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Established 1888.

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FREELAND, PA., OCTOBER 25, 1897.

No Encouragement in Freeland.

No secret is made of the keen disappointment felt by the Republican county candidates at the news they received from the local leaders during their visit here last week. The staunch Republicans of the town, those who are really responsible for the good showings the party has made here in late years, were conspicuous by their absence from the caucus held Wednesday night. Heelers were there in plenty, but the unostentatious workers did not show up, and there is no indication that they will concern themselves about the fate of the ticket.

Mr. Koons, of course, has a few personal friends who may go out of their way to get him a vote, but even this is not enough to overcome the falling off which will result from the reported appointments he is to make. Four Freeland Republicans are each hugging the delusion that clerkships under Mr. Koons await them, and each, in his anxiety to elect the candidate, is doing Koons considerable harm by parading his own prospects before voters who have local scores to settle with the expect-to-be clerks. The expression, "If Koons is going to appoint ——— he can't have my vote," is quite common in Republican circles.

As for the others, Messrs. Fell and Llewellyn, nobody seems to care a picayune for their chances. In Freeland there are Republicans, some of them active workers at that, openly advocating the election of Messrs. Martin and Dasch. It is no wonder the candidates left town with gloomy faces, with grave doubts that even the "boodle" plan will have any effect here.

What Have We Done to the Sheriff?

Sheriff Martin doesn't seem to like the voters of the South ward of Freeland borough, and if his election proclamation counts for anything the 450 citizens in the two districts of this Democratic stronghold will have no say in the coming election. In the list of polling places which he publishes in his proclamation, there is no provision made for the voters of the South ward districts. The other four wards, north from Main street, have their polls designated according to the decree recently issued by the court, and the lower ward is ignored entirely.

Notwithstanding the sheriff's carelssness, or his antipathy to Democrats, whichever it is, we presume the South ward election officers will be found doing business at the same old stands on November 2.

Base Ball Writer Dead.

Lovers of base ball throughout the country will miss the weekly letters of O. P. Caylor. His death last week removed from the newspaper world one of the best authorities on the national game. His comments, as given through the metropoliton journals, have been eagerly read for years by those who follow the sport. Despite his failing health, he stuck to his duties to the last, and of the thousands who, up to a few weeks ago, perused his interesting talks, few knew of the pain and agony he underwent rather than disappoint his readers.

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A transaction in which you cannot lose is a sure thing. Biliousness, sick headache, furred tongue, fever, piles and a thousand other ills are caused by constipation and sluggish liver. Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the wonderful new liver stimulant and intestinal tonic, are by all druggists guaranteed to cure or money refunded. C. C. C. are a sure thing. Try a box today; 10c, 25c, 50c. Sample and booklet free. All druggists.

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Watch the date on your paper.

Elections in the "Sixties."

A copy of the Scranton *Republican* of the date of October 25, 1869, drifted into THE TRIBUNE office a few days ago. Apart from its marks of age, it contains the vote by counties of the elections held in Pennsylvania from 1866 to 1869, inclusive. In the former year Luzerne county, which then included Lackawanna, gave a Democratic majority for Clymer of 3,654 against Geary, but the state elected the Republican to the governorship by 17,178. Next year, 1867, Luzerne gave Sharswood, Democratic candidate for associate justice, 2,419 more votes than it cast for his Republican opponent, Williams, and this elected him, his majority being only 922 when all the returns came in.

Ex-Governor Hartranft was the Republican candidate, in October 1868, for state treasurer, and beat Boyle, Democrat, in the state by 9,677 votes. Luzerne stood by its colors, giving Boyle a majority of 3,428. The following month, in the vote for president, Seymour distanced Grant in this county by 3,580 votes, but Pennsylvania went for the soldier candidate by 28,898.

In 1869, in the tug of war between Asa Packer, on the Democratic side, and Governer Geary, who was seeking reelection, Luzerne's Democratic majority dropped to 1,006, and the Republicans won out in the state by the small margin of 4,596.

Besides these election figures, the *Republican* contains a column editorial on the "Demise of the Democratic Party," a subject which, apparently, was written up by Republican editors to fill in space as freely a quarter of a century ago as it is in these days.

Like many others, Editor Scranton's obituary on the death of the old party was penned too soon. That same "dead" party, over whose supposed corpse he reveled twenty-eight years ago today, is still in existence, and in the years which have passed since 1869 there are few men whom it has given more evidence of its life than the man who wasted a valuable column commenting on its "demise."

A resident of Gibson, N. Y., A. H. Olney by name, allowed a patent medicine company to use his portrait with a testimonial he had had written of the worth of the company's remedy, and the advertisement was printed all over the country. Some time afterward Mr. Olney received a letter from a Denver woman, who said that, judging from his picture, she would like to marry him. He did not answer the letter promptly and she wrote again. This time he answered, and after several letters on each side she sent a check for him to go to Denver and marry her, and as she had $40,000 in the bank and was good looking, and he had nothing in the bank and no ties to bind him in the east, he accepted her offer and went.

When three women out in Fort Scott, Kan., were summoned to serve as jurors in the United States district court, the news was disseminated far and wide as evidence of the emancipation of the sex. It is somewhat doubtful if one of these women, Miss Cora Wheeler, fully appreciates the responsibilities of juror duty, if one can accept as true the remark attributed to her. The Kansas City Journal quotes her as saying when the summons was served upon her to appear in court next day: "Oh, thank you so much. Please tell the dear, kind judge that I will surely accept his invitation or send a substitute. Isn't it funny?"

Mayor McKisson, of Cleveland, while presiding at a board meeting recently, was surprised by an old gentleman, who walked into the room and laying a large bunch of tiger lillies on the mayor's desk, said: "These flowers are from Mrs. Crawford, who lives on Harkness avenue. She is 76 years old and has lived in Cleveland for half a century. In the opinion of this lady your honor is the best mayor this city ever had. She takes this means to express her appreciation on a small scale."

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from ten drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

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TO MY WATCH.

Little watch, fast ticking out
All the hours of pain and doubt,
All the tumult, toil and strife
Making up our span of life;
All the heart-wrung sighs, and tears
Falling faster with the years,
As the petals drop and fade
From the bloom life's summer made.
Ah! what thoughts each other chase
As I look upon your face!

Every tick your motions give
One tick less have I to live.
Did I realize this thought,
With such solemn meaning fraught,
When some new-born joy drew nigh
In the happy days gone by?
And your slight hands all too slow
Round about your face did go?
Ah! those tardy hours have passed.
Would they were not now so fast!

Never stopping in your flight,
Never pausing day or night;
Not a moment's rest you crave
From the cradle to the grave.
With a never-ceasing motion,
Steadfast as the tides of ocean;
Seeming evermore to hurry,
Yet without a moment's flurry;
Till our worn hearts almost pray
That you would a moment stay.
All things rest—the clouds at noon,
And the leaves in nights of June;
And the grief-bewildered brain
When sleep falls like softest rain;
And the stars when day awakes,
And the day when Hesper shakes
Gleams of gold from out the skies
Into wandering lovers' eyes.
You alone speed on your way,
Never resting night or day.

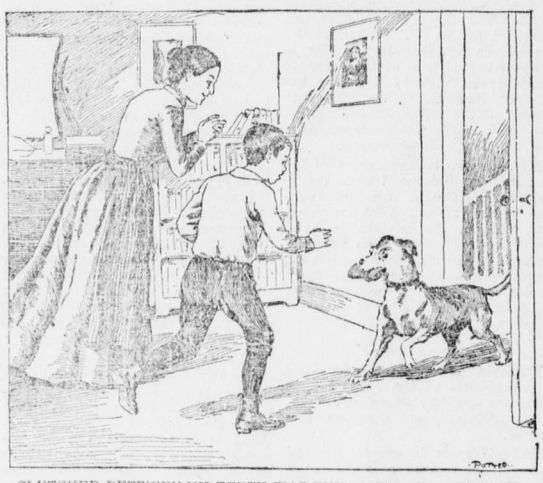
Yet what joys those hands have brought!
Golden days with rapture fraught;
Golden days by exulit fountain;
Golden days on breezy mountain;
Days made more divine by love
Than by radiance from above.
Ah! those hands that to the sense
Bring such joys and bear them hence;
Could we know what Time conceals
'Neath those little ticking wheels!

Yet when those slight hands shall mark
That last hour when all grows dark;
And shall still keep ticking on
When earth's light from me is gone,
Little watch, your face shall be
Still a memory sweet to me,
Though diviner light may shine
On these opened eyes of mine.
For your hands that never cease
Bring at last the perfect peace.
—Sydney Hodges, in Leslie's Popular Monthly.

AN INTELLIGENT DOG.

[Copyright, 1897.]

"THEODORE" is his name and he is one of the most highly-honored inmates of a certain farmhouse in one of the central counties of New York state. Though he is only 16 he is accounted very old; he is almost blind, more than half deaf, his teeth are falling out, and his once glossy black hair is now plentifully sprinkled with gray. "Theodore" is a dog, the companion of his master's boyhood days and his most cherished pet in the present period of canine senility. All through his relatively long life "Theodore" has shown intelligence and fidelity far exceeding the average among dogs, and once he did his master a service of exceptional importance—a service that will insure the poor old brute the tenderest care to the day of his death, if he should live to be 100. Here is the story:



CLUTCHED BETWEEN HIS TEETH WAS THE MISSING POCKETBOOK.

"It was when I was a very little boy and Theodore was little more than a pup. He was given to me as soon almost as he got his eyes open; we were friends from the very first, and as soon as the dog was old enough to keep up with me we were together constantly from sunrise till sunset.

"Before Theodore was six months old he showed unusual intelligence. I thought then, and I think now, that Theodore understood the English language much better than some of the two-legged creatures who speak it. So firmly was this borne in on my childish mind that I used to devote a good deal of time trying to teach the poor creature to speak. You may laugh if you want to, but I believe that dog knew I was trying to teach him to speak. He used to look up into my eyes with the most wistful expression imaginable on his poor old black face, and his futile whinings and barkings sometimes went to my very heart. But after awhile I became satisfied that my efforts were vain and for this reason, quite as much as because of the jeers and gibes to which they subjected me, I left off trying.

"It was when Theodore was six or seven years old—quite an old dog in fact—and I was about ten, that, being very busy with his farm work, my father sent me to the village one day with $100 in a pocketbook with which to pay off a note that was in the hands of the local banker. My father made the mistake of not telling me what was in the pocketbook, saying only that when I got to the village I was to go straight to the bank and give up the pocketbook, taking great care to bring back the paper which the banker would give to me in return. Of course I should have understood, young as I was, that the pocketbook was valuable, and I should also have obeyed my father's instructions to go as directly as possible and to hurry back.

"I did neither of these things. Of course I took Theodore along with me, and being a very small boy, of course I loitered along at my leisure, and when Theodore and I got about half way to the village we turned aside from the road into the thick growth of the swampy woods. For hours we played in the shade of the water ashes and the willows, jumping from bog to bog in the more swampy parts and chasing butterflies in occasional glades. Finally, when the sun was half way down the western sky, I remembered my errand and we continued on our way to the village.

"I reached the little bank just before the hour for closing, and marching up to the little window put my hand into my pocket to take out the wallet. But it wasn't there, and I had to explain to the banker that I had lost it in the swamp. I have passed through many greater crises since then, but I am sure I never felt more completely cast down than I did when I heard from the lips of the banker that the lost book had contained the incomprehensible sum of $100. I was literally overwhelmed with grief, and I readily agreed to the banker's impassioned declarations regarding my utter personal worthlessness.

"Of course I retraced my steps through the swampy woods as carefully as I could in search of the missing book. Of course I couldn't find it. I was so excited and sorrowful, in fact, that I could hardly see, and when night came on I had to give it up. I will pass over the details of the interview that took place between my father and me. A stout leathern strap and its application were among the chief features thereof, and I was so absorbed in my own grief and pain that I failed to notice that Theodore had not returned with me.

"It was some time after I awoke the next morning, that I remembered the frightful thing that had befallen me. Indeed, it did not present itself to my mind until I had dressed and started to go downstairs. Then I found the door of my room locked, and it came back to me. I remembered then that my father had declared I must remain a prisoner for a week to pay for my carelessness. When my mother came to bring her boy a breakfast I asked for Theodore. I told her I knew I wasn't fit to go out among folks who went about what they had to do with care and promptness, and so had no fault to find with my punishment, though it was hard to bear. If I could only have my dog with me I thought I could get along.

"But Theodore was nowhere to be found, and he did not appear till near sundown. When he did come to light he looked as if he had been through all the swamps in the world. He was disheveled and covered with mud, his eyes were bloodshot, and he looked gaunt and worn and hungry. He refused all efforts to stop him on the ground floor, insisting on rushing upstairs to my room at once; and, tightly clutched between his teeth, was the missing pocketbook with the $100 intact within its cover."

The Advocate of the Rats.

According to the historian De Thou, Chasseneuz himself first became famous through the skill with which he advocated the cause of the rats of Autun. They had been summoned to appear before the bishop's proctor and show cause why they should not be excommunicated. Chasseneuz was appointed to defend them, and began by demanding that the summons should be read in every parish, since the rats were widely scattered and might not otherwise hear of it. He next excused their nonappearance by saying that the roads were dangerous for his clients, seeing that cats were everywhere lying in wait for them, and finally, having exhausted all modes of delay, he made an eloquent speech on the injustice of proceeding against the whole number at once, and demanded that each rat should be tried separately. This speech, says the historian, was recalled to his memory by the Waldensians when, as president of the parliament of Province, he was obliged to take part in the persecution of those unfortunate secretaries.—Cornhill Magazine.

Salaries at Glasgow University.

The salaries of the professors of Glasgow university last year amounted to £23,733, the best paid of them being Prof. Cleland, who received £4,645, while the smallest emoluments were those of Profs. Simpson, Mair and Becker, each of whom received £600.

MEN AND WOMEN OF TITLE.

The oldest temporal sovereign in Europe is Grand Duke Adolph of Luxemburg, who is 80 years of age.

Though a simple and unaffected monarch, King Oscar of Sweden is the sovereign who makes use of his crown most frequently.

The youngest member of the house of lords, the duke of Roxburghe, has just attained his majority, and is now qualified to take his seat.

The czar has been a German admiral for about a year. As for Emperor William, he now holds the rank of admiral in the English, Swedish, Norwegian and Russian navies.

Princess Louise is engaged in sculpturing the figure of an angel with outstretched wings, which is to be placed over the altar in the Prince Henry of Battenberg Memorial chapel.

While the king of Siam was in England the London Times published a letter from a member of the Athenaeum declaring that his name was not Chulalongkom, but Kululangaram.

The king of Greece, when conversing with the members of his family, never employs any but the English language. He seldom speaks French, and only uses Greek when compelled to do so.

The young earl of Shaftesbury, aid to Lord Brassey, governor of Victoria, Australia, has appeared in comic opera at Melbourne, making a hit. He had already won distinction on the concert stage.

Kaiser Wilhelm is a great collector of autographs, and specially prizes the signatures of military commanders of the end of the last and the beginning of the present century, of which he has a large collection.

The son of the late Sir John Millais, former president of the Royal academy, will treat English art circles to a novelty in a biography of his father, to which all of Millais' models are to contribute reminiscences.

Sir Joseph Lister, the retiring president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, has been a leading advocate of the use of antiseptics in medicine. The familiar antiseptic, listerine, was named after him.

PEOPLE YOU HEAR ABOUT.

Miss Marie du Maurier, daughter of the late George du Maurier, was married recently to Edward Horsman Coles.

Carolus Duran has returned to Paris from London, where he had been painting the portrait of Lady Warwick, formerly Lady Brooke. M. Duran, it is said, was highly complimented on his work by the prince of Wales.

The new Chinese minister at Washington is a Christian and a member of the Episcopal church. Wu Ling Fang was educated in London and called to the English bar in 1877. He has been made director of Chinese railroads, connected with the negotiations for peace with Japan, legal adviser to the Viceroy Li Hung Chang and other things to his credit.

Baron Thielmann, who has just left the German embassy at Washington to become secretary of the German imperial treasury, was an unusual man in many respects. As an example of his learning it is related that during the Franco-Prussian war, in which he served, he sent reports of various events to his old teacher, all written in Sanskirt. Thus he described Sedan and the capture of Napoleon.

SAID ABOUT WOMEN.

He that hath a fair wife never wants trouble.—Proverb.

Woman is seldom merciful to the man who is timid.—Edward Bulwer Lytton.

Women have more of what is termed good sense than men.—William Hazlitt.

Women can rarely be deceived, for they are accustomed to deceive.—Aristophanes.

In love affairs, a young sheperdess is a better partner than an old queen.—J. de Finod.

She who spit in my face whilst I was, shall come to kiss my feet when I am no more.—Michael de Montaigne.

The man flaps about with a bunch of feathers; the woman goes to work softly with a cloth.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

There will always remain something to be said of woman, as long as there is one on earth.—Stanislas de Bouflers.

A woman should never accept a lover without the consent of her heart, nor a husband without the consent of her judgment.—Ninon de Lencios.

There is nothing sadder than to look at dressy old things, who have reached the frozen latitudes beyond 50, and who persist in appearing in the airy costumes of the tropics.—Frederick Sheldon.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

It is possible that Victor Maurel will give a concert tour in this country during the winter.

In addition to "An American Citizen," Nat Goodwin expects to present this winter a play by Augustus Thomas, "Treadway, of Yale," and another called "Richard Savage."

William Faversham is reported to have fully regained his health during his stay in England this summer. The strain of his work in "Under the Red Robe" left him very much worn out at the end of last season.

Marie Wainwright denies any intention of going into vaudeville and to prove it begins in "An Unequal Match" in Philadelphia soon; she will go to New York later to arrange for the rest of the season.

The stage seems to have got tangled up with the law in London lately. Beerbohm Tree was compelled to go to court to recover a brooch, which he claimed had been appropriated by an attendant: Florence St. John took similar action against a servant, whom she charged with taking a trinket; and a periodical of the great capital of England was fined $125 for accusing a singer of singing a song which was "vulgar."

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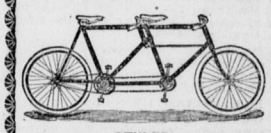

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