

Cameron County Press.

ESTABLISHED BY C. B. GOULD.

HENRY H. MULLIN, Editor and Manager.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

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ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements published at the rate of one dollar per square for one insertion and fifty cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

Legal and Official Advertising per square, three times or less, \$2.00; each subsequent insertion 50 cents per square.

Local notices ten cents per line for one insertion, five cents per line for each subsequent consecutive insertion.

Obituary notices over five lines, ten cents per line. Simple announcements of births, marriages and deaths will be inserted free.

Business Cards, five lines or less, \$5.00 per year over five lines, at the regular rates of advertising.

No local inserted for less than 75 cts. per issue.

JOB PRINTING.

The Job Department of the Press is complete, and affords facilities for doing the best class of work. PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO LAW PRINTING.

No paper will be discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Papers sent out of the county must be paid for in advance.

No advertisements will be accepted at less than the price for fifteen words.

Religious notices free.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

GOVERNOR—Edwin S. Stuart, Philadelphia. LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR—Robert S. Murphy, Cambria county.

AUDITOR GENERAL—Robert K. Young, Tioga county.

SECRETARY OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS—Henry Houck, Lebanon county.

COUNTY TICKET.

For Congress, CHARLES F. BARCLAY, Cameron.

For President Judge, BENJAMIN W. GREEN, Cameron. (Subject to Judicial Conference.)

For Member of Assembly, JOSIAH HOWARD, Emporium.

For Associate Judge, GEORGE J. LABAR, Emporium.

For Prothonotary, Register, Recorder and Clerk of Courts, WILLIAM J. LEAVITT, Shippen.

For District Attorney, JAS. P. McNARNEY, Emporium.

For Coroner, DR. W. S. RUSSELL, Gibson.

For Jury Commissioner, JOHN A. WYKOFF, Grove.

That Emery Letter.

The Wanamaker interests through the Philadelphia North American scolds its nominee for writing the Likins letter. It said on Saturday:

"Mr. Emery's letter is much too long, it rambles where it should have been terse, and it says many things which had better have been left unsaid for the advantage of the writer and the cause.

Mr. Emery will do well, we think, to accept for himself in the future, Quay's advice to Beaver."

To Republicans.

We are anxious to have every Republican in close touch, and work in harmony with the Republican National Congressional Committee in favor of the election of a Republican Congress.

The Congressional campaign must be based on the administrative and legislative record of the party, and, that being so, Theodore Roosevelt's personality must be a central figure and his achievements a central thought in the campaign.

We desire to maintain the work of this campaign with popular subscriptions of One Dollar each from Republicans. To each subscriber we will send the Republican National Campaign Text Book and all documents issued by the Committee.

JAMES S. SHERMAN, Chairman. P. O. Box, 2063, New York.

Does evil still, your whole life fill? Does woe betide? Your thoughts abide on suicide? You need a pill!

Now for prose and facts—DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the most pleasant and reliable pills known to-day. They never gripe. Sold by R. C. Dodson.

Rheumatism Cured in Ten Days.

Why Will You Suffer.

Mr. Harry Knox, of Beverly, W. Va., under date of Jan. 23, 1906, says he was laid up with rheumatism for more than two and a half months; part of the time could not get out of bed. Could not walk with out the aid of crutches, and says he took one-half of a 50 cent bottle of Crocker's Rheumatic Cure and was entirely cured. HARRY KNOX. For sale by R. C. Dodson. 21jun3m.

Saved His Comrade's Life.

While returning from the Grand Army Encampment at Washington City, a comrade from Elgin Ill., was taken with cholera morbus and was in a critical condition," says Mr. J. E. Houghland, of Eldon Iowa. "I gave him Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and believe saved his life. I have been engaged for ten years in immigration work and conducted many parties to the south and west. I always carry this remedy and have used it successfully on many occasions." Sold by L. Taggart; J. E. Smith, Sterling Run; Crum Bros. Sinnamonahong.

Denver's First Stagecoach.

On the 17th of May, 1850, Denver turned out to welcome the first through coach of what was destined to grow into the "Overland Mail," an enterprise which for sheer American pluck and daring must be forever linked with the fame of the "Pony Express." Red shirts drifted to the outskirts of the hamlet and dotted the hills around. Hard faced bartenders made ready for the "hottest night that ever tore the camp loose." The artillery of bolster and saddle boot was unlimbered for an ecstatic fusillade. There was lively betting in dust and nuggets that the first through stage had been gathered in by Indians, with takers as eager to stake their faith that the scamps of driver and guard would come through intact. At length a swirl of dust showed far down the trail. It grew into a yellow cloud that crept toward the eager hamlet. Then six mules, stretched out on the gallop, emerged from this curtain, and behind them was the lumbering, swaying stage, come safely through on time, and Denver was in touch with the world where men wore white shirts and lived in real houses. The cheers that roared a welcome to this heroic enterprise were echoed in every western town which hoped and longed for a link of its own with the home country, "way back east."—Outing Magazine.

The Polite Burman.

In the cities of Burma, where the natives have been long in contact with Europeans, says the author of "Burma, Painted and Described," they have lost some of their traditional politeness, but in the country districts old school courtesy is still the custom. An English gentleman who had bought a new pony was trying him out on a Burman road when the animal bolted and ran at top speed down a narrow road. In the way ahead was a native cart, in which was a family party out holiday making. The pony dashed into the back of the cart, threw his rider into the midst of the merry-makers and severely injured the Burman who was driving. Before the Englishman had an opportunity to explain his unexpected onslaught the Burman picked himself up and bowed low. "My lord, my lord," he said apologetically, "the cart should not have been there."

Inherited Memories.

A writer in the Nineteenth Century tells a strange story of "inherited memories." The ruins of an ancient Roman fortress rise from the grounds of a Mr. Phillips. A clergyman called upon the owner one day and asked to see the ruins. "He told me he had a distinct recollection of living there and that he held some office of a priestly nature in the days of the Roman occupation," said Mr. Phillips. "One fact struck me as significant. He insisted on examining a ruined tower which had bodily overturned. There used to be a socket in the top of it," he went on, "in which we used to plant a mast, and archers used to be hauled to the top in a basket protected with leather, from which they picked off the leaders among the ancient Golestonians." We found the socket he had indicated."

When Paris Was Dirty.

It takes the labors of 4,000 to keep the city of Paris clean today, but in times past that capital did not care so much about the matter and was not always pleasing to look upon. In 1348 King John of France made the request that Parisians should not allow their pigs to roam the streets. Charles VI. (1368-1422) complained that the practice of throwing rubbish into the Seine made it a "great horror and an abomination to look upon." Until the seventeenth century everybody who could went about Paris on horseback in order to avoid contact with the filth of the streets. Various ordinances were made to compel the people to sweep the road before their own doors, but it was not until 1791 that the dust cart became an institution.

A Lullaby.

Magistrate—You are accused of attempting to hold a pedestrian up at 2 o'clock this morning. What have you to say in your own behalf? Prisoner—I am not guilty, your honor. I can prove a lullaby. Magistrate—You mean an alibi. Prisoner—Well, call it what you like, but my wife will swear that I was walking the floor with the baby at the hour mentioned in the charge.—Chicago News.

Ibsen on Friendship.

Friends are a costly luxury, and when one invests one's capital in a mission in life one cannot afford to have friends. The expensiveness of friendship does not lie in what one does for one's friends, but in what one, out of regard for them, leaves undone. This means the crushing of many an intellectual germ.—From a Letter to George Brandes.

Just Like Him.

Arthur—You think I don't love you, darling? Why, I would die for you. Arethusa—Yes, and it would be just like you to do it so that your funeral would come on a day when I had to give up a real nice engagement to attend it. Oh, you men are so selfish!

Sad.

First Baby—You look sad. Second Baby—I am. I feel keenly the responsibility of having parents who cannot afford to have me.—Smart Set.

Seized His Chance.

Miss Prim—In Siberia do they have reindeer? Mr. Nerve—Yes, but often they have snow, darling.—Cleveland Leader.

He who does not improve today will grow worse tomorrow.—German Proverb.

Earthquakes.

Among the many strange relationships which earthquakes hold to various natural phenomena there is possibly one between the times of their occurrence and of irregularities in the revolution of the world. For many years it has been observed that there are slight but irregular changes in latitude, or, in other words, the axis of our earth does not always point in the same direction. The pole wanders about in a mean position, sometimes in a path that is nearly circular, while at others it appears to be exceedingly irregular and even retrograde. The world top is not spinning truly, but it slightly wobbles. When the change in direction of its axis is sharp large earthquakes have been frequent. If a swiftly moving body is, so to speak, compelled to turn a corner, that it should be subjected to strains which might result in yielding is easily conceivable. Regarded from this point of view, the times at which strata in seismic strain give way are to some extent governed by erratic movements in the rotation of our sphere. The earthquake and the wobble may, however, be due to a common cause, and the question therefore is one which requires closer examination.—John Milne in National Review.

A Good Horse's Color.

A good horse cannot be a bad color, it is said. It is certain that Derby winners are not drawn from certain colors. Has a gray ever won the race, or a dun or a skewbald or a piebald? Has there ever been a thoroughbred of the latter type? Quite black thoroughbreds are rare, white still more so, gray uncommon even among the less exalted of public performers. The "Stud Book" would not bear out these statements where colors uncommon on the race course are described. The explanation is, of course, that the horse is there described as he appeared as a foal. An owner of a bay thoroughbred looked up the "Stud Book" to find his purchase pictured as a chestnut and complained to the men of whom he had bought the horse. The former owner assured him that the description was correct at the time it was entered. Other owners, less certain as to what color may appear when the first coat has been cast, have before now made such singular entries as "gray, roan or chestnut."—St. James' Gazette.

The Porcupine's Quills.

The spines are very loosely attached to the porcupine, and they are very sharp—as sharp as a needle at the outer end. At almost the slightest touch they penetrate the nose of a dog or the clothing or flesh of a person touching the porcupine and stick there, coming away from the animal without any pull being required. The facility in catching hold with one end and letting go with the other has sometimes caused people to think that the spines had been thrown at them. The outer end of the spines, for some distance down, is covered with small barbs. These barbs cause a spine once imbedded in a living animal to keep working farther in with every movement of the muscles, so that it is not a pleasant thing to get stuck full of them.

A Sad Picture.

At Varzin once, after sitting for some time sunk in profound reflection, Bismarck lamented that he had derived but small pleasure or satisfaction from his political activity, but, on the other hand, much vexation, anxiety and trouble. He had, he said, made no one happy by it, neither himself, his family nor any one else, "but probably," he continued, "many unhappy. Had it not been for me there would have been three great wars the less, the lives of 80,000 men would not have been sacrificed and many parents, brothers, sisters and widows would not now be mourners."—Bismarck's Table Talk.

Unique Rainmaking.

One of the oldest rainmaking plants is the invention of a native of one of the Indian provinces. By means of a rocket he sends more than a mile into the air a reservoir of ether attached to a parachute. This, being released at the highest point, floats gently back to earth, the condensation being caused by the evaporation of the ether. It is said to be decidedly efficacious even where there is scarcely a trace of cloud.

Cut It.

"Yes," said the college student, "dad got the idea that I was cutting up too much, and so he cut in and threatened to cut down my allowance unless I took a brace. I felt all cut up at first, but I didn't want my allowance cut off or cut into just for a little funny business, and so I cut it out." And the listening foreigner remarked, "What did the young man say?"—Somerville Journal.

Breaking It Gently.

Captain of Steamer—Madam, it gives me great pain to be obliged to tell you that your little boy's hat has blown overboard. Fond Mother—Why, I thought it was tied on with a string! Captain—Yes. That was just the trouble. The string did not break.

Corrected.

"Miss Isabel, you are not at all like other girls." "That is not a compliment, Mr. Spooner. You should say that other girls are not at all like me."

Quite Proper.

Little Rollo—Pop, what is an upright piano? Pop—One that plays only sacred music, my son.—Woman's Home Companion.

Not Conceited.

She—All men are conceited. He—Not all. I see a man every day who is not conceited. She—Where? He—In the mirror.



It's Easy

to write a good letter when your paper, pens and ink are all friendly.

Eaton-Hurlbut Writing Papers

the "PAPERS THAT APPEAL," make polite correspondence a pleasure. Most people just now are asking us for Twotone and Highland Linen. There are other styles you may like even better. Come in and see them.

M. A. ROCKWELL, DRUGGIST, Emporium, Pa.



DRIES IN 10 MINUTES. If your dealer hasn't it, F. V. Hell man has.

Register's Notice.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, COUNTY OF CAMERON. NOTICE is hereby given that V. A. Brooks, Administrator of the estate of David A. Fulton, late of Gibson township, deceased, has filed his account of his administration of the said estate and the same will be presented to the Orphans Court at July term, next for confirmation of it. C. J. GOODNOUGH, Register. Register's Office, Emporium, Pa., June 4th, 1906.

Advertisement for Jasper Harris, featuring the text 'Watch for our Ad. Next Week.' and 'Jasper Harris, Opposite Post-Office, Emporium, Pa.'



The LaBelle For Women \$2.50

No other modern design so fully meets all the requirements of the ideal ladies shoe. It is an unequaled combination of style and fit, shapeliness and comfort. The high but rather broad heel, arched instep and slightly manish appearance makes it the swellest sort for the feet.

If you are a victim of faulty shoes, we can soon enable you to walk with ease and comfort, and eventually cure your tender feet. These shoes will wear twice as long as the ordinary "ready made" shoes and have a style and finish that is essentially distinctive.

Walker's \$4.00 For Men

CHARLES DIEHL, The Up-to-Date Store.

