

IN DARKEST IRELAND.

Mr. Hugh Sutherland's Masterly Presentation of the Irish Cause.

The North American is publishing a series of letters by Hugh Sutherland on conditions social, industrial and political as they are in Ireland. The first article was printed December 8, and was followed by others which, for graphic description and masterly presentation of facts, have no parallel in recent newspaper writing. They will continue until the subject is fully exploited. Mr. Sutherland is familiar to newspaper readers. As Commissioner for the North American to the Boer Republic in the concluding days of Kruger's Presidency, as a staff correspondent for the same paper in the mining districts of Pennsylvania, his work attracted widest popular interest as well as the closest consideration of the students of economics, political and otherwise. Mr. Sutherland is conservative and of the widest intelligence. His articles are of unique interest, as they are characterized by truth. Prejudices, either for or against a master-ridden race, does not enter into the work. So far as one of blood and flesh may do so, Mr. Sutherland has divested himself of human sympathy and gives the plain cold facts of the situation. Ireland's wrongs, her real constitutional injuries and her oppressed state have not been told of late. Government espionage, the certainty of a term in jail, social and business boycott operate as a press censorship in Great Britain as thorough, if less direct, as in autocratic Russia. Newspapers dare not print, correspondents dare not tell the story of Ireland's woes. Public speech is a felony, the printing of a Nationalist newspaper in Ireland a crime without defense.

In order that the truth might be known, therefore, The North American commissioned Mr. Sutherland as chief of an expedition into Darkest Ireland. For weeks the searchers for truth traversed the country. They have touched every side of every question; talked politics with the peasant in his cabin, discussed land tenures with the English owner in London.

They have got at the heart of one of the greatest political revolutions the world has experienced, one that is taking place without the world being aware of it. Fortunately for contemporaneous history, there is Mr. Sutherland to write and The North American to print the story.

NINTH REVENUE DISTRICT.

Report Shows it to Be the Leading Cigar District.

The annual report of the commissioner of internal revenue for the year ending June 30, 1902, has been received by Collector H. L. Hershey, of the Ninth Pennsylvania district, of which Fulton county is a part, which showed up as follows during the year:

Number of cigar factories, 2043 which is by far the largest of any district in the country; pounds of tobacco used in making cigars, 12,711,785, also the largest in the United States; cigars manufactured, 748,492,359, which heads the list and continues this district as the leading tobacco district in the country.

There are 1400 retail liquor dealers, 323 dealers in leaf tobacco, nineteen brewers, thirty wholesale liquor dealers, forty-one bankers, forty-eight brokers and 4,878 taxpayers.

There are twenty-five registered distillers, 12,634 bushels of malt used, 1,269 bushels of wheat, 135,127 of rye, 1,358 corn, 481,041 gallons of spirits deposited in warehouses, 144,573 dumped for rectification and 118,661 gallons gauged, 214,608 barrels of fermented liquors were produced, 1,190,873 gallons of rye whiskey were produced and 2000 gallons of rye whiskey were exported.

Experiments now concluded on the banks of the Nile show the quality of the cotton grown there to be the equal of any in the world. There are available 15,000,000 acres of irrigated land, and only hands to work it are lacking.

CONDENSED STORIES.

Driving a Bargain With a Washington Street Car Conductor.

"Every time I see a large assemblage of people in a large city, such as the Grand Army encampment at Washington," said an old Washingtonian the other day, "it recalls to my mind a little incident which took place in front of the Post building some years ago. It was during the Christian Endeavor convention, and the city, of course, was crowded. There was a large contingent of folks from the country, the real plain people, who form the bulwark of the nation."

"All wanted to see the sights, quite naturally, and some of them were trying to get through on a very small margin financially and besides probably had been warned to look out for the man with the golden brick. A party of six, both men and women, came out of the Post building one afternoon, and a tall, raven-haired old man with a patriarchal beard rushed out across the plaza and hailed a passing Fourteenth street car."

"Say, mister," he cried, brandishing his weather beaten umbrella at the driver, "what'll you 'ake us up to Mount Pleasant for?"

"How many are there of you?"

"Six," came the answer.

"Well, I'll take you all up for 5 cents apiece," said the driver, smiling benevolently at the bucolic group.

"I'll go you," responded the countryman, and with the triumphant air of a woman who has just made a bargain counter look like three lead dimes he shouted back to his party: "He'll take us up for 5 cents apiece. Come on." And they all scrambled in among the amused passengers.

"It's dollars to doughnuts that those folks who were running up against the wiles of city life never learned that the bargain they struck cost them 5 cents more than six tickets would have filched out of their exchequer." — Washington Post.

Had Confidence in the Doctor.

At the annual meeting of the Association of Military Surgeons of the United States Major John Van



"THE DOCTOR TOLD US TO MAKE THE COFFIN."

R. Hoff in the course of his speech accepting the presidency of the association told the following story: "A lady was passing through the wards of an overcrowded military hospital when she suddenly encountered two men saving and hammering on some boards. She looked at them in some surprise and wonderingly asked, 'What are you doing there, my men?' They looked up at her, and one of them said: 'What are we doing? Why, we are making a coffin; that's what we are doing.' 'A coffin?' she asked. 'For whom are you making a coffin?' 'For that fellow over there in that bed. Don't you see him?' The lady looked in the direction indicated and saw a man apparently in good condition and watching the operation with great interest. 'Why, that man is not dead, and, indeed, he does not look as if he were going to die. Can't you postpone this work?' 'No,' the men said, 'we can't postpone it. The doctor told us to make the coffin, and he knows what he gave him.'"

It Was Poor French.

When the Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis was a senior student, it is said that he prided himself on being more proficient in modern languages than his fellows. When it came his turn to say grace in the "mess-room," he persisted in saying it in French until he was cut short by the gruff remonstrance of a wild western theologian—"Oh, here, Hillis, cut that."

"I suppose you object to what you don't understand," retorted Hillis. "It ain't that," replied the other, "so much as that I don't believe the Lord himself knows what you are saying." — New York Times.

Stamps Needed.

The new thirteen cent stamp for foreign registered letters will fill a long felt want, but an even greater want remains unsatisfied. It is that of an international stamp, good in either direction, which can be sent to foreign correspondents by persons desiring to prepay the postage on letters to be addressed to them. — Philadelphia Ledger.

BANNER SALVE
The most healing salve in the world.

DARING AMERICAN'S FATE.

The Francais contains the following story of a daring American tourist in the French metropolis: "Victor Evandale, an American about forty years of age, declared at a cafe table that he had lived for ten years in the wildest regions of western United States and had never carried a weapon and was never afraid. Several Frenchmen who were present told him that Paris was more dangerous. They asserted that he could not go from Grenelle to Montrogue, for example, after 10 o'clock at night without being killed unless he wore laborers' clothes. Evandale left the cafe after a time without reverting to the conversation about dangerous localities. Next morning his companions of the night before were horrified to read of the discovery of Evandale's body in the glacier of the fortifications near the Maison Blanche. It is supposed he must have actually attempted to walk from Grenelle to Montrogue immediately after leaving his friends. Evidently he was attacked from behind. Tight around his neck was found a thin leather thong which had been used to strangle him. His pockets were rifled and his shoes and coat removed."

Soldiers as Automaton.

To convert a man physically into an imitation of a machine is, we know, no difficult task. "Long distance athletes clearly prove this. Soldiers, again, afford instances. During the last army maneuvers of one country a batch of foot soldiers was specially trained for long distance marching. After traveling a prodigious number of miles they were commanded to halt and fire, says Cassell's Magazine. Not one man could bring his rifle to his shoulder and take aim. Yet at the word "March!" all of them, tottering and unsteady as they were, started promptly to limp on again. They could not perform a fresh action, but their marching had become automatic.

Dying Sensation.

Dr. Foote of Kansas, who committed suicide recently by taking poison, left the following note describing his struggles: "I feel all right at the present time, but know that the poison is doing its work. I burn, but feel a sort of soothing sensation flow over me and a desire to go to sleep. I am sure that I have not much longer to live. It is now after 3 o'clock, and I feel I am dying. My head is clear, and my brain works perfectly. But now I feel the spasm coming, and then I will be gone. Goodby."

Hard Rules For Printers.

All printing establishments in Turkey, according to a new law just passed, may have only one door, and that opening on to the street. Windows must be covered with close meshed wire netting so that no papers can be handed through. A statement must be made a year in advance of the amount of ink required, which will be supplied by the state. A specimen of everything printed is to be kept and must be shown at any time to a police inspector on pain of a fine.

Hint to Coal Consumers.

A Swedish professor, Svend Arrhenius, has evolved a new theory of the extinction of the human race. He holds that the combustion of coal by civilized man is gradually warming the atmosphere so that in the course of a few cycles of 10,000 years the earth will be baked in a temperature close to the boiling point. He bases his theory on the accumulation of carbonic acid in the atmosphere, which acts as a glass in concentrating and refracting the heat of the sun.

New Table of Values.

"Now, children," said the teacher to the class in advanced arithmetic, "you may recite in unison the table of values."

And the children repeated in chorus:

"Ten mills make a trust.
"Ten trusts make a combine.
"Ten combines make a merger.
"Ten mergers make a magnate.
"One magnate makes the money."
—Baltimore American.

Americans Good Spenders.

Four million dollars is the sum annually left in Paris by visiting Americans, according to a writer in the Petit Parisien. Mrs. Charles T. Yerkes is credited with spending \$20,000 a year on gowns purchased there, and Mrs. Mackay sometimes orders \$10,000 or \$15,000 worth at a time. Among male customers the best are said to be Morgan, Carnegie, Schwab and Vanderbilt.

Has Never Happened.

"Does hanging prevent murder?" asked a friend of Deputy Attorney General Job E. Hedges the other day.

"I think it does," replied Mr. Hedges. "I never heard of a man committing murder after he was hanged." — New York Times.

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I will make monthly visits to these places during the season, and will receive work and return it.

Thankful for past favors, and soliciting a continuance of the same, I am, respectfully,

H. H. HERTZLER,
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