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FREELAND, PA., NOVEMBER 22, 1897.

Somebody Is Using the Money.

From the Wilkesbarre Newsdealer.

It is a crying shame, as well as a disgrace to the state, that the moneys allotted the various school districts have in many instances only been half turned over. The injustice of this is flagrant. In many districts they are really crippled for lack of funds and unless prompt aid is had the school term will have to be shortened or closed. There is a big balance to the credit of the state treasurer in the banks of the commonwealth, or an apparent balance, and if it really exists there is no valid reason why the obligations of the state to the school districts should not be satisfied.

But if the state treasury is bankrupt, and without funds to discharge the debt due to education and progress, that is a very good reason for turning the rascals in control out and filling their places with men of a different stamp.

The Quay machine control grows more odious and oppressive to the people, but the revolution that will change this condition of affairs is making swift progress.

The Swallow vote is only an indication and a finger guide to what is coming.

The Higher Courts Will Change This.

From the Philadelphia Times.

A charge often made by the professional labor agitators that upon issues between the workmen and corporations, the courts always side with the corporations, has been disproved many times, and a new illustration to the contrary has just been furnished by a Chicago court in which a railway conductor, blacklisted by the Northwestern Railway Company for participating in the Pullman strike, has been awarded damages to the amount of \$21,166.33.

In facts brought out in the course of the trial, which were to the effect that the plaintiff was always discharged without cause or explanation shortly after obtaining a new job, convinced the jury that he had been blacklisted by the Northwestern Company and that he was being persistently hounded out of any means of earning a living for himself and family.

If this verdict is sustained by the court of last resort, to which it is certain to be appealed, the blacklisting of men who engage in strikes will go the way of the boycott, which has been decided by the courts to be unlawful.

Gone to the Eternal Bow-Wows.

Recently the Tribune gave the opinion of a Schuylkill Republican exchange on the late election. It was certainly one of despair and disgust, but here is something which goes to show the feelings of Republicans in Carbon. Listen to this wall of hopelessness from the Lansford Leader:

Gentlemen of the Republican party, patriots, traitors, boodlers, cadavers and leeches on their last legs, get together and kick yourselves. The demolition of the Republican party is so rapidly taking place that you had better make one supreme effort to hold one more of our glorious old pow-wows before the party takes its final plunge into the eternal bow-wows.

Editor Davis voices the sentiments of Republicans everywhere, but some are not quite so frank with the truth.

Sad News for Hazleton Prigs.

It is privately announced that the military authorities of the state have agreed to the appeal of several towns to authorize the formation of another troop of cavalry for the National Guard, and that Pittsburg has already been given the tip to get ready for the place. Over in Hazleton a crowd of corporation lackeys and ex-deputies imagine they are to be the chosen people, and are meeting and drilling regularly with an enthusiasm worthy of a better cause. The coal companies of the Lehigh region are fighting hand to hand with the new troop located in this section, but those who ought to know say Pittsburg has the call.

CASTORIA.

The fact is small and insignificant of
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Edward Bellamy has kindly arranged a plan for all of us by which every man is to draw \$4,000 a year and retire on a pension at 45. This is good enough for the most of us, but there are a few who are hard to please and these will probably want to retire on a pension before they reach 45.

A Scheme That Failed.

A nice young man resolved the other day to present his beloved girl with a nice pair of shoes. He accordingly procured her measure and purchased a \$2.50 pair. In order to make the present appear more valuable, he marked six dollars upon the soles of the shoes, and, at his request, the shopman, who was a friend of his, put a receipted bill for six dollars into one of them. The presentation was made and the lovers were happy, as lovers should be. But mark the sequel: The girl examined the shoes in the daylight, and was not satisfied. She was convinced that her lover had been cheated in the purchase of such a pair of shoes at that price. She decided to go and change the shoes and obtain a better bargain. The next day she appeared in the shop and selected a better pair of shoes, price four dollars, and politely requested the clerk to take back the shoes for which she said her husband had paid six dollars. The receipted bill was produced in proof, and the boot man found it impossible to go "behind the returns." The smart girl took her four dollar shoes and obtained two dollars in money and went home happy and satisfied. The boot seller sent a bill for four dollars to the young man, who promptly paid the difference, but he thinks that girl a little too smart for him.

Proud of the Capital.

The people of the country are fond of their capital. More than the Washingtonians themselves, they have seen the wonderful progress of Washington, for by visits at intervals—some of them extending over years—they have met with some contrasts which tell the story to the spectator more thoroughly than constant living in the city could do.

In different parts of the country, says an eastern exchange, we have heard people discuss the growth of Washington with pride and relate the comparisons of the various visits. The man who was there ten or twenty years ago and who goes again this year, takes a tale back home which he never tires of telling. And not only will Washington have no rival in the sense of competition, but it is destined to be beautiful beyond any other city or any other capital in the world. What has been done is simply an earnest of what is to come. It will be the capital of society, as well as of politics. Art and education will follow, and already it is a fact that more learned and authoritative men can be gathered in an audience in that city than anywhere else in the country.

In these enlightened days it is rather queer to hear of anyone being skinned alive as a punishment for a crime, but that is the penalty that is starting a Chicago boy in the face. Paul Czyet, a 14-year-old boy of the Windy city, became involved in a quarrel with Anton Kwikite, another lad about his own age, and threw a pailful of boiling water on him. Kwikite's skin dropped off in large patches, and the only way in which to cure him, according to the doctors, is the operation of skin grafting. The justice before whom Czyet was taken learning this, gave the boy the alternative of allowing the doctors to take enough skin off his body to cover the scalded portions of his victim, or being held to the grand jury on a charge of assault. He gave the boy a few days in which to decide.

In an Indianapolis church the basso of the choir intended to leave the city, and his friends gathered to hear him sing a farewell solo. He had two of the best numbers in his repertory and was in excellent voice when he reached the church, but a most curious accident silenced his voice temporarily. Just as he stepped into the church doorway a little gnat flew into his nose and caused him to sneeze violently, and the sneeze brought on a severe cough, which, in turn, ruptured one of the small blood vessels near the vocal cords. He took his place in the choir, but soon found that he could not utter a sound audible five feet away. The injury to his voice will not prove permanent, but it was certainly very annoying.

An exchange says that a dashing St. Louis widow has a sprightly daughter of about 17. The daughter, whose name is Jennie, met a schoolgirl chum by the name of Mamie, who asked: "I say, Jen, how are you and your mommer coming on?" "We don't get along at all. If a feller comes along and I like him and mamma don't like him, then I can't marry him, but if mamma does like him, then she tries to marry him herself," replied Jennie, blowing a tired sigh from her lips.

A juror at Worcester, Mass., according to a local exchange, recently asked to be excused on account of deafness. The judge refused to excuse him, and he sat patiently through a trial lasting several hours. At its close the other 11 jurors were for conviction, but he voted persistently for acquittal, on the ground that as he could not hear the testimony he could not vote for conviction.

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A WOMAN'S SAD FACE.

BY THOS. P. MONTFORT.

THERE was a time, but a few years since, when the prairies of western Kansas were the scene of bitter rivalry between the rich cattlemen and the poor homeseekers. Naturally it was to the interest of the cattlemen to keep homeseekers out of the country, for so long as the land remained unsettled just so long did it furnish rich, free pasturage for the great herds of cattle. In their efforts to keep the pioneer settlers from taking up claims and building homes the cattlemen very often went beyond the limit of the law. In fact, in many instances they ignored the laws altogether and were governed in their actions simply by their personal wishes and their power to enforce them.

Out in Ness county there was a big cattle ranch owned by a wealthy syndicate. The manager of this ranch, a man by the name of Roberts, was one of the coldest blooded and most unfeeling wretches that ever lived. He cared for nothing save his own interests and the interests of his employers. He was dead set against homeseekers, and no matter what their condition might be, nor how much they were in the right, he never yielded an inch to them.

The ranch comprised several hundred acres of the best government land in the county, and in time homeseekers began to hover about it and covet the rich prairie. But Roberts warned them to keep off, threatening to burn the wagon and kill the horses of the first man who should attempt to enter a claim on the grazing lands of the ranch. He went further, and hired the toughest and most lawless set of cowboys he could find, and to them he gave instructions that they must keep the range clear of settlers, no matter to what lengths they were forced to go in order to accomplish that end. The cowboys nodded knowingly, touched their pistols significantly and remarked that they were there to obey the boss' orders.

Several attempts were made to enter claims on the range, but the cowboys were always promptly on hand to discourage anything of that sort, and after they had thrown out a few hints regarding the "unhealthiness" of the location, and the general advisability of seeking a home elsewhere, the would-be settler was persuaded to move on. After awhile the character of Roberts' cowboys became notorious, and the homeseekers gave them and their range a wide berth.

Thus for a long time the range was not bothered with settlers, and the cattle continued to graze the grass and turn it into money. Roberts saw the lands all about him taken up for homes and he congratulated himself on his foresight and his promptness to act in taking care of his own interest. Things had been going on in this even way for some months when one morning Roberts called his cowboys about him and said:

"I have received a letter calling me east, so I shall leave the ranch in your hands. I shall probably be away two or three weeks, but I think I can trust you boys to look after things all right. I'll give Jake Kline the management of the ranch and I shall expect the rest of you to obey his orders. Keep the cattle together and keep those settlers off the range."

"We'll manage things all right, Mr. Roberts," Jake said. "We'll take care of the cattle, and if you find any settler on this range when you get back he'll be a dead one."

Roberts had been gone about a week, when one evening some of the cowboys saw an old covered wagon rolling slowly across the prairie behind a pair of small, scrawny mules. They watched the wagon and at last saw it stop at the foot of a little mound, right in the center of their best grazing land. A man got out, unharnessed the mules and turned them loose to graze. Old Jake Kline's attention was called to the wagon and forthwith he sent a man to inform the owner of it that he must move on.

This message was delivered promptly, and with more force than elegance. The homeseeker, however, received it quietly, not to say indifferently, and remarked that he'd see about it.

"You want to be seeing about it pretty sudden, then," the cowboy said, "because we won't stand any foolishness. We'd just as live make a bonfire of your wagon and coyote feed of your mules as not."

"I'll leave here when I get ready to go," the man replied, "and not before." The cowboy rode back and reported to old Jake. The latter's eyes flashed with anger in a moment and he swore a string of the most horrible oaths.

"So the chap thinks he'll go when he gets ready, eh?" he cried. "Maybe he will, but if he does, he'll get ready pretty soon, for I tell you he won't be long about going."

If he then called his whole force and rode down to the wagon. The settler was sitting on the ground with his back against a wheel, his knees drawn up and his arms folded over them. His head was bowed down, and his whole attitude was that of the deepest dejection. The cowboys had approached to within a few steps of him before he heard them, and then he looked up listlessly, but did not offer to move. Jake reined his horse and said:

"Are you figuring on taking up a claim here, stranger?"

"I reckon maybe," the other answered, carelessly.

"Don't you know you can't do it?"

"No."

"Do you know whose ranch this is?"

"Yes."

"Have you ever heard of Roberts' cowboys?"

"Yes."

"Well, we're them."

Jake uttered this in a way that was

CHOICE VERSE OF THE SEASON.

'Long 'Bout Thanksgivin' Time.
We hear good many people talk
'Bout songsters in the spring—
How sweet an' purty they do sound,
An' all that sort o' thing,
That's all right, too; I tell ye
W'en th' storms hev passed away,
An' th' sun comes up er smilin'
On er pleasant April day
Er bluebird or er robin's note
Does sound tremendous good,
An' I don't say I don't, but yet
I'd hev it understood
Th' sweetest song I ever heard,
In enny land er clime,
Was th' gobble of th' turkey
'Long 'Bout Thanksgivin' Time.

The eagle is a glorious bird,
An' enny we all admire,
An' we can hear the poet sing
His praise an' never tire;
But take it w'en th' frosts hev cum
An' all the trees are bare,
An' bashful snowflakes hev seen
In th' November air;
'Tain't eagles then we're thinkin' 'bout,
Nor birds that are breedin' way by;
We want that dear, ol' fashioned fowl,
Th' turkey with his gobble;
'Tis then we're ready to declare,
In plainest prose or rhyme,
Th' turkey is our favorite bird
'Long 'Bout Thanksgivin' Time.

—B. T. Warner, in Up-to-Date.

Cupid in Disguise.
Sweet Cupid sat on a mossy bank
With a tear in his round blue eye,
His wings were draggled with silver dew,
And he gazed and he gazed away by.
The butterflies came from the garden near
And perched on his dimpled toes,
And a honeybee sipped at his crimson lip
And thought it an opening rose.
'Not an arrow went to its mark to-day,
I waded them all," he sighed,
'My wings and my curls too well they know,
So the men and the maidens hide,
My mother and my pinions close
And must braid my locks of gold,
And I'll borrow a frock of a damsel fair—
My roseate limbs to fold."

So now no more in the flowery field
Or the wood where the thrushes sing
Do we hear the patter of naked feet
Or the sweep of an airy wing.
He has stolen the gown of a pretty girl,
And her hat with its drooping plume
And a cluster of velvety violets blue
From his breast to shed perfume.

He has donned her veil with its brodered edge,
And her gloves of the palest gray,
And hides his bow in her fluffy fan
Before he goes out to slay.
He has clipped his wings and braided his curls,
But beware of his roguish eyes,
For sly little Cupid is still the same
In spite of his new disguise.

The Hand for Me.
The hand that lends enchantment to
The harp-strings may be fair;
The hand that wooms the sweet guitar
And makes the music there
May be a slender one and soft,
And beautiful to see,
But the hand that rolls the doughnuts is
The little hand for me!

The hand that is ablaze with gems
May be the hand for you;
For some one else the hand that sweeps
The ivory keys may do;
The hand that goes with millions oft
Is beautiful to see,
But the hand that rolls the doughnuts is
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My Bessie's arms are soft and round,
And she is plump and fair;
She's been away to cooking school
And learned some wonders there—
Oh, other hands may be as small
And beautiful to see,
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She Threw Me a Kiss.
She threw me a kiss and the air felt sweet;
A rose tint glowed through the gloom of the street,
As Dorothy leaned from her window seat
And threw me a kiss.

She threw me a kiss with her finger tips,
As a springing seat from a flower dips
From the roseleaf dawn of her willing lips,
She threw me a kiss.

Yes, threw me a kiss, and the world seemed bright,
The cares of life were all back in the night,
For Dorothy said to my heart: "Be light!"
And threw me a kiss.

She threw me a kiss, and I strode away,
Smilingly humming a rosy melody gay,
Ah, Dorothies, smile on your swains some day
And throw them a kiss.

Yes, throw them a kiss, and the whole day bright,
Their hearts will be steel to dream of wrong;
Their blood will pulse to one joyous song:
"She threw me a kiss."
—J. Percival Pollard, in Vogue.

The Maiden and the Brook.
They sat beside a babbling brook
That tumbled through a vale,
And in his eyes the girl was a look
That told a simple tale.

She watched the limpid waters flow
And with the lilies play,
She saw the bubbles come and go,
Well knowing what he wished to say.

The moments sped! He dared not speak,
And she sat silent there;
A sunbeam sported upon her cheek,
Breves sported with her hair.

At last, without a warning word,
She slid into the stream,
And folks a mile off might have heard
The splashing maiden scream.

And did the brave young lover stay
To lay his shoes aside?
Ah, no! He plunged in right away
And claimed her from the tide.

They barely got their ankles wet,
I but why unbrail the maid?
His love might be unspoken yet
But for the little game she played.
—Cleveland Leader.

At Dawn of Day.
Unbroken silence, brilliant eastern skies,
Without a stirring leaf,
Incessant from celestial challenges,
Afloat in mid-air bright,
Giving to mortal sight and sense
New beauties, rich and rare,
To the thoughtful mind a moment
For reverent praise and prayer.

Praise for our Great Creator,
Prayer for our wayworn hours,
Hope for fulfilled promises,
Trust in benignant powers,
Mid awe-inspiring silence,
As night shades pass away,
New life in slow procession
Proclaims the Dawn of Day.
—Clark W. Bryan, in Good Housekeeping.

Thanksgiving Day.
Come to us cheerily, Thankful day,
Out of the sweet blue sky!
Hearts are hopping and laughs are gay,
Flowers are blooming along the way,
'E'en if the frost be nigh.

Come to us hopefully, Thankful day,
Out of the tearful tomb!
Stars are steady and sure to stay—
God is watching forever and aye—
'E'en in the darkest gloom!
—Will Carlston, in Everywhere.

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An' I don't say I don't, but yet
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So the men and the maidens hide,
My mother and my pinions close
And must braid my locks of gold,
And I'll borrow a frock of a damsel fair—
My roseate limbs to fold."

So now no more in the flowery field
Or the wood where the thrushes sing
Do we hear the patter of naked feet
Or the sweep of an airy wing.
He has stolen the gown of a pretty girl,
And her hat with its drooping plume
And a cluster of velvety violets blue
From his breast to shed perfume.

He has donned her veil with its brodered edge,
And her gloves of the palest gray,
And hides his bow in her fluffy fan
Before he goes out to slay.
He has clipped his wings and braided his curls,
But beware of his roguish eyes,
For sly little Cupid is still the same
In spite of his new disguise.

The Hand for Me.
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The harp-strings may be fair;
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May be a slender one and soft,
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The hand that is ablaze with gems
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Yes, threw me a kiss, and the world seemed bright,
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The Maiden and the Brook.
They sat beside a babbling brook
That tumbled through a vale,
And in his eyes the girl was a look
That told a simple tale.

She watched the limpid waters flow
And with the lilies play,
She saw the bubbles come and go,
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A sunbeam sported upon her cheek,
Breves sported with her hair.

At last, without a warning word,
She slid into the stream,
And folks a mile off might have heard
The splashing maiden scream.

And did the brave young lover stay
To lay his shoes aside?
Ah, no! He plunged in right away
And claimed her from the tide.

They barely got their ankles wet,
I but why unbrail the maid?
His love might be unspoken yet
But for the little game she played.
—Cleveland Leader.

CHOICE VERSE OF THE SEASON.

'Long 'Bout Thanksgivin' Time.
We hear good many people talk
'Bout songsters in the spring—
How sweet an' purty they do sound,
An' all that sort o' thing,
That's all right, too; I tell ye
W'en th' storms hev passed away,
An' th' sun comes up er smilin'
On er pleasant April day
Er bluebird or er robin's note
Does sound tremendous good,
An' I don't say I don't, but yet
I'd hev it understood
Th' sweetest song I ever heard,
In enny land er clime,
Was th' gobble of th' turkey
'Long 'Bout Thanksgivin' Time