

Monarchical Institutions Must Go.
The empire of Brazil has turned itself into a free and independent republic—the United States of Brazil—without firing a gun or shedding a drop of blood, and what has occurred in Brazil is likely to occur elsewhere under the same or even less favorable conditions. The progress of popular education and the extension of suffrage in liberal monarchies, together with the persistent agitation of home rule, have familiarized the people of the world with the idea of self-government. The masses no longer believe that the classes have any just claims to exceptional privileges, and they no longer believe in the divine right of kings, queens or emperors.

The signs of the times point to the disintegration of the British monarchy. In Canada many leading politicians and newspapers openly advocate a Canadian republic. They believe that their declaration of independence would not be followed by an attempt to re-establish British rule. The proximity of the American republic, with its moral and perhaps material support, would cause the mother country to be exceedingly cautious about resorting to coercive measures.

In Australia, too, the heaven is working. The Australians, like the Canadians, are thousands of miles away from their present capital. They are practically a new nation. They have grown up under American conditions, and have enjoyed so much independence that they naturally thirst for more. Already they are formulating a separation scheme, which will be submitted in due time for the endorsement of the crown.

The action of Brazil will give an impetus to these republican revolutionists. They will be tempted to try their fate without any unnecessary delay. Their revolt may be as sudden as it was in Dom Pedro's empire, yet not as unexpected. One of these days in Canada and in Australia the recognized leaders will give the signal and the people will establish their own government. And on that day will come the opportunity that has been waited for so many years—the opportunity to strike one telling and decisive blow for Ireland's freedom—peaceably if possible, forcibly if necessary.

By acting in harmony the three countries can accomplish their aims more rapidly than by working separately. Such a movement would not be, from any point of view, half as startling as the Brazilian upheaval, though its results would be far more beneficial to the civilized world. The opinion is gaining ground that when the critical hour comes the mother country will not resort to force to restrain any of her colonies. She tried that policy with the Americans and was beaten, and will meet the same fate again if she pursues severe measures to tame the spirit of independence. The crown is not so firmly established now as to make it the part of wisdom to send soldiers thousands of miles over the seas to subdue powerful commonwealths determined to be free, and it is the knowledge of this that emboldens the lovers of liberty in Australia and Canada to rest at ease, confident of the success of the coming movement.

Should this trio form a mutual combination and join funds and fortunes the overthrow of the greatest and most oppressive monarchical institution on earth would be accomplished with less trouble than was witnessed in Brazil. Home Rule would then become a real fact, and not the fanciful sop that a Tory government may possibly give to Ireland. The British government has its hands full in maintaining peace and order under the shadow of its home parliament and has no time or money to spend in trying to resist the inevitable. Let it come.

Keep On Killing, They Can Stand It.
At the annual convention of the street railway presidents, held in Minneapolis recently, a report was received congratulating the association on the total collapse of the organization known as the Knights of Labor. This is a right, gentlemen. Keep right on killing off the Knights in your reports just as you have been doing all along by the associated press and the capitalist press. To hear you tell it, one must think that the Knights have as many lives as a cat. You've killed them off, killed them dead, once or twice a month for several years, and one would think that, after so many repeated killings, you would leave the corpse alone. After all, now confess it, gentlemen, aren't the Knights lively enough to make you just a little uneasy? Haven't you a little overdone this business of killing them off on paper?—Independent Citizen.

The "killing off" process, during the week ending Saturday last, caused the following results, as announced in the Order's official organ: Charters and supplies were issued to 26 new local assemblies and 3 that were reorganized. They were located as follows: 6 in Alabama; 3 each in New York, North Carolina and Texas; 2 each in Georgia, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania; and 1 each in England, Scotland, Florida, Nebraska, New Jersey, Ohio, South Carolina and West Virginia. A charter was also issued to a new district assembly at Glasgow, Scotland, which has 9 local assemblies under its jurisdiction. In addition to these, local assemblies are being reinstated all over the country which have not been working for several months, and an increased interest is being felt in nearly every section.

Deserting the Grand Old Party.
Three-fifths of the white vote of America is Democratic. Without the negro vote the Republican party is dead. The negro controls the balance of power in five Northern states and twenty Northern congressional districts. Ex-Governor Kellogg of Louisiana says the negroes of the South are very suspicious of Harrison. He does not pretend to know the reason, but that the talk of building up a Republican white man's party in the South, and the president's discharge of the colored people from the White House, has something to do with it.

It seems more that the negro is at last getting tired of the treatment he receives from the party that has claimed his vote for so many years. Whatever the reason the fact of the change is well proved in Virginia. Democratic negroes are no longer curiosities, but they are becoming quite common.

The Miners' Examination Law.
There is a hitch in the enforcement of the Gallagher Miners' Registration and Examination Law. The measure was passed by the last legislature with a view to excluding incompetent men from employment as miners in the anthracite region, and has been in operation about three months.

The trouble in the present instance lies in the fact that the examining boards in some districts refuse to recognize as sufficient proof of proficiency the certificates issued to miners by examining boards in adjoining districts. It is also said that the sub-committees in certain districts in default of definite instructions from the board as a whole have been conducting examinations for certificates in a go-as-you-please way, which has tended to aggravate the situation.

When a miner seeking work presents a certificate issued to him by a duly constituted board in an adjoining district he is entitled to registration. The members of a registration board who refuse to recognize the validity of a certificate manifestly violate the provisions of the act, which says, regarding the holder of such certificate, "He shall be entitled to be registered without examination in any other of the anthracite districts upon the payment of the fee herein provided for." The law, it will be observed, is mandatory in this regard. The difficulty, manifestly, is in the lack of uniformity in examinations in all the districts. The law in this and other respects is defective, and supplemental legislation will be necessary to improve it. But there is no reason why, in the meantime, the common sense and experience of the men who constitute the examining boards should not suggest a remedy.

Let representatives of all the boards in all of the districts meet and agree upon some uniform system of examination. A satisfactory solution of the present trouble would thereby be secured, while the experience gained would suggest modifications and additions to the existing law, of great value when the time for further legislative action upon it had arrived.—Phila. Press.

Correspondence From the Capital.
WASHINGTON, November 28, 1889.
Some Republicans who would like to see McKinley Ohio the next Republican candidate for President are given some anxiety by his running for the speakership of the House. If he is elected it will not benefit his chances for the presidency at all, while they regard his defeat as a very serious thing. A defeat in the contest for the speakership, they fear, would put the presidency out of their reach, and they consider it a great risk for him to take for very small game. They regard it much as a sportsman would for one to shoot at a chance rabbit while lying for deer. There is too big a risk of frightening off the big game. The case of Gov. Foraker is cited. A few months ago Foraker was regarded by his friends as a strong possibility for the presidency. He allowed himself to be led into a struggle for the Governorship, and by his doing so he risked everything—and lost. Now he is not talked of for the presidency. A defeated candidate for Speaker would hardly stand as well before a convention as would the Republican leader of the tariff fight.

McKinley's strength is declared to be only less than that of Reed, and within a few days the friends of the former have antagonized the latter for the alleged reason that Reed is not absolutely sound upon the question of the tariff. The candidate from Maine, it is given out, is suspected of looking with favoring eyes upon the tariff matter, for which a good many of the manufacturers of New England have lately, with more or less energy, been contending. Reed's supporters, however, deny that his loyalty to the policy of protection is less sincere than that of McKinley.

Things are going to be used against Reed in his candidacy for the speakership. They are his want of skill as a presiding officer, his antagonism to river and harbor bills and his attitude on the silver question. The several candidates are busily engaged in looking up each other's records, all of which will be ventilated in the campaign, and every little personal characteristic will be made the most of as bearing on the candidate's qualifications for the place. Mr. Reed's want of suavity is being enlarged upon as an argument against him.

A LIVELY CONTEST COMING.
When the House of Representatives is organized there promises to be a lively partisan contest over the changes in the rules. The Democrats are determined that no Federal election bill shall pass the House, and every effort will be to prevent changes in the rules that will prevent successful filibustering against this or similar measures. There is a rule of the House of Representatives adopted as far back as 1863 that the rules of one House shall govern the next succeeding House until otherwise amended. In the present case this rule is operative; that the outgoing Congress can prescribe the rules for its successor until the succeeding Congress changes them. In the last three Congresses Speaker Carlisle has decided that one Congress cannot in the slightest degree restrict the action of the next Congress. He takes Constitutional ground for upholding this view, and is supported by all Democratic parliamentarians. The rules of the last Congress are peculiarly favorable to the minority. It will be to the advantage of the Democrats to have the old rules enforced as long as possible, and the enforcement of the old rules would be of advantage to the minority in opposing any change of the rules whatever. However, if the Republican Speaker disagrees with former Republican authorities and accepts the opinion of Speaker Carlisle the apparent advantage of the Democrats will disappear, and the House will proceed under general parliamentary laws until new rules acceptable to the majority are adopted.

UNCLE SAM BEHIND THE AGE.
The International Maritime Congress, which convened in this city, has transacted a great deal of business. It has discussed one hundred and twenty-seven resolutions, and the rules regulating the right of way over the lights of the steamships and sailing vessels. It is hoped some simpler system than that now in existence may be adopted respecting fog signals. One fact has been very apparent in this conference. It is the superior knowledge of the English delegation upon nearly every question submitted for discussion. This is hardly to be wondered at when the delegate who speaks for England is Mr. Hall, the ablest Admiralty lawyer in England. The rest of the British delegation is made up from the first maritime authorities of their nation. The United States delegation is headed by Mr. Goodrich, of New York, than whom no better authority could be found in our country. The outcome of this conference, let it be what it may, cannot fail to increase the comity of the maritime nations.

Woman's Career.

She was a fair girl graduate, enrobed in spot and on her youthful features shone a look of holy light. She bent with grace her dainty head to receive the ribbon blue. When she hung the silver medal, adjudged to her, she looked up at her eyes. I watched her face with rapture as she raised to heaven her eyes. And moved her lips in prayer as her fingers clasped the prize. For I knew of education she had pledged her coming days. To unchain her woman's fetters and free her from man's ways. Time passed. Our pathways parted, but ever and anon My thoughts would stray toward her, and I'd watch her face as she went by. What my graduate was doing, if at work the scroll of fame, Among unselfish workers, had been written high her name. At last I needed to meet her, but her looks were pushed aside. While around a dainty garment she sewed the lace, I saw her face, and saw her smile. And at her feet her baby, dimpled, happy, crowing youth. Upon the silver medal was cutting his first tooth.—Life.

The Green-Eyed Monster.

Mrs. Denza was the prettiest woman in all Sydenham, and her villa was the best kept and most artistically decorated house in the town. Michael Denza was a wine merchant, in partnership with his elder brother Joseph, and had a large connection in the city. The brothers Denza were good-looking men; Michael especially so. They had Italian blood in their veins, and something of the Italian warmth of feeling in their natures. They were well off, too, without being wealthy.

Michael Denza was leaning back in his office chair one afternoon in November, picking his teeth with a quill—a look of perplexity upon his handsome features. "I wish I had never seen that yellow rooster that got into his buttonhole, and his dress was that of a man of fashion. 'I can't imagine,' he said, as he regarded a newly-received telegram on the table before him, 'where the money goes to! Ella is so very simple in her tastes. She scarcely ever seems to spend money on herself, and yet this is the second demand she has made for 20 pounds within a fortnight. I don't grudge it her, Joseph, mind that; but I can't think what she does with it.'"

"Why don't you ask her?" observed the practical elder brother. Joseph Denza might have been as good-looking as Michael had he not been so fat, but he was ten years older—a man verging on forty, and he was of a harder and more suspicious nature than his younger brother. He had no love for women either. He had been cruelly deceived by one of the sex in the days of his youth. "Why don't you ask her?" he said. "She won't tell you in truth, of course, but it may prevent such exorbitant demands for the future."

"Ella never told me a lie yet," cried Michael, firing up. "I am sure of it. She is as clear and open as the day." "Clear and open!" sneered Joseph. "My dear Michael you are a fool! A divorced woman clear and open?" returned the other, hotly. "You know that perfectly well. She divorced her first husband on account of his cruelty and infidelity to her."

"But where can the money go to?" "Oh, I don't care," cried Michael, impatiently, as he pushed the paper away from him. "I wish I had never raised the question. I am not going to suspect my wife of using it for any unlawful purpose. She can do as she likes with it. It is all the same to me!" "But that is rather a dangerous way of tampering with fortune. If Mrs. Michael does not spend it she must give it to some one else."

"But to whom could she give it? She has no relations dependent on her?" "Can any one have a hold upon her, Michael?" demanded Joseph, suspiciously. "What do you mean?" "Can Ella have seen so imprudent as to encourage some young fellow far enough—I am only alluding to a flirtation, you know—to embolden him to apply to her for money on pain of disclosure? We have heard of such things with married ladies before, you know, you and I."

Michael Denza's face flushed with passion as he started from his chair with a clenched hand. "If you were not my brother, Joseph," he began, but broke off with a harsh laugh. "What folly I am talking, and you, too," he continued. "Ella flirts? Why, she is the quietest little woman in the world." "Well, yes. She certainly has not got on very well in Sydenham. I suppose this divorce business has to answer for that?"

"I suppose so," said Michael, gloomily. "People will talk, if it is only to hear their own confounded tongues. I should have thought it would have died a natural death long ago." "So should I. That is what makes me think there must be a fresh cause for scandal. Any way I should find out where the money goes to." "I shall do no such thing!" exclaimed Michael, angrily; but at the same time he knew that he should.

He quitted the office earlier than usual that afternoon. He entered a smoking compartment of the train, as usual, at the London bridge, and, laying his head back on the cushions, tried to compose himself to sleep. But the chatter of two young men in the same carriage arrested his attention. They were discussing some woman, after the manner of their kind. "She's awfully jolly," said one of them. "Just my style, you know—tall and slim, with gray eyes and brown hair. Quiet little woman to look at, but knows a deal, my boy."

room in a fury. He was naturally passionate and jealous, like the race he sprung from, but he had never had his feelings roused in like manner before. The words he had exchanged with his brother Joseph and those to which he had listened to in the train, all seemed to rush back upon his mind like so many flashes of electric light to dispense the mist which had blinded him—perhaps to his own dishonor. In a moment the twin demons—doubt and suspicion—caught hold of him and worked him up into a state bordering on madness. Was it possible, he asked himself, that the words of that vainglorious, blatant fool in the railway carriage pointed to his wife? He had always believed his wife to have been a most injured woman, but the devil of doubt had been raised in his breast, and he was ready to believe the very worst. And if, as he said to himself with clenched teeth, his brother's suspicions proved to be correct, and he found that Ella had deceived him, there would be murder in that house before the night was over. He had been pacing the floor of the dining-room for perhaps a couple of hours before his wife's step sounded in the hall. She came in hurriedly and nervously; and, when she heard that her husband had returned home, it seemed to him that her voice indicated more than surprise.

"Already!" she exclaimed falteringly, "surely it is not 7 yet! Where is he, in the dining-room?" She opened the door then, and stood on the threshold, a lovely picture by the firelight, in her velvets and furs. "What has brought you home so soon, Michael?" she inquired. "Have I arrived too early for your convenience, Mrs. Denza?" he answered in a strange tone. "Have I cut your engagements short?"

"I don't understand you," she said, closing the door and advancing toward him, but he could hear that her voice trembled. "Then I will explain myself. Where have you been? Who do you come from?" Mrs. Denza flushed scarlet. She was a pale woman by nature, but now her eyes filled with tears under the pain of her burning cheeks and nervousness. "Why should you speak to me like that?" she half whispered; "why do you want to know where I have been?" Her evident timidity looked so like guilt that Michael Denza felt sure that his doubts would prove to be realities.

"Because I suspect your errand, Ella—more, I know, and I am resolved to hear the truth." "Oh, God," she cried, involuntarily, and there stopped. Her husband stalked up to her and grasped her wrist. "I married you because I thought you were a true woman, and would stick to me," he said, "and till this day I never suspected you of double dealing. But I have found you out at last, and you shall suffer for it. Tell me the truth or I will kill you. You have been with that man."

Her eyelids fell before his angry glance. "Oh, Michael, for God's sake forgive me," she cried. "Forgive me!" he exclaimed. "Yes, I will forgive you, madam; and I will tell you how. I will turn you out of the house you have dishonored this very hour; you shall never see me nor your children again, nor have another opportunity of deceiving me, as doubtless you did the unfortunate devil whose name you bore before mine."

"It is a lie," she cried, goaded into resentment. "I never deceived him. I was only too patient. He has said so himself." "Then you reserved the honor for me. I am infinitely obliged to you. But it is for the last time. You shall not live to deceive me again." He advanced toward her with such a threatening air that the woman really thought her last hour had come. "Mercy, mercy!" she shrieked. "Oh, Michael! spare me, and I will tell you everything."

"Tell me the truth then, if you can. Have you come from meeting another man?" "Yes! I have!" "My God! and you can own it. What is his name?" She hesitated, and he returned to the attack. "Give me his name, or I will strike you to the ground."

But a sudden courage seemed to have come to Mrs. Denza's aid. She drew up her slight figure to its full height, and looked her husband straight in the eyes. "Strike me if you will," she answered, "and you will learn nothing. But be patient, and I will take you to him. Then you can revenge yourself upon him as you will."

"You will take me to him!" he stammered. "I will take you to him," she repeated. "But come at once, or it may be too late." She ran swiftly from the house as she spoke, and Michael Denza, clapping his hat upon his head, followed her as in a dream. He could not believe it possible she would introduce him to the very presence of her lover! Mrs. Denza walked quickly down several streets, until she reached a poorer quarter of the town, formed of small houses. Knocking quietly at the door of one of these, she merely said to the landlady: "I wish to go up-stairs again." Then to her husband, "Follow me," and in another minute they had ascended the narrow staircase together and entered a bed-chamber.

Mrs. Denza seemed strangely altered, luxury and content were dying without her manner almost defiant, as she advanced to the bedside, and, pulling down the sheet, disclosed the pallid face of an attenuated corpse. "There," she exclaimed proudly, as she turned to Michael, "there is the man I came from." "Dead!" he said, falling backward, "you are fooling me, Ella. This is some trick of yours. What had you to do with this corpse?" "I will tell you, Michael Denza," she replied. "That is the corpse of the man who beat and insulted me, until for my own safety I was compelled to separate from him. He has killed himself by drink and debauchery, but he was, none the less, the man whom once I swore to cherish. When his landlady appealed to me some weeks ago for money to buy him the actual necessities of life I did not feel justified in refusing it. How could I have lived in my wretched creature, knowing that this one comfort to smooth his passage to the grave? Yesterday he passed away, and the money I asked you for this afternoon was to pay for his funeral expenses. I was wrong, perhaps, not to confide in you before, but I was afraid the subject might worry you, and cause dissension between us. That has been all my fault. I leave you to judge whether I deserve the imputation you have put upon my absence."

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It is related that not so very long ago two of the richest middle-aged men in New York city went up to New Haven, unknown and unannounced, to look over the Yale buildings and the city with a view of sending their sons there. They took a carriage to the campus and there found the gentleman whose regular business is the care and supervision of the college property and premises. They asked him to show them about, and he did so as only he can. He made it very interesting to them, and when they were ready to go, the two had a brief conference and then the more famous one (whose name begins with a \$5 sign) offered to his guide a \$10 bill. "What is this for?" he asked. "Why that's for showing us about, of course," was the reply. "Well, I can't take it," he said, "I've only done what I am employed to do, and he positively declined the gift and retired. It is related that as the carriage rolled back to the railway station, one of them remarked to the other, 'This is a first world I ever struck, where a man would take a \$10 bill if you offered it to him.'—Hartford Courant.

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