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|  | AS TO FREICHT RATES |
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|  | road commix |
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|  | 第隹itted them $n$ few months ngo to raise |
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|  | raised within the state <br> the people are paying the |
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|  | notion by the Interstate Commercre Commissfion in the New Sork cnase that if the com－ |
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|  | set．it is likly to in ineere |
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|  | The interstate rates and ware consenuentis within the juriadiction of the felderal com．misesion．It was n＊if Pennsylvania shou＇d |
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|  | railroats wore allowed to |
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|  | the Interxtate Commerce Commisxion had ovarruled the rate fixed br the Pennsylvanianuthorities nn the pround that it favored |
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|  | Philladelohin as against New York，a com－ puting cits． |
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|  | T＇nder the circumstances it is not sur trixing that the enta commissions are pro－t．atingngainst the further interference of共 |
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|  | WIEN the golden wood on golden days l．ay still in the sun ： fame one in the swamp was all ablaze Came one <br> the hent in me．Bright was my amaze the wonder and the beanty of his ways． |
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|  |  |
|  | He with hite Spanish peves and scriflet clonk Shaw me me the mangle hue in bonfire smoke： Slowed me polished chestnuts under stiff： faded leaverx： <br> ＂There are fallen－inoon pumpkins and corn And＂Histen－the belly are ringing in the Promine you will always wear a leaf－green gown．＂ gown．＂ |
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|  | he of the Spanish eyes and scarlet cloa is gone |
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|  | Saw not the benuts that he showed to me， <br> To bind me，hold me fast，he used it merely． <br> To use it thus he naw so clearly－ <br> To bind her to me．To make her love me |
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|  | The barberry bush is buag with jew The ripening upples fall |
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|  | brient <br> In tha lane by the wandering gray wall Across the river the hills stretch out．The sem |
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|  | Like old drowny dragons，a－drowsing in dream． Hlack crows turn westward in the amber |
|  |  |
|  | kentil |
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|  | Nuts for the long white nights to come When Corydon a－cold blows on his thumb． |
|  |  |
|  | there gone？ <br> Was there some one ever here who now is <br> Who told me tales of autumn＇s glory？ <br> The story teller I＇ve forgot－ <br> But not the story， －Dorothy Homans， <br> －Dorothy Homans，in the New York Eve． <br> ning Post． |
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| NOW MY IDEA IS THIS！ <br> Daily Talks With Thinking Philadelphians on Subjects They Know Best |  |
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