

THE PEACEFUL END

Of the Greatest Commoner England Ever Knew

TOUCHING DEATH-BED SCENES.

THERE IS A PRINCE AND A GREAT MAN FALLEN THIS DAY IN ISRAEL.—THE DEEPEST MANIFESTATIONS OF GRIEF DISPLAYED THROUGHOUT GREAT BRITAIN OVER GLADSTONE'S DEMISE.—MR. A. W. CAMPBELL'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE FAMOUS PREMIER.

HAWARDEN, May 19.—Though the news of Mr. Gladstone's death, which occurred at 5 o'clock this morning, spread rapidly, it was the tolling of the Hawarden church bell which carried the sad tidings to every sorrowing home in this vicinity.

Slowly the details of the last moments of the great statesman are coming out of the castle, where the grief is too profound to be intruded upon.

The family was summoned at 2 a. m., owing to the perceptible sinking noticed by the medical watchers. From that time until Mr. Gladstone peacefully passed away, no one left the death chambers. The only absentee was little Dorothy Drew, who had tearfully complained that her grandfather did not recognize her.

Even in that hour of agony kindly thoughts for others were not wanting. The old coachman, who had been unable to be present when the servants bid farewell to the dying man, was summoned and remained to the end with his master.

The deepest manifestations of grief are reported throughout the country. Flags are everywhere half-masted, the bells are tolling, shades are drawn down and in the public galleries here the pictures of Mr. Gladstone have been draped with crepe.

The queen and the prince of Wales sent an early intimation of the sad news and immediately touching expressions of condolence to the widow.

Further details from Hawarden castle of the passing away of the great English statesman show his end was the most peaceful imaginable. There was no sign of pain or distress. Mrs. Gladstone clasped her husband's hand and occasionally kissed it, while the Rev. Stephen Gladstone read prayers and repeated hymns. The nurse in the meanwhile bathed the brow of the patient who showed gratitude, murmuring "How nice." Then came the gentle, almost imperceptible cessation of life in the midst of his son's prayer, and the weeping family slowly filed from the room, taking Mrs. Gladstone, who was induced to lie down, and who soon slept quietly.

Mrs. Drew, Mrs. Henry Gladstone, Mrs. Stephen Gladstone, Miss Helen Gladstone and others attended early communion this morning at Hawarden church, conducted by the Rev. Stephen Gladstone. The ordinary service was prefaced with selected prayers from the burial service.

Public opinion is profoundly stirred by the death of Mr. Gladstone. A member of the cabinet, in the course of a long interview, says:

"It is difficult to find words adequate to express one's feelings at such an event. The disappearance of such a central figure is a tremendous loss. In parliament and throughout the country his influence over our public life was unparalleled."

Lord George Hamilton said: "What impressed me most in Mr. Gladstone, was his extraordinary moral influence, especially in converting the house of commons to accept his home rule bill. Nothing but his personal influence could have achieved so much in the face of insuperable difficulties. I doubt whether there ever was a parliamentarian who equalled him in his high standard of dramatic aptitude and quick adaptability as an orator made him equal to any emergency."

Sir Charles Dilke, radical member for the Forest of Dean, said: "Mr. Gladstone's leading personal characteristic was old-fashioned courtesy; while as a statesman it was his absolute mastery of finance, both in principle and detail. A mastery which was incomparable and superior to that of any of his contemporaries."

Mr. Henry Labouchere, editor of Truth, and Liberal member for Northampton, said: "What impressed me most was his power of concentrated effort. Once he had decided upon a course of action, every thought was bent to attain the end. No duty was too arduous. He was animated both by his supporters and opponents, inspiring the former with his own fierce energy while if he could not gain over the latter he crushed them. It was to this grim determination that he owed most of his successes."

Mr. James Bryce, Liberal member for South Aberdeen and author of "The American Commonwealth," said: "I cannot recall any other case in English history where the whole nation followed the sunset of a life with so much sympathy and regret."

Mr. John Redmond, Parnellite member of parliament for Waterford, said: "The loss to England is absolutely incalculable. Englishmen of all parties should be grateful for his services in promoting the prosperity of their empire."

The house of commons was crowded to-day and when the speaker, Mr. William Court Gully called upon the government leader, Mr. A. J. Balfour, the first lord of the treasury, all present uncovered their heads. Mr. Balfour said:

"I think it will be felt in all parts of the house that we should do fitting honor to the great man whose long and splendid career closed to-day by adjournment."

Before actually moving the adjournment, I have to propose a formal resolution that the house to-morrow resolve itself into committee to draw up an address, the contents of which I have just indicated."

After a word of ascent from Sir William Vernon Harcourt, the Liberal leader, the resolution was adopted and the house adjourned.

MR. CAMPBELL'S MEMORY

Of the "Grand Old Man" of England—A Striking Pen Portrait of the Great English Statesman as He Appeared in 1891. During my stay in England I had only one opportunity of seeing and hearing the great man now departed. That was at High Holborn restaurant, in London, December 11, 1891, where, in the Assembly room of that famous catering establishment, he addressed, after breakfast, about eight hundred people, a large part of whom were representatives of British agriculture, who had met together in different parts of the kingdom to consult as to their interests, about which they were just then very much concerned, on

account of the low prices of British agricultural products. A new parliament was to be elected in 1892, and Mr. Gladstone was already in the field as the leader of the Liberal party. He had been invited to meet the members of this convention and address them on the subject of their interests, and especially their grievances. He and his wife entered the hall after the breakfast was over, at about half-past ten in the day. There was immense cheering in the streets as the old couple stopped and alighted from their cab at the principal doorway, and a prolongation of it from those on the inside as they came up the steps and passed through the main hallway, and when they entered the Assembly room every person present arose and, enthusiastically waving hats and handkerchiefs, joined in a tremendous acclaim of welcome to the "grand old man" and his faithful consort. Not content with this, a separate and hearty cheer was given for Mrs. Gladstone in her own right after the two had taken their places on the platform. Her face is almost as well known to the British public as that of her illustrious husband, from the fact that she was of late years always at his side, wherever he appeared.

I noticed that in passing down the aisle there was a slight limp to Mr. Gladstone's step, as if one leg was a bare trifle shorter than the other, but he nevertheless presented an imposing appearance. He seemed to be somewhat above the average height, and to weigh, say a hundred and sixty pounds. His head was large and somewhat bald, and his thin hair somewhat long and straggling, the color being rather gray than pronounced white, although he was then eighty-two years old. Under his chin, extending around from ear to ear, he wore a ruff of grayish white whiskers, reminding one very much of Horace Greeley's famous setting. His face was full and loquacious in its aspects and proportions, and only very slightly shrunken by his age, and his complexion was suggestive of health and vigor. His features were all strong and impressive, full of thoughtful gravity, and on them was stamped the irrefutable evidence of the high and disciplined life he had led. His large and luminous eyes I could only compare to two electric orbs, because every time they turned to my side of the assembly room they seemed to flash out the thoughts he was expressing. All readers of the Intelligencer who remember the eyes of Madame Modjeska, as they saw her on the stage in Wheeling, can form a fairly good idea of the remarkable eyes of Gladstone. All in all, physically, intellectually and morally, he was the handsomest old man I have ever seen. His whole appearance seemed to strikingly illustrate his long and eventful and exemplary life.

The address at Holborn lasted for over an hour. Once or twice only did he refer to his notes, and, I think, without glasses. And once or twice only did he take a sup of water. His voice was strong throughout, and his enunciation clear, deliberate and distinct. His only gesture was to bring his right hand up to the level of his face and let it gradually descend. The thing that particularly impressed me in his speech was his ability to enthrall his audience without being himself perceptibly enthralled, and another thing that likewise impressed me was the fact that he committed himself to absolutely nothing. For instance, in winding up any given portrayal of any given legislative need of the agricultural classes he would simply remark, in effect, that this particular matter was a feature of the situation that should receive the serious consideration of the incoming administration.

He made no promises whatever, but nevertheless every one of his hearers felt that the old man accurately diagnosed their grievances, and fully sympathized with them. They each and all went away with no doubts whatever on the point, and hence, in the now historic elections of the next year, they overwhelmingly supported his general policy, and did their part at the polls in making him premier of the empire for the fourth time as the appropriate termination of his illustrious public career.

The speech to which I listened was delivered nearly six and a half years ago. It was not a remarkable speech in any forensic sense, such as Mr. Gladstone was proverbially equal to on great occasions, but it was quite noteworthy for its exegetical and historic character as bearing on the important issue of British agricultural discontent. Two years later, when he was past eighty-four, he delivered in parliament, introducing his Reform bill for Ireland, what Justice Harlan, of the United States supreme court, who heard it from the galleries, pronounced the greatest speech to which he had ever listened. That was very much indeed to say of any man's speech, even in the prime of his life and the zenith of his powers, but how vastly more was it to say of a statesman almost half way in his ninth decade—far past the "lean and slippered" age of life, yet still standing amidst the ranks of war—still bearing that matchless armor of his, which none but him, of all the 630 members of the house of commons, could wear—that armor which has been well likened to the shield of Achilles, that "not twelve strong men could raise. Such men as live in these degenerate days."

The true measure of Mr. Gladstone's personal power in Great Britain is what happened when at eighty-six years of age he was obliged to lay aside his premiership and submit to a surgical operation.

Railroad Engineer

Testifies to Benefits Received From Dr. Miles' Remedies.



THERE is no more responsible position on earth than that of a railroad engineer. On his steady nerves, clear brain, bright eye and perfect self command, depend the safety of the train and the lives of its passengers. Dr. Miles' Nerve and other remedies are especially adapted to keeping the nerves steady, the brain clear and the mental faculties unimpaired. Engineer F. W. McCoy, formerly of 323 Broadway, Council Bluffs, but now residing at 3411 Humboldt St., Denver, writes that he "suffered for years from constipation, causing sick, nervous and bilious headaches, and was fully restored to health by Dr. Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills. I heartily recommend Dr. Miles' Remedies." Dr. Miles' Remedies are sold by all druggists under a positive guarantee, first bottle benefits or money refunded. Book on diseases of the heart and nerves free. Address, DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.



BRAVE LIEUTENANT WHITNEY.

At Risk of His Life He Carried McKinley's Message to Gomez.

When the history of heroes is written the name of Lieut. Whitney will not be absent. In the teeth of Spanish cavalry he rode cross country, swam streams, and arrived at the camp of Gomez with scaled instructions from the President.

Lieut. Whitney's trip here was an exciting one. He was landed by a torpedo boat from the cruiser Marblehead on Monday night, some days ago. They hid their saddles and equipments on the beach and started inland afoot. Just at daybreak, when about five miles from Remedios, a challenge rang out: "Alto! Quien viva?"

The challengers proved to be a patrol from Col. Bermudez's column. They immediately took Lieut. Whitney and his guides to the colonel. Bermudez embraced the American, and his staff could not do too much for him. Lieut. Whitney breakfasted with them, while a party was sent back to bring on the saddles and camp kit from the beach. Col. Bermudez insisted on Lieut. Whitney's taking his own horse, and provided him with an escort of a dozen men and two servants.

South of Placetas, on the projected route of the railroad that it to connect Placetas with Sancti Spiritus, the American envoy got a glimpse of the enemy in the shape of a Spanish guerilla band of 200 men. Lieut. Whitney and his escort turned to the eastward. The Spaniards saw them and chased them into the Nazario hills. Lieut. Whitney taught the Cubans an American trick by doubling around a big hill and marching back. This manoeuvre lost the enemy utterly, and they were not seen again.

They reached the camp of the rebel chief just before dark. Couriers had gone on ahead, and Gen. Gomez was waiting for the American officer. The general grasped his hand as he swung off his horse at the central, and as he shook it cried: "Thank God; at last!" And the ragged Cuban soldiers took it as a cue, and the old sugar plantation rang with the cries of "Viva Cuba Libre! Viva los Americanos!"

me a neat and even darn was an indication of a lovely character and I'm only half across this hole." Then, there is all the mail each man has received since he has been in camp. Do you have any idea what paper weighs?" "Oh, not if you use thin paper!" said the girl, thoughtlessly. Mr. Gibbon looked at her with dawning suspicion, which grew as she met his accusing gaze and faintly blushed. The longer he looked the pinker she became. Jealousy shot into Mr. Gibbon's heart in acute torment. He arose.

"Beautiful weather we're having," he remarked, lily, and reached for his hat. "Where are you going?" asked the girl, contritely. "To war," answered Mr. Gibbon, gloomily, "to death, bullets and yellow fever. Unless I change my mind and sacrifice myself by wearing one of those awful red, white and blue neckties they have in the shops."

"Well, good-bye," said the girl. Then she added, mischievously: "Would you like to have me write to you—on thin paper?" But Mr. Gibbon had banged the door and was gone.

NOT A WHISPER. But Trumpet Notes of Truth Sounded Here in Wheeling. Enthusiastic people everywhere. Sounding praises of the Little Conqueror. Trumpet notes of truth. Like music to the miserable. Bringing comfort to the afflicted. Telling truths for public good. Telling how it can be done. How the back can be relieved. Burdens lifted, pain removed. Comfort, happiness and health. Facts that cannot be gain said. Proven easy by your friends. Because Wheeling people say so. That's the proof that counts. Read this endorsement: Mrs. O. E. Smith, of 8 South Wahash street, says: "Ever since the flood of 1834, when I overtaxed myself, I suffered from attacks of weakness and aching across the small of my back. As the trouble increased I became devoid of all ambition, had frequent spells of dizziness and aching through the back of my head, a urinary weakness and swelling of the limbs, feet and ankles. When I over-exerted myself or walked up or down stairs once or twice, my limbs felt as though they would burst and often ached so they were really painful. I was tired and languid all the time and had to force myself to get around and do light housework. I used many different remedies, but the relief obtained was only temporary. When I saw Doan's Kidney Pills so highly recommended, I made up my mind to try them and got a box at the Logan Drug Company's store and took them. They proved to be the very thing I needed. I recommend them to others who are troubled in any way from disordered kidneys, and truthfully say I would not be without them in the house."

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no substitute. If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. m-w&f

SPANISH MASSACRES

In the Philippines before the Fleet of Dewey did Unleash. VANCOUVER, B. C., May 19.—It appears from information brought by the Empress of India that the Spanish did a little bombarding on their own account in the Philippines about a fortnight before Admiral Dewey silenced their fleet. About the middle of April, says a Manila report, Spanish warships went down to Cebu, where they bombarded the city. The troops met no opposition on landing, the rebels having absconded before a shot was fired, taking with them, it is said, \$200,000 in cash. About thirty natives were killed in the bombardment, but no European casualties are reported. The foreigners in business in Cebu hoisted their national flags over their premises, and these were respected by the Spanish admiral. Cebu, which ranks third in the cities in the Philippines, was wrecked by the bombardment. A massacre of rebels by the Spanish also preceded Admiral Dewey's victory.

Another account from Manila says: "The other day a panic was occasioned in the city by a report that the suburb of Tondo had arisen. All the doors and windows were closed and the civil guard paraded the streets. The real cause of the panic was afterwards discovered to be surprise by the civil guards of a meeting of Insurrectionists in a house in Calle de Camda. The civil guards opened fire upon the rebels and at the same time burst open the doors of the house. The rebels offered stout resistance with long knives and axes, but the volleys soon settled matters, seven natives being killed. Eight of the guard were wounded, and later two died. Subsequently sixty or seventy persons were captured and shot without loss of time. It is estimated two hundred rebels escaped into the country. Two companies of the third native regiment were also sent in pursuit. Risings in Bolinao and Zamboales have been subdued, Spanish troops having killed thousands of Indians and hundreds of women and children.

Don't Believe It. MADRID, May 19.—It is announced in a dispatch received here from Havana that the German warship Geier has arrived there. The dispatch adds: "She did not salute the American squadron either with her guns or flag, but she paid the usual salutes to the forts here, and her commander landed and visited Captain General Blanco, Admiral Manterola and the president of the colonial government. The visits of the commander were lengthy and were marked by extreme cordiality. The Spanish authorities returned the visits."

West Virginia Notes. Special Dispatch to the Intelligencer. WASHINGTON, May 19.—Senator Elkins has introduced measures as follows, each of which was read twice by its title and referred to an appropriate committee: A bill granting a pension to John T. Wentz; a bill for the relief of Elizabeth Muhleman, widow, and the heirs at law of Samuel A. Muhleman, deceased; a bill for the relief of Mrs. Denzilia Stump,

and a bill for the relief of the trustees of the Baptist church of Guyandotte, W. Va. Pensions have been granted to West Virginia applicants as follows: Original—Allen Ward, Dickson, 14 years month. Increase—David E. Harris, Harperswood, from \$3 to \$10 per month. Dependents—Margaret J. Duller, Rome, \$8; George W. Street, father, Brandonville, \$12; minor of Henry Dezel, Graysville, \$14. A pension has been granted, also to William Gardner, Lowland Farm, Washington county, Pa., at the rate of \$6 per month.

Robbed the Grave. A startling incident of which Mr. John Oliver, of Philadelphia, was the subject is narrated by him as follows: "I was in a most dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and side, no appetite—gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately, a friend advised trying 'Electric Bitters,' and to my great joy and surprise, the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks, and am now a well man. I know they saved my life and robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 5 cents per bottle at Logan Drug Company's drug store.

ONE MINUTE is not long, yet relief is obtained in half that time by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. It prevents consumption and quickly cures colds, croup, bronchitis, pneumonia, a gripe and all throat and lung troubles. Charles R. Goetze, Market and Twelfth streets; Chatham Sinclair, Forty-sixth and Jacob streets; A. E. Scheele, No. 607 Main street; Exley Bros, Penn and Zane streets; Bowls & Co., Bridgeport.

GOLD DUST. Uncle Sam is using gun-powder. For every kind of cleaning about the house, use

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Washing Powder. It does the work quickly, cheaply, thoroughly. Sold everywhere. Made only by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Baltimore.

GOLD DUST

AN OPEN LETTER To MOTHERS.

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I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher on every wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," which has been used in the homes of the Mothers of America for over thirty years. LOOK CAREFULLY at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought and has the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher, Jr.

Do Not Be Deceived. Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which even he does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought" BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF Chas. H. Fletcher. Insist on Having The Kind That Never Failed You. THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

"A HANDFUL OF DIRT MAY BE A HOUSEFUL OF SHAME." CLEAN HOUSE WITH SAPOLIO

DR. MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS. They overcome weakness, increase vigor and restore health. They are "Mister Safety" to afflicted women. They develop organs and bodies. No known remedy for women's ailments. Cannot do harm—life becomes a pleasure. \$1 per box by mail. DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., Cleveland, Ohio. For Sale by Will S. Dickson, The McClure House Pharmacy.