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THE EVENING HERALD, Shenandoah, Penna.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1905.

THE United States Senate isn't any more afraid of President Cleveland now than when it made him swallow his party perdy pill.

THE old year has been so terrible for Democrats that they are yearning for the new one. But will that be any better for them? We venture a prophetic "No!"

THERE is nothing surprising in the announcement that Mr. Cleveland approves the "Substitute Currency bill." The gentleman has always been rather strong on substitutes.

CHAIRMAN WILSON, like Judge Holman, will celebrate his forcible ejection from American politics by writing a book. If Wilson succeeds in giving a full description of the causes and consequences of the awful November tragedy in one volume, he will have made a notable literary achievement.

ANARCHIST MOWBRAY announces that during the coming year he will preach his doctrines of disorder and organize local groups of revolutionists in every state in the Union. It looks as though Mowbray were fated to come into violent and painful collision with the Constitution of the United States.

It is observable that the minute fraction of the American people who still adhere to the President's policy respecting Hawaii, for no other conceivable reason than that it is his policy, are professing extreme indignation at Admiral Walker because, unlike the officially inspired Blount and the docile Willis, he chose to put the truth on record in the report which it was his duty to make, instead of flattering the Commander-in-chief with congenial fallacies and prognostications which events were certain to refute. They are not even decent enough to admit that Admiral Walker has no responsibility for the publication of facts which are offensive to them because offensive to the President, as truth is certain to be when it exposes the mischievous vanity and ignorance of a stubborn man. He made a faithful report of what he had seen and heard, and offered in a proper manner advice which he hoped would be welcome and useful. There his responsibility ended, and he has not sought to carry it further.

NEVER hinder the enemy when he is making a blunder. This excellent old rule of tactics cannot always be applied, however. A Democratic party which is blundering every day in the year must be hindered at some time, or the industries and rights of the people could never be saved. The nation has condemned its deeds and its theories. About two-thirds of the present Democratic Congressmen have been kicked out and have no more moral right at this hour to be putting their beaten theories into legislation than if their terms of office had actually expired. To say nothing of decency, were self-interest and common sense would dictate a show of respect to the declared will of the people. Yet President Cleveland has set himself, by the use of his patronage, to defeat and defy the verdict of the voters just as far as he can, and is seducing some men with the hope to trample on the wishes of constituents who have discarded them, and threatening others with the terror of Executive displeasure and ostracism if they obey the voters rather than the President. Has he never heard what became of "my policy" when President Johnson tried to disregard the will of the nation? It is never sound policy in the long run for a party to do the people it despises them, and mean to have its own way in spite of them. That is the way that does not work well in this country. With men of different blood and race and temper, who favor on the one hand that smites and dearly love a lord, Mr. Cleveland's insolent dictation might be tolerated. But it does not please Americans, and has no business in a government of the people and for the people.

PARKERSTON

The Eminent Divine Police Superintendent

HAMPERED THE SOCIETY

The Clergyman Declares That Superintendent Had His Way

New York, Jan. 1.—Rev. J. J. Parker, superintendent of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, after it had been held in contempt of court for refusing to answer questions now put before it by the grand jury, declared today that he had been hampered by the police department in its efforts to secure the conviction of the late Mayor's assassin, John Dillinger. Parker, who is a member of the Society's board of directors, said that he had been hampered by the police department in its efforts to secure the conviction of the late Mayor's assassin, John Dillinger. Parker, who is a member of the Society's board of directors, said that he had been hampered by the police department in its efforts to secure the conviction of the late Mayor's assassin, John Dillinger.

Mr. Byrnes struck at our society in the arrest of our chief detective, Gardner. I am not raising any question here as to Mr. Gardner's guilt or innocence, but only saying that the police department conspired with phenomenal unanimity to rid itself of the embarrassment which our detective caused them. Byrnes hated us and kept talking us, and tried to make us contemptible in public opinion by showing that our agent was leaving blackmail, which, as shown by the Lexow committee, was precisely what his agents were doing, and what we are obliged to presume he knew his agents were doing.

Within three days of the above attack he struck our society another blow by trying to discredit its president. He published to the world a mass of bludgeoning touching the motives of my work and the base impulses that inspired it, all of which was solid and contemptible falsehood. I am writing this without animosity, but he lied all the same, and the object of the lie was to break the power that I was exercising against the viciousness of his department. He perpetrated a vile, speaking insinuation against my church by saying that he knew of a "well-trodden path" that conducted from my vestibule to a respectable resort. For low level viciousness that cannot be easily entitled to the prize, for he has since conceded that that path was trodden by one individual, and he in no proper sense a member of my congregation.

Our agents, acting in the legitimate discharge of their duties as representatives of a society chartered by the state, were mobbed by the toughs and thugs that sprang to the relief of Byrnes and his department when we pressed them uncomfortably at the Essex Market police court. Mr. Byrnes, on examination, was unable to discover that any outrage had been committed necessitating action on his part.

Now that is Byrnes. He is the man that we have had steadily in our eye for three years and he has had us just as steadily in his eye. The community knows our work has meant nothing but the overthrow of misrule in this city. Byrnes has known that as well as the public and yet he has fought us. Now, why has not the senatorial committee, through its counsel, made themselves familiar with these matters? I am nothing but a minister, but if I had been a lawyer of Mr. Goff's ability I would have put Mr. Byrnes on that toasting iron and I would have guaranteed to broil out of him all of his official reputation inside of one day's session, provided, of course, the committee would have allowed me to do so.

I have no interest in this matter save a profound and passionate desire to see work that is thorough. If Mr. Byrnes, with characteristic disposition to get his own neck out of the yoke, says that he has been so handicapped as to be practically powerless, I want to say that all such excuse is evasive and cowardly.

Murderer's Confession.

CLEVELAND, Jan. 1.—Frank Kostya and James Molner, who were, with Lewis Dahonish, indicted and lodged in the county jail for the murder of John Gairing several months ago, have made a complete confession of the crime. The three men, all Poles, boarded with a widow in the south, who had an attractive young daughter. Molner became infatuated with the girl and was very jealous of the others. Molner and Dahonish concocted a plot to kill Gairing, and deceived him into the woods near the city limits. Kostya first shot Gairing in the arm, and then clubbed him into insensibility. Molner then fired eleven shots into the body. Dahonish will say nothing as yet.

Mother and Five Children Cremated.

ELLSWORTH, Wis., Jan. 1.—The residence of Michael O'Connell, in the town of El Paso, Pierce county, was burned, and Mrs. O'Connell and five children perished in the flames. Mr. O'Connell slept below, and was awakened by the fire. He just had time to escape in night robe. His wife appeared at the window and dropped one child and returned for the others, but did not appear again.

Georgia's Gift to Nebraska.

ATLANTA, Ga., Jan. 1.—Gov. W. Northen is heading a movement for a shipment of corn to the starving people of Nebraska and is meeting with assurances of success. On Jan. 15 a long freight train will pull out of Atlanta laden with the silver and golden grain, a New Year's present from the overflowing bins of Georgia to the empty cribs of suffering Nebraska.

A Released Murderer's Gratitude.

ALBANY, Jan. 1.—Roswell P. Floyer, recently terminated his career as governor of the state of New York by dining his military staff at the Kenmore last night. During the afternoon the governor resolved, through Warren Thayer, the personal thanks of Daniel Finley, the murderer, who was released from prison after having served thirty-four years.

BOYISH IDEAS OF GREATNESS.

Those With Long Memories Will Confess to Like Impressions.

"How boyish impressions cling to one!" said a doctor yesterday. "When you told me who that old gentleman was that just passed, it brought to my mind the time when I was a boy at Lewiston. There was a blast furnace there, and it was a mark of distinction to be able to become familiar enough with the engineer to have him ask you to come into the engine room. Any boy who had the honor was the envy of all the rest. I remember how we watched that 200-horsepower engine, looking at every part and noting even the name of the maker."

"The boys used to get together and discuss which they would rather—be the president of the United States or the maker of what to us was a wonderful piece of machinery. It was invariably decided that the making of an engine was the more desirable honor. How we pictured the man who was able to construct such a piece of mechanism! We thought the whole world must be bowing down before him."

"No; the man you pointed out was the maker of that engine. As soon as you spoke his name I saw the raised iron letters standing out plainly before me. I was just thinking what a treat we boys would have thought we were getting if we could have seen this man. A circus would have been thrown in the shade by the presence of such, as we thought, a great man. But the world widens as we grow older, and the ideals of our boyhood days vanish into such faint remembrances as I have just been giving you. More is the pity."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

DIGGING FOR SMELT.

The Queer Experience of a Visitor to the Maine Shore.

A Boston sportsman who once made a trip down the Maine shore, speaking of his experiences, said: "I found myself at Ogunquit, a quiet little place about 30 miles this side of Portland. It was a dirty, misty day, and as there was nothing going on at the hotel I slipped into a mackintosh and strolled down to the beach, where the surf was pounding in with terrific din. The tide was at lowest ebb, and so I had quite a long walk to reach the water's edge. For awhile I watched the breakers rolling over each other, and then I started for a little walk along the sand but a few feet from the water."

"Presently I was surprised on looking around to find a number of very small and almost transparent fish, which I took to be young smelt, writhing about in the water and near the tracks I had left in the soft sand. At first I thought they had been washed up by the surf, but in a moment I noticed that this could not have been possible, for the water had not reached so high a mark on the beach."

"I was much puzzled by the phenomenon, and a possible solution of the mystery was not suggested to me until one of the little smelt which I had picked up and held in my hand dropped to the ground and disappeared as if he had melted. More curious still, I began searching for him, but he was nowhere in sight. Then I began passing the sand with my stick, and the next thing I knew I had literally interminable little fish, or one exactly like that. By digging in the sand I had brought very many more to light. I had never seen anything so queer before, and I spent an hour or more digging it inch fish out of the ground."—Boston Journal.

Rehearsing the Wedding Ceremony.

One of the oddest customs in modern society is that of conducting a rehearsal of the wedding ceremony in church. It gives a curiously theatrical air to the event and surely does something to lessen the solemnity of what should be the most sacred moment in two lives. This preliminary practice no doubt causes the actual ceremony to proceed with a smartness suggestive of machinery, but there is a loss in sentiment and in religious feeling. A little more simplicity in the arrangements would obviate the necessity of rehearsal. What with maids of honor and flower girls, to say nothing of bridesmaids, and all the other adjuncts, some modern weddings are more like stage functions than anything else.

Rehearsing the Wedding Ceremony.

A recent bride, it is said, who carefully rehearsed the ceremony forgot that the ring had been left upon her finger, and when the moment arrived for the final gift of the golden circlet it refused to come off without a violent effort, during which the officiating clergyman looked horrified and the congregation laughed.—New York Tribune.

An "N" Shaped Chimney.

The ever prevailing problem of how to do away with the London smoke has been solved, it is reported, by Colonel Duller of the Belgian engineers, who has discovered an easy and economic method of disposing of it. The method is thus described: The smoke enters a chimney shaped like the letter N. At the bottom of the left hand leg is met by a small jet of steam, which saturates the smoke and accelerates its draft. At the top of the right spray of water drives down the soot and noxious products, allowing only almost pure vapor to escape on the last leg. Half the acids and 94 per cent of the soot are thus removed. They are sent down into the sewers, where they act as disinfectants. The system can be applied to a factory for about \$200, and to a single dwelling house for \$10 or \$15.—Chicago Tribune.

Drifting in the Ice to Death.

MENEMSK, Mich., Jan. 1.—Martin, John and Frank Weesnak, brothers, are drifting in Green bay behind a field of ice in an open fish boat. They can be seen with a glass, but are being driven toward Lake Michigan, and will undoubtedly perish.

A Peddler Frozen to Death.

JANESVILLE, Pa., Jan. 1.—The dead body of William Thomas, a crippled peddler of Warfordsburg, this county, was found on the ice north of death. The man had evidently been frozen to death several days.

Bezek Sentenced to Death.

SEBASTON, Pa., Jan. 1.—Frank Bezek, convicted of murder in killing Marie Kerwin, who cast him aside to marry another man yesterday sentenced to be hanged by Judge Edwards.

SENATOR FAIR'S DEATH.

The Multi-Millionaire a Victim of Diabetes and Bright's Disease.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 31.—Ex-United States Senator James C. Fair, worth \$40,000,000, died at the Lick House on Saturday. He had been in poor health for some time. The death was a surprise to the community, the seriousness of his illness having been kept a secret. Fair had been in bed since Monday. For several hours before the end came he was unconscious. The doctors said that death was due to diabetes and Bright's disease.

James Graham Fair was born near Belfast, Ireland, Dec. 3, 1831, and came to this country in 1848, settling with his parents in Illinois, and went to California in 1849. Until 1890 he was engaged in mining, and amassed a great fortune. In 1881 he was elected to the United States senate to succeed Senator Sharon and served one term. It was while in Washington that his wife, whom he had married in 1869, applied for divorce, alleging infidelity. The case was compromised, Mrs. Fair being awarded \$5,000,000 and the senator's magnificent mansion at Menlo Park, San Francisco, worth about \$1,000,000. The two ever after lived apart, and Mrs. Fair died a few years ago.

Mr. Fair leaves \$125,000 to charitable institutions. The bulk of his fortune goes to his three children, including his only son, Charles, whom he had disinherited a few months ago because the young man married against his wishes. All his relatives, however, are handsomely provided for.

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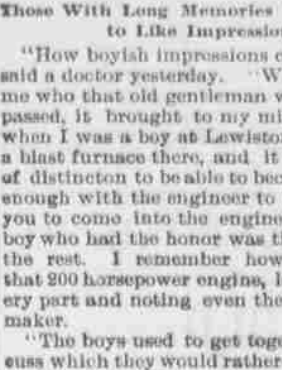
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