

It is a NEWS... the People and... open for... of its patrons.



It is run by the editor... It is not an... It is not... It is not... And never sold out... Guaranteed circulation 1600

of LOCAL INTEREST

on, why should the spirit of mortal be proud in a country like ours. Where it isn't allowed for a man who one time in office has been To never again have a chance To get in?

J. L. Marks of Swineford is relatives in Lewistown. Bibighouse of Philadelphia Sunday in Middleburgh.

Schoch, who spent the winter in N. Y. is home on a visit.

Mitchell and wife of New visited with Joe Clelan and over Sunday

what Walter is raising, im and building an addition to se in the east end of town.

received a car of No. 1 24-inch as at \$5.25 per m.

A. H. ULSH & SON.

Cleland and Philip Spaid left Sunday morning for Lewistown. st in laying brick for the new

on Fessler of Centerville a pike in Penns Creek on ay that measured 22 inches in and weighed 2 1/2 pounds.

J. W. Orwig and the editor of rned fish Swift Run on Thurs- last week and returned with the speckled beauties—every which was caught at the fly.

H. Bower assistant general er of the West Virginia Cen- road, with head-quarters at rland, Md., visited his parents nklin last week.

ns Runkle and wife of near Hall, accompanied by their ter, Mrs. Dr. Allison of Spring are visiting friends in Middle-—the guests of merchant John nkle.

osing exercises of the spring of the Freeburg Musical Col- will take place Friday evening 9. A large and interesting pro- has been prepared for the oc-

nt T. Bohner of Mahonoy, Pa., "Enclosed find \$1.50 for the for another year. I am a dem- and the Post is republican but don't matter. It is the best I can get for the money and I do without it."

an Harter, of the Middleburgh is visiting the World's Fair in go, and his paper last week quite a readable letter in it from if he keeps on he'll soon size with Aleck McClure.—Junjata

at is when we die, and then we "size up" with Aleck in the nt of "dust" we make.

tions of Lancaster county are led with lice. So numerous ey that the people are moving of the infested districts. There hundreds of millions of the pests he lives of the inhabitants are miserable. When they go d they are shunned by every- they meet and when they stay e they can do nothing but h.—Ez.

negotiations heretofore in ess for the purchase of Mr. r's corner by the First Nation- Book, have resulted in an agree- upon a price—certain matters of detail remain to be arranged, d if they are satisfactorily adjust- ed, no doubt they will be, the ase will be completed, and the ill erect a business block on d corner—the finest location business purposes in the county.

eph Walter, residing one mile town, was given a pleasant e party on Monday evening— g his 58th birthday. It was form of a family re-union and e relatives were invited. e the recipient of a number ble present—among them be- luster band tea set, and a il gold watch. The affair was bly managed and the occa- as pleasant to Mr. Walter as unexpected.

List of letters uncalled for in the Middleburgh post office, June 1, '93: Henry Burger, George Henry, Mrs. Martha Pollard, Miss Blanch Brooks Miss Wackie Trovinger. J. W. SWARTZ, P. M.

"MISTAKEN SOULS WHO DREAM OF BLISS."—The following marriage licenses have been granted since our last publication:

Wm. M. Fisher, Port Trevorton, Meiserville. Izora Meiser, Meiserville. Milton T. Miller, Kantz, Pallas. Annie C. Shaffer, Pallas.

The wild deer captured by ex-sheriff Ner B. Middlesworth and a party near McClure on Saturday last is quite an attraction at the Sheriff's barn at present. Hundreds of persons have been there to see the little pet. It is supposed to have been formerly tamed by some person, yet he showed quite a spirit of fight when captured. The Sheriff and party talk of starting a Zoological garden.

Governor Pattison vetoed the eel weir and fish basket bill. The governor says that the placing of fish baskets and weirs in the streams of the state are destructive of the works of the state fish commission, as these devices catch and destroy all kinds of fish and particularly jeopardize the future shad production.

If you owe anybody pay it as soon as you can. The man to whom you are indebted may be indebted to his neighbor and is unable to pay on your account. A dollar may pay a good many debts in a day's time if kept moving. Don't carry money around in your pockets when it belongs to some one else. By keeping money moving, times can be made easier by far than they are at the present time.

There are reports on the way telling of a man who stops at a hotel claiming that he has a car load of horses coming, gets sale bills printed, engages an auctioneer, stabling for his horses, & etc., and then pretending he is short a little of cash, tries to borrow. He is aged about 55 years, nearly six feet tall, wears glasses, one eye defective, short dark beard, a good talker, German accent. He worked Towanda early in April, Lewistown about April 15th, and Bloomsburg April 30th.

Chas. F. Orvis of Manchester, Vt., is rapidly becoming known as one of the most substantial dealers in fishing tackle in the United States, and those persons who have thus far failed to find a dealer who can supply their every want will find it to their interest to address him and get his catalogue. Those who have tried Mr. Orvis in this section of the state speak very highly of the treatment they have received from him, claiming that his goods are all of the highest grade and his prices but little above jobbing rates.

A successful festival was held in New Berlin, May 27, 28, and 29th for the benefit of the U. B. church of that place. The trustees of the church have decided to hold another festival during the commencement week, and engaged the Town hall for that season, to raise the funds for carpet and matting for their church. All the friends and the public in general are cordially invited to patronize them in this enterprise and taste their most excellent Ice-cream and other refreshments. Large plates will be served for little money.

The Oriental Labyrinth and Panopticon, at 292 Wabash ave, the latest addition to Chicago's amusement resorts—a spectacle of oriental grandeur. The labyrinth is an importation and exact reproduction of the famous labyrinth in Stockholm, Sweden. The statues in the panopticon are modeled from well-known paintings and opera scenes, as "Bien Klosterbier," "Parole d'Amour," "Bathers in Normandie," "Dolce far Niente," "The French Masque Ball," "Faust," etc.; in short, a centrally located palace of amusement for visitors to the World's Fair.—Chicago Times.

The Fool Killer.

Take a walk through any of the cemeteries throughout the country and you will believe with us that the fools are slowly but surely passing away. You pass the last resting of a man who blew into an empty gun. The tombstone of him who lighted the fire with kerosene. The grass carpeted mound covers the remains of the man who took the mule by the tail. The tall monument of the man who didn't know it was loaded over-shadows the man who jumped from the cars to save a ten rod walk. Side by side lie the ethereal creature who kept her corset laced up to the last hole, and the intelligent idiot who rode a bicycle nine miles in ten minutes.

Here reposes the doctor who took a dose of his own medicine, and the old fool who married a young wife. Right over yonder in the northwest corner, the breezes sigh through the weeping willows that bends over the lowly bed where lies the fellow who told his mother-in-law she lied. Down there in the potter's field, with his feet sticking out to the cold blast of winter and the blistering rays of the summer sun, is stretched the earthly remains of the misguided regulator, who tried to lick the editor, while the broken bones of the man who would not pay for his paper are piled up in the corner of a fence. Over by the gate reposes the boy who went swimming on Sunday, and the old woman who kept baking powder side by side with strychnine in the cupboard. The old fool-killer gathers them in one by one, and by and by we will have a pretty decent world to live in.

Theodore Erdly is building a new barn on his lot immediately back of the Reformed church.

The Glen Union Lumber Co., Glen Union, Clinton county, Pa. want twenty-five good, practical teamsters and wood choppers. Wages paid according to the man's ability and usefulness, \$1 to \$1.25 per day and board. Men who drink rum and get drunk need not apply. C. K. SOBER, Gen. Supt.

The editor of a weekly journal lately lost two of his subscribers through accidentally departing from the beaten track in his answers to correspondents. Two of his subscribers wrote to ask him his remedy for their respective troubles. No. 1, a happy father of twins, wrote to inquire the best way to get them safely over their teething, and No. 2 wanted to know how to protect his orchard from the myriads of grasshoppers. The editor framed his answers upon the orthodox lines, but unfortunately transposed their two names, with the result that No. 1, who was blessed with the twins, read in reply to his query: "Cover them carefully with straw and set fire to them, and the little pests, after jumping around in the flames a few minutes, will speedily be settled." No. 2, plagued with grasshoppers, was told to "give a little castor oil and rub their gums gently with a bone ring."

A letter was recently received at the pension department from a widow in a little town in Ohio, who said she had lived a widow for thirty years and found it too lonely. Therefore, she asked that a plank be put in her pension that would enable her or any other who lived single since 1892 to marry, and at the same time keep her pension. She added that she was now too old to get much of a husband, one who was able to support her as well as her pension had, and consequently she must take what she could get, but did not feel like again venturing on the matrimonial sea unless she could do so and still continue to receive her quarterly remittance from the pension department. A widow who can state her case so cleverly, and whose utterances bear every evidence of candor and sincerity, ought to have her wishes complied with, if this be at all possible under the law, or even by stretching the law a mere trifle!

A Snyder County Convict Commits Suicide.



ADAM COMFORT.

Adam Comfort, who was convicted of shooting John Snyder with intent to kill at Shavokin Dam, on the night of January 15, 1891, and sentenced to three years imprisonment in the Eastern Penitentiary at the February court following, committed suicide on Saturday night, June 3, by throwing himself under a coal wagon in the Penitentiary yard, receiving injuries from which he died in the hospital a few hours after.

Immediately upon Mr. Comfort's arrival in the Penitentiary in March 1891, he was put to work at shoemaking, at which he remained until December 20 of last year. On the date mentioned Comfort's mind became affected, and he intimated to several of his associates that he was going to kill himself. The keepers, on learning this, placed him in the hospital and detailed two other convicts to watch him, so that he could not injure himself. His condition was improved, and on January 13, 1893, he was assigned the duty of keeping a part of the yard of the fifth block clean. After his release from the hospital he again threatened to do himself harm, and it was decided to continue watching him. He acted very strangely lately and never spoke to anyone. For a time he refused to eat anything and once went without food for a week.

On Saturday afternoon about 2.30 o'clock two wagons belonging to C. H. Bunn, coal dealer, brought loads of coal to the institution. The vehicles entered the entrance to the yard where Comfort worked. After the coal in the first wagon had been weighed by Keeper Joseph M. Morgan, the vehicle started up the driveway to the coal house. The other wagon started in the same direction shortly afterwards. When the first wagon had gone about thirty yards the driver noticed the horses take a sudden spurt, as if they had been frightened, and on looking back the driver saw Comfort lying on the ground over which the wagon had just passed. He went back and learned that he had been run over and hurt. Comfort was immediately taken to the hospital, where he was attended to by the prison physician, Dr. M. V. Bull.

The driver saw the dead convict gathering debris on the side of the path. He did not see him run towards his wagon. The driver of the other vehicle, which was following, said that he saw the man stop work and, running to the first wagon, deliberately place his head under one of the hind wheels, which passed over his neck. Another convict known as "A 5199," who witnessed the accident, corroborated the driver's story. Other witnesses say that the man attempted to cross the driveway and was knocked down by the wheel.

Miss Daisy, J. B. Reed's beautiful and accomplished daughter of Sunbury, will please accept our thanks for an invitation to attend the eleventh annual commencement of the Sunbury High School in the Lyon's Opera House on the 25th ult. Although too late for the exercises it is never too late to return our thanks for the kind remembrance.

A Visit to Chicago Slaughter Houses.

"Every human mouth is a slaughter pen!" Whether we dream this or heard somebody say it we do not know, but the idea never before so forcibly impressed itself upon our mind as it did on Thursday morning, May 25, when the firm of Nelson, Morris & Co., chartered a special train on the Michigan Southern and conveyed the National Editorial Association to their packing houses in Chicago to witness the "slaughter of the innocents" to feed hungry man.

This company owns and controls part of the 320 acres in South Chicago justly called the "City of Blood." Thirty-two packing houses have here been erected in close proximity for the sake of convenience to the stock yards, which occupy 320 acres more. Armour, Swift, Morris and Hammond, generally known as "the Big Four" are the largest. Armour's buildings alone cover 40 acres with a total floor area of 135 acres, having a storage capacity of 120,000 tons of meat.

Upon our arrival at the slaughter house our ears were greeted by the bawling of calves and the bleating of sheep, and as we ascended to the fourth floor our own voice almost became inaudible from the squealing of pigs. Here we were ushered into a kind of a balcony. Underneath in a pen were probably five hundred pigs. At one end was a gangway and here stood a man with a pair of nippers which he fastened to the hind legs of the animals, and before they knew what had happened they were hoisted to an aerial railway and hung suspended before the packers. We were told that the packers were not allowed to see hog-sticking, but the scientific manner in which this man performed his part so interested us that we could hardly get near enough. He stood in blood up to his shoe-laces. His right arm was bare to the shoulder and he was blood all over. Three hogs per minute passed through his hands, although he could have easily stuck a dozen per minute, for it required but one single movement of that terrible right arm, and the blood would shoot six feet away and the hog would slide down the rail against the other dozen or fifteen that hung there still kicking. At the terminus of this roadway each successive hog is automatically dropped—lifeless, voiceless, and bloodless—into a vat of boiling water, which soon put his hide into a condition so that the bristles can be easily removed. The carcass continues its exciting progress down a long inclined table between two rows of men, each with a long, keen knife; it is rapidly deprived of its interior organs, and assumes the appearance familiar to every visitor in a butcher shop. It is then hoisted to a perpendicular position upon another aerial railway, and disappears within the cool and vast interior of the "chilling room."

Think of the old-style country butchering where it required a whole neighborhood from three o'clock in the morning till ten at night to kill half a dozen hogs. Their capacity in this one house is 4,500 per day, and the skill with which some of the men perform their part is almost incredible. For instance the man who cuts off the heads is an artist in his line. By a single pass with an ordinary butcher knife he severs the head from the carcass as though he were cutting cheese. He never misses the joint and never dulls his knife by letting it come in contact with the spinal column. Then the man who cuts up the hogs is an artist, and it requires only five seconds of his precious time to cut up half a hog. Standing with an uplifted clever side is brought before him. One cut severs the hind foot, one the front, one in front of the ham and one back of shoulder. There you have it—five cuts in five seconds. Everything goes by machinery—even the men appear to be but machines—so perfect in every action, so correct in every movement.

From the pig-killing establishment we passed on to the slaughter house for cattle. Here a scene greeted us that is apt to make the faint-hearted tremble at first, but you gradually become assimilated to the surroundings and before you leave you become fascinated to the spot. Here are one hundred head of steers—the second consignment to the slaughter room for the day. They are driven into narrow gangways—probably a dozen at a time. Above them walk three men armed with common stone-hammers. You see the hammer descend, hear a dull thud and a heavy fall. The side of the gangway rises up and the animal rolls out where a man stands ready with a pair of clamps which are fastened to the hind legs and in a moment the beef hangs suspended before the sticker. After him comes the header, who commences at the left eye, runs his knife up and around the horns walks to the other side and before you know how it happened the head is skinned, cut off and drops to the floor. We timed the header and it required just seventeen seconds to perform his part. The beeve slides down an aerial railway where it is automatically dropped into the hands of the skinners under whose dexterous strokes of the knife the hide falls off as though it were a wet blanket. One thousand beeves and nearly five times as many hogs, calves and sheep are killed in this way every day. The company employs nearly 8,000 persons whose wages run from one to four dollars per day.

Some of our butchers do not understand how these packing houses can pay \$4 per hundred on foot, kill and deliver the beef here for less than \$10. The reason is this: the packer finds his profit in disposing of those parts of the animal which are absolutely useless to small slaughterers. The hide, horns, hoofs, tongue, liver, heart, tallow, oleo-fat, intestines and blood pay the cost of killing and refrigerating, fuel, salt, labor, buying, driving, etc., which is about \$1.75 on a steer weighing originally 1,200 pounds, which costs the packer \$41. About fifty-five per cent of the live weight of this animal is delivered to the retail butcher as dressed beef at a price which is less than the cost of the live animal. The value of the hide and the waste products already enumerated may be fairly stated at \$11; out of which must be paid the cost of killing, salaries, rent, fuel, refrigeration, and whatever profit is made.

For sale cheap—A Piano box top buggy, also a few cushion and Pneumatic tire safety bicycles. A. H. ULSH & SON.

Miss Laura Kieller, after spending several weeks with her uncle Beneville Smith, returned to her home at Adamsburg on Tuesday accompanied by her niece Miss Bessie Smith, who will visit her uncle J. G. Moyer for several weeks.

The Republicans of Union county held their primary election on the 27th ult., and the following ticket was nominated: Treasurer, D. P. Higgins; Register and Recorder, W. Shields; Commissioners, A. A. Gumbering and H. R. Hartman; Representative Delegate, H. A. Taylor.

Justices of the Peace throughout the country will hail with pleasure the new fee bill which went into effect last week. According to the new bill justices can now charge for oath and information 50 cents, docket entry 25 cents, warrants 50 cents, transcript 50 cents, entering discontinuance of assault and battery cases 50 cents, entering action 25 cents, summons or subpoena 25 cents with 10 for each additional name, return of summons 25 cents, entering satisfaction 15 cents, execution 50 cents, return of proceedings on certiorari or appeal \$1, receiving or paying over where the amount is over \$100, \$1 per hundred.