ob de scripture whar de postol Paul plants 'his pistol to de Feaston."

Identified.

"Did you see anything of a boy," asked a parent of a policeman, "around here with a broken nose and a scar on his left cheek?"

"I just arrested a fellow of that description," replied the cop, "a little while ago for throwing a stone through a heavy plate-glass window."

"I guess that's the boy," replied the parent, "for he said he was going out to amuse himself."

Perhaps.

Jenks—I wonder why the Psalmist likens man to a flower of the field?

Billing—Because he blossoms with the care, I suppose.

That Old-fashioned Garden Rose.

Oh, that old-fashioned garden rose! In my visions of childhood what longings arise, For those halcyon days 'neath enchanting skies, For the archway, the woodland, the murmuring brook, And that humble abode, with its rose-sheltered nook— Oh, what scenes of my youth unbidden disclose.

Like the petals in June of that old-fashioned rose.

Oh, that old-fashioned garden rose! To dream again in that mystic glow, When the fireflies float o'er the meadows And lend to the gloom a shimmering sheen; And the beetles drone, to languidly draw 'neath that sheltering, dew-christened, old-fashioned rose.

Oh, that old-fashioned garden rose! Again I stand by the brookside dead; I hear again the birds' overhead Chant a requiem in that bloom-bedecked bower, Like a hidden high priest in that grief-stricken hour, The soft-stirring breeze sweet incense bestows From the window o'ergrown by that old-fashioned rose.

Oh, that old-fashioned garden rose! O'er that broken home alone it still grows, In the ruins and weeds of that place now so drear, It lives like the memory of those we hold dear; Ever faithful, it lives through the winter's chill blast, And clings to that home as my soul to the past, With that old-fashioned garden rose.

Disapproves of Both.

"The St. Louis convention chaplain made a mugwump."

"How do you make that out?"

"Because in his opening invocation he prayed that we may never be put to shame and grief by the worship of gods of gold and silver."

Why He Changed.

"Heard you sold your horses and bought a wheel?"

"Yep. I prefer the present spib to the past spau."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

PURSUED BY A MAD DOG

School Children in Southeast Washington Had Narrow Escapes.

Fits Overtook the Brute, and a Poorman Finally Killed Him With a Hammer.

A mad dog terrified the women and children in the neighborhood of Third and E streets southeast, this morning. Several barely escaped being bitten.

The children of the first school were enjoying the forenoon recess in the park opposite the school when their play was abruptly brought to a standstill by strange sounds coming from the trees nearby.

They had scarcely turned to look in the direction from which the sounds came, when a yellow dog, frothing at the mouth, emerged from behind a tree and gave chase to them. Screaming with fright at the top of their voices, the children fled in all directions. The dog continued the chase to the sidewalk of Third street between D and E, and there fell in a fit.

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FEL UNDER THE MACHETE

Dr. Delgado's Head Hacked by Spain's Fiendish Soldiers.

PREVIOUSLY BEEN SHOT

Gen. Melguzo Knocked Him Down, and Said He Would Have Done It Even if Dr. Delgado Were the American Consul Himself—Story of Shocking Cruelties.

Dr. Jose Manuel Delgado, who, with his father, is here for the purpose of actively prosecuting claims against the Spanish government for damages both to person and property, in the great Dr. Rodriguez, 1341 Vermont street, was yesterday shot by the doctor is still quite weak, not having fully recovered from the terrible hardships imposed upon him, and which were expected by the perpetrators to prove fatal. He is, however, slowly improving, but will bear to the grave several scars resulting from his attempted murder.

Dr. Delgado speaks English fluently, having been educated in the United States, although he shows the usual evidences of Spanish birth. In appearance he is prepossessing, being forty-six years old, and wears a mustache and short side whiskers. His claims for personal injuries sustained in 1900, in addition to the sum of \$250,000 for the devastation of his plantation at Doiores, near Havana.

THE ATTACK UPON HIM. Acting upon the advice of his legal representatives Dr. Delgado declines to discuss the subject of his property claim, but frankly speaks of the attack made upon himself. He expects to remain quietly in this city until some definite action in the matter has been taken. The State Department has promised to keep the subject quiet until all the vigor admissible under the established rules of diplomatic usage.

In speaking of his terrible experiences to The Times reporter, Dr. Delgado, for the first time since his arrival in this country, made the following statement: "The outrage of which I was the victim was committed March 4 last upon my estate in Cuba. The insurgents for a few days prior to that date had overrun the plantation, but were finally driven off by Gen. Melguzo, commanding a detachment of Spanish troops numbering 2,000 men."

"Immediately after investing the place they began to loot the house, and after removing all articles of value, by direction of Gen. Melguzo, seven of my tenants and myself were removed to a camp. There we were taken before Gen. Melguzo. I showed to him my naturalization papers and told him I was an American citizen. "With the flat of his hand the general struck me three times, knocking my hat to the ground, at the same time saying that if I were the American consul himself he would not act differently. He then ordered a captain to form a squad of three men, and gave directions that we should be taken to a great national school. On the way we passed through a file of Spanish soldiers, who significantly extended their open hands, palm upward, and shaking them exclaimed: "Machete! Machete!"

"By that time they said that we should be given to the knife. When we had passed through the file we were placed against a stone wall and the firing squad took position several paces to the front. By direction of their commanding officer they fired upon us. One of the bullets struck my scalp, causing me to fall to the ground. "A Spanish soldier then ran up and struck me with his machete. Fortunately the edge of the sword struck the stone wall and broke off. The remainder, however, descended and cut my face just below the temple. You can see the scar. I attempted to feign death, but my breathing was heavy and, seeing that I was alive, another Spanish soldier suggested that I again be given the machete.

"I lay there with arms outstretched, not daring to move, thinking that if the blow was not fatal I would be able to escape. The Spaniard raised his sword, there was a swishing sound and the blade descended, striking me on the right side of the face and cutting a gash, reaching from the temple to the ear, as deep as an apple. The flesh hung down over my shoulder.

PRETENDED TO BE DEAD. "It then succeeded in simulating death and the Spaniards, thinking their work was done, took their departure. Beside me lay six of my tenants, dead. Some of their bodies contained almost innumerable machete wounds.

"I forgot to say that while lying on the ground I was shot through the hip. Here is the bullet hole, because he has expressed his belief in Rodriguez's innocence, not as a result of the trial, but because he believed Rodriguez innocent, but was never told him.

The Spaniards continue to improve, and before another week passes are expected to return to their home at Gaitersburg.

DATE OF OLEO TRIALS. Fixed to Begin Monday Next and to Be Resolved by a Jury. A number of arrangements in the oleo-margarine cases were made before Judge Judge Cole, in criminal court, division No. 1, this morning. The plea of not guilty was entered in each instance. The names of those arraigned are: Thomas J. Bant, Frank Deuterman, W. H. Metzler, Andrew J. Kenney, Patrick McDonough, Joseph H. Gowrich, Frank Wignand, Edgar Hogan, Samuel J. Egan, Joseph P. Daly, James L. Nash, George W. Shelly, John Balloran, Samuel J. McCaully, and Perry B. Hawk.

HARRY E. DAVIS, who is associated with Judge Wilson, was continued in all but one of the cases, asked for a postponement of the trial of any of the indicted until the conclusion of the Holt will trial, when Judge Wilson may assist him. Mr. Birney opposed this, saying he desired an immediate hearing of the cases. Mr. Davis replied that this would be impossible, for he would be out of the city until the last of the week. It was finally decided to begin on Monday next and to try as many cases as possible at this term of court.

A GREAT NEWSPAPER. Story Illustrating How Widely Read Is the Washington Times. In The Morning Times today was published a list of stolen papers, which were recovered by Precinct Detective Hartigan from No. 703 Sixth street northwest, where they had been left by Robert Roberts, a colored thief, now serving a six months' term in jail.

It was stated that Detective Hartigan was looking for the owners of the articles for the purpose of returning the goods and fastening additional charges upon Roberts. "To illustrate that The Times is a widely read newspaper and has rendered good service to the police," said a sixth precinct officer, "I have seen a list of stolen copies by theft, called at the station before 9 o'clock this morning. They had read the article in The Times. The property was identified, and now we will be able to fasten two more cases of theft on Roberts and put him away for a long term. The Times is a great newspaper."

Order in Patent Case. Judge McCoombs today issued an order against Commissioner of Patents Seydner, making June 25 return day, on which he should answer the petition for a writ of mandamus filed by Alfred L. Bernhardt.

Our Ladies' \$1.00 OXFORDS

are unusually popular. They are the same as are sold by competitors at \$1.25 and \$1.50. All Styles of Toe in Black or Tan Kid.

In order to completely clear out the Spring stock of piece-goods in our Tailoring Department we will make them up to your order at these very much reduced prices:

In Lot 1—Suits that have been \$30, \$25, and \$28 will now be \$15.00

In Lot 2—Suits that have been \$30, \$35, \$40 and \$45 will now be \$25.00

There are upwards of 300 choice styles to select from—and of course we guarantee a perfect fit.

Saks and Company, Pa. Ave. and 7th St.—"BANK CORNER."

Our Ladies