

RAILROAD NOTES

REDUCED RATES TO GRANGERS' PICNIC AT WILLIAMS' GROVE VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD. For the Twenty-seventh Annual Inter-State Grange Picnic Exhibition, to be held at Williams' Grove, Pa., August 27 to September 1, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from August 25 to September 1, inclusive, good to return until September 3, inclusive, at rate of one fare for the round trip, from principal stations between East Liberty and Bryn Mawr; on the Northern Central Railway, between Stanley and Lutherville, inclusive, and on the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Division east of and including Waterford.

For information in regard to train service and specific rates application should be made to ticket agents. 2t

REDUCED RATES VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD FOR MT. GRENA FARMERS' EXPOSITION. On account of the Farmers' Exposition, to be held at Mt. Gretna, Pa., August 20 to 24, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell round-trip tickets to Mt. Gretna and return, at rate of one fare for the round trip, from principal stations between East Liberty and Bryn Mawr; on the Northern Central Railway between Stanley and Lutherville, inclusive, and on the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Division east of and including Waterford. Tickets will be sold August 18 to 24, inclusive, good to return until August 27, inclusive.

For information in regard to train service and specific rates application should be made to ticket agents. 1t

REDUCED RATES TO CHICAGO VIA PENN'A RAILROAD—ACCOUNT G. A. R. ENCAMPMENT.

On account of the Thirty-fourth Annual Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, to be held at Chicago August 27-31, inclusive, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from points on its line to Chicago, at rate of single fare for the round trip.

Tickets will be sold on August 25, 26 and 27, good to return until August 31, inclusive; but by depositing ticket with joint agent at Chicago prior to noon of September 2, and the payment of 50 cents, return limit may be extended to September 30, inclusive. 8 2 st.

REDUCED RATES TO DETROIT VIA PENN'A RAILROAD—ACCOUNT KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS, BIENNIAL CONCLAVE.

For the Biennial Conclave, Knights of Pythias, at Detroit, August 27 to September 1, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from all stations on its lines to Detroit, at rate of single fare for the round trip.

Tickets will be sold on August 25, 26 and 27, good to return between August 28 and September 5, inclusive; but by depositing ticket with joint agent at Detroit not later than September 1, and the payment of 50 cents, return limit may be extended to September 14, inclusive. 3t 8 2

SEVEN-DAY EXCURSION FROM FISHING-CREEK VALLEY TO ATLANTIC CITY VIA B. & S. AND P. & R. RYS, THURSDAY, AUG. 23, 1900.

Special coaches will run through from Jamison City to Philadelphia. Leave Jamison City, 5:40 a. m., Benton 6:08 a. m., Orangeville 6:40 a. m. Price of excursion ticket from Jamison City \$5.00, from Benton \$4.75, from Orangeville \$4.50. Similar rates from intermediate stations. Stop allowed at Philadelphia in either direction within time limit of the ticket.

Tickets can be purchased from B. & S. Ticket Agents, and from Conductor of B. & S. train morning of the excursion. Tickets must be used on the above train and date to Philadelphia, and on any day within time limit of ticket. A representative of the Railway Company will go with this Excursion and will take pleasure in giving passengers information relative to Hotels and points of interest in Philadelphia and Atlantic City.

Second-Hand Wheels

At Mercer's Drug and Book Store, setting very scarce. We now have the following only: One ladies', good condition, at \$12.00; one gentleman, new this year, \$40.00 list price, that can be bought for \$25.00. This wheel has not been run 60 miles. One Crescent tandem for \$30.00. We have regard as the best bargain yet have been able to offer this year. If you want a new wheel, it will pay you to get our prices, as we will promise you a real bargain.

The following letters are held at the Bloomsburg, Pa., postoffice, and will be sent to the dead letter office Aug. 28, 1900. Persons calling for these letters will please say "that they are advertised Aug. 14, 1900": Miss Verda Clapham, Maggie Carter, Mrs. M. Hesser, Miss Lizzie Ohl, Angelo Renha, Mr. Joseph Turner, Miss Margaret Weinman.

One cent will be charged on each letter advertised.

O. B. MELICK, P. M.

MARRIAGE IN CHINA.

All Matrimonial Alliances Arranged by Female Brokers.

Wedding Festivities Are Elaborate and Usually Last Three Days—High Officials Carry Their Coffins When Traveling.

Wu Ting Fang, Chinese minister to the United States, contributes an interesting article to Collier's Weekly upon the social customs of his people. Many of the rich Chinese, he says, are philanthropic and earnestly desire to relieve the suffering they see about them. They give freely of their wealth, but the poor are legion in China, and the task is not an easy one. Private charity, however, which is always more or less capricious, has provided most of the orphan asylums, the free hospitals and the poorhouses of the country.

Social entertainments in China never revolve around dancing or athletic contests, as they so frequently do in this country. Our ideas about the impropriety of the two sexes mingling socially would effectually prevent dancing from becoming a form of entertainment. Athletic sports have not found favor in our eyes, but games of chance have a strong hold on the popular heart.

Among my children the choice of a partner for life is always left to the parents of the bridal pair. They have the interest and welfare of their children at heart and act with judgment and wisdom that only mature years can bring. The engagement is usually made when the young people are in their early teens—in many cases when they are much younger. Matrimonial alliances between friendly families are the most common.

In some sections of the country, the assistance of a professional matchmaker is called in when marriage is desired for a child of the house, especially if no suitable alliance with a friend's child is possible. The role of marriage broker is played by women of the middle class.

The wedding festivities usually last three days. On the day previous to the marriage, the girl's parents send her dowry to the bridegroom. If she is rich, it will consist of a great variety of costly articles, including household furniture, clothing and precious jewelry. Early on the day of the wedding the parents of the bridegroom send a bridal chair to bring the bride to their home. It is usually a very gorgeous sedan chair which has been rented for the day. Musicians accompany it and the match-makers follow, bringing more presents. Arrived at the home of the bride, there is usually at this juncture a long pause in the proceedings. The bride is in tears, and makes a great show of reluctance at the thought of leaving her home and her parents. Frequently, six or seven hours pass before she will consent to let her maids adorn her in the bridal robes and headress sent her by the bridegroom's parents. Slowly her finery is donned—the red dress with its glittering gilt ornaments, the long red veil, the elaborate headress with its strings of pearls hanging over her face. With her hair no longer dressed in childhood's fashion, but arranged in the coiffure peculiar to a married woman, she bids her family a tearful farewell. At last she gets into her chair and is borne away from her old home. Her brothers follow her in sedan chairs to the house of the bridegroom. The bridegroom, in gorgeous dress, comes out to meet her. He bows, he opens the door of her chair. One of her maids comes up and carries her on her back into the house. There, the bridegroom lifts her veil and sees for the first time the face of his bride.



WU TING FANG. (Minister of the Chinese Empire to the United States.)

No priest conducts the ceremony which unites them. Together they kneel before the altar of their Unknown God and before the shrine of their ancestors, and burn incense and candles.

The funeral of a dead Chinese frequently does not occur until two or three weeks after death, but the body lies all this time in state in the handsome coffin. Rich Chinese are very particular about the good quality of the wood for their coffins, often having them made for years before there is any probability of their being needed. It is well known that some distinguished high officials are in the habit of carrying their coffins around with them in their travels.

Searches for Colonial Curios.

A Maryland woman is engaged in a novel and pleasant business. She scours the rural districts of Virginia and the Carolinas for pieces of colonial furniture, which she buys at small cost, has renovated and afterward sells in Baltimore at a large profit.

Ruin by Horse Races.

Half the aristocrats in France are ruined by losses at horse races.

PUBLIC OPINION.

Opinions From Various Sources on Questions of Public Interest.

Senator Teller, of Colorado, one of the founders of the Republican party, stated the case succinctly on the floor of the senate, thus: "I want to say that if the crooked work of the Republican party in power could only be made known and shown up to the people we could upset this administration in an hour." There is a rank, unadorned statement of fact in this assertion.—Washington Times.

How much better off are the white people of Philadelphia, lorded over as they are by blackmailing officials, and buried as they are on election day under the weight of 80,000 fraudulent votes, than were the white people of South Carolina or Mississippi during the black domination in carpet bagging days? This is a conundrum which some few solicitous citizens are now trying to solve.—Philadelphia Record.

As the result of war corporations have been enthroned and an era of corruption in high places will follow, and the money power of the country will endeavor to prolong its reign by working upon the prejudices of the people until all wealth is aggregated in a few hands and the republic is destroyed. I feel at this moment more anxiety for the safety of my country than ever before, even in the midst of war. God grant that my suspicion may prove groundless.—Abraham Lincoln.

Perhaps the Republican platform is the most impudent document ever issued for the pursuit of an intelligent people. The idea of that trust ridden convention even pretending in a milk and cider resolution to condemn trusts was an exhibition of gall never equaled on this earth. The claim that Republicans have secured honest officials in Cuba is humor broad enough to excite the risibles of all the convicts in all the penitentiaries under the sun.—Hon. Champ Clark.

No president—no professor has been evicted from his chair for making Republican stump speeches, and such stump speeches are far more numerous than are the anti-imperialist addresses of Dr. Rodgers or the silver utterances of Dr. Andrews. It will therefore become a question not merely of rich men controlling the colleges, but of those rich men making every college a close Republican corporation. That question, particularly in the west, will receive the attention which its importance deserves.—Chicago Chronicle.

The platform declaration as to the foreign achievements is a lie. If we had an Englishman in John Hay's place he could not and would not have played more into the hands of England. I believe that his son was sent to Pretoria to act as a spy in England's behalf, and that Macrum lost his position because he would not serve as a spy. I hope that the ticket will be defeated. I will not vote for the ticket. McKinley is a civil fraud and Roosevelt is a military fraud, and the ticket deserves to be beaten. I don't know that I shall vote for the other fellow, for it does not strike me that I am compelled to choose even the less of two evils, but I must in fairness say that my opinion of Bryan grows more and more favorable. He is beyond doubt sincere and he is certainly dear to the people. On the other hand, McKinley is a rich man's man, not a people's man.—Gen. John Beatty, Ohio Rep.

The American people like to have their own way, but they like still better to see a man who is not afraid of them. They can follow a leader, however much they may disagree from him, who, when he sees "a plain duty" or lays down a "code of morality," will hold to it even against a world of arms. It is certain, therefore, that at least some of the influences which have swayed the caucuses and conventions of the Democratic party will be felt in the campaign and at the polls.

No one can doubt that Mr. Bryan has an opportunity to make a more favorable campaign, here in these eastern states at any rate, than in 1896, when his personality was unknown and his grossly misceivacious and when even his patriotism was challenged. Moreover, the people of this section understand now that he embodies more than one issue and is the foremost champion of certain principles which lie at the foundation of our republican democracy and which appeal to all Americans alike, regardless of geographical lines.—Boston Globe.

One's sympathies naturally go out to Governor Roosevelt's academic and social reforming friends who went to Philadelphia to explain to the wild men from the west how necessary it was to give the governor two years more in New York to take another whack at the corporations. They have even truculently (though rashly) said that if Platt, by any trick, succeeded in forcing Roosevelt to give up the governorship, that fact alone would make New York a doubtful or probably Democratic state. Could the boss reject a tried servant of the state simply because he was too independent or because corporations objected to him, without giving the electoral vote of New York to Bryan? This question of Roosevelt's closest friends, said to have been inspired by him, will now be explained as purely rhetorical, but it has its awkwardness. What they and he failed to see was the fact, in addition to Platt's treacherous "efficiency," that the Republicans of the country are aching for at least one candidate for whom they can yell. They dread an apathetic, dignified, hum-drum campaign. McKinley, they feel, in view of his verbal somersaults and general ear-to-the-ground attitude, is not an inspiring figurehead. To link him with a plodding business man like Mr. Bliss would make campaigning tame in the extreme. Fireworks and torchlight and thunderous cheers for "Teddy" are the things wanted, and there is now every prospect that we shall have a continuous performance of San Juan Hill all summer.—New York Evening Post.

A MERCILESS ENEMY

(From the French in Cassell's Magazine. Reprinted by Permission.)

AFTER the town was taken, M. Henri made our house his headquarters. Those who had escaped were chased to the gates of Niort. The Marseillais threw down their arms in the streets and surrendered. The night advanced; still they dragged the prisoners into our low-rated room. M. Henri cried with victorious clemency: "Lower your arms and you shall not be hurt." The Republicans were disarmed, and let go free. I pointed out to the young chief the danger of letting hundreds of rebels wander about the outskirts, just when his men were thinking of nothing but victory and of going each his own way.

"You have some merciless enemies," I said. "A Marseillais lieutenant named Ripard has sworn that he would kill you in the combat, or murder you afterwards on the first opportunity."

On the young chief's handsome face there was a look of childlike astonishment at Ripard's hatred. His brow clouded at my words; but he dismissed the thought with a shake of the shoulders, and gave the order to release the rest of the prisoners.

"We must show them that we have more humanity than they," he said.

He had scarce finished speaking when there was a tumult outside, and three Vendean soldiers dragged a rough-haired man into the room. He had cruel, bloodshot eyes; his face was convulsed with rage and hatred.

"This rebel has been arrested, pistol in hand," said one of the Vendees. "His life and liberty were given him. He made off, then turned and fired on his liberators. We dragged his pistol from him; here it is." And the man placed the weapon upon the table.

"To the prison," ordered M. Henri; and turning to the man, he said: "Your name?" The prisoner grinned savagely: "Take care; my name will alarm you. I am Ripard."

I trembled. M. Henri looked at the Marseillais and said, quietly: "Well, Ripard, you are free. Go!"

"Where do you expect me to go? The houses are full; there is no straw. The country is unsafe. If you are afraid to keep me, kill me, for I am worn-out. I cannot drag another step."

"So!" said M. Henri. "We are no longer fighting; there is a capitulation. If you do not know where to go, you may stop here."

I trembled at the thought of harboring so dangerous a guest, and raised a hundred objections; we have not even a chair to spare.

"At least," said M. Henri, "he shall share my room; the bed is big enough for two." I was dumb with horror. There was a painful silence, broken by M. Henri begging me to take the torch and show Ripard to his room. The man watched us narrowly; a drop of blood, hanging from the corner of his eyelid, rolled down his cheek, leaving a ghastly stain upon it. I walked first, showing the way up the steps; but my heart beat fast and the torch trembled in my hand, throwing weird shadows, as we went. Inside the corridor I opened the sleeping-room door, and placed the light upon the chimney. The grin on the Marseillais' face froze my blood with horror. I lingered, hoping to find a chance of whispering to M. Henri to disarm Ripard, or at any rate to let one of the men sleep in his room; but he had forgotten about the pistol, or was obstinate in his idea, for he cut me short, saying:

"Good-night—a demain. I am worn-out with fatigue."

And to hasten my departure, he commenced to unfasten his coat.

I went away in despair, leaving the door ajar behind me; but I heard M. Henri bid Ripard close it, saying that they would sleep more quietly. I trembled at the haste with which the man obeyed, double-locking the door behind him. In the anguish that possessed me I had a mind to cross the corridor upon which their room gave, to get a ladder, and climbing up, to watch them through the narrow slit of the window placed high in the wall; but my courage failed. Still, I could not abandon our guests to the mercy of my enemy. M. Henri's Vendean soldiers shared my fears, but they dared not disobey the command.

"When M. Henri says a thing he means it," they said; but I persuaded one of them to place his mattress across the door, begging him to spend the night there, ready to break in at the first alarm. This done, I retired; but I was still uneasy. Though I threw myself dressed upon the bed, I could not sleep. An hour passed wearily, by then another; the suspense became unbearable.

Unable longer to suppress my fears, I took a ladder from a lumber room at the end of the corridor, placed it noiselessly under the oeil de boeuf window, climbed up and looked into the room. The light was still burning, though the house was in silence.

M. Henri was lying on the side of the bed nearest to the wall; and Ripard, having placed the light upon the table near to the head of the bed, was standing motionless beside it watching the sleeper's face.

I could not see his expression, for his back was towards me. He remained thus some minutes, debating, perhaps, whether the serenity of those noble features were not a ruse.

The young chief's shirt was open at the neck, showing a medalion attached to a silver chain that rested upon his breast. His breathing was calm and regular; his lips half open in a smile that betokened a peaceful and happy dream. Ripard's right hand was half hidden in the shadow of the table; I could see that it held the pistol, his finger upon the trigger. He seemed to hesitate; then raising his arm slowly, he aimed straight at the sleeper's heart. I was petrified with horror, my heart ceased to beat; a cry of horror and anguish died away in my throat. Still I watched, powerless to move, as in a dream. And M. Henri slept on, smiling and breathing peacefully, unconsciously offering his warm breast to the cold muzzle that was menacing him. In that awful moment I felt the cold shiver of death upon me. Ripard maintained his murderous aim, still he did not fire. He sighed deeply, his hand trembled; then he lowered the pistol with a furious movement, turned and stepped backwards from the bed. He was hideously pale, his eyelids trembled; he shook his head, placing his hands before his eyes as though chasing some hideous vision, and noiselessly placed the pistol upon the table. I waited no longer. I scrambled down the ladder, stumbled to the door of M. Henri's room, woke the Vendean snoring upon the mattress, and in breathless haste hid him force the lock gently that the Marseillais should not hear. The soldier drew a knife from his pocket, and though he handled it adroitly the work was long and difficult. At last the lock gave. I flung the door open, and stood dumbfounded upon the threshold. Side by side M. Henri and Ripard were sleeping, as children sleep, their breasts rising and falling with the same regular and peaceful movement, and much the same smile upon their lips.

Advertisement for Castoria. Features: 900 DROPS, For Infants and Children, The Kind You Have Always Bought, Bears the Signature of J. C. Fritchman, In Use For Over Thirty Years, CASTORIA, THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Advertisement for Williamsport Dickinson Seminary. Not an Ordinary School, When Williamsport Dickinson Seminary was founded, money making was not in the thought of its promoters. Rev. EDWARD J. GRAY, D. D., President, Williamsport, Pa.

Advertisement for The New Lippincott Magazine and Bingle Berry Book. The September 'New Lippincott' Magazine publishes complete one of the cleverest stories of the year. Bingle Berry Book, being No. 2 of the Big-Berry Books, is all about berries.