



Rejoices That the Summer Season is About Over.

Makes One Feel "Mean"—Table Manners Suffice—The Love at First Sight Cases Have, as a Rule, an Ignoble Ending.

Copyright, 1892, by James W. Johnson. The summer season of 1892 is now drawing to a close. The proprietors of the various seaside hotels and country boarding houses are busily preparing to



HE TAKES OF HIS TANDEM AT HOME.

about up their establishments for the winter, while their victims—I mean to say their guests—are rapidly flocking back to town in a considerably less happy state of mind than that which they manifested on their departure for their annual outing. Not only have they suffered in pocket, but also in body and mind. Their digestion has been impaired by the "summer resort" cookery, while both their pride, their self-esteem—and in some cases, too, their hearts—have been affected in a manner the reverse of pleasant.

We, at least those of us who have been relegated to hotel and boarding houses during the heated term of the year, return to our city homes with a distinctly dissatisfied feeling which can best be described by that expressive American word, "mean." We experience the always disagreeable impression that we have been making ourselves cheap and that we have lowered the degree of our self-respect. We have permitted ourselves to form intimacies which we now regret, and we have submitted to treatment both as regards comfort and food, which is sufficient to fill us with a longing to inflict bodily punishment, not alone on the hotel or boarding house manager, but also upon ourselves.

What can there be for instance more thoroughly demoralizing and deteriorating of both spirit and digestion than the ordinary "summer resort" meal?



THE COOK'S FAVORITE.

Time hanging heavy upon our hands at such places as these, the meals constitute the most important events of the day. By degrees our thoughts commence to center upon them, so much so indeed that before long the question of food becomes our main preoccupation. We hurry to dining room as soon as ever the doors are opened in the hope of receiving the choicest morsels of the daily fare. And with the object of accomplishing this, we are willing to go to almost any length to ingratiate ourselves with the waiter or the waitress, and become downright abject in our endeavor to propitiate that august functionary, or whose graciousness and condescension so much of our well being at these summer resorts depends.

Not that the food is worth the thought, the diplomacy and the attention which we are accustomed to extend thereto. For the "summer resort" proprietor or manager has his or her establishment open during only three, or



HE TURNS HER BACK ON THE SUMMER HOTELS.

at the most, four months of the year, and within that brief period he expects to make enough money not only to pay the expenses of running such a place where market conveniences are few in number and costly, but also to amass a sufficient sum to keep him in luxury and idleness during the remaining eight or nine months of the year. Under these circumstances it is not astonishing that the manager or proprietor should procure his provisions at the very lowest prices possible, trusting to the invariably sharp appetite of the summer boarder to atone for any deficiency with regard to the quality or the freshness of the victuals.

Then, too, our table manners are apt to suffer from attendance at boarding house meals, and eccentricities of demeanor which would have made us shiver with horror on our arrival leave us absolutely calm and indifferent on our departure, fortunate indeed if we have not ourselves unconsciously adopted them. Moreover, coarse food and coarse table manners invariably have a vulgarizing influence upon one's entire being, and hence it is that we are apt to return to our city homes with our sense of delicacy and refinement considerably impaired.

Another cause which contributes to this deterioration, in that social diversion of the summer known as "holiday courtship." It is built neither upon a solid foundation of practice, wisdom nor even a practical preference. Though often misread as a proof of love at first sight, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is nothing of the kind. It is simply a manifestation of the genial exuberance of unhampered youthful spirits and the result of idleness, lack of occupation and boredom. If any proof were needed of this it could be found in the fact that our return to town almost invariably terminates these ephemeral infatuations and when we subsequently encounter the object thereof we ignore him, in the most cold-blooded manner possible, asking ourselves what we can possibly have seen in the creature to attract our admiration or even our attention. We no longer find him broad-shouldered, his eyes are green rather than gray, that lower lip of his is a very decided defect, his feet are certainly made for No. 10 boots, that hand which once so lovingly pressed our own, now looks coarse, stubby and ill cared for, while in nine cases out of ten we meet again our Don Juan of the boarding house, the beau of the summer hotel, not driving in the park that tandem or that four-in-



LOVES HIM THE YEAR 'ROUND.

hand concerning which he was wont to entertain us in so grandiloquent a manner, but in some shoe, hat, grocery or dry goods store where he ekes out a scanty living behind the shop counter as a salesman. We then find, but a little late, that we have wasted our time, our attention, and, in some cases, our affection and even caresses on that abomination of desolation yelet the cheap swain, and if there is anything more than another that can make us feel cheap and mean ourselves it is this.

I for one confess that I am heartily glad that the summer purgatory is over, and that I am back in town.

CARRIE CARELESS.

CHOLERA VICTIMS WRITE.

They Relate Experiences During Past Pest Years.

Copyright, 1892, by James W. Johnson. NEAR TO BURIAL.

H. FREL TELLS HOW NEAR HE CAME TO BEING A LIVING VICTIM OF CHOLERA.

My experience with the cholera dates back to 1855, when the dread scourge had reached the West and was making itself apparent on the steamers plying the Mississippi and its tributaries. I had occasion in that year to go from Memphis to Louisville by boat. We were on our way to New York, where the cholera had abated, and which everybody believed to be the only safe ground in America at that time. We numbered about 200 on board the vessel and were two days going up the mouth of the Ohio. There the cholera struck us and the people on board began to die off by tens and twenties daily. There was some odd regulations enforced at that time which prevented the depositing of bodies of cholera stricken victims in the Ohio river. I imagine it was because traffic on the river was very heavy at that time and it was felt that when the bodies rose to the surface they would spread the contagion to the people on the small crafts as well as to those on the larger vessels, and that was why we made landings every ten or fifteen minutes to bury a few dead. I was stricken with the cholera at about midnight on the fourth or fifth day out from Memphis, although I, like everybody else, had filled myself up with the best whiskey we could get along the route. The symptoms were the terrible cramps which are now afflicting the victims, followed by continued discharges and vomitings of rice water. I believe I lost thirty or forty pounds in six hours. At any rate I was so low that the doctor who stood over me just as we were putting into shore for another burial remarked, "He'll be gone before we get in. Get another box ready." It took us ten minutes to get to that landing, and I was just beginning to revive a bit when three of the crew came in "to get the Frel corpse," as they put it. Well, that was as near as I ever came to death and burial in my life, and it was very, very near. When we got to the final landing I don't believe there were fifty people left on board, including the crew, and we were the sickest, most woe-begone lot of bedraggled humanity that ever left a pestship in this country.

H. FREL.

ROLLING DOWN COFFINS.

Me Thought He Was Going to Be "Boomed" Down in a Big Box. I do not think that this community will ever experience an epidemic like that which played havoc with New York in 1849. In that year I lived on William street near Duane. Opposite us was the old schoolhouse No. 1, which had been changed into a hospital, in charge of Dr. Alexander L. F. Vaché, one of the best physicians of that time, and splendidly

capable of combating the disease, which had fastened itself on the lower end of New York. He visited us very often and kept us supplied with the very best French brandy in the market. This, as well as other physicians, regarded as the best preventive of the disease. There was really nothing peculiar about my case of the cholera except the fearful fright I used to get at 4 o'clock in the morning, when, myself in terrible pain, I would hear the "boom boom boom" of the coffins that were being rolled down the stairways of the school for quick interment. I was wondering most of the time how it would feel being shaken up in a box on those terrible stairs. My symptoms were, as I said before, like all cholera victims. It came with a terrific headache followed by awful cramps in the stomach, continued weakening discharges and awful vomiting until there was absolutely nothing left of me but skin and bones. The cure at that time was always begun with an attempt to deaden the pain by putting the patient into a sleep. But the opium had little effect and calomel was simply powerless. It all depends, as it does to-day, on the general health and strength of the body and on its ability to stand being racked with pain for from six to forty-eight hours. H. OSCHENBATE.

"ONLY A FEW LEFT."

Gideon Tucker Tells How the Scourge Struck an Albany Newspaper Office.

I have been through all the scourges since 1832, but only caught the disease in 1854, when Albany was stricken with the pest. I was then one of the editors of the Albany "Argus," and it can be imagined how terrific the scourge was when I add that three men were left at that time to run the paper. The rest had either been stricken or fled from the town. Of course, our families were all as far away from the scourge as we could get them. Well, we went to bed each night feeling entirely sure that we would wake up during the night with an attack of cholera. The one preventive advised by physicians at that time was brandy and lots of it. So, when we three editors went to bed, it was, in the parlance of to-day, "well loaded." In fact, each of us made it a point to eat a good meal, avoiding fresh fruits and vegetables, and then to fill ourselves up with the very best cognac we could get. I had followed this prescribed course one night as usual, and woke up at 1 o'clock in the morning with a well defined case of cholera. The cramps simply doubled me up. Words absolutely fail to describe the acute suffering of this intestinal disorder. It was as though some demon had found his way into the abdomen and had started to give the man a dose of the "inferno" on this side of the Styx. I called Dr. Hunn, whose son is now practicing in Albany, and who at that time was really doing marvelous work in saving human life. He was one of the finest men I ever met, and certainly one of the greatest physicians we had in the State, if not in the country. He isolated the house at once, and then began treating me with opium and calomel. My symptoms were peculiar in one respect. I had no discharges other than the vomiting of water, and this strange fact, if anything, aggravated the case. I was a strong, heavy man at 1 in the morning and at 2 in the afternoon, when the infernal pain had left me, I was emaciated beyond all conception. My strong constitution and the splendid work of Dr. Hunn had saved my life. When my wife returned a few days later to assist in nursing me to complete recovery she failed to recognize in the emaciated, careworn, bloodless victim the husband she had left a few weeks before, strong and healthy.

The devastation in Albany, particularly near Eighth and Canal streets, was well nigh complete. There were really "only a few of us left." I was also through the cholera of 1865, but my time was spent largely on the river between New York city and Albany, for I was at that time serving in the double capacity of surrogate of New York city and member of the Constitutional Convention in Albany. So I avoided the awful cholera in that year. In 1849 I also escaped the cholera by going up the Hudson.

GIDEON TUCKER.

A Bird of Ill Omen.

Mrs. Langtry, who is nothing if not original, appeared at Sir Augustus Harris's garden with a French pouffe that, in addition to being shaved in the orthodox manner, had the monogram L. L. cut out in its hair on its back. Evidently Mrs. Langtry has lost her fear of peacocks' feathers, for with her crown of white and mauve she wore a green straw hat with mauve flowers and a buckle formed of the feathers of the vainest of birds. In years gone by, it is said, some one gave Langtry as an ornament for her drawing room a stuffed peacock; after its arrival misfortune followed misfortune, and just before the ballists entered the house she had it put on a four-wheeler and sent to a man whom she disliked. That day he fell down and had his leg broken. Later on he sent it to an enemy of his, whose house caught fire that night, and when last heard of by its original owner it had been rescued from flames, while a wrathful man stood by and swore he would set it on fire later in the day if he trusted himself doing it. The fallure "Macbeth" was ascribed by Mrs. Langtry to the fact that the Sunday before it was produced she wore at dinner the most beautiful dress imaginable. The sides and back were of pale, mouse-colored velvet, and the front was formed of peacock's feathers, with the head of a peacock resting on each white shoulder.

Perhaps Not.

Women sometimes say curious things, so do men, of course, but women especially. Here's a conversation recently overheard: Woman in black—Do you remember Mary Grent? She was an orphan, you know. Woman in blue—Yes, I remember her. But she wasn't an orphan. "Yes, she was. What makes you think she wasn't?" "Why, she had a sister I used to know." "Did she? Well, maybe she wasn't, then."

Women in Blue—Yes, I remember her.

But she wasn't an orphan. "Yes, she was. What makes you think she wasn't?" "Why, she had a sister I used to know." "Did she? Well, maybe she wasn't, then."

Appointed Sheriff of Hudson County.

JERSEY CITY, Dec. 16.—Gov. Abbott has asked Mayor Stanton, of Hoboken, to accept the office of sheriff of Hudson county in place of McPhillips, who died on Tuesday. Stanton has accepted.

Duty on Cotton Increased in Russia.

ST. PETERSBURG, Dec. 16.—The Minister of Finance announces that the duty on cotton imported into Russia has been raised to twenty kopecks per pood.

HILL FOR SECRETARY OF STATE.

The Senator and the President-Elect Both Deny the Story.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 16.—It is said that Senator Hill has been tendered the portfolio of State by President-elect Cleveland. This is following the custom to give to the leading opponent the portfolio. United States Senator Hill was approached while in New York by a close friend of the President-elect. As a result Mr. Cleveland met Mr. Hill later on in Baltimore, where all differences were healed and the President-elect in person tendered the Senator the Secretaryship of State.

This would result in the following changes in New York State: Gov. Flower and Hon. Edward Murphy, Jr., will both be sent to the United States Senate, placing Lieut.-Gov. Sibley in the Governor's chair.

NEW YORK, Dec. 16.—President-elect Grover Cleveland was apparently up to his eyes in business when a reporter called to ascertain the truth of the announcement that Senator David B. Hill had been tendered the portfolio of Secretary of State.

He sent down word that he was too busy to be seen and refused absolutely to grant the reporter a personal interview. In answer, however, to the paragraph announcing the selection of Mr. Hill as premier of Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet, the President-elect sent the following note: "So far as I know, not a single word of truth in the stuff."

Senator Hill Denies.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 16.—Senator Hill's attention being called to the Washington despatch, he at first declined to discuss the matter, but finally consented to state that he had not been tendered a Cabinet position by Mr. Cleveland, and did not expect to be tendered one.

THE MINERSVILLE EXPLOSION.

Four Are Dead—Five Hundred Pounds of Dynamite Exploded.

HAZLETON, Pa., Dec. 16.—Dominick Walker, who was injured in Wednesday's explosion at Minersville, has since died at the hospital here. Mike Martin, the other injured man, is also dead.

Contractor Thomas Walker, who was reported killed, was not in the building. The name of the man identified as Walker is James Dofrane.

Following is a corrected list of the dead: JAMES DEFRAISE, aged 24, lived at Lattimere.

DOMINICK WALKER, 22 years, married, Lattimere.

MIKE FARRISH, 23 years, single, Hollywood.

MIKE MARINE, 24 years, Harleigh.

Wm. Walker, the contractor says that it was customary to place the dynamite about the forge preparatory to firing a blast and that from five to ten boxes of this high explosive was usually near by.

In all 500 pounds of dynamite went off.

SENATOR GIBSON DEAD.

He Passes Painlessly Away at Hot Springs—Funeral at Lexington, Ky.

HOT SPRINGS, Ark., Dec. 16.—After a lingering but apparently painless illness, Senator R. L. Gibson died at 3:10 p. m. At the time of his death he was surrounded by the members of his family and several close friends. Senator Gibson passed away as though he had merely gone to sleep.

He had been confined to his bed here since the 12th of November, since which time his death has been expected daily.

In accordance with his wishes, his remains will be buried in Lexington, Ky., by the side of his wife, who died some years ago. The funeral train bearing his remains will leave here for Lexington to-day.

Another Vein of Coal Discovered.

SURQUEHANNA, Pa., Dec. 16.—In addition to the discovery of a six-foot vein of coal at Herrick, Susquehanna county, Pa., extending the Lackawanna and Susquehanna fields westward, it is reported that a four-foot vein has been discovered at the State line, five miles from here on the Delaware & Hudson road at the point dividing the States of Pennsylvania and New York. Albany and Scranton capitalists will combine to prospect at this point.

White Caps in Rock and County, N. Y.

NYACK, N. Y., Dec. 16.—The inhabitants of the upper part of Rockland county are much excited over an act of prompt if irregular justice, administered by six White Caps. These men, wearing white caps and otherwise well disguised, seized, gagged, and severely beat a man of the name of Whell for beating his daughter without cause. They then disappeared.

Must Not Dodge Responsibility.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 16.—The House has placed the bill making it unlawful for any common carrier to insert in any bill of lading or shipping document any clause, whereby it shall be relieved from liability for loss or damage arising from negligence, fault or failure in proper loading, stowage, custody, care in transport or proper delivery of any merchandise committed to its care.

Beatty in Jail at Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, Dec. 16.—Robert Beatty, who is alleged to be implicated in the Homestead poisoning cases, on his arrival here from Louisville in charge of a defective, was confronted with an additional charge of felonious assault, and committed to jail in \$5,000 bail.

Married a Fourteen-Year-Old Girl.

SEATTLE, Wash., Dec. 16.—Hattie May Burton, a 14-year-old girl, was married yesterday to James Halder, by Rev. Dr. Damon, the "Marrying Parson." Two hours after the wedding, the girl's mother appeared and placed her in the Home of the Good Shepherd.

The Parnell Bankruptcy Case.

LONDON, Dec. 16.—In the bankruptcy case of Mrs. Parnell, widow of Charles Stewart Parnell, the court has decided that a public examination regarding her assets and liabilities is unnecessary.

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CASTORIA for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ASHMAN, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTIN, D. D., New York City. Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

THE CHITRAU COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

CLOSE CONNECTION WITH ALL TRAINS AND ALL PURSES

Seeing the sights isn't complete any longer in Philadelphia till you've had the New Store pointed out to you—if you're a stranger to it.

'Tisn't the size of it that makes it so, nor that it's near the two big railroads, nor that it's a struggling youngster among the great Clothing stores, but it's how it struggles.

You go into it for a \$20 Overcoat, and come out with a better \$15 one than you wanted. You go in to see and stay to buy. You want a cheap suit, and you find its good suits cheap. You look around and find so many that you think it's a \$10, \$12, \$15 Suits and Overcoats house. You look a little farther and you find \$40 Overcoats and Storm Coats and Dress Suits of these greatly famed German dress fabrics and you conclude it has a place for everybody's clothing. You're right.

But you only half know it if you leave out the boys. The boys half own the New Store. Above all the stores that are in the business, the New Store is the favorite with the boys. The Boys' Clothing deserves it. Beautiful, strong—you get good suits for \$3.50, great suits for \$6, fine suits to no end—Reefers and all the other special styles for boys—nothing has ever been done since clothing stores began to equal what the New Store is doing for Boys' Clothing to-day.

Make for the New Store the first thing after you get to the city. It's handy. Let the other shopping come after. In the satisfaction of the money you'll save—our prices are always a dollar or two or five under the store-prices—you'll feel brighter and keener for all your other purchases.

We have said nothing about the watches, penknives and many other things we give the boys—Free. They're advertisements of the first-class.

WM. H. WANAMAKER Twelfth and Market Philadelphia

HENCH & DROMGOLD'S Stormy Vacation Days Made Pleasant. Did you ever have a vacation without some stormy days, when you did not know what to do with yourself? Reading is what most people fall back on at such times, and nothing is better to drive away the blues than a short crisp story or a few good jokes. Our special offer of 25 back numbers of the Henchley Magazine, of different dates, for \$1.00 postpaid, will supply you with about 800 short, clean and complete stories, jokes, etc. The same amount of reading in the trashy low novel would cost you \$12. Send stamp for sample. Address, WAVERLEY MAGAZINE, BOX 172, BOSTON, MASS.

WANTED Wide-awake workers everywhere for "Shopy's Photographs of the World"; the greatest book on earth; costing \$100.00; retail at \$3.25, cash or SHEPPI'S cronans and terms free; daily output over 1500 volumes. Agents with succumb. Mr. Thomas J. Martin, Contractor, Texas, cleared Dec. 10, 1892, at 11:00 A.M. 8711 in 9 days; PHOTOGRAPHS Adams, of Worcester, Ct., \$25 in 40 minutes; Rev. J. Howard Madison, Lyons, N. Y., \$100 in 7 hours; a bona-fide magnificent outfit OF THE WORLD only \$1.00. Books on ALL GLOBE BIBLE PUBLISHING CO., 723 Chestnut St., Phila., or 35 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. 9-21-216

Father Mollinger's ORIGINAL PRESCRIPTIONS. Rheumatism Cure, \$2.50; Catarrh Cure, \$1.00; Epileptic Fit Cure, \$1.00; Blood Tea, for Constipation and purifying blood, 25 Remedies for cure of all chronic diseases. SEND FOR BOOK FREE. By name is the only guarantee of the genuineness of these medicines. I prepared them for Father Mollinger, my own seven years. For sale by druggists. A. F. SAWHILL, 187 Federal St., Allegheny, Pa. FARMS FOR SALE—Are you looking for a farm? If so call on or write to J. J. Keiler, Prackville, Pa., as to where they are located and for terms. 9-21-11