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The EVENING HERALD has a larger circulation in Shenandoah than any other paper published. Books open to all.

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SEVERAL more banks have gone Democratic within the last few days.

THE cranks are arriving very fast at the World's Fair. Shenandoah's quota, however, hasn't diminished any.

THE Pottsville Republican's "circulation affidavit" is out of date. We would suggest that it be renewed were it not for the fact that some people can swear to most anything.

THIS situation of the laboring men in Denver appears to be most deplorable. Workingmen out there are actually starving for the necessities of life occasioned by the financial crisis, and there seems to be a shameful lack of that benevolence which would lend those more favored to exercise that "charity which begins at home."

In our news columns last evening there appeared a special article upon the peach crop. Other articles will follow from the same correspondent, but upon different subjects. We have made arrangements with one of the most versatile newspaper writers of the day to furnish the HERALD readers with an account of his wanderings, which will no doubt be appreciated by our readers.

GEORGE PARROT, of Lynn, Mass., has been pegging away at shoe making and cobbling for eighty-one years, and his hand has by no means lost its cunning, as the pair of shoes he recently sent to the World's Fair will prove. He is 90 years old and went into a shoe shop as apprentice at the age of 9. He still works at a solid looking old colonial bench which was known to be 100 years old when it came into his possession eighty years ago. An unmarried sister of 87 keeps house for him, as his wife died twenty years ago. As the oldest working shoe maker in Massachusetts, Mr. Parrot is a local celebrity.

THE VETERANS.
 The veterans of the Union are turning on their malignant assailants. The Union soldiers never were afraid of their and the nation's enemies, and that is the reason the Republic is in existence today. The veterans are no longer in the vigor of life. Many of them are old and decrepit, and multitudes are suffering from wounds and other disabilities incurred while their present persecutors were skulking in the rear or wearing the rebel gray. But the soldiers of the Union have not lost that courage which enabled them to overcome a gigantic rebellion. They will not be assailed, maligned and plundered with impunity, and the more fortunate will not stand inactive and see their poorer and weaker comrades deprived of the bounty justly awarded to them by a grateful people. The contract made when the calls for troops were issued and answered will be fulfilled, for the people and the soldiers will see that it is fulfilled. The United States will not be permitted to suffer the disgrace of violating engagements solemnly announced when the soldiers were called upon to enlist.

The HERALD is glad to see that the Union veterans are moving in behalf of the nation's honor and of justice to the veteran soldier. Kansas and Pennsylvania have spoken in tones as clear as the bugles that sounded the reveille in front of Petersburg, and now New York is preparing to speak.

They declare in their call that "the men who stood and were counted in the ranks of the Union army between 1861-65 in the common defence of the Union have a right now, after the redeemed nation has become a majestic monument to their loyalty, courage and self sacrifice, to meet together in council to discuss matters affecting their interests as survivors of the late war," and it is to be hoped that the example will be followed by veterans everywhere in such manner and with such energy as to leave on the minds of those now in power that the disabled soldiers of the Union are not to be made with impunity the victims of Bourbon malice.

BLOWS IN THE COMMONS
 A Regular Donnybrook Fair Among Parliamentarians.

SAUNDERSON GETS A BLACK EYE

The Orange Leader's Opponent Comes in Contact with the Fist of an Anti-Parliamentary—O'Connor Called Chamberlain a Judas, and Then the Fun Began.

London, July 28.—By the government program 10 o'clock last night was the hour set for the closure of the debate in the House on the Home Rule bill. The parts of the bill left over for the discussion of the last week, and for the divisions last evening were the new financial clauses, the schedules and the preamble.

The proceedings early in the evening were tame enough. John Chamberlain, Parsonell's foe, for some time, moved an amendment to the effect that the Imperial Government should guarantee to Ireland £2,000,000 annually during the provisional period of six years.

Mr. Gladstone declined to accept the amendment. The financial scheme under discussion, he said, provided fully for the equitable, even liberal treatment of the new Irish government.

Fifteen minutes before the closure was to be applied Joseph Chamberlain rose to deliver the final broadside of the opposition. After a few scornful and biting words as to the conduct of the ministers, he began giving his opinion of the closure as applied by the government. The members, he said, were about to witness the last scene in a discreditable farce. The debate on the financial clauses had been a mere sham. The government had stood over friend and foe alike, ready to fall the gaiters without regard for justice or constitutional rights. Jeers from the Irish, cheers from the Unionists and counter cheers from the Liberals interrupted Mr. Chamberlain. He waited two or three minutes before the confusion abated sufficiently for him to speak without effort. He then proceeded thus:

"The prime minister calls 'black' and his adherents 'white' is a good. The prime minister calls 'white' and they say it is better. It is always the voice of God. Never, since the time of Herod, has there been such a scene."

Mr. Chamberlain got on further. Immediately after resuming his speech he had been warned by mutterings from the Irish benches that a storm was gathering. He could hardly have expected the suddenness with which it broke, for with his last finished reference to Herod there came from the Nationalists and a roar of indignation as had not been heard in the House since the days of Parnell.

Mr. Chamberlain plainly was startled, but he tried to talk on. His voice was inaudible to the members on the next bench. He turned towards the Nationalists, and shrill yells of execration sounded above the speaker. T. P. O'Connor sprang to his feet and, leaning over the railing, shouted "Judas" so loudly that the epithet could be heard throughout the House.

The rest of the Irishmen took up the cry, and for half an hour the House was in a chorus. Meantime the clock struck 10, but his voice could not be heard amid the shouts of the Irish and Unionists. Then came a scene unprecedented in parliamentary history.

Mr. Mellor gave the customary directions to clear the House for a division. As the disorder subsided preparations were made to execute these directions. The Conservatives, however, flatly refused to quit the House, shouting to the chairman that he must first call Mr. O'Connor to order for having called Mr. Chamberlain names.

Mr. Mellor protested that he had not heard the epithets in question. Nobody told him what Mr. O'Connor had said, so he sat helpless and unlightened before the House, while the members crowded forward in excited groups, shaking their fists and shouting their demands.

Messrs. Gibbs, Bowles and Hanbury got together, and to make themselves heard, shouted in chorus at Mr. Mellor: "Will you direct that those words be taken down?"

Lord Randolph Churchill and Sir Edward Clarke got hold of Mr. Gibbs and started him for the front bench that he might elucidate the cause of the row to Mr. Mellor, who was making strenuous but vain efforts to learn what the grievance of the Tory trio was. Mr. Gibbs tried to go forward, but in the general jostling and shouting he was so pushed about and confused that he gave up his purpose, and Mr. Mellor remained unmoved.

Meantime half of the Unionists had climbed to the benches and were shouting "Gibbs," "Gibbs." Others were struggling in the aisles or between the benches with Radical, Liberal or Irish antagonists. Curses, yells of pain and gross insults were heard on every side. John Logan, Liberal, ran down to the first opposition bench and began upbraiding Edward Carson, a Tory. As he shook his fist under Mr. Carson's nose George Wyndham and William Fisher jumped to the assistance of their party colleague, seized Mr. Logan by the neck, threw him to the floor and first, and then bundled him under a bench. Somebody smashed Tim Healy's high hat over his eyes. Healy tore off the hat and sprang into the aisle in full fighting posture, just as Mr. Hanbury still continuing that the chairman must name Mr. O'Connor, was trying to get by.

Mr. Hanbury was knocked over a bench by the force of the collision before Mr. Healy got in a blow. A first class ticket broke out at the top of the gangway. The center of it was William Redmond, Parsonell, who had taken advantage of the general confusion to push over Colonel Sanderson, the champion of the large crew star. Sanderson was rescued and red an attack on the Parsonell's Blows were struck right and left.

Members fell and were picked up by their friends or flung again. The whole

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Goat Baking Powder
 ABSOLUTELY PURE

NOT FOR HIM.

The Poetical Dreams of a Sentimental Girl Rudely Shattered.

The music came softly, sweetly out to the old man and his daughter as they sat, half reclining, on the luxurious cushions of the gondola gayly decorated with Japanese lanterns.

The myriad of gay lights from the cordons, reflected from the roofs, from the water's edge, reflected in silver and gold in the ripples of the lagoon. High up along the balcony they could see the flaming torches flickering with Roman reminiscence, and the white, ghastly faces and dark forms of the people looking down on the beautiful scene, while all around the lagoon, sitting upon the wide rail of the fence, leaning against the stately or moving about with eager restless tread, they could see the thousands of sightseers.

In the distance they saw the shimmering, multicolored waters and heard the gurgling murmur of the fountains. The stolid gondoliers dextrously swung the gondola here and there among the gay craft, laden to the water's edge with merry parties of lagoon tourists. Once in a pause of the orchestral music there came to them the twang of a banjo, then a happy French song came rippling across the dancing waves.

For a long time they were silent. Then she clasped her fingers, sparkling with diamonds, across the old man's knee and said:

"Papa, I am so happy. I feel so dreamy, so poetical, something like Byron or Browning like. Ah, the Bridge of Sighs and Venice too. Papa, Browning is buried there."

Possibly the old man thought Browning was one of her old-time lovers. They all had looked consumptive—probably he had looked in Venice. The old man sympathetically sighed.

"If Byron and Browning could have lived to see this, papa, what poetry we would have from them! They never saw anything to equal this."

"Well, I guess there are few towns could beat this show," the old man complacently remarked.

"How dreamily poetical Howells makes Venetian life!" she mused. "It must be something like this. How I should love to live in Venice always!"

"You say so, you say you'd rather live in that beautiful Venice, Venice, than Chicago?" he sharply interrogated.

"Papa, my life would be a happy dream in Venice."

"Now, look at here, Maria," he savagely said, "I won't have that low-legged dude feller of yours prowling round the house any longer. He puts you up to all this moonshine business, and I won't stand any more of this comic opera gondolier business, 'dy' you hear? I ain't going to be put in a canoe by a pair of opera bouffe scallers. We'll land and take an electric or steam launch, something that can get a move on."

He added the nearest gondolier with his umbrella and ordered an immediate disembarkation.—Chicago Tribune.

Not a Fast Color.

Those who have not been familiar with colored persons are apt to be surprised at their characteristics, and it not infrequently happens that their astonishment is shown in amusing ways. A story which is told by Mrs. Kendal, the well known English actress, is in point. She was in Washington and sent for a negro washwoman who had been recommended to her. Her English maid was entirely unacquainted with the physical characteristics of negroes and had never known that the palms of their hands are lighter in color than the rest of their bodies. When the washwoman appeared, the maid examined her with much attention and not at all with approbation.

"Are you going to let that black thing take those lace handkerchiefs?" she asked Mrs. Kendal. "She'll spoil 'em with her black skin."

"Nonsense," Mrs. Kendal answered; "she doesn't come off. She is perfectly clean."

"Clean?" sniffed the maid. "Didn't I see the palms of her hands? I guess a couple of bars of soap with soda in it would take the black off the rest of her!"

Nor could any amount of argument convince her that nature and not soap had lightened the palms of the negro's hands.—Boston Courier.

A Good Collector.

Once a thrifty Scotch physician was called to a case where a woman had dislocated her jaw. He very soon put her right. The woman asked how much was to pay. The doctor named his fee. The patient thought it was too high. He, however, would not take less, and as the woman refused to give him the fee he began to yawn. Yawning, as every one knows, is infectious. The young woman in turn yawned. Her jaw again went out of joint, and the doctor triumphantly said, "Now, until you hand me over my fee, your jaw can remain as it is." Needless to say, the money was promptly paid.—Argonaut.

Not as Bad as She Thought.

Mrs. Sappin—Good morning, Mrs. Ripple. I didn't see you at the sewin circle last night.

Mrs. Ripple—No, I couldn't possibly attend. I was detained at home by a feroz canemprer.

Mrs. Sappin—How sad! It do appear to me as ef afflictions is sure to drop on us just when we've got our hearts on some enjoyment or other.—Boston Courier.

Enterprise.

Wool—After starving for 20 years, old Potts conceived an idea which resulted in making his fortune.

Van Pelt—What was it?

Wool—Changed the sign over his shop from "Junk" to "Antiques."—Truth.

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