

STEVENS REPLIES.

THE EX-MINISTER'S ANSWER TO PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S LETTER.

The Allegations in Mr. Blount's Report Against the Official Conduct of Captain Wilkes and Himself Are Grossly Untrue, He Says. The Queen Openly Declines the Legislature.

Augusta, Me., Dec. 31.—Ex-Minister Stevens last night made the following reply to President Cleveland's message and his criticisms of Mr. Stevens' official conduct.

"Human government in its best form sometimes fails to secure all the just objects for which it has been created. No one who has studied the doings of the remarkable body of men who formulated the constitution of the United States has failed to observe what care and effort were exercised to create an executive power which would not be abused for purposes of usurpation and tyranny. In creating the office of president it was impossible to provide against all contingencies of usurpation by that officer. The provision for impeachment was the best safeguard that the framers of the constitution could constitute. The great reluctance of the conservative men of the country to remove the chief executive for abuse of power seems to have encouraged President Cleveland to resort to the extraordinary measure of overturning the provisional government of Hawaii, while as much as possible concealing his intentions from the American congress.

"There is nothing in American history more shameful in its scope of injustice and tyranny than the attempt of President Cleveland and Secretary Gresham to crush out liberty and American interests in Hawaii by the threat to restore the extinct Hawaiian monarchy by force of arms or by diplomatic chicanery and pressure more infamous if possible than the use of ball and bayonet. The allegations in Blount's report against the official conduct of Captain Wilkes and myself are grossly untrue, are in manifest antagonism to all the reasonable probabilities and logic of the situation in Honolulu in January last.

"President Cleveland's grossly untrue and shamefully unjust allegation against myself and the naval commander, rests entirely on the statements of the fallen queen, of Wilkes, the Hawaiian half white minister, and other thoroughly discredited testimony.

"Persons of the highest character for intelligence and integrity, who know and witnessed the events when the monarchy fell, have contradicted expressly this secretly collected testimony of Commissioner Blount.

"I only repeat here what has been amply verified again and again that neither by force, nor threat of force, or by any action of mine was the fall of the monarchy precipitated.

"If President Cleveland sees fit to make a point against my official conduct that months before the events of last January I had advocated annexation, he deliberately and purposely conceals that what I said in my dispatch in November, 1893, was a confidential statement to the department of the true condition of affairs in Hawaii.

"The queen, her immoral favorite, Wilkes, and the lottery ring, openly defied the legislature and the property holders of the islands. Only the remarkable self-possession of the respectable and responsible men of the islands prevented an outbreak and the overthrow of the monarchy at an earlier day.

"Captain Wilkes and myself on the Boston arrived in the harbor of Honolulu in the forenoon of Jan. 14.

"I was completely taken by surprise at what the queen, the palace associates and the lottery gang accomplished in 10 days. The surprising, irresistible tide of the revolution was then obvious to all persons not wilfully blind.

"Without sleep for two days and nights on the Boston, without stopping to change dress, with the English minister, I attempted to get access to the queen to try by friendly advice to arrest the revolution.

"It was too late. The mobs of royal retainers were already gathering to the palace to aid the queen to carry out her plan of overturning the constitution.

"What took place at the palace that afternoon of Jan. 14 ended the Hawaiian monarchy forever.

"I will not repeat what I before said to the American public as to the falsity of the charge that, Queen Liliuokalani was driven from her throne by American force, or by the threat of American force, in any form or manner whatever.

"As to the landing of the Boston's marines Jan. 16, I only add that had been done on a previous Hawaiian crisis by Commander Woodard, on the request of Minister Merrill, acting under the Cleveland-Bayard order, Aug. 1, 1893.

"At that time the United States legation was near the royal palace, at a less distance than the Arion park, of which Cleveland and Blount speak of as commanding. Of the hall I had never heard of until a lodging place was needed for the marines after they had landed, a hall that I have never yet seen.

"By an accurate map just received from Honolulu, it is obvious that this hall does not command the palace. The president's statement that the three points at which our small naval forces were placed were not favorably chosen for the protection of American life and property, is radically an error, as all know who are familiar with the map and the buildings of Honolulu.

"The representations of the president that the queen's Wilson had sufficient force in the limited area of the police station to sustain the monarchy, is notoriously absurd to all honest persons acquainted with the facts.

"If the queen had the force, why had it not been entered while the outraged people were openly holding their great mass-meeting and making their arrangements for the establishment of a new government?

"Why did Wilson and his so-called force wait until the outraged citizens gathered with their rifles and bottled them up in the police station?

"Why did the queen's representatives call at the United States legation on the 17th and ask the aid of United States force to support her?

Hillmokuani. That the Hawaiian monarchy was overturned by the United States force, was and is put forth for the sole purpose of bringing discredit on the preceding administration, and on the action of the foreign relation committee of the United States senate in favor of annexation. It remains to be seen if the American congress and American people will approve the conspiracy to make war on the provisional government at Hawaii, and use the military forces of the United States or the diplomatic pressure of the United States for the restoration of a semi-barbaric queen, in want, on defiance of the best American opinions and antecedents, and by an excessive use of executive power against an American colony, more positive and more excusable than which George III and his ministers sought to impose on the American colonies that formed the government of the United States."

COMMODORE STANTON RESTORED.

Placed in Command of the North Atlantic Squadron.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 23.—Secretary Herbert has given out his decision in the case of Commodore Stanton, detached from command of the South Atlantic station for saluting Mello in the harbor of Rio.

The secretary restores Stanton to duty and assigns him to the command of the North Atlantic squadron. This regarded as perhaps the choicest station to command among them all.

The secretary in his letter to Commodore Stanton, dated Thursday, says in relation to Stanton's action in saluting Admiral Mello.

"The department thinks you committed a grave error of judgment and that the facts and circumstances surrounding you at the time were sufficient to have warranted you against it. Your government had not recognized nor authorized you to recognize Mello and his forces as entitled to belligerent rights. It does not alter the case that when you called on him and when he returned the call 'He was dressed in the uniform of a Brazilian rear admiral.'"

"Your salute was given to Admiral Mello within sight and hearing of the people of the capital of Brazil and it naturally tended to encourage his supporters as well as to offend the supporters of the government.

"The department now, feeling assured that no further action will be necessary to prevent the recurrence of such errors, will, as soon as practicable, restore you to command."

GOVERNOR PENNOYER'S LETTER.

He Appeals to the President to "Carry Out the Pledges of the Platform."

SALEM, Ore., Dec. 25.—Governor Penoyer has addressed a letter to the president in the form of a Christmas greeting in which he urges the executive to carry out the pledges of the platform. He details at length the poverty, idleness and suffering in the state and country, which he attributes to the recent legislation against the purchase of silver, which he says made gold alone a full legal tender money.

"He appeals to the president as a father to think of the 'many little ones weak and sickly from insufficient food and clothing, the innocent victims of vicious financial legislation, whose sleeping forms are bathed by the scalding tears of mothers bending over them in sorrow and despair, and their resolve, as you should, to faithfully carry out the pledges which your party gave to the suffering people."

"If you will do so God will bless you and a grateful nation will applaud you."

Lake Disasters of the Season.

ALBANY, Dec. 23.—Captain Henry DeVille of Sodas Point, a boatman of extended experience on the great lakes, has kept an accurate record of all casualties happening during the past season. He records the loss of 56 vessels of a total valuation of \$1,240,000. During the year 123 lives have been lost, of which 59 were on Lake Erie, 33 on Lake Huron, 10 on Lake Superior, 19 on Lake Michigan, four on Lake Ontario and five on the Detroit river. One life was lost from a steamer and three suicides, by jumping overboard, were reported. The total loss by stranding, collision and fire on the great lakes approximates \$2,312,658. During the past season 197 vessels with a registered tonnage of 32,583 tons have arrived at Sodas Point. The coal shipments from that port amount to 60,663 tons net.

Sad Outcome of a Practical Joke.

MUNCIE, Ind., Dec. 23.—A good many horses have been stolen in the vicinity of Yorktown recently, causing a great deal of excitement. As a practical joke the friends of John Rudy, a drygoods clerk, had him arrested at a church entertainment by a bogus sheriff. The warrant charged him with horse-stealing, and by prearrangement a crowd gathered and threatened to lynch Rudy. He broke away and ran home, a distance of five miles, and is now a raving maniac.

Exciting Struggle on 'Change.

BOSTON, Dec. 23.—There was an exciting scene on the corn exchange. The younger members, owing to the sickness of business, introduced a football upon the floor of the exchange and a lively tussle followed. This did not suit the views of the older members, who took the ball away and cut it up after a hard struggle. The fight between the opposing sides became general and 80 policemen were required to quell the disturbance.

Think Prendergast Was Sane.

CHICAGO, Dec. 23.—The courtroom in which Prendergast is being tried for the murder of Mayor Harrison was almost deserted by spectators and the proceedings were without sensational features. A number of insanity experts testified that they considered the prisoner sane and responsible for his acts.

Editors Invited to Stamford.

KINGSTON, N. Y., Dec. 23.—The National Editorial association, which meets at Astbury Park next June, has been invited by the Delaware county press club and prominent citizens of Stamford in that county to make an excursion to that attractive place in the Catskills at that time.

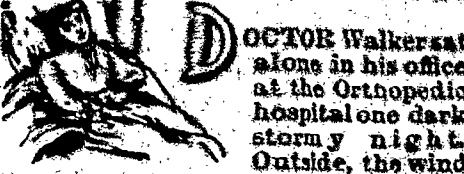
Guilty of Manslaughter.

LITTLE FALLS, N. Y., Dec. 23.—James A. Platto of Herkimer was found guilty of manslaughter in first degree for killing Rufus Nichol in Herkimer, last June, and was sentenced by Judge Williams to Auburn prison for 17 years.

Drought in Argentina.

BUENOS AYRES, Dec. 23.—The drought in the Argentine Republic is causing serious damage to crops, etc. Negotiations are proceeding for the conclusion of a commercial treaty between Argentina and Chile.

DR. WILL'S STRANGE PATIENT.



DOCTOR WALKER'S CASE.

Doctor Walker was alone in his office at the Orthopedic hospital one dark stormy night. Outside, the wind and rain were having it all their own way.

Within the hospital dead silence reigned. The patients were supposed to be disposed for the night, and lights were out, only in the wards where the sufferers were so dangerously ill that the watchers by their bedside sat waiting with patient outward composure for the approaching end.

Doctor Walker—he was familiarly known throughout the institution as "Doctor Will"—sat poring over a large volume upon the table before him, and striving to concentrate his thoughts upon its contents. But he seemed out of sorts to-night; he seemed restless and uneasy. A noble, manly face, with handsome features and kindly blue eyes. His upper lip was shaded by a drooping moustache, which it was his habit, when perplexed or annoyed, to bite furiously. Altogether, Doctor Will Walker was a man to attract, to invite confidence and to attract a lawyer for a physician. For all physicians, especially where nervous diseases are a specialty, should possess this attraction to the patients.

"Ah! what is it? Did you speak to me, Kate?"

For there at the half open door of the office, Doctor Will's quick glance had detected one of the night nurses—a pleasant faced, kindly-looking woman who had been long attached to the hospital. She stepped to the threshold, and threw the door open.

"Yes, doctor, I wanted to tell you that there is a new patient in the reception room. A young man who has been brought here in a cab. His arm is broken, I think. The driver said the young man had the cab about an hour ago, on Green street, and said he had broken his arm, and wished to be taken to friends at the other end of the city. The driver drove the young man to the street and number designated, but there was no one there. The house was quite empty, and a policeman, near, said that the family had gone to Europe. At that the young man uttered a cry of disappointment which the cab-driver said made his own heart ache; and then he reeled unsteadily and nearly fell to the ground. But the driver and policeman together placed him in the cab, and he was taken here, as it happened to be only a few blocks away."

By this time Doctor Will had followed Kate into the reception room, where a slight form in a neat gray suit lay upon a sofa, quite unconscious.

The doctor dispatched the nurse for his surgical instruments and soon had removed the stranger's coat and rolled up the sleeve of the snowy undergarment, soft and fine. The face upon the sofa pillow was delicate and refined; a face with perfect features; the long, dark eyelashes sweeping the white cheeks, the soft, dark hair curling slightly, brushed away from a broad, low brow. The interesting patient could not have been more than seventeen.

"Compound fracture," he muttered consolingly. "Come here, Kate! You will have to assist me!"

"Dear me!" ejaculated the nurse, bending over the slim, graceful form. He's as delicate as a girl. Look! See the blue veins in his arm. Poor young chap. He has to suffer yet, before that arm will be well."

A little later, his injuries attended to, the strange patient was placed in bed. He had recovered consciousness, and opened a pair of great, dark, beautiful eyes to meet Dr. Will's sympathetic gaze.

"Where am I?" faltered the patient. "In the Orthopedic hospital, sir. You have broken your arm and were brought here by a cab driver. You are perfectly safe here. Tell me your name and where shall I send for your friends?"

"My name," a slight hesitation, "is Halton—Parke Halton. My friends? Ah! I have none! I—I went to the house of old friends—they have gone to Europe. I have not been here long! I have no place to go. But I have money."

"Don't trouble yourself, Mr. Halton. You are all right here. The wards are full, and I have had you placed in a private room."

"Thank you. I am able to pay for it. You will get me well as soon as possible, doctor—" with a slight interrogation.

"I am Doctor William Walker of this hospital. I shall do all in my power for you. It is nothing dangerous, my dear sir; only you must have rest. Now I will give you a sleeping potion, and hope to find you better in the morning."

Parke Halton drank the sleeping draught, and almost immediately fell asleep.

Doctor Will sat watching the pale, beautiful face upon the pillow before him with an odd sensation struggling under his left vest pocket.

"What a spirituelle face for a man—or a boy rather?" he exclaimed. "I declare I was never so interested in a patient before in my life!"

The next day Parke Halton was much better, and as the days went by he grew rapidly stronger.

Dr. Will spent more time in the room of his interesting patient than he had ever been known to do before. There seemed some subtle attraction between the two; and as time passed it grew and strengthened.

At last Parke was fully recovered, and in a few days would be discharged from the hospital.

One night Kate, the night nurse, was startled by the sound of faint sobbing and stifled weeping which seemed to come from the end of the long corridor near the sleeping room of Dr. Will. She hastened softly to the spot, determined to know what was the matter. This is what she saw:

Parke Halton on his knees at the door of the doctor's room, weeping bitterly.

Directly the young man arose to his feet, and entered the room, for the physician's room was never locked, but always ready for a heavy summons in the night.

In speechless amazement Kate noticed the young patient steal softly to the bedside, and stooping, press a kiss upon the brow of the sleeping physician; then, weeping bitterly, steal away once more.

A sudden resolution seemed to come into the young man's mind. "Come to my room," he said, in a hurried whisper, "and I will tell you all I have a confession to make!"

The next morning when Doctor Will awoke from his slumbers he found upon his bed a small packet containing the pictured face of a girl. It was the exact counterpart of Parke Halton. When he left his room, he was met by Kate, who announced that the young man was gone. She had found his bed empty that morning, and a sum of money sufficient to more than cover his expenses at the hospital lying upon the table. But whatever the secret confided to Kate she kept it inviolate. Doctor Will's face clouded, and a troubled look crept into his eyes. After that, he became very quiet and taciturn, and altogether a changed man.

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"I have something to tell you," the dying man said, feebly. "See that no one is near. Wait! I wish to send for my ward, Leonie Lee."

A message was dispatched, and in a few moments a young girl entered the room. At sight of her, the blood receded from Doctor Will's heart, and he felt as though he was going to faint. For it was the face in the packet, which Doctor Will even then wore over his heart, and the face of Parke Halton. Stiffening an exclamation, the girl sank into a seat. The dying man began:

"I was guardian over Leonie Lee's property. She was very rich; but I have squandered her estate; I am dying now. I loved her and I determined to make her my wife; thus I need never render an account of the wasted fortune. I persecuted her for a year to gain her consent. She would come to me and out of my power, and then I would be forced to give an account of her squandered fortune. I was half wild yet; I was discovered and punished. I did all in my power to force her into marriage with me. She hated me, despised me, scorned me."

"At last, tired of her defiance, I looked her in her own room up stairs in this house, and decided to starve her into obedience to my wishes. She escaped from her prison. She snatched the blankets together and made a rope by which she managed to effect her escape."

"She was gone several weeks. I was half distracted over her absence, for she was as ignorant of the world as a little child. Had she not been, she would have known that the law gives no guardian the right to deprive his ward of liberty."

"On her twenty-first birthday, however, she reappeared and demanded the restitution of her fortune. But she would give no account of her whereabouts during her absence from my house until to-day, when she declared that she had found refuge in the Orthopedic hospital. I have sent for you to corroborate her story. Doctor Walker have you ever met my ward before?"

Doctor Will's blue eyes met the frightened gaze of Leonie's dark ones; they drooped. How could he answer that question? She arose to her feet.

"Yes, Doctor Walker has met me before. I am Parke Halton." Her face was ghastly white now, and she trembled perceptibly. "I was very ignorant of the world's ways, as my guardian acknowledged—a friendless orphan—or I would long ago have appealed to the law for protection from his persecutions. In the wardrobe of the room where I was imprisoned I found a suit of men's clothing; I managed to alter them so that I could wear them; and, knotting blankets and towels together, finally escaped from the window, breaking my arm in my flight. I had hoped to find refuge until my twenty-first birthday with some acquaintance at the other end of the city, but when I reached the house it was closed and the family gone to Europe."

"I was in terrible pain with my broken arm, and that, with the disappointment, overcame me, and I fainted, and was taken to the hospital. You know the rest, doctor. Can you ever forgive my unwomanly conduct?"

Doctor Will took both little hands in his own, and led her from the room.

"I know this," he said, in a low, tender tone, "that I love you as man never loved woman before. Will you be my wife, Leonie?"

Her eyes dropped before his passionate gaze.

"I have loved you ever since my eyes first opened from that swoon in the hospital," she faltered, "and it nearly drove me distracted to reflect upon my false position. You surely cannot love or respect me?"

But there was no doubt of the love which filled his heart, and with true love respect comes always.

And that was the way in which my friend Walker found his wife—Doctor Will's Strange Patient.



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