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FREELAND, PA., MARCH 8, 1894.

Future Policy of Ireland's Friends.

With the retirement of Gladstone as prime minister of Great Britain it is to be hoped that the world will hear considerably less of the "Irish question" for the future. For years and years the people in every portion of the globe who love justice and liberty have been kept in suspense by the false promises of Gladstone and other men high in British politics. These apostles of hypocrisy have time and again assured the people of Ireland of their support and desire to aid them, but their promises were as insincere as any that men ever made. Deluded, as the Irish and many of their sympathizers were by the hopes of obtaining "Home Rule," the British government could afford to carry on its contemptible warfare against the little island, feeling secure that the victims and their friends would not resist while there was some hope of gaining by legislation one point from their oppressors. The folly of relying upon false friendship is now plain to all who are interested in the question, and henceforth not one cent of money or one word of sympathy should be wasted upon any plan or programme for the relief of Ireland which may have as its object anything less than a complete surrender of the claims of British supremacy over the country it has shamefully treated for seven hundred years.

Pleading, coaxing and common sense arguments for justice have no effect upon a government that has its hands stained with blood since the day it was strong enough to strike and torture a weaker nation; concession from such a degraded power must come through fear alone. Every point gained by Ireland in the last century was won by that means, not by parliamentarian eloquence or moral suasion, O'Connell's supposed victories not excepted; and every link in the chain that binds the island must be broken by force. Patting the lion on the head will never alleviate the sufferings of the Irish people, but a blow at one of its vital organs will bring the stuffed monster to its senses every time.

So let the "Irish question" drop from its present position in parliament. It annoys the whole world, for no matter what may be a man's nationality he is more or less interested in the struggles of his fellowmen, whether they be Irish or Zulus, and since the Irish will not be benefitted by the sops known as "Home Rule," even if it is ever granted, let them seek other means to avenge and redress their wrongs, pay no more homage to men of Gladstone's ilk, the worst enemy their country had in the nineteenth century, but study the histories of their martyred ancestors and complete the work for which thousands of patriots sacrificed their lives.

The power of Great Britain is more imaginary than real, and now, having seen the futility of accomplishing one single beneficial object by humbling themselves before the tyrants' throne, let those who profess friendship for the people who want liberty give their support and aid to the movement which has already secured for Ireland all it ever yet gained from Great Britain.

"An Eclipse of Virtue."

"An Eclipse of Virtue," by Champion Bissell, is the striking title of a novel contained in the March number of "Tales From Town Topics." A rather startling exposition of the mysterious power of love is made in this story. We find a beautiful young widow of great fortune rejecting to some extent the devotion of an ardent young lover. She philosophizes over the unwisdom of marrying him, although she loves him devotedly, and then of a sudden she literally kidnaps him, by drugging him and carrying him away alone in her yacht.

Their life together is ideal but fatal, and it only requires the appearance of a wild little native of the San Domingo to rob the widow of her cavilier. The little Cuban girl is the means of bringing the story to a tragic climax, and the reader is made to see the possible despair that results from woman's depravity and man's deceit.

The story is written in a brisk and daring style, and is accompanied an unusually bright collection of narratives, poems and witticisms culled from the pages of *Town Topics*. Town Topics Puublishing Co., 21 West 23d street, New York city.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

A REMARKABLE DOG.

This Strange Story Is Said to Be True in Every Particular.

My grandfather once owned a dog that was a cross between a mastiff and Newfoundland. He was large in size as the largest-mentioned breed, and in color that of an African lion, and strange to say, had a mane like one. His eyes, also, had the intelligent look of that animal.

Mars was his name. He was noted for his almost human intelligence. He never was known to bark as dogs are wont to do, but, when angry, rattled his teeth by shaking his head violently, so that they could be heard at a distance. This he never did except as a warning, and woe unto the intruder that passed unheeding. His disposition was mild and even playful with those of the household, but friend or foe never approached the house unchallenged at night. Mars had a deep, sonorous voice, when he chose to let it out, which was very seldom; then it was more akin to a lion's roar than to anything else earthly. He seemed to know instinctively what was his duty, and when and where his vigilance was needed.

Our grandfather, who was a clergyman, was recommended to reside in the country on account of feeble health; hence the family retired for several years to a beautiful farm in

AGAIN THE DOG LEAPED UP.

Indiana. It was there that Mars' finest faculties were developed. His usual place at night was the large barn that stood about four hundred yards from the dwelling. The master of the house had frequent occasions to be absent several days and nights. Without one word or sign from anyone, during the nights on these occasions, Mars would invariably lie across the threshold of grandmother's door, which opened out into a wide passage; but as soon as the master returned Mars resumed his usual place in the barn.

Our grandfather was copartner in a dry goods establishment in the village, about a mile from his home. Our uncle, who resided with him, was chief clerk. Mars was much attached to him and would frequently attend uncle there, then return. As evening approached he would go to the store, as if to guard him on his return. In winter or in stormy weather, uncle would often ride on horseback to and from the place of business.

One stormy winter evening, with Mars, as usual, in waiting, he hastily closed the store, locked the door, and leaped onto his horse to ride home. When Mars saw the horse wheeled for home, he jumped and gently held uncle by the pants. Thinking that Mars was only glad at seeing him start, he shook him off and proceeded briskly on. Again the dog leaped up and rattled his teeth ominously. Uncle stopped. Mars gently wagged his tail and trotted a few steps back. Uncle pondered as to what he meant. He knew the dog well enough to know that something was wrong; but what? With his eyes fixed on Mars, he slowly started again homeward. In an instant Mars arrested him as before. He then turned his horse's head and retraced his way toward the store; while Mars, full of apparent joy, ran on before, but still turning every moment to see if he was followed. On they went. On coming again in front of the store, uncle perceived at once the cause of the dog's strange actions: for, although he had locked the door, he had forgotten to take the key out. He instantly dismounted and secured the key; seeing which Mars ran homeward without further pause, but with a look of assured content in his splendid eyes which uncle never forgot.—Chicago Field.

A Curious California Weed.

In Santa Clara county, Cal., there grows a weed called the rattlesnake weed. It is so named from the story that when rattlesnakes get to fighting and bite each other, this weed, if eaten by them, will prevent death. It grows about six inches tall, has a red stalk and slender leaves. On the top of the stalk comes a head of flowers, and the seeds of these flowers are said to be very annoying to one in passing through a mass of them, as they are furnished with sharp barbs, commonly called stickers. The early settlers who had herds of sheep always made their herdsmen keep with them a bottle of strong tea made of rattlesnake weed, and when any of the sheep were bitten they were drenched with this tea, which always saved them.

Extraordinary Punishment.

A Frenchman was teaching in a large school, where he had a reputation among the pupils for making some queer mistakes. One day he was teaching a class which was rather disorderly. With the heat and the troublesome boys he was very snappish. Having punished several boys and sent one to the bottom he at last shouted out in a passion: "Ze whole class go to ze bottom!"

Perhaps.

"I have just been thinking about George Washington," said Mr. Cumso.

"What about him?" asked his wife.

"I was wondering if Martha ever asked him if her hat was on straight."—Detroit Free Press.

THE STORMY PETREL.

Queer Superstitions Sailors Entertain Regarding the Bird.

One of the best known of the sea birds is the stormy petrel. It is oftenest seen during storms, flying above the waves in search of shellfish and other small animals that are brought to the surface by the tempest.

The sailors call petrels "Mother Carey's chickens" and do not view them with much favor, owing to their being constant companions of storms. "Jack" thinks that rough weather may be expected when he sees petrels about and is not quite sure that they do not in some way cause the tempest. When the bird is on the outlook for its prey it seems to walk on the water. Hence the seamen of the olden time in allusion to Apostle Peter's walking on the water called the bird petrel, from the Latin Petrellus, "Little Peter."

So far from the sailor's being superstitious as to the capture of another kind of petrel, the cape pigeon, which is of a black-and-white color and about the size of a tame pigeon, I have known Jack to take a hand occasionally in capturing them as a bit of recreation during a dog watch.

In southern latitudes the cape pigeons follow a ship in thousands, say St. Nicholas. A common bottle cork is tied to the end of a piece of thread and trailed astern so that the cork touches the water. This gives the required tautness to the thread.

As the birds fly in clouds from side to side astern some of them constantly strike the thread with their wings, and the resistance is enough to turn them over it, when the thread is wrapped round the wing and the bird is hauled on board. In this manner I have seen hundreds caught in a day.

On one occasion a clipper ship carrying passengers to India captured pigeons by hundreds, and the surgeon by some mischance succeeded in entangling a stormy petrel.

Now, the doctor was an enthusiastic naturalist, and what to the sailors is known as a "land lubber"—that is, he was on his first voyage. The doctor at once took the specimen to his cabin and made preparations to skin and preserve it. In hot haste a deputation of seamen, headed by the old, gray-haired sailmaker, came aft with a request that the petrel be set at liberty, saying that otherwise the ship and all on board would surely suffer.

The doctor, somewhat surprised, intended to set the bird free, but his enthusiasm as a naturalist prevailed over the superstitious warning, and when the sailors had disappeared the bird was added to his collection. The fact soon became known forward among the men, and the doctor was regarded with black looks by the crew for the remainder of the voyage.

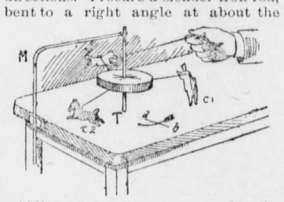
In the course of time the good ship anchored in the Hugil river, and that day at dinner the doctor suddenly died.

There was a gathering of the sailors around the windlass that dog-watch, and the doctor's sudden death was attributed by the superstitious sailors to his slaughter of the stormy petrel.

AMUSING SCIENCE.

A Nursery Toy Which Can Be Made by Any Intelligent Boy.

A very amusing game for children is shown in our illustration, and may be provided at small cost and with little trouble by carrying out the following directions: Procure a slender iron rod, bent to a right angle at about the



middle point. Fasten one end to the edge of a table, as in the cut. The other end should terminate in a loop. Directly under this loop bore a small hole in the table. Cut from a wide cork stopper a circular piece of cork, and through its center pass a long nail from which the head has been removed. You will then have a rudimentary top. Lastly, cut out three figures of horses from pieces of cork, and attach them to the upper surface of the top by means of small bits of wire. Place the top in position as shown in the cut, the ends of the nail being held by the loop and the hole in the table. Wind a cord round the upper portion of the nail and draw it briskly out. The top will turn, carrying the little horses, and the horse which stops nearest to a certain point previously marked on the table gains the trick. More than three horses may be made, if desired, and interest is added to the apparatus by painting the horses different colors.—Once a Week.

A Wonderful Old Man.

The oldest postmaster in continuous service, and perhaps in years, in the United States, resides at Hammondsville, Jefferson county, Ohio. His name is W. H. Wallace and he is eighty-two years old. He has been in the service for the last sixty-three years, having been appointed to his present position during Andrew Jackson's administration. Mr. Wallace is also credited by the Adams Express company as the oldest agent in its employ, both in years and continuous service, and is also the oldest station agent on the Cleqeland & Pittsburgh railroad, if not in America, having served in that capacity since 1852. He bears his years lightly.

Cutting the Knot.

"We had to write about George Washington to-day," said a schoolboy to his mother.

"I hope you didn't forget to tell about the cherry tree?"

"Oh, no. I said he sawed it down."

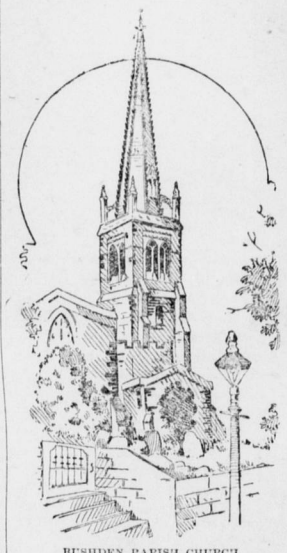
"Sawed it down!" He chopped it down with his hatchet."

"Yes, I know, but I couldn't spell hatchet."

"PARACHUTE JOE."

How He Climbed the Steeple of Rushden Church in England.

We give here some sketches of a daring feat just performed at Rushden, Northamptonshire, says the Westminster Budget. A man named Ingram, known as "Parachute Joe," having obtained possession of the keys of the parish church, was soon afterwards seen on the battlements and speedily commenced to climb to the top of the lofty spire by means of the stone crotchets. A crowd of spectators gathered in the street below. Having ceached the weather-cock, which he swung round several times, he pulled off his necktie and threw it to the ground. He then turned round, and, placing his back to the masonry, waved both his arms to his horrified audience below. He succeeded in returning safely to the ground, to the



RUSHDEN PARISH CHURCH.

relief of all who witnessed the dangerous exploit.

"Parachute Joe" has written the following description of the adventure:

"On Monday, about two o'clock, Ingram made a catlike ascent up the Rushden church spire. He climbed to the very top, where he balanced himself on one foot, holding the other in his hand. He then took a leisurable view of his surroundings from the lofty position. Being apparently satisfied he commenced the descent, and having reached the topmost crotchets, to the horror of the crowd below he deliberately turned his back to the steeple and stood motionless with extended arms, his feet alone resting on the slight projection of the crotchets. Fancy a man standing with his back to a rock resting on a narrow ledge 6 inches in width, with a yawning chasm close on 200 feet deep, into which he might plunge headlong at any moment, and you feel Ingram's position! A horrible stillness reigned below throughout the crowd, who every moment expected to see Ingram plunge headlong down through the awful space. To the surprise of all Ingram swiftly turned round again, catching hold of the steeple by one hand, and began making the descent in a swinging cat-like action, to the relief of all onlookers. Ingram warns any persons from imitating his action up this special spire, as the crotchets are nearly worn through by the action of the weather. Ingram says he never intends ascending another spire only for the purpose of working thereon, Rushden being the last of many spires he has ascended."

WONDERFUL MEMORY.

The Most Phenomenal of All of Washington's Body Servants.

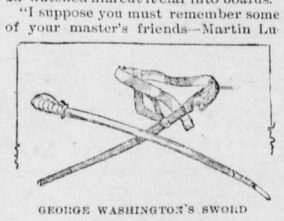
The number of Washington's surviving body servants is phenomenal. A lady recently traveling in Virginia was told that a certain old negro claimed the distinction. "So you used to wait on Gen. Washington?" she began.

"Yus, missus; I used to 'tend on the gen'ral, suah."

"I suppose you remember about his cutting down the cherry tree?"

"O, laws, yus, missus! I was thar', an' watched him cut it clar into boards."

"I suppose you must remember some of your master's friends—Martin Lu-



GEORGE WASHINGTON'S SWORD

ther and Alexander and Oliver Cromwell?"

"O, laws, missus, I 'members 'em well! I've often brushed the hats o' them ge'men and stood behind 'em at the table!"—Edith Robinson, in Wide Awake.

Disqualified.

To be a great historian one must be endowed with what is known as the "historic imagination," but he must also be on his guard against abusing it.

"John," said the teacher, "in your essay upon George Washington you say that he was not fond of fishing. What is your authority for that assertion?"

"Why," answered Johnny, "we have always been told that he could not tell a lie."

The Comic Valentine.

Saint Valentine! They call him saint
Yet when you get a daub of paint,
Of horrid shape and frightful face,
With v. ry little sense in case
You match with your wild conception
The question why they call him saint.
—Detroit Free Press

JOHN C. BERNER'S SPRING ANNOUNCEMENT!

First floor, Washington street entrance, you find our 19c counter. Some articles worth three times what we ask.

19c COUNTER.

Men's check coats	19c	3 sailor ties	19c
Men's seersucker coats	19c	1 man's silk scarf	19c
Girls' outing flannel coats	19c	1 man's silk tie	19c
Men's Domet flannel shirts	19c	1 silk hankerchief	19c
Boys' Domet flannel shirts	19c	1 pair linen towels	19c
Boys' Domet waists	19c	6 tea spoons, silver plated	19c
Ladies' woolen hose	19c	3 table forks, silver plated	19c
Men's woolen hose	19c	1 pair child's napkins	19c
Boys' woolen hose	19c	1 pair scissors	19c
Men's drawers	19c	1 match safe, silver plated	19c
Ladies' chemise	19c	1 luminous match safe	19c
Ladies' drawers	19c	1 sugar shell, silver plated	19c
Linen tidies	19c	1 butter knife, silver plated	19c
Men's suspenders	19c	1 two-quart delph pitcher	19c
Ladies' silk mitts	19c	1 8x10 picture frame, with glass	19c
Ladies' black taffna gloves	19c	1 camp stool	19c
Hair brushes	19c	1 spring roller window shade	19c
Shoe brushes	19c	1 curtain pole, brass rings	19c
Clothes brushes	19c	1 carpet rug	19c
Men's caps	19c	1 boys' cap	19c
Ladies' corsets	19c		

I have sold over one thousand 19c articles, and everybody is satisfied. If you can buy the same quality goods elsewhere for less money, bring ours back and get your money refunded.

Dry Goods and Notions.

We add daily to our now immense stock. Best apron ginghams, 5c; dress ginghams, etc., 6c; Outing flannels, 7c; dark dress calicoes, 5c; best blue calicoes, 6c. Blankets reduced; a $9 all-wool blanket for $7; an $8 all-wool blanket for $6; a $7 all wool blanket for $5; blankets as low as 79c. Comfortables and quilts reduced $1.45 to $1; quilts as low as 45c. Our dress goods department is full of valuable goods, all shades and prices. All woolen cloths at and below cost. Chenile curtains, $3 99, worth $5; lace curtains, 70c to $9 per pair. Ladies' muslin underwear, the finest assortment ever shown in this town.

Boots and Shoes.

Our spring stock will arrive in a few days and we will have them on the tariff reform list. Watch for them. Old stock now closing out at cost.

Queensware.

Dinner setts, $13 to $18; tea setts, $5 to $8. In every-day ware we have anything and everything useful.

Hats, Caps, Wall Paper, Etc.

Not necessary to mention separately, as we are closing them out away down. Also our wallpaper. All at one-cent price. This means 50c paper for 25c; 25c paper for 12½c; 10c paper for 5c. Not much left. Come and get the balance. Like all other general stores, we keep household tinware, granite ware, wood and willow ware, tubs, brooms and brushes A good scrub brush for 5c.

Furniture.

This is the largest and finest assortment Freeland has ever seen. Just look at the quantity. 55 different dining room tables in stock, at $1.50 to $19 each; 35 center tables, for parlors and bed rooms, $1.25 to $15 each; 22 different bed room suits, $16.50 to $95 each; 13 different side boards and chefoniers, $13 to $40 each; 6 bookcases, $7 to $33 each; 10 hair rugs, from $7 to $35 each; 12 different parlor suits, $29; black moliner cover, solid walnut frame, only $29; rug suits, $50 to $75; silk brocalett, $125 to $135; 57 different bed steads, $2.25 to $5 each; 25 cribs and cradles, folding cribs and swinging cradles, $1.50 to $8.00; 1000 different chairs, cane seat, wood seat, leather seat, with high backs, etc; 35 different rocking chairs, $1 to $10; 12 different styles of lounges and couches.

Carpets and Oil Cloths.

40 rolls ingrain carpet, ranging from 17c to 80c per yard; 15 rolls stair carpet, 20c to 85c per yard; 35 rolls Brussells carpet, with or without borders, 50c to $1.35; 6 rolls rag carpet, 30c to 60c per yard. 25 different patterns of oil cloth and lenolinne, prices as per quality. Smyrna rugs, wool rugs, rugs of Brussells and ingrain carpets. Bed springs, mattresses, piilows, feathers, etc.

MY FURNITURE STORE is a wonderland of noveltis, and I invite everybody to pay it a visit. If in need of any goods you will be more than paid by doing so, as our prices are the lowest the market affords.

GROCERIES.

21 lbs granulated sugar	$1 00	5 bottles chow chow	$1 00
10 lbs No. 1 currants	25	5 corned beef	1 00
10 lbs gold dust meal	25	5 bottles pickles	1 00
6 lbs oat flake	25	3 lbs prunes	25
6 lbs oat meal	25	1 lb baking powder	10
5 lbs soda biscuits	25	1 lb plug tobacco	30
3 lbs mixed cakes	25	1 lb fine cut tobacco	30
5 lbs raisins	25	4 cans corn	25
5 lbs rice	25	2 cans salmon	25
5 lbs barley	25	3 cans pie peaches	25
3 qts beans	25	2 cans table peaches	25
Lard	10	5 cans sardines	25
Full cream cheese	14	1 quart-bottle ketchup	15
4 lbs starch	25	3 cans lime	25
3 lbs tapioca	25	1 can condensed milk	10
1 lb dates	10	3 big glasses mustard	25
5 lbs Lima beans	25	1 can French peas	30
California Ham	10	1 can domestic peas	10
Ham, sugar cured	12½		

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