

THE DEAD SPARROW.

Mortals, and immortals, too,
I have shocking news for you,
Things that will harrow
Every sympathetic breast;
Gone to its eternal rest
Is the bird my girl caressed—
Dead is Lesbia's sparrow!

It knew Lesbia quite as well
As did Lesbia herself
Know her good old mother;
Grateful to the dozing maid,
From whose reach it seldom strayed,
It was wont to serenade
Lesbia, and none other.

Victim to Plutonian wrath,
Now it hops along the path
Downward, dark and narrow;
Maledictions on thy head,
Orcus! See how fearful red
Are the beatific eyes that shed
Oceans for that sparrow!
—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

IN LOVE AND WAR.

The story of a country village is the story of its store.

That wonderful place where the mail and the molasses flow from a common source, so to speak—where your inner and outer man, your mental and physical self, must get all their stimulus—is the epitome of all the diffusely written history of the lives that cluster around it.

What the store man cannot tell you of every passer by and every customer you are not likely to learn yourself, except by unusual fortune; and all he does tell you has the delightful piquancy of having passed through the medium of a rarely shrewd mind, gaining more than one beauty spot in the transit.

That was what I was thinking as I sat in Bijah's store, with the mingled odors of calico print and dried apples, coffee and the straw that crockery is packed in fighting for supremacy in my notice.

Bijah's broad back was turned to me and he was sorting the day's mail with comments that made me as wise as himself regarding its contents.

"Mis' Mi-randy Bent," said Bijah; "that'll be about her pension, I guess. Ruther official lookin, that is. Mr. Asy Fowler; his son John—gone down to Pocher-mouth—he writes ter him nigh enter every week—en a nice, clean hand he writes, does John. Here's a letter fer the schulema'am. Now that's a han'writin fer yer Putty ez she is, an jest as simple like."

The latch clicked and the door opened. Bijah looked over his shoulder and grinned. I was shut out from sight of more than the visitor's legs by a slack line of dangling towels, aprons and socks; but they were steady, reliable looking legs, straight and strong, clothed in heavy boots and blue overalls.

Bijah neither turned nor laid down his letters. He stood there grinning, and whether the person in the doorway was grinning also, or plotting my assassination in pantomime, I was none the wiser.

The heavy boots shuffled and turned about, stepped outside and the door shut. Bijah chuckled to himself and looked back at his letters again.

"Them papers is for young Thompson. He's th' editor of our paper. He's alive—alive an kickin. He's been out west fur a spell, an he thinks we're all dead an buried. An he has made a great change in The Engler, I tell you. Folks say he'll be made ter smart fur the way he musses round inter people's affairs; but it's lively, it's lively."

The papers went into a separate box, and Bijah resumed the letters.

"Mehaly Hopkins; she's got a heap of money. Mazin haow fond yer folks is of ye when yer got a pile and ain't no heirs of yer buddy. She's good fer em though; she's a cute 'un."

"I suppose it's unusual for any one to make much more than their living away up here, isn't it, Bijah?"

"Humph! yes, fer any one. Not fer some on 'em though. Some on 'em is smarter 'n gressed lightnin'."

He put his head on one side and squinted at the letter he was holding.

"Him, now, Jeremiah Wilson, he's a keen 'un. Nobody ever got the best o' th' ole man but Jim. You saw Jim—came in here jest now; ain't no 'tater bugs on Jim; when he gits up he's up fer all day."

Bijah grinned and wagged his head. "Jere-miah—Wil-son!" he remarked, and slapped the letter into its pigeon-hole.

The latch clicked again, the door opened and the same pair of legs appeared in the very same spot where I had seen them before.

Bijah grinned. Presumably the unseen grinned also, for there was too much of Bijah's grin not to be offensive, if it were otherwise.

"What chu want?"

"Nothin'."

"We don't keep that; or, if we do, were jest aout of it."

The big boots turned about slowly.

"Sure ye do' want no lamps, are ye?"

"Gals go with 'em?"

"Not in this shop."

"That settles it, as fur as I'm concerned," and he went away and closed the door again.

Bijah looked after him and chuckled. "What's the joke, Bijah?"

"Dono' ez I'd orter say an'thin, aout-side, but yo' know how it is, Mr. Carson, you never seem no stranger."

"Hand over your story, you old gossip," I answered. "Why, it would burn your tongue off if you tried to keep it in."

Bijah laughed heartily at this polite sally.

"Well, I take fer my tex," as Elder Slocum says, that beautiful axum, 'All is fair in love an war.'"

He came around the end of the counter and sat on an unopened sugar barrel, with his legs crossed and his rough hands clasped around his knee.

"Th' ole man, Jeremiah Wilson, that I mentioned back a spell, he's a Tartar. He do' know nothin but his own way; an Mis' Wilson, she never know'd nothin ter gin it to him. He's got a trick er turnin red-faced an lookin like he was agoin ter bust, an Mis' Wilson, she wuz so neat, she couldn't bear ter hev her horse mussed, so she jest gin it to him.

"There was one gal—Mame her name

Attacked the Wrong Dog.

There was a tremendous rumpus and excitement in a prominent drug store on Chestnut street, near Twelfth, the other day. A fair maid, strolling down the street with a large mastiff, stopped in the store for soda. The place was crowded, and among the crowd were two other ladies with two other dogs.

The other dogs were considerably smaller than the mastiff, but by a lightning calculation they decided that by combining forces they might take a fall out of him. Instantly acting, the rumpus began.

In one-fifth the space of time it takes to write if the air was filled with snarls, yelps, barks, growls, dog hair, female shrieks, children's howls and screams, soda water, muffs, small packages and male profanity. Women and children clambered upon the counters or fled into the street; the clerks and soda water boys grabbed the fighting dogs, and the big mastiff was dragged out upon the pavement, where a crowd had already gathered.

Seeing his mistress on the outskirts of the crowd the mastiff gave a bound toward her and hurled an old gentleman and a small girl flat on their backs. The crowd scattered as if it had been an egg thrown against a barn door, the big dog barked loudly and the old gentleman grew red in the face in his efforts to do verbal justice to his feelings. The excitement lasted until a reserve policeman came up and asked what the matter was and was told nine different stories, all of which were wrong.

Inside the damage was computed at six broken tumblers, five or six dresses ruined by soda water stains and a huge bowl of fresh eggs rendered valueless by being sat in by a fat lady, which was placed there by its mother during the first outbreak of the excitement. One of the small dogs had about a half pound of meat bitten out of him by the big one.—Philadelphia Record.

Just about then, Jim Lane began ter sleeve round with Mame Wilson. Smart ez a steel trap, he is; he runs the sawmill up the Creek; but th' ole man hates him like pizen, an he talked ter Mame till she 'lowed she wouldn't take up with Jim, 'less he wuz willin'.

"Jim Lane is the darnedest good natured feller you ever see. He's alluz got a good word an a pleasant smile fer folks, an he'll go further out o' his track fer a friend 'n most anybuddy I know."

"He took it offal hard about Mame, an he regly got mopy an down in the mouth about it. An then he got his second wind, an he tried every witch way to play it on th' ole man. But Mame she got putty stuffy, too, an she declared she'd never 'pose her father, an thar 'twas."

Bijah got off the barrel to sell a couple of candy balls to a rosy faced little lass who was so short as to be visible under the slack line, and resumed, as she closed the door of the shop—

"The hull village knew all about it and they talked it up, early an late. The gals they wasn't slow ter say what they'd do ef they wuz in her place, and the Engler took a hand, so ter speak, an nearly drove the ole man wild. But Mis' Peterson, the minister's sister, she 'lowed that Mame wuz right ter mind her father."

"Look a-here," says Jim, 'ain't I got no rights at all?' an Mis' Peterson she laughed an said she 'sposed so, but he certainly did n't orter ask Mame ter take the responsibility of breakin her word."

Bijah chuckled and changed his legs and clasped the other knee.

"Twasn't very long after that ole Wilson went home one night. 'Twuz gettin early dusk an he trole Mame she'd better get the lamp afore she set down ter tea. Mame wuz agoin through the entryway with a whoopin great shade lamp in her hand, when somebody knocked ter the front door, and she jest stopped an opened it without thinkin'."

"Jim Lane was a-standin there. 'Don't say nothin, Mame,' says he, an he takes her bodily, lamp an all, and tucks her inter a carriage that he hed at the gate. He didn't fool round with no railroad train, but jest turned them horses' heads fer Canada, an when they got ter the line Mame wuz a settin there ez still ez a mouse, without any hat er coat, an that big shade lamp a burnin jest as pear as ef it wuz on the ole man Wilson's table ter home."

Bijah spat at the stove and laughed to himself.

"Fearful thing—the ingratitude of children, ain't it? But you'd orter seen the Bugler nex' mornin. Every dad blamed column in it hed a big headline, 'Jim Lane has got his gal. Jim Lane has got his gal.' Gosh! that jest proved ole Wilson wouldn't never hev busted when he didn't bust that mornin'."

"He went whoopin off ter his lawyer ter see what he cud do to Jim, but Mame she wuz of age an she writ him that she wuz fer her own free will; so all he cud make any fuss about wuz the lamp, an they've been a lawin an foolin an a arbitratin ever since."—Margaret Ingersoll in Boston Transcript.

Danger in Meat Diet.

The evils of a meat diet are being appreciated by many high liver in cities, and these are being counteracted partly by the wealthy in adding more fruits and vegetables to their tables during the winter. The cheapness of meat and a peculiar craving which the system seems to have for meat have gradually made it common for city people to live almost entirely off meat in the winter months. Meat is eaten three times a day in quantities, and the excessive use of such a diet is that rheumatic and gout temperaments are acquired. These temperaments are on the increase, and they are largely due to the excessive use of meat.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Some Postoffice Figures.

The number of postoffices in the United States thirty years ago was a fraction over 30,000. Now there are 18,799 postoffices in the states and territories west of the Mississippi, and of that number 9,296 are west of the Missouri. Nebraska, thirty years ago, had 45 postoffices, while today she has 1,127. The total revenue of the postoffices west of the Missouri for the year 1891 was \$11,700,192, which \$7,268,068 represents the post-receipts of the region west of the Missouri. In 1860 the total postoffice receipts for the United States were only a fraction over \$11,000,000.—Edward Rosewater's Omaha Address.

What Platforms Are For.

A weather beaten American citizen stood on the platform of a railroad coach while the train was speeding along at the rate of fifty miles per hour.

"Can't stand on the platform," shouted the conductor.

"What are platforms for, anyhow?" asked the man.

"Platforms are not made to stand on; they are made to get in on," replied the conductor.

This is the story which Representative Allen, of Missouri, illustrates the frailty of political platforms.—Washington Cor. Omaha World-Herald.

WORKINGMEN SPEAK.

THE KENSINGTON REFORM CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA PETITIONS.

They Give the Facts in Their Own Lines of Labor and Point Out the Remedies. They Want Free Raw Materials to Begin With.

The following is a part of the petition sent to congress by the Kensington Reform club of Philadelphia, an organization composed entirely of workmen in the highly protected textile industries:

While labor is the most directly interested in the arrangement of tariff schedules it has been customary for those who have favored high protective duties to turn a deaf ear to its appeals despite their protestations of solicitude for the welfare of the toilers. The clamors of those who find a special interest in high duties, having the time and means to besiege the doors of congress, have not been heeded. The fat they tried out of the workingman enabled them to render special service to the partisan machine, and thus they could make their weight felt far better than the fleeced workingman.

Now, however, that there is once more an opportunity for labor to be heard upon an equal footing with the capitalists, we, the Kensington Reform club, as an organization composed of working men in every branch of the textile industries, send greeting to the friends of fairplay and honest and equal government, with a prayer for the immediate passage of a free wool bill now under consideration in the house, which, while it may not fully meet our desires, is yet a measure offering great relief to the whole people.

The labor in the woolen industries has never been in so depressed a condition as in the past year. The carpet industry was never so demoralized. Wages have been reduced both in a direct way and by the various surterfuges called adjustments, readjustments and fines, and yet the cost of living has been perceptibly increased until the condition of labor is well nigh unbearable. Employment has grown more unsteady, many mills working but partial time, while in others the waiting for warp and filling amounts to a loss of from one-quarter to one-half time. This is no idle talk, but the result of investigation, as it is one of the missions of our organization to intelligently watch the effects of legislation upon labor, and we may here add that there has never been an increase in tariff rates that was not almost immediately followed by reduction of wages. This is surely contrary to what was promised as the result of the tariff law passed by the last congress, and is it surprising to find workmen realizing that they have been fooled once too often?

If, as has been asserted in congress recently, the manufacturers do not need or want a high tariff, and it is solely for the benefit of labor, then there is not the slightest impediment to an agreement about its abolition. But since the gentlemen who make this assertion still oppose a reduction, the workmen who don't want it either are certainly justified in praying that those kind souls may stop their benevolent endeavors to raise wages by law, which they can't do, and set about raising them in the mills, which they can do, and if they will only give to the workmen that which they otherwise give to the party machine the workers will be able to buy more clothes and thus make more work for the mills.

We here reiterate the fact that the greater cause for the inability of the American manufacturers to compete with their foreign rivals is because of the unjustifiable tax on the raw materials, and not the differences in wages, and that this tax amounts to from three to five times more than the entire wages account in the product. It is needless for gentlemen to imagine that they can forever fool the workingman by their expressions of solicitude for wages while yet willing and anxious to bear the enormous burden of this unnecessary tariff tax on the raw materials. To the workingman of ordinary intelligence this looks like trying to find excuses for the further reduction of wages, for so long as they can be made to believe that their wages are princely as compared with the wages of workmen on the other side of the water, they may be induced to submit to reductions without knowing that they are rapidly nearing the level of the "pauper labor of Europe."

Workingmen are praying deeply just now that their protectionist friends may stop awhile their hard labors to raise the wind by tariff laws, so as to take time to give their professions a practical turn by raising wages in fact. But if we may judge men by their actions, we are justified in asserting that if these professional friends of labor thought that a tariff would raise wages, they would drop it quickly.

In a recent number of The Manufacturer, the organ of the protectionist manufacturers, its editor, in a labored article, tried to show that the English manufacturers were selling their goods here as cheaply as they did before the McKinley law went into effect, and deducing from that, that the foreign manufacturers were paying the tax for the privilege of selling in our market. In another article of the same number the fact is stated that Botany tops have declined in price in England sixteen cents per pound, and this is given as a partial reason for their ability to sell as cheaply as before the increase of the tariff. When we consider that this decline of prices of wool is equivalent to a saving of upward of thirty-two cents in every pound of manufactured cloth we may find it to be the whole reason. Here is a pretty mixture of facts and fancies, but then if every tariff advocate would stick to facts their cause would suffer badly.

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Freeland Ready Pay.

to your honorable committee of ways and means by the wool consumers' committee (themselves manufacturers) that the McKinley law has promoted largely the adulteration of woolen manufactures. It is only necessary to state one fact to show the falsity of their claim. If all the wool in the country, domestic and imported, outside of that used for carpets, were made up into pure wools, there would be only about 80,000,000 pounds of cloths, dress goods, blankets, hats and numerous other articles for our 61,000,000 people, or a little over 1 1/2 pounds for each individual. What sane man believes that 80,000,000 pounds will cover all the goods that are sold to the public as all wool American manufactures in a year? But we must not forget that they have learned to manufacture wool by putting cast off clothing through a chemical process which eats up all but the wool, and this residue is recarded and used to mix with other wool, but as the chemicals have eaten the life out of it, there is no practical difference between it and cotton.

With reference to the difference between American and foreign wools we are prepared to prove that in many branches our rates are even below English rates, and the same is true even of actual earnings. The rate paid now for woolen weaving in the Huddersfield (England) district varies from 1 cent for 8 picks for fine work, with extra pay for extra heddles, extra colors, extra beams, while the highest rate paid in this country is 1 cent for 5 picks, but no extras, which levels it down to the highest English rate; but there are very many mills in this country, in fact most of them, that pay only 1 cent for 8 picks and less. Thus for 60 pick work the English rate is from 6 1/2 cents per yard to 10 cents per yard, extras to be added, while the American rate is 6 to 12 cents with no extras. If the American weaver earns more money than the English in a week it is simply because he works faster and turns out more product.

The stubborn perversity and dishonesty of the protectionist is nowhere better seen than in their steady refusal to correct the most glaring inconsistencies and mischievous discriminations of their tariff laws, even after their attention has been repeatedly drawn to them, and they dared not deny them. One is the discrimination against American manufacturers involved in the adjustment of the duties between the raw materials and the finished products, and the other is the placing of a heavier tax upon the poor man's necessities than upon the rich man's luxuries. We called their attention to these points as far back as the spring of 1896, and the protectionist National Woolen Manufacturers' association pointed out substantially the same errors in their letter to the secretary of the treasury in the fall of 1885, and yet in the makeup of the McKinley law this infernal piece of injustice was not only retained, but made worse than ever. This shows that they had no idea of perfecting an act of justice in a viciously determined purpose to serve a few masters. In fact, it appears to them to be a pleasure to shift the burdens of taxation off the shoulders of the rich to those of the poor—to make labor the pack mule of the rich.

The cry of protectionist manufacturers now is that the McKinley law be let alone because it is doing the manufacturers a great deal of good, yet in the fact of this there has yet to be recorded one important instance of advancing wages, but the instances of wages being pared down are numerous. This is another evidence of their false pretenses, and such indisputable facts ought to surely be sufficient to cause labor to open its eyes to the real purpose of its protectionist friends—a purpose to serve the rich at the expense of the toilers of the country and to impel the toilers to rise in their manhood to throw off the shackles that bind them to their insidious enemies.

We now declare, without fear of contradiction, that there is not a woolen manufacturer in Philadelphia who does not privately long for free wool, and those who openly advocate taxed wool are actuated by partisan rancor, and we are still more emphatic in the declaration that there is not in Philadelphia one woolen worker out of a hundred who would not openly ask for free wool were they all free from the sinister influences of the bosses. As we prefer our own prosperity and bread and butter to party success we ask for free wool first without reference to its effects upon parties.

Poorer Goods and Higher Prices.

Mr. Whiting, a congressman from Michigan and one of the members of the committee of ways and means of the house of representatives, has an interest in a large mercantile firm in St. Clair, Mich. Being in the business he ought to know what effect the McKinley tariff has had upon prices. When he was asked, on his return to Washington from New York, where he had been buying goods, what effect the high duties have had upon prices, he said:

The importers of New York are protesting with one voice against a policy of the custom house, which is now to exact the highest possible rates of duty and to treat all importers as dishonest and guilty of undervaluation. I have no doubt that the moving cause is the fact that money is needed to fill an empty treasury, but the people must pay the bills. The high tariff now being collected encourages American manufacturers to support the Republican ticket with large contributions, and I have no doubt the administration knows what it is about.

The claim that goods have not been made higher by the McKinley law I am able to deny with emphasis after a practical experience of several days in purchasing all classes of importations, as well as home goods. In many cases the quality of goods is degraded in order not to show increased cost. In other cases expensive goods are dropped from the counters of the wholesale houses, and cheaper articles are substituted and introduced as a "change of style." It is a poor subterfuge to make the poor consumer think he is paying no more for the same articles he purchased a year ago. I do not think any buyer is deceived.

Freeland Ready Pay.

Flour \$2.45
Chop \$1.00
Bran 50c
Ham 11c per lb
Cal. ham 8c
Shoulder 7 1/2c
English wall nuts 10c
Mixed nuts 10c
Hazel nuts 12 1/2c
Chestnuts 10c
Hickory nuts 8c
Pea nuts 5c
Buckwheat flour, 25 lbs for 60c
1 quart peas 5c
1 quart beans 8c
1 pound barley 5c
1 can sardines 5c
2 dozen boxes matches 25c
1 piece sand soap 5c
4 pounds currants 25c
300 clothes pins 25c
3 pounds good raisins 25c
4 pounds raisins 25c
1 pound coffee 20 and 23c
1 pound good tea 25c
5 pounds soda biscuits 25c
5 sticks stove polish 25c
3 pounds mixed cakes 25c
3 pounds coffee cakes 25c
6 pounds brown sugar 25c
5 pounds lima beans 24c
3 pounds bologna 24c
3 cans lime 25c
3 boxes axle grease 25c
3 dozen pickles 25c
2 quarts baking molasses 25c
2 quarts best syrup 25c
3 quarts cheap syrup 25c
3 pounds corn starch 25c
3 pounds bird seed 25c
6 pounds oat meal 25c
6 pounds oat flakes 25c
1 pound hops 25c
2 packages ivoryine (with spin in) 25c

Muffs for 40c up to any price you want; all have been reduced to cost.

All wool blankets have been reduced to wholesale price.

Ladies' and children's coats for half price. Drop in and get some of those bargains.

J. C. BERNER.

Washington House,
11 Walnut Street, above Centre.

A. Goepfert, Prop.
The best of Whiskies, Wines, Gin and Cigars.
Good stabling attached.

ARNOLD & KRELL'S
Beer and Porter Always on Tap.

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Patrick Carey has removed from the American hotel to John McShea's block, 95 and 97 Centre Street, where he can be found with a full line of Medical Wines, Gin, Brandy, Rumm, Old Rye and Bourbon Whiskey. Any person who is dry and wants a cold, fresh, large schooner of beer will be satisfied by calling at Carey's.

Good Accommodation For All.
SIX DIFFERENT KINDS OF BEER ON TAP.

CURE THAT
Cold
AND STOP THAT
Cough.

N. H. Downs' Elixir
WILL DO IT.

Price, 25c., 50c., and \$1.00 per bottle.
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HENRY, JOHNSON & LORD, Props., Burlington, Vt.

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CITIZENS' BANK

—OF—
FREELAND.
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COTTAGE HOTEL,

Cor. of Main and Washington Streets,
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MATT SIEGER, Prop.
Having leased the above hotel and furnished it in the best style, I am prepared to cater to the wants of the traveling public.
GOOD STABLING ATTACHED.

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