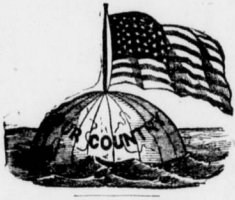


# FREELAND TRIBUNE.

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FREELAND, PA., AUGUST 1, 1898.

### The Voter and His Vote.

From Philadelphia City and State.

There are two or three chief ways in which it is possible not only, but unfortunately not unrare, for a man under popular government to show himself grossly unworthy of citizenship. Even when boasting, and somewhat largely perhaps, of his hearty enjoyment of that sort of government, and his profound estimate of the high privilege that has been achieved for him and bestowed upon him therein, he may yet, at the very same time, betray a vicious and thoroughly disastrous unfaithfulness to the most essential principle of a government of that nature. He may have an incorrigibly dull sense of what he ought to be and ought to do as a voter. He may exercise little or no mind in that direction and no conscience at all. Of the operative or working principle or feature, in short, of popular government—on which, in the very nature of the case, everything depends—he may have, and too manifestly and unfortunately often does have, only a drearly frivolous or wretchedly debased conception. And there are two or three marked ways, as said, in which this is shown.

The legal voter, so called, although the terms almost savors of a sort of irony, with all his fancied esteem of a government reputedly free existing over him, together with the very real responsibilities certainly resting upon him in connection—obligations unreckoned and immeasurable—either lightly neglects personally the exercise of his right of franchise wholly, or, in one way or another, if sometimes not so lightly yet even more abominably, misses or virtually prostitutes the same. The refusal of the responsible citizen to vote when it is entirely possible for him to do so ought to debar him from citizenship, for a time at least. He should, after that, not be entrusted with any public service therein, until he has purged himself from the contempt of so high a privilege.

The evil in this connection is notorious, but its real gravity is not adequately appreciated. Hosts of voters, especially in large towns and cities, esteemed, and in many ways rightly esteemed, as most qualified confidently to discharge citizen duties, frequently do not go to the polls; indeed, are known to stay away from them when important, even most momentous, interests are at stake. Only a few weeks ago, for example, over in New Jersey, New Brunswick, a city of 25,000 population, the seat of a venerable college and theological seminary, besides other schools, the taxpayers, at a special election were called upon to vote on a proposition to issue \$37,000 worth of bonds for school purposes, when only 145 persons out of the 25,000 felt it their duty to cast a ballot.

And something similar to this is going on all the time and in every part of the country. When San Francisco, as a further example, last May adopted an unusually important new charter, it was by a majority of 2,361 in a vote of only 26,963 out of a total registration of 73,450. It is no wonder assuredly, in view of this, that there is so wretched a civic management among us in the centers of population and influence, and that civic and municipal corruption thus is so abounding and so bold. It would be rather wonderful if it were not so.

### How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

**Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy**  
CURES ALL KIDNEY, STOMACH AND LIVER TROUBLES.

## GENERAL CALIXTO GARCIA.

Has Fought Bled and Been Imprisoned for Cuba Libre.

General Calixto Garcia, the veteran of Cuban revolution, is by birth a Cuban and formerly a resident of New York. He is about fifty-nine years old, decidedly military in pose and manner; his conversation vivacious, but always to the point and always brilliant. By profession a lawyer, he impresses one as born to command—a man of big affairs who would carry out any enterprise with honor and success. Among his followers his law and his counsel is always sought and followed in grave emergencies.

He was one of the organizers of that first Cuban revolution of 1895. He met with his friends nightly at a farm owned by Donato Marmol, near the town of Holguin. The Cubans were already in revolt under Cespedes, and within two days Marmol and Garcia took up arms with 150 resolute followers. Extraordinary success attended them. Town after town surrendered, first Santa Rita, then Jiguani, after hard fighting, with its 20,000 population. For his bravery Garcia was promoted brigadier general under Gomez.

Later, when the provisional government, for some reason not clearly explained, removed Gomez, Garcia succeeded him. Finding that Jiguani had, meanwhile, been retaken by the Spaniards, he proceeded to capture it again. He next took Holguin, the town where the revolution was originally organized. Other victories rapidly followed.

At the obstinate all day battle of Santa Maria, in 1899, he followed Von Moltke's tactics at Sedan—surrounded the enemy's army and forced the surrender of General Vingues and his men. They were well treated and given freedom.

So grateful were they for the unexpected clemency that one of the officers, General Rosales, on returning to Spain, issued a pamphlet extolling the generosity of Garcia. But victory did not always follow the Cuban eagles. In September, 1873, brought reverses.

In the absence of his main forces, Garcia with his guard of twenty men was surrounded by five hundred Spaniards and, when at the last moment capture was inevitable, rather than surrender and die of torture, Garcia fired his pistol into his mouth, and fell among his dead comrades. The Spaniards carried him to Manzanillo in triumph, also thinking him dead. To the amazement of Spanish doctors and generals, Garcia revived, although the bullet had penetrated his palate, following the line of his nose, and emerging from his forehead.

It seemed a miracle that the General lived. Then it was equally surprising that, recovering, he escaped execution. But he was spared and imprisoned at Valencia and Santona, in Spain.

Fortunately for Garcia General Campos, Governor General of Havana, was not vindictive, for when peace was declared in 1877, Premier Canovas freed him, at the cabled request of Campos. This explains why Martinez Campos has always been respected and admired by the insurgents.

Notwithstanding he was free, Garcia did not fully believe in the sincerity of the peace treaty, and he came to New York to await further developments. It soon transpired that the Spaniards were not keeping their promises in good faith, and bitter dissatisfaction prevailed. Hostilities continued, and General Maceo continued to hold his ground against great odds. The courage and patriotism of the heroic mulatto general fired Garcia's heart anew, and again he appeared in the field during what was known as the "Little War," until he was defeated and again taken prisoner.

For the second time his life was spared. He was sent to Madrid, however, where he was allowed limited freedom and not permitted to leave the country. Being a man of education, refinement and indomitable will, he soon made a career for himself in a humble way, and earned money by teaching French and English. He lived a quiet, retired life, but was always under police surveillance.

When the revolution of February, 1894, broke out, he was anxious to leave Madrid, but the eye of the government was ever upon him. Then he brought his intellect into play. He gave it out that he should spend the remaining years of his life in Spain. This lulled the suspicions of the police until suddenly he disappeared at midnight. Before the authorities were aware of it he had arrived in Paris.

Reaching New York early in the autumn of 1895, he prepared to go to the assistance of his countrymen, but he was not immediately successful. He organized and led the ill-fated Hawkins expedition in January, 1896, and fitted out the steamer Bermuda the following month. But the Washington government interfered. Garcia was arrested and held for trial under \$2,500 bonds. Before the day set for the trial had arrived he forfeited his bail, and this time succeeded in getting away with an expedition for Cuba.

In his address to the Cuban army Garcia exclaimed:

"Army of the Republic, your old general comes to die by your side, if necessary. Let there be no armistice no treaty, unless based on the recognition of our independence—free forever, or battling forever until free."

Garcia's most important achievement, so far as direct results are concerned, was the capture of Guaimaro in December, 1896. After a siege of twelve days he captured sixteen forts one after another, finally forcing the surrender of the garrison, who took refuge in a large stone church in the center of the town. He opened on them with a couple of field pieces and speedily captured the forces, amount-

ing to nearly three hundred men and officers. There was much booty, consisting of Spanish gold, Mauser rifles, two hundred thousand rounds of ammunition, with machetes and a large supply of clothing. The prisoners were well treated and soon allowed to go on parole. Again Garcia's humane generalship won him plaudits from the enemy.

**Coaling Stations.**  
Until recently the coaling station has been the unanswerable argument of all experts, real and reputed," says the New York World. "Modern war," they have said, "is naval war. To carry on a naval war, you must have bases of coal supply, and that means that you must have coaling stations scattered about the world wherever you may some day have to fight."

This certainly sounds like a "clinch-er." But the events of this war have already shown several facts which have attracted a respectable and growing group of experts away from the coaling station theory.

For instance, our fleet off Santiago has coaled in heavy weather from transports that were enabled to lie alongside of the warships by an ingenious system of fenders invented not long ago. In the second place, Dewey, having no coaling station, seized one at Cavite, and it is pointed out that the enemy could not possibly defend all his coasts so effectively that no harbor could be seized and fortified and made into a coal depot.

Against the permanent coaling station it is pointed out that it is a vast expense in time of peace, that it may be remote from the scene of hostilities, that it must be powerfully defended by fleets and forts both in time of peace and in time of war.

A floating coaling station, a fleet of colliers, can go with the fleet wherever the campaign may lead, is just as easily defended as a naval station with its protecting fleet, and is a smaller expense in war and no expense at all in peace.

The question is still open. But it is not improbable that England's much-praised "far-sighted policy of establishing coaling stations everywhere" may turn out to have been much overpraised.

**Naval Salutes.**  
School boys will be interested in this, in these days of naval reviews. Upon entering a port, a warship salutes with twenty-one guns the flag of the nation she is visiting, and then the flags of any foreign Admirals who may be there. Every salute is answered, gun for gun. The following table shows the proper salute for the various subjects named:

Guns	
Nations, rules of nations, Ambassadors, and members of royal families.....	21
Vice President of the United States.....	19
Cabinet Ministers, Admirals, Governors of States, Justices of the Supreme Court, congressional committees.....	17
United States or foreign Ministers.....	15
Rear Admiral.....	13
Commodore and Charge d'Affaires.....	11
Consul General.....	9
Consuls.....	7
Vice Consuls.....	5

Army officers are entitled to the same salutes as the corresponding grades in the navy, a Brigadier General, for instance, who ranks with a Commodore, getting eleven guns.

Salutes are never fired before 8 a. m. or after sunset. A vessel arriving during the no-saluting hours must wait until the proper time before she can blaze away. Nor are salutes fired when wash clothes, awning or other canvas are triced up to dry. These must always be lowered first.

**German Understanding of Receiver.**  
A case was in one of the Cincinnati courts that involved a receiver for a building association. The plaintiff was a highly respected German who knew what he wanted, but in some manner the attorney had not taken the steps that his client desired. When the plaintiff was on the stand his attorney examined him at length. During the examination the old gentleman became excited and answered the questions in such a way that the Judge was under the impression that he didn't thoroughly understand the questions and answers. He declared that he didn't want a receiver, that he didn't want his attorney to take the step, and that all he wanted was his money.

At this point the Judge suggested that the court interpreter be sent for, that the German might make himself more clearly understood. But he declared that he understood what he wanted, and that was his money, and if he failed to get it he would kill himself.

To ascertain if he knew what he wanted the Judge said:

"Do you know what a receiver is?"

"Yes, sir; I do, sir," said the honest German. "He vos der man vot gits der monish und I gits nottings."

This convinced the Judge that the plaintiff knew quite well what he was talking about. So the interpreter was dispensed with, for the time being, at least.

"I guess," said the Judge, in conclusion, "he knows about as much about a receiver as we do."

**Cossack Regiments.**  
Cossack regiments are being drilled in crossing rivers on a novel sort of improvised bridge. Seven or eight lances are passed between the handles and tops of a dozen cooking kettles, and are held firmly in place by the handles, beside being tied together with forage ropes. A dozen such bundles fastened together form one section of a raft or floating bridge, and are capable of sustaining half a ton in weight. A section can be put together in twenty-five minutes.

## THE POPULAR LOAN.

The American Widow's Mite Plays a Very Important Part.

The widow's mite plays an important part in the placing of the popular loan. As in the Scriptural instance, it is a case of choice, not necessity. All over the country, and particularly among all women, the desire to do what the opportunity offers in the way of helping the country is overpowering. No matter how limited may be the means, the enthusiasm is the same. Those who have never before inclined towards investment are inspired to have their little share in the popular loan. The fact that the loan is so absolutely without risk has, of course, much to do with the favor in which it is held, but there is also considerable sentiment about it, and to women sentiment is ever more appealing than security. Merely by no means lacking in the response to Uncle Sam's appeal for aid but in every part of the land it has been a matter for comment how many women of all ages and conditions have come forward and shown their patriotism in this way.

**Joins From All Sources.**  
Several clubs are shortly to be started in Berlin for women only.

On an average every woman carries forty to sixty miles of hair upon her head.

Lace handkerchiefs, with the initials worked in diamonds, are a late freak of costly extravagance.

Out of the enormous number of women in Constantinople not more than 5,000 can read or write.

It is said that there is one medical lady practicing in the west end of London who earns something like £4,000 a year.

In nearly every street in Japanese cities is a public oven, where for a small fee housewives may have their dinners and suppers cooked for them.

In Bucharest, Romania, women perform some of the severest forms of labor. They mix the mortar and carry, as well as the bricks, to the topmost stories of buildings in course of construction.

In the island of Java is a small state which is entirely controlled by women, with the single exception that the sovereign is a man. He is, however, entirely dependent on his state council of three women.

Japanese theaters have their boxes so arranged that the ladies can change their dresses, as it is not considered stylish for a lady to appear an entire evening in one dress and with the same ornaments.

**A Pretty Waist.**  
Fine white organdy. Point de Paris, lace insertion and narrow white satin ribbon combined to make this waist one of the most charming seen this season.

To carry out the all white idea now so popular, the full waist is arranged over a pure white taffeta lining, which has a soft and rather subdued finish. The fronts are gathered at the waist and neck lines, where the fashionable pouched effect is given. The closing is in center front, lining and waist closing separately, and invisibly, which is easily arranged by placing the hooks and eyes just where the trimming comes together.

The seamless back is smooth fitting across the shoulders and drawn by gathers in center at the waist line. The trimming is extended across the back to give the yoke effect. The neck is finished with a high standing collar, over which a wrinkled stock of the organdy is arranged, closing



under gathered frills in the back, this style having again taken the place of the now passe bow of ribbon.

The two seamed sleeves which only have fullness at the top, are disposed over fitted linings, stylish double epaulettes standing out fashionably at the top.

Triple rows of the frilled ribbon form evenly spaced bands above the elbow to correspond to the waist trimming, and the wrists are finished to match the epaulettes and simulated yoke.

For separate waists of silk or fine woolen, as well as cotton fabrics, this model will be found excellent. It being simple to construction and suited to the applied decorations that abound in the almost endless variety of designs.

Tucking can be used in place of the ribbon here shown, if the tucks are made in groups in the material before the pattern is laid on.

To make this waist for a lady of medium size, 1 3/4 yards of material 44 inches wide will be required.

**Care of Irons.**

Fire irons that have to be laid by during the summer months should be protected from rust by being coated with a mixture of India rubber, dissolved to the consistency of cream in naphtha. This coating can easily be rubbed off the steel when needed.

## TALE OF A HAT.

She had sat down on his hat. There it was, a battered, useless thing that had lately been so faultless, so imposing.

People who are wholly grown up don't need to be told that Lillian was very young and painfully self-conscious. Most of them have memories. But other very young persons may like to be told. They need all the comfort they can get out of life.

After awhile Lillian sat up, wiped her eyes and thought some more. What could she do to redeem herself, she wondered. Was there anything?

She could send him a new hat. But no; that might offend him.

Write him a note and tell him of her contrition? That possibility was cheering.

But after all it is not Lillian's letters, but the replies they elicited that count in this story. Here is the first:

"Dear Miss Stewart—I have so very, very many things to say to you that I really am at a loss to know just where to begin. But capital things should ever have precedence, and so I will begin, not ex ovo, but ex capite.

"You no doubt remember that afternoon when my proud and lofty helm was resting calmly and peacefully on a chair in Miss Beckman's drawing-room. You can imagine my horror when I saw you sit down on it. It was not for my hat at all! Oh, no! But I knew there was an enormous cubic capacity within it, and I was terrified lest the fall from crown to brim should hurt you. And when I saw you quite unharmed I was happy. And now comes the most curious part of my story. I took my hat with me to college the following Monday. It had a basin-like hollow of considerable depth on the crown and looked very swaggy. My heart swelled with pride when I observed the attention people were giving me—young women especially. One of my friends accosted me enviously, 'I thought you didn't go in for style, and here you have one of the most stylish hats in the college!'

"Then it dawned upon me why smashed hats were so fashionable. It was because some sweet and lovely girl had left the stamp of personality upon each. A new study began for me. I commenced to divine the characters of the young women from the impress upon the various hats that perambulate the college yard. And I assure you there is no study so deeply interesting. All things lose themselves in this. You realize at a glance a man's mission on earth. It is to wear a hat that has been crushed by—well, I have told you, As ever, JACK FIELDING."

Now, to an ordinary mind that would seem a most reasonable and soothing letter—just whimsical enough to be pleasing. Nothing short of a genius in self approach could have discovered rebuke in it. But Lillian found it.

Result—more remorse, and after an interval note No. 2. Its expression of depression brought the following:

"Dear Miss Stewart—Joking aside, you have taken the hat episode in a very serious light. I now have only the faintest recollection of that evening, and it is only after an effort that I have succeeded in bringing the incident to mind. I remember looking at my hat the other day and noting that it was not quite comme il faut, but for the life of me I could not have told to which of its numerous misfortunes its drooping, fainting appearance was due. So I was amused to hear that the matter has been an occasion of self-castigation to you.

"I can only believe that you have tried to look at yourself, not through my eyes, as you express it, but through the eyes of a certain somebody you imagine me to be. That somebody is a very priggish, sedate, serious and pedantic sort of a fellow, doubtless. But between you and me, he and I have nothing in common. In truth, my chief delight is to be amused, and nothing amuses me so much as the seriousness with which people take me. Believe me, there is nothing serious in me except that desire not to be seriously serious.

"I have already had more than my money's worth of amusement out of my hat, and I must express my gratitude to you, who have been the cause of it all. Sincerely yours, JACK FIELDING."

Amused! He dared to be amused at this tragedy! This unutterable disgrace that had come upon her. Lillian again found consolation in her divan cushions and again lifted her head bravely to stem the current of her woe. He must, he should understand her position. How could she meet him at the Masons' to-morrow and the Loomies' the day after, knowing his contempt? How could she see in his eye only amusement where she had before—or did she only imagine it—found tenderness? She'd try again.

Forth went the third silly little note, incoherent, unintelligible, except to one who knew hearts and so held the key. To his intense surprise, the man to whom it was addressed found that he understood it. Then, with every nook and corner of his mind illumined by a great light, he read its two predecessors, marveling at his obtuseness.

And this is the missive a messenger boy bore to Lillian:

"My Dear—Forgive me, but you are that—and more. I suppose we might keep on all our lives writing crosscross notes about that hat, each only half understanding the other. But I know a better way. You can't give me a hat, I know. I couldn't accept it and retain my self-respect. But you can give me yourself. In other words, since you may not crown my worthless head, crown my life, worthless unless you will, JACK."

"P. S.—In this I am serious, if in nothing else. And I'll let you buy all my hats—afterward."

At the Masons' dinner two people found each other's hands under the table. At the Loomies' tea the engagement was announced.

So ends the tale of a hat.—Gertrude E. Keeley in Chicago Tribune.

## Some Pointed Questions

Does your urine contain any sediment? Is the lower part of your back sore, weak and lame? Does your urine have a whitish, milky color? Is there a smarting or scalding sensation in passing it? Does it pain you to hold it? Do you desire to urinate often, especially at night?

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"For years I suffered with my Kidneys," writes THOMAS QUACKENBUSH, of Pittsfield, Mass. "The pain in my back was so severe at times that I was obliged to keep to my bed. I suffered awfully when passing water, which was often discolored with blood. I tried almost everything in the shape of medicine, but nothing seemed to help me. One day I got a bottle of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy and used it but a little while when it braced me right up. My back became all right, no pain at all; my water cleared up and passed from me without pain, and I grew better in every way. I consider it a great medicine, as it has done wonders for me. My wife uses it for female complaint, and thinks it's the finest medicine in the world."

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