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FREELAND, PA., MARCH 28, 1898.

How to Elect a People's Candidate.

From Philadelphia City and State.
 It is probable that more men in Pennsylvania realize the importance of securing better government than have ever before in the history of the state been deeply stirred on that subject. These men are beating about for some wise means to secure the end they desire. They are voters, and they are called by different party names—Republicans, Democrats, Populists, Labor Party men and Prohibitionists. It will be not only within the bounds of possibility but of probability to secure in large measure what they are after (and what the prolonged thefts, peculations, corruption—whose name is legion—now render absolutely necessary), if all these good men will only consent to adopt the simplest of expedients; indeed, so simple it is, so easy to put into practice, that we have only to fear that its very simplicity, like the command given by the Hebrew prophet to the Syrian leper to dip seven times in Jordan in order to recover, may send some of our good friends "always in a rage." Nevertheless we shall hazard our remedy.

There is not one of these parties that we have mentioned, all of which go to form the political whole of this state, that alone, and unaided by one or more of the others, can hope to elect a governor at the next election—excepting the majority party, the Republican. But its victory under any circumstances makes a continuance of ring rule and of consequent corruption inevitable. Every one admits this is certainly true if Quay wins in the convention. If he shall be sufficiently frightened into seeming good behavior by the strength of the Wanamaker fight against him or by the rapid development of Swallow's strength, he may put up a fair candidate for governor; but he will be sure to place enough men elsewhere on the ticket to maintain his hold upon the party.

Those voters will indeed be foolish who allow themselves to be lulled into false security by any concession Quay may make. He and his ticket should be destroyed utterly, as the Amelieks and kindred tribes were of old. If Mr. Wanamaker should win in the convention, which is highly improbable, it will mean only a triumph of the Martin and Magee faction. Then everything which they do not control will be turned to the advantage of the merchant prince, with Pennsylvania made, as far as can be, an adjunct to the Grand Depot. There must be of necessity the elevation of Van Valkenburg and Frank Willing Leach as heads over some kinds of principalities and powers in reward for their services in the expenditure of that "cash" which Mr. Wanamaker told the public in 1887 was the great necessity of a successful campaign. They will be entitled to such honors.

We can not expect, in this event, to obtain what Mr. Wanamaker has called an "educated civil service," for both he and they in all their public career have been opposed to this fundamental reform and foundation-stone of good government. The good citizen, of whatever party, would still be left with precisely the same need for independent coalition and action if he really desired any permanent improvement in the present bad state of affairs. But suppose the probable happens, and Mr. Wanamaker is defeated in the convention; then he is eliminated from the contest, unless he bolts the party, which he has never done before, and which the express utterances of his Lancaster speech should (if he wishes his friends to consider him an honorable man) prevent him from doing. Then the field is divided between the Quay ticket and the really independent candidate, Dr. S. C. Swallow, a fearless, honest, strong man, who showed his metal last autumn and who stands on a platform so plain that the humblest can comprehend it—"for honest government," and whose single cry is that fraud-piercing eighth commandment, "Thou shalt not steal!" the one cry needed in Pennsylvania today—to her shame be it said.

Municipal corruption in Philadelphia must smell pretty bad when the papers of that city report it in their columns. If there were any hook or crook in which the news of the arrest of the bribe-takers and bribe-givers of the latest scandal in councils could be suppressed, it is safe to say the readers of Philadelphia papers could never know of these misdeeds. The present sensation down there is dividing honors with war news, the writers having been given free rein, but if any of them should allow their memories to wander back a year or two, or more, and incidentally mention one of the dozens of other sensations which never saw daylight in a Philadelphia paper, the blue pencil would go working double time again. Philadelphians, however, believe in the old saw, "that it takes a thief to catch a thief," and they show it by allowing the district attorney to play the role of prosecutor. If there is anything corrupt in the councils, Mr. Graham ought to find it.

THE LATEST FASHIONS.

The Golf Girl Has Come Out in a New Rod Jacket.

Knockabout Hats—Princess Corset Skirt—the Newest in Lingerie—Flowered India Silks Have French Frounces—Corded Sleeves.

The India silks this year are more beautiful than ever before. They are being made up by the wholesale for spring and summer dresses. As materials go they are not much more expensive than other kinds of goods, and infinitely more satisfactory. The woman who has the courage to make her own silk dress will not find it such a very difficult task to produce an imitation of the one here shown. This one is floured silk, and it has the French frounce which decorates three-fourths of this season's skirts. The frounce is edged with white lace, and it is black lace insertion that forms the diamond-shaped design just above, which is repeated in the waist. The bodice is gathered to a yoke that is formed of several rows of shirred silk edged with white satin. The collar is formed of white satin folds. The sleeves are shirred and



A GOLF SUIT.

corded on the upper side and have a double circular cuff at the hand.

The latest triumph in lingerie is the "princess corset skirt"—a name which



A GOWN OF INDIA SILK.

tells the whole story. It is merely a corset and skirt cut and made in one piece, and intended to wear with a dress of the princess style. It goes away with



THE CORSET SKIRT.

the objectionable band around the waist, and preserves the natural lines of the figure.

This one is made of pink silk. It suggests possibilities in home-made underwear which might do away with the corset. A dressmaker of average ability,

who can cut a princess dress, ought to be able to cut the same thing in fine cambric, and to insert bones where they would go in in a corset just as she would in a dress waist. These should be put in in such a manner that they can be easily removed for laundry purposes. Separate corset steels are sold in the shops, and these could be sewed in if desired, but hooks and eyes or buttons will serve quite as well. The skirt may be trimmed as elaborately as any other.



SPRING AND SUMMER HATS.

The newest designs run in scroll patterns like those in the picture.

Spring and summer hats for knockabout wear always emerge at the same time as the shirt waists, for the two go together. Some of the new shapes resemble the mortar-board sailor which was the college girl's favorite last winter, but they are made of straw, and instead of the soft, white felt tops there are crowns of straw woven in rings of two contrasting colors as may be observed in the upper hat in the illustration. These have three quills at the left side thrust through a narrow band of velvet, which is the only other trimming.

Other hats tip down over the face like the second hat in the picture. Some of these are braided in two colors of straw, making a checkered effect of the whole. Quills again are used for trimming, with a broad plaid band of ribbon knotted at the left side. The crowns are concave at the top, with the sides form-

ART OF LETTER WRITING

Although letter-writing is now classed as one of the lost arts, there are still many people who love to write letters and who do so at the slightest provocation. To this class letter-writing is a pleasure. They can write letters without an effort, and see an excuse for a letter in things that other people would never think of in that connection. This is the class that fill the columns of the papers of the country with communications. They deem it their duty to apprise the public at large with their views on all topics of the day. As a rule this class have an abundance of time on their hands.

To the busy man or woman, who has become accustomed to the swift transmission of the telegraph or telephone, the task of writing a letter seems overwhelming. The paper and the envelopes wait invitingly on a desk. There are the stamps, also. No great physical exertion is demanded, and as for the time required, five minutes will suffice.

Yet the man or woman postpones the job as long as possible and then goes to it with the unwilling spirit of the boy who is sent to the woodpile. And it is equally as hard work for them as cutting wood. They can find nothing in it that savors of pleasure, and this class only write letters when stern necessity demands it.

You will hear some one say: "I would rather give ten dollars than write a letter."

Why is this?

Isn't it because a conscientious person (reads to assume the lofty manner which belongs to the correspondent? In the first place he must "deal" some one with whom he has a mere street-car acquaintance, and then he must give literary polish to certain hollow expressions of regard, and finally, in accordance with tradition, he must protest his humility, his sincerity and his "frustration," all without meaning a word of it, so when he signs his name he does so with the profound conviction that he is somewhat of a liar and more of a hypocrite.

Very few people dare to be candid in their letter-writing. Every man, when he takes a pen in his hand, gets away from his usual style of expression and adopts a more or less stilted method. He may be a charming talker, because his language is simple and clear and straight to the point, but when he takes his pen in hand he begins to think in long words and build up well-rounded and sonorous sentences of the Lord Macaulay kind.

On the other hand, however, letter-writing is a help to the diffident or hesitating man who has not the gift of confident and flowing speech. He takes courage when no one is looking directly at him. His thoughts come from under cover. He even attempts figurative speech, which only the sublimest heroes and people on the stage dare attempt in ordinary conversation, and as a result he writes a letter which puts him in the light of an energetic and audacious character.

This is why courtship by letter is so dangerous and misleading. The timid and most palpitating men always write the most resounding letters, and then when the time comes they fail to live up to their own advertisements.

Every Chicago girl who is truly loved finds that she has two sweethearts—the blushing young man who sits in the parlor every evening and chokes up when he tries to talk about the weather, and the gallant cavalier who writes so entrancingly of his passion and his rosy plans for the future.

There isn't in the whole town a young man who would have the courage to sit alongside of the divine being and tell her the things which he puts into his letters. For instance, could you imagine any young man saying anything like the following: "Oh, Flora, if you could but understand that unceasingly, night and day, my thoughts relate to you! It seems to me that if you were to disdain my love or transfer your affections to another I would find life so cheerless that I could not long survive!"

Of course it's preposterous. No sensible young man could talk such stuff, but he will send reams of it in letters. There is no denying that every man has a special vocabulary and a distinct style for his letter-writing.

Fortunately there are some persons who write letters from the love of writing and out of a real interest in their fellow-beings. If your habitual letter-writer goes to the theater and witnesses a play he sits down next morning and writes a letter to the star actor either commending or criticizing the performance. If it be a letter of praise the actor is much pleased and the letter accomplishes its purpose.

The author of every book receives dozens of letters from appreciative readers, and he is cheered into the belief that these readers are much wiser and more discriminating than most of the critics.

A gentleman who happens to possess special information on some topic may be interviewed by the newspapers. All at once he finds himself a public character. The letter-writers have made him so.

The presidential candidate receives his bushel of mail every day. Who writes to him? Not you, perhaps, but the habitual letter-writer, the same one who writes to Washington commending this statesman or that statesman and who peppers the newspaper offices with lay opinions on all public matters.

There is no disposition herewith to poke fun at the willing letter-writer. Far from it. He is a life-saver. When he comes across a peculiar incident or hears a new story he sends it to the "story" mill, and often it is as welcome as a loaf of bread to a starving family. And sometimes it comes like the governor's pardon in the melodrama.

The unhappy wretch is down to his last crust of anecdote. In his despair he has searched the archives of childhood and dragged out a dog story. But he needs one more story—no more! But what shall it be? He closes his eyes and pulls at his hair and thinks—thinks as hard as he dare. No use. He is lost! "Help! Help!"

The postman enters with—yes, a letter. He tears it open. What is this? How a South Chicago boy happened to fall into the rain barrel! Saved! Saved!

With a hysterical shriek of relief he sits down to copy it, caring not for the morrow, remembering only that he has been granted another day of life.

One form of letter-writing is especially prevalent in rural communities. It is practiced by people who have no large business interests, but who love to receive mail. These people make a practice of sending for samples, catalogues and prospectuses. Whenever they see an advertisement, "Sample free by mail," they write for a sample. They send their names to directories and are classed as "agents," and almost any day the "agent" can go to the post office and get a bulky catalogue from some concern which manufactures two-dollar revolvers and three-dollar gold watches.

The young man who has a passion for answering advertisements loves to be seen coming from the post office with an armload of mail. The fact that he is in correspondence with so many important business houses seems to give him a sort of standing, or at least he fancies so. At any rate he helps to increase the revenues of the postal department.—Chicago Record.

THE BEAR ESCAPED.

Funny Incident Reported from a Maine Lumber Camp.

The cook at a lumber camp near Great Pond, Me., discovered a bear one afternoon last month in the act of jamming his head into the top of the uncovered bean pot in quest of baked beans. When the bear heard the cook's steps he lifted his head, and by so doing brought the wire ball of the pot across the back of his neck. The cook yelled, and the bear, tottering under the weight of nearly a barrel of baked beans suspended from his neck, retreated up the wood's road in the direction of the back lot. Though the bear could make good progress with his load, he had considerable difficulty in finding his way, because the bean pot obstructed his vision. If he held his head high enough to keep the pot from dragging it was in front of his eyes, and if he allowed the pot to drag his progress was so slow that the cook was liable to overtake him.

The cook had managed to discharge all the cartridges in a repeating rifle without effect and the bear managed to keep in the road for half a mile, when the couple met the leading bear team coming out of the woods on the last turn. Nobody has yet been able to train a horse so it will not be scared by a bear, and here was a big bear ornamented as to his neck with a huge bean pot, and behind the bear was a bare-headed and frantic cook yelling as loud as his lungs would allow. The front horses reared twice and turned sharp to the off side of the road, spilling two and a half cords of bark across the sled track. While the teamster was trying to untangle his horses the second load came down the hill, followed in quick succession by a third and a fourth. Every team acted as badly as it could, and while the cook was pleading for somebody to help him kill the bear, and the teamsters were swearing about their horses, the bear got away, carrying the pot of beans along.—Chicago Chronicle.

Cute Beyond Her Years.

It was a Philadelphia little girl who, when her mother had given her a box of candy and had told her to invite one of her friends to partake of it with her, said that she would ask Fanny Brown, because candy always made Fanny's teeth ache, and she couldn't eat much.

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