

The Scranton Tribune

Published Daily, Except Sunday, by The Tribune Publishing Company, at Fifty Cents a Month.

New York Office: 150 Nassau St. R. S. VREFFLAND, Sole Agent for Foreign Advertising.

Entered at the Postoffice at Scranton, Pa., as Second-Class Matter.

When space will permit, the Tribune is always glad to print short letters from its friends bearing on current topics...

TWELVE PAGES.

SCRANTON, JANUARY 6, 1900.

The Philadelphia North American has already located the Horseshoe case at the door of the so-called Pennsylvania Republican machine...

A Moral Tonic.

ELSEWHERE will be found the text of an impressive address delivered during the week by President Hadley...

Nothing succeeds like success. The standard which President Hadley hopes to see established in America differs slightly in actuating principle...

He shall measure up in this direction as well as he already measures as an orator, a new leader will have appeared in our public life.

Bryan in a panther's skin might at least create a demand for headache powders.

An Important Speech.

ON TUESDAY next the junior senator from Indiana, Mr. Beveridge, will address the senate upon the resolution...

The speech which he has prepared for delivery has, we are informed, been carefully thought out...

If he shall measure up in this direction as well as he already measures as an orator, a new leader will have appeared in our public life.

Bryan in a panther's skin might at least create a demand for headache powders.

Protecting Bird Life.

UNDISMAYED by the apparent increase in the use of birds in millinery, the Pennsylvania Audubon society...

It is not thought that the British will hold up any cargoes of canned beef on route for the Boer lunch counter.

American Corn.

PREPARATIONS for the further enlightenment of Europeans as to the food value of Indian corn proceed apace...

too small a scale to show up in practical results. Moreover, the agrarian interests in Europe have done their best to keep up the prejudice...

It would seem that a time must come when the nutritive value, cheapness and availability of corn would force its acceptance in Europe...

Some one has been unkind enough to call attention to the fact that it will be rather difficult for the Boers to pass through the British lines...

Hopeful citizens of Bradford county are still boring for oil. It is decidedly a chilly period when Bradford county is not excited over a coal mine...

CURRENT VERSE.

The Creed of the Lion. The creed of the lion is as old as the lion, and as young as the cub that plays...

The creed of the lion is to feed the lion, and the jungle knows his roar. And it knows the glare of the eyes that flare when the lips are thirst for gore!

The creed of the lion is good for the lion, and that's as it ought to be. For under the law of the law and the paw and the trail and the jungle law...

The creed of the lion is the will of the lion, and back of the will the claw and hook of the paw and the law—the thirst for gore in the law.

There came no darkness unto those—little and weak and light—Who bend their knee at the jungle tree and ask for the law of right!

The creed of the lion is as old as the lion, and as young as yesterday. To give the least that the law will give, and take the rest away!

An old as the lion, but as blind as the cub that follows the trail of years. And think it is free till it comes to the tree of Common and King and Peers!

Nature now dons her regal splendor. The feathered minstrel bands attend her. To celebrate her festival!

The jeweled canopy of night—The stately, silent solitudes—The grand, ancestral, leafy woods—

The rich products of the soil, And luscious fruits and golden grain Inspire the reapers' glad refrain!

Sweet Cupid sat on a mossy bank. With a tear in his round, blue eye, His wings were drooped with silver dew.

And he gazed and howd him by. The butterflies came from the garden near. And perched on his dimple toes,

And a honey bee sipped at his dimple. And thought it an opening rose, "Not an arrow went to its mark today, I wasted them all," he sighed.

So now no more in the flowery field Or the woods where the thrushes sing Do we hear the soft, white, woe of feet,

He has stolen the gown of a pretty girl, And her hat with its drooping plume, And a cluster of violet shades blue.

And her gloves of the palest gray, And hides his how in her fluffy fan. Before he goes out to play,

He has clipped his wings and braided his curls, But beware of his roguish eyes, For sly little Cupid is still the same, In spite of his new disguise.

The hammock hung between the trees, The maiden lay in it with her eyelids closed— He saw her there.

With wildly beating heart he stole Up to her side, And softly to her ripe, red lips His own he applied.

He kissed her—kissed the gentle maid, So fair, so sweet, And with a tumult in his breast Beat a retreat.

At length she slowly straightened up, With open eyes: "He took but one," she said and sighed A lot of sighs.

There is a veil 'er everything, And so we must walk till the death, Unless some heart shall sob or sing And lift it with a sudden breath.

Then do we see in vision plain The radiance desired and clear, And when the veil has dropped again, We walk but about-minded here.

Beneath the Veil. There is a veil 'er everything, And so we must walk till the death, Unless some heart shall sob or sing And lift it with a sudden breath.

Then do we see in vision plain The radiance desired and clear, And when the veil has dropped again, We walk but about-minded here.

GLINTS OF HUMOR.

Too Eloquent for His Own Good. The Son—It was rather hard of you, father, not to send me any money when I was so much in need of it.

Lucky Escape. Jones—They say Smith's three daughters all got engaged to foreign noblemen while at the "show," and that Smith is tickled to death about it.

Very Cold. Hicks—I understand that that new cold-storage company is making a lot of money. You are in it on the ground floor, aren't you?

Missed His Vocation. Patient—You should have gone into the army, doctor.

Remnant Refreshment. "What do you think my boarders call bread-pudding?" "Goodness knows."

The Lesser of Two Evils. Passenger (as train stops)—Conductor, are those two men taking a straw vote?

The Difficult Shopper. First Clerk—What a tiresome customer that woman is!

Rightly Named. City Nephew—Is that what you call a penknife? It looks more like a machete.

Just As Bad. "Say," said a Night Editor to the Special Writer, when the latter entered the office after three days in Canada,

Looks Like It. McSwatters—I see the British have 13,000 miles in the Transvaal.

Nubs of Knowledge. Russia has made the metric system of weights and measures legal, but without prejudice to the old system.

The British board of trade reports that 32,400 English workmen received an increase of wages during July, the average advance being 9 1/2 pence per head per week.

The art of self defense is inculcated early among some of the wilder tribes of the Caucasus, who instruct their children as soon as they can walk in the use of the dagger.

The conversion of the flintest, roughest limestone into soft, white wool is one of the wonders of the century which will shortly appear in a practical way to the manufacturer.

Two German societies—the Landwirths-Gesellschaft and the Verein der Zucker-Industrie—have combined to offer a prize of \$2,500 for the invention of a machine for harvesting beets.

Ten years ago 3,000,000 bunches of bananas would satisfy the American demand for the fruit, but last year the twenty or more importers of bananas sold as many as 16,000,000 bunches.

The introduction of flax growing as an industry in Southern New Jersey is being seriously considered, and in connection with this growing, some lands being especially fitted for the combination.

Bavaria bears the prize for beer drinking, the yearly average for each man, woman and child being 220 liters. Belgium comes next with 162 liters, then Great Britain with 112; the average for the United States is 47 liters a year.

It is estimated that there are 11,000,000 cows in the United States devoted to butter-making, and that their average yield is 125 pounds of butter a year, of a total of 1,375,000,000 pounds, or about 18 pounds for each one of the population of the country.

The fecundity of microbes is prodigious, so much so that if fifteen drops of water polluted with bacteria are allowed to fall into a cup of broth the germ population would have increased in twenty-four hours to 50,000,000.

Mercereau & Connell, Jewelers, Silversmiths, No. 130 Wyoming Avenue. Our Thirty-fourth Year. A GRAND Christmas Display. BARGAINS IN EVERYTHING. Fine Diamonds, Rich Jewelry, Stone Rings. Watches of the reliable sort from \$2.50 to \$150.00.

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Luther Keller LIME, CEMENT, SEWER PIPE, Etc. 434 Lackawanna Avenue, SCRANTON, PA.

FINLEY'S Blankets. Will claim particular attention during the first week of January, 1900. And we intend unloading the bulk of our stock at lower prices than will again be possible—probably in years.

Excelsior Diaries. A complete line for 1900, for office and pocket use, numerous styles of Calendars, Pads and Stands to select from.

Blank Books and the largest and most complete line of office supplies in Northeastern Pennsylvania. Reynolds Bros. Stationers and Engravers, Hotel Jermy Building, Scranton, Pa.

Hotel Candee. A druggist in Syracuse, N. Y., says that Ripans Tablets are especially valuable for curing habitual constipation, and suggests that that point ought to be brought out conspicuously in all the advertisements of this remedy.