

The Scranton Tribune

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SCRANTON, AUGUST 17, 1897.

A publication in Dunmore entitled The Pioneer threatens to reprint Tribune editorials of two years ago. It would be an improvement upon the Pioneer's usual contents.

Klondike Bonanzas.

The New York papers have for some time past been teeming with advertisements of various Yukon gold companies representing required capital reaching into the millions.

It is probable that the flaming advertisements which appeared in the New York Sunday papers two days ago will cause thousands of dollars to pour into the cash-boxes of the various Klondike syndicates that have recently been born in the vicinity of Wall street.

young men anxious to earn money with which to get into professional work or business, and then loads with honor and with pay the teacher at the top grade, who deals with adults and therefore has comparatively an easy time?

Why should there be "five or six hundred dollar a year" teachers? Is not a teacher's work fully as important as that of a base ball pitcher, who gets two to three thousand a year, or the horse jockey, who often receives a congressman's pay?

Kept captive for months in a Havana prison, the daughter of President Cisneros, of the Cuban republic, is now on trial for treason, with a sentence awaiting her of banishment to Spain's North African hell-hole, Ceuta.

Certainly a Curious Case.

A murder case of peculiar details is attracting attention in Indiana. Rev. William E. Hinshaw was a clergyman residing near Indianapolis. One morning he was found lying in the road in front of his house, with two bullet holes and seventeen knife cuts in his body.

This story was not believed for several reasons. When Mrs. Hinshaw received her death wound the pistol was held so close to the side of her head that the powder was driven into her temple, her gown was scorched, and the pillow was stained with blood.

The History of the Code of Honor

Apropos of the ridiculous duel between the count of Turin and Prince Henry Orleans, in which the count, resenting Henry's printed animadversions on Italy, poked him on the shoulder and ran him through the bowels, the Springfield Republican says: The duel in Europe will undoubtedly be inherited by the 20th century.

Spain is Bankrupt.

It has been denied that Secretary Sherman made the remark attributed to him about Spain's desperate financial situation, but if he made it he spoke the truth. An official statement has been made by the Madrid government showing that Spain's total debt is \$1,755,000,000.

In the Swim.

From the Boston Courier. "Bill, why do they speak of you as a fishy fellow, I wonder?" "Well, I s'pose it's coz I'm always codding somebody."

A Maiden's Protest.

I'd like to tell the sinner who discovered electricity, and relegated to the past the kerosene lamp.

combination. Evidently the United States cavalry is to be congratulated upon losing them, if their manoeuvres with the Wild West show were the best that they could do.

The Toronto World intimates that if the United States doesn't soon cease from enacting protective tariffs England will in retaliation impose a ten per cent. discriminatory duty on American wheat and corn.

Ex-Governor Flower has come to be regarded as a man whose opinions it will be safe to adopt in the matter of stocks. There is a fair sized army composed of men who follow implicitly the tips given in the course of his ordinary conversation.

Experiments recently but quietly made to test the practicability of talking telephonically by cable from New York to Southampton have, it is announced, ended discouragingly.

Altgeld has been heard from again. He arises to remark that the country is worse off than ever, save in an accidental wheat boom, and even the growers of wheat cough, he thinks, to get two fifty-cent dollars where they once got one hundred-cent ones.

Seven railroads traversing the western and northwestern wheat belt have ordered 60,000 empty cars for use in moving the 1897 wheat crop and yet a car famine is feared.

Senor Sagasta's discovery that the United States is not going to take any decided hand in the Cuban game had better be held subject to revision.

According to the New York Evening Post, the American people are "relapsing into barbarism." The Post editor evidently needs a change of air.

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In an article on "The Duels of All Nations," in the Cornhill magazine some months ago, the Springfield Republican who himself once fought a French viscount, and is an expert on the duel's history, declared that the surest way to the favor of society women, and conversely to that of the mob, in France is even now through the duel.

The duel, indeed, seems to suit the genius of the French people. French laws today do not forbid it, and the man who kills his adversary in a fair encounter, according to the code, is as sure of acquittal as the outthunderer who might help to lynch a negro.

When kerosene was in its prime we'd sit with due propriety. Until the other folks had climbed the railway for the night, then lovingly each would enjoy the other's sweet society.

Were I queen of America I'd make it a felony to burn an incandescent light—myself would frame the law.

Yet stories of duels are among the most popular and interesting reading to be found in all literatures. The writer in the Cornhill tells a number of them. Such was the French idea of "honor" at the time that when a certain Parisian editor in 1844 cut the price of his paper one-half, this increasing greatly its circulation, he had to fight four duels with rival editors who disapproved of his business

enterprise. Another illustration of the modern idea of "honor" came in 1872 or 1873 when the editor of the Gaulois, in describing a certain bull referred to in a generic way to the "eternal sub-lieutenant who plows up with his spurs the faces on the women's frounces." When this editor reached his office the next day he found twenty-seven challenges on his desk, one of which he accepted.

One of the most interesting points brought out in any study of dueling is that, except in extreme cases, the typical duelist generally hesitates to face his opponent until he has taken all his courage away, and render a settlement easy. A Scottish officer in Jamaica was challenged by a Creole duelist of great reputation, and in accepting he stipulated that they should both stand in an open grave, large enough for two to be buried in, and taking the ends of a handkerchief for their pistols across it.

No better or more amusing duel story, however, can be found than the one very recently told in a southern paper in which a country of Colonel William Fitzhugh, the Virginian of the later colonial and the Revolutionary periods, here again one meets the superior head-onness of the urromantic Anglo-Saxon.

WANTS TO KNOW.

Dear Sir—Since landing in this country about eight years ago I have been extremely and intensely interested in what you Americans denominate the national game, viz. base ball. I have never attended a game since arriving here, and consequently my knowledge of the game is derived solely from what I have gleaned from your enterprising journals.

I ask you again, my friend: when Coogan popped for an arch did he make him a grave where the sublimated rest, or was he in a moribund, passive, quiescent state, or was he violently active? Was he dead or was he living?

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I'd like to tell the sinner who discovered electricity, and relegated to the past the kerosene lamp. Who robbed us of the pleasure, aye, the heavenly felicity.

When served in a fine Dinner Set, and a good dinner should be treated with enough respect to be served in nothing else.

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Most merchants say there's no business in August. They fall into the rut of not expecting it, and they don't get it. It's different here. We expect business all the year round, and we get it, because we have the goods you need at the time you need them, and we are satisfied to take great big losses now to clear our shelves.

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