

FREELAND TRIBUNE.

Published Every Thursday Afternoon

—BY—

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS. — \$1.00 PER YEAR.

Address all Communications to
FREELAND TRIBUNE,
FREELAND, PA.

Office, Birkbeck Brick, 3d floor, Centre Street.
Entered at the Freeland Postoffice as Second
Class Matter.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

STATE.

For Treasurer.....E. A. Bigler,
of Clearfield County.

COUNTY.

For Judge.....Edwin Shortz,
of Wilkes-Barre.

For Sheriff.....George J. Steigmair,
of Wilkes-Barre.

For Recorder.....Joseph J. McGinty,
of Hazle Township.

For Corner.....Wm. F. Pier,
of Pleasant Valley.

For Surveyor.....James Crockett,
of Ross Township.

Democracy's Pledge.

We favor the Australian ballot system as adapted to meet the requirements of our constitution, and the special wants of our people, in order to secure the freedom and purity of elections, and to prevent the combined power of monopoly and the corruption of Republican rings and bosses.—Democratic State Platform.

FREELAND, PA., OCTOBER 10, 1889.

WANAMAKER'S new-fangled postal cards seem eminently well calculated to swell the government outlays for the benefit of contractors, and to augment labor and create confusion in the postal service.

The elections held recently in Montana and Connecticut, where the Australian system of voting is in operation, has again demonstrated the superiority of that method over Pennsylvania's bungling and bull-dozing manner of casting votes.

The Connecticut fanatics had the voters of that state put to the expense of holding a special election last Monday to decide the question of adding a prohibition amendment to the constitution. The amendment was overwhelmingly defeated, thus driving another nail in prohibition's coffin.

IR BURNS of London could see the size of an American workman's pile after the pluck-me store-keeper has had his monthly whack at it, he would be able to understand why the "protected" labor of America was so backward in tendering pecuniary assistance to the London strikers.—*Exc.*

Two of the new states, North and South Dakota show a commendable desire to get into the union as soon as possible. They have had copies of their constitutions already submitted and will expedite the sending of certificates of election to Harrison, so that the latter may proclaim the admission of the states by the close of the month.

NOTWITHSTANDING the defeat of the Democratic ticket last year the signs of a great victory next month are making their appearance in every portion of the county. The lower end will send up an old-time majority, not only for its own representative, but for every man on the ticket. Just keep an eye on the figures that will come from the old reliable Fourth.

PASTEUR, the authority on hydrophobia, is said to have declared with emphasis before a medical society in Paris lately that rabies is never spontaneous; that no dog can go mad unless first bitten by an animal already infected. But how about the original cause? This is like the bewildering problem of whether the first chicken was hatched, and, if so, where the egg came from.

PROVIDING politics in this country ever returns to that better basis in which honesty, capacity and self-respect are considered the chief recommendations for office, wonder will reach to amazement in nearly all minds that any political party could ever have been found to support such a bumble-headed and corrupt demagogue as Henry K. Boyer for the exalted position of treasurer of the second state in the union.

THE denominational newspapers generally are advocating a change of Thanksgiving Day from "bleak November to golden October." It is claimed that November was chosen by the Puritans to bring the day nearer Christmas, that it might in time take the place of that festival, to which they were strongly opposed. But now that all Christians observe Christmas, there is no reason for appointing Thanksgiving so late in the year.

THE city of Pierre, South Dakota, has been celebrating with great enthusiasm the choice of that place as the capital of the new state. There is a question, however, as to whether it is a real advantage to be a capital city. Sometimes it seems as though a legislative body throws a blight over a place. It is certain that Harrisburg and Albany, both well situated cities, have not grown and prospered as one might have reasonably expected them to grow. Pierre may learn to regret that it spent so much for a bauble.

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The Australian System.

Minnesota had its first test of the Australian ballot law, which was passed by the legislature last winter, in Minneapolis the other week. There was only an alderman to be elected in one of the wards, but a good opportunity was offered to initiate the voters into the system of balloting. The trial was a marked success, all parties being pleased with the good order maintained about the polls and the smoothness with which the new method worked. The law allows each voter to occupy a booth ten minutes for preparing his ballot, but it was noticed at one precinct that only one voter took over three minutes. The conclusion drawn was that 500 votes can be easily polled a day at one box. If this is a fair estimate the opponents of the Australian system, who have contended that it would result in delaying the voting greatly, will be robbed of one of the strongest arguments they have brought against the new method. A similar law was proposed for Pennsylvania, but Henry K. Boyer stamped his disapproval upon it, and the bill failed to pass.

How Ungrateful We Are.

The "annual value" of pensions has been steadily increased, so that the aggregate annual value, which was \$25,917,907 in 1880 and \$34,456,600 in 1884, was \$56,707,221 in 1888. Vast sums have also been paid for arrears—perhaps over \$200,000,000 thus far. The roll is constantly increased by additional names, the net increase of the last twelve months being more than 37,000. In these and other ways we have reached the prodigious annual expenditures now made. And yet Tannerism calls out that the people of the United States are close-fisted in their treatment of the veterans of the war and of their dependent relatives. If a billion dollars paid thus far as pensions, with eighty or ninety millions still going out every year, is ingratitude, what would lavish generosity be?—*New York Times.*

Endorsed By an Independent Journal.

The Democratic party of Luzerne has placed in the field this fall a strong ticket and one that commands the support of, not alone every Democrat, but the Independent and liberal Republican, not alone for political affiliations, but for their efforts in the best interests of the majority—those who earn their bread by the sweat of their face.—*Hazleton Standard.*

The "Press" Right for Once.

It won't do—this scheme to boost Grover Cleveland up into the congressional seat vacated by the death of Samuel Cox. The irresistible force of gravitation is taking Mr. Cleveland in the opposite direction.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Correct! There is no place for him in congress. The opposite direction is the direction of the White House, and that venerable building is fairly aching for an occupant who is big enough to fill it, without calling in all the rest of his family, his wife's family and the families of all his relations to help him. The Press is right. Let Mr. Cleveland rest for three years. He has another period of hard work before him after March 4, 1893.

Won't They Also Cook the Rice?

The Democrats of this county are preparing to give their Republican friends a Boyle.—*Ashley Observer.*

Can It Be Remorse?

What has become of Congressman Osborne's little boomlet for the gubernatorial chair? Less than a year ago he was spoken of more prominently for that position than any man in the state, but his insignificance and uselessness was so glaringly portrayed in his short official career that the natural order of events finds him in the silent depths of political oblivion. The clamoring of his hungry constituents fails to rouse him from his lethargy and the office-seekers of this district are turning their attention to more productive channels of patronage. His ill-gotten honors have failed to bring him the recognition he desired so much.

Read It Next Week.

The next issue of the TRIBUNE will contain an excellent exposition and description of the Australian system of voting, which was defeated in this state by our Republican legislature, with Henry K. Boyer as chief officer.

The Tariff a Boomerang.

From the ramparts of protection there comes a voice weekly that is earnestly endeavoring to undo what it assisted in doing last November. The trade journal of the woolen and worsted manufacturers—*Wade's Fibre and Fabric*—has found that the policy of protection protects neither manufacturer nor laborer. The change of front in this instance is not very remarkable; it is but one of the many that is occurring daily. If protectionists fail to see any cause for men to change their views we would ask them to give the question a couple of hours serious thought daily for a few weeks, and if they are not on the free trade side of the political fence with both feet by that time they should be classed among the unconvinced of the nation. *Fibre and Fabric* gives forth these truths for the mastication of protectionists: The strength of a country is in its "yeomanry," its brawny laborers, its bone and muscle. Even the natural resources are of no value unless a country has good, healthy labor at command. This being the case, it is but common sense to protect that which is of the greatest value to us. Whatever of protection may be found necessary should be so arranged as to protect our labor. Any other method that schemers may devise will very likely prove to be a boomerang; we see this in the present condition of our tariff. Things have changed, and those who thought their tariff plank would make them rich find themselves struggling for existence as manufacturers.

MAKING TEN TWENTY.

It was a gem of a house with a sweet, homelike air pervading every nook and corner, far enough removed from the great thoroughfare to avoid the glare and dust of the city, but not too far to be easily accessible.

A stately group of magnolias cast their shadows and fragrance over the open bay-window where Mrs. Andrews was engaged in setting to rights after the house-warming of the night before. Something else evidently occupied her mind more than the bisque ornament she was dusting, for she paused, and looking dreamily out, said, half aloud:

"What could he have meant? there he comes now, I will ask him," and she fluttered through the window down to the entrance.

"What did you mean, doctor?" she said, after they had exchanged greetings, "when you prayed last night that we might use our house for God's glory?"

"What did the faithful servant do with his lord's talents?" was the seemingly irrelevant reply.

"You don't mean that a house is a talent?"

"What is?" said the pastor.

"Why, something that we can serve Him with."

"And why not a house, then?"

"Why, I don't know—but a house is just to make a happy home."

"Exactly," said the doctor, "to radiate in all directions, till the increase is like the ten other talents."

"But how?" she asked, while her eyes shone.

"That I can't tell; you will find ways enough if you look for them."

All day Mrs. Andrews went around among her pretty belongings with a preoccupied air. The books, the pictures, the curiosities from far-away lands, all seemed to say, "How are you to use us?"

Mr. Andrews' business as a cotton-buyer and broker had taken him abroad, and now, tired with wandering, they had come back to their old home on the Chickasaw Bluffs, as Memphis was called, to settle down again to quiet life.

"There is nothing like home, after all, is there?" said he, as they sat on the moonlit veranda.

"No, indeed," she replied, "and I hope nothing will come to make us leave it again. But did you notice what Dr. Martin said about our using the house for God's glory?"

"Yes, I noticed it, but it passed out of my mind."

"Well, he says a house is a talent, and you must use it to multiply it; but how can one do it?"

"You'll find a way, I don't doubt," he laughed.

"I've been thinking," she said, slowly, "as God has given our darlings a happy home, perhaps He means us to open to some one else's dear ones."

"Do you mean to adopt a child?" her husband said.

"No, I wasn't thinking of that."

"Well, is it a gospel feast? Case of the lame, the halt, etc.?"

"No," she answered; "that would be a party, merely. That might come in, though."

"I give it up then. I am no Edipus. You must read the riddle."

"I am not quite sure I know myself, but my idea was to take one evening in the week, hunt out those who are in need of home influences and have none, and bring them into our home, and make them feel that they belong somewhere."

"Don't you think it might be done, so as to brighten some cheerless lives and lighten some sad hearts?"

"My dear," her husband answered, "I should have thought such a place the 'garden of Eden' if it had been opened to me when I came here, a forlorn and homesick boy, with not a soul to comfort me, and I lived or died. But that reminds me of a card put into my hands as I left the elevator."

He stepped inside the hall, read the note, then laughingly put it into his wife's hands.

"Dear Andrews," it ran, "I wish you would do something for Wright tonight. Don't think there is much the matter with him now, but he looks sadly, and will be ill if he doesn't get a good rest after him. I can but feel that we are responsible for the clerks, so take him in hand if you can. I am off to New Orleans in the morning."

"There, Nan is something for you to begin on. I will send him up to-morrow."

The afternoon sun blazed on the pavements as a young man came wearily down the street.

"I don't believe I'll go in after all," he muttered. "What does she care about me, and my head aches now," and he turned back; but the idea of his steaming third-story room made him hesitate, until the cool shower and the tinkle of the fountain drew him on.

The faint bell-pull was not answered, and, really unable to stand, he dropped on the sofa in the hall and there Mrs. Andrews found him asleep.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, starting up and coloring furiously, "what for?"

"It is I who must beg pardon for keeping you waiting, but here is my apology," and she handed him a great branch of Marechal Neil roses.

"Oh, how delicious!" he exclaimed, inhaling the fragrance.

"How tired you must get in the hot city!" she said—noting his pallor, now that the flush had faded, and his tremulous hand. "Can't you get a vacation and go home to your mother?"

"I have no home and no mother?"

"My poor boy!" was the answer she made; but her eyes, which filled with tears, and the gentle clasp of her hand, spoke more than words.

"Now, I am going to give you a curious prescription, and send you off to take a bath before tea—there is nothing so refreshing. Mr. Andrews always has one when he comes from town."

Half an hour after, rested and refreshed, Calvin Wright came out on the veranda to find a tempting luncheon of strawberries and cream, in sparkling glass dishes, awaiting him, and he dropped into a soft cushioned chair with a sigh of pleasure. Ambrosial berries were to him, at least he told the boys that night that he had been in paradise.

The dainty tea-table with its excellent drapery, and its quaint, delicate, old china, was a revelation to the boy who had known nothing but third-rate boarding-house fare, to say nothing of the white-robed figure at the head, and the earnest-souled man who heaped his plate with delicacies and brought forth his rich conversational powers to entertain his guest with as much interest as if he were the highest one in the land instead of the youngest clerk in the elevator.

"Oh, well," thought the boy, "they are rich, and have always had everything they want; it is all luck any way."

But in the long talk that came after tea, Mr. Andrews told him how he had come to Memphis with a suit of buttoned jeans and \$1 in his pocket; how he had steadily worked his way up, stayed on through the terrible years of pestilence, and had the fever himself in a hospital. "So you see it is not all luck."

"Did I say that, sir?"

"No, you did not say it, but that is what you young ones all think. It is chance, and perseverance, and above all, it is God's good hand upon you—and that you can have for the asking—that makes a man's success in life."

"Thank you, sir," said the young man, involuntarily holding out his hand. The elder grasped it cordially, saying:

"God bless you, my boy, and give you the true success which may not be measured here."

"Good night, Mrs. Andrews," said Wright, as the clock gave a warning stroke. "You will never know what this evening has been to me. May I come again?"

"Come whenever you can. Thursdays are to be my reception days, and if you have any tired, homesick, sad or discouraged friends, bring them with you. We will find some way to help them."

It would take many pages to tell of this summer; how many tired shop-girls, seamstresses, and school-teachers, as well as clerks, found a haven of rest in the beautiful homestead of "Sweet Content," as it was aptly named. The pictures, the grand piano, the curios, all played their part.

The story is not all written yet; its circles are still widening, and only eternity will reveal the whole.

"This is an angel," said the young man; but she is not, only a consecrated servant doing her Master's work, and using to the best advantage that which her Lord has committed to her trust. Are there not others whom He has blessed with homes and lands who will go and do likewise?—*New York Observer.*

THE BIRCH TREE.

And the Various Substances That are Derived from It.

A casual glance at the surroundings of any timber country, notably along the creeks and ravines, reveals the fact that at least some birch twigs have withstood the onslaught of country pedagogue, who from time remote have been identified with the legend of birch oil and elbow grease as an accelerator to the sluggish school boy as he stumbles along over the obstacles on the side of science hill. Many twigs remain, and outside their legendary historic value suggested in the foregoing, the twigs and bark of the common birch (*Betula alba*) have real value of an intrinsic value not second to many of the most valuable plants.

Even the leaves and young shoots secrete a resinous substance, having an acid reaction, which under the long-legend names of the pharmacist, is sold as a medicinal preparation for as high as \$16 per fluid ounce. The inner bark contains a bitterish alkaloid, not unlike cinchona in its nature, and is used largely as an adulterant for quinine in many parts of Europe. The so-called "Cinchona Mixture" has been found by analysts to consist in many instances, of the alkaloid found in the inner bark of the humble birch tree.

The outer bark, subjected to dry distillation, yields a peculiar empyreumatic oil, having the peculiar odor of Russia leather, and the secret of preparing skins, and that, too, of the very poorest quality of skins, being taken from cattle that have perished on those barren, desolate plains, is the only substance, thus far, to prevent American artisans competing with Russia and Austria in fine leather goods.

It is not necessary, however, to go into chemical technicalities and details in order to arrive at a profitable solution of the uses of birch twigs and birch bark, when the larger timber is being cut away and the saw mill or the turning lathe. When it is stated that the oil of wintergreen (*Oleum galtheria*) so useful, fragrant, and expensive, is nearly always adulterated with birch oil; much of it even is birch oil pure and simple, but it is sold as wintergreen oil, and is wintergreen oil to most of our great buyers, when properly prepared and refined, the same properties, viz., specific gravity, 1.173; boiling point, 412 degrees, and mixes readily with alcohol, chloroform, etc.

The appliances necessary for the preparation of this oil are neither intricate nor costly, being simply a large tub supplied with a coil and steam connection. Of course we are not expected to go into all the details of manufacture. Only brief outlines can be given.

The birch limbs, twigs, bark, and even the leaves, if a mere commercial oil is to be made, are gathered and placed in a large tub containing the coil for steam heating, and as fast as the mass accumulates it is kept covered with water, and the tub, being supplied with a tight-fitting lid, or manhole, should be opened as little as possible. After becoming nearly full, steam is turned on, and the batch kept about blood warm for twenty-four hours. This will dissolve nearly all the oil and resinous matters, which are precipitated, causes the mass to assume a very sticky consistency. Steam may now be turned on, and the mass brought to a boil for a moment or two. With a wooden connection, or with a small barrel or keg, the tank is made tight and brought to a boil; the steam, having previously dissolved the oils, etc., will now vaporize them, and will condense in the last-named keg. After a few hours the job is done, the keg is bunged or corked up, and is ready for shipment as commercial wintergreen oil, though the train will pass over the main lines of thirty different railway corporations, passing through the states of Maryland, Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Maine, Connecticut, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri and Kentucky—twenty in all. The Congress will re-convene on November 18, when the trip will be completed.

WHITNEY'S INFLUENCE IN THE NAVY. What's good enough for William Whitney is good enough for me," is the remark which Secretary Tracy made to a friend of ex-Secretary Whitney when they were discussing the affairs of the Navy Department recently. Secretary Tracy, energetic and independent as he is, has had the wisdom to see that he could do no better than follow up Secretary Whitney's plan for the building up of the American Navy. The relations between the two men are most cordial. If Mr. Whitney wants anything at the Navy Department he knows that he can get it. He sent his secretary all the way from New York to Washington to secure the re-instatement of a young man who had been removed at the Navy Yard early in Mr. Tracy's administration, and an order was promptly issued putting the young man back in his place, and there he is likely to remain as long as Tracy is at the head of the Navy Department.

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR CONCLAVE. Washington is to have a procession and a crowd of visitors of inaugural proportions to-day. Banners bearing the legends "In Hoc Signo Vinces," "Magna Est Veritas et Prævalent," with as numerous as Pennsylvania Avenue as were the national colors at the re-

cent inaugural ceremonies, and for the time being the capital of the Nation will be turned completely over to the Knights Templar who are here 30,000 strong for their Triennial Conclave. Residents along the line of march have duplicated the decorations of inauguration. The capacity of Washingtonians as entertainers has been put to a fresh test. Not only is the event the grandest of the year, but preliminary discovery has been made of what the capital can do in the handling of such crowds as will accompany the world's fair of 1893.

High Speed on Railroads. There are many things connected with high speed on railways which tax the ingenuity of the engineers to the utmost. The lines have to be made strong enough to withstand the heavy blows of the locomotive, for the other portions of the running plant are light in comparison. A railway train at sixty miles an hour may be compared to a huge projectile and subject to the same laws. The momentum is the product of the weight of the train multiplied by the velocity in feet per second. The train of 120 tons, traveling at a speed of sixty miles an hour, then the work required to bring it to a standstill would be 14,400 foot tons exerted through one minute, or nearly 1,000-horse power, which gives some idea of its destructive force if, unhappily, it should come into action; and yet this terrific power is so entirely under control that the strength of a child turning the small handle of the vacuum brake can bring the train to a stand in a few seconds.—*Chambers' Journal.*

The Cranks We Have Always with Us. The crank who knows it is sure death to do this or that is around this year in the usual numbers. When the hot spell struck us in early July he shouted at the top of his voice that no meat should be eaten until fall. The people, remembering, perhaps, that ancients ate meat regularly, and that a few of them, at least, escaped premature graves, went on eating meat as if nothing had happened. After waiting for a time the crank changed his tune. If the people were to eat meat in the summer time he couldn't help it; but he didn't intend that they should breathe night air. He showed by figures and theories without end that every man who breathed night air was morally certain to die. Many of them had anticipated this end, and so they went right on breathing night air as before. It was the only air they could breathe at night, and they reasoned that it would be better to breathe that than to suspend operations until morning. As a general thing the people have more sense in such matters than even the crankiest cranks.

MARRYING FOR MONEY.

Reflection of a Young Atlanta Man on the Poor Society Girls.

A young man in Atlanta, talking on this subject, said some very sensible things against marrying poor girls, says a writer in the Atlanta Constitution.

"I don't know," he said, "any poor girl in society whom I could afford to marry. Though they have no money that gives them an income, none of them know any more about work than their wealthy sisters. I speak of the poor society girls, not of poor girls who make their living. The former you will invariably find has her gowns made and knows nothing of the practical economy of living. Now, how could I, just making a start in life, possibly support such a wife? It makes me sick to think of it, for I hate to see a woman poor. I hate her sad economies and self-sacrifices, and I hate to think of the lines beneath her eyes and the wrinkles about her mouth, the stunted years would draw. I couldn't ask a woman like myself and with no means of helping me to spend the bright days of her youth in meager living and little economies. A poor girl, reared in idle luxury, as are all poor society girls, should herself marry a man of means if she wishes to be happy. For my part, I shall marry a girl who has something besides my income to support her during the early part of our married life. I don't want to marry a rich girl for selfish motives. I would gain nothing by it. It's simply for the woman's sake."

"And you don't care who the girl is, just so she is rich?"

"Indeed I do. She must be a woman I can love and admire; a pure, sweet woman, pretty and attractive."

"But suppose you should meet and fall in love with some poor girl?"

"I won't do it. I don't pay any attention to poor girls or allow myself to become interested in them. I say to myself, when I see one of this class unusually winning, 'yes, you are very delightful, but you are not for me and you've plenty of wealthy sisters who are just as bright, and out of whom I might find one to suit me and whom I suited.'"

A very cool way and not a nonsensical one either, regarding the tender passion, provided it be carried out. I have often seen this theory proven satisfactorily by just such young men as the one I've quoted. This is the highest type of fortune-hunter, a type who wouldn't marry without love and equality. But the typical fortune-hunter carelessly, whether the girl be stupid, illiterate and homely—if she hath money it mattereth not; he is so anxious to marry a fortune that he takes the first he can get with it. And the fact that there are so many more women than men in the marriageable market to choose from makes a man's marriage for money an easier and surer venture.

A Mistaken Millionaire.

A very rich business man of Boston told an interviewer the other day how he began his business life on \$1 a week, and how he advanced from that point to his present position by being temperate, industrious and honest. He ended by saying, "Any young man can do as well as I have done if he only will."

Young men know that this is not true. Tens of thousands of young men, during the forty years of that merchant's successful career, have been as virtuous as he, without making much headway in business. They have been punctual, diligent, faithful and well skilled in their vocation; but there they are, about where they were years ago, working hard for moderate compensation, and seeing no prospect of much change.

It is not possible for many men to found great stores and make great fortunes in them, for the simple reason that the largest city does not furnish business enough for many such. These prizes fall to the lot of the few individuals in each trade who combine in themselves great talent for business with great tenacity of purpose. They passionately want to succeed, and they know how.

If our merchant had said that many young men could do much better than he, he would have come nearer the truth. The few individuals who are successful in business are clerks who have done a great deal better than their employers. We saw the other day a young man of 29, salary \$650 a year, whose father died ten years ago, leaving a wife and four children with little provision. This clerk was a devoted laborer, he accepted the sacred duty which devolved upon him with cheerful courage. He has carried it gayly along ever since, and has won in it a really brilliant success—happy himself, and a cause of happiness to those dearest to him.

There are men whose natural vocation it is to control millions of dollars, and own a tedious superfluity of other things. Happily, most of us are spared this great trouble, and have a chance to discover how little is required for a truly successful and joyous existence.—*Yonah's Companion.*

A Scientific Explanation.

"How do you account for these showers of live fishes we read of once in a while?" "Well, there are occasionally showers of live angle-worms, and I fancy the fishes come down after the worms, don't you know?"—*Luck.*

Tales from the Gum Arabic.

In the visions of the night Malek Ak Drawbar lay upon his bed, and saw all peoples of the earth hastening together, to be assigned to their future abiding places. As he looked off to the left he saw a vast multitude, whom no man might number, flocking by themselves, and at short intervals large crowds came from various directions to join themselves with this great throng. He noticed, also, that all these people regarded each other with strong but ill-concealed suspicion. "And who are these," asked Malek Ak Drawbar, "who outnumber the sands of the sea shore for multitude?" "Oh, those fellows," replied his guide, "those are the men who discovered Artemus Ward and brought out Bill Nye."

"And what will be done with them?" asked Malek. "Can't tell," replied his guide; "they're not all in yet; they'll be coming in along for the next century."

And then Malek Ak Drawbar, remembering that he had once written the *Goomer Habbek* that he was the first man to find Mark Twain and developed his humor that was then latent in him, gave a cold shiver a foot long. "It was a close squeak for me," he said, as he resolved that during the best of his life he would tell the truth, so far as it was compatible with editorial writing on a Reform paper.

The Fair Pokerist.

The fair poker-player was pleased with the game. For the betting was free and the limit was But affected reluctant to bet all the same. And pushed in her chips with a bit of a sigh. Then she looked on the pot with a wonderful eye. Broke into a laugh when they made the last raise. Raked the board with four aces she held in her hand. And then had a flush on her beautiful face.—*New York Herald.*

A Suggestion.

Old Richello (desperately)—"If you refuse me, what is there left for me to do?" Sweet girl—"Well, I read the other day about a rich man who made his way in favor of the poor. He refused him, and then went out and hanged himself."

LOST! LOST!

Anybody needing Queensware and won't visit our Bazaar will lose money. Just See!

6 cups and saucers, 25c; covered sugar bowls, 25c; butter dishes, 25c; bowl and pitcher, 60c; plates, 40 cents per dozen up; cream pitchers, 10c; chamber sets, 7 pieces, \$1.75. Also groceries: cheap jelly by bucket 5c per lb; fresh butter 20 cents per lb; 5 lbs. rice, 25c; 4 lbs. prunes, 25c; 4 lbs. starch, 25c; etc. Dry Goods: Bazoo dress goods, 8 cents per yard; calicoes, 4c to 8c and white goods 5c per yard up. Carpets, 18c per yard up. Furniture! We have anything and everything and won't be undersold. Straw hats! Hats to fit and suit them all. In boots and shoes we can suit you. Children's spring heel, 50c; ladies' kid, button, \$1.50. Come and see the rest. I will struggle hard to please you. Your servant,

J. C. BERNER.

REMEMBER

PHILIP GERITZ,
Practical WATCHMAKER & JEWELER.
15 Front Street (Next Door to First National Bank),