

ATKINSON'S PAMPHLETS

Will Not Be Carried in the Mails to the Philippines.

DECLARED TO BE SEDITIOUS.

The Author of the Pamphlets, However, Declares They Are Merely Reprints of Senate Documents—No Intention to Prosecute Mr. Atkinson.

Washington, May 3.—The postmaster general has directed the postmaster at San Francisco to take out of the mails for Manila three pamphlets issued by Edward Atkinson, of Boston, vice president of the Anti-Imperialist League. This order does not apply to the circulation of the pamphlets by mail in this country, but bars their dispatch from this country to the Philippines, discontent, and even mutiny, among the soldiers being stated by the department to be the design of these publications.

The three pamphlets are those which have the following titles: "Criminal Aggression, by Whom?" "The Cost of a National Church" and "The Hell of War and Its Penalties." These, unless something should develop to necessitate further action, may be circulated through the mails within this country. It is thought that there is little possibility of any of these publications getting past the San Francisco office, but if a few should, the military authorities in the Philippines will promptly suppress them. Postmaster General Emory Smith made this statement:

"These pamphlets actually incite to mutiny, and it would be utterly unjustifiable to permit their circulation among the soldiers in the Philippines. Their circulation is a movement to induce the soldiers to disobey orders, and in effect to embarrass and resist the government in whose service they are engaged. Their circulation, except in the mails for the Philippines, is not interfered with, because, in being sent to Manila, they are destined for soldiers fighting our battles, but in this country the effort to incite to mutiny could have no result. Not only are they designed to incite to mutiny the American soldiers in those islands, but also to foment and encourage insurrection on the part of the Filipino themselves.

"I do not believe there is any intention to prosecute Mr. Atkinson, as the matter now stands. The authority to do so, however, is plain. He has not only attacked the president and government in the most virulent language and disputes the national policy, but also calls on the American troops to defy the government. Certainly this government is empowered to stop or check, as it sees fit, the circulation of these seditious publications."

MR. ATKINSON'S PROTEST.

Declares His Pamphlets Are Reprints of Senate Documents.

Boston, May 3.—Hon. Edward Atkinson, discussing the statement that the postmaster general had directed that certain pamphlets prepared by Mr. Atkinson be taken from the mails to Manila, said that the documents were compilations of facts and figures taken from the debates in the national house and senate and calling attention to points overlooked in debate. Mr. Atkinson said:

"There are two pamphlets only. The first edition of the first, printed in November, was dedicated to President McKinley, in support of his statement that 'forcible annexation would be criminal aggression.' The facts and figures given in that pamphlet were made the frequent subject of debate in the house of representatives and the senate during the session, and the pamphlet as a whole was finally printed by order of the senate as senate document No. 62.

"The second pamphlet was issued late in February, when it appeared that acts of criminal aggression were being committed in the Philippines. In that pamphlet certain facts and statements were submitted to the attention of the senate, and were the subject of debate, and that pamphlet again, by order of the senate, was printed in the senate document.

"If it is unlawful for a citizen of the United States to communicate with other citizens in Manila by sending them documents in a private edition which have been printed by order of the United States senate as public documents I am content to leave the matter at that exact point which requires no comment from me.

"If this attempt to forbid free speech and free mails to the people of this country has been made I think the people will decide themselves what to do about it."

The Bogert Trial Continued.

Pittsburg, May 3.—The first business before the United States district court yesterday was the application of Attorneys J. T. Lenahan and General W. S. McLean for a continuance of the case against E. F. Bogert, the former postmaster of Wilkesbarre, on a charge of opening mail, while postmaster, belonging to other persons. The application was based on the sickness of W. H. Bates, a material witness for the defense. Judge Buffington ordered the case to be continued to the term of court at Williamsport in September.

1899 MAY. 1899

Calendar table for May 1899 with columns for Su., Mo., Tu., We., Th., Fr., Sa. and rows for days 1 through 31.

MOON'S PHASES table with columns for Third Quarter, Full Moon, First Quarter, New Moon and corresponding times.

SEA BIRDS AND THEIR EGGS

Hunters Contest With Gulls for Possession of the Spoils.

If the murre is disturbed by an egg hunter and its single egg taken it will return and replace its successively stolen ovum until eight have been laid. It is loath to leave its nest, even when it comes up she leans away from him and moves over to the far side of the nest. But presently, yielding to the alarm within her breast, she emits a sudden squawk and flies off, flushing the entire rookery as she moves toward the sea, leaving the pickers to fill their pouched shirts with the booty. They must hurry the work, for as soon as the eggs are uncovered the gulls hover close and become thick upon the scene. These the men must fight off, for they brazenly interpose themselves and battle with the humans for the possession of the eggs.

The opportunity being open, the gull sweeps down upon the murre egg, seizes it in its mouth and goes sailing aloft, cracks it in its bill and gobbles what of its contents it can, the residue falling on the rocks below. Then it takes another swoop away and balances itself to spy out a new egg. The gull's egg is palatable.

That the islands in San Francisco bay were a great repository of edible eggs became known in the early fifties. At the time of the discovery of this fact provisions were scarce and gold plentiful in San Francisco, and the rookery eggs offered in the markets of that city brought one dollar a dozen. The opening of this new and free opportunity to acquire wealth precipitated numbers of people upon the islands and in the business of egg gathering. Quarrels ensued between the competitors as to their respective "rights" in the premises, with the result that a company was formed among a number of the pickers, which bought out the claims of the others. This company managed to hold onto its advantages for some years, notwithstanding experiencing contests and encroachments, until the bickering ultimately grew so fierce as to attract the attention of the United States district attorney at San Francisco. He sent a detachment of government soldiers there and deported every egg picker.

Curious Things Found in Australia.

There are some curious things in Central Australia. According to Prof. Baldwin Spencer, Lake Amadeus in the dry season is merely a sheet of salt. Ayers rock, about five miles round, rises abruptly from the desert. Formerly vast rivers flowed here, and the diprotodon, a wombat-like creature worthy of its name, and four times as large as a kangaroo, flourished on the plains. Now there are hardly any animals to be seen. The fish live in water holes of the hills until the floods wash them down to the valleys. At the end of the wet season the water flows fill themselves with water, roll themselves in the mud, and lie low till the next rains, which may not come for two years. Meanwhile, the provident frog, like the "mouse" of Robert Burns, may have the misfortune to furnish a drink to a thirsty black. The natives also get water from the roots of trees. They are in the "totem" stage, and revere certain plants or animals which protect them. Men of one group can only marry women from another single group.

The Surgical Ant.

The native Brazilian, far removed as he usually is from doctors and surgeons, depends upon a little ant to sew up his wounds when he is slashed or scratched. Truta, to tell, the average surgeon could do the job no better than these little insects. The ant has two strong nippers on his head. They are his weapons for battle or a forage. When a Brazilian has cut himself, for example, he picks up an ant, presses the nippers against the wound, one on each side, and then gives the bug a squeeze. The indignant insect naturally snaps his nippers together, piercing the flesh and bringing the lacerated parts close together. The Brazilian at that moment gives the ant's body a jerk, and away it flies, leaving the nippers imbedded in the flesh, that kills the ant, but, as he has served his most useful purpose, in life, it is well. The operation is repeated until the wound is sewed up neatly and thoroughly.

Japan Plums.

The Japan plums are remarkably well-flavored when cooked, and much better than Bradshaw and Lombard. Washington is a part of the paradise of the plum, and the Japan varieties do remarkably well there. As to their sale in the local markets in comparison with the European type of plums, nothing but experience will tell. The Japan plums ship better than almost any others, either native or foreign.

How He Won Her.

Tom—I'm surprised to hear of Dick's engagement to the wealthy Miss Antiquate. I was under the impression that she was a confirmed man-hater. Jack—So she was, but Dick won her through diplomacy. Tom—How so? Jack—She asked him to order a bell for her bicycle and he told her that she didn't require one, as there was a belle on her wheel every time she rode it. After that he had everything his own way.

Circumstantial Evidence.

"Do you mean to say that my client was not strictly sober on the afternoon of the occurrence?" roared the lawyer for the defense.

"All I know is," answered the frightened witness, "that he put a nickel in a fire alarm box, turned the handle to the right, pulled the hook and called out the department. Then he wanted to make complaint against someone for running a fraudulent gambling device."

Refutation.

"What does that man mean by saying you made all your money out of politics?" exclaimed the indignant friend.

"I don't know," answered Senator Sorghum. "It ain't accurate, anyhow. It was in politics that I made my money."

TOM HALL'S SYSTEM.

Tom Hall had "got religion." There was no doubt about it. The news was public property in the pretentious little Nevada town.

He resigned his position as day shift behind the bar of the "Golden Palace," a seat was no longer kept for him at Donovan's faro tables, and if he drank at all it must have been but little.

Secretly his private views on morals were still rather broad and liberal, and he saw no particular harm in taking a drink at proper intervals, gambling when the deal was fair, and otherwise partaking in a moderate way of the various enjoyments provided by the town in the sage bush.

In short, Tom was more converted to Miss Dawson than he was to the church.

The church on the hill, as was naturally felt proud of its new member, but Miss Dawson felt prouder.

One Sunday the pastor announced that it was very desirable that the church be provided with a new organ. He proposed that the fund for this purpose be realized in a way novel to that locality at least. The members of the congregation were individually to pledge themselves to raise money by the performance of a service, or by the manufacture or sale of something inexpensive, and afterwards the different accounts of the various experiences were to be given, which in itself promised considerable amusement.

Tom Hall went to his rooms and gave the subject deep and profound consideration. The following night he astonished the players at Donovan's faro tables by walking into the place and dropping into his old seat. He at once bought \$25 worth of red, white and blue chips.

The first deal and Tom had lost. At the end of the second he bought another stack of chips, to which he soon added a third.

Nonchalantly he drew from his pocket a silk handkerchief. The movement dislodged a small, neatly bound book, which fell to the floor. It was a Bible, a present from Miss Dawson. He picked it up hurriedly, intending to replace it in his pocket, when his eyes happened to fall on this verse of an open page:

"And it was so when the king saw Esther, the queen, standing in the court that she obtained favor in his sight; and the king held out to Esther the golden sceptre that was in his hand."—Esther, chapter 5, verse 2.

Without the slightest hesitation he gathered together every bet he had upon the board and placed them upon the queen. Within three turns he won. He allowed his winnings to remain on the card, and again the queen won. Once more he dared fate, and after a number of turns the queen showed in the box.

While the cards were being shuffled for the next deal Tom stealthily opened the little Bible now lying in his lap and peeped into it. He read:

"For the children of Israel shall abide many days without a king."—Hosea, chapter 3, verse 4.

The king was immediately copped for a huge stack of chips.

In due course the king lost twice in succession, and his pile became so formidable as to engross the attention of all.

Tom, however, continued to win steadily, and now frequently consulted his Bible without making any effort to conceal it. He had just read from Ezra, chapter 6, verse 3:

"... and let the foundations thereof be strongly laid; the height thereof threescore cubits, and the breadth thereof threescore cubits. 4. With three rows of great stones."

"That means the trey, sure," he said to himself, as he pushed a big bet toward the card.

"Is that Hoyle you got there, Tom?" asked the lookout, unable any longer to conceal his curiosity.

"None; a better book than Hoyle."

"You playin' a system out of it?"

"That's what," was the unctuous reply.

The game went on, but it was not long before Tom's remarkable run of luck came to a close. This greatly surprised him, as he was now firmly convinced he could not lose when depending upon biblical hints, and not an important bet had been made without referring to the sacred volume.

He chose rather to believe finally that the dealer in order to save the house, was practicing some crooked work. Of this he became convinced when upon betting "deuce, Jack" on the turn at the end of the deal the cards came out, "Jack, deuce."

"Keep your fingers on top of that box!" he cried out, angrily, to the dealer.

"D'ye mean to say—" began that functionary.

"I mean to say this," declared Tom, in a loud voice, as he sprang to his feet, "that you've got to give me a square deal. I have a book here that says so, and what this book says goes."

"What's that? What book is that?"

"It's the Bible—that's what it is!"

"The Bible?" came from the open-mouthed and amazed dealer.

"Well, Tom Hall, the Bible is barred at this layout and this game stops for to-night."

The organ that is used in the little white church on the hill to-day is one of the sights of the town, and strangers are even asked if they have seen it.

Mrs. Tom Hall (nee Dawson) and the pastor have never consented to be interviewed as to the amounts of the different subscriptions, and Tom Hall himself was unexpectedly called out of town on the evening that the experiences of the endeavorers were given.

AGNES WAS AIDING PAPA.

At the Same Time She Was Aiding Her Own Dear George.

A suspicious noise behind the portieres attracted the attention of the impetuous young lover. He fancied he had heard it once before, but the cuddlesome young girl who was snuggled closely in his arms made him almost oblivious of what was going on around him. But how he was sure, and it was only the work of an instant to deposit his lovely burden on the sofa and rush to the other end of the room. His worse fears were realized, for as he tore the curtains apart he caught sight of a man's coat tails disappearing into another room.

"What does this mean, Agnes?" he demanded, facing the girl, who stood pale and trembling.

"I can't tell you an untruth, George," she answered bravely. "It was papa."

"You knew he was there and you didn't tell me?" again he demanded.

"Yes, George," she said firmly, but without any anger in her voice. "I knew it. We arranged it all beforehand."

"Do you mean to say you went through all those performances of sitting on my lap, snuggling up in my arms and kissing and hugging me when you knew your father was watching us?"

"It is all quite true, George," she confessed. "In fact, before you came papa had me rehearse some of the positions with my mother, so that I could do them nicely—put some soul into them, as he expressed it."

"Blackmail!" cried the young man. "I was foolish enough to think you really cared for me. Just because my father is a rich man you think you can bleed us by threatening to bring a breach of promise suit. But I tell you your father's evidence of what he has seen and heard wouldn't be worth a cent against our family influence."

"I guess the evidence would be conclusive enough," replied the girl with a laugh, rendered bitter by his insulting tone.

"Folled!" hissed the young man, as the terrible reality dawned upon him.

"O, George!" cried the girl, as she threw her arms around his neck, "this thing has gone far enough. There is not going to be any—reach of promise suit. You know papa is in the kinetoscope business. He wanted to get up a new series of pictures, and I promised to help him out on condition that he would give his consent when you went and asked him if you could marry me."

He Got Something.

Believing it to be the duty of every postmaster in the United States to sleep in the post office, and thus be on hand to guard its interests at all hours, we moved our bed from "The Kicker" office several months ago. While the office closes at 9 o'clock in the evening, any of the boys who come banging at the door from that hour to daylight can arouse us and get their mail. On Monday night last, about the hour of midnight, we were aroused by some one fling six bullets into the door. We got out of bed and asked who it was and what he wanted, and a strange voice replied that if we didn't hand him out a hatful of letters he'll fill the old building full of lead. He added that he also wanted a drink and a hair-cut, and that we'd better be lively about it. We were lively. We do not run a saloon and a barber shop in connection with the post office. We got down our guns and opened the door and shot three bullets through the stranger's whiskers and three more through his suit, and the way he went galloping down the street would have made a cowboy jealous. Our esteemed contemporary heard of the incident and used it as a foundation of the article headed: "Our Postmaster a Would-Be Murderer?" But we are not kicking about it. His weekly circulation is down to 168 copies, and nine-tenths of his readers are cross-eyed or drunk half the time.

The Seven Ages of Man.

When his dad is a big object with whiskers that says "boo" to him. When his papa is the biggest and best of men. When his school teacher knows better than his father. When, after all, the old man does know better than his school teacher. When he knows better than either his governor or his school teacher. When his daddy again comes forward in his opinion, as a pretty smart man. When he is striving and hopes, some day, by hard work, to be as smart, or just a little smarter, than the old gentleman.

Easily Explained.

"I'd like to know why it is," growled old Bullrun, "that I'm bothered almost to death by commercial agency reporters investigating my financial standing. I invariably pay cash and have never asked for credit."

"That's all very true," replied his friend, "but you seem to have overlooked the fact that your only daughter recently celebrated her eighteenth anniversary of her debut into the world."

Clever Fishermen.

Dutch fishermen make astonishing catches by means of the following very simple plan: They put a number of live worms and insects in a bottle partially filled with water, and then cork it securely. The bottle is dropped into the water, the fishermen sinking his line alongside. It appears that the sight of the wriggling contents of the bottle so excites the appetite of the fishy tribes that they fall easy victims to the baited hooks.

Eat Raw Asks.

Australian savages eat the green ants raw. They stamp upon an ant hill until the ants run up their legs, when they scrape them off as fast as they come up and transfer them to their mouths.

Steel Billiard Balls.

As the supply of Ivory is becoming short, billiard balls of cast steel are being made in Sweden. By making them hollow, the weight is made to correspond with that of Ivory balls.

The Pope's Gold Ornaments.

The gold contained in the medals, vessel, chains and other objects preserved in the Vatican would make more gold coin than the whole of the present European circulation.

HOME CURE FOR BLOOD POISON.

Beware of the Doctors' Patchwork; You Can Cure Yourself at Home.

There is not the slightest doubt that the doctors do more harm than good in treating Contagious Blood Poison; many victims of this loathsome disease would be much better off to-day if they had never allowed themselves to be dosed on mercury and potash, the only remedies which the doctors ever give for blood poison.

The doctors are wholly unable to get rid of this vile poison, and only attempt to heal up the outward appearance of the disease—the sores and eruptions. They try to drive the poison into the system, and endeavor to keep it shut in with their constant doses of potash and mercury. The mouth and throat and other delicate parts then break out into sores, and the fight is continued indefinitely, the drugs doing the system more damage than the disease itself.

Mr. H. L. Myers, 100 Mulberry St., Newark, N. J., says: "I had spent a hundred dollars with the doctors, when I realized that they could do me no good. I had large spots all over my body, and these soon broke out into running sores, and I endured all the suffering which this vile disease produces. I decided to try S. S. S. as a last resort, and was soon greatly improved. I followed closely your 'Directions for Self-Treatment,' and the large spots on my chest began to grow paler and smaller, and before long disappeared entirely. I was soon cured perfectly and my skin has been as clear as glass ever since. I cured myself at home, after the doctors had failed completely. It is a valuable time thrown away to expect the doctors to cure Contagious Blood Poison, for the disease is beyond their skill. Swifts Specific—



S. S. S. FOR THE BLOOD

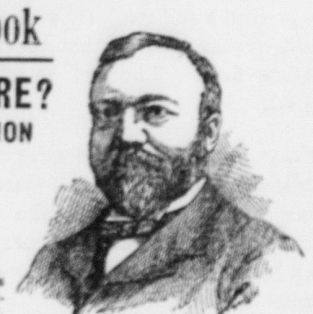
—acts in an entirely different way from potash and mercury—it forces the poison out of the system and gets rid of it entirely. Hence it cures the disease, while other remedies only shut the poison in where it lurks forever, constantly undermining the constitution. Our system of private home treatment places a cure within the reach of all. We give all necessary medical advice, free of charge, and save the patient the embarrassment of publicity. Write for full information to Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

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