

RAILROAD NOTES.

On account of the Inter-Collegiate Boat Races, the Lackawanna Railroad will sell excursion tickets, June 20, to Poughkeepsie, N. Y., at one fare for the round trip. Tickets good to return until July 2d.

Special Rates to Kansas City.

The Lackawanna Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Kansas City good going on July 1, 2 and 3, returning July 9, at one fare for the round trip. Through drawing room cars to St. Louis, with direct connection to Kansas City. Dining car service unsurpassed in quality and price. Information at all Lackawanna ticket offices.

Reduced Rates to Charleston, S. C., via Pennsylvania Railroad.

For the meeting of the National Educational Association at Charleston S. C., July 7-13, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from all stations on its lines to Charleston at the rate of one fare for the round trip, plus \$2.00. Tickets to be sold July 6 to 9, inclusive, and to be good to return until September 1, inclusive. On the return trip stop-over will be allowed at Washington on deposit of ticket with Joint Agent and on payment of fee of \$1.00.

Reduced Rates to Kansas City.

Via Pennsylvania Railroad.

For the National Democratic Convention, to be held at Kansas City, July 4, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Kansas City from all stations on its line at rate of one first-class fare for the round trip. Tickets to be sold and good going July 1, 2, and 3, and to return until July 9, inclusive. These tickets will be good on all trains except the Pennsylvania Limited, and must be used for continuous passage. 6-14-13

Reduced Rates to Cincinnati and Return.

Via Pennsylvania Railroad.

For the Annual Convention of the Baptist Young People's Union of America, to be held at Cincinnati, July 12-15, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from all stations on its line to Cincinnati at one fare for the round trip. Tickets to be sold and good going July 10 to 13, inclusive, and to return until July 17, inclusive; but if tickets be deposited with the Joint Agent at Cincinnati on or before July 14, and if fee of fifty cents be paid, the return limit will be extended to August 10, inclusive. 6-21-21.

Reduced Rates to Charleston, S. C., via Pennsylvania Railroad.

For the meeting of the National Educational Association at Charleston, S. C., July 7-13, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from all stations on its lines to Charleston at the rate of one fare for the round trip, plus \$2.00. Tickets to be sold July 5 to 8, inclusive, and to be good to return until September 1, inclusive. On the return trip stop-over will be allowed at Washington on deposit of ticket with Joint Agent and on payment of fee of \$1.00. 6-21-21.

Ever Wonderful Niagara Falls.

Ten Dollar—Ten Day Trips via Philadelphia & Reading—Lehigh Valley Route.

Niagara Falls, one of nature's most wonderful and majestic sights, never fails in interest, however often visited, the visitor always observing new and interesting sights not noticed before.

For the season of 1900 the Philadelphia and Reading Railway has arranged a series of Ten Day Excursions at the popular price of Ten Dollars for the round trip, giving the excursionists the privilege on the return trip of a stop-off at Buffalo, Rochester Junction (for Rochester), Geneva, Burdette (for Watkins' Glen) and at Mauch Chunk.

The dates for these excursions have been arranged as follows: June 30th, July 12th, August 2nd and 16th, September 1st and 13th and October 6th.

The special train of Pullman Parlor cars and fine day coaches leaves Reading Terminal 8:30 a. m., arriving at Allentown 10:15 a. m., where passengers can connect from Reading, stations on main line above Reading, and on Lehigh Valley and East Penn Branches, and passing by daylight through the picturesque Lehigh and Wyoming Valleys, aptly styled "The Switzerland of America," reaches Niagara Falls the same evening.

The grand panorama, as viewed from the car windows, of fertile farming lands and magnificent mountain scenery, interspersed here and there with hamlets, running streams and placid lakes and ponds is of itself well worth the cost of the entire trip, and Niagara Falls—who ever attempted to describe them and could give an away near adequate description of their many wonders and beauties?

For any other information desired, Pullman Car Seats, etc., apply to any Philadelphia & Reading Ticket Agent or address Edson J. Weeks, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Reading Terminal, Philadelphia.

THE DISEASE OF LOVE.

He had to slava all day, When skies were dark or blue; Though well he toiled away His work was never through.

The raiment that he wore Was patched and old and frayed; The burdens that he bore He carried undismayed.

And when the darkness fell He put his work aside, And hurried home pell-mell, Glad-faced and eager-eyed.

He loved and bravely bore The load he had to bear; Contentment found his door And boldly entered there.

Yet doctors wisely say Love's only a disease— Good Lord, make love, I pray, Contagious, if you please! —S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

Floating with a Wolf

Grim Experiences of a Westerner on the Missouri River.

WELL, sir, this thing of sailing on an ice raft does not conform to the requirements of the Sunday-school picnic. Dismal as the latter may be and generally is, it is oriental luxuriance compared to the former, especially if the highway being traversed happens to be the Missouri river when it feels "pert." The speaker was a western man.

"It was in the early '80s. You remember the winter I had that thing on in Kansas City?" he resumed. "Whew, what a winter that was! Thermometer down below zero for six weeks, wind howling a blizzard all day and resting up at night for the next day, snow three feet deep and frozen solid so that wagon wheels played harmonies all the time, a man's breath adding to the accumulations of snow and ice and—"

"Oh, come, Charlie," broke in the sufferer, "draw it mild, like Sairy Gamp liked it."

"Well, you know it was a fearful winter as well as I. What's the matter? You visited me and nearly froze to death. Couldn't keep warm, although I burned up a ton of coal a week. Well, you know, I'm something of a hunter. I had plenty of idle time and used to wrap up well and take my Parker out across into Kansas, where chicken and duck were plenty. I had some fine sport sniping, too, along the big river and the slough. There are too many hills thereabouts for good sloughing, though."

"It was along in March. You know the idea that the weather out there is better than here won't hold water, for the water would freeze in winter. The season outlasts ours sometimes, too. It did this particular winter, for they had snow in the middle of April. Fact, I got out my gun one day when it was a bit mild and went over the road to a few miles up river from Quindaro. You know this once famous town is now the reservoir for the waterworks. Well, I sniped along the bank in the reeds and was knocking over quite a few, when I saw I had better start back down river if I wanted to get home before dark. I had had good sport, but ached for more. It was a grand day—cold, to be sure, but bracing."

"At last I spied some duck sitting on the water—the river rarely freezes all the way over—just beyond the rim of ice which fringed the shore. At this point the river sweeps wide to the north and then cuts into the hills on the south side, forming a narrow gorge near the waterworks. There is a bend which the current strikes and it had piled up a lot of ice in hummocks as it ground against the shore ledge. These hummocks helped me a heap, for I could sneak out on the shore ice and get a chance at the duck. I forgot all about the time, for I was shy a good fat redhead and wanted him."

"Well, sir, I went out on that shore ledge—it was shal water there—and heaved chunks of ice at those ducks to get 'em up, you know, for no hunter shoots at water fowl when swimming. They balked like Sam Hill and I crept out farther and farther, still heaving things at 'em. At last they rose and I was busy shooting right and left as fast as I could load. Then when we got out of range I found I had nary a duck, was out of cartridges and no dog to bring in the dead. I killed a lot, but they fell in the water or, what was worse, on the bank."

"Yes, sir, that's a fact. I turned back to go to the shore and discovered that I was on an ice raft well out in the current. It was whirling around in the eddy stream like a top, and by the time I had seen the waterworks half a dozen times and lost 'em as often I declare I didn't know if I was at Quindaro or in the Alps. Say, maybe you think I liked it. I didn't. That river is a hard proposition anywhere. It is harder in what they call a throat gorge—one of these narrowings of the banks—than anywhere else. I was in one of these gorges and working downstream as fast as the field ice would let me."

"As I said, the crushing of the floe against that angle in the bank had piled up a lot of bergs higher than my head. What made me swear at myself for a fool was that I had forgotten to calculate the rottenness of ice at that season. I went out on the edge, and, as the dummed stream was rising anyway, I had slipped the moorings of my raft. So while I was busy shooting the confounded thing was traveling due north, which there meant out into the current. There I was out in the middle of the busiest river on the globe with nothing but some rotten ice between me and an undertow warranted to pull under a warship. Oh, it was lovely. But I was up against it, so there was no use enasing."

"Just at this point the river makes a 'crossing.' That is, the current hits one bank a good wallop and then butts across to the other side in spite of the

main body of water. This imparts to the whole business a measly upstream idea at certain spots. We got into this whirlpool—I forgot to mention Mr. Wolf, who was on that block with me—and then we backed away from side to side, as if we were dancing a quadrille. I saw the waterworks a few times, then I didn't. Then it began to get dark. Then Mr. Wolf commenced to sing his swan song and I wanted to go home right off.

"You see, they have gray wolves out there. Now, it happened that a member of this tribe—usually afraid of a man—had marched out on the ice to take a quiet drink. He was busy lapping up the blue water. Oh, yes, it's blue in winter if it does look like pea soup in summer—when I split out our raft. I say ours, for the wolf held his end of the game to the showdown when it was a draw. Then he could have had the premises without a fight from me."

"We backed and filled there until the moon came up. I had been too busy to think of the possibility of any animal being there, when the wolf, sitting where it was thick enough to stand his yowl, lifted his beak to the heavens and cut loose with a groan which reminded me of the whistle of a tug in idleness. I was shocked and turned about to see what this all meant. There was Mr. Wolf sitting on his haunches and singing a dolorous measure. Then I remembered that the farmers in that region loved not the wolf, so I wished him to cease from murmuring. They might turn loose a few Gatlings on us and the wolf would have none the best of it. I heaved a few loose blocks of ice at him and he quit howling and growling, crouching as if to spring."

"Here's a funny thing. That chunk of ice was some 50 feet wide and as many broad when we started navigation. Then as we butted into a piece of shoal water or another berg a big chunk would come away and the raft commenced to grow beautifully less. This made it interesting. You know the American wolf is a coward when he has a few thousands of miles to race over, but in close quarters he will fight. I knew it, at any rate, for when I tossed chunks at him he quit warbling, showed his teeth and crouched for a spring."

"I saw by the time we had been out there half a dozen hours that the raft was too small for both of us. I wanted all the room myself and decided the wolf would have to go. I am not much of a swimmer myself and it was cold, so I tried to shoot off that wolf. He wouldn't shoo worth a cent. We were out in the middle of the river by this and making good progress toward Kansas City. Chunk after chunk was whirling from our raft and it soon became a matter of crouching on opposite sides of a hummock in the middle. The wolf crouched in closer and closer and whined like a dog. But he showed fight when I bothered him."

"The moon came up and silvered our raft. It also showed where the dark, sullen and furious water raged. It was a thoughtful time. I had missed dinner by a dozen miles, was out on the bosom of the Missouri with one lone wolf of uncertain parentage and undiscovered habits. I had no cartridges with which to shoot him and he represented any familiarity. I remember that, having used threats, I resorted to the 'con' game, but that wolf was a wise boy; he paid no heed to my efforts to make friends. He howled when not molested, as he evidently had no purpose of swimming for it. Neither had I, but as our limits narrowed with every swirl of a tide that does nothing else it soon became a question of who would win at this kind of postponed game."

"Away to the south, high in the heavens, I could see a line of lights declining visibly. I took them for stars, but later concluded they were the lights on Bluff street. Would we sweep by the big city or would we hit a sandbar, plenty of which lurked near by? It was a question. I made up my mind I must get rid of that wolf, so I sneaked around the kopje and hoisted my shotgun to smite him. Then commenced the most lurid scrap I ever mixed with."

"I swung with the gun; he ducked and clawed me in the ribs. I rushed, he side-stepped and swung for my jaw, but I went under. Then we sparred around that ice hill. He kept it between me and harm until all at once with a yowl he charged. He smote me in the side and one leg went into 80 feet of water, but I was up before he could count ten. Then I closed in—I had to, for I broke off another chunk with that rush—and handed him an awful punch. I thought he was out, but he came up before the count and ducked as I went for him."

"One must go out this time or it was a draw, for but eight feet of space was left. I didn't measure it excepting with my eyes, but I'll swear to it. I led the left—I'd lost the gun—and he blocked, countering with his right. I went under and caught him an awful uppercut under the chin with my right. He liked it; absolutely liked it, for it never bothered him. He crouched low and led right and left swift as lightning. I gave ground and backed clear off the ice as he hit that sandbar."

"I struck out to swim for shore, although I didn't know where that was. I paddled vigorously for awhile with my feet high in the air—'stern-wheeling,' we used to call it as boys—when my fingers dug into sand. Say, I never felt anything which equaled that. I hauled myself in gingerly and found that for five minutes I had been swimming in six inches of water. Then as I headed for dryer land that wolf took a header over me as he started for tall grass. I swung and fell over from the force of my punch."—Chicago Chronicle.

Poverty a Crime. Poverty is a crime—matrimonially speaking.—Chicago Daily News.

NATIONAL DESTINY.

WE CANNOT HAVE VASSALS NOR DISTANT POSSESSIONS.

American Soil Is Our Limit—All Statesmen Agree—Republicans Determined to Overthrow the Nation.

There is not an opinion in favor of the principle that the United States can possess colonies, vassals or territory not to become states in the Union. McKinley himself was of that opinion until he changed his mind and forced congress to take the great step towards the destruction of a people's government, the obliteration of popular sovereignty and the creation of an independent, personal empire.

Here are the truths expressed by all of our statesmen, beginning with Mark Hanna. A close study of them will reveal the fact that McKinley and the Republican leaders are departing from these truths and violating their own convictions.

Mark Hanna.

"The destiny that has been written for this country must be fulfilled."—Mark Hanna at the Ohio Republican state convention in May, 1900.

William McKinley.

"I speak not of forcible annexation, for that cannot be thought of. That by our code of morality would be criminal aggression."

"Human rights and constitutional privileges must not be forgotten in the race for wealth and commercial supremacy. The government of the people must be by the people and not by a few of the people. It must rest upon the free consent of the governed and all of the governed. Power, it must be remembered, which is secured by oppression or usurpation or by any form of injustice, is soon dethroned. We have no right in law or morals to usurp that which belongs to another, whether property or power."

Daniel Webster.

"Arbitrary governments may have territories and distant possessions, because arbitrary governments may rule them by different laws and different systems. We can do no such thing. They must be of us, part of us, or else strangers. I think I see a course adopted which is likely to turn the constitution of the land into a deformed monster, into a curse rather than a blessing; in fact, a frame of an unequal government not founded on popular representation, not founded on equality; and I think that this process will go on, or that there is danger that it will go on, until this Union shall fall to pieces. I resist it today and always. Whoever falters or whoever fails, I continue the contest."—Daniel Webster in United States senate, March 23, 1848.

William H. Seward.

"It is a remarkable feature of the constitution of the United States that its framers never contemplated colonies, or provinces, or territories at all. On the other hand, they contemplated states only, nothing less than states, perfect states, equal states, as they are called here, sovereign states. *** There is reason—there is sound political wisdom in this provision of the constitution excluding colonies which are always subject to oppression and excluding provinces which always tend to corrupt and ultimately to break down the parent state."

"By the constitution of the United States there are no subjects. Every citizen of any state is a free and equal citizen of the United States. Again, by the constitution of the United States there are no permanent provinces or dependencies."

James Madison.

"The object of the federal constitution is to secure the union of the 13 primitive states, which we know to be practicable; and to add to them such other states as may rise in their own bosoms, or in their neighborhood, which we cannot doubt will be practicable."—Federalist, No. 14.

U. S. Supreme Court.

"The genius and character of our institutions are peaceful, and the power to declare war was not conferred upon congress for the purpose of aggression or aggrandizement, but to enable the government to vindicate by arms, if it should become necessary, its own rights and the rights of its citizens. A war, therefore, declared by congress can never be presumed to be waged for the purpose of conquest or the acquisition of territory; nor does the law declaring the war imply an authority to the president to enlarge the limits of the United States by subjugating the enemy's country."—Fleming vs. Page.

Mischievous Blunders.

It is unfortunate that Secretary Root's legal adviser, Mr. Magoon, found it necessary to give two contradictory opinions on the status of Porto Rico, one holding that the constitution was extended to that island when the peace convention was ratified and the other insisting that Porto Rico is not a part of the United States. Vacillation of that sort will be made the most of by opponents of the administration, and already it is being said by them that the second opinion was produced under pressure exerted by the trusts whose interests are to be promoted by a tariff on Porto Rican products.

Supposing the first opinion to be sound and correct, the president told congress that "our plain duty is to abolish all customs tariffs between the United States and Porto Rico and give her products free access to our markets." Relying upon the superior legal soundness of the second opinion, some of the party leaders insist that Porto Rico should be treated like a foreign country and a tariff be placed upon her products.

If the second opinion be correct, it is a great pity that Law Officer Magoon made such a mistake in the first. He should have made sure he was right before going ahead. His blunder is bringing much trouble to the party and making it difficult to controvert those who allege that the influence of the trusts is too potent in shaping the policy of the administration. The Republican party has enough to do fighting its avowed enemies without having to fight the consequences of blunders made by maladroit statesmen in its own ranks. Some changes in leadership appear to be desirable.—Philadelphia North American, Rep.

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