

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

For Governor, EDWIN S. STUART, of Philadelphia. For Lieutenant Governor, ROBERT S. MURPHY, of Cambria. For Auditor General, ROBERT K. YOUNG, of Tioga. For Secretary of Internal Affairs, HENRY HOUCK, of Lebanon.

Announcement.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Associate Judge, subject to the decision of the Republican Primary election. CHARLES A. WAGNER, Ottawa, Pa.

What of the Future.

Now that the democratic skirmish has been fought for the judgeship prize and has ended in a draw, what of the future when the real battle takes place? Herring has the two conferees of Montour and Harman the two from Columbia. Will either yield so that a nomination may be made? We rather think not. How can they certainly not with out justification. If there be no compromise, there will be two democratic candidates and then what? Any person with any discernment will be able to answer this question. But if either yields in the end and a nomination is made, what then? Can either Herring or Harman, should either be nominated, control his friends? This is very doubtful. And then what shall be said of the great number of democrats who refused to vote for either—those who were disgusted with dirty politics. If one-tenth of what has been said or written about Herring and Harman during this fight is true, neither is fit to be a judge, and we believe there will be a sufficient number of democrats on election day to unite with the republicans to elect Judge Evans for a full term.

Such a result would be a fitting rebuke to the base and corrupt methods that have been employed in this judicial campaign.—Columbia County Republican.

THE BACK WAY.

Valz's Avenue of Escape From His Creditors.

In the year 1848 or thereabout, being worried by debts in Paris, Balzac took his family to Passy, then a village in the environs of a house in the Rue Bassin. There is little remarkable about the front of the house. It is just a plain, white, two storied French dwelling of a hundred years ago or of today for that matter.

But at the back is a garden and at the bottom of the garden is a doorway leading into one of the oldest lanes in the world, from the look of it. Truly this little, with its crumbling walls of stone and plaster, its ivy and its shade of overhanging trees, is as happily devoid of suggestions of modern "improvements" as anything to be found within the grille of the fortifications.

By means of this byway Balzac, when in his last illness, had a way out of the house which he used as he worked in his little pavilion at the end of the garden, could avoid the unpleasantness of an interview with any holder of the overdue bills which throughout his life were the only tangible results of his experiments as a printer and typefounder.

It needs but little imagination to see him hurry off down the lane, hatless and in slippers, to await events, while he dreams of exploiting the jewels of the Golconda or the silver mines of the new world.—W. H. Helm in Critic.

LAND OF THE PARIS CABMAN

Place to Which He Returns With His Savings at End of His Days.

It is a peculiarity of Paris, which every visitor who knows enough French to tell you one dialect from another must have noticed, that nearly all Paris cabmen come from the same part of the country. The same thing is true of coal merchants and of dealers in roasted chestnuts, who come from Auvergne, and the best horses who have their milk about the streets, who are Breton peasants, and of many other trades.

The cab drivers' land is probably little known to Englishmen. It is down in the Aveyron, and Rodez is its capital, a tiny village, where the worst language and the best horses in all France are to be found. The eldest of each family in Rodez takes the land and the paternal cottage. The old folks live with him until their death, and the younger sons go to Paris and drive cabs.

For years they drive about in all directions, scraping together every penny until they have garnered enough to go home and pay for their board and lodging for the remainder of their days. They go with the elder brother to a notary on the first day of their return home and sign a deed by which he is bound to keep them for the remainder of their days in idleness in return for their savings.—London Standard.

SELF CONTROL.

It is One of the Perfections of the Gentleman.

A gentleman is gentle, slow to surmise evil, slow to take offense and slower still to give it. A gentleman subdues his feelings and controls his speech. It is sometimes said of a man that "he can be a gentleman if he wants to be," but a man who can be a gentleman when he wants never wants to be anything else, says the Pittsburg Press.

In the cultivation of courtesy self respect must play a prominent part. We must never pass for more than the value we place upon ourselves. To respect others we must first respect ourselves. Whittier said, "I felt that I was in the world to do something, and I thought I must."

One of the perfections of the gentleman lies in the supremacy of self control. Herber Spencer, speaking of an important attitude of man as a moral being, said, "Not to be impulsive, not to be spurred hither and thither by each desire that in turn comes uppermost, but to be self contained, self balanced, governed by the joint decision of the feelings in council assembled, before which every action shall have been fully debated and calmly determined—that it is which education, moral education at least, strives to produce."

FOUR COUNTY CONVENTION

The four-county firemen's celebration at Bloomsburg yesterday was an unqualified success. Every train entering the town yesterday morning was taxed to its fullest capacity with sojourners to the celebration, single fire companies and entire fire departments came in every train, and when the large special train over the D. L. & W. reached town about 9:30 and disgorged its multitude of firemen and their friends from all the upriver country between there and Scranton, the town took on an aspect the like of which had never been witnessed since the days of the Centennial. The multitude flocking all the main thoroughfares, and the gaily colored decorations, with the dozens of bands and richly uniformed companies marching and countermarching through the streets all morning made a picture rarely imposing.

While the parade was supposed to start at 12:30 o'clock, it was some considerable time after that when the line actually got moving.

But the elegant appearance of the companies in general must be noted, as it is doubtful if a fireman's parade of similar proportions ever presented a more handsome appearance; hardly a fault could be found on the entire aggregation.

And among the hundreds in line, a word is justly due our local boys, as they put in an appearance equal to the best of all the visiting companies.

The feature of the parade was the Hazleton Fire Department, 250 strong, composed of several companies all of which wore the same uniform, dark blue with long coats and belts, appearing altogether like a regiment of policemen. The five companies composing the Nanticoke Department, all wearing blue uniforms of a somewhat military cut, accompanied by their apparatus also presented a striking appearance.

The Berwick and West Berwick companies, with 350 men in line, were also an imposing section of the parade and the citizens of the sister town may well feel proud of their fire lads.

Danville was represented by three companies of about 150 men, and although not yet members of the 4-County Association they presaged much for the part this city will take in the conventions hereafter when they will be part of the organization.

The parade as a whole was a grand success and reflects great credit to the gallant fire fighters of the four county district, and also on the committee whose arrangements enabled every thing connected with the two days of the convention to move off with clock-like precision and a complete absence of friction.

PRIZES AWARDED.

The judges—Hon. Grant Herring, J. C. Brown, G. E. Elwell, John C. Rutter, Jr., Ed. H. Ent, C. B. Lutz, Paul Eyerly, Frank X. Delahanty and C. T. Vanderslice, awarded the following prizes:

For best uniformed company, \$25, Independent of Dunmore. For best darktown, \$25, Centralia. For best apparatus, \$25, to Elm Hill, Plymouth.

For largest number of men in one company, \$25, Hazleton No. 3, 56 in line.

For the best drilled squad, a silver loving cup was presented to Independent, Dunmore.

A prize of \$2.50 was given to the Boys' Defender Fire Co. No. 5 of Bloomsburg.

The judges viewed the parade from the balcony in front of Hon. Grant Herring's office.

A large circle or corona, which appeared round the sun yesterday forenoon, attracted much attention and caused a good deal of wonder among persons who had never observed any thing of the kind before. The circle was a large one and at times quite clearly revealed the colors of the rainbow. No one could recall having seen a circle so clearly defined before. The phenomenon was visible for a couple of hours. The corona was due to peculiar conditions of the atmosphere relating to density and moisture and portended nothing in particular, although many persons thought it must be an indication of some radical change in the weather, if nothing worse.

Among the hundreds of persons about town who viewed the corona not a few seem to be under the impression that such a thing as a circle around the sun is wholly unusual, although a halo around the moon is common enough. This, of course, is a mistake. The majority of people take little interest in nature and neglect to cultivate the habit of observation with the result that such interesting phenomena as witnessed yesterday is apt to pass unnoted by them, unless some one differently constituted especially calls their attention to it.

The government's crop report made public yesterday, shows a condition of 83 for winter wheat, against 91 a month ago. This also compares with a condition of 86 a year ago. Spring wheat condition is given at 93, compared with 94 of last year, and with an average of 94 for ten years. Oats are given as 86, compared with 93 on June 1, 1905. These figures on the surface would indicate a slightly smaller crop, but special experts who have been following the detailed reports up to date say that the condition of the crop, as observed by themselves and in a measure confirmed by the report, is better than it was a year ago.

Arrived in England.

Arthur Lloyd, who sailed for Europe in the steamship Oceanic, has arrived safely at Liverpool and is now with relatives in England. After a couple of months Mr. Lloyd will return to the United States.

State Teachers' Convention.

The state teachers' convention will be held at Altoona on July 3rd, 4th and 5th.

Flag Day.

The celebration of Flag Day, today can be made very striking and general in this city if citizens will display on their business houses and homes every available piece of national color.

An Angel In the Web

By Sidney H. Cole

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All day long the pitiless heat beat down on the pavements, and at night when Mather came home to his little room on the second floor he found it a veritable oven. Sleep in that place was the question. He turned out the single gas jet and went down to the street. On the stoop were noisy, chattering groups, waiting vainly for a breeze from the water. There was much banter between the occupants of neighboring stoops and much high pitched laughter. The steps of his own lodging house, like the rest, bore its quota, but he felt no inclination to join them. Instead he walked out to the avenue and turned aimlessly downtown.

He had proceeded but a short distance when the strident notes of a cornet and trombone and the pulsating boom of a bass drum fell on his ears. Above the din sounded shrill voices, quavering a hymn. He had never yet attended a street corner service of the Salvation Army, and it struck him that this would be an excellent opportunity to do so. He quickened his steps and soon came upon them, men and women alike kneeling on the dirty pavements, while a raucous voted lieutenant offered a prayer. A flaring gasolene torch on a nearby fruit stand lighted the scene uncanonically and threw into flickering relief the faces of varied types crowded about the kneeling figures.

Mather was country born and bred. Years of life on the farm had given him a big frame and a pair of shoulders that many an athlete might have envied. It was an easy matter for him to stoop lowly through the crowd to the inner edge of the circle, where he stood quietly watching the little drama before him with mild curiosity and even milder amusement.

The prayer finished, the little band arose, and the men replaced their caps. The lieutenant announced a hymn, the cornet squeaked, the trombone brayed, the drum boomed valiantly, and the quavering voices rose once more on the hot night air.

At the conclusion of the hymn the lieutenant announced that they would listen to a few words from Sister Ruth, a slight, girlish figure stepped to the center of the circle from somewhere in the shadow. The light of the gasolene torch fell full upon her face—a face of wonderful purity and sweetness. There was a beauty in the level brows, the long dark lashes of the eyes and the full, red lips that the bonnet of the corps could not hide, and there was a supple grace of figure that the plain blue dress did not wholly conceal.

She began to speak in a voice full of earnest appeal. What she was saying Mather did not know, for he paid no heed to her words. He was not an impressionable young man—indeed, by his friends he was adjudged unusually hard headed and abundantly possessed of that quality generally termed "horse sense." But there was something that appealed to him strongly in that face beneath the regulation poke bonnet. He did not take his eyes from her while she was speaking, and when she had finished and stepped back into the shadow he was aware of a strange feeling, half of sadness, half of buoyancy. He elbowed his way out and walked homeward, strangely perturbed and strangely elated.

The following night and every night after that Mather attended the street corner meetings. If Sister Ruth spoke or prayed or sang he was supremely happy; if others filled her place he was aware of a feeling of disappointment. Being unskilled in the analysis of emotion, he did not recognize the trend of it all. He only knew that he wanted to see her, to see her face, to listen to her voice.

One night as the women of the corps were passing the tambourines for the collection he beheld Sister Ruth coming in his direction through the crowd. She was smiling and nodding gratefully as she nicked and dimmed bell jingling the tambourine. Standing beside Mather were three young fellows, evidently the worse for liquor. As Sister Ruth approached them one of the three lifted his foot and kicked the tambourine snoot.

"Little blighter, Gertie, I'm kickin' higher'n th-that," he bellowed familiarly. Mather's hand fell on the fellow's coat collar with a grip of iron. "Apologize for that! Hear me? Apologize!" he said in a voice shaking with anger.

"Eh? What?" said the other. He looked up at Mather. Mather towered inches above him. There was, moreover, something very sinister in his eyes. "I 'pologized," bellowed the captive himself. "Let him go, please," she said, and Mather pushed the man away.

"Thank you," she said. Her eyes met his squarely; she blushed and hesitated a moment. "Thank you," she said again and was gone. That night Mather walked home on air.

A Mistaken Diagnosis.

In the last days of Wichita one of the characters of the city was a lawyer, big, punched, big voiced, big necked and given to making political speeches.

He had a nasty way of talking about other people. One night while he was haranguing in the street one of the young boys who had attacked several times got excited, drew a knife and stabbed the orator.

He fell to the street, writhing and shouting, "I'm killed! I'm killed!" They took him into a billiard room and laid him out on a billiard table. Word got to the newspaper offices, and the reporters gathered about the door.

The lawyer was stretched on the billiard table delivering his last speech, he said. In the middle of an impressive paragraph he saw the reporters. He raised himself and bellowed, "Draw him, draw him, ye bounds of the press, and see a K-o-man die!"

But that the doctor came and found the knife had penetrated him about a sixteenth of an inch.—Saturday Evening Post.

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Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surface. Such articles, therefore, are never so necessary as is taken into notice, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made at Toledo, O., by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

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A DINNER DECEPTION

By Kate M. Cleary

Copyright, 1905, by G. T. Vandenbakk

The telegram dropped from the hand of Isola Ray.

"Now, what do you think of that, Fanny?" she asked.

"Funny," she asked, "big, tortoise shell cat, signified her sympathy by putting her purring head against the amber satin slipper of her young mistress. The latter picked up the yellow slip of paper and read it over.

"Will bring Edward Carden up to dinner this evening. Carte blanche in all things, of course, but do the best you can, dear girl."

Now, Isola Ray, but lately returned from college to make home for and with a wealthy bachelor brother, was ignorant of household lore and quite preposterously pretty. Thus suddenly confronted by an emergency under such

"I realize you know nothing about this," he went on hurriedly. "I'm a foin-man in a machine shop. I make good wages. So far I've lived a life I'm not ashamed of. But I want you to satisfy yourself as to the truth of all this, of course."

"She looked at him curiously. "What do you know of me?" she asked.

"That I love you," said he stoutly. "Is that enough?"

"Yes, that's enough," he declared. She turned away from him for a moment. When he saw her face again her eyes were filled with tears.

"This work is very dear to me," she said. He was silent.

"But of all men you are the one I should trust."

"And love?" he asked breathlessly. There was a long pause.

"And love?" she said very softly. They were starting the last verse of the hymn, but Mather heard nothing of it. His bare, bleak room had suddenly become a glorious paradise. The yellow gas jets were glittering stars in a blue velvet sky. Sister Ruth's hand was in his.

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