SUBSCRIPTION BATES.

Subscribers are requested to observe the date following the name on the labels of their passes. By referring to this they can tell at a planes how they stand on the books in this office. For instance:

dance how they stane on the Model of Model of Portustance:
Grover Cleveland 28June35
means that Grover is paid up to June 28, 1885.
Keep the figures in advance of the present date.
Report promptly to this office when your paper is not received. All arrecarges must be paid when paper is discontinued, or collection will be made in the manner provided by law.

FREELAND, PA., MARCH 14, 1895.

One False Argument.

One False Argument.
There is much unnecessary alarm felt in Freeland regarding the new county. The claim is made that if Quay county is established, with Hazleton as the county seat, that the growth of this borough will be retarded, property will depreciate in value and business interests in general will suffer. To begin with, Hazleton is by no means certain of Hazleton is by no means certain of being the county seat. Freeland has a fighting chance to secure the courthouse, and but little active work is required to have the voters declare in favor of this

But allowing that our neighboring city will become the county seat, in what manner will that injure Freeland's what manner will that injure Freeland's future prospects? The anti-new county people have poisoned many of the business men here with that claim, because the latter did not stop to think whether the assertion was true or false. What argument has been presented to show that a courthouse in Hazleton will prove inimicable to this town's growth? Nothing but the bare statement, which the men who make it cannot support by a particle of proof.

If Freeland is to be injured because the county seat is to be located less than

ten miles away, why have not other towns situated the same distance, or nearer, to other county seats been "blighted" and "ruined?" We need not

"blighted" and "rulned?" We need not go outside of our own county to prove the falsity of this ridiculous argument. As an example, take the borough of Nanticoke, seven miles from Wilkes-Barre. Its population in 1880 was 3,884, in 1890 it was 10,044. Today it is said to be the best business town in north-eastern Pennsylvania, and the courthouse is not known to have any effect apon its business or property values.

Another town is Plymouth, a short Another town is Plymouth, a short distance from the county seat. Population in 1880, 6,065; in 1890, 9,344. That borough shows no signs of decay, which it should according to the arguments used in this town.

Pittston is another, near enough to Wilkes-Barre to be off the map long ago if the claim that neighboring towns are

if the claim that neighboring towns are destroyed by county seats held good. Its population in 1880 was 7,473, in 1890, It became a third-class city a

10.302. It became a third-class city a few months ago.

The boroughs of Ashley, Edwardsville, Luzerne, Miners Mills, Parsons and others located three to seven miles from Wilkes-Barre show corresponding gains in population during the years between 1880 and 1890, and their business interest and valuations of property have increased in proportion.

A similar state of affairs can be found

A similar state of affairs can be found A similar state of affairs can be found reference to the dozen towns in the chity of Scranton. The onward arch of the Electric City has spurred e little boroughs about it to become ger and more enterprising, and not e of them considers itself located at a advantage because of the county seating a few miles distant.

march of the Electric City has spurred the little boroughs about it to become the Electric City has spurred the little boroughs about it to become the Electric City has spurred the little boroughs about it to become the electric City has spurred the little boroughs about it as because of the county seat being a few miles distant.

The claim that this town would suffer in any manner is unfounded and cannot be proven, and the men who are making themselves ridiculous by preaching "disablementers" and "ruin" for Freeland ought to learn whether or not their statements are reliable or come only from those who have axes to grind and desire to make themselves notorious in this new county eight. As a its readers have, it tavors the five vicinity of the state beard of the work of the county fight. As a its respected the opinions of those who think otherwise. It will not, however, stand by and hear unprincipled men deery the future of this town with the state who will be the district of the county of the state beard of the county of the state beard of the county fight. As a its respected the opinions of those who think otherwise. It will not, however, stand by and hear unprincipled men deery the future of this town without a shadow of proof for such prophecy. Freeland was built up by the hard-earned men deery the future of this town without a shadow of proof for such prophecy. The freeland will be an additional proper while the mines and shops about it last an aperhaps after they are gone. If it retrogrades the cause will come to discuss the seat to the whole of the state to a contribute of the state to a contribute of the state it is a shadow of proof for such prophecy free and will stand and prosper while the mines and shops about it has a major that the town it is a shadow of proof for such prophecy free and will be a state be sent to the keep land the property of the town who would injure its standing among others to serve their own selfish ends. The attempts of the state in the state of the state is a state of the st

HARRISBURG LETTER.

The House Provides for Additional Hours of Labor.

TWO BUILDING ASSOCIATION BILLS.

One Proposes to Bring All Foreign Associations Under the Control of State Officials.
The Proposed County of Monongahels.
Keely Cure Investigation. (Special Correspondence.)

(Special Correspondence.)

HABRISHURG, March 11.—The house has settled down to business in earnest, and if the members do not insist upon discussing every bill on the calendar the promises of an early adjournment may be fulfilled. Beginning tomorrow the house will hold three sessions on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays. This is a step forward, as hight sessions have not been held by past legislatures until a month or six weeks later in the session. The senate continues to hold one session a day and adjourn on Thursday until Monday evening.

Ing.

The records show that the house is much further advanced than previous sessions. In 1891 the number of bills reported to March it was 322; in 1893 there were 286, and in 1895 the number was 419. Up to March it 1894, the house passed it bills; in 1893, 23, and in 1895, 42. The governor received up to March it 1894, the house passed it bills; in 1893 two, and in 1895 seven.

The Foch amendment to the act of 1891 relative to intercounty bridges has been brought out by the senate committee on counties and townships. The measure provides that where bridges are creed over streams or rivers flowing between or forming boundary lines of counties, that the expense be borne by the counties in proportion to population. The bill affects only three or four counties, and settles the contention between Northumberland and Union counties.

Proposed New Counties.

A bill which will probably bring about the county of Monongahela has been read in the house the first time. If the county is created it will come from portions of Washington, Fayette, Green and Westmoreland counties. Charlerol is the center of the proposed county, and may be made the seat. The bill provides that on the petition of 1,000 citizens of the district affected the governor shall appoint three commissioners, who shall, within sixty days, survey the lines and establish the new boundaries, under the constitutional restrictions that no line shall run within ten miles of any county seat. The report shall of the county of the county seat shall also be fixed by a vote of the election. If the vote is in favor the governor shall appoint three commissioners, who shall, within sixty days, survey the lines and establish the new boundaries, under the constitutional restrictions that no line shall run within ten miles of any county seat. The report shall of the county of the county seat shall also be fixed by a vote of the election. If the work is not favor the governor shall appoint the officers, who will hold until after the next regular election, at which three hou

axes by increased rates the manufac-turers had to compete for their business. He said this bill would produce a deficit in Pennsylvania and drive capital out of the

state.

The Shortt education bill is being pushed through the house. It has passed the senate. The measure provides that diplomas shall be issued to graduates of high schools, seminaries and academies, which puts these people on a better footing than those who graduate from state normal schools. Superintendent of Public Instruction Schaeffer does not like the bill because it puts too much work on his department, aside from its other bad features. He will have to send out questions for the examinations and then go over the papers when they are returned. This would necessitate the handling of 50,000 manuscripts annually and would involve a great expense. A system like this is in vogue in New York.

To Restrict Liquor Licenses.

The people of Jefferson county have petitioned the legislature for legislation providing all applications for licenses to sell liquor shall be rofused in any city, ward, borough, township, county or park when a majority of the residents of a lawful age or of the property holders or the holders of property of the largest aggregate value unite in a remonstrance against them. The house has been flooded with petitions in favor of the Ponnived local option bill.

The Farr compulsary education bill. The Farr compulsary education bill has tage last. Thursday after the most exciting scenes in the house this session. The Republicans moved the provious question before the Democratis had spoken on the bill. This raised the ire of the minority and they declined to vote on the final passage of the measure. Only thirteen votes were recorded against it. The Smith religious garb bill has passed second reading in the house and will come up on third reading next Tuesday. The opposition to it comes principally from the Democratis and the representatives of the coal regions.

Governor Hastings has affixed his signature to the Marshall pipe line repeal bill. In giving notice to the house of his approval of the measure of his directly the reverse of its ostensible object. Instead of encouraging competition and

and four operators, one-half of each number to come from the anthreate and bituminous regions respectively. The committee will meet here next Wednesday.

The Department of Agriculture.

The governor has not yet acted upon the bill creating a department of agriculture. The applicants for the places created by the act are numerous. There seems to be no doubt of the appointment of Secretary Edge, of the state board of agriculture, as chief of the department.

The board of public buildings and grounds has engaged Captain Louis R. Walters, of Phonlaville, to work out a plan for the improvement of the acoustic properties of the hall of the house of representatives. He has made careful measurements of the room, and is convinced that the defects can be remedied. A similar defect in the capitol at Des Moines was corrected by changing the pitch of the ceiling. Captain Walters says the problem is a difficult one and will have to be worked out scientifically. He believes the most feasible plan for the permanent improvement of this defect is to change the ceiling. This would involve a greater expenditure of money than the board would care to authorize at this time. The heavy lambrequins which have been placed in the windows have made a slight improvement in the acoustic properties of the room.

A DAY WITH BABY.

The baby I'm acquainted with Knows naught of battle's har Although he's of the infantry, And often up in arms.

He puts his grandpa's glasses en, Then imitates his frown, And reads the paper backward, while He holds it upside down.

Sometimes he cries, and oh, so hard, I think he understood The good old doctor when he said That it would do him good.

With kitty oft upon the rug He has a wrestling match And kitty, it may be, will win By just the merest scratch.

He croons a little song that sou Like "Gum, oh gum with me And, as he is a minor, he Selects a minor key. Each day nurse wheels him to the park, So in his carriage there, A little son and heir may find A little sun and air.

As in his crib he dozes off,
With such a funny snore,
Wish he'd sleep till eight, instead
Of waking up at four,
—Malcolm Douglass, in St. Nicholas.



or strayed umbrella was not of much importance in a general way, because umbrellas, like dogs, are not looked upon as property. Shakespeare says nothing about stealing umbrellas. By the way, the people of the day had Shakespeare, but they had no umbrella. That useful article had not then come into use. This is an afterthought to verify my knowledge of history.

thought to verify my knowledge of history.

This umbrella, which now lay so heavily on the conscience of Gilbert Rawlins, was a very light affair, its actual weight being a mere trifle, but what troubled him was the fact that it was a woman's umbrella, a dainty, gold-handled parachute, with the name of the fair owner—an unknown woman is always fair to a man's imagination—engraved in Roman letters on the handle, upon a small gold plate:

MAUD, 212 LIVEWELL AVENUE

Now Livewell avenue was one of the Now Livewell avenue was one of the most aristocratic streets in the city, and the question at once arose: "Who was Maud?" And how did Rawlins obtain that umbrella? He had dined at the club with some of his friends—had gone from there straight home by the street car—hal he must have assimilated that umbrella in the car. He did not remember seeing anyone in the car except a woman of very ordinary appearance, and he only recalled her because she had weighed about three hundred pounds and had

ordinary appearance, and he only recalled her because she had weighed about three hundred pounds and had stepped on his foot in getting out. There was certainly no one there who answered to the appearance of "Maud" as she was represented by this dainly silk umbrella, which seemed to diffuse a faint perfume through 6th bett Ravilush bachelor apartments. The modulate restitution. He would call a messenger boy and send it to her number with a note of explanation and apology. He wrote several such missives on his metal tablet, but as they all began with "Maud" there seemed a boldness in the severe simplicity of his mode of addressing her. "Dear Maud" sounded too familiar, "Miss Maud" might be a misnomer. Hal Suppose she were married? He had already settled her in his thoughts as an ideal, and thrust aside the obtrusive, unveloume thought of her marriage with some other man. "No," he reasoned, "there is her sweet, simple girlish name," and he sang:

"Gome into the garden, Maud, Iam here at the gate alone, Tum-te-t ordinary appearance, and he only recalled her because she had weighed
about three hundred pounds and had
stepped on his foot in getting out.
There was certainly no one there who
answered to the appearance of
"Maud" as she was represented by this
dainty silk umbrella, which seemed to
diffuse a faint perfume through Gilbert Rawlins' bachelor apartments.
His first impression was one of immediate restitution. He would call a
messenger boy and send it to her number with a note of explanation and
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Suppose she were married? He had already settled her in his thoughts as
an ideal, and thrust aside the obtrusive,
unvelcome thought of her marriage
with some other may "No" be now

cautioned to be more careful in future.

He did not go to the club dinner with his friends that night, but swallowed a hasty bite at a restaurant on his way to his boarding-house, where he seldom ate, and then he dressed carefully with the nonchalant air of a well-to-do young man who respects himself and the world in which he lives, and with his, or rather her, umbrella unwith his, or rather her, umbrella under his arm, he started for the objective point of his thoughts, 222 Livewell avenue.

der his arm, he started for the objective point of his thoughts, 222 Livewell avenue.

Just as he expected, it was one of the fine uptown houses, and he at once recognized the name on the door, "Dekin," as that of a retired enpitalist, who had a lovely young daughter just returned from her studies abroad. Whew! He felt like leaning the umbrell au pagainst the door, ringing the bell, and running away, a style of doing disagreeable errands he had practiced in his boyhood. Then an unpleasant thought assailed him. What if he should be arrested for stealing the umbrella? These were ticklish times, and everybody was expected to be able to account for property found in his possession. The mere suggestion made him turn cold, and he nearly fainted as he imagined himself scated in the patrol wagon on his way to jail. Such things had happened and the harmless silk umbrella began to look to him like an avenging agent to fate.

"Pooh!" he said, as he wiped the cold and clammy perspiration from his manly brow; "I'll screw my courage to the sticking place;" and he gave the electric bell a push that set the whole house vibrating with its summons. The door was opened almost instantly, and a woman—the identical fat woman who had stepped on his foot in the street car—stood before him.

"Well," she asked, as he gasped for words."

fore him.
"Well," she asked, as he gasped for

fore him.

"Well," she asked, as he gasped for words, "what are ye wantin?"

Her tone was belligerent, and she set her arms aldimbo, quite filling the doorway.

"Are you the—the housemaid?" stammerd the young man, who had not the slightest idea of what he was saying.

"I'm th' cook, an' ef ye hev enny business here ye can shpake it to me."

"Is your name Mand?" he Inquired wildly, having quite lost his head.

"It is none of yer business," was the sharp retort; then—fatal moment!—her eye fell on the umbrella.

"Oh, ye thafe of the world, did ye bring it back agin? Ye swiped it from me in the car. Give it here, quick, and be off wid ye or I'll call the patrol on yel will."

She made a snatch at the umbrella, but Gilbert put it behind him with a



"IS YOUR NAME MAUD?"

TERRAPIN AND RATS.

A Lively Encounter Between Rodents a Pet Turtle.

A Lively Encounter Retween Rodents and a Pet Turtie.

A jay or two since a terrapin was picked up in the upper part of the city, says a Parkersburg (W. Va.) correspondent of the Cinetinant Enquirer. Carved on the shell of the terrapin were a number of dates, the latest of which was 1891. The terrapin was identified as one which three years ago was a popular resident of Max Thanhauser's lot in the rear of his Market street store. This terrapin was a Corbett and Fitzsimmons among the rats which infested the neighborhood. He was always down to weight and in fine fettle for a battle with the rodents, and many an afternoon the clerks of and many an afternoon the clerks of



the store, spectators and customers enjoyed the unique spectacle. A description of the first battle which came off in public is a fair report of the succe

in public is a fair report of the succeeding ones.

One afternoon one of the clerks heard a shrill, squeaking noise, such as a full-grown rat would make when enraged. He looked through the window and was astonished to see a big rat attacking a terrapin. The rat was doing his best to bite through the terrapin's shell, but his teeth glanced from the armor and failed to make even the slightest indentation. The rodent bit at the shell, at the sides and on top. He changed front and bit and clawed from all points, but could find no vulnerable point of attack. The terrapin had withdrawn his head when the rat first made his attack, and with his short legs firmly gripped to the ground, presented only a hemisphere of impenetrable armor.

The enraged rat at last stood with his hind feet on the ground directly in front of the place where the terrapin's head ought to have been, and in a second out shot the head, catching one of the rat's legs fairly and squarely with a grip of steel. The rat squealed with rage and pain, and made frantic efforts to get at the terrapin's head, but in vain. The head was withdrawn under the edge of the shell, pulling the rat's legy fairly and squarely with a grip of steel. The rat squealed with rage and pain, and made frantic efforts to get at the terrapin's head, but in vain. The head was withdrawn under the edge of the shell, pulling the rat's legy swint it, out of reach. The rat fought, bit and squealed, and tried to pull loose from its antagonist, but the terrapin was a sticker.

Sometimes a bunch of hide and flesh, but the rat always retired, if he lived, in an abbrevated form. The terrapin was an innocent-looking object as he wandered about the yard, and what there was showt the animal offensive to the rat always retrired, if he lived, in an abbrevated form. At last the rats appeared to catch on, and from that time until the terrapin disappeared, two years ago, scarcely a rat has been seen on the premises.

HEARS WITH HIS LEGS.

HEARS WITH HIS LEGS.

Instead of Hearing Messages a Deaf Oper ator Feels Them.

The novelty of a telegraph operator who can scarcely hear a locomotive whistle working day after day at his instrument is one of the marvels presented at a telegraph station near Pittsburgh. The man is about 28 years old. He has been deaf since he was about 3 years of age as the result of an attack of scarlet fever. Being so extremely hard of henring, the child's sense of touch was developed to the degree usually possessed by blind persons. The slightest tap upon a



table or a wall, the rolling of a wagon wheel along the street and all similar sounds were conveyed to him by the consequent vibrations. When about 12 years of age he undertook the study of telegraphy. Being a favorite with the operator at his home, he was given of telegraphy. Being a favortic with the operator at his home, he was given the run of the office. All the mystic signs, dots and dashes of the profession were explained to him. Day after day he could be seen sitting at the table with his knees pressed against it or resting his elbow upon it. He was literally feeling the messages as they were ticked off over the wire. Being naturally quick it was but a short time until he was able to correctly read any message coming into the office. Sending came just as easy, and to-day, after sixteen years' service at the key and sounder, he is just as fine an operator as there is in the country. Of late years his hearing has improved to such an extent that he can easily hear the sounder, but the old habit of listening with his knee still clings to him.

HIRAM STARK'S STORY.

A West Virginia Man Who Was

At Least His Friends Told Him He Was— But He Was Only in a Trance— Since Then His Hair Changes Color Every Day.

The name, Hiram W. Stark, attracted

The name, Hiram W. Stark, attracted little or no attention, and meant nothing to the many eyes that glanced over the register of a Walnut street hotal at Cincinnati, but the person who wrote his signature somewhat awkwardly is one who possesses a physical peculiarity which has baffled the physicians of his neighborhood for years.

Mr. Stark is an ambitious and well-todo farmer of West Virginia, and his little patch of 200 acres away up in the mountains, near Morgantown, W. Va., is a model farm.

The peculiarity of Mr. Stark is his hair. He neverknows when he pulls off his heavy boots after a hard day's work, and gets ready to retire, what color his hair will be when he wakes up the next morning. Sometimes it is gray all over; sometimes it is plack; again it is half gray and half black, and perhaps there will be several days in which there will no change at all. Again, he will wake up after a good night's rest to find that he possesses a head of auburn hair which any society belle would envy.

"I can't tell you the reason why these

with waite that he possesses a head of auburn hair which any society belle would envy.

"I can't tell you the reason why these changes of color take place," said Mr. Stark to an Enquirer reporter. "If I could I would be doing something which the physicians have been worrying about for years, but I can tell you what brought It about—and there is quite a story connected with it. Up until I was fourteen years old, there was not a more healthy boy in the country than I. I was a large and strong youngster for my age, and father used to say that I was worth any two men on the place. Well, about that time I was taken sick with epilepsy. I lingered between life and death for several weeks, and finally—I remember the circumstance well—at 12:03 o'clock Sunday morning, with the family clustered around my bedside. I died. At least that is what the —at 12:03 o'clock Sunday morning, with the family clustered around my bed-side, I died. At least that is what the doctor in charge claimed, and, as there was no sign of life about my body, the family had no reason to disbelieve his statement. All this time I lay there and could see all that was going on about me. I wanted to speak and tell them I was not dead, but I could net



JUST THEN HE SHRIEKED.

breathe a word. I tried to move, but not a muscle would respond to my wishes. I could hear, but not very distinctly, the arrangements being made for my funeral. All that night I was alone laid out on the stretcher waiting for the undertaker to put in his unwelcome appearance in the morning. I could hear my mother weeping in an adjoining room and now and then she would offer up a prayer for her darling child. It was in awful agony that I passed the night. Time after time I strived to extricate myself from the horrible fate of being buried alive, but not a finger could I move.

extrieate myself from the horrible fate of being buried alive, but not a finger could I move.

"At ten o'clock the undertaker came. I heard him express to my father a desire to be left alone with me, and I knew very well what that meant. He was always very particular not to bury anybody alive, and for that reason he always carried a small steel dagger which he plunged into his charge as a part of the preparation for burial. He came into the room, took hold of my arm, and let it fall.

"'He's dead,' he said, half aloud, 'but it's only a matter of form,' and with these words he removed the clothes from my left breast and raised the blade above me. Just then I shrieked. The dagger fell and stuck in the floor at my side. The family rushed in, but I was unconscious a second after I cried. They worked with me for several days, and I finally recovered. They told me the story of my death, but no one could describe the death that I had lived—as I had experienced it. The sight of that dagger raised above my heart was a picture I can never efface from my memory, and the misery in which I lived during those few seconds could never be fully told.

"Ever since that sickness, that death, and that resurrection, these changes of

told.

"Ever since that sickness, that death, and that resurrection, these changes of color have taken place in my hair. There is scarcely a week in which a change of some kind does not occur. My hair is black now and has been so for two days. It will change soon, but to what color I can never foretell. It is no particular inconvenience to me except when my hair is half black and except when my hair is half black and half gray, and then I am stared at as though I were a perambulating museum.

"No, I've never been dead since then and I don't care to be until it's a real death."

Last of Her Tribe.

A maiden lady recently died in Allentown, Pa., after living as a servant in one family for a period of sixty-seven years. It is impossible to determine which is the greatest curiosity—a servant who lives in one family sixty-seven years or the family which is able to keep a domestie such a phenomenal period. The deceased was evidently the last of her tribe.