

Up goes McGinty to the county seat again.

PENNSYLVANIA votes to monopoly: More power to you.

ASPIRANTS for Democratic nominations will be scarce next year.

DEMOCRATIC victory swept the country, but slighted Pennsylvania.

REPUBLICANS voted, Democrats stayed at home; result: Republican victory.

OUR rooster is laid up for repairs. He took an overdose of "son" on Tuesday.

THE Hungarian, Polish and Italian element is making itself felt in Luzerne's politics.

DEMOCRACY made tremendous gains in every state but Pennsylvania. More's the pity.

INSTEAD of going "to the bottom of the sea" McGinty comes out on top of the political wreck.

THE Rep. majority in Massachusetts drops from 42,000 in 1888 to 5,200 in 1889. Tariff reform did it!

THE nineteenth century will have become a thing of the past long before the treachery of 1889 is forgotten.

IOWA and Ohio have entered the ranks of Democratic states by electing Democratic governors and legislatures.

THE doings of some of the candidates' great grand-fathers were discussed on Tuesday and were important factors in the result.

AND so the people of Luzerne want to live on Rice for ten years more. All right! They're supposed to know what they want.

HARRISON carried Iowa last year by 32,000; Boies, Dem., carried it for governor on Tuesday by 8,000. Isn't that a political revolution? The fight was strictly on protection vs. tariff reform.

EVERY state that held an election on Tuesday fulfilled the expectations of the Democrats, except the one in which reform is needed more than anywhere else. The day will yet come when Pennsylvania will be ashamed of her vote in 1889.

ALTHOUGH a comparatively light vote was polled in the ten states which held elections, very substantial gains were made in nine of them by the Democrats. Pennsylvania appears to be wedded to corruptionists, but we will fall in line bye-and-by.

THE politics of this country in coming years are to hinge on great economic questions concerning land, labor, finance and taxation, says the Boston Globe. The people are tired of mere idle personalities. The air is filled with thought and politics must be shaped accordingly.

THE prices of lump, steamboat and broken coal were advanced 15 cents per ton by the operators on Monday. As yet we have failed to hear of any of the miners being notified of a proportionate increase in their wages. Justice is enjoying a sound sleep at the expense of the working classes.

THE most general test the Australian system of voting ever received in this country was given in the state of Massachusetts on Tuesday. Reports from every poll in the state give it unlimited praise for its simplicity and secrecy, but it is feared that Pennsylvanians will not know the merits of this system for many a year.

WHILE the Democrats met a veritable Waterloo in Luzerne and Pennsylvania, yet the election was not without its redeeming features in other sections of the country. New York, New Jersey and Virginia are held in line by increased majorities, and the rib-rocked Republican states of Ohio and Iowa have entered the list of extremely doubtful states.

THE Philadelphia and Reading Company is making an earnest effort to bring into use the millions of tons of coal piled up around its mines. In the opinion of scientific men these mountains of coal dirt, hitherto considered useless and valueless, are at last to be brought into practical use and if their predictions are realized it will mean hundreds of dollars to the Reading Company.

AMOS J. CUMMINGS, who was elected to succeed the late "Sunset" Cox, as representative of the Ninth New York Congressional District, received 15,518 votes against 24 for Thomas, Prohibition candidate. That is the district in which several of the candidates were wishing they had run. What a pity Cummings couldn't send some of his surplus majority to his Democratic brethren in Luzerne.

Why We Are Tariff Reformers.

The increase of wealth in the hands of the few is one of the evils of the day. Goldsmith expressed the evil in powerful words when he wrote:

"Ill fares the land to hastening a prey, When wealth accumulates and men decay."

There are millions of men alive to-day who can remember when a millionaire in the United States was a curiosity. There were scarcely a dozen of them in the United States thirty years ago. Forty years ago, perhaps there was not one. To-day they can be counted by the thousands.

Thirty years ago the word "tramp" had never been heard of, to-day this name is legion.

Thirty years ago the street beggars were about as scarce as millionaires; to-day they are more numerous.

Thirty years ago the wealth of the nation was largely distributed among the masses; to-day it is largely owned or controlled by comparatively few men.

Class legislation. Monopolies. Syndicates. Rings. Trusts. Corporations. Land Stealers. Coal Barons. Unjust Laws. Usury. Money Mongers.

All these things are written with an iron pen in the history of this increase of millionaires.—Minersville Free Press.

Sound Advice From Schuylkill.

The Luzerne County political machine is trying to shove Eckley B. Cox down the throat of Democratic voters as a candidate for congress and make them believe that they are crying for the dose. We helped to do this years ago and there is no political act that we have ever been more ashamed of since. If the Democratic workmen of the Lehigh region accept the bitter pill again, then they will have deserved all the bitter pangs of the six months strike that Cox, more than any other man, compelled them to suffer. They know that Cox is a tyrant of labor, a hypocritical fraud in politics and if they once again put their seal of approval on him they will deserve to forfeit the respect and sympathy of their fellow workmen everywhere. Let them not be deceived by the sophistries of Democratic journals whom Cox's barrel tempts.—Shenandoah Sentinel.

A Mistaken Opinion.

It is frequently stated, says an exchange, that no man can become the incumbent of a high office in this country, unless he is a member of the Masonic, or some other of the numerous orders with which society abounds. That a member of these orders has a better chance for an election than one who is not, we admit, but that his opportunities are better unless he has the necessary qualifications of heart and head we very much doubt. During the past week Harrison has been deluged with inquiries as to whether he is or is not a Mason. The same question has been put by mail several hundred times during the last few months, and to each a letter has been written, stating that he is not and never has been a member of any secret organization. Indeed, by some chance there is no Knight Templar in the cabinet, and only two of the members are even Masons of any degree.

The Cure for Voluntary Poverty.

Most people will agree with you in ascribing the cause of poverty to the immigration of foreign labor, but the new school of political economists will not. We think that people are forced into poverty if they are not permitted to work, and that the present system of taxation keeps willing workers from natural opportunities of labor. We will briefly state some facts obvious to all. Uniform farm or building lands, or factory sites, pay but a trifling tax, though their selling value may increase thousands of pounds per annum. It is therefore, highly profitable to the owner to hold it for a rise. When he does use or improve it, or sell or let it to others who go to work upon it, the taxation is increased in proportion to the increased value created by industry. The workers are thus seen to be taxed, while the idle are enriched. Those whose labor creates all wealth are ever poor, because they, or those who employ them, are fined in proportion to the results of their industry, while, on the other hand, competition forces them to pay ground rent to the owners of the earth in proportion to their earnings. Single tax men claim that a transfer of taxation from industry and its results to land values, exclusive of improvements, would be both just and expedient—just, because land values are created by the public, and not by owners; expedient because it would compel people who own land either to use or sell it. All would have an equal natural opportunity to earn a living, the sacred rights of man, as well as of property, would be secured, the laws of nature followed, and voluntary poverty abolished.—London Edition of the New York Herald.

"Stonewall" Jackson.

"I am just in from Lexington where I have been attending the annual commencement of the Virginia Military Institute." The speaker, says a writer in the New York Tribune, was Gov. Fitzhugh Lee. "Yes," Stonewall Jackson was once a professor in the institute and the latter is still replete with his eccentricities. I knew him well and he was the last man you would have picked out of the crowd of military men, not knowing who he was, as possessing wonderful energy, endurance, and executive ability. It was in the heat of action that these characteristics flamed out. At other times he was dull, uncommunicative, and apathetic. In the parlance of the day he was a "crank" in many things, but a terribly earnest one. When a professor at the institute he was the butt of the students' jokes. Yes, he

Bartering in Old Times.

A Custom of Our Grandfathers that Has Fallen Into Disuse.

"There is not so much bartering in prices nowadays as there was when I first went into business for myself," said a merchant to a Utica Observer man the other day. "The time was when a merchant expected that every piece of goods that he offered for sale would be put down in price by the persistence of his customers. It was expected and looked for, and we often named a higher price for the goods than we really asked for them so we might drop to suit the whim of the bartering buyer. I do not know where the custom came from. I only know that it existed and was very annoying. People would barter for hours over a small article and often go out and in a short time return and say they could buy it at Brown's or Smith's for so much less, and try and beat you down to the figure they named. Some men and women were noted for their bartering propensities.

"I remember one of those old fellows who used to barter for hours at a time over common and small purchases. I had a clerk who came here from Binghamton, and his first adventure with the old man was amusing. The clerk sold him about \$1 worth in the forenoon. The next time our hard-fisted customer came the Binghamton boy dropped a pleasant question so he might get a chance to wait on him. Hickory shirting was asked for, and the clerk charged him 35 cents a yard. The customer held forth about ten minutes, when the clerk excused himself, and, stepping back to the office, opened an envelope lying on the desk. Rushing back to his customer, who was holding the goods between his thumb and finger, the clerk said: 'Excuse me, but we have just received a telegram from our eastern correspondent, and these goods have raised 10 cents a yard in the market; it will cost you 45 cents now!' The old man looked dumfounded for a moment and offered 35 cents. The clerk walked back to the desk, looked at the envelope again, picked up a paper and pretended to glance at the markets, conversed in a low tone with one of the book-keepers, and went back to his customer with the statement that the goods were rising very rapidly in the market, and as we had only a few pieces we could not think of selling it less than 50 cents a yard, and the next morning the goods would have to pay 65 cents or 70 cents. The astonished farmer offered 45 cents, which the clerk accepted after extorting a pledge that the buyer should not tell how cheap he got it.

Happy for the Fall.

"Bless Eve for eating that apple," said a young lady the other day as she stood before the mirror. "Why?" asked a companion. "Because that's such a delight in trying on a new dress when it fits well."

The Comfortable Hansom Cab.

"Women all like hansom cabs," writes a correspondent of the Press. "I saw one pretty thing driving through Fairmont Park with her beau the other day, and they both thought the hansom so nice. She stared right over the apron and so did he. If you hadn't been in a hansom once or twice yourself you wouldn't have known that they had had of hand at all. She wore a white barbeled dress, and a high collar and fashion. Around her waist (besides his arm) was a cream-colored ribbon. Her hands were encased in his and a pair of yellow silk mitts. About her neck was a string of pearls. Ah me, youth and poverty! And two wheelers and love!"

Chat About the Spare Room.

"It ain't everybody I'd put in this room," said old Mrs. Jenks to the fastidious and extremely nervous young minister who was spending the night in B- at her house. "This here room is full of sacred associations to me," she went on. "My first husband died in that bed with his head on these pillows, and poor Mr. Jenks died setting right in that corner. Sometimes when I come into the room in the dark I think I see him sittin' there still. My own father died layin' right on that lounge under the window. Poor pa! He was a spiritualist, and he alius said he appear in this room after he died and sometimes I'm foolish enough to look for him. If you should see anything of him to-night you'd better not tell me, it'd be a sign to me that there was something in spiritualism, and I'd hate to think that. My son by my first husband fell dead of heart disease when he was only twenty. He was a doctor, and that's the whole story. I think I see him sittin' there still. 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