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NO. 32.

EMPORIUM TO MANILA

Mr. Fred Julian Writes a Series of Interesting Letters to the Press.

LETTER NO. 1.

ON BOARD STEAMSHIP VALETTA, BETWEEN COLUMBO, CEYLON AND SINGAPORE, JULY 20th, 1903.

Perhaps a few lines in the shape of a letter would be rather interesting to the readers of the Press. We left Marseilles, France, on the afternoon of July 3rd and immediately sailed into the blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea and after a sail of four days we arrived at Port Said, Egypt, at the entrance of the Suez canal. This port is the coaling station for nearly all the ships going through the canal. The population is a mixed one, chiefly Egyptian and Arabic, while there are many Nubians and whites. To cross a steamer here, they bring lighters, or large boats, along side the ship and at once a swarm of Egyptians and Arabians begin to carry baskets of coal on board, each basket holding about fifty pounds. The coal is very dry and dusty. So we leave the ship while loading and go ashore, knowing that in four or five hours these natives will have carried at least one thousand tons on board and that on our return the ship will be coated, clean and ready to go through the canal at a speed of not more than seven miles an hour. To Suez, eighty-seven miles across a portion of the Sahara Desert and part way through waters from the many mouths of the Nile. On arriving at this port and it might be said while on the Mediterranean, we are pleasantly disappointed as to the heat; developed very hot weather but up to this time had not found the thermometer to soar above 88 degrees fah., yet it was close and hot, something like our close sultry summer days. To land we hired a native boatman and paid him six cents to land us on a beautiful stage. We were immediately surrounded by natives, all having something to sell or wanting to be engaged as guides or beggars or somebody.

Finally I engaged an Arabic guide who presented me with a card stating he had been a guide for Gov. Taft, etc., six months before. We next hired a two horse carriage to take us around the city. (I may say Port Said has a population of 65,000 and is built on the ground taken from the canal when building.) This took us about an hour. For this ride I paid fifty cents, or really two English shillings. As soon as we left our carriage our guide took charge of us, his chief aim seeming to be to steer us into bazaars or shops, places of amusement. We were conducted into several elegant bazars, where you could buy almost anything—jewelry, post cards, or pictures, Egyptian drawn work, needles, work, Japanese bric-a-brac, or anything else. "Unfortunately for me," I bought a pair of shoes. I traveled on had a custom that all must dress for dinner, so I had to purchase some full dress shirts in this town—well made and good fit for \$1.50 each. I was taken to a large bazaar where it seemed they had a plenty of everything for sale one could wish for on a voyage, and a thousand things he did not need. We went all over the city, I think, everywhere beset by beggars, conjurers or people selling something. Feeling hungry we went to the best hotel and had a fine dinner as could be ordered for prices—seventy-five cents. While eating the musicians would come and play a tune or two and then, of course, beg for money. As soon as one left another came, or some conjurers would spread a mat and do some slight of hand tricks or acrobatic feats. All seemed bent on getting all they could out of foreigners. At last we got on board ship, feeling glad to get away, ready to go on the journey. It does not take long to make the start, but we could not help wondering how the canal looked, (We had some idea from reading about it and from pictures bought in Port Said) if it was wide enough for two ships to pass and if it was deep enough for our ship, for we knew it would take 27 feet of water to float us in the canal. It turned out that our fears were groundless, for we passed through in sixteen hours. There is not much to interest one while going through, for it is water mostly on the Egyptian side and desert on the Arabian. Once in a while we would meet an Arab band going over the desert or along the canal with their camels; or we saw an image in the sky over the desert as if we were looking at beautiful trees or open sheets of water.

We are not sorry when it is time to go to bed. In the morning, early, we are awakened by clanking chains, the monotonous refrain of the quartermaster as we hear him call "deep five," "deep four," etc., we know we are in shallow water and the ship is feeling her way along, ready to drop anchor. We hasten on deck to see Suez about three miles away; hope bright for a sail to the shore, to learn we are not going to stop any length of time. By this time there are natives in boats along side and you have the latest telegrams brought on board here and for the first time we learn of the Pope's illness. We buy some post cards, five grapes and a few other things and then are ready for the Red Sea with all its heat and our next port thirteen hundred and eighty miles down the Red Sea. It is no long until we are informed that it is the only clump of trees on shore any where, (for there is no vegetation on the mountains along the Red Sea), is the place where Moses crossed with the children of Israel and where even to-day is a well called Moses' well. It seemed to us this was the only place he could have crossed for it is the only break in the chain of mountains for many a mile. We expected to see Mt. Sinai inland forty-five miles but unfortunately the sky was too hazy and we could not see it. The writer has often seen pictures of the mountains around Egypt, Red Sea and Holy Land and noticed the peculiar colors of the mountains. We could not understand but can do so the better now. The mountains seemed almost all colors, caused by the different strata of rock and the different angles the sun rays strike them. After four and a half days sailing on a sea smooth as could be, but as hot and close as it well could be, we dropped anchor in the beautiful land looked harbor of Aden, Arabia, not more than twelve degrees north of the equator. Aden is supposed to be one of the hottest and driest places on the globe no rain in two years. Here again we were disappointed at not landing, but really it made no difference because outside of the garrison for British troops, the town is small—that is the foreign quarters, but the native town is fairly large. The water used there is condensed from the sea, the plant being constructed by the British government. We had no sooner lowered our anchor than many natives came on board. Their chief barter seemed to be feathers. As Arabia is the home of the ostrich, feathers are offered in every variety—small ones and large ones, single or in

bunches, boas or fans—it made no difference. If you did not wish your wares you could purchase a diamond, ruby, sapphire, opal, or almost anything. If you did not wish rings you certainly did not post cards. It is wonderful what quantities of these cards are bought by tourists. The chief trade is feathers and they are really cheap. By this time I have learned not to pay what was asked, or half of it, for any article except post cards, which are two cents. But feathers! Here if a lady is fond of feathers can reveal at little expense. I am almost afraid to tell you the prices, for fear you will say "Don't." But you could buy a handsome white ostrich feather, at least eighteen inches long for a dollar or less, (if you don't believe it call on me when home and I will show you) a nice boa four feet long for \$2.50, or a nice fan for fifty cents to three dollars. I could by five white tips for I did not need them and less cared to swell Uncle Sam's treasury more than necessary. The town is built at the foot of some very high barren mountains; together with the garrison and fort; looks very pretty from the ship. The writer will be glad to show you pictures of this town, as well as others. After delivering mail and receiving other we sailed for Colombo, Ceylon, six days sail, or 2003 miles across the Indian ocean. The first night out from here was the first time we could see the north star low down on the horizon north, and the southern cross low down on the horizon south. All the time since leaving Port Said we have to see the days get shorter, until at present the sun sets about six o'clock and at six-thirty it is dark. You know that at the equator night and day are of equal length the year around. We expected quite a shaking up on the Indian Ocean and were not disappointed. Up to this time we had been sailing in inland seas now we are in the open ocean in the very worst time of the year for the Monsoons are on. The wind blows across the Indian Ocean from south-west to north-west for three months, not always with the same violence but at all times sufficient to cause you to wish you were somewhere else. These winds together with the heat, cause a great amount of evaporation, the water evaporated is carried across the sea to India and gives them, the Hindus, their rainy season. Well, the monsoon is now at its height. This causes a very heavy sea and for two days our ship was tossed about considerable and rolled much, often rolling as much as thirty-five degrees—once thirty-nine degrees. You almost expected the ship to roll over, or as the sailors say "turn turtle." After two days of this fearful rolling, the sea became much calmer and living was again decent, after six days, or yesterday morning, we came to anchor in the harbor of Colombo, Ceylon. Up to this time had the thermometer shown over 95 deg. fah., but we supposed when we came to anchor here and had on sea breeze it would be much better, but at no time during the day was the heat excessive—the thermometer not registering over 88 deg.

Here as elsewhere, as soon as the ship came to anchor, we were again surrounded by native boats. The chief barter here was precious stones, Sapphires taking the lead. It would take pages to give even a feeble description of this people and country. There you see the native clad or naked, as you please; the fishermen wear only a small cloth around their loins. You might almost call them naked. The common coolie wears only a cloth around his loins. Hundreds of them coolies came around the ship and aboard for here we took on much freight and coal. The native fishing boat is a peculiar affair. It looked to me as if they took two logs and squared them to make the length and three shorter logs for width; any way the boat looked like a small pointed raft. Scores of these passed our ship far at sea in full sail, the water even flowing over the boat. Each boat had five or six men on board, all standing up, apparently, at a distance, naked, but as they came closer we saw they had a small cloth around their loins. There they had a boat called the Catermeran. It is the funniest looking object I ever saw; it is perhaps 20 feet long, 2½ feet high, and about one foot wide. The native kneels in his boat to sail or row it. On one side of this boat, at each end, a long, bent pole is run out and fastened to a pointed log, which glides on the water as the boat sails along, and prevents it from capsizing. These boats are wonderful sailers and are taken to sea quite a distance; we met them every twenty miles from land. Here, as at Port Said, boys and men swim along side the steamer and will dive in the sea for any coin you may throw them. One boy climbed up the ship's side at Colombo, a distance of twenty-five feet from the water and dove from there for a six-pence and caught it in the water, swam to the surface with it in his hand. Here I had to laugh, for these divers, to attract our attention, all at once began to beat their sides and arms and sing "Tra ra, boom da ra." It was very comical to see them. Just after lowering the anchor, my attention was called to a white ship entering the harbor, firing off her guns. She turned out to be one of our cruisers, the Raleigh, just entering port. I was glad to see the old flag floating once more—it was the first sight I had of it since leaving home. It afterwards saw some more stars and stripes and soon learned that the Cincinnati and Albany were there. I did not feel so lonely after that and talked with some of the crews on land. Can you fancy an American's feelings, ten thousand miles from home, gazing on his flag, the first one seen in weeks. Of course I asked my English friends if they did not think it was a beautiful flag, etc., etc., and we had quite a friendly chat about Uncle Sam and John Bull. About eight o'clock in the morning (Sunday) the Company's steam launch came alongside and took all who desired ashore. I forgot to say that here we change ships and go on board the Valetta, as our good, staunch Victoria goes on to Australia, while we are now bound for China. We wanted to go first on board the Valetta and look up our new quarters, but she was flying a yellow flag. We knew if we went on board her we could not go ashore again for she was in quarantine. She came from Bombay, where the bubonic plague rages and no one on her was allowed to land. There was no sickness on board, neither then or now. We landed at the regular landing wharf where we at once saw the native in all his glory; some overdressed and some underdressed, in all colors and styles. We, six of us, concluded to go to the hotel, three miles away, on the seashore, for breakfast. We caught a ride in a rickshaw, a small two wheeled vehicle propelled by a native coolie, and start on a slow run the entire distance. We of course start through the business part of the town, then a part of the native quarters, passing their shops. The street, or road, lined with cocoanut trees or banana trees, bread fruit or some other, bicycle riders on horse back or in carriages, natives driving the sacred cow of India in waggons, etc. We say sacred cow, but from the way they are worked here I judge they are not very sacred.

At last we arrived at a magnificent hotel and had an elegant breakfast of several courses—fish, fowl, meats, fruit in abundance for 75 cents. Here the better class of native dealers bore you to death to purchase his wares, chiefly fancy India laces, table covers, elegantly worked silk dress patterns, in fact almost every conceivable article of merchandise, and all seemed to be very cheap. I was asked by one of them, three pound ten, or \$17.50, for a table cover which was afterwards bought by one of the party for five dollars. I do not think it could be bought at home for five times this amount. After breakfast we again entered our rickshaw and went through the cinnamon gardens, where we saw all kinds of native fruit trees growing, viewed elegant dwellings, lakes, heathen temples and Christian churches, everywhere meeting native men and women, mostly men in all kinds of clothing, gay and dull, red or black—it made no difference what it was, it seemed to me. At last, after making a circuit of the city, we were brought to another hotel, close to the landing stage, where we paid for our conveyance and dismissed the native. We had taken our nearly nine miles, on a run most of the time. For his services I paid my native sixty-two cents and my friends who had been here before said I paid entirely too much, as thirty-two cents was a great plenty. After being on shore about five hours we again went on board ship and after a wait of one or two hours, started on our voyage to Penang and Singapore, another 3,600 mile ride. British ports in the Malay Peninsula, Hong Kong, China, and Shanghai, China. The first land we expect to see are the islands of Sumatra, belonging to the Dutch, which we will sight, if all well, Tuesday evening. It will take us eleven days to reach Hong Kong, where I expect to leave the ship. If I do not do so at Singapore, for it is tiresome, very, so long on ship board. If I had known it was as cool at Colombo as it was, or that it was such a beautiful place, I would have arranged to have spent a week there. In some of the avenues in Colombo where they were shaded by the Banyou trees, it was delightfully cool and pleasant.

Pardon this long letter, but I could not write less if I wrote anything, and much more should have been written to do justice to Port Said, the Canal, Red Sea, Colombo, and in fact all places touched at and seen. If, when I come home, you want more points in detail I will be ready to give them. I will if I can finish up the balance of the voyage when I arrive at Manila, which will be about August 31, unless the ship is put in quarantine at some port, and I cannot get there by that time.

FRED JULIAN.

Pleasure Trip.
A pleasure party, consisting of Mrs. Lyman Lewis, Mrs. Lewis Barton, of Jersey City, N. J., and F. J. Lewis, engaged a day's outing that will long be remembered, having passed a pleasant day at Emporium and Rich Valley. R., visiting the several camps connected with C. B. Howard & Company's extensive lumber operations. They left on the early "Flier" made first halt at Camp No. 13, on Cooks Run, thence climbing the mountain to the headwaters of North Creek, halting at Camp No. 18 while provisions were unloaded in double quick time, after which the mighty engine climbed up to camp No. 21, where we had the pleasure of eating a dinner fit for a King, prepared by Mr. Geo. Bigler and wife. To digest this excellent meal we took in the sight of old Harper's Ferry, so familiar to our old citizens. Now we started again taking the line leading to Sam Lewis' camp, where we must confess we were able to eat a lunch and relished it. It beats all what an appetite one finds after a ramble in the woods, especially when the lunch is prepared by so excellent a cook as Mrs. Whitman. Mrs. Barton says it is something wonderful to see the land, over which as a child she roamed, once a dense forest of unbroken timber, now almost denuded and a railroad running in every direction. We believe it will be a long time before the city lady will forget her trip over C. B. Howard & Company's lumbering operations. The enjoyable trip was appreciated by the party, who desire to tender their thanks to the foremen and cooks of the several camps for kindness shown to them. The train men, kind and polite, also have our thanks for courtesies extended.

XXXX.

Fatal Accident.
Philip Mead, an old settler of Sinnenamohoning, was struck and instantly killed by Buffalo Flyer, No. 14, at the crossing at Wyside, yesterday morning, between 12:00 and 1:00 o'clock. Mr. Mead was one of the old settlers of this place and a veteran of the civil war. He leaves a wife and five grown-up children, four of whom are away from home; James, the youngest, resides with his parents. Mr. Mead intended to resign his position as track walker on Oct. 1st, being too old to do the work any longer, and one more night of service would have been his last on duty. A freight train going west at the time is supposed to have attracted his attention causing the accident.

The Sons of Temperance.
The regular meeting night for the Sons of Temperance will be on the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month.
Geo. D. NEIDLINGER, R. S.

All Smokers smoke the "W. H. Mayer" hand made cigar, the best five cent cigar on the market. Be sure you ask for it. 24-1f.

Rummage Sale.
The ladies of Emmanuel Church Choir Fund will inaugurate another Rummage Sale, to commence Oct. 9th and continue until all goods are disposed of.

Substantially Remembered.
Rev. W. A. Pugsley and wife, who left Emporium this morning for Erie, were pleasantly and substantially remembered by the young people of the Baptist Church last evening.

A Public Fountain.
Hon. A. B. Mann and Mr. Thompson, of Coudersport, have placed a public fountain, for man and beast, in the most public place in Coudersport, costing \$1,500. This beautiful testimonial to their deceased parents and wife is indeed a very creditable act on the part of Coudersport's citizens. Would that some of Emporium's monied citizens would do likewise and thereby hand their names down to posterity.

Agricultural Fair.
The attention of the Press readers is directed to the advertisement of the Agricultural Fair and Pic-Nic, published on 9th page of this issue. It is hoped there will be a large attendance from all sections of the county. While gotten up in double quick time it is very evident the effort will be a success. Read the list of prizes offered and enter the contest, everybody. This week Saturday.

Seriously Ill.
While Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Wheeler, of Rural Valley, Pa., (formerly of Emporium), were visiting at Bradford, Pa., Mrs. Wheeler was taken suddenly ill, on Saturday. Dr. E. O. Bardwell, of this place, was called to Bradford on Monday in consultation. The lady, we regret to inform the Press readers, is in a very precarious condition. Mrs. E. M. Hurteau, of Emporium is at the bedside of her daughter.

Ideal Offices.
Dr. F. C. Rieck has removed his dental offices to the commodious rooms in the Climax office building, West Fourth street, where he will be better prepared than ever to serve his patrons. Dr. Rieck is now well fixed, as the boy would say, having one of the handsomest homes in the county, "Newton Terrace," and now having rounded out his idea with an ideal office. He should be in a happy state of mind.

A Popular Idea.
The Keystone Park is being given the finishing touches for the Agricultural Fair and Pic-Nic and it is surprising what a large amount of work has been accomplished since the idea was adopted to hold a Fair this year. Burgess Howard and Dr. Heilman are giving the idea their undivided attention. The grounds are admirably located for such purposes, and when the proposed buildings are completed ample accommodations will have been provided for stock, horses, etc. A large and handsome covered pavilion has been completed and fitted for dancing, pic-nic parties, etc. Those of our citizens who have not visited these grounds will be surprised to note the ideal preparations. Don't forget the date of Fair—next Saturday.

A Romantic Marriage.
"One of the prettiest weddings of the season." That is the accepted phrase and it really belongs to a quiet little ceremony that took place at the Eagle Hotel, Sunday evening, says an Addison correspondent. The bride was not arrayed in shimmering white nor was she attended by maids in picture hats. She was a gentle lady, whose hair had long been tinged with gray and the bridegroom, though straight and robust, conceals not his 67 years. They came over on the excursion from Wharton, Pa., and registered as Mrs. Julia Rockwell and James M. Walker. Their combined ages were 133 years and the wedding is said to be the culmination of a long romance of an engagement that stood the test 40 years.

Many a man who boasts that he is laying up treasures in heaven is very careful to takeout a fire insurance policy.

Institute Oct. 10th to 24th.
Monday, Oct. 19th, the teachers of Cameron county will assemble in their annual session. An outline of the week's program will be of interest to our people and we accordingly present for their information a list of the talent to be featured. Among the day-instructors are two gentlemen who need no introduction to our citizens, Prof. F. H. Green and Dr. S. C. Schmucker of the West Chester State Normal School. The opportunity to hear these eminent educators should be availed of by all. They are absolutely unsurpassed in their respective departments. They have a manner of imparting truth that is both informing and entertaining. Prof. Green will be here three days while Dr. Schmucker's engagement is for the entire week.

Monday evening the Dunbar Company, Male Quartette and Bell Ringers—with Ralph Dunbar the American Cellist will hold the boards. This Company combines novelty and versatility and will prove a popular favorite. Their tour last season was a veritable triumph, unable to meet the demands for their services, many calls had to be refused by the bureau.

Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Francis Labadie, of Philadelphia, Character Delineators, will render selections from the great authors, with critical remarks in duologue. The program will also include humorous recitals and will be a decided departure from anything heretofore attempted in Emporium.

Wednesday night the Rev. J. Wesley Hill, D. D., the eloquent pastor of the Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, Harrisburg, will lecture on Brain vs. Brawn. Dr. Hill's Church will be remembered as tendering the use of its beautiful building to the legislature at the time of the destruction of the State Capitol by fire. He is a man of superb attainments and is regarded as one of the leading pulpit and platform orators of the day.

The course will close Thursday evening with the Ernest Gamble Recital Company that made such a delightful impression here a year ago. Mr. Gamble, Basso, has been studying in Europe the past summer. He has surrounded himself with a company of the most capable artists procurable. Mr. Edwin M. Shonert is in the first rank as a pianist, while Miss Bertha Webb has a national reputation as a violinist. During the season of 1902-3 she appeared in 250 concerts, covering nearly every State in the Union. She also has spent the last summer abroad in study. In artistic merit this attraction is unsurpassed.

All the evening attractions will be given in the opera house except that for Wednesday night when the opera house will be occupied by a theatrical company, necessitating that the lecture be delivered in the court house.

The price of the course tickets will be \$1.25 each and will be for sale at an early day. The patronage should be the most generous.

Game of the Season.
The greatest base ball game of the season will be "pulled off" next Saturday at Keystone Park, the combatants being the Leans and Fats, composed of the following home talent (?): LEANS. Josiah Howard, Rev. J. M. Robertson, Dr. Rieck, C. W. Rishell, Frank Mundy, O. B. Barnes, Chas. Felt, Jas. Wright, H. S. Lloyd, A. F. Andrews.

FATS. Jos. J. Lingle, Andrew Brady, Ed. White, C. W. Shaffer, A. C. Blum, G. S. Allen, H. O. Haupt, Jas. Earl, H. H. Mullin, Geo. Walker, Jr., E. S. Rhodes, F. P. Rentz, F. P. Strayer. No side remarks allowed and the first one to violate this rule will be immediately shot—in the neck.

Chicago—the "Tough" Among Cities.
Lincoln Steffens' Chicago article which appears in the October McClure's makes inspiring reading. "Chicago: Half Free and Fighting On" is the graphic phrase in which Mr. Steffens sums up the civic status of Chicago. For Mr. Steffens finds Chicago an example of reform—"Yes, Chicago," he says, "first in violence, deepest in dirt; loud, lawless, unloving, ill-smelling, irreverent, new, the 'tough' among cities"—Chicago, in Mr. Steffens' opinion has fought more persistently, more pluckily, and more successfully against the evils of American municipal government than any other of our great cities. It is the story of this reform that Mr. Steffens tells, and it is a fine story and a hopeful one.

In the good old winter time is when you are generally in need of good warm clothing, and as that time is approaching you should consult N. Seger as to supplies.

WEATHER REPORT.
(Forecast by T. B. Lloyd.)
FRIDAY, Rain.
SATURDAY, Fair.
SUNDAY, Fair.

BRIEF MENTION.
Fewer gallons; wears longer; Devove. N. Seger has the stock. Prices down. Do not forget to attend the cooking school.
We publish the auditors' report of Shippen school district this week.
A new house for rent. Apply to C. C. Wiley. 32-f.
Street Commissioner Mundy is certainly doing an excellent piece of work on Fourth street.
Quite a large number of Masonic brethren went to Ridgway to-day to attend Commandery session.
The cooking school will open Thursday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, with a free lesson, to which everybody is invited.
The Courier alleges that there is a man in Knoxville who snores so loudly that he jars the panes of glass from the windows.
W. G. Bair, with commendable enterprise, promptly secured several views of the wrecked bridge, last week. Nothing like being up-to-date.
Society women, of Addison, will give a full fledged circus, street parade, freaks and all. The proceeds will be devoted to charitable work.
When you come to the Fair it will be an opportune time to fit yourself out with a complete wardrobe for the winter. The most reliable place to do this is at N. Seger's.

An exchange says that a sweet innocent girl marrying a drunkard or gambler to reform him, is like putting a hog into the parlor. It don't hurt the hog, but it ruins the parlor.
An exchange reports that within the past ninety days over \$10,000 in fees and fines have been collected from dealers in impure foods in Pennsylvania by the State pure food department.

Many a farmer's son or daughter is struggling miserably and hopelessly in the city as an underpaid and over-worked nobody, who might be enjoying the broader, freer, cleaner, better, saner life on the old home farm. When the farm boy or girl gets the city fever, only the drastic medicine of miserable experience will check or cure it. Foolish pride, false ideals, intolerance and ignorance mislead many young men and women.—N. Y. Farmer.

An exchange tells of a boy entering a car and leaving the door open behind him when an old man sitting near thundered: "Was you brought up in a barn? Shut the door!" The boy did as he was bid, but the tears were seen to trickle down his cheeks. "There, there, never mind, lad, of course you wasn't brought up in a barn." "That's just it," blubbered the boy, "I was, and every time I see a jackass it brings it all back to me."

Want to be a man do you? Well, you may attain the age of twenty-one and a stature of five feet six and not be a man. Age and size don't make a real man. Some men, when grown, are as useless as when they were boys in fact, a worthless boy is usually worthless when he grows up to a man's size. The real man grows up from a manly boy. The habits he forms in youth stay with him. Now is the time to make yourself what you hope to be in after life. It will be too late when you are grown.—Ex.

Just let your subscription go. It's only a small sum—the publisher doesn't need it. If he asks you for it get as hopping mad as you can and tell him to stop your paper you never read it anyhow. Go home and borrow your neighbor's. When the reporter calls always be busy. Make him feel as if he was intruding. When the advertising or job man calls, say you don't need to advertise—everybody knows you; that you will get along without printed stationery—it's too expensive; that business is slack and you must economize. Never drop in to see the editor unless you want a complimentary notice or a lengthy obituary for a bereaved relative. Never recommend the paper to anyone; when you speak of it say, "Yes, we have a little sheet." Keep it up a year or two and you will have a dead newspaper, a dead set of merchants and a dead town.—Exchange.

Removal Notice.
I have moved my Dental Office to the Climax Powder office building, West Fourth street. Office hours from nine to twelve; from one to five.
F. C. RIECK, D. D. S. 32-2t.