

MOIR IS THE MAYORALTY CANDIDATE

Brooks for City Treasurer Makes a Splendid Showing.

ASSESSORSHIP IN DOUBT

Gwilym Jones, Fowler and Rinsland, in the Order Named, Are the Highest Among the Sixteen Candidates, but the Count Must Be Official to Be Wholly Reliable...

Complete returns from all but one of the sixty districts are in total as follows:

Table listing candidates for Mayor, Assessor, and School Director with their respective vote counts across various districts.

The one missing district is the Second of the Twelfth ward, but it alone could not possibly change the position of any of the candidates...

THE SYSTEM. The Crawford county system, under which the nominations were determined, was, until Saturday, new and untried...

VOTE COMPARED. The total vote polled is a little more than the Stone vote, is within 25 per cent of the vote for McKinley...

Vote Cast at Saturday's Primaries.

Large table showing the vote cast at Saturday's primaries for Mayor, Treasurer, Controller, Assessors, and School Directors across various districts.

A CONTRACT FOR T RAILS.

It Saved the Erie, Started a Great Industry and Founded a City. Scranton Letter in New York Sun.

The recent sale by the Lackawanna Iron and Steel company of its extensive coal properties in this region makes of present interest the story of the incident that brought that corporation and the city of Scranton into existence...

THE RESULT. The result shows that the people are competent, not only to express their individual choice, but they are intelligent enough to distribute the vote among all the nationalities represented...

Chairman Chittenden indicated that the rules lacked some essentials, that he wanted to specify them, he said: "A few improvements would make the new rules perfect. The issuance of official ballots to candidates should be prohibited..."

THE DANGEROUS NAUTILUS.

Interesting Account of This Pretty But Poisonous Marine Creation. From the Boston Transcript.

C. F. Holder gives an interesting account of his experiences with the phylla, the nautilus-like denizen of southern waters, which floats on the surface of its trailing fishing lines...

ERRONEOUS IMPRESSIONS.

The Average Man Knows Very Little About the True Indian. From the Atlantic.

"We cannot deal with the Indian of today unless we know the Indian of yesterday. The average man seldom thinks about Indians, and when he does he thinks of them either with entire indifference or with contemptuous dislike..."

AN OVERCHARGE.

Her Husband, However, Will Not Again Question Her Bills. From the Detroit Free Press.

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Auction Sale

Rich and Costly Household Furniture, Fine Carpets, Etc. Wednesday, Jan 18 At 10 O'clock a. m. At the private residence, 833 Quincy Avenue

This sale comprises the entire contents of the house, all of which was purchased within a year and is therefore up to date and comparatively new, and is to be sold positively without reserve.

DUBUQUE THE Manufacturing Center OF IOWA.

Trade in many lines of manufactured goods is now and will be for years to come, most active throughout the west. For this reason, the Dubuque Manufacturing Center is now being developed...

substance, Mr. Miller and his sister, Miss Lavonia Miller, are now staying on Treat avenue, San Francisco, and they are both convinced that the silver thimble has worked up into his shoulder...

OLYPHANT.

Republican caucuses were held in both the Second and Fourth wards, Saturday night. In the Second ward the following ticket was put in the field: Council, Thomas Patton; school director, Thomas Weaver; constable, Joseph L. Davis...

A Bolter.

First Citizen—"Ain't you supportin' the candidate for the legislature?" Second Citizen—"No, his wife is supportin' him."—Syracuse Star.

HE KNOWETH.

Serene, I fold my hands and wait. Nor cars for wind, nor tide, nor sea; I have no more 'gainst time or fate. For, lo! my own shall come to me. I stay my haste, I make delays. For what avails this eager pace? A staid and sterner waywardness. And what is mine shall know my face. Asleep, awake, by night or day. The tidal wave will overtake me; Nor wind can drive my bark astray. Nor change the tide of destiny. What matter if I stand alone? I wait with joy the coming year; My heart shall reap where it has sown, And gather up its fruit of tears. The waters know their own, and draw The brook that springs from under height. So flows the road with equal law Unto the soul of pure delight. The stars come nightly to the sky. The tidal wave will overtake me; Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high. Shall keep my own away from me. —John Burroughs.