

PICKED UP BY THE WAY.

THINGS SEEN AND HEARD IN THE TOWN AND VICINITY.

Matters of a Local Nature Commented Upon and Placed Before the Readers of the "Tribune" in Large Letters—Some Paragraphs May Interest You.

The drop in railroad fares to Chicago has awakened interest anew among a number of people in town. Many who had intended to visit the fair abandoned the idea under the impression that the railroads would not reduce the rates, but the move of the presidents of the trunk lines last week has set them again figuring up the probable expenses of the trip. The curtailment of privileges on the excursion tickets seems to be a large obstacle to some who want to get there as cheaply as they can, yet they would like to stop off at Niagara Falls and other noted places along the line, which is not permitted by the companies. Nevertheless, the reduction is quite an inducement to parties of limited resources, and I would advise my friends to buy an excursion ticket, if they can't reach a first-class. Get to Chicago before the show is over by all means.

I have been trying to get some information about this suit William Kraut has entered against the police and borough, but so far have been only partially successful in it. Nevertheless, it is certain that he feels damaged to the extent of \$5,000 and has proceeded to collect the bill through his attorney. Now this poor deluded man is under the impression that to go howling through the borough like a wild Indian, as it is alleged he did at nearly midnight on May 21, is the only sure lottery to invest in, where the prizes are big and no blanks are drawn. This get-rich-quick scheme has often been tried and in many instances with disastrous results, but it seems William and his friends are in it to win.

On the night in question when Mr. Kraut went up Centre street the eagle on the P. O. S. of A. building didn't get frightened, neither did the "cops," because they are not built on the same plain as Snowden's soldiers or the state's heroes—the coal and iron men. On the contrary, they gave William a fair show. When he came down the street again, sending forth his peals of thunder, he was taken under the wing by a "cop" and after a lively scrap was landed safely in the commodious quarters which are presided over by Janitor Boyle. If Mr. Kraut can draw a \$5,000 prize for this the Montana and Louisiana lotteries are doomed.

There are at times a small contingent comes from the outside towns who feel as Mr. Kraut did, that it is a man's public duty to let the community know they have a "jag" on, and then to get angry because things are not run to suit their fancy. It seems as if it was premeditated. They heard of that little place, 8x10, known as Freeland borough, where everything is supposed to go. They get here once or twice a month, according to the number of paydays, and are always prepared to slaughter anything with which they may come in contact. The methods of getting along in the mining towns are uppermost in their brain. To shout and yell at all hours of night is their hobby and then whip any of the residents who has the audacity to question it.

As a rule they begin the evenings "enjoyment" by skirmishing outside of the borough, but invariably find their way inside the limits about midnight when there is always a possibility to have a scrap with a "cop." Generally from a dimly lighted street a few yells may be heard, then a collision. It wasn't his neighbor in the mining town he met, but a "cop." The next morning Janitor Boyle has a new guest who is glad to escape at any price and go home and tell his friends what a low-lived crowd resides in Freeland.

I noticed that one of the Hazleton papers used up five or six inches of editorial space to inform me that the phrase "moth-eaten city on props" when applied to Hazleton, is not original. It says I should have given credit to

Lawyer Halsey, of White Haven, who coined it during the anti new county campaign. Well, to tell the truth I didn't know who was the originator or possessor of the expression, but I will take my Hazleton friend's word for it that Mr. Halsey is its author and I hereby extend to that learned gentleman my humble apology for using it without credit, and I also tender him my congratulations for the good judgement and sound sense shown in giving Hazleton that very appropriate title. "Moth-eaten city on props" is good.

A letter from Michael Mulligan, Jr., of Upper Lehigh, came under my observation a few days ago. Mike is doing duty as one of the Columbian Guards at the World's fair and had a narrow escape from extermination at the great fire out there last week. It appears he was in the thick of the fire from the start, but fortunately was sent with some other guards to procure more hose. While away on this mission the danger to the remaining guards and firemen became apparent and he arrived back at the burning building late enough to escape the terrible death of so many others but also soon enough to receive a slight scorching and to lose his cap and a shoulder knot off his uniform when the tower fell. The names of all who were on duty at the fire have been placed on file in the Chicago city hall, and visitors from this section can call there and see that the above is true.

A more liberal display of signs at the intersection of streets would not be out of place by our borough councilmen. The use of street names in defining places of business and residences is coming into vogue more and more every day, yet when strangers and people from the towns about Freeland come here looking for a certain street they experience a great deal of difficulty in obtaining the required information. It is true that signboards are to be seen upon some corners, but these are not enough. Two at least should be visible at every point where one street crosses another.

Another matter that was called to my attention recently is the fact that a few of the streets have names that are not at all appropriate to their location. Let us take Front for example. It is situated almost in the centre of the town, and I can find no reasonable excuse for its claim to the name it bears. South street is another of these. It was, years ago, the most southern street of the town and is yet of the borough, but it is a long way now from being what it was when it received the name. These are not very serious things, still it is as easy to have them right as wrong. SAUNTERER.

ECKLEY CLIPPINGS.

Miss Annie Weeks has returned to her home at Plymouth after spending a week in town with relatives. Alex Treible, of Latimer, spent a few hours in town Sunday evening. G. M. Hufford and wife, of Drifton, were here visiting on Sunday. Miss Annie McHugh has returned from Philadelphia and intends spending the summer with her parents here. We are glad to note that Mrs. Shellhammer, who has been very ill, is in a fair way of recovering. William Eroh, of Hazleton, drove through town on Tuesday evening. Miss Mattie Snyder, of Silver Brook, is visiting friends in town. Walter Fernau and George Hartman spent Sunday in Weatherly. Mrs. Dominic Kelly returned on Tuesday from a Philadelphia hospital, where she had been under treatment for several weeks. Misses Jennie and Lizzie Phillips, of Drifton, visited in town on Sunday. Misses Ray and Lizzie James, Gertrude and Jennie Freeman, accompanied by Messrs. Werbaugh, James, Moore and Reynolds took in the opera at Freeland on Tuesday evening. Miss Kate Wyatt is visiting Pottsville friends. Mrs. John Evans has returned after spending two weeks with relatives at Scranton. Miss Annie Lutz has returned from Reading, where she has been visiting. Oswald Rickert, of Silver Brook, spent Sunday in town. Scott Young and wife, of Freeland, Sunday here. A party was held at the residence of D. W. James Saturday evening. Dancing was indulged in and all sorts of games played. Refreshments of every kind were served and a good time had by all in attendance. Among those present were Misses Jennie and Gertrude Freeman of Scranton, Clara Biery, Rebecca Aubrey, Annie Hoffman, Ray and Lizzie James and Maggie and Tinnie Himes of Eckley, Stella Smith, Elwood and Stanley Rickert and Harry Allen of Hazle Brook, Harry Brown and J. H. Curry of Hazleton, Ben Reynolds of Freeland, Wm. Moore, Wm. Werbaugh, John Davies and John James.

How Blue Paper Was Discovered. It was by the purest accident that the simple process of tinting white paper was discovered. It was the result of sheer carelessness in a woman. The wife of an English paper maker named William East, accidentally dropped the "blue bag," a small bag full of bluing with which she was about to blue her washing, into a vat of pulp, where it lay long enough to give the entire mass a bluish tinge before, to her consternation, she recovered it. So terrified was she at the result of her gross carelessness and its disastrous result that she dared not mention the fact to her husband, whose dismay at what he considered the discoloration and destruction of the entire lot of paper made from the mass was his worry for months. He considered the paper spoiled and an entire loss, but suffered it to remain in an out of the way place as unsalable stock for four years, when, in order to get it out of the way and to make room for better stock, he sent it to his agent in London, asking him to get rid of it at any price. To the paper maker's utter surprise, in a short time he received from his agent an order for a great quantity of the bluish paper being a novelty that had taken wonderfully with the public. But East was in a dilemma, for he had no idea as to how to give the blue tinge to the paper ordered by his agent and yearly tried without result for many days and nights. Mentioning his trouble to his wife one day she admitted her carelessness and told of the way in which the pulp happened to become spoiled by the bag of bluing. The paper maker was overjoyed at the revelation, found it an easy task to give the tinge to his white paper and until the time of his death, which occurred many years after, he was unable to supply the great demand for blue paper, so acceptable and relieving to the eye of the writer.—Boston Herald.

An Old Woman's Cure For Dyspepsia. "The most remarkable thing that has ever occurred to me in my earthly career," said Eugene McKelvey, "occurred some years ago when I was afflicted with dyspepsia. I had a bad case, I assure you. Oh, I was all broke up. Food was disgusting. I had no appetite, and I just walked around looking for some place to lay down and die. Some time passed, and I grew worse. I saw myself a physical wreck, and try as I might I simply couldn't revive appetite nor ambition. Finally I ran into an old woman, a kind of witch I guess—old women are always witches when they dress in faded garments and predict to you—who said that I would get well if I should go to a certain farm and three times a day cast an ear of corn to a white pig and then listen to it eat. I do not believe in such rites; but, dear me, I was so sick that I was willing to try anything. "So I bought a white pig, secured a pen for it within the mentioned farm limits, and daily made three journeys with an ear of corn that I threw in and then watched the pig eat. Well, do you know the sound of that pig crunching and sucking those corn grains made me hungry. Oh, I enjoyed the sensation so much. It made me ravenous. When I returned from my walk I wanted to eat. So I continued visiting the white pig and eating three good meals a day until I am myself again and as healthy as I am now. I don't care to understand the whyness of it now. I am only too glad to be well."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Getting a Dead Man Out of a Hotel. "I was stopping at the United States hotel in New York several years ago," said Mr. William I. Montague, "and while there formed a very pleasant acquaintance with the chief clerk. We were chatting one afternoon when a bellboy came to him and stated the man in No. 86 was dead. He had been ailing for some time and had probably died of what doctors now call heart failure. The hotel was full of guests, and how to remove the man without arousing their suspicions was a puzzling question. The deceased had a sister living on Thirty-first street, and it was decided to carry the body to her home. A hack was called, and two of the stoutest porters were called upon to dress the body in everyday costume, and with one on each side walk him down stairs as if he was in a mandarin state of intoxication. Everything worked to perfection, and in a half hour the dead body had been seated in the hack and driven away, none of the guests being the wiser for what had happened."—St. Louis Republic.

The Place of Meeting. One of the Salvation Army recruits, sent to a certain inland town of California, was a young lady of fine social position and savoir faire. She was also very beautiful. Her arrival greatly agitated the chappies, who flocked to the street meetings. Finally one young blood made a bet that he would secure an appointment with the beauty for that same night, and approaching her after the meeting he slipped into her hand a \$20 gold piece. She put it in her pocket. "And—ah—where shall I meet you by and by?" pursued the masquer. "In heaven, I hope," placidly answered the lassie as she walked away with the golden double eagle.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Obeying the New Immigration Law. All the agents of the transatlantic steamship companies which carry steerage passengers to this port have now agreed to respect the new immigration rules, and to do their share in the enforcement of them. It will assuredly be to their advantage to perform this duty faithfully and to co-operate properly with Dr. Jenkins and Commissioner Semmer. They are liable to heavy penalties for negligence. Those of them who have striven to evade the new regulations must not be permitted to trifle any longer with the public safety. Instead of their interests conflicting in any way with those, the interests of both parties are the same.—New York Sun.

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Women in a Photograph Gallery. "If you want to see some of the vanities of life, just pass a week in a photographer's gallery," said one who has grown gray in the art that immortalizes. "That the bulk of our patrons is of the class of handsome people is a common belief, but not a correct one. "Of course pretty women of a certain class get an enormous number of pictures taken, which they use almost as some people do cards, to give away to everybody. But a large number of orders come from people who are positively homely. Photographers rarely do a pretty face full justice. We cannot flatter nature without spoiling the effect entirely, but we can help out a homely person wonderfully, and the shrewd photographer doesn't neglect to do it in every possible way. I have seen commonplace looking women go into ecstasies over pictures of themselves. "The painter who can use the modifications of light and shade in colors has a big advantage over us, but we have pretty well balanced things by touching up photographs in water colors. It's wonderful what exalted opinions some women have of their personal beauty. I have seen some of them who have been dealing with me for a quarter of a century, and they expect that their pictures of today shall show as attractively as those of decades ago."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Wordsworth on Women. Wordsworth indulges not infrequently in caustic remarks on women who write, toward whom he always retained a rooted objection. It is said that after Miss Martineau took up her residence in his neighborhood this abhorrence to authorship sometimes took such active expression that the deaf lady was frequently obliged to see what she could not hear and perforce to recognize that her presence was unwelcome at Rydal Mount. She herself, however, makes no mention of anything of the kind when alluding to the Wordsworths and her intercourse with them. On one occasion, after unsparingly condemning a work by Miss Sedgwick, he concludes his criticism thus: "Such productions add to my dislike of literary ladies—indeed make me almost detest the name." And further on again he finds the rather sweeping announcement that "blue stockings is sadly at enmity with true refinement of mind." This last is said in reference to Sara Coleridge, whom he rather pettishly accuses of monopolizing Mr. Quillinan's attention on one occasion during the time of the latter's engagement to his daughter Dora. Perhaps as the remark is made in a letter to Quillinan himself something in the nature of a tacit reproof may be included in it for him also.—Cornhill Magazine.

What the Growing Generation Wants. There is one great fault with the growing generation. The young men want to get rich too fast. With wealth going to waste all around them they cannot find it in their souls to be patient. They are not content to plod along as their fathers did before them and slowly lay up a fortune. They must have it now, today, this instant. When they go into an enterprise, they want capital and lots of it. They want to begin on a big scale and electrify the world. It is not the age of saving, but of spending. Speculation is the craze of the hour. Every man wants to make more than he can earn by the sweat of his brow. He must double his money in a night and quadruple it the next day. It is an altogether artificial existence. Contentment is not sought nowadays. All that men want is excitement.—New York Tribune.

Trees in French Cities. One of the chief beauties of the larger French cities and second only to their edifices and monuments are the trees. The almost interminable vistas of chestnuts and acacias stretching along the broad and well paved avenues as far as the eye can reach, their bending branches almost touching one another in an endless arch of verdure, form not only a delightful perspective for the eye, but serve to add beauty to cities already beautiful and grace and symmetry to whatever might be harsh and forbidding. This, however, is not the result of nature's handiwork alone, for science and art have lent their aid. The planting, as well as the maintenance of the trees in French cities, is an item of no little importance in the annual budget prepared by the municipal council, which does not look upon their preservation as of less consequence than the repairing of the roadways or the lighting of the streets.—London Times.

A Want. Wanted—A burglar who does not "effect an entrance" and who does not "overturn a chair, waking the inmates, whose loud cries cause him to beat a hasty retreat, making good his escape." Apply to most any newspaper reporter.—Silver Outburst.

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