

AGUINALDO IS CAPTURED

Filipino Chief Taken by the Americans.
FALLS INTO FUNSTON'S NET.

Phase of Months Results in the Trapping of Leader of Insurrection—Gen. MacArthur Treats the Prisoner with the Greatest Consideration.

Emilio Aguinaldo, leader of the Filipino army and head and shoulders of the islanders' insurrection, is a prisoner in the hands of the Americans. Gen. Frederick Funston has crowned his brilliant record in the Philippines by directing in person the final hunt that has ended the flight of the fugitive of fugitives. Funston sent no reports or rumors from the province of Isabella, in southern Luzon, where he led the expedition. He silently worked out his plans, caught his man and brought him in. General MacArthur



GENERAL FREDERICK FUNSTON.

thurs was sitting in his headquarters Wednesday morning when a gaunt, haggard and discouraged native in a frayed uniform adorned with a general's chevrons entered accompanied by General Funston. The Kansas fighter said quietly and with no semblance of exultation or boasting: "General, this is Chief Aguinaldo." The American commander gasped incredulously. But when he peered a second time at the sallow countenance of the indomitable Filipino he realized that the object for which more than a year of time and the efforts of thousands of soldiers had been expended fruitlessly was attained at last. The commander's first utterance was that the insurrection would die out as soon as the hostile natives learned for a certainty that their leader was a prisoner. He had an immediate audience with Aguinaldo, whom he treated with great consideration. General MacArthur, however, would not divulge anything that passed during the conversation. The most rigid precautions were taken to guard against any attempt at escape on the part of Aguinaldo or of any of his faithful adherents to rescue him. The end of General Funston's chase came on March 23. He had just begun to carry out his daring project when it was unexpectedly consummated. He was scouting with a small force in Isabella province, when he ran into the hiding place of Aguinaldo.



GEN. EMILIO AGUINALDO.

The native leader was attended only by a few followers and made no resistance when called upon to yield. He was at once conveyed to Funston's camp and a start was made for Manila. The important prisoner arrived

at Manila Wednesday morning on the United States gunboat Vicksburg, Commander E. B. Barry.

Story of Aguinaldo's Capture.
Following are the details of the capture of Aguinaldo by General Funston: On Jan. 14 a detachment of General Funston's troops captured at Punta Bangan, province of Nueva Ecija, a messenger from Aguinaldo's headquarters at Palanan, Isabella province, who was carrying letters to the various insurgent chiefs asking them to send reinforcements. On Feb. 8 one of Aguinaldo's staff officers surrendered to Lieutenant Taylor of the Twenty-fourth Infantry. This officer had in his possession valuable correspondence, which told of Aguinaldo's whereabouts and of the strength of the force with him. One of the letters was addressed to Baldoerno Aguinaldo, ordering him to take command of the insurgents in central Luzon and to send 400 riflemen to Aguinaldo's headquarters. Upon learning the nature of the correspondence, General Funston immediately conceived the plan of equipping a number of native troops who would pass themselves off as the ex-

oned for three days, surreptitiously giving orders at night. After many more adventures the Tagalos entered the house where Aguinaldo was. Suddenly the Spanish officer, noting that Aguinaldo's aid was watching the Americans suspiciously, exclaimed, "Now, Macabebes, go for them." The Macabebes opened fire, but their aim was rather ineffective, and only three insurgents were killed. The rebels returned the fire. On hearing the firing, Aguinaldo, who evidently thought his men were merely celebrating the arrival of re-enforcements, ran to the window and shouted, "Stop that foolishness; quit wasting ammunition."

Hilario Placido, one of the Tagalog officers, and a former insurgent major, who was wounded in the lung by the fire of the Kansas regiment at the battle of Calocan, threw his arms around Aguinaldo, exclaiming, "You are a prisoner of the Americans!" Col. Simeon Villa, Aguinaldo's chief of staff, Major Alambra, and others, attacked the men who were holding Aguinaldo. Placido shot Villa in the shoulder. Alambra jumped out of the window and attempted to cross the river. It is supposed that he was drowned. Five other insurgent officers fought for a few minutes and then fled, making their escape. When the firing began General Funston assumed command and directed the attack on the house, personally assisting in the capture of Aguinaldo. The insurgent body guard fled, leaving twenty rifles. Santiago Barcelona, the insurgent treasurer, surrendered without resistance.

More Filipino Get the Struggle.
The War Department has received the following dispatch:

"Manila, March 29.—Brigadier-General William A. Kobbie reports surrender at Sumalao, Mindanao, of nine officers, 160 men, 187 rifles, eighty shotguns, Capistrano's command. This ends trouble in Mindanao as far as Filipinos are concerned."

"Brigadier General Robert P. Hughes reports Alkapali and Ruiz, thirty-four guns, surrendered to Captain David G. Shanks, Eighteenth United States Infantry, at Mamburao. Two hundred and six guns Fulton's command surrendered to Lieutenant Colonel William S. Scott, Forty-fourth United States Volunteers."

"MACARTHUR."

WASHINGTON.

Miss Alice Hay, daughter of Secretary Hay, said to be engaged to James Wadsworth, New York.

Note of British government refusing to accept amended Hay-Pauncefoot treaty made public.

Retiring Postmaster Gordon and his successor, Coyne, made arrangements for transfer of Chicago postoffice.

President McKinley approved new army ration.

Large number of fourth-class post-offices advanced to presidential class.

Representative Warner of Illinois, returned from Cuba, says with a view of United States will be followed by reign of terror in the island.

United States will have to intervene within ninety days to restore order.

Senator Mason and Collector Connors unable to avert cut of \$15,000 in internal revenue office expenses in Chicago.

Dispatch from European foreign office says Britain has protested against China's making confession with any power still present troubles are over.

Owing to lack of officers for new regiments more time will be required to recruit new army than was at first thought would be necessary.

Representative McCall says suffrage in Cuba should be restricted.

Shortage in postage stamps continues.

Members of Congress who visited Porto Rico recently say islanders show desire to manage their own affairs and want native governor.

Chief Wilkie of the secret service issued warning against new \$5 counterfeit note.

Naval officials exercised over auction sale of army guns at Dry Tortugas.

P. C. Knox, Pittsburg, Pa., accepted appointment as attorney-general.

Boers Shot for Being Slow.
The Second Imperial Light Horse, which is made up of Natalians, is busy in Swaziland. The regiment has captured 1,000 head of Boer cattle. Some of the men met a Boer party consisting of a commandant and several other officers. They ordered the Boers to throw up their hands. Two who were slow in obeying the order were winged, whereupon the party surrendered.

Later a number of snipers were captured. The regiment then captured a convoy of twenty-six wagons and a number of cattle, sheep and horses. Later another convoy of ten wagons was captured.

For State Telephone System.
Representative Sageng has introduced a bill in the Minnesota house to provide for the construction by townships of a state telephone system at public expense to be extended over the entire state and connected with every business place, residence, town hall, school house and church.

George Q. Cannon Very Ill.
George Q. Cannon, the head of the Mormon church at Salt Lake City, a man famous in Utah politics and church matters, is critically sick in Monterey, Cal., and his death is likely at any time.

Says He Kidnaped Oudaby.
H. C. Henderson of Dallas, who says he is guilty of the Oudaby kidnaping, has been asked by attorneys J. James Callahan, the Omaha suspect, to make a deposition for the latter's benefit.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE AGONY OF GETHSEMANE THE SUBJECT LAST SUNDAY.

"Ye Are Bought with Price"—First Book of Corinthians, Chapter VI, Verse 20.—The Temptation of the Savior—Divine Sympathy.

(Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.)
Washington, March 31.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows the Messianic sacrifices for the saving of all nations and speaks of Gethsemane as it appeared to him; text, I Corinthians vi, 20, "Ye are bought with a price."

Your friend takes you through his valuable house. You examine the arches, the frescoes, the grass plots, the fish ponds, the conservatories, the parks of deer, and you say within yourself or you say aloud, "What did all this cost?" You see a costly diamond flashing in an earring, or you hear a costly dress rustling across the drawing room, or you see a high metalled span of horses harnessed with silver and gold, and you begin to make an estimate of the value.

The man who owns a large estate cannot instantly tell you all it is worth. He says, "I will estimate so much for the house, so much for the furniture, so much for laying out the grounds, so much for the stock, so much for the barn, so much for the equipage, adding up in all making this aggregate."

Well, my friends, I hear so much about our mansion in heaven, about its furniture and the grand surroundings, that I want to know how much it is all worth and what has actually been paid for it. I cannot complete in a month nor a year the magnificent calculation, but before I get through today I hope to give you the figures. "Ye are bought with a price."

Bringing Glad Tidings.
Let us open the door of the caravanary in Bethlehem and drive away the camels. Pass on through the group of idlers and loungers. What, O Mary, no light? "No light," she says, "save that which comes through the door." What Mary, no food? "None," she says, "only that which was brought in the sack on the journey." Let the Bethlehem woman who has come in here with kindly attentions put back the covering from the babe that we may look upon it. Look! Look! Uncover your head. Let us kneel. Let all voices be hushed. Son of Mary! Son of God! Child of a day! Monarch of eternity! In that eye the glance of a God. Omnipotence sheathed in that Babe's arm. That voice to be changed from the feeble plaint to the tone that shall wake the dead. Hosanna! Hosanna! Glory to God that Jesus came from throne to manger that we might rise from manger to throne, and that all the gates are open, and that the door of heaven that once swung this way to let Jesus out now swings the other way to let us in. Let all the bellmen of heaven lay hold the rope and ring out the news, "Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people, for today is born in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord!"

The second installment paid for our souls' clearance was the scene in Quarantania, a mountainous region, full of caverns, where are today panthers and wild beasts of all sorts, so that you must now go there armed with knife or gun or pistol. It was there that Jesus went to think and pray, and it was there that this monster of hell—more sly, more terrible, than anything that prowled in that country—satan himself, met Christ.

Joins to Roman's Mate.
The rose in the cheek of Christ—that Publius Lentulus, in his letter to the Roman senate, ascribed to Jesus—that rose had scattered its petals. Absence from food had thrown him into emaciation. A long abstinence from food recorded in profane history is that of the crew of the ship Juno. For twenty-three days they had nothing to eat. But this sufferer had fasted a month and ten days before he broke fast. Hunger must have agonized every fibre of the body and gnawed on the stomach with teeth of death. The thought of a morsel of bread or meat must have thrilled the body with something like ferocity. Turn out a pack of men hungry as Christ was a-hungered, and if they had strength with one yell they would devour you as a kid. It was in that pang of hunger that Jesus was accosted, and satan said, "Now, change these stones, which look like bread, into an actual supply of bread." Had the temptation come to you and me under those circumstances we would have cried, "Bread it shall be!" and been almost impatient at the time taken for mastication, but Christ with one hand beat back the hunger and with the other hand beat back the monarch of darkness. O ye tempted ones! Christ was tempted. We are told that Napoleon ordered a coat of mail made, but he was not quite certain that it was impenetrable, so he said to the manufacturer of the coat of mail, "Put it on now yourself and let us try it." And with shot after shot from his own pistol the emperor found out that it was just what it pretended to be, a good coat of mail. Then the man received a large reward.

I bless God that the same coat of mail that struck back the weapons of temptation from the head of Christ we may now all wear, for Jesus comes and says: "I have been tempted, and I know what it is to be tempted. Take this robe that defended me and wear it for yourselves. I shall see you through all trials, and I shall see you through all temptation."

The Temptation of Jesus.
"But," says satan still further to Jesus, "come, and I will show you something worth looking at." And after a half a day's journey they came to Jerusalem and to the top of the temple. Just as one might go up in the tower of Antwerp and look off upon Belgium, so satan brought Christ to the top of the temple. Some people at a great height feel dizzy and a strange disposition to jump. So satan comes to Christ in that very crisis. Standing there at the top of the temple, they looked off. A magnificent reach of country. Grainfields, vineyards, olive groves, forests and streams, cattle in the valley, flocks on the hills and villages and cities and realms. "Now," says satan, "I'll make a bargain. Just jump off. I know it is a great way from the top of the temple to the valley, but if you are divine you can fly. Jump off. It won't hurt you. As I will catch you. Your Father will hold you. Besides, I'll make you a king present if you will. I'll give you Asia Minor, I'll give you China, I'll give you Ethiopia, I'll give you Italy, I'll give you Spain, I'll give you Germany, I'll give you Britain, I'll give you all the world." What a temptation it must have been!

Go tomorrow morning and get in an altercation with some wretch crawling up from a gin cellar in the lowest part of your city. "No," you say, "I would not demean myself by getting into such a contest." Then think of what the king of heaven and earth endured when he came down and fought the great wretch of hell and fought him in the wilderness and on top of the temple. But bless God that in the triumph over temptation Christ gives us the assurance that we also shall triumph. Having himself been tempted, he is able to succor all those who are tempted.

The Agony at Gethsemane.
The third installment paid for our redemption was the agonizing prayer in Gethsemane. As I sat in that garden at the foot of an old gnarled and twisted olive tree the historic scene came upon me overwhelmingly. These old olive trees are the lineal descendants of those under which Christ stood and wept and knelt. Have the leaves of whole botanical generations told the story of our Lord's agony to their successors? Next to Calvary the holiest place in Palestine is Gethsemane. While sitting there it seemed as if I could hear our Lord's prayer, laden with sobs and groans. Can this be the Jesus who gathered fragrance from the frankincense brought to his cradle and from the lilies that flung their sweetness into his sermons and from the box of alabaster that broke at his feet? Is this Jesus the comforter of Bethany, the resurrector at Nain, the oculist at Bethesda? Is this the Christ whose frown is the storm, whose smile is the sunlight, the spring morning his breath, the thunder his voice, the ocean a drop on the tip of his finger, heaven a sparkle on the bosom of his love, the universe the dust of his chariot wheel? Is this the Christ who is able to heal a heartbreak or hush a tempest or drown a world of flood immensity with his glory? Behold him in prayer, the globules of blood by sorrow pressed through the skin of his forehead! What an installment in part payment of the greatest price that was ever paid!

The Shame Trial.
The fourth installment paid for our redemption was the Savior's shame trial. I call it a shame trial—there has never been anything so indecent or unfair in any criminal court as was witnessed at the trial of Christ. Why, they hustled him into the court room at 2 o'clock in the morning. They gave him no time for counsel. They gave him no opportunity for subpoenaing witnesses. The ruffians who were wandering around through the midnight, of course they saw the arrest and went into the court room. But Jesus' friends were sober men, were respectable men, and at that hour, 2 o'clock in the morning, of course they were at home asleep. Consequently Christ entered the court room with the ruffians.

Oh, look at him! No one to speak a word for him. I lift the lantern until I can look into his face, and as my heart beats in sympathy for this, the best friend the world ever had, himself now utterly friendless, an officer of the court room comes up and smites him in the mouth, and I see the blood stealing from gum and lip. Oh, it was a farce of a trial, lasting only perhaps an hour, and then the judge rises for sentence! Stop! It is against the law to give sentence unless there has been an adjournment of the court between condemnation and sentence. "But what cares the judge for the law?" "The man has no friends. Let him die," says the judge. And the ruffians outside the rail cry: "Aha, aha, that's what we want! Pass him out here to us! Away with him! Away with him!"

The Divine Sympathies.
Oh, I bless God that amid all the injustice that may have been inflicted upon us in this world we have a divine sympathizer. The world cannot lie about you nor abuse you as much as they did Christ, and Jesus stands to-day in every court room, in every house, in every store, and says: "Courage! By all my hours of maltreatment and abuse I will protect those who are trampled upon." And when Christ forgets that 2 o'clock morning scene and the stroke of the ruffian on the mouth and the howling of the unwashed crowd, then he will forget you and me in the injustices of life that may be inflicted upon us.

Further, I remark: The last great installment paid for our redemption was the demise of Christ. The world has seen many dark days. Many summers ago there was a very dark day when the sun was eclipsed. The fowl on noonday went to their perch, and we felt a gloom as we looked at the astronomical wonder. It was a dark

day in London when the plague was at its height, and the dead with uncovered faces were taken in open carts and dumped in the trenches. It was a dark day when the earth opened and Lisbon sank, but the darkest day since the creation of the world was when the carnage of Calvary was enacted.

Drawing the Curtain.
It was about noon when the curtain began to be drawn. It was not the coming on of a night that soothes and refreshes. It was the swinging of a great gloom all around the heavens. God hung it. As when there is a dead one in the house you bow the shutters or turn the lattice, so God in the afternoon shut the windows of the world. As it is appropriate to throw a black pall upon the coffin as it passes along, so it was appropriate that everything should be shrouded that day as the great hearse of the earth rolled on, bearing the corpse of the King. A man's last hours are ordinarily kept sacred. However you may have hated or caricatured a man, when you hear he is dying silence puts its hands on your lips, and you would have a loathing for the man who could stand by a deathbed making faces and scoffing. But Christ in his last hour cannot be left alone. What, pursuing him yet after so long a pursuit? You have been drinking his tears. Do you want to drink his blood? They come up closely, so that notwithstanding the darkness they can glut their revenge with the contortions of his countenance. They examine his feet. They want to feel for themselves whether those feet are really spiked. They put out their hands and touch the spikes and bring them back wet with blood and wipe them on their garments. Women stand there and weep, but can do no good. It is no place for the tender hearted women. It wants a heart that crime has turned into granite. The waves of man's hatred and of hell's vengeance dash up against the mangled feet, and the hands of sin and pain and torture clutch for his holy heart. Had he not been thoroughly fastened to the cross they would have torn him down and trampled him with both feet. How the cavalry horses arched their necks and clamped their bits and reared and snuffed at the blood! Had a Roman officer called out for a light, his voice would not have been heard in the tumult, but louder than the clash of spears, and the walling of womanhood, and the neighing of the chargers, and the bellowing of the crucifiers, there comes a voice crashing through—loud, clear, overwhelming, terrific. It is the groaning of the dying Son of God! Look, what a scene! Look, world, at what you have done!

Christ on the Cross.
I lift the covering from the maltreated Christ to let you count the wounds and estimate the cost. Oh, when the nails went through Christ's right hand and through Christ's left hand, with all their power to work and lift and write! When the nails went through Christ's right foot and Christ's left foot, that bought your feet, with all their power to walk or run or climb. When the thorn went into Christ's temple, that bought your brain, with all its power to think and plan. When the spear cleft Christ's side, that bought your heart, with all its power to love and repent and pray.

DEATH'S VISITS IN SLEEP.
Apoplexy Frequently Attacks Its Victims While They Slumber.
The frequent occurrence of apoplexy during sleep was illustrated in the case of Colonel Albert D. Shaw. He had made a patriotic speech during the evening and had retired in apparently good health. In his instance there was a combination of causes to bring about the result—a banquet, mental excitement, probable indigestion and a coincident lowering of vital tone. In some respects the circumstances were similar to those attending the demise of Henry George, who was likewise stricken after forced efforts on the platform. Why the accident in question should occur at a time when all the bodily functions are seemingly at rest is at first thought somewhat difficult to explain. When, however, the arteries of the brain become brittle by age the slightest change of blood pressure is often enough to precipitate a rupture of those vessels and cause the escape of a clot either upon the surface or into the substance of the brain. High mental tension, being always associated with congestion, is in itself an active predisposing cause of apoplexy. This condition is apt to continue during a more or less troubled sleep, and with an overtaxed nervous system there is less resistance to overstretching of the cerebral arteries than during the waking hours. Nature, instead of rebounding, simply succumbs. The fullness of the vessels increases until the final break occurs. Generally the effusion of blood is sufficiently large to be followed by instantaneous death, causing one sleep to pass quietly into the other. As evidence of this peaceful ending, it is often noticed that the patients are found as if in natural slumber, comfortably lying on the side, with bedclothes undisturbed and with countenance perfectly calm.

—New York Herald.

Cross in Lake Lemarganque.
A solid silver cross was recently received in Montreal from Michael Cit Coi, an Indian, who had found it while digging in the Lake Lemarganque district. A Jesuit has recognized the cross, which has two bars, as one of the fifty silver crosses presented to the Huron Indians in the early part of the sixteenth century, to bribe them to fight for France against the Iroquois Indians, who were then friendly to England.

Students Killed in Corea.
At Intschau, Corea, collisions have occurred between the people and missionary students, according to the St. Petersburg correspondent of the London Mail, and several students have been killed or wounded.

Members of Junta Arrested.
Jose Lozano and Francisco Rivera, prominent members of the Filipino junta at Hong-Kong, were arrested by the military authorities on the steamer Loongsang.

Ballet Kills a Bachelor.
Cornelius Dougherty was shot and killed in Chicago by Watchman Frank Kelly while trying to break into the Derby laundry, 141 East Ontario street. Three companions who were with Dougherty made their escape.

Former Postmaster Sentenced.
S. B. Paterson, former postmaster at Halls, Mo., was given a two year sentence in the penitentiary in the federal court at St. Joseph for being shot in his money accounts.