# FOR THE FARMER.

FOR THE
FARMER.

The question is often asked, "Is the farming industry making progress, islong with other industries of our and?" My answer would be in the infirmative, any John II. Carl in the horizontal content of the property of the property of the property of the property of the farmers and received to make room for the industries of the control was properly of the farmers and received to make room for the industries of the control was properly of the farmers. The old brindle cow has reped aside to make room for the industries of the farmers. The old brindle cow has reped aside to make room for the industries of the farmers. The old brindle cow has reped aside to make room for the industries of the farmers. The old brindle cow has reped aside to make room for the industries of the forests, and any blue grass and red cover pasture process of the best strains. The old mountain sheep have shed their last sat of wood and have been replaced by the latest and most part of some farmers. The old mountain sheep have shed their last sat of wood and have been replaced by the latest and most part of some farmers and received the property of the property of the company of the property of the farmers of the forests, and any blue grass and red cover pasture have rotted down, leaving no traces because of the latest and most part of the cover pasture have rotted down, leaving no traces have rotted down, leaving no traces have rotted down, leaving no traces have interested and will be known to our grand-differe only by revends of the farmer in close communication with white me that the farmer are in the former and an object the farmer in close communication with with me that the farmer are in the foreward that the probability of sont becoming general all over the land, and with farm the probability of sont becoming general all over the land, and with farm the probability of the property of the property of the property of the control of the farmer and an object to the farmer and the probability of the property of the properly

accept hay that had such feul stuff among it.

Farm Mackinery.

The increased use of farm machinery was at one time thought to be taking so much work away from the laboring class that in some places mobs burned the harvesting machinery when taken into the farming districts because it was going to take away the poor man's means of support. Today it seems to be realized that only by use of such machinery is the cultivation of large areas made profitable and possible, and these large tracts actually employ more labor than did the small ones which were grown in the days of hand labor. They have also helped the poor man in another way. They have increased the amount of food production and cheapened its cost, so that we are not only obtaining our own food at less cost than 30 years ago, but are selling large amounts of it to the people of other countries, not only to the profit of the farmers, but to the advantage of those who grow it and those who find well paid employment in transporting it.—American Cultivator.

The Horse Market.

Farmers and horse breeders would do well to consider the possible future demands of the horse market and breed accordingly, says The American Agriculturist. While the general purpose, special for nothing horse will bring a low price for delivery and farm work, high figures will be paid only for those adapted to some special use, as heavy frucking, driving or riding. As a straw indicating which way the wind is blowing. A New York shoe dealer says he has had more calls for riding boost than any previous year in his experience, while the sale of bicycle shoes has fallen 25 per cent. It is the women, too, who are his principal customers, and they have the riding fever in the worst way.

Miniations is that every sale along Pennsylvania avenue shall make some sort of an electrical display.

New Scheme to Get a Job.

One of the latest schemes to secure a position has been brought out at the worst early mounts been brought out at the sort of some minor place and failed in his efforts conceived the idea of distovering an alleged plot to assassinate the president, believing that his suporting and they have the riding boost than any previous year in his experience, while the sale of bicycle shoes has fallen 25 per cent. It is the women, too, who are his principal customers, and they have the riding fever in the worst way.

## WASHINGTON LETTER.

to Be Filled-Inaugural I

tions to persons who hanker after government service.

Inaugural Day Decerations.

The inaugural committee will make a strenuous endeavor to have the street decorations and illuminations more handseme and dignified than on any former occasion. Chairman Edsen's idea is that every householder and throughout the city, for that matter, shall display an American flag from every window of his or her premises. The committee would like for the people to get away, it is understood, from the old idea of decoration, which included an incongrous stringing of varicolored bunting that with the first touch of rain either faded out entirely or else mingled its colors so that the cotton cloth soon became most unsightly.

Mr. Edson believes that flags floating from all windows make the best, the most uniform and the handsomest of decorations, and he urged upon Chairman Wine of the subcommittee on street decoration the importance of bringing out this giyle of building adornment in the work of his committeemen. Mr. Edson's idea as to illuminations is that every establishment along Pennsylvania avenue shall make some sort of an electrical display.

New Scheme to Get a Job.
One of the latest schemes to secure

### HUMOR OF THE HOUR.

Parlor elecution is not so much of a fad as it once was, but it is a style of entertainment still indulged in. At a recent Detroit function the many guests were favored by a young lady who has fine histrionic ability coupled with exceptional powers in the delivery of stirring lines.

In one part of her selection she was called upon to shout "Fire, fire!" and did so in a scream so realistic that a newsboy on the outside was left without the slightest doubt of his duty in the premises. He took up the cry with a vigor rivaling that of the gifted young lady. Other boys joined in with youthful enthusiasm, the unaccountable crowd poured in from every direction, and the man on the corner who is custodian of the key lost no time in turning in an alarm.

Engines and trucks came with a dash, an ambulance swung around from a side street and swooped down like a bird of prey, and a patrol wagon hurried to the center of the excited assemblage without regard to consequences.

"Fire!" whooped a timid but observing woman withia, and there was a stampede that choked the doorways, tore dresses, made men forget the precedence to which the gentler sex is entitled, even though hysterical, and caused some to dive through the windows regardless of glass, clothing or bodily harm.

The guests, after learning that it was a false alarm, went in, looking like the trail of a cyclone. They could not reorganize, for spoiled clothes and lacerated fiesh develop an unconquerable tendency to the meanest kind of ugliness. The "Good nights" came out with a smap, and "Had a delightful time" was belied by looks and tones. The embody was really the chief beneficiary of the occasion.—Dotroit Free Press.



Mrs. Hippo—My daughter, rememer that whenever you yawn you must old your fan before your face thus.—
New York World.

A Close Call.

Colonel Pew tells a story of the Tenth regiment infantry that is pretty good. One night in Cuba one of the sentries was a raw recruit from the Green Isle, and the officer of the day on his rounds was challenged by him. "Who goes there?"

"Officer of the day."

Not a move on the part of the sentry, and the o, d. stepped forward and again was greeted by "Who goes there?" and again repiled in the same way. Not a move on the part of the sentry, but the o. d. heard an ominous click.

"What are your orders, anyway?" be asked.

"Challenge three times, then fire,"

Too Ready With His Answer.

She—Of course I'm not so young as I once was. I'm afraid that after a little you might be attracted by a younger face.

Ho-Nonsense! Your face is just to my liking. I never was an admirer of new things. The old once are good enough for me.

She—Sir!—Boston Transcript.

Whitewash It.

The yellow peril was imminent.
"What is to be done?" we shrieked
in much concern.
"I would suggest whitewash," observed Li Hung Chang, who had imbibed coplously of western ideas.
But was the tint of the peril precisety the essense of its fearsomeness
after all?—Detroit Journal.

The Wrong Doors.

The owl met the wolf.

"Mr. Wolf." said the owl, "let me induce you to sell my book."

"Me!" exclaimed the wolf. "What prompted you to think that I would make a good book agent?"

"You knock at so many doors, Mr. Wolf."—Chicago News.

Her Loving Friends.

Maud—Mabel is trying to catch the new minister, isn't she?

Irnen—Desperately. She thinks he would have proposed the other evening if he had come prepared, but that he was afraid to undertake it extemporaneously.—Chicago Tribune.

No Sunshine Without a Pig.
"Pa, let's move to the country. I
don't want to live in town."
"Why not, Bobby?"
"Well, pa, ma says if we live here
till I'm grown up and gray headed she
won't lemme keep a pig."—Indianapolis Journal.

# Little Muriel's Meditation.

"Wouldn't we—eh?"

Whereat Clarice would smile adoringly at her lover, and the little d-year-old on his knee would cuddle her yellow head closer and stroke the shapely hand that held her. But that was before Clarice, chagrined at some fancied indifference, had given three consecutive dances to another man. Will Eardsley had reproached her. Clarice had fared up botly, saying that she was tired of his tyranny, and Muriel, the little sister, had looked on in half frightened astonishment when Clarice drew the beautiful, glittering ring from her finger and handed it back.

Half an hour later Clarice, on her knees before a big, low chair in her room, was suddenly conscious of a pair of soft little arms twined around her neck, of a wistful small face close to hers.

"He's gone, Muriel?" she cried and broke down, sobbing. "He's gone—for-ever."

The little girl's big blue eyes roved over her sister's lovely, tear stained face. "Do you care much, Clarice?"

"Do I care?" She was looking down on the pictured face in the locket she held—a good face, with "grave, gentle eyes and a kind mouth. "I shall care all my life?"

"Better do what I have to when I'm bad," the child advised gravely—"better go and 'pologize."

"Oh, I couldn't do that?" The locket shut with a declaive little click. She sprang to her feot and began to dress for dinner. "Not ever, Muriel."

Muriel sat and watched her with a little sir of pensive perplexity.

"He's dear!" she remarked. "Do you remember the night I hurt my foot, an he tarried me all the way home? Do you remember when Brother Tom came home from college, an papa was as angry as could be—an mamma cried, until Willie stood up an said it wasn't Tom's fault, really? Do you remember?"

"Don't I, though?" said Clarice. She was fastening her gown with nervous fingers.

"You were borrid to him, weren't

ingers.
"You were horrid to him, weren't you?"

"Abominable!" admitted the big sister of Muriel.

The latter went down stairs. She walked with grim determination. She sought out her brother in the library. She asked:

"Tom, does you love me hard?"
"Harder than anything in the world," said Tom.

"Then you will take me now to ——?"
She named a famous Chicago hotel.
"Why, my bird?"

"That," Muriel gravely assured him, "ha a secret."

"Til take you, love?" he cried gayly. And he did.
The clerk came smillingly from behind the high deek to listen to the inquiry of the little maid.
"You stay here, Tom!" she said to her tall brother, and swept away with much dignity in the wake of the beliboy.
Will Eardsley looked up in unmiti-

her tail brother, and swept away with much dignity in the wake of the bell-by.

Will Eardsley looked up in unmitigated astonishment at the vision on the threshold of his room—a little girl, all in tan broadcloth, with a big picture hat of sapphire velvet framing her wide eyed face.

"Muriell" he eried; looking up from his task of putting a lot of jacqueminots in a vase before a photograph on the table—the picture of a lovely, laughing face.

"It's me!" assented Muriel. "Why were your putting flowers before Clarice's picture? Is it because—for the same reason—she was crying over your picture in her locket?"

"Dryadful! She said she was going to be sorry forever an ever. I thought I'd have Tom bring me to tell you, 'cause you tarried me home when I hurted my foot!"

"You darling!" cried Eardsley, ecstatically, but irrelevantly.

That night after her lover had left, Clarice came softly in and knelt by the bed of her small sister. She was smiling. She looked happy.

"What," she asked, "did you say to Will this afternoon?"

Muriel meditated. "I dess that's a secret," she decided with much composure. "He is dear, isn't he? Dood night!"—Pittsburg Press.

Chinese Humor.

Chinese Humor.

The following story is told of two Chinese Baborers who were digging a well: Mr. Chang sent Mr. Lee down into the well to dig, while he sat on top and directed the labor. He first directed Mr. Lee to "dig on this side" until the latter, tired of both the work and the directions, retorted, "You sit up there and chew your tongue, while I have to do all the work."

"One man here giving directions," said Mr. Chang, "can do as much as ten men down there. With which Mr. Lee threw down his pick and climbed up beside Mr. Chang.

"What are you doing here?" inquired the latter.

"Two men up here," answered Mr. Lee, "can do as much as 20 men down there."

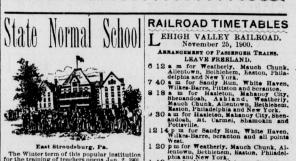
Churches and Ventilation.

Churches and Ventilation.

A sanitary inspector of Chicago says "People in Chicago in general have had little or no idea of the great physica evil which has been caused continuous ly by the hundreds of ill ventilated churches in this city. There is no one church in a hundred which is ventilated as it should be."

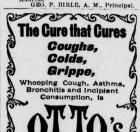
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Andoah, M. Carmel and chamolin.

ARRIVE AT FREELAND.

7 40 a m from Weatherly, Pottsville, Ashland, Shenandoah, Mahanoy City and Hazleton.

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