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FREELAND, NOVEMBER 7, 1895.

Energy Going to Waste.

Every now and then some fool man writes to the papers to say that we are becoming a weak race; that the standard of height and measure of physical accomplishment are not what they were in the old days—whenever those were. The luxury of modern civilization and the substitution of mechanical for bodily energy are held accountable for this deplorable state of things. Of course it is useless to argue against them. No man who has grown accustomed to pate de foie gras is going back to sustain himself on gluten bread while his salary keeps up, and no man is going to pay half a dollar to a workman to fix up his last summer's straw hat in two days when he can have the job done in ten minutes for half the money on an electric machine. But everybody must have noticed that with the decrease of occasions for manual labor there is a compensating output of energy in other directions. Man is constitutionally compelled to use his muscles. He has lost the prehensile caudality that adorned his thousand times great-grandfather, because his pursuit of agriculture and small game took him out of the trees and gave him an ampler footing on the ground; but with this rather unimportant exception he is stronger, bigger and better equipped than the relative with which Mr. Darwin has endowed him. The fact that he has everything done for him by machinery, except his breathing and a part of his thinking, leaves him with a surplus of bodily vitality. Why not employ this energy that is now so lavishly wasted? In old aristocratic societies it was against the unwritten law to do anything useful. A man might tire himself to death rowing, fishing, dancing, shooting, playing golf, and doing things like that, but if he sawed wood he was done for. These aristocratic conventions no longer obtain, except among the most gilded of the elect. The time is ripe, sagely observes a writer in Harper's Weekly, to advocate the transformation or utilization of energy. What we need is a wood-yard for respectable middle-aged bankers. Instead of uselessly and tiresomely going through the setting-up exercises, or lifting himself from the floor by ropes, or revolving with great violence around a bar, or punching a bag, the banker could go out early and saw wood. He would get fully as much exercise as by the domestic calisthenics, and his exercise would count for something. The excitement of a sport could be brought into the event, for a race between a number of portly gentlemen, to see which one could first get through his cord of wood, could hardly fail to be considered as an improving and exhilarating spectacle.

As an evidence that brains and brawn may be found together in the same person the invention of a combined trunk and bathtub by Sandow, the modern Samson, is cited. The absence of bathtubs in Europe where he has traveled suggested the need of some such contrivance and the strong man hit upon the very convenient and useful article in question. The body of the trunk is lined with tin and the interior filled with trays. Clothing or personal effects are packed into trays, which are made to fit the inside of the trunk. These trays may readily be removed and the trunk instantly converted into a bathtub.

A PARTY of Bangor (Me.) bicyclists rode to Bucksport on a recent Sunday and to their return they stopped at a farmhouse to get a drink of water. The man told them that he could not accommodate them with water, but they could have all the milk they wanted. He said that he had to drive his cows five miles to water them, and on account of the dry weather he found it almost impossible to get water enough for use in the family. There is one man anyway who doesn't water his milk.

THE Goulds are again before the public through the return of the tax appraiser in New York, who estimates the personal property to be worth $80,934,580 and the real estate at $2,000,000. The appraiser is ordered to compute the commissions of the executors and trustees and to deduct the full amount from the whole estate before dividing the residuary estate, which amounts to $73,224,547, among the children.

EDITOR AND STATESMAN.

The Eventful Career of Hon. Amos J. Cummings.

Voted a Congressional Medal for Bravery at Fredericksburg—His Influence in the Newspaper Field of New York City.

Hon. Amos J. Cummings, who is now a candidate for congress from the Tenth New York district, was born in Conkling, Broome county, N. Y., on May 15, 1841. His father and grandfather were clergymen of the Christian church. He was given a common school education in his native town, and at the age of twelve, when his father was editor of the Christian Palladium and the Christian Messenger, he entered his father's printing office as an apprentice in the composing room. Then came a period of four years, during which he left home and hoed his own row as a compositor in many western and southern states. In 1857, while in Mobile, he joined the famous Walker expedition, which wound up with his capture, along with several hundred others, by the United States sloop-of-war St. Mary's.

After his release he came to New York city and enjoyed his first taste of metropolitan journalism, in which he afterward became so distinguished, by working at the case in the Tribune office. He remained in the Tribune composing room until the call of the trumpet of war, when he laid aside, for a time, the "stick," and took up the sword.

In the war he was sergeant major of the Twenty-sixth New Jersey volunteers, participating in many battles, and was officially mentioned for gallantry at Fredericksburg, and received the congressional medal of honor by order of the secretary of war. He returned from the war in time to participate in the defense of the Tribune office when it was mobbed by the rioters in July, 1863. Mr. Cummings was one of the four compositors who remained in the office. Mr. Cummings lost his situation with the Tribune by a strike for higher wages in which he participated, and for a time set type on the Yonkers Statesman. Returning to New York in December, he secured work with Charles E. Wilbour, one of the owners of the Law Transcript. Wilbour contracted to print a list of the inhabitants subject to the draft, and Cummings worked upon the list until he was offered a situation in the editorial room of the Tribune.

HON. AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

Just after Christmas, in 1864, he was placed in charge of the Weekly Tribune. After serving nearly two years on the weekly he became night editor, and afterward city editor and political editor of the daily edition of the Tribune. He has charge of the political department of the paper during the first Grant campaign. In 1869 he became managing editor of the Sun, and remained there until the winter of 1872. Broken down in health by overwork, he went to Florida. In the following summer he visited Colorado, Utah, Nebraska and California, sending correspondence to the Sun over the signature of "Ziska" which attracted much attention. Mr. Cummings went to Florida every winter until the spring of 1876, and his Florida letters reached a world-wide circulation. He visited the Everglades, Lake Okechobee and other parts of the state, then but little known.

In the spring of 1876 he returned to New York and took charge of the New York Evening Express. He remained there until after the nomination of Mr Tilden. In 1884 Mr. Cummings was elected president of the New York Press club. He accepted a reelection, and declined a third renomination.

In the fall of 1886 he was elected to congress. On March 17 following he became the editor of the Evening Sun. Here he remained until the opening of congress in December. The Evening Sun under his administration became one of the leading evening newspapers of New York.

He declined a renomination for congress in 1888, but in the fall of 1889 was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the death of "Sunset" Cox, and he has been twice reelected from that district. In congress Mr. Cummings has been an active supporter of all measures brought before the house in the interest of labor.

Discovery of a Great River.

The expedition of Dr. Bell, of the geographical survey, undertaken last June into the fastnesses of British America by a route directly north from Ottawa to Ruperts house on James bay, has resulted in the discovery of a river which Dr. Bell describes as the "Nile of the north," and the sixth largest river in the world. Its average width is a mile, and it is five hundred miles long. It has three tributaries, one rising north of Three rivers, another in the Lake St. John region, and the third near Lake Mistassini. A primitive forest skirts the river's brink the whole distance, which is navigable from the rapids to the north.

Over Seven Miles Up.

The highest point ever attained by man was that reached by Cox and Glaisher, in 1862, 37,000 feet above the sea.

AUNT SUSAN RETIRES.

Miss Anthony to Devote the Remainder of Her Days to Rest.

Word comes from Rochester, N. Y., the home of Susan B. Anthony, that the famous woman suffrage advocate has determined to pass the remainder of her days quietly at that place. Miss Anthony's health is excellent this fall notwithstanding rumors to the contrary since the fainting spells with which she was afflicted last summer. But it is not likely that she will ever again engage in protracted effort in behalf of the suffrage, or any other cause. She is well along in years and understands that she cannot do better than to give the younger women of the movement a chance. In all probability therefore, she will remain quietly in Rochester for the remainder of her life. To her friends she says she is quite resigned, but there is no doubt whatever that she fully expected the constitutional convention of 1894 to give the vote to herself and her sisters.

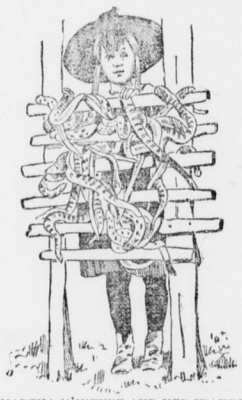
MISS SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

Miss Anthony's home is a pretty brick house standing a little back from the street in a small grass plot, and is shaded by graceful maples. With her lives her sister Mary. She, like Susan B., has never married. "Aunt Mary," as she is known to her intimates, has the most profound respect and affection for her sister, and has practically effaced herself all her life in order that Susan might round out her career. Until a few years ago Mary Anthony was a teacher in one of the public shools. She is nearly as old as Susan, and for thirty years, at least, she gave most of her working hours to the training of juvenile minds and ministering to her sister's comfort or helping her prepare addresses and papers for publication. Yet she managed always to keep abreast of the times and to familiarize herself with the latest books. She has also done a good deal of speech-making at home, mostly before the Ignorance club, of which both Susan and herself are members, and those who have heard her say she is as good a speaker as is Susan. Besides she is an excellent housekeeper, but in this she cannot excel "Aunt Susan," who, all her friends declare, would have made an ideal housewife. In fact, there are many women here who declare "Aunt Susan's" bread to be the lightest, whitest and sweetest they have ever tasted.

FOND OF RATTLERS.

A Little Dakota Girl and Her Collection of Venomous Snakes.

The librarian of congress at Washington has recently received from an artist at Hot Springs, S. D., a photograph of Martha McIntyre, an eight-year-old child, who from her infancy has had rattlesnakes for pets. When she was four years old she found a huge rattler coiled up in the yard near her father's house, and by some mysterious power was able to come close and take hold of him, which she did apparently without the slightest fear. Every month or so she would find a new snake in the woods near the house, and now she has as many as two dozen, none of which can be induced to leave her. The photograph shows her pets writhing on some slats nailed to two boards, while Martha stands behind them, her hand on one of the reptiles, which is moving from side to side. Some of these snakes are four feet long.



MARTHA M'INTYRE AND HER SNAKES.

New Cure for Snake Bites.

Prof. Halford, of Melbourne, Australia, has been making a most remarkable series of experiments with chloride of lime, with respect to its action upon human subjects as a cure or preventive of the evil effects of snake bites. He is sending quantities of immunizing serum to India and the Antilles. He finds that by injecting into rabbits a dose of the serum corresponding to 1-10,000 of their weight, they are enabled to endure, without danger, a dose of venom capable of killing untreated specimens in from three to four hours.

"Up with the Lark" a Mistake.

That much celebrated bird, the lark, is quite a sluggard, as it does not rise until long after the chaffinches, linnets and a number of hedgerow birds have been up and about.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

Announcements of religious services and church news will be published free of charge under this head every Thursday. Pastors are invited to send us all items that are of general interest to the public.

ENGLISH BAPTIST.

Services for Sunday, November 10:

Prayer meeting at 10 a. m.

Preaching at 10.30 a. m. Subject, "The Evidences and Privileges of Divine Sonship."

Sunday school at 2 p. m.

At 6.30 p. m. the young people and children of the congregation will give a special service, consisting of the rendering of the entire book of Jonah, which has been arranged for the occasion by the pastor, also special singing.

All are invited.

Special services are being held each evening this week at 7.30 o'clock, and will probably be continued next week. Notice will be given.

Rev. J. T. Griffith, pastor.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

M. E. services will be held in Lindsay's hall every Sunday as follows:

Preaching, 10 a. m. and 7 p. m.

Class meeting, 9 a. m.; C. W. Barton, leader.

Sunday school, 2 p. m.; C. W. Barton, superintendent.

Epworth League, 6 p. m.; Edward Jones, president.

Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7.30 p. m.

The public is cordially invited to all of these services.

Rev. Edmund White, pastor.

HOLINESS CHRISTIAN.

Services at the Holiness Christian Association church are as follows:

Sunday: Preaching, 10 a. m.; Sunday school, 2 p. m.; experience meeting, 3 p. m.; preaching, 7.30 p. m.

Week day services on Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

Rev. H. P. Jones, pastor.

Not What She Needed.

"Madam," began the peddler, "I have here a history of—"

"Don't need no history nor nuthin'," exclaimed the woman with red hair, who had opened the door.

"I beg your pardon," replied the peddler, courteously. "I see I have made a mistake. It wasn't a history that I should have offered you."

He went down into his pack and pulled out a couple of other books.

"Can I sell you a grammar and a book on etiquette?" he asked, insinuatingly.

By making extraordinary efforts he reached the gate ahead of the dog.—Chicago Evening Post.

Ratiocination.

Rector—Duggan, attention! As you're an old Balaklava soldier, I am inclined to make allowances; but this is the third time I have seen you under the influence of drink. How is this?

Sexton—Well, you see, sir, when I go downtown one fellow says: "Duggan, will you have a drink?" and another says the same, and I get drunk without knowing it.

Rector—But, Duggan, when I go downtown no one asks me to take a drink.

Sexton—Yes; but you're not nearly such a popular man, you see.—Punch.

In Chicago, of Course.

Ambitious Musician—I have fame at last in my grasp.

"How so?"

"You know 'Mendelssohn's Wedding March' helped amazingly in making his name?"

"Well, what of it?"

"I am going to write a divorce march."—Tammany Times.

A Combination Wasted.

Little Fanny—Mamma, are porcupines good to eat?

Mother—No, my child.

"That's a great pity."

"Why so, Fanny?"

"Because when you got through eating a porcupine, you could pick your teeth with the quills."—Texas Siftings.

The Liveryman's Loss.

Liveryman — Terrible accident today. Mrs. Heavyweight hired a horse of me, to take a ride, and had hardly got started before the horse stumbled.

Friend—My! my! Did the horse fall on her?

Liveryman—No, she fell on the horse.—N. Y. Weekly.

Perhaps a Little Too Hot, Too.

Dawkins—Come on, Jack! it's half-past seven; my dinner is waiting for me at home, and I'm afraid it will be cold.

Hawkins—I wouldn't bother about that, if I were you. Your wife will make it hot enough for you when you get home.—Puck.

She Laughed.

George—You are not calling on Miss Rosebud any more, eh?

Jack—No, I got disgusted. She has such a coarse laugh.

George—I never noticed that.

Jack—You would if you'd been within hearing when I proposed to her.—N. Y. Weekly.

MAN OF MANY PARTS.

William Morris, Who May Be Poet Laureate of England.

There is no so little understood a man in the literary world of London as William Morris, who has been spoken of lately in connection with the post of poet laureate. It is because he is so many-sided a man that he is known neither by his countrymen nor by Americans. If he were only a mere poet it would be easy to write of him—to make an estimate and properly classify him—but he is a larger figure in life than he is in literature, and he therefore belongs to the future rather than to the present in the way of criticism.

He is spoken of indiscriminately as a socialist, as a designer of furniture and wall paper, and as a poet. At Kelmscott house, Hammersmith, he designs esthetic wall papers for which he is deservedly famous, and the Kelmscott Press, which he conducts, is noted for the beautiful books which it produces.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

Though he seems to be set nowadays on winning laurels as a designer and publisher, William Morris has a long and brilliant record as a poet. His first book of verses: "The Defense of Guinevere and Other Poems," was published as far back as 1858. This was followed by "The Life and Death of Jason," which put him in the first rank of living poets. In his next work: "The Earthly Paradise," he well-nigh exhausted the treasures of Greek mythology and Gothic folklore. This is a work with a plan which is somewhat indebted to that of the "Canterbury Tales."

Certain gentlemen and mariners of Norway sail in quest of "the earthly paradise"—an island of bliss—find it, and remain in it for the remainder of their lives, passing the time with tales from Greek and Teutonic sources. The poem is not meant to inculcate vigor or active effort (though these may find their remote position in the tales); the primary conception implies a castle of indolence, an existence conditioned by languid repose. The poet does not fume and fret, but he has hopes that when there is leisure he may be thought worthy of some attention:

But rather when aweary of your mirth
From full hearts still unsatisfied ye sigh,
And feeling kindly unto all the earth
Grudge every minute as it passes by,
Made the more mindful as the sweet days die—
Remember me a little then, I pray,
The idle singer of an empty day.

The critics of Mr. William Morris have complained of late that he has wasted too much time over the translation of Icelandic Sagas. But, as before stated, he is far greater as a man than as a poet. At Merton Abbey in Surrey he has run for some years a factory in which by producing artistic wall paper, furniture, etc., he has tried to restore the dignity of art to ordinary household decoration. He has fought that curse of the whole Philistine world, sham art and stupid bric-a-brac. His fundamental principle was thus expressed in one of his lectures: "I do not want art for the few any more than education for the few or freedom for the few."

BENARES' HOLY MAN.

One of the Curiosities of India Visited by All Travelers.

Here is a photograph of "the Holy Man of Benares." One of the curiosities of mankind, he is visited by almost every traveler who goes to Benares. His name is Swami Bhaskaranauda Sarasvati, and he is about sixty-five years old. He lives near the Monkey temple, in a garden belonging to a rajah, wears no clothing, sleeps on the ground and accepts no gratuities, because he wants nothing. "By much study and long contemplation of religion," it has been said, "he claims to be free from all passions—free even from the very wants of life." He has a face full of sympathy and kindness. He discusses and explains his ideas of religion whenever a visitor desires to hear him, and he treats every one of the multitudes who call upon him with constant and most cordial kindness. Part of his writings has been published in a bulky volume.

"THE HOLY MAN OF BENARES."

The Only Gold Toilet Set.

The only complete gold toilet service in the world belongs to the khedive of Egypt. It was made in London and consists of 28 pieces. Each piece bears the monogram of the khedive in diamonds, the same being surrounded by a fillet in imitation of that of the Grand Turk. Upwards of 3,000 diamonds and over 1,200 rubies were used in decorating these golden toilet articles. The body of each piece is of 18-carat gold and all are inclosed in a diamond-incrusted ebony case.

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

The Young Man Who Is to Wed Consuelo Vanderbilt.

What He Drinks, Eats, Smokes and Thinks and the Way He Looks, Acts and Wears His Clothes—Not an Imposing Personage.

Perhaps you have never seen the duke of Marlborough. It is quite likely that you haven't. He is, according to the New York World, a very exclusive gentleman—stops at exclusive hotels, associates with exclusive people. He is, you know, the young man who is to marry a girl who will get something like $15,000,000 when she is married; later on in life she will have about $25,000,000 if she survives her parents.

If you were to see his lordship the duke, you would be disappointed. Somehow or other the mind's eye conjures up a vision of a deep-chested, stout-limbed, brawny and oftentimes handsome fellow when an Englishman is mentioned. That is not so of the duke. Englishmen are not always handsome and muscular any more than Americans are. And the vast majority of Englishmen of the noble birth are anything but athletic in build. Nature did not treat the ninth duke of Marlborough very kindly in the matter of physical proportions. He is very short of stature and some people say of money also. He isn't more than 5 feet and 5 inches in height.

In the matter of weight it is about an even thing between his lordship and his affianced. He weighs about 120 pounds. His chest is hollow, and for that reason he is lacking in lung power. Being somewhat short of wind, as of other things, he speaks in almost a whisper, and sometimes he is almost inaudible in his speech. Servants are very frequently put to the embarrassing necessity of exclaiming: "Begging your lordship's pardon," thus indicating that they desire the question or the command repeated.

Being short of stature, it is not at all likely that the duke would look one whit more imposing if were to wear American made clothing. That would at least outline his figure and its symmetry or the lack of it. But his clothes are of course of foreign make. He is no credit to his tailor. Perhaps his tailor is a credit to him. He looks as though he had been thrown into his clothing. His coats are several sizes too large for him. So are his trousers. That is, of course, the fault of his tailor. But it mars the appearance of the duke. The only redeeming feature of his garb is the material used. That is usually of Scotch tweed or English worsted. Those are very nice materials.

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

In the mater of linen the duke is quite up to date. For ordinary attire he wears a shirt of a delicate shade of blue or pink or lavender. He is, or was, rather inclined to sacrifice style to comfort during the warm days. He often appeared in the lobby of the Waldorf, where he makes his home, in a negligee shirt, with collar attached. His cuffs were quite large. In the matter of neckwear there is not so much to be said in his favor. His cravats would look very chic on a small boy in a Fauntleroy suit, but they are too young for the duke. His red scarf is not that rich red called bullock's-blood by the haberdashers, but it is more like a rainbow hue of pink. His blue scarf is not the Bond street blue nor the robin's-egg blue, either of which would be appropriate to his blond complexion. It is a baby blue. It doesn't look well. Bootmakers say that a long narrow foot on a man is an evidence of gentle birth and refinement. The duke's foot is long and narrow, but his shoes are not pointed to such an alarming and absurd extent as they might be without transgressing the rules of fashion.

His hats are queer. His derby is very low in the crown, and the brim is not wide enough to accord with this season's idea of what is the proper thing in headgear. But it suits the duke, and several of the uptown chappies are wearing the same style of derby. They couldn't wait to have the hats imported. But an American hatter who dictates the fashion on this side sent a designer from his shop to set his eagle eye on the lines of the duke's hat, and straightway the designer made a block just like it. There were seven hats made from the block.

The duke smokes cigarettes, sometimes cigars. They are always mild. Imported, of course. He pays twenty-five cents for each cigar. He only buys one at a time, which leaves one to infer that he is not a heavy smoker, and, furthermore, that he has not the habit of sticking his hand into his waistcoat pocket and drawing out a cigar to offer to a friend.

When the duke is thirsty he drinks champagne. He is very fond of that beverage as a thirst assuager. He can polish off a bottle—a pint, of course—in a very artistic manner. He don't like the plebeian American drinks. He never tasted the American brew of beer but once. Then he didn't like it. Nor does he like the American cocktails.

ESTATE OF HENRY C. GRESSELL, late of Freeland, deceased.

Letters testamentary upon the above named estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands to present the same without delay to

Adam Sachs,
Chas. Orion Stroh, attorney. Geo. Cutler.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR POOR DIRECTOR—

A. S. MONROE,

of Hazleton.

Subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention.

FOR POOR DIRECTOR—

THOS. M. POWELL,

of Hazleton.

Subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention.

FOR POOR DIRECTOR—

FRANK P. MALLOY,

of Freeland.

Subject to the decision of the Democratic nominating convention.

FOR POOR DIRECTOR—

SIMON BUBE,

of Hazleton.

Subject to the decision of the Democratic nominating convention.