

QUAY'S RATIFICATION.

Secrets of the Late Republican Ratification Meeting.

WHY J. HAY BROWN WAS SLATED

A Rare Description of Political Events Connected With the Late Republican State Convention at Harrisburg. Flinn's Vigorous Kick.

(Special Correspondence.)

Philadelphia, Sept. 13.—There is more real downright interest taken in an ordinary hog killing in the country than was displayed by the Republicans in Boss Quay's late ratification meeting, as Bill Connell, the Lackawanna king, who has strikes in his coal mines, angrily termed the state convention that met at the state capital.

The city and county machines, in obedience to Quay's orders, had ground out as grist the full quota of putty figures that go by the name of delegates. The startling falling off in the alleged vote returned for Colonel Stone for governor in 1898, and upon which the delegate representation was based, cut the ratification meeting in point of delegates down to low water mark. It was the leanest in the history of the boss ridden party. Yet this was not unpleasing to Pasha Quay, since it was easier to manipulate and less costly to get together. The insurgents in only a county here and there, like General Kooz in Somerset and General Hastings in Centre, had seriously disputed with the machine for the delegates.

In Philadelphia the insurgents having lost the mayor, which is the key to the control of that great centre of population and election rascality, and which had wounded their leader, Dave Martin, in the wing, he was powerless to put up a fight.

Ashbridge, the new Quay mayor, was instructed by his proprietor, Dave Lane, to make kindling wood of every Martin man bold enough to stand for delegate outside of the few Martin Gibraltors wherein the delegates were conceded to the man upon whose forehead Quay had tattooed the dollar mark. In the districts where contests were thus made there was the devil to pay. The hospitals were crowded with cracked heads and victims of murderous assaults, decent Republicans were afraid to approach the primary polls, which were in possession of thugs and man eaters, legal election officers were tossed out of the precinct houses, gangs of repeaters were organized to roam from Quay into Martin wards, and vote buying and free liquor giving were shamelessly carried on. Each side went the limit to cheat and gouge. The party of God and morality thus beat anything that Tammany Hall in the heyday of Tweed ever conceived or attempted.

In Allegheny county Magee was ill. His partner, Insurgent Chief Flinn, was rambling in Europe. Neither lost an hour's good sleep over the delegates. John Wanamaker, the real leader of the anti-Quay mutiny, was traveling in the "land of the midnight sun," and had decreed that the dollar against Quay should not be made this year, but next year. Pasha Quay thus had the white light signal for a clear and unobstructed road and a boss' freedom to paint the name of any candidate that suited his interest best upon the ticket.

Still the slate was not made without family friction. A number of political judges had the audacity to come forward with claims to soil the ermine of the supreme court and were encouraged in their ambitions by certain of Quay's 'prentice boys, who, like the Kentucky mule that went crazy and imagined himself a race horse, thought they were powerful enough to dictate to the "old man."

But the old man had another fish for the pan. There lived in Lancaster a lawyer of some eminence on the legal staff of the Standard Oil company, as of other corporations, who had long enjoyed the confidence not only of Quay, but of the house of Cameron. His name was J. Hay Brown.

In 1896, after McKinley had been nominated at St. Louis, his political promoter, Mark Hanna, beating the state boss' combination, which included Quay and Platt, he was dickered at Canton with these defeated bosses for their aid in his election, Quay made a journey to the home of the presidential candidate.

McKinley wanted Quay's experience in carrying New York with boodles, while Quay wanted his share of the pork if McKinley should be elected. When one politician deals with another in a matter of business there is always a certain amount of distrust on either side.

Therefore, it came to pass that Quay took along with him to Canton a witness. J. Hay Brown was this witness, and he was present when the bargain was discussed between the candidate and the boss and the terms agreed to.

Quay was to take a department at the national committee's headquarters and try and repeat his success in buying votes in New York, as he had done for Harrison, the pious, and was to give the McKinley administration a loyal support in the senate.

McKinley on his part obligated himself to pitchfork the federal patronage of Pennsylvania over to Quay. Had not J. Hay Brown been long underwritten for elevation to the supreme bench he would have appeared as one of the eminent counsel for Quay's defense when his enemies were trying in the Philadelphia court to send him to the penitentiary for stock gambling with the money of the state treasury. It was feared that if he had so appeared that people would have said that Quay was paying him his fee by putting him on the supreme court.

The 'prentice boys were told to go chase themselves, and the political judges ordered to replace their ambitions in cold storage. J. Hay Brown's name was written on the slate for supreme judge, while the corporations exclaimed, as with one voice, "Amen." Quay had the making of another judge whose nomination was not equivalent to an election, like that of Brown's.

Now, be it known of all men that the new mayor of Philadelphia is anxious to get into the game. He holds a royal flush, in that he controls through the city employes and public contractors the Republican machine organization of Quakerdom. He has both a lightning rod up and a hen on. He is afflicted with the gubernatorial microbe. This mayor is necessary to Quay in his business. He needs him every hour. Thereupon he allowed himself to be "held up." The Quaker mayor had a lawyer friend who had delivered the oily speech to the delegates who had nominated him for mayor. It mattered not that this man was accused of gutting estates, that unfortunate depositors and stockholders protested against the court giving their affairs into his hands, or that he had nursed fat receiverships for years, while the undertakers were planting the disgusted and defrauded creditors.

Mayor Ashbridge demanded this lawyer's nomination as the price of the Philadelphia delegation to the state convention for the delivery of other delegates in the future and the throwing of the town wide open on election day.

In order to oblige this mayor and carry out the agreement Judge Beeber, who had been appointed by Governor Hastings to please the president of a powerful corporation, and who has since died, had to be elbowed off the bench.

Beeber brought immense pressure to bear on Quay in order to save his hide and tail, but what did this weigh in the scales with the mayor of Philadelphia and his ability to deliver and produce to the Quay machine? Therefore the name of Beeber was sponged from the slate for superior court judge and that of Adams substituted. The slate was then complete, save for one more name—the candidate for state treasurer.

Quay had recognized that the indignant people were only waiting for the polls to open to smash him and his machine as a punishment for the iniquities of the last legislature and the high handed conduct of Governor Stone. But he had an inspiration. He would imitate Tom Platt's Roosevelt game in New York. He would play with a Spanish-Philippine war hero, and this would enable him to ignore state issues, and by shoving McKinley's colonial expansion and imperial policy to the fring line in the campaign he would pull the leg of the national administration. Thus Matthew would be able to kill two birds, as it were, with one stone.

But he required a real hero. Nothing in the sawdust or hay foot, straw foot line for him. He wanted Colonel Hawkins. It appeared that the Poo Bahing Elkin, who was disposed to hang out a political shingle of his own, had a choice in Lieutenant Colonel Barnett, who had ran barefoot with him when a lad among the hills of Indiana county. The 'prentice boys sided with Elkin and a row was imminent in the jealous family when the distressing intelligence was received that Colonel Hawkins, the hero, had died on shipboard en route from the jungles of Luzon.

And so Quay was forced to take what was left and to ignore Congressman Acheson and the Washington county organization, who complained that Barnett was a constitutional and nickel plated kicker and had been trying for years to make ticket ripping and caucus bolting popular in the politics of his county.

And thus was the slate made. In the entire Quay menagerie but the growl of a single animal was heard. Boss Connell, of Lackawanna, was swishing his tail in anger, pawing the earth and throwing the dirt in clouds on his back because of the sidetracking of the political Judge Archbold, whom he was chaperoning for the supreme court. Connell, who is impulsive, threatened to enter the arena of the convention and raise the roof off the state by exposing the corporation influences that was dictating the nomination of Brown. Connell was mollified, however, by being taken behind the door and promised the next nomination for governor fresh from the gold brick factory. Thus the Quay machine, as the outgrowth of the state convention of '99, has already hung the promise of the next governorship in two stockings—that of Mayor Ashbridge and that of Magnate Connell.

The state convention ratified the program of Pasha Quay, who overrode the job in person in every particular. The only kick that marred the harmony that prevailed came from Insurgent Chief Flinn, who was brave enough to beard the lion in his den, and who protested against the fearful and wonderful platform that included the universe in its scope, except the issues in which the people of Pennsylvania are vitally interested in.

This fearful and wonderful platform, which is strung out to such length that a man would have to take a day off if he had the curiosity to read it, fell upon the state like a pebble in a pond, producing hardly a ripple.

The people saw in it a cowardly evasion of the home issues that have been raised by the Democrats. They resent the self assertion that the Quayites are the only patriots in Pennsylvania, and they laugh at the theatrical spectacle of draping the machine's candidates with the American flag and decorating them with the streamers on which is printed "Mark Hanna and McKinley must be saved."

The insurgents, following the sanction of Chief Flinn, objected strenuously to the platform as a whole, because it wilfully antagonized the anti-Quay element by venerating Quay with a coat of soft soap and patting Governor Stone for a good boy in violating the constitution by appointing Quay to a seat in the senate after he had failed to get there by the regularly chartered route. Indeed, the policy of the machine was to stir up the bile of the insurgents, and to provide them with additional grievances to keep in the middle of the road and continue the process of crushing Quay. Flinn and Martin were able to muster fewer than 50 hostile votes on the roll call for the adoption of this "fearful and wonderful" platform, which treats of almost everything in politics and history save the good honest management of the state treasury and reform in the legislature. It is a part of the secret history of the convention that Pasha Quay, who fled from his seat in the

convention rather than remain and see Senator Flinn shoot the platform full of holes, did not desire the taffy or words of commendation of himself incorporated in the platform, but his 'prentice boys compelled him to swallow it. But he might have been in the frame of the tramp who after signing the pledge remarked to the good brethren: "If anything should happen and I should require whisky, make me take it—make me take it." A DEMOCRAT.

POLITICAL NOTES.

Joshua Adams, whom Quay, in order to truckle to Mayor Ashbridge, of Philadelphia, has nominated for the superior court can well afford the luxury of an ocean going yacht and to substitute champagne for water for drinking purposes when he has been accused in the receiver for the gutted Penn Trust and Safe Deposit company he has nursed the job for eight years and in that time collected \$80,000, out of which he has paid in fees and expenses \$24,000 to himself and colleagues. Is this the stripe of man the people of Pennsylvania want to elevate to the second highest court of the state?

Since the notorious People's bank, of Philadelphia, which was founded by Bill Kemble, of "addition, division and silence" fame, and who was convicted of bribing Harrisburg statesmen to vote for the Pittsburg riot bill, was wrecked by its cashier, who blew out his brains, and which dragged down into the vortex with it the Guarantee Trust, another rotten financial and political concern that was managed by the Quay gang, the Quaker City bank, of the state metropolis, has become Quay's pet bank. It is kept stuffed with state treasury money, while the school authorities in the various counties are clamoring for the funds due them with which to pay the salaries of poor teachers. Whenever Quay honors Philadelphia with a visit he hastens to the Quaker City bank as straight as the crow flies to fix up his financial affairs with its president, who made a fortune out of politics before he became a banker. Quay and his lieutenants and 'prentice boys are loaded down with the stock of the National Electric company, which was organized to blackmail the Electric Trust of Philadelphia, and which scheme is a great public scandal. Of course the state's money is put up as "margin" to carry this stock, individual notes being given, as was proven in the Quay trial. The state treasury being without money the poor school teacher must wait for his meager salary.

If "Farmer" Creasy is elected state treasurer this gambling with the state's money and this gorging of favorite banks with state deposits will cease. Every school teacher in the state who has a vote should cast that vote for "Farmer" Creasy, since he would be casting it for the protection of his own pocket.

Governor Stone, who is a man of all work for Boss Quay, stands as a break-water between the people who demand, but are denied, honest elections and the thugs, repeaters, ballot box stuffers, paddlers of the voting lists, professional voters of bogie voters, the midnight alterer of election returns, the plug ugly, the pimp, the colonization dive keeper, the policy and gambling shark who thrive through police protection in return for his crooked work at the polls, the unnaturalized scamp who has the freedom of the franchise, the speak easy proprietor who exchanges his vote for his immunity, and the grand chorus of unhung and unjailed rascals that debauch the ballot and make voting a farce in Philadelphia, Pittsburg and the other big cities of the state. Is it any wonder that Governor Stone said to himself, "To hell with the constitution," and then voted the legislative resolution favoring the personal registration of voters in cities and the introduction of voting machines? Stone knows well what a valuable and indispensable ally the repeater, the false counter and the ballot thief generally is to the Republican party, as he himself received not less than 60,000 fraudulent and illegal votes for governor. Neither he nor the Quay gang want any honest elections in their.

"I am prepared to meet every issue my friend Creasy raised here yesterday by facts and figures," shouted the triple expansion office grabber, General Gobin, to the farmers at William's Grove, and then he discovered that he was not really prepared, since he sheered off from Creasy's facts and figures and began to shoot holes in the insurgents. Quay, Elkin, Reeder, Gobin, Barnett and in fact Quay's entire stock company are afraid of Creasy's facts and figures. They ran away from them at Quay's state convention faster than the Spanish from the Rough Riders at El Caney, and they will run away from them on the stump and in their machine press during the campaign. But yelling for McKinley, shootin' niggers in the Philippines and calling it expansion and cracking the thorax over the flag won't save their hide and tailow this "load of poles."

Colonel Barnett returned home with his soul for fire to mount the bustines and set the state aflame with his eloquence as to national issues. He wanted to immediately open a lurid campaign, the American flag for a ganfalon, and to lead a regiment of orators in a charge against the Democrats and insurgents. But Colonel Barnett was quickly called down by the boss, who probably sent him a message similar to the one he transmitted to a distinguished but voluble candidate a few years ago, and which read: "Dear Beaver. Don't talk." Colonel Barnett has suddenly discovered that his liver is disordered, that he is filled with malaria germs, and that he requires a course of treatment at a sanitarium. The opening of the lurid campaign has been indefinitely postponed. Colonel Barnett will not accept "Farmer" Creasy's challenge to jointly debate state issues. The army of spellbinders who were to arouse and to enthuse the state have been directed "to lay on their oars." The campaign, so far as the Republican state committee is concerned, is to be a tame and commonplace affair, after all.

CONVICTION OF DREYFUS

Sentenced to Serve Ten Years in a French Military Prison.

WORLD'S MERCHANTS PROTEST.

While Governments Will Not Withdraw From the Paris Exposition, Many Individuals Who Intended Making Exhibits Will Boycott It.

Rennes, Sept. 11.—The conviction of Captain Alfred Dreyfus on the charge of treason, though it had been anticipated, caused a shock to his counsel and friends. The vote of the judges, which was five for conviction and two for acquittal, was a surprise. The sentence of ten years' imprisonment in a French military fortress is too degrees lower than ever known in the French army before for a conviction of this kind. It is the lowest penalty possible. The two judges in favor of Dreyfus pressed for a low penalty on account of his sufferings. Dreyfus has borne the shock with remarkable fortitude. He expects to be released by Oct. 15.

It is estimated that the last year's proceedings have cost the Dreyfus party at least 1,500,000 francs.

It is understood that President Loubet is rather inclined to a conciliatory policy, extending even to a pardon for Dreyfus.

All the members of the court martial here signed a formal recommendation for mercy. Its object is to eliminate the degradation feature of the punishment. When Labori's secretary informed Dreyfus of this action he was greatly affected and said: "I still have hopes."

The Aurora publishes a long letter from Emile Zola, the novelist, in which he says:

"The ministry which its agents have betrayed, the ministry which had the weakness to leave big children with muddled minds to play with matches and knives, the ministry which has forgotten that to govern is to foresee—has only to hasten to act if it does not wish to abandon to the good pleasure of Germany the fifth act of the drama, the denouement before which every Frenchman should tremble."

"It is for the government to play this fifth act as soon as possible in order to prevent its coming to us from abroad. The government can procure the documents. Diplomacy has settled greater difficulties than this. Whenever it ventures to ask for the documents enumerated in the bordereau they will be given."

In all parts of the world there is great indignation over Dreyfus' conviction, and merchants who had intended making exhibits at the Paris exposition now declare they will have nothing to do with the show. In the United States and Germany this feeling is very pronounced. In Chicago a party of 700 formed for the purpose of visiting the exposition have withdrawn the funds deposited, and in Boston the school board contemplates withholding the proposed school exhibit. In other American cities similar action has been taken, and indignation meetings are to be held. In England, Germany and other European countries the feeling is very bitter, even Russian merchants entering their protests. W. D. Stevens, one of the British commissioners to the exposition, declines to act. The various government exhibits will be forwarded, but individuals will boycott the exposition.

AMERICAN PUGILIST WINS.

McGovern Defeats Palmer For the World's Bantam Championship.

Tuckahoe, N. Y., Sept. 13.—Yesterday afternoon, under the auspices of the Westchester club, Terry McGovern, of Brooklyn, and Pedlar Palmer, of England, met in what was to have been a 25-round boxing contest for a purse of \$10,000 (75 per cent to the winner), an interest in the kinetoscope pictures and the bantamweight championship of the world.

The bout lasted only 2 minutes and 32 seconds, but while it lasted fighting was fast and furious, McGovern having the best of the battle throughout. Finally a heavy blow on the stomach knocked the Englishman down and out, and Referee George Siler awarded the fight to McGovern.

George Dixon and the "Omaha Kid" have already challenged the winner, who announces his willingness to meet all comers.

North Dakota Town Destroyed.—Grand Forks, N. D., Sept. 13.—The town of Northwood, Grand Forks county, was completely destroyed by fire yesterday. The blaze started in the National hotel through the carelessness of a hired girl, who was using gasoline to kill insects. The volunteer fire department was helpless. The loss is estimated at \$200,000. Fifty business firms lost their entire belongings.

Growth of Trades Unions.—Albany, Sept. 13.—A bulletin just issued by the state commission of labor statistics shows a steady advance in both the number and the membership of trade unions. The total number of labor organizations June 30, 1899, was 1,210, an increase of 131 since June 30, 1898. The membership has reached the figure of 188,455, the largest membership thus far recorded, and an increase of 31,900 in five years.

Grisemore Find in Norfolk.—Norfolk, Sept. 13.—In excavating for the foundation of a new building on Avon street, which is inhabited by respectable white and colored women and men, a coffin and a box were uncovered yesterday afternoon. The former contained the skeleton of an adult and the latter that of a child. The color and sex are not known. Detectives are at work on the case.

Admiral Farquhar's Successor.—Washington, Sept. 13.—It is said at the navy department that Admiral Howell, at present head of the naval examining board, is to be the next commandant of the Norfolk navy yard, to succeed Admiral Farquhar upon his transfer to the command of the North Atlantic squadron. Captain Barker is to take the presidency of the examining board.

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 do by driving 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 blotches 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."

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