

HIS HOUSE CLEANING.

A Story of Misdirected Kindness and Unjust Suspicion.

How the Frugal and Virtuous Bookkeeper Prepared for His Wife's Return, and What She Found When She Came.

(Copyright, 1894.)

The thin, laborious bookkeeper looked up from his toil with a somewhat mechanical smile. He was a very conscientious man who always smiled when his employer made a joke, and at all other times when propriety demanded it of him.

"My wife's coming home next Saturday. Suppose I'll have to buy some scrubbing soap and see if I can find my kitchen floor. Been keeping house alone, you know, and sort of letting things accumulate."

The typewriter girl was polishing a certain portion of the machine. She never wasted time on any other part of



BARNEY INTRODUCES HIS FRIEND.

that instrument but this one little bit of bright metal which the thoughtful designer had put just where it would reflect a stray beam.

"Your wife's coming home? Oh how glad you must be!"

"I'll tell you what we ought to do," said the girl who never does anything at all, and is always the busiest one in the office. "We ought to go up to Mr. Hay's house, and put it in order for him. Then when his wife comes home she'll say that he's the best housekeeper in the world."

"That isn't a bad idea," said the traveling man. "What do you say, old Doublewhinders? Will you invite us all up to your house? If you will we'll bring along a fiddler, and give you a fine old racket to console you for the sad event of Saturday."

The bookkeeper, who is the best of husbands, did not deign to notice the traveling man's badinage; but the house-cleaning idea appealed to him strongly. He was really touched by this evidence of the esteem in which he was held by his associates.

"Then if you'll come Thursday evening," said Mr. Hay, "I'm sure you'll be very welcome."

All the young men and women connected with the office were invited. After some discussion it was decided to include the head office boy, a youth of seventeen, with pronounced sporting proclivities.

"He's a horrid little tough," said the typewriter girl, "but he's awful strong, and I guess we can make him do most of the work."

The bookkeeper succeeded in getting away early Thursday afternoon, and on his way home he made several purchases for the entertainment of his prospective guests. He lived in a queer little two-story house in Brooklyn. It had never looked meaner to him than on this occasion. When he had entered he was really shocked to observe the fearful results of his own housekeeping during the past three weeks. He had not realized the condition of things before that moment.

"I can't let them see the place in this condition," said he. "Perhaps I could get a woman to come in for a couple of hours, and straighten up a bit."

A silver dollar persuaded his washerwoman to undertake the task. She did very well with it, and by seven o'clock the house was in very fair order.

By eight o'clock the guests began to arrive. The girls immediately made a survey of the premises, and they complimented Mr. Hay highly. They said that he was a perfectly lovely housekeeper. But privately they commented very unfavorably upon the quality of the furniture, and such portions of Mrs. Hay's attire as she had not taken with her upon her visit.

Barney, the office-boy-in-chief, came last. He was accompanied by a young man with short hair, and a nose slightly inclined to one side, as the result of a collision with some swiftly moving object, probably a four-ounce glove.

"I took de liberty," said Barney, "of bringing me friend, Mr. Swipes. He's a retired detective, an 'de bes' middle-weight in Gravesend; also a barkeep." Swipes, old boy, dis gentleman is Mr. Hay, our bookkeeper, an 'de fines' ink-slinger in de business."

"Glad ter meet yer, Mr. Hay," said the retired detective. "Any friend o' Barney's is my friend, an' that goes, see? I brought a little somethin' ter make de occasion more joyous."

At these words he pulled a bottle out of each of the side pockets of his overcoat, and set them down with considerable violence on the center table in Mr. Hay's parlor.

The traveling man insisted upon opening the two bottles, and serving the contents, but, as the fluid had been purchased in Gravesend, there was no over-indulgence. The girls assisted

Mr. Hay in setting forth his modest provision of refreshment, and they managed to utilize all the dishes in the house. There was dancing before and after the supper, and everybody had a glorious time, including Mr. Hay, who had not participated in any such revelry since 1875.

Finally, one of the girls discovered that it was after twelve o'clock, and she communicated this intelligence to the others. Then there was a hurried leave taking, and after it was all over, Mr. Hay sank into a chair and gazed about him upon a scene of wild disorder.

On his way to the office next morning, he left word at her house. She was not in, but one of her children said that she would come back in a little while.

"Be sure to tell her what I want done," said Mr. Hay. "This is Friday, and the house must be cleaned, for my wife's coming to-morrow."

The child promised, and Mr. Hay went to the scene of his daily toil. When the girls arrived, they were enthusiastic about the splendid time they

had had on the previous evening. The young men simply laughed and winked at one another. They regarded it as a frigate joke on Mr. Hay, who, despite his own virtues, was not a favorite, on account of his habit of carefully noting the amount of small advances during the week and remembering them on pay day.

About eleven o'clock in the forenoon a ragged and freckled youngster inquired for Mr. Hay. When the bookkeeper saw him his hair began to stir at the roots. It was the washerwoman's boy.

"Well, sonny, what is it?" he asked. She couldn't go to your house to-day, 'cause she's got a pain in her back; an' she's very sorry, an' so's me fadder, 'cause he ain't workin' now, an' he needs de man."

Having shot off this message in one breath, the boy vanished. This struck Mr. Hay as being very tough, but he bore it with that patience which was one of the finest points of his character. In the afternoon, when the scrub-women began their labors in the big building, Mr. Hay engaged one of them for the sum of two dollars—half of which was exacted in advance—to come over to his house that evening and set it in order. When he returned to the office he was met by the senior partner, who said:

"Here's a telegram which came this morning. Barney put it on my desk. It's addressed to you. I meant to give it to you before, but it slipped my mind."

"Expect me Friday. Meet me 12:15 at Grand Central, if possible."

"By Jupiter!" exclaimed Hay, turning pale; "she's at home by this time. I'm ruined."

At this moment there was a disturbance at the door. A woman of ample dimensions rushed in. Wrath surrounded her like a lurid atmosphere.

"David Hay," said she, "I should like to hear you explain this!" And she threw down a dainty white handkerchief on Hay's desk.

"My dear," he began; but the girl who simply putters around interrupted him.

"Why, Millie!" she cried, addressing the typewriter girl, "that's yours!" "Oh, it's yours, is it?" exclaimed Mrs. Hay. "Then perhaps those are yours, too. Goodness knows they're too big to be mine."

So saying, she laid a pair of lady's rubbers on Hay's ledger.

"No, indeed," said the typewriter girl; "those are Jessie's. She wears a number five."

She had taken the articles from a hand-bag as she named them, and, at the last words, she flashed up the two bottles which had been contributed by the gentleman from Gravesend.

"And now, David Hay," she continued, "I have but one word more; all is in an end between us!"

She made a dramatic gesture, and retreated toward the door. All the girls were on their feet, and at this juncture they cried out, with one voice:

"We just went over there to clean house." "Clean house!" echoed Mrs. Hay, and she laughed hysterically. "Well, if you'd go over and clean it once more the board of health would send you to jail. And it's where you belong, every one of you."

With this shot, she made her exit. For a full minute nobody spoke. Hay was in a trance. The girls were trying to think of something mean enough. Finally Barney broke the silence.

"Say, Haysey, old boy," he said, "we've done yer dirt, an' we never meant ter do it. But jes' pull yerself together. Me frien' Swipes'll fix this all right. He's been a detective at Coney Island, an' dis kind o' ting was his specialty."

I am happy to say, in conclusion, that a satisfactory explanation has been made to Mrs. Hay, but not by the ex-detective. HOWARD FIELDING.

FOREIGN NOTES.

The system of numbering the hours of the day from one to twenty-four has been adopted by the Italian railroads, and is in use for all time schedules.

The king of Portugal has just effected an insurance on his life of forty thousand pounds with an English office, the risk being subdivided among several companies.

The total tonnage of warships launched during last year by the four most active naval powers was: France, 52,183 tons; the United States, 49,050; Great Britain, 53,930; and Russia, 17,925.

Dr. GRANGER, of Chester, who was called to London to advise Mr. Gladstone concerning his sight, says: "I did not find anything in the condition of Mr. Gladstone's eyesight to prevent his remaining in office. I found that his general health was exceedingly good."

A NOTABLE illustration of the depreciation in recent years in the value of English estates is in the fact that the estate of Elevation, the seat of the late Maharajah Duleep Singh, which was offered for sale in 1876, and an offer of five hundred thousand pounds for it refused, was sold a few days since for one hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

ODDS AND ENDS.

VIOLETS for outdoor wear and sweet peas tied with long streamers of pink ribbon for indoors are the accepted floral adornments.

The stationers are selling to young women who know no better than to buy it vivid heliotrope and eye-distracting gray paper, with the assurance that these are "the novelties."

SALAD bowls, water pitchers and all sorts of table appointments come in out glass and silver. The glass is so brilliant that it is often difficult to tell where one begins and the other ends.

INDIAN brass is among the recent importations. It has a copper tinge which makes it warmer looking than Benares. Bowls, trays and candelabra elaborately chased come in this ware, and some of the most beautiful pieces are decorated in repousse and filigree work.

The ribbon-bound tiaras, with port little bows in front, which have adorned the winter girl's locks have given place to lace. A twist of cream or white lace binds the wire round, which forms the foundation of the ornament, and two airy little butter flies take the place of the bow.

MANY AFFLICTIONS.

HENRY VII. was miserably penniless. His parsimony was a matter of ridicule among his people, but no amount of scoffing could ever compel him to open his coffers and spend his money.

BUCKLE planned work for a half-dozen life-times, and was miserable because he knew he could not finish it. When attacked by his fatal illness he exclaimed: "What will become of my book?"

POPE was made miserable all his life by the criticism of men whom he knew to be unworthy to judge his poetry. He knew their ignorance and prejudice, but could not endure their criticisms.

WILLIAM REYNOLDS was conspicuous for his red hair. He had no special love for the color and once had his shock of hair dyed, but the result was so unsatisfactory that he never repeated the experiment.

REYNOLDS was often annoyed by being requested to paint the portraits of ugly women of quality. He said: "If I paint them as they are they will hate me; if I don't paint them as they are I shall hate myself."

PEOPLE OF NOTE.

GREVILLE S. REDMOND, of San Francisco, has just taken second rank at the famous Julian academy of art in Paris. Redmond, who is only twenty-two years of age is a deaf mute.

Mrs. AUSTEN, a sister of Cardinal Manning, and a great favorite with him, died in England recently at the age of ninety-three. She was a devoted adherent of the Anglican church.

MR. WILLIAM DURANT has been treasurer of the Boston Transcript for sixty years. Although now in his seventy-eighth year he is still to be found at his post in the counting room early and late.

MISS LOUISE IMOGEN GUINNEY, author of "A Roadside Harp," in giving the date of her birth for a biographical note recently, wrote playfully: "I am the only lady with a permanent date attached."

MISS ELLEN TREBY makes the "autograph fiend" useful by requiring everyone who wants her autograph to contribute something toward the support of the hospital in which she is especially interested.

NAMES FOR GIRL BABIES.

SUSAN is Hebrew, a lily. ALMA is Latin, the kindly. RACHEL is Hebrew, the lamb. MARGARET is Greek—the pearl. CLARA is Latin, the bright one. ADELINA is German, the princess. EUNICE is Greek, the fair victory. MINNIE is a diminutive of Margaret. RUTH is Hebrew, and means wisdom. SOPHIA is Greek, and means wisdom. FLORENCE is Latin, the blooming one. AGATHA is a Greek name, the good one.

ARABELLA is Latin, the beautiful altar. ROSAMOND is Saxon, the rose of Peace. LUCY is the feminine of the Latin Lucius. EDITH and Editha are Saxon, happiness. LOUISA is German, the feminine of Louis.

ETHIER is a Hebrew word meaning secret. SARAH, the Hebrew name, means princess.

His Record.

"Are you the celebrated Mme. Bonaparte?" he asked, after he had climbed four flights of stairs and was admitted into a mysterious apartment.

"Yes," replied the bizarre-looking personage who had received him. "The great clairvoyant?" "Yes."

"And you foretell the future?" "Yes." "And read the mind?" "Yes." "And unfold the past?" "Yes, yes."

"Then," said the visitor, as he took a roll of bills from his pocket eagerly, "tell me what it was my wife asked me to bring home for her to-night!"—Harper's Bazar.

A Disinterested Business Trip. Mrs. Hylye—George, dear, while you are having money troubles I ought to tell you that I learned to-day why your rival Soapem's credit has suddenly become so good.

Mr. Hylye—Why? Mrs. Hylye—I overheard some one remark that Soapem's finances must be all right because his wife was wearing such elegant new hats and dresses.—Chicago Record.

Unfortunate Fortune. Clergyman—But what brought you to this condition? Was it drink? Tramp—Nope! Clergyman—Gambling? Tramp—Well, in a sort of way.

Clergyman—What sort of a way? Tramp—Well, I bet on a horse in a race for the first time in my life. Clergyman—Ah! I see! It lost! Tramp—O, no! It won!—Hullo.

A Maiden's Sarcasm. "I came to see, Miss Sprite, if you would look more favorably upon my suit to-day."

Miss Sprite (adjusting her eye-glass and scrutinizing him from head to foot)—Yes, sir, I do. I think it looks better than the old one you wore the last time you were here.—Demorest's Magazine.

A Warning. Little Johnny—Oh, mamma, folks say Tommy Dodd's back is broke. Mamma—Horrors! How did it happen? Little Johnny—I didn't hear, but Tommy told me only last week that his mamma was just as fond of spankin' as you are.—Good News.

Sure Enough. "He pretends to be an accomplished linguist, but you should hear him murder Latin."

"I shouldn't think he would be able to murder Latin."

"It is a language that is already dead."—N. Y. Press.

Why He Worried. He—Mr. Jollyton worries a great deal about his wife's health. She—Is her health so poor? He—Oh, no; she enjoys the best of health, you see.—Music and Drama.

Propinquity. "The poor are always with us," said an often pretty class.

His Record Clear. Old Lady—My friend, are you a Christian? Beggar—Well, mum, no one has ever accused me of workin' on Sunday.—N. Y. Weekly.

In the Market. "Is Miss Peachy of marriageable age?" "Oh, yes! She has \$100,000 in her own right."—Puck.

Fore-sight. "It was really clever of me to bring my umbrella, for if it had rained I would have been drenched."—Hullo.

NATURAL ENOUGH. First Fowl—I'm surprised to see that you're afraid of a dog that's chained.

Second Fowl—Well, I can't help being chicken-hearted.—Truth.

A Shade Too Yielding. Binks—Why so gloomy? Jinks—My wife let me have the last word in an argument this morning.

"What of that?" "That shows that she is going to do as she pleases, anyhow."—N. Y. Weekly.

A Great Mistake. "I have just had my photograph taken."

"Ah, indeed." "Yes, I have always had my photograph taken once a year."

"Dear me, what a lot of pictures you must have."—Texas Sittings.

Her Joke. Heires—There's a man after my own heart. Papa—Who? Heires—The count. But he won't get it!—N. Y. World.

Nothing to Talk About. Bingo—Do you do much talking at the woman's guild you've joined? Mrs. Bingo (saddy)—No. All the women in the neighborhood belong to it.—Judge.

Maiden Meditation. Maude—I wonder— Sue—What do you wonder? Maude—I wonder if Charley ever wonders if I am thinking of him.—Puck.

The Right Size of Extinguisher. Cholly—My brain is on fire. Miss Castrique—Quick! Somebody bring an atomizer!—Chicago Record.

DEATH OF PATRICK SANSFIELD.

AT THE BATTLE OF LONDON.

(Published by request.)

The French were ranked for battle. And close behind them lay The red lines of Neerwindt n. Where England stood at bay.

The nobles of the household, Who never turned his face Had charged again. A shout of "Forward!"

'Till Sansfield drew a shamrock From out his helmet ring. And cries "with this I challenge The household of the King. My sprig of Irish shamrock, Shall lead the lilies gay. A shout of 'Forward!'

In battle's burst"— Then the bugle rang away. A wave that foamed with feathers. A hurricane's advance. Exulting sweep to battle The fiery hearts of France— Hearts that were free from life's blood, As free as the grapes of wine. But Sansfield drew The crest he wore.

In front of his line. But firmly to the shoulder, The English musket came. And along the line of horsemen, It poured its fatal flame; It scorched many a soldier, That barred the path in vain. It swept the road before them. They passed above the dead, A living wedge.

Of point and edge, But where he led they Weep Erin, weep forever, No pain without its cost, O sad Niobe of nations, A mother child is lost. A leaf from off the shamrock, Has fallen for France today, The voice so dear To Irish ear, "No more shall cheer the fray."

He watched the stream that faltered, With every breath he drew; He says "the deed is done, The drops fall faint and few. The blood of Erin's free, Though now 'tis gladly given, Would flow more freely, Green isle for thee, And the cause that's dear to heaven."

BUSINESS BRIEFS. Wash silks, 50c at McDonald's. See McDonald's ladies' wrappers. Black shirt waist, 95c at McDonald's. Parties supplied with ice cream, cakes, etc., by Laubach at reasonable rates.

Wall paper, 6 cents per double roll, at A. A. Bachman's. Paper hanging done at short notice. For sale, a farm property, 209 acres, \$5 acre cleared, in Schuylkill valley; double house, barn, etc., and lots of timber on it. Apply to J. C. Berner. Easy terms.

When the blood is pure, the bowels in good order, and the liver active, it is pleasant to live, and these blessings can be secured by using Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

Trout Not to be Killed Before April 15. The Freeland Game and Fish Protective Club will pay a reward of \$10 for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of any person or persons catching, or having in his or her possession after being caught or killed, any brook trout or California trout, in any of the streams or waters within fifteen miles of Freeland, Pa., before the 15th day of April, 1894.

Hugh Malloy, President. Freeland, Pa., March 25, 1894.

The Century War Book. Widespread interest has been excited among war veterans and all classes of citizens by the magnificent record of the civil war which is now being distributed by the Philadelphia Inquirer.

This is the "Century War Book," a work which has attained the reputation of being the most accurate, complete and artistically beautiful history of the war ever published. When originally issued several years ago it sold at from \$22 to \$28, but the Inquirer is offering it to its readers in weekly parts at a merely nominal cost each week. The text of the work is made up of contributions written by all the great participants in the war on both sides.

The main feature, however, is embraced in the portraits, illustrations and maps, over 900 in number, all executed in the highest artistic style, and many of them made from rare wartime originals. The descriptions of all the great battles are written by the leading generals who fought them, and fully illustrated, very often by sketches made at the time. The paper and print are of the highest quality, and the work, as a whole, is a masterpiece of the usual work of the Century Company, which publishes the work.

This superb history is published in twenty parts, and the Philadelphia Inquirer has just begun the distribution, it being the intention to give out one part each week until the series is completed. To obtain this valuable work all that is necessary is to cut out a coupon from the Inquirer and send it together with ten cents to the Inquirer Coupon Department, 1169 Market street, Philadelphia.

FOR RENT.—A large hall on first floor, suitable for society meetings, storage room or for any purpose that a large building is needed. Apply to George Malinky, Fern street.

ANNUAL STATEMENT of the borough of Freeland, for the year 1893-94. Frank Fairchilds, Collector.

DR. To amount of duplicate..... \$ 1,268 71 To additional tax..... 32 72 To dog tax..... 188 00 Total..... \$ 1,679 43

By amount returned to county commissioners..... 218 15 Dogs returned with property..... 2 00 Abatement on property..... 12 85 Abatement on dogs..... 11 00 Errors in assessment..... 4 07 Amount paid treasurer..... 1,196 32 Exonerations, personal..... 75 59 Collector's commission..... 71 82 Total due borough..... 86 81

By Henry Smith, Treasurer. DR. To amount received from license fees..... \$ 2,286 20 From Burgess, fees..... 222 35 From excise collector, Roger McNeilis..... 50 00 From Collector Fairchilds, 1893..... 1,196 32 From commissioners, sealed lands..... 106 83

ELKHART CARRIAGE and HARNESS MFG. CO.

Have sold to consumers for 21 years, saving them the dealer's profit. We are the largest and best manufacturers in America selling Vehicles and Harness in any way—ship with perfect safety before any other.

Spring Wagons, \$31 to \$50. Guaranteed same as sold for \$40 to \$50. Surrey, \$65 to \$100 same as sold for \$80 to \$100. Top Buggies, \$37.50, same as sold for \$45. Prices \$25 to \$40 to \$100. Farm Wagons, Wagonettes, Milk Wagons, Delivery Wagons, Road carts, etc. \$100 to \$1,000.

WHOLESALE PRICES. Spring Wagons, \$31 to \$50. Guaranteed same as sold for \$40 to \$50. Surrey, \$65 to \$100 same as sold for \$80 to \$100. Top Buggies, \$37.50, same as sold for \$45. Prices \$25 to \$40 to \$100. Farm Wagons, Wagonettes, Milk Wagons, Delivery Wagons, Road carts, etc. \$100 to \$1,000.

Our Harness are sold at Manufacturer's Prices. RIDING SADDLES and FLY NETS. 5 percent off for each with order. Send for free catalogue on 112-page catalogue. Address W. B. PRATT, Sec'y, ELKHART, IND.

From rent of council room, elections..... 5 00 From A. Buckley, J. P. fees, etc..... 2 50 From street commissioner, tapping sewer, repairs on sidewalks..... 38 51 Total..... \$ 4,937 94

By amount paid out on the following items: Sewer account, labor..... 150 00 Frank McGettrick..... 24 45 Michael McGettrick..... 104 80 Isaac Davis..... 35 75 Hugh O'Donnell..... 35 75 Joseph Gallagher..... 35 75 David Hanlon..... 18 00 Robert Dunne..... 98 55 James Bell..... 9 55 Dennis Collins..... 21 80 Hugh Brogan..... 96 00 Patrick Maloney..... 76 50 A. Donnan..... 22 25 Charles Elliot..... 2 25 George Jilly..... 56 40 James M. Gallagher..... 20 15 Theodore Kiege..... 25 50 Jacob Sheehan..... 1 50 Andrew W. Deane..... 21 75 John McGee..... 15 50 James McDonnell..... 18 75 Edward Brogan..... 27 40 Edward Brogan..... 15 15 Hugh Trimble..... 1 50

Supplies for sewer..... 4 40 Coxo Bros. & Co., powder, etc..... 2 40 Freeland McNeilis, cement..... 30 00 Wm. Johnson, hauling pipe..... 3 00 Thomas Birkbeck, tools..... 3 00 Wm. Williamson, supplies..... 10 14 E. U. Turnbach, sharpening tools..... 8 20 M. Hahn, sharpening tools..... 10 15 L. V. R. Co., freight on pipe..... 58 10 P. M. Boyle, surveying..... 31 20 James A. Christy, paper..... 20

Sewer pipe..... 160 00 John A. Hutchins & Co..... 416 44 Labor on streets..... 48 80 Frank McGettrick..... 209 75 James McDonald..... 3 25 Condy Boyle..... 2 87 Robert D. Malloy..... 22 12 Joseph Ashman..... 1 00 Isaac Davis..... 33 91 Wm. Williamson..... 6 45 Rosco Dido..... 3 15 Hugh O'Donnell..... 20 39 James McDonnell..... 10 20 James Bell..... 4 38 George Jilly..... 8 20 William..... 1 00 Casper Freiling..... 1 25 Joseph Gallagher..... 5 25 William Gallagher..... 1 62 David Hanlon..... 2 50 Michael McGettrick..... 2 50 James Brogan..... 4 93 Thomas Moore..... 12 25 Patrick Ward..... 8 00

Team on streets..... 344 10 William Johnson..... 48 80 John Fisher..... 2 80 Frank O'Donnell..... 3 00 Police service..... 55 50 Owen Doudt..... 12 25 Daniel Gallagher..... 54 00 Patrick Malloy..... 40 25 Patrick Welch..... 20 25 James M. Gallagher..... 30 50 Robert D. Malloy..... 1 62 J. J. Kennedy..... 7 00 Charles Durbach..... 1 00 Bernard McLaughlin..... 1 25 T. A. Buckley, J. P., two hearings..... 2 50 E. P. Gallagher..... 4 60

Reports on Inlay..... 103 05 William Williamson, supplies..... 5 00 M. Halpin..... 3 30 Thomas Birkbeck..... 2 20 Daniel Doudt..... 2 20 David C. Rufe..... 2 60 John M. Powell, rent..... 1 00 Printing and Publishing..... 17 50 Tribune, printing ordinance..... 100 00 Progress, printing ordinance..... 32 25 Assessing dogs..... 133 15 David Marley, 1892..... 3 80 G. G. Pritchard, 1893..... 4 35 Interest on bonds..... 8 15 Fire bonds..... 39 00 Sewer bonds..... 357 50 One fire bond redeemed..... 386 90 Rent of street lamps..... 103 40 Rent of fire plugs..... 226 88 Janitor and feeding prisoners..... 20 25 Condy Boyle..... 173 50

Lumber and coal for council room, Inlay and hose hose..... 43 50 Wm. Johnson, coal..... 24 50 Board of health, supplies..... 65 00

Druger McNeilis..... 4 00 John Bell..... 4 00 H. G. Deppa..... 4 00 Salaries..... 12 00 J. D. Hayes, attorney..... 70 00 J. H. Quigley, health officer..... 55 00 T. A. Buckley, secretary, etc..... 77 00

Miscellaneous..... 332 00 Hugh Malloy, repairs on water pipe, etc..... 11 25 C. P. Gerrit, keys..... 1 20 Geo. Pilly, burying out..... 1 50 H. C. B. Co., freight..... 13 15 H. C. B. Co., removing ashes..... 1 20 Outstanding orders, 1892..... 31 40 Amount paid treasurer, 1892..... 178 35 Total expenditure..... \$ 4,275 55 Total receipts..... 4,937 94

Amount due treasurer..... \$ 472 45 Treasurer's commission..... 95 91 Expenditures in excess of receipts..... 573 54

LIABILITIES. Amount due Henry Smith, overpaid orders and commission..... 373 54 Fire bonds..... 600 00 Sewer bonds..... 5,263 00 Total..... \$ 7,136 54

RESOURCES. Due from ex-Col. Moore..... \$ 312 91 Due from ex-Col. Woodring..... 147 14 Settled land returned to commissioners, 1891-92-93..... 474 80 Bonds on sidewalks..... 230 76 John M. Cambus, stones..... 24 00 Due from property owners..... 58 59 Invested in council room and real estate..... 1,675 00 In fire apparatus and hose..... 2,292 15 Total..... 5,2