



A PUNCTURED TIRE.

YOU can find my description in any of the little books distributed by our firm, and should you look it up, you will discover that my picture occupies the place of honor on the second page under the heading, in large, black letters, "A High Grade Ladies' Wheel," the high grade, of course, applying to me and not to the ladies. I defy any one to produce a more perfect specimen of the bicycle kind than I was when I left the manufacturers on a beautiful May morning just two months ago.

They were proud of me at the shops; indeed, I think there was something about my graceful frame and polished enamel finish that made me stand out as one apart from the thousands of other wheels around me. The first journey I took was when I left my native city and was shipped with many companions to Washington.

I liked this beautiful Capital City of yours, and longed for a spin on the smooth asphalt pavements, but it seemed for a time that I was doomed to disappointment.

I was taken to the bicycle school, where I spent most of my days watching the strange antics of beginners, the earnest efforts of those who had taken several lessons, and the lofty, though sometimes uncertain, air of the ones almost ready to ride in the street.

In all of this I had no part. I was a new wheel, and must wait quietly until purchased. Sometimes my indignation would be aroused by the rough treatment bestowed upon the poor old machines, on which the beginners were taught, by their inexperienced riders. How they slammed those wheels around! Why, often I have seen the ground strewn with riders with the overturned wheels underneath them. Sometimes, though, the wheel got on top, and then the rider usually was hurt a little. Then again, some few of the wheels who had not quite lost all their spirit would get tired of the endless jerking and clanking, and spin around the track until the scholar became paralyzed and helpless with fear, and then plunge through an open gate or up a brick wall, with the rider screaming: "Instructor! Instructor! Help!" Those were risky tricks, though, for you stood an even chance of getting hurt yourself.

Day after day I watched these sights until I was weary of it all, and beyond making a firm resolution to throw myself down a precipice before descending to such work, I did nothing for several weeks. At last one beautiful morning—I remember well it was May 19—the manager of the place came in the park, accompanied by a very pretty girl and an older lady whom I took to be the girl's mother.

They came over to the rack in which I stood, and drawing me out he said: "Here is exactly what you want, miss; there is not a finer wheel in the city. Look at that frame, good and strong, beautiful finish. Light weight, just lift it, not twenty-five pounds, all the bearings turned from tool steel." The girl's pretty face was a study as she looked up and down in an anxious effort to find the different parts to which the manager referred so glibly.

"I like it," she said at length, "don't you, mother? You see," turning to the man, "I have been about a month trying to buy a wheel. I thought it would be quite easy, but we have had a dreadful time. Besides having gone to about twenty places ourselves we have had at least thirty agents, who heard we wanted a wheel, come after us, and the most puzzling part of it all is that each one says all the others are perfectly worthless. So mother and I made up our minds to give them all the slip, and that is why we came here this morning. Let us take this wheel, mother."

The mother approached me, tried to look critical, gave me a gentle shake, and said:

"Well, it seems to be a good strong one. I do hope you won't have any accidents."

That very afternoon I was sent to my new home, a magnificent brownstone on Connecticut avenue, and in a few days I knew all about the family, for gossip is rife in the servants' hall, in a little room adjoining which I was kept.

My young mistress was named Bessie Bainbridge, she was the only—and needless to say overindulged—child of wealthy parents, and just now, of course, she was suffering from a bad case of bicycle fever.

Almost every evening after dark the devoted father and mother would sit out on the porch and watch Bessie and me struggle up and down the street. A young friend of hers was teaching her to ride, and of all patient and devoted instructors that handsome man took the lead. He was a nice fellow, too, and never seemed too hot or tired to invent suitable answers to the parents' endless questions as to why Bessie couldn't ride along like the other girls did, and what made the wheel wobble so, wasn't something the matter, and hadn't they better go back to

up before Mr. Meredith, and own Bob right, oh, no. Suddenly she gave a cry, something between a gasp and a scream. "Oh, look—in front of us—see that drove of cows!" "They won't hurt you," said Mr. Meredith, in a superior way. "Come on."

"But my wheel—it always—always shies at cows," gasped poor Bessie. Mr. Meredith's lip curled. "I really can't face those cows," said Bessie again, between gasps. "Let's come and ride in front—then you and Mr. Meredith can run into them first!"

I gladly slowed up in pursuance of this idea, for Bessie was too tired to have the slightest control over me, and dropped behind with Bob.

"Bessie, you are tired to death," he exclaimed indignantly. "I'm not," replied Bessie, furiously at once. "But I'm afraid of those cows; wait till you see how this wheel shies!"

"Keep it pointed straight and I believe it will go by all right," said Bob soothingly. "Let us get off and rest, I am as tired as you."

"No, I won't get off; I'm not a bit tired."

"Take the centre of the road then," said Bob, as we neared the meek-looking cows. "They can't hurt you, I'm on their side; don't go up on that path or you'll get a puncture sure."

That gave me an idea. Bessie was tired out and too proud to own it. She would certainly fall off if she did not get down in a few minutes. A puncture would be an excellent excuse for resting. Then, again, she had said twice that I shied at cows—well, I would make her words true.

Without further hesitation I ran down a little incline in the road and made for the by path Bob had warned us of.

Crunch, crunch, bid! A silvery feeling along my tire, an agonizing cry from Bessie. "Oh, Bob! Bob! Look! I told you!"

In a moment Bob was beside us and had lifted her to the ground.

"Your tire is punctured," he said briefly. "Wait a minute, let me think what to do."

I felt a personal interest in the affair, so let my breath go out as slowly as possible, until at length Bob said: "I have it!" and pulling out his knife he ripped a puncture in his own tire that put mine to shame.

Then he shouted to Meredith and Miss Grey, who came flying back.

"What is the matter?" they cried. "We both got in a bad bit here," said Bob, "and have punctures in consequence. Will you two ride on to Cabin John and send something after us?"

"Yes, I guess we had better go on. No use of our losing the ride, you know," said Mr. Meredith, but Miss Grey would not agree to that, so they finally decided to ride back to Bessie's home and send the carriage after her.

And then off they went, and Bessie, who was utterly exhausted, began to cry a little, and Bob found a cooling place under the trees and was trying to comfort her, much to my interest, when I suddenly discovered that I was slipping from where Bessie had insecurely stood me up beside a tree.

Down, down I went, until seeing a nice, soft spot I fell over on my side and lay there contentedly for about an hour.

I was aroused by Bob's voice hailing a farmer driving by in a wagon. After some talk the farmer agreed to take them in town.

"Why, where is your wheel?" I heard Bob say.

"Isn't it against that big tree? I put it there about ten minutes ago," said Bessie, and her voice sounded strangely happy. Then Bob went looking round until he found me, and having ascertained that beyond the deflated tire I had no injuries, he patted me with his own wheel in the cart and then he and Bessie climbed in by us.

As we drove slowly toward town I heard Bob say in a low voice: "We will have to get a tandem, now, Bessie, dear," and she answered: "Yes, Bob, but do you know I like this wheel of mine and want to keep it always even—with a smile—if it does shy at cows."

And Bob laughed happily and said, "We will always keep it and it shall have a brand new tire to-morrow."

"How about your own?" asked Bessie, with a twinkle in her eye.

"Mine shall have a new tire, too," said Bob. "I feel like giving presents to everything and everybody, I am so perfectly happy, Bessie."

Then in the early twilight of a summer's evening we all drove into Washington together.—Washington Post.

Cure for Scandal.

Here is a cure for a terrible disorder of the mouth, commonly called "scandal." "Take of 'good nature' one ounce; of a herb, called by the Indians 'mind your business,' one ounce; mix these with a little 'charity for others,' and two or three sprigs of 'keep your tongue between your teeth.' Application: The symptoms are a violent itching of the tongue and of the mouth, which invariably takes place while you are in company of a species of animals called gossip; when you feel a fit of it coming on take a spoonful of the mixture, hold it in your mouth, which you will keep closely shut till you get home, and you will find a complete cure. Should you apprehend a relapse, keep a small bottle about you, and on the slightest symptoms repeat the dose."

A Famous Hand.

It is computed by a statistician of the curious that Queen Victoria's hand, which is said to be a handsome one, has signed more important state papers and been kissed by more important men than the hand of any other Queen that ever lived.

THE NEWS.

The two negroes who attempted to assassinate Col. C. D. Hunter near Selma, Ala., were lynched—Victor Nottingham and Edward Wilson were sentenced in Norfolk to five years in the penitentiary for the murder of Allen Jones—Guy Smith, a boy, was arrested in Huntington, W. Va., for horse-stealing—A small boardwalk at Atlantic City collapsed, and several young people were badly hurt—Two passenger trains on the Illinois Central, while running at full speed, collided. Two were killed and a number injured—The Columbus Buggy Company, of Columbus, O., made an assignment—The death list at the Atlantic City disaster is now placed at forty-four, of whom forty have been identified—It has been found that Frank Donnell, who was supposed to have leaped from the steamer Pocahontas into the James River, was murdered.

William Hawkins, a bartender, was killed in Chicago by J. G. English and his sister Nellie. He had deceived the girl—John Webster shot his mother in Laport, Ind., because she refused to give him money—J. George Smith, manufacturer of spring and iron beds, at Chicago, made an assignment to A. S. Tobias, an employee of the firm. Assets are given at \$55,000 and liabilities \$18,000.

An unknown woman riding a bike ran down and killed Wm. Klank in Chicago—Frank Owens, a brickmason, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who had been working in Kent, O., received his pay and went on a spree. He was arrested in Akron, O., while intoxicated, and attempted to hang himself in his cell at the city prison with his suspender. He was discovered and cut down before harm was done—Two men robbed a fare bank at Newport, Ky.—The East Chicago Iron and Steel Company, of Hammond, Ind., has made an assignment—Bert Green, colored, convicted of the murder of Miles P. Mitchell, near Whiteville, Harlan county, in December last, was hanged at Jackson, Tenn.

Henry Lyons, who killed his wife near Ft. Pleasant, W. Va., went to the home of his mother and committed suicide—Charles De Heart, a farmer in Patrick county, Va., who had given information to revenue officers about moonshiners, was found dead in a field shot through the head—The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has decided to stop all work on its lines wherever possible, in order to reduce expenses—The Dennison Deposit Bank at Dennison, O., made an assignment. Liabilities over \$100,000; assets \$60,000—Joseph Greidler, of Minnesota, a crack bicycle racer, was killed on the track at Lima, O.

George McConnell, grand keeper of records and seals of K. of P. of Oregon, has disappeared. His accounts are short \$2,000.—The main auditorium of the Frankford Music Hall, in Frankford, a suburb of Philadelphia, was destroyed by fire. The loss will amount to \$20,000. The origin of the fire is unknown. The building was 60 by 150 feet—A. G. Elliott & Co., paper manufacturers in Philadelphia, made an assignment—Judge Tillinghast, of the Appellate Court of Providence, R. I., directed the entrance of a decree forfeiting the charter of the Commercial Trust Life Insurance Company, restraining the president and other officers of the company from transacting any insurance business in the name of the company, and appointing James C. Collins, Jr., receiver—Sheriff David Douglass and an unknown highwayman were found dead in the woods near Nevada City, Cal. They had probably killed each other—Fifteen miners were drowned, several other lives were lost, thirty-six persons were injured, many of them by lightning, and property valued at \$100,000 destroyed in the storm that swept over Pittsburg and vicinity Monday night. The storm also did great damage to other parts of Pennsylvania.

Edward Burkack, one of the robbers of the Cripple Creek stage coach, has been caught.—The Civic Federation of Chicago, claims to have wholesale evidence of police corruption in that city—Two masked men robbed the Illinois Central Station at Walker, a station between Springfield and Clinton in Illinois. Agent Campbell was shot and probably fatally wounded by the robbers—Colonel John Hallam, an Arkansas attorney, shot and fatally wounded Rev. W. O. Forbes, a prominent Baptist minister in Texarkana, Ark.—Ephraim Glover, a prominent citizen of Haddonfield, N. J., was instantly killed by being struck by the Atlantic City express on the Camden and Atlantic road—Edward Johnson struck John Hildeberg, of Perth Amboy, N. J., a blow in the jaw that killed him.—James Casherega, alias George Wilson, was hanged in the Federal jail at Fort Smith, Ark., for murdering a man named Thack for the purpose of robbery. He protested his innocence on the gallows—Andrew Todd, of North Adams, Mass., was arranged before United States Commissioner Fiske in Boston on a charge of robbing a postal car at Newport, Vt., and was held for court—W. C. Burt, of Austin, Tex., murdered his wife and two little children, and placed their dead bodies in a cistern—A number of persons were killed and injured in a railroad wreck at the crossing of the West Jersey and Atlantic City roads on the meadows just outside of Atlantic City.

Fifty people were overcome by the heat in St. Louis. Of these ten died.—Wm. Fluk, of Carlisle, Pa., has been arrested in Chicago on a charge of forgery—Two masked men shot George Hetzler, a saloonkeeper in Cincinnati, who refused to give up his money. One of the robbers was arrested.—The Ancient and Honorable Company of a tillery regiment Boston, from their excursion to England and France. When the steamer had reached her berth, a letter from Mayor Quincy was handed to Colonel Walker, in which the company was congratulated on its safe return—Revised lists of the dead and injured by the railroad wreck on the meadows near Atlantic City show that forty-seven persons were killed and forty-three injured—George F. Hauser, who had charge of the signal tower near where the accident occurred, was arrested pending the investigation by the coroner's jury.

INSTANT DEATH.

Fifty Excursionists Killed Near Atlantic City.

ABOUT A HUNDRED INJURED

The Reading Express Crashed Into the Pennsylvania Excursion Train Where the Two Roads Cross at Grade About Four Miles Out From the Famous Seaside Resort—Heartrending Scenes.

The most awful disaster in the history of Atlantic City, N. J., occurred Thursday evening just outside the city limits, when a hundred persons were mangled in a railroad collision, half of whom are believed to be dead.

The Reading Railroad express which left Philadelphia at 5:40 o'clock for Atlantic City crashed into a Pennsylvania excursion train at the second signal tower, about four miles out from Atlantic City. The Pennsylvania train was returning to Bridgeton with a party of excursionists from that place, Millville and neighboring towns. It was loaded with passengers.

At the second signal tower the tracks of the two roads cross diagonally. The Reading train was given the signal but it either failed to work or the speed of the express train was too great to be checked in time. It caught the excursion train broadside and ploughed through, literally cleaving it in twain. The engine of the Reading train was shattered to pieces. Every car was jammed to its fullest capacity.

As soon as the news reached Atlantic City the utmost consternation prevailed, but the authorities were equal to the emergency. Relief trains were dispatched to the scene loaded with physio and cots. As quick as the bodies were recovered they were carried into the local hospitals and undertakers' shops. A general fire-alarm was sounded and the department promptly responded and aided in the work of digging for the victims.

Telegraph Operator Arrested.

William Thurlow, telegraph operator in the tower-house, was arrested and held pending an inquiry.

The responsibility for the accident cannot now be fixed.

It is said that the Reading signal was displayed and that the whistle of the train was sounded. The Reading has the right of way at the crossing.

Train Loads of Victims.

The first Reading relief train bore into Jersey City twenty-seven mangled corpses—men, women and children. The next train, an hour later, carried fifteen of the maimed and wounded, and two of these died soon after reaching the city. As train after train arrived from the scene of the wreck, the sanitarium, which does duty as the city hospital, was soon crowded. Meanwhile others of the dead and injured were being carried to the private hospital at Ocean and Pacific avenues.

Edward Farr, engineer of the Reading train, was killed outright, as was another road man who rode on the engine with him. This man, whose name has not yet been learned, saw that the collision was inevitable and leaped from the cab an instant before the crash. Almost at the same instant the engine cut its way through and caught him directly in the path. His body and that of Farr were found under a heap of debris, but the engineer lay in what remained of the cab and his right hand still clasped the throttle. He had been faithful unto death, and met it at his post. The fireman on the train had leaped a few seconds before and escaped with trifling injuries.

Samuel Thorne, baggage master on the Reading train, is among the dead. James M. Bateman, a Bridgeton undertaker, is known to be killed. He was in the third car and his hat was found lying among the mass of broken timbers. Richard Trenchard, a Bridgeton machinist, and his wife are both dead.

Seventeen unidentified women, four men and a female child, all dead, were taken to the Excursion House. Fireman Kelley, of the Reading train, was fatally injured.

The excursion train bore five tribes of the Order of Red Men—the Bridgeton, the Niagara, the Iowa, the Ahwachanah and the Cohawank—with their wives and children.

The Work of Rescue.

The scene at the wreck was wildly picturesque. By the light of the moon and a few flaring lanterns the rescuers worked bravely. Axes and shovels were piled with the greatest vigor, and at almost every half-dozen strokes a mangled form was brought up and laid tenderly on waiting pallets. A heap of bloodstained timbers turned aside by one of the rescuers brought to sight a woman's arm. It had been wrenched off and the hand was missing. It had been clad in a dainty white linen glove, the sleeve of which still clung to it. Not five minutes later a chance blow from a pick revealed a human heart that only a few short hours before had been throbbing with life.

One woman whose body was recovered still held in her dead hand a plate bearing a picture of Atlantic City. It was unbroken. Scattered about the ground near the wreck were many pieces of clothing, which had been torn from the bodies of the victims, hats, dainty parasols, fans and gloves.

Just as one of the relief trains reached the Pennsylvania depot with its terrible load one man who lay in a corner horribly injured, regained his senses for a moment, and clasping his hand to his head, cried in heart-rending agony: "Who did this? Where are my wife and children?"

Mr. Sweigard's Report.

A late report says that fourteen of the injured have since died at the sanitarium. Superintendent I. N. Sweigard, of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company, places the number of dead at thirty-seven and the injured at about the same number. He sent a telegram to Philadelphia this evening which said:

"There were thirty-seven persons killed as follows: Twelve women, twenty-one men,

two boys and two girls. About the same number injured."

Died on Hearing the News.

The ringing of the bells gave the Atlantic City public the first intimation they received of the disaster. The utmost excitement prevailed. The boardwalk was deserted and the crowds that surged about the two railroad stations rendered the streets in those sections almost impassable.

Mrs. Edward Farr, wife of the Reading engineer who was killed, when informed of her husband's tragic end threw up her hands with a frantic shriek and fell dead at the feet of her informant.

LEVERING IS NOTIFIED.

The Prohibitionist View of the Issues of the Coming Campaign.

Joshua Levering, of Baltimore, was officially notified of his nomination for the Presidency of the United States by the Prohibition Party. Prior to the notification, the Maryland Prohibitionists held their State Convention, and nominated electors in the various Maryland districts. They also paraded the streets of the city with banners and music, the line of march terminating at the Lyceum Theater, where the notification meeting was held.

The theater was prettily decorated with national flags, the State colors and banners illustrative of the principles of the Prohibitionists. The body of the house was well filled, and on the stage were men prominent in all walks of life.

The meeting was called to order by Hon. William Daniel, of Baltimore, after which Rev. Dr. J. E. Smith, also of Baltimore, offered prayer. Samuel Baldwin, the permanent chairman, then assumed the gavel, and introduced W. O. Stewart, who as chairman on the committee of notification, delivered the address informing Mr. Levering of his nomination.

Mr. Levering read from manuscript his letter of acceptance, which in part is as follows:

The products of the soil—the mainstay of the nation's prosperity and wealth—are so low in value in many instances as not to pay the cost of production, leaving nothing for the labor of the toiler or for the capital investor. Many persons hold the opinion that the cause of this trouble is over-production. But can such an explanation be true? Can any one who believes in a beneficent Creator believe that He bestows bountiful harvests to be a curse rather than a blessing to mankind? No. No. Perish the thought. The reason of all the prevalent trouble in our fair land today is not overproduction, but under consumption. That being so, where is there a cause which prevents the consumption of the necessities to say nothing of the luxuries of life, comparable to the liquor traffic?

We are told by the advocates of one of the political parties that a high tariff is the panacea of all our ills, and yet the average annual receipts from the customs for the three years ending June 30, 1894, when the McKinley tariff bill was in operation, were \$171,000,000, less than \$2.00 per capita of our population. Others tell us that the free and unlimited coinage of silver will be the cure-all of the evils afflicting our people. It is strange such an idea should be entertained when the fact is recalled that the total output of silver in this country for last year was only \$50,000,000, a sum much less than the annual product of the familiar barnyard fowl. How utterly insignificant are either of these figures compared to the \$1,200,000,000 which it is reliably estimated is the direct yearly tribute the people of this country pay to the support of the liquor traffic. A stupendous sum and so large as to be difficult of realization. It is nearly twice as large as the aggregated capital of all our national banks, or to state it more plainly, it is equal to about 75 per cent. of the entire money, gold, silver, and paper currency of the United States.

Addresses were also delivered by T. A. Stevens, of Pennsylvania; R. J. White, of N. J.; Judge H. B. Moulton, of Washington, and Samuel Dickey, of Michigan, chairman of the Prohibition National Committee.

CONVICTS IN MUTINY.

Several Shot Down by the Garrison, at Leavenworth, Kan.—One Killed.

A gang of forty convicts from the United States Penitentiary were being worked on the prison farm on the Fort Leavenworth, (Kan.) reservation when they became mutinous and most of them broke for liberty.

The guards began shooting as soon as the prisoners started, and this caused nearly all the convicts to stop running, most of them lying down to avoid being killed.

George Yeast, six feet five inches tall, the leader of the outbreak, refused to surrender and tried to get into some brush. Six loads of buckshot were emptied into him, and he received his death wounds. Yeast is an Indian Territory desperado.

S. F. Dovey refused to stop running until he was shot in the hip and abdomen and was knocked down with the butt end of a pistol. His wounds may prove fatal.

Sam Muls gained the Missouri River bank and was about to jump in when he was shot in the left leg and badly wounded.

The shooting caused a general alarm at the garrison and grounds. The prisoners shot were long-term Territory horse thieves with bad records.

TURKS' ATTACK STOPPED.

British Marines Were About to Quell the Rev.

While the National Assembly of Crete was sitting on Saturday, a panic occurred and the Turks prepared to attack the Christians, whereupon the commander of the British Ironclad Hood lowered five boats with which to land a force of marines. Order was restored, however, before action became necessary. During the disturbances a Turk was killed by another Turk.

Three battalions of Turkish infantry were landed at Retino Saturday. Several skirmishes have taken place between Retino and Ieraklion.

Sixty Cretan volunteers have landed on the island.

By the President: RICHARD OLNEY, Secretary of State.

A large body of Mussulmans, supported by Turkish troops, engaged in pillaging the Asomati district, Island of Crete, has been attacked by a force of \$1,500 insurgents. The latter drove the Mussulmans and the Turkish troops out of the district and inflicted serious loss upon them.

TIDAL WAVE.

Sweeps Away a Number of Chinese Villages.

MANY CATTLE PERISH.

Four Thousand Persons Supposed to Have Been Destroyed by the Sudden and Extensive Inundation—The Rice Fields Have Been Ruined.

News of a terrible disaster, involving great loss of life, has just reached Shanghai, China. A tidal wave, estimated to have been five miles in width, swept in from the sea on Sunday last, and inundated the coast of Hainan, in the northeast of the province of Kiang-Su. The damage done was very great. Many villages were destroyed, and it is estimated that at least four thousand people were drowned. In addition, an immense number of cattle perished, the rice fields were submerged and almost totally destroyed, with the result that a famine is feared in that district during the coming autumn.

On July 25 there suddenly appeared in the Yellow Sea a huge bank of water that was rushing shoreward with terrific velocity. The water of the coast is shallow, and when the wave was some distance away it began to comb, and the roaring could be heard for a great distance. From the stories of eye-witnesses and the report of persons in the country back from the coast, the wave was five miles wide.

Thousands of tons of water were thrown for miles inland, and everything in its path was swept away. All the cattle were drowned, and the rice fields were obliterated. It is expected that the survivors will meet with a worse fate than death by drowning, for, with the destruction of the rice fields, famine will stare them in the face in the autumn.

Had it not been for the gradually sloping land under the water, the effects of the wave would have been far more disastrous than they actually were. This had the effect of greatly retarding the progress of the immense mass of water, which, had it been unchecked, would have swept far inland.

In many cases whole families were lost. There is already much suffering among the survivors, who, miserably poor before the disaster, are now homeless and footless.

It is feared that later details will add to the number of lives lost and the extent of the damage done.

Hainan is situated opposite Yu-Chau Island, on the coast of the Kiang-Su province, which is on the Whang Hai of Yellow Sea. The surface is mostly level, which may account for the great loss of life. Kiang-Su is one of the most fertile provinces of the empire, and exports more silk than any other part of China. The Yang-Tse-Kiang enters China through this province, the principal city of which is Nan-Kin.

NEUTRALITY TOWARD CUBA.

President Cleveland Issues Another Proclamation of Warning.

The President has issued a proclamation bearing date of July 27, again commanding citizens to observe neutrality toward Cuba. The proclamation refers to the original proclamation of June 12, 1895, demanding an observance of the neutrality laws in respect of the Cuban insurrection, and gives notice that all violations will be vigorously prosecuted.

The proclamation in full is as follows: By the President of the United States of America, a proclamation.

Whereas, by a proclamation dated the 12th day of June, A. D. 1895, attention was called to the serious civil disturbances accompanied by armed resistance to the established government of Spain then prevailing in the Island of Cuba, and citizens of the United States and all other persons were admonished to abstain from taking part in such disturbances in contravention of the neutrality laws of the United States; and

Whereas, said civil disturbances and armed resistance to the authority of Spain, a power with which the United States are on terms of peace and amity, continue to prevail in said Island of Cuba; and

Whereas, since the date of said proclamation said neutrality laws of the United States have been the subject of authoritative exposition by the judicial tribunal of last resort, and it has thus been declared that any combination of persons organized in the United States for the purpose of proceeding to and making war upon a foreign country, with which the United States are at peace, and provided with arms to be used for such purpose constitutes a "military expedition or enterprise" within the meaning of said neutrality laws, and that we do hereby solemnly warn all citizens of the United States and all others within their jurisdiction against violations of the said laws interpreted as heretofore explained, and give notice that all such violations will be vigorously prosecuted.

And I do hereby invoke the co-operation of all good citizens in the enforcement of said laws, and in the detection and apprehension of any offenders against the same, and do hereby enjoin upon all the executive officers of the United States the utmost diligence in preventing, prosecuting, and punishing any infractions thereof.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this twenty-seventh day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and twenty-first.

(Seal) GROVER CLEVELAND

By the President: RICHARD OLNEY, Secretary of State.

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