

OUR OWN COLUMN.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside,
Where brighter suns dispense serene light
And milder moons impart the night—
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time tutored age and love exalted youth;
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and scepter, pageantry and pride,
While in his softer looks benignly bend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend,
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man, a patriot? Look around,
Oh, thou shalt find, wherever thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country and that spot thy home!
—James Montgomery.

ONE SUMMER GIRL'S DIARY

Four Lone Maidens at a Hotel and the Coming of a Man.

Daisyhurst Inn, Daisyhurst-by-the-Sea, July 1.—When I came away for the summer, I made up my mind that I would keep a diary, just like a girl in a story book, and make a record of all the pleasant times I had during my vacation. But so little has happened in the last few days that I have come near accepting the clerk's invitation to go driving. There have been only two men here since we arrived, one a two weeks' old bridegroom and the other an old gentleman who wears a shawl when he sits on the piazza. Just fancy! Both are equally impossible.

We girls are all dissatisfied, for it isn't any fun living in a golf skirt and a shirt waist when one has no end of clothes ready for a brilliant summer campaign. Unless something happens I, for one, shall go somewhere else where there is gambling or something that is popular with men.

Later.—At last a man! We girls were all up in Lucy's room, talking about the dull time we were having, when I heard the rattle of a stage, and I peered out through the blinds.

"What's the use of looking?" said Lucy. "It's only another family or some more women. This place is a regular ladies' sanctuary."

I didn't say a word. I just wanted to stun them with the intelligence that there was a man in the stage. Besides, I wanted to be quite sure. I have often read about sailors shipwrecked on a raft, imagining that they saw ships. But I controlled my voice as well as I could, and then I said in a hoarse whisper:

"Girls, it's a man!" They rushed to the window in a perfect panic. Gertie was on the bed, and she nearly sprained her ankle rushing across the room.

"His suit case is marked 'J. D.,'" said I.

"Probably his name is Jack," said Myrtle. She lit the gas and began to heat the curling iron. Her hand shook so that it rattled the iron against the gas jet.

"Blue polka dot stockings and patent leather shoes," said Lucy. "He looks like some one I know."

"There is a class pin in his coat," said Myrtle, peering out over our shoulders. "There are a bag of golf sticks and a banjo case going in it."

"Isn't he lovely?" said Gertie as she stepped out. "He walks just like an athlete."

"I'm going to wear my pink muslin," said Myrtle.

We all fluttered off to our rooms. At least the others did. It takes more than a man to make me act so foolishly. Of course, I am glad he is here. Besides, I saw him first. I wonder what "J. D." stands for? After all, there are lots of men in the world. Those girls are so ridiculous. I think I'll wear my Dresden taffeta with val lace. None of the others can touch it.

Later Bulletin, same day.—I don't know how it is, I ever associated with those girls as I have for the last few days. The way they threw themselves at that boy's head! For he's only a boy. We walked late into dinner separately. Until tonight we always filed in one after the other, like a funeral, ten minutes before it was ready.

Gertie had her eyebrows darkened, and she had on a thin black dress that showed her arms and shoulders. She had a fan on a pearl chain. Fancy a fan at dinner!

Myrtle was in pink, with a sash. She always goes in for that ingenuous pose. She had a rose in her hair. Lucy was in white organdy, made with a train. I had on my Dresden taffeta, with a diamond horseshoe, and a Paris gown.

He wasn't in the dining room, but the head waiter brought him in later and gave him a chair at the table with the old gentleman. There are two vacant chairs at our table. Waiters are so stupid. He had on a Tuxedo coat, and he looked as though he might be one of those fresh boys from New York.

Myrtle's got the table next to his. Myrtle's back is turned so she can't work her eyes on him. I suppose she's just wild. Gertie's at the other side of the room, and she laughed out loud all through dinner, hoping to attract his attention. He looked around at her once in a surprised sort of way. I don't wonder. Lucy is directly opposite him, and she kept staring—a baby stare—him. I pretended not to notice him. He looked over once and just raised his eyebrows. I happened to think of something funny and smiled unconsciously. He laughed and took a glass of ice water. I knew he was fresh.

Every evening we girls have gone into the drawing room after dinner and just battered the piano. Gertie sings "Because" in German, and we used to join in the chorus. But tonight we all separated. I sat carelessly in the large chair in the center of the hall, just opposite the dining room door and read a letter I had received. Gertie came up and spoke to me, but I cut her, and she went over and began to practice her laugh on the hotel clerk. It sounds something like what I should fancy a byena's would—one of those affected laughs.

Myrtle went into the parlor and began to sing college songs with her foot on the soft pedal. Lucy, of course, went out on the piazza and began to play with a dog. She never noticed the dog until tonight.

He came out after awhile and spoke to the hotel clerk. Gertie gave one more giggle and dropped her handkerchief. He picked it up, and she thanked him. That girl is about the rudest thing! She fancies she has shoulders. Tomorrow night I shall wear my low cut, black spangled dress.

Midnight he lit a cigar and went out on

the piazza. Lucy began to talk baby talk to the dog. Myrtle stopped playing and went out through the window and tried to play with the dog also. Lucy took it up and turned her back. I wondered where Gertie was. He looked at Myrtle, and she blushed. She holds her breath and counts 15 and it makes her cheeks red.

"There is a strong breeze through the hall and it blew the letter I was reading from my fingers out through the door and down the steps. I rushed out on the piazza.

"Oh, my letter, my letter!" I said. "It will blow away and be lost!" He went down and got it for me and came back and gave it to me, raising his hat.

"Oh, thank you," I said impulsively. "It's awfully sweet of you." "Not at all," he said.

Gertie came out on the piazza with her guitar. Myrtle and Lucy began to talk in whispers. I knew they were gossiping about me.

"When I saw you at dinner," he said. "I thought you were a friend of my sister's."

"Really?" I said. I looked him in the eyes and smiled a little. He has gray eyes and they have speckles in them when he talks.

"I saw you arrive this afternoon," I said. "Going to stay long?" "It all depends on circumstances," he said. "I have an idea of going on to Richmond."

Just then Gertie came directly over and sat down.

"Do you understand a guitar?" she said, addressing me. "This string has slipped somehow."

"Allow me," he said, taking it from her. "I think I can fix it." He took out a knife and began to tighten the string. I looked at Gertie sarcastically. Just as though I didn't know why she came over.

She said: "There is something on your nose, dear; let me brush it off. Just a bit of powder."

"Thanks," I said. "Do you know your eyes are all black dust?" "Are they?" Myrtle and Lucy came up and stood watching him fix the guitar string, just as though they were about 5 years old. I felt like getting up and leaving them there, but then I thought I wouldn't. Finally he fixed the string.

"How's that?" he said, giving the guitar back to Gertie.

"It's perfectly lovely," said Gertie. "Won't you play something?" he asked. "I only pick a few things out by ear," she said.

"Play 'Underneath Your Window,'" said Myrtle.

"Yes, that is an awfully pretty song," said Lucy. They had joined in the conversation without the slightest encouragement.

"You play the banjo, I know!" I said. "How did you find out?" he asked. "I'll tell you some time," I said. I wanted to make him think I knew all about him. "I think the banjo is too lovely for anything! I'm fond of golf. Are you?"

"Very," he said. "I've brought some clubs."

We were getting along very nicely. It was plainly evident that he thought the others girls were simpletons.

Just then the stage drove up with the bride in it. She had been seeing her husband to the station. He goes to town Sunday nights and doesn't come back until the next Saturday. Her eyes were pink. She always cries when he goes away.

What do you think happened? As she stepped out of the stage the new man saw her and ran down two steps at a time and took both her hands in his.

"Well, Nellie!" he said. "Where did you come from?" "Back! Of all people in the world; where have you been all these years?" "Europe," he said. "Where have you been?" "I've been getting married!" she said. "Great Scott!" he said.

Lucy and Myrtle and Gertie and I sat there fairly stunned with that woman's nerve. A married woman too! And she let him hold her hands! They acted as though nobody else was there. Then they walked past us, went around the corner of the piazza and sat there talking and laughing.

Lucy and Myrtle and Gertie and I went into the parlor and sang "Because" in German. We always thought that bride looked queer somehow. Gertie thinks her hair is bleached. She is certainly puffed. You can tell by the way her lips move when she talks. Myrtle thinks that the meeting was all done just for our benefit. Lucy says she saw her flirting with him all the evening in the dining room. Funny if they were such old friends he didn't go up and speak to her then.

What queer people you meet in summer-time. I can always pick out a man who is one of those fresh boys.—New York Sun.

How to Talk Interestingly. "Entertaining conversation is not alone dependent upon a well stored mind, a ready wit or broad culture," writes Mrs. Burton Kingland, in The Ladies' Home Journal. "It lays under contribution qualities of heart as well as head and should reveal sincerity, sympathy and simplicity. We must feel an interest in our subject before we can inspire it, and enthusiasm is contagious when it is sincere. It gives animation to the face, vivacity to the manner and has a thought compelling power that adds to the expression. Sympathy and adaptability are created in a measure by the desire to please, but one must be sensitive to the mood of one's audience and quick to perceive when some one else wishes to speak.

"There are talkers who metaphorically take the bit between their teeth and run away with a subject. When they finally cease, no one has anything to say, de-spairing of opportunity. Without simplicity no conversation has charm. The moment we perceive that it is labored, or that the speaker seems to calculate the effect of his words, if unnecessary mention is made of desirable acquaintances or there is a display of attainments or mock innocent vaunting of advantages—this moment do we feel only contempt for the affectation and pretense. Truth has a marvelous power of making itself felt, in spite of what is said. Self-consciousness is but egotism under a less severe name, and self must be forgotten before we can add to our speech the grace and dignity of simplicity."

Cheap Wives. Wives in Tanganyika are considered a luxury, and even in Zululand they cost from \$150 to \$800, but on the Tanganyika plateau one can be had for five or six cents. One root equals 15 to 20 cents, therefore one wife equals \$1.20.

The Constitutional Amendments.

The fundamental law of the state of Pennsylvania plainly prescribes the methods of altering or amending it. Article XVIII, Section 1, reads: "Any amendment or amendments to this constitution may be proposed in the senate or house of representatives, and if the same shall be agreed to by a majority of the members elected to each house, such proposed amendment or amendments shall be entered on their journals with the yeas and nays taken thereon, and the secretary of the commonwealth shall cause the same to be published three months before the next general election in at least two newspapers in every county in which such newspapers shall be published; and if in the general assembly next afterwards chosen such proposed amendment or amendments shall be agreed to by a majority of the members elected to each house the secretary of the commonwealth shall cause the same to be published in the manner aforesaid; and such proposed amendment or amendments shall be submitted to the qualified electors of the state in such manner and at such time at least three months after being so agreed to by the two houses as the general assembly shall prescribe; and if such amendment or amendments shall be approved by a majority of those voting thereon, such amendment or amendments shall become a part of the constitution."

It will be observed that there is nothing equivocal or uncertain about that. The secretary of the commonwealth is allowed no option in the matter. It is not stated that he may cause the same to be published. The mandatory form is employed, and it is stated emphatically that "the secretary of the commonwealth SHALL cause the same to be published." The governor is no part or parcel of the proceedings. His name or office is not mentioned directly or by implication in the section. But the secretary of the commonwealth is given a part and the people have a share in the work, and the legislature is a factor, and if each of these do certain things and a certain result is worked out by their concurrent action, "such amendment or amendments shall become a part of the constitution." The legislature may fail in its part, and the purpose is defeated. The people may vote adversely, and the work becomes abortive. But the secretary of the commonwealth cannot default in the performance of his part. The constitution says he shall, and as his oath binds him to "support, obey and defend" the constitution, he must fulfill his part of the routine in the work of amending the constitution. This is as plain as the English language can make it. It is so obvious that a blind man can see it.

But what did the present secretary of the commonwealth do under the direction of the governor and the "power behind the throne?" He failed to "cause to be published three months before the next general election," after the form and manner prescribed, the amendments to the constitution proposed in the house of representatives at the last session of the legislature and "agreed to by a majority of the members elected to each house." These amendments were in the interest of honest elections. They were intended to promote the purity of the ballot, and because the governor and his master, "the power behind the throne," is opposed to honest elections, the secretary of the commonwealth was compelled to violate his oath of office and trample the constitution, the fundamental law of the state, under foot. For that crime he ought to have been impeached. Because of that violation of the constitution and his oath he might be disqualified from ever again holding office. But he will go unimpaired unless the people punish him at the coming election by turning his party and himself out of office, for when he is once out he will be out forever.

That New York Partnership.

The evidences of an existing political partnership between Mr. Croker and Senator Platt, of New York, are strong and numerous. The advantage to each in such a "pooling of issues" is palpable. But it is equally clear that there is such a political firm as Croker & Platt there is a third partner, who, though silent, is quite as deeply interested in the concern as either of the others. The silent partner in the concern is Governor Theodore Roosevelt, of New York.

Some months ago it was charged that Mr. Croker and Mr. Platt were interested with the mayor of New York in a trust to control the ice supply of the city and extort big profits from the sufferings of the poor. Governor Roosevelt expressed the most intense indignation at the time and declared that if the facts were as alleged he would use his authority as governor to remove the mayor and otherwise punish the conspirators against the health of the people of the city. The investigation proceeded, the disgraceful facts were revealed, but the governor has not acted. The reason is obvious.

Governor Roosevelt and Senator Platt are so closely bound together in their political relations that an exposure of one involves the disgrace of both. The removal of Mayor Van Wyck will be followed by a complete exposure of the conspiracy to rob the public by over charging for ice, and Platt and Roosevelt will be as deep in the mire as Croker and Van Wyck are in the mud. For that reason the promise to enforce the law made by Roosevelt three months ago is still unfulfilled.

It is a remarkable fact that the managers of the national Republican campaign have not followed the example of the Pennsylvania Republicans in the recent state treasurer campaign and imported soldiers from the Philippines for electioneering purposes.

THEATRICAL.

"The Man From Mexico," in which the popular young comedian, Walter E. Perkins, will be seen at the Grand opera house on Thursday evening, is generally accepted as the funniest and most entertaining farce comedy produced in recent years. It was prepared for the stage by H. A. DuSouchet, author of "My Friend From India," who designed its incidents and situations for the sole purpose of creating merriment and fun, and he gained this end without resort to any of the suggestive and objectionable features common to the important farces of present day vogue. "The Man From Mexico" commends itself to theatre-goers by its wholesome and cleanly treatment of a theme thoroughly innocent in itself, but involving the characters in a series of highly humorous and ludicrous complications. Mr. Perkins' long association with "My Friend From India" in which he created the chief comedy role, is well known.

In Benjamin Fitzhew, who is forced to spend thirty days in prison garb on Blackwell's Island and who causes his wife and friends to believe that he has gone on a trip to Mexico, Mr. Perkins has a character full of delicious comedy, quite in his especial line of work. He is aided by a strong and evenly balanced company in which the more prominent members are: Nagle Barry, Donald Brine, Philip Yale Drew, Augustus E. White, John F. Beck, Jerome Harrington, Theo. Johnston, Maude A. Scott, Florence Templeton, Marion Longfellow and Pearl J. Ford.

"Finnigan's 400," as produced on Saturday evening at the Grand opera house, is scarcely more than a burlesque on the original of that title. Here and there were a few dashes of good work, but on the whole the company is not competent to entertain an audience.

"The Man From Mexico" appeared at Hazleton Saturday evening, and the Standard this morning gives both the play and the actors a deserved commendation. Mr. Perkins is one of those men whom all lovers of acting should see.

Do not get scared if your heart troubles you. Most likely you suffer from indigestion. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat and gives the worn out stomach perfect rest. It is the only preparation known that completely digests all classes of foods; that is why it cures the worst cases of indigestion and stomach trouble after everything else has failed. It may be taken in all conditions and cannot help but do you good. Grover's City drug store.

Worked the Flim-Flam Game.

Two strange men flimflammed a Scranton Italian and succeeded in doing him out of \$70 or \$80 in good, hard money. The game was an old one, but it worked. The Italian was walking down Lackawanna avenue when he saw a man ahead of him pick something from the sidewalk. The fellow turned to him and showing him what appeared to be a \$100 bill, told the Italian to say nothing and he would divide. The Italian acquiesced and the pair walked on until they met a third man. They could not get the change for the bill, they explained to the Italian, without exciting suspicion. He offered to change it if they would go to his house with him.

The trio journeyed to the South Side and the Italian paid them \$70 and took the bill. Later when he tried to deposit it in the bank he found that it was counterfeit.

Dr. W. H. Lewis, Lawrenceville, Va., writes, "I am using Kodol Dyspepsia Cure in my practice among severe cases of indigestion and find it an admirable remedy." Many hundreds of physicians depend upon the use of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure in stomach troubles. It digests what you eat, and allows you to eat all the good food you need, providing you do not overload your stomach. Gives instant relief and a permanent cure. Grover's City drug store.

News reached Wilkesbarre of the death in Illinois of Isaac Thompson, aged 104 years. He was until lately a resident of Pittston and a mine owner. He recently wrote to relatives that his sole ambition was to live long enough to vote for McKinley again.

It is well to know that DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve will heal a burn and stop the pain at once. It will cure eczema and skin diseases and ugly wounds and sores. It is a certain cure for piles. Counterfeits may be offered you. See that you get the original DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Grover's City drug store.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat. It artificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps and all other results of imperfect digestion. Small size. Book all about dyspepsia by times mailed. Prepared by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago. Grover's City Drug Store.

Ready for FALL BUYING? If not, delay no longer. Our departments are now stocked with the latest and best goods of all lines which we carry. We are prepared to meet any call you can make on us for MEN'S AND BOYS' WHITE and COLORED SHIRTS, UNDERWEAR, HOSIERY, HATS, CAPS and FURNISHINGS. We also have on sale as complete and varied a line of fall footwear as has ever been shown by any establishment in Freeland. We are ready to meet any demand for Men's and Boys' Shoes, Ladies' and Children's Shoes, Working Shoes and Boots. We claim to give full value for your money and ask you to give us a call when you need something in our line, in order that we can prove to you the truth of our statement. McMENAMIN'S Gents' Furnishing, Hat and Shoe Store. 86 South Centre Street.

State Normal School RAILROAD TIMETABLES LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD. May 27, 1900. AMANDUS OSWALD, dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries and Provisions. FRESH ROLL BUTTER AND EGGS. Latest Hats and Caps. DePIERRO - BROS. CAFE. MEALS - AT - ALL - HOURS. T. CAMPBELL, dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes. PURE WINES & LIQUORS AND MEDICINAL PURPOSES. Condry O. Boyle, dealer in LIQUOR, WINE, BEER, PORTER, ETC.

THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD. Time table in effect April 15, 1900. Trains leave Drifton for Onondia Junction, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Ron and Hazleton Junction at 5:30, 6:00 a.m., daily except Sunday; and 7:00, 7:28 p.m., Sunday. Trains leave Drifton for Harwood, Cranberry, Fonticheck and Deringer at 5:30, 6:00 a.m., daily except Sunday; and 7:00, 7:28 p.m., Sunday. Trains leave Drifton for Onondia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onondia and Shepton at 6:00 a.m., daily except Sunday; and 7:03 a.m., 2:38 p.m., Sunday. Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Harwood, Cranberry, Fonticheck and Deringer at 6:35 a.m., daily except Sunday; and 8:55 a.m., 4:22 p.m., Sunday. Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Onondia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onondia and Shepton at 6:25, 11:00 a.m., 4:41 p.m., daily except Sunday; and 7:07 a.m., 3:11 p.m., Sunday. Trains leave Deringer for Tomhickon, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazleton Junction and Onondia at 2:25, 5:40 p.m., daily except Sunday; and 7:00 a.m., 6:07 p.m., Sunday. Trains leave Shepton for Onondia, Humboldt Road, Harwood Road, Onondia Junction, Hazleton Junction and Ron at 7:11 a.m., 12:40, 5:22 p.m., daily except Sunday; and 8:11 a.m., 4:44 p.m., Sunday. Trains leave Shepton for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eskley, Jedd and Deringer at 5:25 p.m., daily, except Sunday; and 7:00 a.m., 5:40 p.m., Sunday. Trains leave for Harwood, Cranberry, Fonticheck and Deringer at 6:35 a.m., daily, except Sunday; and 8:55 a.m., 4:22 p.m., Sunday. For the accommodation of passengers at way stations between Hazleton Junction and Deringer, a train will leave the former point at 5:30 p.m., daily, except Sunday, arriving at Deringer at 5:55 p.m. LUTHER C. SMITH, Superintendent.