THOS. A. BUCKLEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. OFFICE: MAIN STREET ABOVE CENTRE

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sounty is of the neartiest kind. Ao dis-sensions in the party ranks are to be found anywhere. The candidates of the Republican party must have had a cold chill creep down there back when they read the proceedings of the meeting and the cordial feeling that dominates."

The late Daniel Coxe, of Luzerne county, whose tragic death was recorded a few days ago, was buried Monday with honors becoming the memory of a cespected citizen. Mr. Coxe had not eached his thirtieth year at the time of leath, but he had displayed a sturdy und progressive character which indicated a life of unusual usefulness. He was ast becoming the substantial successor in his late uncle, Eckley B. Coxe, in the ght way, and in the midst of active en-reprise and large undertaking he gave uch of his thought and time and means the best philanthropic purposes. His ntimely death will be felt in the daily ves of a very large unmber of people in the southern portion of Luzene county. Phila, Press.

back in the column of Democracy once more.

After securing a seat for six years to come in the senate of the United States, Hon. Stephen B. Elikins, of West Virginia, has also become a champion of political reform. He deeply deplores the corrupting influence of money in elections, and insists that the great and growing evil should be suppressed. This causes Editor Singerly, of the Philadelphia Record, to publish the following little story, which is appropriate and timely. "'My dear children,' said an ancient rat, 'I have resolved to renounce the sins of this world and devote my life to the austere practice of the cardinal virtues. Be virtuous and you also will be happy.' Wiping his eyes with his venerable tail the ancient rodent withdrew. Some of his progeny, more suspicious than the rest sewit the sequence.

n-made goods at ready-made Ready-made goods equal to cus-k at Refowich's, Freeland.

## AT A "ROUND-UP."

Garland Writes of "the nousand Hills"—The Har Happy Life of a Wes ern Cowboy.

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T Cripple Creek mining camp I heard of a roundup over on Wilsson creek, and saddling a horse I. "hit the trail," as they say on the range.

Leaving the camp, I descended a fine trail running among aspens and seattered pines with hills on each side of the road. The gulch became a canyon with beautiful deep red cliffs rising perpendicularly on either side.

At an altitude of about eight thousand feet I came out upon the floor of a grassy valley with crested buttes standing about like fortresses. The lower hills were delicately modeled with curves delicious as the checks of peaches. Behind me the Pike's Peak range lifted to the sky, which was gray with rain.

I passed by scattered ranches, desolate and squalid, among the splendid hills. Bedraggled women showed their worn faces at the windows and half-wild children peered from the doors.

At seven thousand feet I came upon a finer, wider basin, which was speckled with cattle. Here my guide had a cabin, and I stayed all night with him and his partner.

The cattle were "range cattle," as they are called, and were wild and fierce-looking, especially the bulls—great lithe tiger-bodied fellows with white heads and wide horns. They are a cross between Hereford cattle and Texas broad-horns. I saw one or two of the few remaining pure broad-horns. They ran with long springing action, and mounted the hills with the ease of deer.

I slept that night in the midst of coyotes and wild cattle. All night,

curve in the road and came upon the "bunch" being held and worked by a

were the sons and hired men of the ranchers.

The outfit consisted of three covered wagons, four tents, elighty saddle horses, three cooks and about twenty riders. There was in command a "cowboss," or captain of the round-up, who took me in charge and showed me every possible courtesy.



"NIGHT."

rose, the cattle behave the calves bleated, the ropers uttered wild cries.

I went to the fence and peered over.
One of the ropers was just noosing a beautiful calf. By a deft fling he caught it by the hind legs, the horse swung about quiekly and the angry calf was dragged across the yard. A stalwart young herder seized it

"TRIP HIM, BOB."



"A YOUNG DARE-DEVIL."
out of the way of the horse. Their curiosity about the man disappears when he sits on a horse, the six legged animal they know; the two legged animal they suspect and hate.

I climbed painfully up a slippery trail in a heavy rain, crossed a high park and plunged down a trail in a canyon which turned out to be a very rocky trail. It was hardly more than a cattle trail and in places I had to lie flat on my horse to go under the dripping trees.

was very steep and blind in places, descended a thousand feet in a

ly silent. Overhead the sky at the canyon's sides were of jagged masonry. The work of the round-up. It four miles down." I began rode four miles. It was miles down." I rode two is just "across the creek." I creek and heard the wild the cattle I rounded a

whenever I awoke I could hear the bawl of restless bulls, the bleat of calves and the call of the dams.

The next morning I took the trail alone, with a little diagram on paper to guide me. As I went out to get my horse, the cattle began to souff and to beliow, and galloped after me. One immense bull seemed particularly out of sorts with men. These cattle on the range, (as I knew), are not accustomed to seeing men on foot. I had a heavy fence between me and the bull, for which I was grateful. My horse unfortunately was on the same side of the fence as the bull. I took a big rook in one hand and my bridle in the other and climbed the fence. The bull stopped to paw the sod, and I leaped the fence and slipped the bridle on my horse and rode through the herd, leaving them wondering. They scurried the fence and slipped the bridle on my horse and rode through the herd, leaving them wondering. They scurried in the other and climbed the fence and slipped the bridle on my horse and rode through the herd, leaving them wondering. They scurried the fence and slipped the bridle on my horse and rode through the herd, leaving them wondering. They scurried in the other and climbed the fence and slipped the bridle on my horse and rode through the herd, leaving them wondering. They scurried the fence and slipped the bridle on my horse and rode through the herd. They be a substant and threw it to the ground. The herder called "Open Box." which was the rand the rander was made the road and threw it to the ground. The herder called "Open Box." which was the rander was moking fire near by a man brought a rudely-shaped by a man brought a rudely-

jocular remarks.

The struggle with the calves minded me of the pride men took in holding a pig at pig-killing time, in Iowa, in fron-

pig at pig-killing time, in lowa, in frontier days.

It was unrelievedly cruel to see the fawn-like calves dragged to the hot iron, but when the men attacked a three-year-old steer the struggle grew dramatic. One roper threw the noose over the horns, and while the bellowing creature leaped in the air the second man caught the hind feet. A swift turn about the pommel, a touch on the rein, and the great brute was helpless. A sharp turn of one horse and the steer was brought to the ground in a quivering heap. It all looked easy because it all went on so quietly, but it takes skill to handle twelve hundred pounds of beef when it is alive.

After the caves sprang up they ran a little sidewise, as if afraid the burning sears might touch something. I asked the boss whether some other mode of marking might not be used. "We've tried to find some way," he replied, "but it don't seem like there is there is any other way. You see, when you've got so many brands you can't earmark, and any paint on the hair wears off, and anything tied on would brush off or get stole."

"How often do you hold these roundups?"

"How often do you hold these round-ups?"
"Twice a year. In the spring and fall. In the spring we round up to brand the calves while they're with the cows, and in the fall to separate beef cattle and also to brand any calves missed in the spring round-up."
"I suppose these are all volunteer riders—like an old-fashioned huskin' bee."

He smiled. "Yes. That's it exactly. Each man is expected to do his share. Each man drives the cattle in his range no matter whose they are, and then we cut out the cattle that belong on the range where the round-up is and take the others into their own range."

"How long does the spring round-up

ing. "Horses." Before him the troop was rushing like a wild herd.
Others took up the cry: "Horses! Get your bridles."

The wrang'er rounded the drove toward the tents whence issued the riders, lariat in hand. The horses are all broncho grades, small, alert, flatimbed, wild-eyed and tricky. They have to be eaught with the rope each day. The men surround them, herding them into a compact squad. The riders advanced into the herd one by one, with coiled ropes ready, and noosed and pulled out their best horses, for the ride was to be hard.

One man tried three times for a wicked-looking bucksikh broncho. The men jeered him, but he noosed him at last and drew him out with wild eyes rolling. The saddles went on meanwhile, the horses wincing at the cinch. At last all were secured, the riders swung into the saddle and dashed away with that singular, swift gliding, sidewise gallop so characteristic of these men and their ponies.

These hardy horses and their powerful and reckless men are a product of these hills as truly as the cattle. It is not a lonely life—it does not appear to be a very high sort of civilization—it will give way to civilization—it will give way to civilization—it makes men hard and coarse, and yet it carries it with something fine and wholesome. It has retreated from the plains to the mountain valleys—from the mountain valleys it has sought final refuge on the mountain tops themselves, where grain and fruit will not grow. At an altitude twice as high as the peaks of the Alleghanies, these cattlemen have fixed their ranges. Whether the settler or the miner will dislodge him from these rigorous and rugged altitudes, remains to be seen. HAMLIN GABLAND.

A Victim of Circumstances.

Mrs. Jones — It is strange that restrong man like you cannot get work.

The Tramp — Well, yer see, mum, people want references from me last employer, an' he's been dead twenty

## A THRIPPENNY TOKEN.



"How long does the spring round-up last?"

"We've been out since the first week of June. We'll be out till August 7 probably. The fall round-up last over a formidable letter and the the camp began to move. The next round-up lay over a formidable letter and four of the cowboys hitched their lariats to the pole and prieed the wagon up the guidn' like a bat out of the search of th

you."
That is the first half of the story.
Anybody can guess how the second half begins. I lost that wretched, ill-fated bit of silver. How, I don't know nor can it matter now. Marian begged me to have it riveted to my key ring. I meant to take her advice but neg



VHERE BEFORE MY EYES LAY THE OBJECT I WAS SEEKING.

lected the matter, until one day, on passing a jeweler's shop, the half-threepence popped into my head. "I will have it riveted at once!" I said to myself. I entered the shop well satisfied with my diligence. My excitement and pallor when I discovered my loss created a sensation among the salesmen and customers. The impression gained that I had been robbed of diamonds at least, and I did not dare to correct it. I scratched myself then and there before them all to the verge of impropriety, and subsequently subjected my office and my bedroom to a scrutiny which would have made the Russian police turn pale with envy; but might as well have been looking for the ten lost tribes. Do what I might I could not find that fatal fifteen mills' worth of white metal, and I do not expect that I shall ever see it again. I may add that I do not wish to.

found columns in the New York newspapers (oh, yes, I advertised—on principle), and I should be able to carry out the felonious subterfuge which immediately suggested itself to me, with comparatively little fear of detection.

The subterfuge was to procure another three-cent piece, have that cut in half, hang the substituted token on my watch chain (rivet it, this time), and present a virtuous and undisturbed brow to the world.

If I were permitted I could easily write a novel on my experiences during the next three days while I was seeking for that threepence. I am not permitted. All I may do is to strive to convey the impression of haste, despair, constant movement, confusion as to time and place, sense of oppression, bewilderment, noise, bustle, oblivion of identity—to dash these in with a few strong strokes, so to speak. I tried all the means suggested by my numismatic (and philatelle) counselor. I believe I even addressed a letter to the Philadelphia mint, which respectfuly referred me to somebody—or somewhere—else. The bridge and the elevated railroads I expanded into banks, savings banks, ferry companies and street car railways; and goodness knows what other incorporated metods of gathering up the small change of a people, their treasurers and cashiers, did I visit modestly, deprecatingly, anxiously, one after the other. I don't suppose I shall be believed, but there did not seem to be in the city of New York one single three-cent.piece in circulation or on deposit. I will give, simply by name, other places or persons included in my quest: Newsboys, bootbacks, newsboys' homes, apple women, river-front restaurants, telegraph offices, soup-houses, candy



stores, drug stores, exchange brokers, curiosity shops, pawnbrokers, dime museums and bootiace venders. I was everywhere unsuccessful, and finally another numismats taid to me: "You see, when people get nold of those coins they keep them for pocket pieces or have them cut in half for tokens." I began to believe him.

None the less, however, shall I ever remember with gratitude the sympathy of the proprietors of the nickel-inthe-slot machines. They begged me to wait. It could not be long before a sliver three-pence was passed for a nickel. Alas! fate was against me. At last Sunday came. Weary and broken in spirit I went to church (a promise to Marian). The collection was taken up. I sit directly behind the venerable Edward Edwards. His venerable purple hand trembled over the velvet-lined plate. When the vestryman moved on to me, there before my eyes lay the object I was seeking. It was old, it was worn and shiny, its edges were scalloped—it was the very twin of my own. After service I visited the vestry and effected an exchange. I leave the casuistry of my action to others; but it is a fact that gratitude for the providential assistance I had received toward my contemplated subterfuge impelled me to a thank offering, and the heathen were spiritually richer to the extent of one dollar and ninety-seven cents after the exchange was completed.

The next morning I took the three-pence to the jeweler's shop to be cut in half. I still had my tremors, for suppose Marrian took a fancy to compare the supposed halves and they did not fit? However, this was a remote contingency; I could even devise means to provide against it. On the whole, I felt like an esoterie Buddhist just relieved from an underground fast. There is only one way to cut a coin in half—from top to bottom. Mine was the right-hand nafif; the jeweler riveted it on my chain after rubbing the edges a little to make them seem not so freshly cut. Marian was to return the next day—Tuesday. I thad been a narrow escape.

so freshly cus and the next day—Tuesday. It had been a narrow escape.

And now I imow what you think happened. You think that when Marian returned my apprehensions were once more arcused by the peculiar manner in which she questioned me on the subject of my half of the three-pence; that her manner convinced me it hat I was not only suspected but found out; and that, at last, after enduring untold agonies, I discovered that she hald lost her own half—that is your suppocition. How little you know Marian.

Wheat—Spot prices weak with line trade. September, 62 5-8c.; October, 63 4-c.; December, 63 3-c.; Detober, 63 3-c.; Detober, 63 3-7-8c.

Onts—Spot lower with m derate demate No. 2 white 40 7-5c. f. o. b.; September, 83 7-8c.; October, 63 37-8c.

Onts—Spot lower with m derate demate No. 2 white 40 7-5c. f. o. b.; September, 82 31-2c.; No. 3 white, 15c.; Spot moderately active; trade steady. Extra prime nominal, short escapt; in the price of the spot of t

## AMERICAN BOAT WINS

Defender Defeats Valkyrie in the First Race.

so Easy a Victory that Yankee Racing Men Are Confident that the America's Cup Will Remain Here for at Least Another Year-Lord Dunraven Makes No Complaint.

for at Least Another Year—Lord Dunraven Makes No Complaint.

New York, Sept. 7.—The first of the series of the international yacht races between the American champion, the Defender, and the English competitor, the Valkyrie, for the possession of the America's cup, was sailed over the New York Yacht club's course at Sandy Hook in a dense fog, and resulted in a very decided victory for the Yankee. Shortly after the yachts started, the Valkyrie at 12,20,50, they were lost to sight of the spectators, owing to the dense fog which pressed upon the sea, and to obtain any idea of the relative positions of the yachts was impossible. In fact, those who remained in the city knew more about the race than those nearer the scene, because of the numerous press tugs sent out by the news agencies, which followed the racers and brought the news every few minutes to the cable and telegraph offices established at various points and on stemships anchored in the open sea. A few seconds before 12,40 o'clock the Defender wont about on the port tack, and the Valkyrie speedily followed her sightly in the lead. Then, at 1,12 o'clock, the Valkyrie went back to the starboard tack, heading to the northeast, followed by the Defender, which was still astern of the British yacht. And then came a move that thrilled all those who managed to catch a glimpse of through the mist. Lord Dunraver's yacht attempted to pass across the Defender's bows but did not succeed, which showed that the American competitor, the Valkyrie had in her favor at the start. It was at 1.40 c'clock that the Valkyrie gave up the effort to cross the Defender's bows, and half a minute later the Defender splittacks with her.

At 1.53 the Valkyrie came about to follow on Defender's quarter. The synder was a start of the way of crossing bows. The two racers stood toward each other until the Valkyrie, by going about, avoided what otherwise would

steadily drew away from her rival, and that, too, in spite of the fact that the breeze dropped as they got inshore.

As they neared home and it was seen that the Defender was far in the lead the vast throng of excursion craft of all descriptions made a deafening chorus of noise with their whistless and the throngs aboard them almost spit their throats in their endeavors to make themselves heard above the roar of the steam. Our boat received a royal welcome, but little more than that accorded to the Valkyrie when she, too, crossed the mark. The official corrected time was: Defender, 4:59:53: Valkyrie, 5:08:44. The Defender, being allowed 29 seconds by the Valkyrie, therefore won by 8 minutes and 49 seconds.

A reporter of the United Press found members of the regatta committee in session at the New York Yacht club at 11 o'clock last night. Mr. Hyslop was also there in conference with them. He remained clossted with the committee for some, time and shortly after his departure the following notice was posted on the club's bulletin board: "At the request of the Earl of Dunraven and with the nacquiescence of Mr. Iselin the measurer of the New York Yacht club yesterday marked the yachts Valkyrie and Defender at each end of the load-water line. When this was done at the Erie basin yesterday the measurer, at the request of the America's Cup committee, verified the measurements taken on Friday, which we're confirmed by the measurements taken on Friday, which we're confirmed by the measurements taken on Friday, which we're confirmed by the measurements taken on Friday, which we're confirmed by the measurements taken on Friday, which we're confirmed by the measurements taken on Friday, which we're confirmed by the measurements taken on Friday, which we're confirmed by the measurements taken on Friday, which we're confirmed by the measurements taken on Friday, which we're confirmed by the measurements taken on Friday, which we're confirmed by the measurements taken on Friday, which we're confirmed by the measurements taken