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FREELAND, PA., MARCH 7, 1898.

Every friend of William M. Singery, editor of the Philadelphia Record, regrets that death called him from his field so soon after the financial crash in which he played a prominent part. By many he was severely denounced when it was learned that his banking affairs had been so loosely conducted as to jeopardize the savings of hundreds of Philadelphia people. Perhaps his carelessness in this business, which was not to his liking and into which he was inveigled by scheming politicians, deserved some of the rebuke and criticism which his failure occasioned, but his real self was shown when he offered to the depositors of his banks his entire property, including the Record, to satisfy the claims against him. He reserved nothing for himself, and had even prepared to continue working as editor until every dollar was refunded to the depositors. This was no more than any honest man should do; but in doing this, instead of taking advantage of the thousand loopholes by which he could escape his debts, Singery proved his honesty. To all who ever had an opportunity to study the man at close range his action was no surprise. That he was not spared to redeem his good name makes his death more painful to his friends.

During times like these, when the demand for relief upon the poor authorities is so great that many deserving cases must be passed by or given but little help, would it not be proper for the directors of the district to reduce their salaries to something nearer the amount allowed by law? The \$600 a year taken by the three guardians is a sum which would help many worthy families to fight off starvation until the skies brighten. Since the directors have begun retrenchments in other and less needful directions, they should take from the poor treasury for themselves no more than the authorized salary.

The success met by the Board of Trade in having Freeland's railroad and mail service improved is very gratifying, but the work of the organization should not be allowed to stop here. The prompt compliance with the greater part of the Board's requests to the Valley Company should whet the appetites of the members to seek further honors. The Board of Trade, if the present interest in it is continued, can advance Freeland better than any other agency, and this interest should be maintained by the business people.

One of the first matters which ought to receive earnest consideration from the borough's new council is fire protection for Birvanton. There is surely some way of giving property on the Hill security against flames, and no delay should be made in finding it. A fire in that part of town, on a windy day or night, would sweep away thousands of dollars invested in poor men's homes, and would further threaten every building in the business section.

Some of the men who do the most howling for war have a memorandum in their pockets, telling the time of leaving and rate of fare on fast trains to Canada. If war comes the quiet, unobtrusive fellows will be found in the ranks, but many of the loud-mouthed patriots will be conspicuous by their absence. Such was the case nearly forty years ago, and history usually repeats itself.

If Hazletonians show no more activity in the new county business than they have in securing better railroad service from the Lehigh Valley Company, they can rest assured that the project will be defeated again. There are too many moss-backs in that town for its health.

By the time the Hazleton deputies get through swearing, it will be presumed that the Lattimer strikers committed suicide. "Is the way the Lansford Record comments on the trash sworn to at Wilkesbarre last week.

CASTORIA.
The
signature
of
C. H. Fletcher
is on
every
wrapper.

FOLLOWING THE BAND.

Life was a joy when I was a boy,
At the best of long ago,
When eye and ear could see and hear
The things it was good to know.
But the kind old earth, once glad with
mirth
And pleasure high and grand,
Seems stale and tame since I became
Too big to follow the band.

Yet I dare say earth holds to-day
About as much or more
Of joy and cheer, right now and here,
Than ever it held before.
But by our pride we've now denied
God's gifts on every hand;
We've grown too proud to follow the
crowd—
Too big to follow the band.

I'd like to stray in a careless way
Through the broad green fields of youth,
And wander back along life's track
To the blissful springs of truth.
I'd like to trade my woes, self-made,
And the cares that come to men
For the sweet delight of a boy's glad right
To follow the band again.
—Nixon Waterman, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

AN AWAKENING.

By Enoch Dixon.

A BACHELOR is much given to reflection. It comes after a time to be one of the few real pleasures of his existence. Surrounded by the bare furnishings of a bachelor's quarters, the stiffness and uncomfortableness of it leads from a realization of what is to a dream of what might have been. Unconsciously the habit grows until its satisfaction becomes as necessary as the satisfaction of a carnal appetite.

I have lived to the age of 43, unloved and unloving, fancy free, except that the usual attachments which come to everyone of healthy body and mind have been mine. I had always intended to marry. I have appreciated women fully. I have worshipped at the shrine of femininity, but always in the general rather than the particular. My drifting away from general attention to the fair sex has been gradual, if at all. There still remains a pleasure in speaking those soft and gentle words which bring the blush of pleasure to fair cheeks and the sparkle of self-satisfaction to timid and downcast eyes. There is still a joy in measuring the accomplishments of the latest belle, to kindly overlook her faults or excuse them, and to choose for her a husband from among my friends. Somehow, however, there has come a crustiness and a spirit of pessimism which is a bar to the consideration of any young lady in connection with any future in which I might have a share.

That was until to-night. This evening I dined with a happy couple, not long since married. In my goodness of heart I had picked them out one for the other and brought them together. He and I had spent our school days as comrades, and in those times were inseparable. The same rod had corrected us for partnership truancy, and we had together often paid the penalty for the despoiling of a neighbor's watermelon patch. I had tried his constancy and friendship and found them true. I met her in the south. I was off for a vacation, making the journey lazily on a palatial Mississippi river steambot. She came aboard at a little landing, chaperoned by a big, good-natured, careless brother and attended by a colored maid. I was attracted by the freshness of her beauty, and we became good friends. When I came back north I told Fred of her, and my engorged his interest. The next spring we went south together, met Marian at her home and Cupid scored another victory. Nor was the little rascal a laggard. Fred tarried for two months, and within the year they were married. I am their best friend, and to-night I dined with them. At the parting Marian quietly asked: "Frank, why haven't you ever married?"

That query aroused a new sentiment gave a new cause for reflection. I wandered slowly to my bachelor apartments, filled and lighted my pipe, elevated my feet a few inches more than was customary and seriously repeated the question in my mind.

Yes, why haven't I married? It was an honest question, propounded in a spirit of friendship, and I would have an answer for Marian the next time we met.

As the smoke slowly curls toward the ceiling I see the shadow of a face—a tender, youthful countenance—and a flood of memory from early days comes to me. Let's see—yes, I was 12 years old then, just beginning to realize that there was a difference between petticoats and trousers, and to feel the pangs of bashfulness. Rose was, if my memory does not deceive me, a pretty girl. Her name might have been chosen for the color of her cheeks, they were so bright, and her chestnut hair refused to be confined by any method of control. She was the first in every game at school, tall for her years, supple and full of energy. I never joined the circle of which she was a part nor passed her home in getting to mine if I could help it. It seemed to me she was sacred, and I shrank from profaning her with the accidental touch of my hand or a glance which could be avoided. I really thought I loved her. I was happy for days if she gave me a glance, and blushed with confusion if she smiled at me. Once I bribed my brother to drop a note, a tender avowal of passion, at her father's gate, but an elder sister found it, and I was glad when we moved away from that village. That was as near as I came to marrying Rose.

My pipe had gone out, and as I re-lighted it a new face appears amid the smoke. It is Irene. I knew her at once, for there is no mistaking those black, lustrous eyes, that open, frank countenance nor the firm determination of that full chin. How we became sweethearts I cannot tell, but I think the fire had long smoldered and was fanned to

flame when she gave me half her apple one recess. Anyway, in our boyish and girlish ways, we loved. In my mind she could do no wrong, and I still believe she never did. But she had a Celtic temper, and one day I transgressed beyond forgiveness in some way, and that is why I never married Irene.

The vision of a little southern village comes to me, and with it the remembrance of a multitude of girl friends—some fair, others only fair. Prominent among them is the face of Dollie—petite and flaxen-haired. She was the embodiment of many graces and was of a charming personality. Whatever she did she did well, and principal among her accomplishments was that of flirting—so we parted. Then there was Jessie and Dora, as unlike in their styles of beauty as is day and night, yet both were very handsome. I loved them in turn, but the disease was not deep-seated, and there was a radical cure when Nellie came. I will never forget when first I saw her. A boy friend had come to borrow my sled and told me he was going to the hill with the prettiest girl on earth. I believed his judgment faulty, yet I went to see the person he dared compare with Jessie and Dora. As I came upon the hillside a vision of loveliness was revealed, and I was fascinated. I had not thought there could be so beautiful a creature, and I stood there and froze my toes watching Albert and Nellie coasting on my sled. In after years, when I had come to manhood, I met her, and for a time was a persistent caller at her home. Her nature was as cold as the snow upon the hillside that December morning. Then there were other sweethearts, for there never was a time when I was wholly fancy free, but the retrospect reveals none who was a possible wife.

Why haven't I married? I am puffing away and honestly trying to solve the question, but one thing bothers me. Back of all these visions there has been a shadowy face, the face of a friend of all these years. It has looked at me with soft, appealing eyes, seemingly repeating Marian's question. Somehow I cannot look fairly at it, but must steal furtive glances. It is the pretty countenance of Grace. She and I were never sweethearts, and how she can be concerned in this reverie is what puzzles me. But I like to think of Grace. The other visions have vanished, and I am looking squarely at her now. She smiles, and I nod back. I remember well when she first came to our little village, a tot in short dresses, and I was 20. She was not pretty then—but such eyes! Large, lustrous, appealing—they seemed to search your very soul. I guess I liked Grace from the very first. The choicest roses in our garden were saved for her, and she was always "my little girl." As she developed she became "my little sister," the only one I had. Then I was her first "grown-up" fellow.

What a sensation we caused among the brethren when we walked into church one quiet Sunday morning—she 15, I 24. I do not think either of us thought

"M. le Commissaire, my husband is crazy. He threatens to kill me. He should be confined."
"Nothing can be done as yet, madame, but if he should chance to kill you I assure you you shall have ample satisfaction."
—Le Journal Amusant.

Poor Thing.
Miss Elder (with a sigh)—I heard Miss Posdick say that she had an engagement for every night next week.
Miss Tominy—What of that?
Miss Elder—Why, some girls can't get engaged at all.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Difference.
"A man," observed the student of social phenomena, "is never satisfied so long as there is anything he wants; a woman is never satisfied so long as there is anything she can get."
—Chicago Journal.

Woman's Way.
"I am not worthy of your great love!" sighed the fair young girl.
"I know it!" cheerfully assented the youth.
And then she gave back his ring and forbade him the house.—N. Y. Journal.

True Love.
Henry Yallerby—Aftah we's married, we'll hab chicken foh dinnah every day, Honey.
Melinda Johnson—Oh, yo' deary! But I wouldn't ask yo' to run no sich risks foh mah sake.—Puck.

His Joy.
Griggs—You look as ecstatically hopeful as a man who is off for the Klondike.
Jiggs—I'm better fixed than that. I'm the heir of a man who is off for the Klondike.—Yellow Book.

Once a Month.
Mrs. Yeast—Have you ever seen anything in the moon which reminded you of a man?
Mrs. Crimsonbeak—Oh, yes; when it was full, I have.—Yonkers Statesman.

Force of Habit.
Mrs. Benham—Why do you always talk to yourself when you are shaving?
Benham—I got into the habit from being shaved at a barber-shop for years.—Town Topics.

An Inquiry.
Alice—The seventh was her birthday. Another year gone by!
Grace—How many does that make with those previously acknowledged?
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The irritated father of a truant boy was filling up sundry holes in the back yard where the urchin had "prospected" for anguloworms a few hours before, when a neighbor who happened to be leaning over the fence remarked, with a praiseworthy effort to say something consoling: "Well, your boy, at any rate, is a faithful disciple of Izaak Walton."
"Him?" exclaimed the father, stopping to rest a moment and leaning dismally on the hoe-handle. "He ain't a disciple of anybody! All he's good for on earth is to set on some log all day and fish!"
—Youth's Companion.

—London is 12 miles broad one way and 17 the other. Every year about 20 miles of new streets are added.

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DEPENDS ON THE PRICE.
"Well, hubby, how do you like my new cycling costume?"
"That depends altogether on what it cost."
—Lustige Welt.

A Statesman's Response.
"Nay, ask not if the country's safe," He hurriedly repeated.
"How can I tell until I know if I have been defeated?"
—Washington Star.

What He Wanted.
"These are boneless sausages," said the butcher, facetiously, as he wrapped some up for Mr. Snickers.
"Yes, I suppose so," replied Mr. Snickers.
"I wish I could be just as certain that they are horseless sausages."
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Anxious to Please.
"I thought you told me you could do plain sewing?"
"So I can, ma'am."
"Look at those stitches, I can see them clear across the room."
"Well, ain't that plain enough for you?"
—N. Y. Truth.

Time for Action.
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PERSONAL MENTION.

Dr. Morris Weiner, the oldest practicing physician of Baltimore, has just celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday.

The archbishop of Algiers, Mgr. Dusserre, who has just died, entered the Roman Catholic church from the army, where he was a private in the zouaves. Before that he was a factory boy.

Mrs. Susan E. Wattles, the Kansas pioneer who died the other day, was the widow of the famous Augustus Wattles, the close friend and coworker with John Brown in the "underground railway."

Prof. Koch has been invited by the Italian government to return to India to study the plague, but has declined for the present, as his presence in German East Africa is necessary for some time to come.

Although greatly improved in health, Cardinal Vaughan, Roman Catholic archbishop of Westminster, acting upon the advice of his medical attendants, will not undertake the discharge of episcopal duties until February.

John Adriance, who played an important part in the early history of Texas, is still living in the old town of Columbia, the first capital of the republic. He is now more than 80 years old, and is one of the few remaining links with the stirring times in Texas 60 years ago.

A CORNER ON STAMPS.
Orange Free State one shilling is now brown.

The one-half and two putnam of Cochon have now a watermark representing an umbrella.

The French office has issued unpaid letter stamps, surcharged with value in annas and the word Zanzibar. Half anna on five-cent blue; one anna on ten cents, brown, and five anna on 50 cents, violet.

A Richmond (Va.) collector has found two sheets of the current five-cent stamp unwater-marked, one of which had two vertical rows of perforation on one side, while the other sheet was entirely imperforate. He is said to have refused an offer of \$350 for the latter sheet.

In London there has been discovered a sheet of rare Cape of Good Hope stamps, the one-shilling triangular issue, unused, and of the emerald-green shade used in 1863. The stamps of this color belong to a comparatively small supply, being soon superseded by the rectangular issue of 1865. The original sheet contained 240 stamps, and two are missing. The find was made in a lot of old correspondence. This particular stamp is listed at \$25, and that would make the sheet worth \$5,950, but all the stamps being on one sheet it will sell for double that amount.

BY AND ABOUT PEOPLE.
A sarcastic French journalist is accusing the Academie Francaise of "vandalism" because it has recently received among its members M. Albert Vandal.

Succi, who recently completed his sixty-fourth public fast in Rome, has abstained from food in his performances for 2,500 days of his life—nearly seven years.

Irving Hale, who has just been appointed brigadier general of the Colorado militia, is well known to officers of the army as the man who went through West Point with the highest standing ever attained. He resigned several years ago, after five years' service in the engineers.

After gravely reflecting for a few moments Joseph Jefferson replied as follows to a Cincinnati bore who asked him when an actor ought to retire: "Well, counting the time for getting out of costume and the slowness of hackmen, I think an actor should retire at about 11:45."

Sara Bernhardt and Mlle. Bartet, of the Comedie Francaise, have been elected vice presidents of the committee in charge of Class 18 (materials of theatrical art) of the 1900 exhibition, of which M. Gaillard, director of the grand opera, is president. They are the first women chosen as official managers on a committee not connected with woman's work.

FOREIGN PICKINGS.
Great Britain has raised by popular subscription \$10,000,000 for the relief of the starving in India.

In the African oasis of Tugurt about 600 artesian wells have been opened successfully along the course of a subterranean river.

How to Prolong Life

No man or woman can hope to live long if the Kidneys, Bladder, or Urinary Organs are diseased. Disorders of that kind should never be neglected. Don't delay in finding out your condition. You can tell as well as a physician. Put some urine in a glass or bottle, and let it stand a day and night. A sediment at the bottom is a sure sign that you have Kidney disease. Other certain signs are pains in the small of the back—a desire to make water often, especially at night—a scalding sensation in passing it—and if urine stains linen there is no doubt that the disease is present.

There is a cure for Kidney and Bladder Diseases. It is Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. It has been for thirty years, and is today, the greatest and best medicine known for these troubles.

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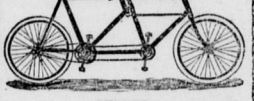
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J. B. LAUBACH, Prop.
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