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FREELAND, PA., APRIL 23, 1900.

THE MAN WHO DOESN'T.

The man who does not advertise because he does not know how himself, ought to stop eating because he can't cook.

No Room for Dewey.

From the Phila. North American. The North Carolina Democrats have given the Dewey candidacy another blow. They have adopted a resolution announcing: "We admire the heroism and ability with which William J. Bryan has defended the principles of the Democratic party, and hereby instruct the delegation from this state to the next National Democratic convention to vote for his nomination as a candidate for the presidency."

The Democrats of two representative states—Pennsylvania in the North and North Carolina in the South—have met since Admiral Dewey announced his willingness to accept the nomination, and in each case his advances have been ignored. Manifestly, the position of regular Democratic nominee is hopelessly beyond his reach. And yet Mr. Perry Belmont and other Democrats of his class continue to speak of the admiral as a probable candidate. They must see as well as anybody that his nomination by the regular Democratic convention is out of the question. The only reasonable explanation of their attitude is that they expect Dewey to repeat the Palmer and Buckner enterprise, with the object of beating Bryan at the polls.

In fact, the admiral has been quoted as saying that he would be satisfied to fall election himself if he could only insure Bryan's defeat. Naturally this, if he really said it, would hardly endear him particularly to the mass of Democrats.

But while some anti-Bryan Democrats might be willing to sacrifice Admiral Dewey to their revenge, it is scarcely probable that, after cool reflection, he will allow himself to be sacrificed.

Admiral Dewey would hardly like to have his vote recorded "Scattering" in the political almanacs. As an independent candidate he would run far behind the Populist nominee, and could not possibly expect to secure a single electoral vote. When he once thoroughly realizes this fact, Mr. Belmont and the rest of his disinterested friends who are urging him to the sacrifice will find it less easy than it appears now to keep his neck on the altar.

Jerry Simpson's New Catechism.

From Jerry Simpson's Bayonet. Who was the author of the Declaration of the Independence?
Answer—Thomas Jefferson.
Who destroyed that declaration?
William McKinley.
Who overcame the money power and destroyed the United States bank?
Andrew Jackson.
Who turned the United States treasury over to the national banks and gave one of them the use of \$10,000,000 without interest?
William McKinley.
Who destroyed slavery in the United States?
Abraham Lincoln.
Who re-established it by protecting it in our island domain?
William McKinley.
Who promulgated the Monroe doctrine?
James Monroe.
Who destroyed the Monroe doctrine?
William McKinley.
Who declared that the United States should have no entangling foreign alliances?
George Washington.
Who is trying to mix up the politics of the old world by a war for greed, gold and glory?
William McKinley.
Who discovered the Philippine Islands?
A. Jeremiah Beveridge.
Who discovered Aginaldo?
Admiral Dewey.
Who discovered the sultan of Sulu?
William McKinley.
Who discovered McKinley?
Mark Hanna.
Who discovered Mark Hanna?
The devil.
What is the difference between King George's war against the American colonies and Queen Victoria's war against the Dutch in South Africa?
There isn't any.
What is the difference between Queen Victoria's war in South Africa and McKinley's war in the Philippines?
No difference.

HOW LAWTON DIED.

An Eye Witness Gives a Graphic Description of the Tragic Event.

I shook hands with General Lawton and chatted with him a moment. He was in excellent spirits and anticipated an easy victory. My pony was played out and utterly unable to keep up with the cavalry in the rapid movements ahead. Therefore I fell in behind Colonel Sargent, a brave and kind officer, and wound down the slippery trail with the infantry to the valley below. Two high mounds overlooked the rice field directly in front of San Marco, and a small detachment of infantry was placed on each to give a cross fire on the trenches over the river and cover the crossing of our troops. It turned out afterward that the river was too deep to ford at this point, and these troops were then brought up to the firing line in front, which skirted the river edge. General Lawton had twice walked up and down the line, every inch of his six feet four in that fatal yellow coat exposed to the enemy's view, and one after another his staff had asked him to find a safer place. Just before starting down the line Lieutenant Colonel Sargent had asked him to find a less exposed position, and a late General Lawton said that he would go back a bit in the rice field to a more sheltered place, but where he could easily be found by his staff and the officers commanding. As the general straddled for his point of safety Lieutenant Sargent suddenly shot through the upper part of the right arm and the back of his shoulder. As he was being carried off the field General Lawton received his fatal wound. Lieutenant Fuller, who was close by, saw a bullet strike a pool of water, and he remarked to Captain King the peculiar angle at which the bullet glanced downward. Then he heard the general say, "I'm shot through the chest," and rushed forward to his assistance. General Lawton stood for a few moments clenching his fists and straining to hold himself upright, but sudden pain and control fell over him, supported by Lieutenant Fuller. Dr. Beasley, who was accompanying young Breckenridge off the field, ran over to the general's aid and saw at once that the wound was fatal. Captain King, who had been with General Lawton all the morning, bent over his dying chief, who lay in Lieutenant Fuller's arms. In a few seconds he lay dead, shot above the heart.—Sydney Adamson in Leslie's Weekly.

NEW CRIMES.

Man's Lawless Ingenuity Giving the Courts Added Trouble.

Under the laws of the land as they exist at the present the theft of a lamp is a larceny; it may be a Roman lamp or a Greek lamp, an oil lamp or an electric lamp. Whether it constitutes grand larceny or petit larceny in certain states in the Union depend not upon its age or value, but upon its market value. On the other hand there is a great number of modern crimes which could not have been committed in ancient days because the instruments for their perpetration did not exist. They are the outcome of modern civilization and they require new legislation.

The tapping of a telegraph wire is a modern form of highway robbery. In the old days the method was to waylay the courier on his road and to rob him of his purse or of his message. The formula of the modern highwayman is not "Stand and deliver," but simply "Deliver." And he may get a message from the lightning courier which may be worth more to him than a well filled purse. But there is nothing to be gained by indiscriminate tapping. It is some special message or information that the thief is looking for, possibly for its effect on the stock market or on other business ventures, but the use of cipher codes renders the tapping of telegraph wires of little avail even in time of war, unless the code, as well as the message, has been stolen. For the tapping of power or light lines the modern highwayman comes in out of the rain. He can do his business better indoors by attacking the electric meter, confusing his calculations and thus getting more current than he pays for. Such at least seems to be the implication of recent statutes.—Chicago Chronicle.

The Luck of Mayor Hart.

Mayor Thomas N. Hart of Boston conducted his own campaign in a masterly manner. The situation was peculiarly delicate. Normally, Boston is Democratic, but at the December elections there was a bolting wing of the Democracy that threatened at the first sign of a mistake or the utterance of an unwise sentiment to return its allegiance to the Democratic candidate. Mr. Hart therefore planned for a short campaign with few speeches. There were no mistakes, and the bolting Democracy elected Mr. Hart. When it was all over but the shouting Mr. Hart, in conversation with one of the Republican leaders, said:

"This campaign reminds me of the old southern dandy who was brought before the court for stealing chickens."
"In what way?" some one asked.
"Why, the judge asked the old man looking at him sharply and speaking in his sternest manner: 'Were you ever in court before for stealing chickens?'"
"No sah," said the colored brother with a grin; "I've been mighty lucky, sah."
"And so have I," said Mr. Hart with a hearty laugh.—Saturday Evening Post.

The Unlucky Thirteenth.

Somehow the talk had drifted on superstition. The red-faced man was the last to speak: "Gentlemen, he said, 'I've been superstitious since one cold night last winter. I was feeling bad—had had a little trouble, and I made up my mind to drown my sorrows, for a time at least. I went into the first saloon I came across, and I stood at the bar and drank twelve cocktails in less than an hour. As heaven is my judge, gentlemen, when I started to pour down the thirteenth my hands became numb, my legs refused to support me and I fell to the floor helpless. Believe me or not, but I say there is something uncanny and strange in the number 13.'"—Indianapolis Sun.

SHE HAS STARTLED SOCIETY.

Mrs. Jack Gardner's Extraordinary Souvenir.

BUYS THE PITTI PALACE.

And Will Have the Whole Thing, Pictures and All, Shipped to Boston—How She Gives Freshness and Aplomb to Society at the Hub.

Mrs. "Jack" Gardner, Boston's noted society leader, brings back from Europe a most extraordinary souvenir. It is a set of plans and photographs of an Italian palace, which she is going to have transported across the Mediterranean and Atlantic and set up in Boston with all its art treasures as a memorial to her late husband. This quite outdoes all of Mrs. "Jack's" past performances, with which this former New York girl, Isabel Stewart, has been surprising conventional Boston for nearly a score of years. Last December her multimillionaire husband, Mr. John Lowell Gardner, of Boston, died, leaving all his millions to his wife. She promptly went into the most fashionable mourning, but she really showed her deep sorrow by refraining from doing anything startling for nearly a year. She went to Europe last June and sought seclusion by hiring a Venetian palace for the season. It was there that she formed the plan of buying an Italian palace, rich in art treasures and classic design and transplanting it to her American home.

The Pitti Palace, designed by the famous architect, Brunelleschi, is one of the best types of a Florentine palace, such as Mrs. Gardner has purchased. It was built during the Republic, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. This palace was begun about the year 1440 for the head of one of the richest and most powerful political families of Florence.

The building progressed for twenty-six years in the slow and substantial way in which palaces were then constructed. At that time, in 1468, Luca Pitti's political conspiracies failed against the still more powerful house of the Medici, and Pitti's downfall caused his unfinished palace to fall ultimately into the hands of his rival. Building operations were again begun, but the great structure was not finished until 1549, or 100 years after it was begun. It is a Florentine palace of that age of splendor that Mrs. Gardner is going to bring to America and set up in Boston. The magnitude of the work may be imagined when it is considered that it is made of huge blocks of stone weighing over a ton each. They are chiseled only at the edges so as to give an increased effect of ruggedness and vastness. All these pieces will have to be numbered as they are taken down so that they may be set up in the same relative position as they now occupy.

There will be many ship loads of the walls and marbles used in the interior decorations. Besides this, the paintings, statuary and furnishings will have to be packed most carefully and brought over in passenger steamships in the care of attendants. The hall on the ground floor of Mrs. Gardner's palace will be devoted to paintings and statuary. Many of these works of art will be brought from Italy. But Mrs. Gardner will also add now in her Boston home.

This collection many choice pieces of art will be devoted to the private museum of art she will throw open to the public. Her own private apartments will be on the upper floors. The location which Mrs. Gardner has selected for this palace and museum combined is in Boston's fashionable Back Bay district. It will front on the Fens, the park near the Charles River. This will show off the classic proportions of the building to the greatest advantage.

Mrs. Gardner already has three splendid homes in Massachusetts. Her town house is in Beacon street, Boston, the traditional home of the Hub's aristocrats. She has another mansion on a large estate in the adjoining suburb of Brookline, while her country summer home is at Beverly. Nearly every celebrity that has visited Boston for over a dozen years has come under the spell of this fascinating woman and become a figure at her "afternoons."

She has received the title of "Mrs. Leo Hunter, of America," on account of her fondness for social lions. But these were only the milder phases of Mrs. Gardner's eccentricities. She started all grades of Boston society by hiring a box to see Corbett box.

She started the society woman fad of feeling Sandow's muscles. She went to the "Pop" concerts and drank beer in public. She borrowed a lion from the Boston Zoo and paraded it before the public.

She mopped up the steps of a fashionable church on her knees as a penance during Lent. It was by doing such things that Mrs. "Jack" has succeeded in giving a certain freshness and variety to Boston society. To cap the climax of this long list of achievements needed some great deed, great even for Mrs. Gardner, and she has done it.

WEALTH OF TRINITY.

That Church's Annual Income Is Over \$500,000.

Old Trinity Church, New York City, has attained to distinction in two widely divergent matters; in the honor of its territory; and in the wealth of its corporation. What is written below concerns its corporate wealth. As a matter of history, the original church was opened for worship in 1697. This early church was maintained by the income from the "church farm," a royal grant from Queen Anne. Out of this income the Reverend William Vespey, first rector of Trinity Church, received a yearly salary of \$5,100. Today that same "church farm" is valued at from \$9,000,000 to \$10,000,000, and its possession makes Trinity the wealthiest single church corporation in the United States. Out of its annual income of over \$500,000 the Reverend Morgan Dix receives a salary of \$25,000. This salary is more than double that of Bishop Potter of the Diocese of New York, who receives but \$12,000.

This large income is exhausted by many claims; the expenses of the church, the support of the parishes, the large yearly grants to twenty-four parishes, the payment of taxes and assessments, and the maintenance of the parochial schools and other parish charities. The rental from the "church farm" properly considered is the main source of Trinity's income. It is received in a widely distributed way throughout the city. Much of it, however, lies in the near vicinity of the church. It is rented for various purposes—for public buildings, stores and tenements. The year book of Trinity Parish states that the parish "is systematically the support of all cases where the ministrations of the church are needed are reported immediately to the rector."

Among the considerable drains on the Trinity income are the expenses of the church proper and the support of the chapels. Twenty-five thousand dollars are expended annually in the salary of the Reverend Mr. Dix, Assistant Mr. Dix in the work of the church and its chapels are eight vicars and sixteen curates, and they receive each one from \$5,000 to \$10,000. The sextons of the church and the several chapels receive \$15,000, and each one is furnished with a deputy and an assistant.

The music of the church costs much. The many choir boys receive, each one, from \$24 to \$100 yearly. The soloists, of which there are eighteen, receive from \$200 to \$400. For the staid and stately services are appropriated of \$10,000; for each one of the seven chapels, \$7,500; making a total of over \$60,000. That the maintenance of excellent music in churches is right and admirable, is conceded. The church has ever held music to be a softening influence on the hearts of the sinful, and it is now tempting to carry out as "criminal aggression." The Post's term, "benevolent suffocation," describes fairly and forcibly the policy of the Hanna administration.

The late General Lawton, several months before his death, declared that all the Filipinos want is a little justice. That is what McKinley & Co. are determined they shall not have. The war is conducted for spoliation and commercialism, and no considerations of justice, consistency or decency are sufficient to induce the administration to give the dogs of war a chance to press themselves later on, unless McKinley, backed by the trusts and Mark Hanna, concludes that it is not safe to trust such questions to the voice of the people, and declare the country under military rule. Such a proceeding would be scarcely less surprising or more revolutionary than some of the acts of the present administration.

The New York legislature has been wrestling with a bill proposing to make it unlawful for a woman to wear a hat pin more than three inches in length. Because a few worthless men have taken it upon themselves to carry on a campaign to prohibit the wearing of their fellows in peril and forbid women to wear them. If these statesmen would pass an act making it an offense punishable by imprisonment for a man to carry, sell or manufacture a pistol they would show better sense than by legislating against hat pins. It ought to be a non-sensational offense to carry a weapon which nobody but a villain desires to use. The assertion that they may be carried for self defense is simply no reason at all. The best men of the country never think of carrying one of these villainous weapons, and they are in far less danger than those who depend on beating the desperado with his own game. There are a hundred persons killed accidentally by pistols for one who escapes bodily injury by their use. Good men have no use for revolvers, and bad men should not be permitted to use them. The revolver should go.

Old newspapers for sale.

PATENTS 50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE. TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPY RIGHTS &c. ADVISE AS TO PATENTABILITY FREE. Munn & Co. 36 Broadway, New York.

Lunar Food. "Mamma," exclaimed a little boulevard maiden, "they's a new moon."
"Yes, so there is, my darling."
"They's a new moon mos' every month, isn't they, mamma?"
"Yes, love."
"Well, mamma, were does Dod dit all his new moons from?"
"Oh, he's the same moon all the time. Florence dear, they just call it a new moon because it grows dark once a month and then begins to shine again."
"It bedins jes' a little bit o' thin moon, doesn't it, mamma?"
"Yes, dear."
"An' on it dits roun' an' fat like a orange, doesn't it?"
"Yes."
"Well, mamma, Dod mus' feed His moon sunfin' mo' fat 'n sunshine dere fer 'em so fat."—Detroit Free Press.

Milla's Preference. The first meeting between John Millais, the artist, and Mrs. Jopling, a pretty society woman of London, occurred at a private view of the old masters at Burlington House. Mrs. Jopling was walking with a well-known artist when Millais approached: "A good show of old masters is probably not suitable. Commemorative medals are being exchanged; 'Old masters' are bothered; I prefer looking at young mistresses," said Millais, with a humorous glance at Mrs. Jopling.—San Francisco Wave.

Cape Cod's Canal. The proposed Cape Cod canal has recently come into notice and figures have been presented before the harbor and land commissioners by the engineers without locks. The maximum velocity of the current through the canal would be four miles an hour, and possibly five in storms. The entrance width at Barnestable was fixed at 1,000 feet.—Chicago News.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Potes and Comments, Political and Otherwise, on Matters of Public Interest.

By Andrew J. Palm.

Among the largest of the protected infant industries is the Carnegie steel plant, which Mr. Frick, one of the partners, says will make more than \$400,000 this year, though the original capital was only \$25,000,000. Protection is a glorious thing for the fellows who profit by the special privileges it affords, but how about the great number who are obliged to put up the money to pay these enormous profits?

McKinley's scheme of "benevolent assimilation" is costing the country \$2,000,000 a day, or \$750,000,000 a year, which amounts to \$10 per head for every man, woman and child. A family of five must contribute \$50 a year to help kill off a people struggling for independence. How many would be willing to do this if their wishes were consulted? Not one, except those who expect to hold some fat office in the Philippines or make money in some way out of the bloody contest.

Mr. McKinley, in his New York speech, declared that there is no imperialism and that there can be none, because those who have faith in the republic are against it. The latter part of his sentence is correct, but the first clause is an indication that McKinley doesn't know imperialism when he sees it. No public man ever attempted to perpetrate a great wrong under its proper name. It is always garbed in something to conceal its repulsive features. McKinley may have some other idea of imperialism, but, like a rose, under any other name it smells just the same.

The United States supreme court did the unexpected a few days ago in affirming the constitutionality of the Texas anti-trust law. This is one of the strongest anti-trust measures ever passed, and if enforced will drive the Standard Oil company out of the state and force other monster aggregations of capital to abandon their purpose of enforcing the consumer to pay whatever tribute they may see fit to demand for the necessities of life. It is to be hoped that none of the supreme court judges will suffer remorse on account of their stance in favor of the people's interests, as was the case on the income tax.

The Washington Post, though a gold bug and high tariff paper, is not so blinded by partisan prejudice as to advocate abolishing the constitution whenever it seems to interfere with government by the trusts and for the trusts. It rags at the proposition to put a tariff on Puerto Rican imports, and happily dubs the policy that proposes it as "benevolent suffocation." This term is far more fitting than Mr. McKinley's "benevolent assimilation." Before the president was made drunk the policy of imperialism he characterized the policy he is now attempting to carry out as "criminal aggression." The Post's term, "benevolent suffocation," describes fairly and forcibly the policy of the Hanna administration.

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