

The Scranton Tribune

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Modern Copperheadism. At a time when English unneighborliness in the matter of the seal fisheries has exhausted the patience of the American state department and forced it to speak plainly its sense of injuries received, and when the British press in reply to such plain speaking, adopts a tone of derision and contempt, what kind of Americanism is it which causes the Mugsump journals, almost without exception, to side with the British rather than with their own country's side of the controversy, and to outstrip even the inspired organs of London in supercilious disdain of American diplomacy?

The Deeper Problem. The immigration restriction league, an organization which has done work of incalculable value in stirring public opinion in favor of a better regulation of immigration, in a circular offering some recent evidence why the present congress should re-enact the substantial features of the Lodge bill, which was vetoed by President Cleveland, mentions these two facts of special interest in this section: The legislature of Pennsylvania has been investigating the cost to the state, in its pauper institutions, of the great mass of ignorant and indigent foreigners within its borders, and the results of the investigation prove conclusively what the league has always maintained, that the cost to the country of supporting alien paupers far exceeds the amount of wealth added to the country through money brought in by immigrants.

There is nothing surprising in these figures to residents in the affected region; the latter have grown accustomed to them. But the presence in the community of this mass of unsimulated foreign material, whether it be in technical unskilled or in the alien tax sufficiently to apply for a certificate of citizenship valued only as an escape from a three-cent impost, should arouse enough concern along economic if not along humanitarian lines to cause a determined effort to be put forth for its reclamation. Even should the bars be put up against further immigration of this character, there is enough potential irritation and trouble in that already among us to give pause to thoughtful citizens and incentive to earnest workers for better conditions.

Considering a Homely Theme. During the past few weeks the Springfield Republican has been printing a valuable series of articles by thoughtful contributors dealing with the need of better instruction in morals and deportment among the young. The subject is of vital importance and discussion of it cannot fail to be widely profitable. The tenor of the articles seems to point to a recent growth in rousdom for which most of these contributors appear to hold the schools chiefly responsible. But this elicits from a Holyoke, Mass., teacher a spirited protest that contains many thoughts quite as pertinent to the subject of proper education in Scranton as in New England.

The rival New York publisher who recently gave orders to his subordinates to "cripple the Sun" knows now how the man felt who went against the buzz saw. The Sun is by all odds the liveliest cripple that ever drew breath of life. More power to it!

The Alaska gold fields may make a few rich but they are more likely to make thousands poor. Hard work and thrift will win results as well in Scranton as on the Klondike.

The Peary expedition goes forth to the music of brass bands and will probably return, if at all, on a stretcher. Is the game worth the candle?

When the sugar trust tackled Tom Reed it simply repeated the error of judgment made at Carson City by the distinguished Mr. Corbett.

While the new tariff bill will undoubtedly tend to improve the general business conditions, don't make the error of supposing that it will thrust prosperity into the pocket of the loaf-

er and the spendthrift or make the fortune of the man who stands at the corner all day conversing through his moustache.

During the year ended June 30 we sold to other nations goods to the value of \$1,651,987,091, the biggest export trade on record; but now that we've fairly got our hand in, it's safe to guess this showing won't be a marker to next year's.

Because we're willing to compromise the costs with Spain in the Ruiz case isn't saying we're disposed as a rule to make a cheap for them to assassinate Americans. The Ruiz bargain was limited and special.

Reminiscences of an Aged Editor. Writing from Stroudsburg to the New York Sun, Ed Mott says: On July 14, 1849, the Stroudsburg Jeffersonian. One of the first to subscribe and pay for the paper was Mrs. Elizabeth Dusenberry. A few days ago Mrs. Dusenberry, now of Newton, N. J., paid her fifty-seventh successive annual subscription to the Jeffersonian. The editor of the newspaper is in itself a somewhat extraordinary experience.

The Jeffersonian was started as a Whig organ in a county (Monroe) where there were five Democrats to one Whig, and in a congressional district where the Democrats outvoted the Whigs almost ten to one. This was the famous Tenth Legion of Pennsylvania, and the Whig exception of one at Easton, Northampton county, there was not a Whig newspaper in the district, which included all the country from Bucks county on the south to Susquehanna county on the north, and was made up of the present counties of Northampton, Carbon, Monroe, Pike and Wayne, Stroudsburg or by those years, 35. Rail fences bordered the main street of the village. There were no mail routes in the county except one up the narrow ware valley from Easton. The county looked upon a Whig as one misguided and inimical to the country's good. Soon after the Whig was published at Easton, the Jeffersonian, a leading Democrat of an adjoining township made his acquaintance with the Whig and was so impressed by his paper, that he had long been justice of the peace for his township. One day a constituent of his was in his office and he had a letter that lay on the table. Looking at it, he dropped it as if it had been a coal of fire. It was the Jeffersonian.

"Shades of Jackson, 'squire!" he exclaimed. "Do you take that paper?" The "squire had to admit the fact, and it would have been a real source of peace at the next election if he hadn't been surewinded enough to show cause for taking the Whig organ. "To be sure," the subscribers of the paper, he explained, "if I didn't take it, I wouldn't know how to argue for the Whigs. Now I know, and I can combat him. By combatting him I can show him the error of his ways. When he sees the error of his ways he'll stop printing a Whig paper. That's why I take the Jeffersonian."

Not Contagious. Teacher—"Give an example of the use of the word 'contagious.'" They are hard to catch."—Boston Transcript.

TOLD BY THE STARS. Daily Horoscope Drawn by Ajaxus, The Tribune Astrologer. Astrolabe cast: 2:16 a. m., for Tuesday, July 20, 1897.

The Jeffersonian was originally a five-column quarto. Some years ago Editor Schuch struck a blow for the paper, and each page, otherwise the paper remains much as it was fifty-seven years ago, with the same broad and comprehensive discussion, which during all those years has been conspicuously announced on its first page in bold German text, between the date line and the heading: "Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Science, Morality, and General Intelligence."

THE COMMON SENSE VIEW. From the Philadelphia Press. Governor Hastings is showing no purpose in his proposed action; he has, however, delayed a purpose not to be dictated to. He has a most responsible duty to perform in the presence of the commonwealth. He cannot approve measures passed for mere individual benefit and totally against public policy without subjecting himself to deserved criticism. He cannot be expected to do this at one man's urging more than at another man's. There is no public reason why he should resist the public opinion which is the reason why he should veto it. Senator Quay can appreciate this and respect the governor's position as well as any one, though he may be disappointed.

what my feelings were. But I had to get the horses. I went out into the lot. It lay between the road and the Delaware river.

"There was plenty of light, but the horses were nowhere," he said. He searched every nook and corner by the light of the falling stars. I had a vague idea that the last day had come, and that probably the horses had anticipated it and fled to Jersey. But, last day or no, last day, those horses had to be found; for it was the last day, by delivering those horses at the barn my duty would have been done to the very end of time; if it wasn't the last day, that relative of Nyc's wife had to be buried, and the Nycs folks couldn't get to the funeral without those horses. So I hunted on for the missing animals. The stars continued shooting, leaving brilliant trails of fire. They shot horizontally, diagonally, perpendicularly, and zig-zag. I wondered why some of them fell into the river or the field. No sound accompanied the starting display. In fact, it seemed to deepen the awesome midnight silence. At last, down near the river, huddled beneath an overhanging bank surrounded by thick trees—the only place that was found—came upon the horses. Their terror was pitiful. I soothed them, and by and by succeeded in getting them to come with me. But my time had leading them across the field and out of it to the barn. They gradually became used to the unwelcome disturbance. "I found the family in a state of trepidation when I went in. No one declared that he believed the end had come, but every one looked it. However, Mrs. Nyc and his wife drove to Shawnee, lighted all the way by the most startling fiery phenomenon that ever showed any one the way, I guess, since the pillars of fire warned the children of Israel that they had better keep in the middle of the road, for those stars kept on shooting until daylight and perhaps longer being visible after dawn. That was the famous and historic flight of meteors of November, 1832, that you read about nowadays."

"George W. Nyc was a good man, but he got it into his head, as did many other dwellers in that part of Pike county, that the shower of stars meant that he wasn't quite good enough. He concluded that the best way to show that he understood the warning was to build a church. So he went to work and others joined him before the year was gone they had erected the Dutch Reformed church at Bushkill and hired a preacher—good Dominie Pitts. The church was dedicated in a pious ceremony of the shooting stars of '32."

"The extraordinary celestial display made an impression on me, too. I don't say that it set me to thinking that folks in this halfwick needed more light; but it seems to me now that maybe he, anyhow, next year I left Farmer Nyc's farm to Easton—I was born near Easton—and became an editor. I married a Whig and Journal office. By the time 1848 came around I guess I must have thought I was ready to turn on that light, for I had the nerve to come back and edit the Jeffersonian, and I've been here ever since. I thought the world was coming to an end that November night in 1832, but it kept right on. When I heard the result of the election last fall, and that a Republican congressman was elected in the old Tenth Legion of Democracy, I guess, maybe, I said, 'The end of things is come now sure!' "But it hadn't, and I guess the world can stand any kind of shaking up now."

SCRANTON'S NEW DIRECTORY. From the Sunday News. Taylor's Scranton directory for 1897 has been distributed. The number of names is arranged in as complete and comprehensive form as any directory can be, and is artistically printed and bound. The work was done by The Tribune Publishing Company. The number of names in it is 48,222, and by multiplying this number by 3, the estimated population of the city is 144,666. The names of Dutch residents are also given. The population of that borough is about 10,000.

SECRET OF LONGEVITY. From the Philadelphia Ledger. The Boston Transcript acknowledges the receipt from one of his subscribers of his sixty-first annual subscription. That shows how long men live who pay for their papers.

Not Contagious. Teacher—"Give an example of the use of the word 'contagious.'" They are hard to catch."—Boston Transcript.

TOLD BY THE STARS. Daily Horoscope Drawn by Ajaxus, The Tribune Astrologer. Astrolabe cast: 2:16 a. m., for Tuesday, July 20, 1897.

A child born on this day will be of the opinion that there are too many streets in Scranton for Abe Enning. Scranton possesses no gold nuggets, but the man who will work hard and live on flour and beans can probably make a decent living. Of course Mr. Powderly's appointment does not suit everybody. Almost any of us would prefer to have had the job ourselves. It is only the man with a hypnotized conscience who can take pleasure in uncalled for acts of petty meanness. It is said that alternate draughts of ice cream soda and beer will demonstrate that no man can serve two masters.

GOLDSMITH'S G. B. BAZAAR.

Napoleon and Bismarck Have Said: "In Times of Peace Prepare for War."

Our Great Carpet Closing Out Sale is suggestive of this historic saying. Although you may not want your floor covering just now, you are apt to need them in the early fall. Whilst we have stock you are at liberty to make your selections and we will keep them for you until wanted upon payment of a Small Cash Deposit.

Note the Prices: 30 cent Art Carpets, 20 cents 35 cent Ingrain Carpets, 25 cents 50 cent Ingrain Carpets, 35 cents 60 cent Tapestry Brussels Carpets, 40 cents 65 cent Tapestry Brussels Carpets, 45 cents 75 cent Best Tapestry Brussels, 55 cents \$1.00 Body Brussels Carpets, 75 cents \$1.25 Best Axminster Carpets, \$1.00

Straw Mattings, Oil Cloths and Linoleums almost given away. Rugs of all kinds at half the usual price.

FINLEY'S FOULARD SILKS.

To close out balance of stock to make room for FALL GOODS we have reduced our entire stock of BEST FOULARD SILKS TO 75c. a Yard. They are Best Goods made, New and Choice Designs of this season.

510 AND 512 LACKAWANNA AVENUE

Want Adv. Quick Returns.

The White Mountain Excellent Cream and frozen in 4 MINUTES with the IMPROVED WHITE MOUNTAIN FREEZER. Buy the best; they are the cheapest.

HOT WEATHER CLOTHING OUTING SHIRTS AND STRAW HATS AT COOL, ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

BOYLE & MUCKLOW, 416 LACKAWANNA AVENUE.

Lewis, Reilly & Davies. Garden Hose

Oil Stoves

FOOTE & SHEAR CO. HENRY BELIN, JR., General Agent for the Wyoming District for

DUPONT'S POWDER

HIGH EXPLOSIVES.

MT. PLEASANT COAL AT RETAIL.

Reynolds Bros. Stationers and Engravers. Hotel Jermyn Bldg, 130 Wyoming Ave., Scranton, Pa.



We have just received our last shipment and are now in shape to supply the town with hose, ranging in price from seven to eighteen cents. We also have the various kinds of lawn sprinklers.

We would like to call your attention to our window display of

AGENCIES: THOS. FORD, JOHN B. SMITH & SON, E. W. MULLIGAN, Pitston, Plymouth, Wilkes-Barre.

Orders received at the Office, first floor, Commonwealth building, room No. 212, telephone No. 292, or at the mine, telephone No. 272, will be promptly attended to. Dealers supplied at the mine. WM. T. SMITH.