Revolution at Home and Abroad. -:- By Fred D. Warren.

NEWS from Russia during the past week has been meagre and conflicting. This is not surprising when it is remembered that the Russian government and powers in full sympathy with the czar's dynasty control the avenues of communication, but enough has leaked through to indicate that the present revolution will succeed, and that Cossack-riden Russia seems likely to emerge from the shackles of feudalism and step up a notch. It will come as a surprise to many who have not kept pace with affairs in that country to know that there really exists two governments, one decaying and impotent—the other powerful, potent and growing, a government which must work entirely in secret, and whose leaders are unknown to the great mass who adhere to the principles of political democracy and industrial freedom. Its press is hidden away in cellars and garrets, and its editors and printers and pressmen work for nothing and at night, after the regular day's work has been done.

This underground government—for it is such—has its representatives and adherents in every walk of life from the poorest peasant to the trusted officer of the czar. As the czar and what he stands for grows weaker the new order grows stronger—until today, in spite of the denials from St. Petersburg, it is master of the situation. It is but a matter of months, perhaps weeks, until it will openly assume the reins of government.

The movers in the present revolution are Socialists—known in Russia as Social Democrats. With them are closely allied all the various factions opposed to the present regime—from the brutalized peasant with an animal desire to revenge himself against his lord to the educated politician who hopes to profit by the change. But the spirit of Social Democracy is abroad and the new government will be very largely, if not wholly, tempered by its ideals. It will be necessary to guard jealously the fruits of the hard-won victory. In Russia has developed the bourgeoisie or capitalist class, and this class will make an effort to take charge of Russia and establish a government patterned after the French and American republics. This job will be fraught with greater difficulties than was the capture of the French nation after the French revolution or that of the United States after the war with England.

One incident of the past two weeks, which seems well authenticated, stands out clearly as indicative of the spirit back of the present movement. On June 26th the battleship Kniaz Potemkine of the Black Sea fleet was captured near Odessa by its crew and the red flag of the revolution nailed to the mast head. The ships under the command of the Russian admiral, composing the Black Sea fleet, were ordered to proceed at once to the harbor of Odessa and to either recapture or sink the rebel ship. The Russian squadron steamed slowly to Odessa, after a delay of several days. It has since been learned that the unexplained delay was caused by the fear on the part of the Russian officer that the men under him would refuse to fire on their comrades. One ship, owing to open rebellion, was actually left behind and its men dismissed. When the fleet arrived in sight of the navy of the revolutionists, now re-enforced by the Georgi Pobiedonosetz and several torpedo boats and colliers, the Russian admiral signaled "Head for Sevastopol." The revolutionists defiantly signaled, "We remain here."

The Russian squadron sailed away without firing a shot—because its men had refused to fire on their brothers! The fleet was run ashore, the fires under the boilers pulled, the machinery disconnected and the men dismissed. And thus the first bloodless battle of the Great Revolution was fought and won.

It was bloodless because the common marines refused to fire on the common marines who were fighting their battle.

What a magnificent lesson!

What a harbinger of the New Day when war will be no more. Princes and kings and industrial lords will soon cease to fight when the common people refuse to kill and be killed.

How impotent is the mighty czar when his subjects refuse to obey his order to violate the fifth commandment, "Thou shalt not kill."

All news from Russia should be taken with a great degree of allowance during the next few weeks. The real story will come by mail and will necessarily be delayed. The Appeal is arranging to give its readers the first authentic advices which reach the outside world.

While things have been doing in Russia, events of moment have occurred in America—not the least of which is the indictment of the beef trust magnates. It will be remembered that on May 20, 1902, a federal injunction was issued against these gentlemen restraining them from operating a beef trust. But it seems the injunction was overlooked by the packers and their little game carried on as boldly and openly as before. An effort was made by the Roosevelt administration to whitewash the beef trust, and Garfield was sent to Chicago to make a cursory investigation. He did so and reported that there was no beef trust and that the prices of beef were reasonable and that the raisers of cattle were getting as good prices as could be expected for their animals. This story was printed in all the leading newspapers and magazines. The April number of the *Review of Reviews* contains a defense of Garfield's report by Prof. Edward Dana Durand, special examiner in the Bureau of Corporations and associate of Garfield.

But in the face of these reports and these articles, the federal grand jury finds sufficient evidence to convict the Armours, Swifts, Squeezemhards, et al. Not that the indictments will injure the packers any, but it confirms in the minds of the populace what the Appeal has been telling them for twelve years—that there exists a gang of commercial buccaneers in this country who are sapping the vitals of the nation and converting them into cold cash and interest-bearing securities. This is being done in violation of the laws we now have on the statute books. Roosevelt may whitewash the Mortons, and the packers, and the railroad presidents, but it will be hard to efface from the memory of all the people the findings of this federal grand jury. Herein lies its value. It will simply make the work of the Socialist agitator easier.

While I am talking about this question of whitewashing criminals by the president, I want to call your attention to an editorial in the last issue of *Collier's Weekly*. It says:

The heaviest blow yet struck at President Roosevelt's anti-trust policy was delivered by the president in his letters on the Santa Fe rebate case made public on June 21. Messrs. Harmon and Judson, special counsel, had reported that as the Santa Fe had violated the law, and also had been guilty of contempt of court in ignoring an injunction, not only the company but also its responsible officials should be prosecuted. That included Paul Morton, secretary of the navy. Attorney General Moody frankly confessed that he found the request "embarrassing." Finally, after consultation with the president, he directed the attorneys to confine their attention to the wicked corporation and let its innocent managers alone. Thereupon Messrs. Harmon and Judson resigned, and their resignations were accepted. In a letter reviewing the situation the president said: "One of the officers, Mr. Morton, is a member of my cabinet. This fact is not to be allowed to shield him nor, on the other hand, is it to be allowed to cause him to be singled out, or the officers with which he is associated to be singled out for attack." The ground on which President Roosevelt and Mr. Moody placed their refusal to permit Mr. Morton to be prosecuted was that there was no evidence against him. But while even in this particular case it would have been hard to make the public believe that the administration's own counsel had gone out of their way to affront their employer by "singling out" a member of his cabinet for attack without good reason, the individual fate of Mr. Morton was a matter of very small consequence. What was of significant and really ominous importance was that to shield this one man the president and his attorney general laid down a general principle that reduces all our laws against corporate abuses to impotent absurdities. This principle was that proceedings under such laws ought to be taken only against the corporations violating them, and not against individuals unless the government could prove by affirmative legal evidence that these individuals were personally responsible for the acts in question. This means, in effect, the abolition of all serious penalties for corporate crimes. To fine a corporation is a joke. "The evils with which we are now dealing," said Messrs. Harmon and Judson in their letter of resignation, "are corporate in name but individual in fact. Guilt is always personal. So long as officials can hide behind their corporations, no remedy can be effective. When the government searches out the guilty men and makes corporate wrongdoing mean personal punishment and dishonor the laws will be obeyed.'

A month ago Walter Wellman, special Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, and a close personal friend of Roosevelt, telegraphed his paper, commenting on railroad rate legislation and the probable outcome of Roosevelt's campaign against the wicked rebaters:

"Hence, the probability," said Wellman, friend of Roosevelt, "amounting almost to certainty, that the republican leaders of the senate will adopt the policy of compromise; that they will endeavor to shape up a law designed to make the people think congress is responsive to their wishes and thus appease public opinion and turn the lightning shaft of popular condemnation from the dome of the capitol, but without going far enough to hurt the railroads or to disturb confidence."

Pretty plain case of the working of a confidence game, eh? Not satisfied with this explanation in his effort to make clear just what Roosevelt intended to do, Wellman, in the same article, quotes from a "prominent railroad attorney," who said:

"In other words, we are to have compromise legislation—a law which will not hurt the railroads and which will *make the people believe that they and the president, who represents them, have won a triumph over the corporations.*"

There you are—and remember, these are not my words, nor the words of some Socialist paper or agitator, but the words of a "prominent railroad attorney," quoted by a republican newspaper correspondent and published in the Chicago *Tribune*, a republican newspaper. Fool the people! Yes, that is what they are doing—they use a little more cunning means, it is true, than they do over in Russia, but the fooling has reached the limit. The "fool" people do not propose to stand for it much longer. You see how everything conspires to help the Socialist movement, don't you? Roosevelt a short time ago raised a great hue and cry about the corporations and what ought to be done to them. And then he made a bluff, which the railroads called, and so did the packers—but not until after the people had imbibed the idea that something was wrong and that the wrong should be righted. They are still of this opinion. Roosevelt's failure to make good only intensifies this feeling. That the president is conscious of this is clearly indicated in that tearful interview which he held with the railroad presidents when he asked permission to chastise them, in "order to make the people believe he was winning a triumph," adding that "unless they did the Socialists would sweep the country."

So this railroad business, like the beef inquiry, brings the people right up face to face with the problem of bearing the evils now afflicting them or going over in a body to Socialism. The Portland *Oregonian*, the leading republican paper of the west, says "Socialism is inevitable," and while it is loth to accept it as the solution, there is no other hope.

And so, brother, the revolution is going on here and in Russia, and when you have tried all other avenues of escape you will head straight for the Socialist pasture.

"THE REBEL AT LARGE."

Ida Crouch Hazlett contributes the following unsolicited testimonial to the above volume of short stories by May Beals: "I see in this book a strong, aspiring, true-thinking soul, struggling tomanifestation. * * * I dectect no crudities in these stories * * * strong, artistic, sufficient, deep—like Olive Schreiner's or Hamlin Garland's. I read them through without stopping."

"The Rebel at Large" is a 135-page booklet of short stories just off the Appeal press. Bits of artistic realism that touch the finer chords of human feeling. Postpaid, 35c.

SUPPOSE we should practice competition in the home, wouldn't it be great? See every member of a family at a table grabbing for everything in sight! Yet that is what people advocate who believe in capitalism. At the home table we practice Socialism, or something very akin to it. But as soon as we get out of the home we have to practice dog-eat-dog. Organize society on sane lines and there will be no grabbing, but helpful acts will greet everyone, the same as at the table.

THE government has authorized a lot of speculators to build railroads in the Philippines and guarantees them 4 per cent on the investment! Now, as the government can borrow money at 2 per cent to guarantee private corporations 4 per cent, with no chance of the government gaining anything, is simple graft and nothing else. But the government at Washington is as rotten as the government at St. Petersburg, and the president cannot check the grafters, as they hold congress and the courts. The president has the biggest job ever undertaken by one man—to protect the people against the thieves who have been in control for nearly half a century. He simply can't do it. It needs a complete change in the political control. Democrats and republicans are in cahoots to loot the people.

Refuse as Food

Waste from Canning Factories Made Into Jelly.

From Public Opinion.

In selecting the material for the best grades of canned fruits it is necessary for the employes to remove the peels and cores of the various fruits, and also all the decomposed and worm-eaten spots. These peels and cores and worm-eaten spots—worms included—together with all the spoiled parts of apples, pears, peaches and every other kind of fruit, are dumped together and made into a general pulp. From this pulp, made of the refuse of all kinds of fruits, is turned out a marvelous variety of different brands of highly colored and tempting looking bottled and canned goods. From this same pulp conglomeration is made "pure apple jelly," "pure currant jelly," alleged plum and quince jellies and jams, apple butter and no end of different kinds of preserves and pie material. It makes little difference as to the appearance and taste of the pulp or principal ingredient. The flavorings and chemicals will make up for all former deficiencies in appearance or lack of resemblance to the fruit it is supposed to represent.

I mention fruits just by way of illustration; the same conditions are true in the manufacture of foods of all other classes. The residue is always made into marketable adulterations, if not by the factory that turns out high class brands, then by an associate factory given another name for the purpose of protecting the name of the actual manufacturer. Some of the big packing houses collaborate with lower grade houses, supposedly run by other firms, that utilize all the stock rejected by the big firms, and market all inferior products cast off by the firms that are so cautious of their reputation. Wornout horses and mules, and those crippled or otherwise injured so as to incapacitate them for service as beasts of burden, have been butchered and the meat served in restaurants and on free lunch counters as roast beef, corned beef, beef stew, etc. Hoofs of horses and cattle are used not alone for the manufacture of glues and mucilage, but often for making a viscous substance, which, it is claimed, is used in the manufacture of the lower grades of gelatines and jellies. An enormous amount of cheap jelly is made in Chicago from soused pigs' feet and other meats, glucose and fruit refuse chemically treated and given names of different fruits. Dr. Leon S. Waters, expert in food chemistry, recently said that hogs' livers were dried, baked, powdered and mixed with chicory and coffee essence and sold as ground coffee.

But even the residue of the factories is not sufficient to appease the seeming hunger for the lower grade foods. It is a fact that pickups from the city streets, the castoff products from big commission houses, and the gleanings from the sewers are often employed in produce manufacture under America's remarkable system of "commercial economy." Even seaweed is brought into use to supply the demand. From sea moss is made a gelatinous substance known as aga-aga. Mixed with a small amount of pulp from cast away fruit, a little starch and gelatine, it is dyed and flavored to resemble different kinds of fruit products, and is labeled strawberry, cranberry, raspberry, apple, quince, etc. Old bones from alleys are ground into dust, which is utilized principally as a fertilizer, but sometimes is mixed with flour. It has been claimed that leather from old boots and shoes gathered from the streets and scrap piles is chemically treated, mixed with chicory, ground, and made into a clever imitation of coffee, the kind that is usually drunk by sailors and workmen in logging camps. More and more is it becoming so that nearly everything thrown into the streets and alleys of American cities is turned into foods.

Foods made from this loathsome trash are, of course, not conducive to longevity nor healthful constitutions; but the danger is not so much in these as in the ingredients used in giving them the appearance of legitimate goods. Such powerful sweets as saccharine, possessing three hundred times the sweetening strength of sugar; glucose and potent chemicals and colorings are employed in making these adulterations possible and exceedingly profitable.

The Price of Land

is advancing very rapidly, is now beyond the means of most people and is still rising steadily. If you wish to secure a place without a greater effort than it is worth, you should enter the contest for the 80-acre farm which the Appeal will give, under a warranty deed, free from encumbrance, to the one who orders the largest number of the Trust Edition.

The Jungle

By Upton Sinclair

Author of "Manassas," "Prince Hagen," etc. Copyright 1905 by Upton Sinclair.

(New readers of the Appeal may obtain the chapters of the "Jungle" which have been printed for ten cents, stamps or silver. You should secure these chapters while the supply lasts.)

CHAPTER XV. (Concluded.)

It was as if he had struck a knife into her. She seemed to go all to pieces. For half a second she stood, reeling and swaying, staring at him with horror in her eyes; then, with a cry of anguish, she tottered forward, stretching out her arms to him.

But he stepped aside, deliberately, and let her fall. She caught herself at the side of the bed, and then sunk down, burying her face in her hands and bursting into frantic weeping.

There came one of those hysterical crises that had so often dismayed him. Ona sobbed and wept, her fear and anguish building themselves up into long climaxes. Furious gusts of emotion would come sweeping over her, shaking her as the tempest shakes the trees upon the hills; all her frame would quiver and throb with them—it was as if some dreadful thing rose up within her and took possession of her, torturing her, tearing her. This thing had been wont to set Jurgis quite beside himself with fear; but now he stood with his lips set tightly, and his hands clenched—she might weep till she killed herself, but she should not move him this time—not an inch, not an inch. Yet the sounds she made set his blood to running cold, and his lips to quivering in spite of himself, and he was glad of the diversion when Teta Elzbieta, pale with fright, opened the door and rushed in.

He turned upon her with an oath. "Go out!" he cried. "Go out!" And then, as she stood hesitating, about to speak, he seized her by the arm, and half flung her from the room, slamming the door and barring it with a table. Then he turned again and faced Ona, crying—"Now, answer me!"

But she did not hear him—she was still in the grip of the fiend. Jurgis could see her outstretched hands, shaking and twitching, roaming here and there over the bed at will, like living things; he could see convulsive shudderings start in her body, and run through her limbs. She was sobbing and choking—it was as if there were too many sounds for one throat, they came chasing each other, like waves upon the sea. Then her voice would begin to rise into screams, louder and louder, until it broke in wild, horrible peals of laughter. Jurgis bore it until he could bear it no longer, and then he sprang at her, seizing her by the shoulders and shaking her, shouting into her ear: "Stop it, I say! Stop it!"

She looked up at him, out of her agony; then she fell forward at his feet. She caught them in her hands, in spite of his efforts to step aside, and with her face upon the floor lay writhing. It made a choking in Jurgis's throat to hear her, and he cried again, more savagely than before: "Stop it, I say!"

This time she heeded him, and caught her breath and lay silent, save for the gasping sobs that wrenched all her frame. For a long minute she lay there, perfectly motionless, until a cold fear seized her husband, thinking that she was dying. Suddenly, however, he heard her voice, faintly: "Jurgis! Jurgis!"

"What is it?" he said.

He had to bend down to her, she was so weak. She was pleading with him, in broken phrases, painfully uttered: "Have faith in me! Believe me!"

"Believe what?" he cried.

"Believe that I—that I know best—that I love you! And do not ask me—what you did. Oh, Jurgis, please, please! It is for the best—it is——"

He started to speak again, but she rushed on, frantically, heading him off. "If you will only do it! If you will only—only believe me! It wasn't my fault—I couldn't help it—it will be all right—it is nothing—it is no harm. Oh, Jurgis—please, please!"

She had hold of him, and was trying to raise herself to look at him; he could feel the palsied shaking of her hands, and the heaving of the bosom she pressed against him. She managed to catch one of his hands and gripped it convulsively, drawing it to her face, and bathing it in her tears. "Oh, believe me, believe me!" she wailed again; and he shouted in fury: "I will not!"

But still she clung to him, wailing aloud in her despair: "Oh, Jurgis, think what you are doing! It will ruin us—it will ruin us! Oh, no, you must not do it! No, don't, don't do it. You must not do it! It will drive me mad—it will kill me—no, no, Jurgis, I am crazy—it is nothing. You do not really need to know. We can be happy—we can love each other just the same. Oh, please, please, believe me!"

Her words fairly drove him wild. He tore his hands loose, and flung her off. "Answer me," he cried, "God damn it, I say—answer me!"

She sunk down upon the floor, beginning to cry again. It was like listening to the moan of a damned soul, and Jurgis could not stand it. He smote his fist upon the table by his side, and shouted again at her, "Answer me!"

She began to scream aloud, her voice like the voice of some wild beast: "Ah! Ah! I can't! I can't do it!"

"Why can't you do it?" he shouted.

"I don't know how!"

He sprang and caught her by the arm, lifting her up, and glaring into her face. "Tell me where you were last night!" he panted. "Quick, out with it!"

Then she began to whisper, one word at a time: "I—was in—a house—downtown——"

"What house? What do you mean?"

She tried to hide her eyes away, but he held her. "Miss Henderson's house," she gasped.

He did not understand at first. "Miss Henderson's house," he echoed. Miss Henderson was the "forelady" of the ham-wrapping room, Ona's former place. And then suddenly, as in an explosion, the horrible truth burst over him, and he reeled and staggered back with a scream. He caught himself against the wall, and put his hand to his forehead, staring about him, and whispering, "Jesus! Jesus!"

Then suddenly he leaped at her, as she lay grovelling at his feet. He seized her by the throat. "Tell me!" he gasped, hoarsely. "Quick! Who took you to that place?"

She tried to get away, making him furious; he thought it was fear, or the pain of his clutch—he did not understand that it was the agony of her shame. Still she answered him, "My boss."

He tightened his grip in his frenzy, and only when he saw her eyes closing did he realize that he was choking her. Then he relaxed his fingers, and crouched, waiting, until she opened her lids again. His breath beat hot into her face.

"Tell me," he whispered, at last, "tell me about it."

She lay perfectly motionless, and he had to hold his breath to catch her words: "I did not want—to do it," she said; "I tried—I tried not to do it. I only did it—to save us. It was our only chance."

Again, for a space, there was no sound but his panting. Ona's eyes closed, and when she spoke again she did not open them. "He told me—he would discharge me. He told me he would—we would all of us lose our places. We could never get anything to do—here—again. He—he meant it—he would have ruined us."

Jurgis's arms were shaking so that he could scarcely hold himself up, and lurched forward now and then as he listened. "When—when did this begin?" he gasped.

"At the very first," she said. She spoke as if in a trance. "It was all—it was their plot—Miss Henderson's plot. She hated me. And he—he wanted me. She discharged me, so that he could give me a place. Then he began to—to make love to me. He offered me money. He begged me—he said he loved me. Then he threatened me. He knew all about us, he knew we would starve. He knew your boss—he knew Marija's. He would hound us to death, he said—then he said if I would—if I—we would all of us be sure of work—always. Then one day he caught hold of me—he would not let go—he—he——"

"Where was this?"

"In the hall-way—at night—after everyone had gone. I could not help it—I thought of you—of the baby—of mother and the children. I was afraid of him—afraid to cry out."

A moment ago her face had been ashen grey, now it was scarlet. She was beginning to breathe hard again. Jurgis made not a sound.

"That was a month ago. Then he wanted me to come—to that house. He wanted me to stay there. He said all of us—that we would not have to work. He made me come there—in the evenings. I told you—you thought I was at the factory. Then—one night it snowed, and I couldn't get back. And then—last night—the cars were stopped. It was such a little thing—to ruin us all. I tried to walk, but I couldn't. I didn't want you to know. It would have—it would have been all right. We could have gone on—just the same—you need never have known about it. He was getting tired of me—he would have let me alone soon. I am going to have a baby—I am getting ugly. He told me that—twice, he told me, last night. He kicked me—last night—too. And now you will kill him—you—you will kill him—and we shall die."

All this she had said without a quiver; she lay still as death—not an eyelid moving. And Jurgis, too, said not a word. He lifted himself by the bed, and stood up. He did not stop for another glance at her, but went to the door and opened it. He did not see Elzbieta, crouching terrified in the corner; he went out, hatless, leaving the street door open behind him. The instant his feet were on the sidewalk he broke into a run.

He ran like one possessed, blindly, furiously, looking neither to the right nor left. He was on Ashland Avenue before exhaustion compelled him to slow down, and then, noticing a car, he made a dart for it, and drew himself aboard. His eyes were wild and his hair flying, and he was breathing hoarsely, like a wounded bull; but the people on the car did not notice this particular, perhaps it seemed natural to them to a man who smelt as Jurgis smelt should exhibit an aspect to correspond. They began to give way before him as usual. The conductor took his nickel gingerly, with the tips of his fingers, and then left him with the platform to himself. Jurgis did not even notice this—his thoughts were far away. Within his soul it was like a roaring furnace; he stood waiting, waiting, crouching as if for a spring.

He had some of his breath back when the car came to the entrance of the yards, and so he leaped off and started again, racing at full speed. People turned and stared at him, but he saw no one—there was the factory, and he bounded through the doorway, and up the stairs, three at a time. He knew the room where Ona worked—he had been there once, at night, out of curiosity. He knew Connor—he looked for him as he sprang into the room.

The machines were racing at full speed, and men and women were toiling busily. He shot one swift glance about the room—the man was not in it. But then suddenly he heard a voice in the corridor and started for it with a bound. In an instant more he fronted the boss.

He was a big, red-faced Irishman, coarse-featured, and smelling of liquor. He saw Jurgis as he crossed the threshold, and turned white. He hesitated one second, as if meaning to run; and in the next his assailant was upon him. He put up his hands to protect his face, but Jurgis, lunging with all the power of his arm and body, struck him fairly between the eyes and knocked him backwards. The next moment he was on top of him, burying his fingers in his throat.

To Jurgis this man's whole presence reeked of the crime he had committed; the touch of his body was madness to him—it set every nerve of him a-tremble, it aroused all the demon in his soul. It had worked its will upon Ona, this great beast—and now he had it, he had it! It was his turn now! Things swam blood before him, and he screamed aloud in his fury, lifting his victim and smashing his head upon the floor.

The room, of course, was in an uproar; women fainting and shrieking, and men rushing in. Jurgis was so bent upon his task that he knew nothing of this, and scarcely realized that people were trying to interfere with him; it was only when half a dozen men had seized him by the legs and shoulders and were pulling at him, that he understood that he was losing his prey. In a flash he had bent down and sunk his teeth into the man's cheek; and when they tore him away he was dripping with blood, and little ribbons of skin were hanging in his mouth.

They got him down upon the floor, clinging to him by his arms and legs, and still they could hardly hold him. He fought like a tiger, writhing and twisting, half flinging them off, and starting toward his unconscious enemy. But yet others rushed in, until there was a little mountain of twisted limbs and bodies, heaving and tossing, and working its way about the room. In the end, by their sheer weight they choked the breath out of him, and then they carried him to the company police station, where he lay still until they had summoned a patrol-wagon to take him away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

(ADVERTISEMENT)

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HON. EUGENE H. PLUMACHER, UNITED STATES CONSUL, Maracaiba.

STEVENSON MacADAM, F. I. C., F. C. S., of Analytical Laboratory Surgeons Hall, Edinburg, Scotland.

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