

The Scranton Tribune

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When space will permit, the Tribune is always glad to print short letters from its friends bearing on current topics, but its rule is that these must be signed, for publication, by the writer's real name.

TWELVE PAGES.

SCRANTON, NOVEMBER 25, 1899.

Honest politics is very much needed in every state; and Colonel Watres can do a public service in explaining how purification of the politics of Pennsylvania is to be effected through the activities of men like David Martin, Ed Van Valkenburg, William Flinn and John Wanamaker.

That New Railroad.

PUBLICATIONS controlled by the present coal carrying railroads are doing their utmost to make light of the proposed independent line to tidewater, just as they did of the previous independent railroad project which miscarried because of the bad faith of one of the originators. Meanwhile, their agents are at work thinking out schemes to interrupt the completion of the new road or to complicate the problem of its successful construction.

And yet this new railway project is simply a fair business proposition. If the railroads at present engaged in hauling coal charge only a reasonable price, then it should be to their interest to let their critical patrons themselves have a taste of the business of coal-hauling, so that they may afterward better understand the problem of railway freights. It is worth a cent a mile to haul a ton of hard coal from Scranton to tidewater while for similar distances other roads haul soft coal, and apparently make money, at as low a rate as two mills per ton a mile; and if a 10 mill rate is necessary on the down grade haul to tidewater while a four mill rate is all that is charged on the up-grade haul to Chicago, then the sooner the blocking operators find this out for themselves, the sooner they will desist from their murmurs and be reasonable. But, on the other hand, if there is nothing but injustice in these gross discriminations; if the anthracite industry is being held up bandit fashion by the railroads and made to pay for the mistakes, the had speculations and the steals of the managements of the coal carrying railroads; if in spirit and in letter the existing exactions practiced upon individual coal operators not "in cahoots" with some railroad dynasty are identical with the operations of the pick-pocket or the burglar, then the righting of these wrongs by the only practicable remedy in sight, the construction of a competitive railway owned by the operators themselves, becomes a duty not only of self protection, but of fair play for the public in general.

Without pretending to possess any secret information and with due respect for the uncertainties of life, we think we can safely promise Mr. Thomas, of the Erie railway system, Mr. Fowler of the Ontario and Western railway system and all others interested that the Delaware Valley and Kingston railway will be built as planned and opened for traffic at the expected time, ashes, cinders and lawsuits to the contrary notwithstanding.

Grant and Miles.

U PON the occasion of the dedication recently of the monuments and markers at Chattanooga, commemorative of positions held by Illinois troops during the battle at that place, an address was delivered by General Boynton, in which he launched the following reference to General Grant:

"Did General Grant spend his time about the commissary stores in the capacity of a poor food commissioner? Did he send his staff officers throughout the limits of his command to gather evidence to prove that the war department did not know more than a thing or two about war? Did he fill the press of the land with interviews criticizing everything and everybody but himself? When he telegraphed General Thomas from Louisville to hold Chattanooga, did Thomas reply, 'We are out of the proper brand of meat, and it can't be done,' or did he reply, 'We will hold the town till we starve'? Did General Thomas and his general officers send a round robin to Washington concerning the condition of their stomachs, their temperance and their pulse, and promptly furnish a copy of it to the press? And what of the soldiers who served under General Thomas? They went about the streets of Chattanooga and the houses and male corral, plucking up kernels of corn. They gathered about the refuse heaps of the commissary stores where moldy bread was thrown, whittled off the mold and filled their haversacks with the crumbs; and when interrupted by the play of the siege guns, they would look up at the smoking summit of Lookout and exclaim, 'If these rations hold, Mr. Johnny Reb, we'll get you yet.'"

Property Poor.

THE REPORTED troubles of the Russian minister of finance, M. de Witte, include alleged embezzlement, speculation, dismissal from office and attempted suicide. No doubt the stories about him now appearing in the papers are greatly exaggerated, perhaps entirely false. At this distance it is impossible to separate fact from fiction.

But there are certain known facts which lend color to the belief that M. de Witte is at least in disfavor at St. Petersburg. In view of the extraordinary financial necessities of the Russian empire, growing out of its gigantic railway, canal and other projects of internal improvement, which have been increased by a widespread famine that has lowered revenues and put a new tension on the charities of the empire, this minister recently sought to place an emergency loan among the financial magnates of London and Paris. In both cities he was in his main purposes unsuccessful and it is understood that lieutenants whom he sent over to sound the financial interests in New York reported adversely on the proposition of attempting to float a Russian loan in the United States. It has recently been asserted that one large insurance company in New York has concluded an arrangement to buy 20,000,000 roubles' worth of guaranteed 4 per cent. Russian railway bonds, but this has not been confirmed. In any event, the Russian minister of finance had to go back to his imperial master with the information that Russian securities were not in demand just now; and it is not difficult to guess the recollection which such an announcement would be likely to provide.

The situation of a man who is "property poor" is at his back the greatest real estate plant in the business and its economic possibilities are simply bewildering. But to develop these possibilities takes great sums of ready money and with Russia pictured before the world as a great monster just waiting for a chance to grab some new

prey and plunge the whole of Europe into a frightful war, the men who have the money are not anxious to hazard it in Russian investments. It is possible that a part of European diplomacy's mission these days is to keep the czar from getting hold of too much ready change at one time.

One service of Vice President Hobart is recalled which is justly entitled to become historic. The Bacon resolution affirming it to be the intention of the United States to establish in the Philippine Islands a stable government, recognize its independence and then withdraw commanded in the last senate a tie vote, and the vice president, "amid breathless silence," were told, "that the deciding vote is the negative." Had he decided otherwise, who can estimate the needless bother he would have created and transmitted to posterity?

Not a Vote Against Expansion.

IN A RECENT address in New York, ex-Speaker Reed referred incidentally to the late election in Ohio and, without expressing his ideas fully, gave his hearers to infer that he considered the vote for Jones an indication that a majority of the voters of Ohio have not yet made up their minds to approve the expansion policy of the McKinley administration. The reference was guarded but the intent was plain.

The man who edited Candidate Jones' campaign organ and practically managed his campaign, Mr. W. G. Ghent, of Toledo, does not subscribe to Mr. Reed's interpretation of the vote. "I emphatically protest," says he, "both in my own behalf and that of the thousands of expansionists who supported Mayor Jones against the assertion that the nonpartisan vote had the meaning of casting reflection on the expansion policy of the administration. Our campaign was waged on the issue of popular rule versus boss rule in Ohio. Had it included the issue of the war in Luzon, taking an unfavorable attitude thereon, I would have taken no part in it, and there are thousands of others of like mind. Some of our speakers, notably George D. Herron and Attorney Charles S. Darrow, violated the spirit of the canvass and indulged in wild declamation against the administration. Where this was done we lost a vote."

The view of Mr. Ghent accords with the known facts better than the view of Mr. Reed. It is, we believe, the correct view.

General Wood is to come to Washington to talk "business" with the secretary of war. Let us hope that the "business" will include Wood's transfer to the governor-generalship at Havana.

Lost It at Gettysburg.

There is a very handsome young woman in Washington, rather well known in art circles, who had the misfortune to fall down stairs a few years ago, so badly fracturing one of her knees that the limb had to be amputated, relates the Washington Post. The young woman, at court, was with the aid of crutches. She is not the least sensitive about the matter, and she doesn't mind informing properly introduced people of the nature of the accident, which maimed her. She has commenced to use a street car, bound for the Hill, and found herself in the same seat with a sharp-eyed woman who seemed to take a whole lot of interest in her and her crutches. She scrutinized the young woman's face carefully for a couple of minutes, then turned her attention to the workmanlike fitting of the crutches, which she took the liberty to handle curiously. Then she looked the young woman over again, and leaned over to her.

Military Discipline.

No series of anecdotes of the operations in Manila would be complete without at least one story illustrative of the amusing drolleries of the soldiers from Tennessee, writes Lieutenant Joe Smith, in Leslie's Weekly. Before hostilities began the Tennessee regiment supplied for a while the guard for General King's headquarters. One night the orders were made more strict, and the sentry at the front entrance was instructed to allow no man to enter after 9 o'clock. About 9 o'clock General King himself came to his headquarters on some urgent business, and was denied admittance. The next day an investigation was instituted and the sentry was called in to be questioned. After explaining his orders to the general, he said: "I asked: 'And didn't you know me?' 'No, sir.' 'Didn't you know who I was?' 'No, sir—didn't know whether yer was chief of their fish department or chief of police.' He escaped censure."

Target Practice.

When a warship goes out for target practice it is the custom to place all glass, chinaware and other fragile articles in the hold of the ship, as close down to the keel as possible, in order to prevent breakage by the concussion that follows the firing of guns. This led to an amusing incident at Manila after the destruction of the Spanish fleet, relates the San Francisco Argonaut. Life on board the Olympia was gradually settling down to its accustomed routine and dullness, when one day at luncheon Commodore Dewey asked his colored boy, Jim, where some dish that he missed from the table was gone. "I ain't had no chance to get it yet," was Jim's answer. "Where is it in de hold?" Jim's face turned red. "I had 'jest before dat target practice you had de order day, Commodore."

An Original Jurist.

Fighting Bob Bowling, the warlike Kansas City justice of the peace, was trying a case in which a party was attempting to recover \$10 for the death of a dog that the defendant had killed after being bitten by the canine. The case was nearly through, the evidence had all gone the plaintiff's way, and it seemed probable he would get damages for the loss of his treasure, when one of the witnesses in describing the dog, stated it was a yellow cur. "Did you say that this dog was yellow?" asked the judge, taken by surprise. "Yes sir," was the reply. "Well, this court don't propose giving judgment for the loss of a yellow dog, and the dict is rendered for defendant." The

A Handicapped Genius.

A certain Clevelander has in some way secured quite a reputation for literary work. He is supposed to do lots of it, and is looked upon with a feeling akin to awe by people who are not literary themselves. Not long ago a sister of the genius was asked concerning her brother's work. "It's funny I fail to see any of it," said the questioner. "Doesn't he ever write anything over his own name?" "I think you have been misinformed concerning my brother's talent," said the sister coldly and with great precision. "He never writes anything for publication."

His Revised Version.

A gentleman from a neighboring town in Mississippi told the following last night: "I walked into a small store the other day and found the proprietor lying on the counter just dozing off into a sleep. He roused himself on my approach and jumping to the floor quoted the familiar lines: 'A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!' 'Where did you get that,' I asked. 'Oh, don't you know? That's what Absalom said when his horse ran under the tree and left him hanging by the hind legs of a limb. I thought everybody knew where that came from.'"—Memphis Scimitar.

A Timely Hint.

According to Captain Coghlan, when Dewey sailed into Manila harbor, fought his battle and then cut the cable the English admiral wanted to help him, but didn't dare. However, he thought that Dewey might take a hint. So he sailed over to Dewey and said: "Ah, I see you have cut a cable." "Yes," answered Dewey. "Which one?" asked the innocent English admiral. And then Dewey, knowing for the first time there were two cables, rustled back, grappled for the second cable, and cut it.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Price of War. There is glory in the story of the charging of the foe When the arary muskets rattle and the bolterous bugles blow; When the cannons roar and rumble and the shells in fury shriek; When the crimson, dripping, dripping, brings the jellor to the cheek. There is glory in the story of the victor, too, so grand, But there's weeping, weeping, weeping, through a devastated land.

There is honor in the giving of a life in freedom, In the shedding of the heart's blood to uphold the country's laws; It is grand to stand where ball and shell are flying thick and fast, And to know the flag's still flying as the soldier breathes his last; Sweet it is to know that banner ripples still o'er the land and foam, But there's weeping, weeping, weeping, in the devastated home.

There is glory in the story of a nation's triumph grand, But the soil is stained with crimson and there's graves throughout the land. There are victories to boast of, there are times when heroes die, But above ten thousands green graves mourners' heads about bending low. There are honor, fame and glory to be won where cannon thunder, But there's weeping, weeping, weeping, in the land when all is o'er. —Arthur J. Burdick, in Buffalo News.

Eternal Me.

What an exceeding rest 'twill be When I can leave off being Me! To think of it—'at last'—'at last' Of all the things I ever did! Done with the varying distress Of restlessness and discontent, Set free to feel the joy unknown Of life and love beyond my own!

Why should I long to have John Smith Eternally to struggle with? I'm John—but somehow cherubim seem quite incongruous with him. It would not seem so queer to dwell Eternally John Smith in Hell. To be one man forever seems most fit in purgatorial dreams. But heaven! Rest and power and peace Must surely mean the soul's release From the small labeled entity— This passing limitation—Me! —Charlotte Perkins Stetson in the Cosmopolitan.

On Paper.

We worked our mines (On paper). Bought railway lines (On paper). In fact, we've bought All we import Of every sort (On paper). Importers sell (On paper). And all do well (On paper). Shopkeepers buy And always try To make things high (On paper). We buy our traps (On paper). Bank notes, perhaps (On paper). We count our chink, We write and think, We eat and drink (On paper). Our wives buy towns (On paper). We build our cities (On paper). All wealth is made, All assets laid, All wages paid (In paper). —T. W. Goedge, Orange, N. S. W., Leader.

The War Situation.

From Krugersdorp to Lichtenberg, And back to Potchefstroom; From Swartland to Petersburg Is heard the burgher drum; From Wakkerstrum to Ermelo, From Hoopstad to Dundee, They're marching down to Rustenburg, And up from Kimberley, From Heidelberg and Lydenburg, Johannesburg and all. From Standerton and Baberton They answer to the call, And Ermelo is all agog, And Venterdorp is wuss; And latest news from Haerertsburg All indicates a fuss. —Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

The Golden Month.

What skilled and potent alchemist Transmuteth ruby and amethyst, Sapphire and emerald, gems untold, To one immeasurable gold? In perilous poms of purple and blue, Scarlet and crimson, now shall you Meet in this crucible of light, Auriferous and infinite.

Gold torches in the garden gleam;

Gold torches on the leaf-lit stream;

Gold rays along the stubble flow.

And set the fallow field aglow.

The reeds are like a golden lyre, The woods are hung with fluttering fire, The sunflower lamps, all golden bright, Echo the golden starry night.

The moon, no more in silver dress, Rides golden-clad from east to west; New golden flame-flowers spring to birth From the mid-furrows of the earth.

Ah! hoard your treasures while they last, Before the brutal robber blast, Lurking malign in caverns drear, Leaps fierce on the wayfaring year.

Then shall these lamps no longer burn, This yellow wealth shall shrivel and turn To withered leaves within your hold— For all the gold is fairly gone. —Fall Mall Gazette.

IN QUEER COMPANY.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer. A man is known by the company he keeps, and surely Mr. Watres cannot get comfort or satisfaction or honor in the little band of party wreckers organized under the title of insurgents. He could not strengthen them, for he could not deliver Lackawanna county, his home; but they could and would do irreparable injury to him.

The organization is composed of a few ex-politicians, a ballot-box stuffer or two and men with grievances. Place such a combination under the leadership of William Flinn, the Pittsburg contractor, who is having troubles of his own in explaining the charge that he borrowed public funds, and of David Martin, who has grown rich through politics, and there can be very little public sympathy with it.

AN IMPORTANT CASE.

From the Philadelphia Record. Can President McKinley, by virtue of his authority as commander-in-chief of the military forces of the United States, organize courts of law in the Spanish islands lately come into our possession without prior action by congress? This question must be determined by the United States Supreme court in review of proceedings in one of the provisional courts established under the authority of the president in Puerto Rico. The decision of the Supreme court would be important, and would stand as a precedent not only in determining the extent of executive authority in conquered territory, but in fixing the status of our new possessions.

NUBS OF KNOWLEDGE.

The most curious paper-weight in the world is said to belong to the Prince of Wales. It is the mummied hand of one of the daughters of Pharaoh. From the gas tar has been extracted an oil identical with that of bitter almonds. A cave has lately been discovered in New Zealand which is believed to be larger even than the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky.

In Great Britain there are 7,300,000 houses of all kinds. As the population is about 40,000,000, this gives five persons and, say, a baby to each house.

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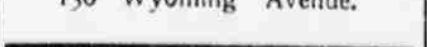
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As two ardent members of a leading Quaker City Bicycle Club were rounding City Hall on their return from a century run, one was heard to say: "This is the earliest spring long distance ride I have taken during my eight years of riding." "I suppose you attribute your improved condition and better muscle to Ripans Tablets," said the other laughing. "Well," was the answer, "I do. They have put my system in better shape than it has been for years. The tired feeling one gets so quickly on re-entering the sport after a winter's non-indulgence I have not felt this year."

A new style jacket containing the new ripans tablets in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—FOR FIVE CENTS. This low priced suit is intended for the poor and the workingman. One dozen for \$5.00. The jacket can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the Ripans Tablets Company, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York. A single carton (not jacket) will be sent for five cents.