

FOR THE FARMER.

The question is often asked, "Is the farming industry making progress, along with other industries of our land?" My answer would be in the affirmative, says John H. Curl in The Prairie Farmer. Those of us who have passed the half century line can more fully realize the changes than those of less mature age. Forty years ago all farm labor was performed on foot; today it is principally done on wheels. The improvement in stock can never be as great again in the same length of time, but farmers and stock raisers are fast awakening to the necessity of still better soil, better cultivation, better seeds and better breeds, and it only requires a ride over the country to show the prosperity of the farmers. The old brindle cow has stepped aside to make room for the Hereford, the Shorthorn and many other good breeds. The common little plug horse of 1,000 pounds has been replaced by the 1,500 pound Norman, Clyde and Percheron. The razorback hog has left most of the forests, and our blue grass and red clover pastures are being filled with crosses or pure breeds of the best strains. The old mountain sheep have shed their last coat of wool and have been replaced by as good flocks as the world produces. Many of the old worn cackle-bird fields have been redeemed by red clover, the greatest known fertilizer. The old pioneer cabins of our fathers have rotted down, leaving no traces of their former location, and cottage houses of the latest and most up to date patterns now adorn the majority of rural homes. Where once stood the old straw sheds, fine commodious barns have sprung up to take their places. Where the farmer once stood watering his herds and flocks with the old sweep and bucket, today he is utilizing the powers of the elements to pump the water. In a few more years every trace of the old rail fence will be obliterated and will be known to our grandchildren only by records of history. With free rural mail delivery an established fact in many places, with the probability of soon becoming general all over the land, and with farm telephones placing the farmer in close communication with the towns, will the readers not agree with me that the farmers are in the front ranks with the fast marching columns of American industries? Those who live to see the next 25 years roll around will see this country lined with electric, gasoline or some other power railways from town to town, making fast and cheap transportation for the farmer and his products.

Clean Hay.

In a year like this, when many farmers and dairymen are obliged to buy hay, as well as the market gardener and stable keeper, it will be well that before buying they should see to it that they get clean hay, free from weed seeds, says The American Cultivator. We often see baled hay that contains a half dozen kinds of weeds, not only the ragweed, that seems ever ready to start wherever it can find a vacant spot, but plautain, dock and even thistles, that, once well rooted, are hard to exterminate. If we were cutting hay to sell, we would have none of those in the field, or we would take a sharp spade and cut them out before the hay was cut. They can be easily found when the grass is two or three inches high, and if cutting them below the surface then does not kill them it will so check their growth that they will not ripen many seeds before the grass is ripe enough to cut. And if we were buying hay to feed out where we expected to use the manure upon our own land, we would go a long way, and pay a big price, before we would accept hay that had such foul stuff among it.

Farm Machinery.

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 50 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 trucking, 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 boots 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.

Changes in the Capital—Few Offices to Be Filled—Inaugural Day Decorations.

(Special Correspondence.)

Former Governor Markham of California, who represented his state at the late centennial celebration, the present governor being prevented from attending the ceremony because of a law forbidding him to leave the state for such a purpose, remained over in this city, some days in order that his daughter, studying art here, might accompany him on his return trip to his home.

Governor Markham was in the Forty-ninth congress, and his present visit here has been of special interest to him, because of the opportunity it has given him to observe changes and improvements in the city during the last 14 years.

"The features of Washington which have impressed me most favorably," said Governor Markham, "are the remarkable beneficial changes that have taken place. When I was here in the Forty-ninth congress, my home was on Iowa circle, and that was about as far out as civilization then went. I remember the little bobtail cars we then had to carry us to the capitol. It was here last spring, and was surprised at the wonderful progress that had been made. We find people everywhere speaking of Washington as a beautiful city. I think it is becoming largely a city of education on broad lines. It is certainly a beautiful place for any one to live in.

"I have no doubt that the people of the country at large are growing more and more in favor of making this the city of the country—a city worthy of the position it occupies as the capital of the nation. So far as I can remember I have never heard an objection making the capital as beautiful as it is possible to make it. I should be very glad to see something done with the White House, which is inadequate for the purposes it is intended to fulfill. I find a much more favorable feeling toward the District of Columbia in congress now than when I was here in the Forty-ninth congress. It was then hard to make congress feel that it should do much for this city."

Few Offices to Be Filled.

If the president continues in the same frame of mind as he has for some time, there will be few important changes in the vast army of officeholders after March 4. The president holds the view that the officeholders believe they were "re-elected" when the November elections sustained the chief executive and his party. They are all looking forward to four more years and do not expect to be molested. There is already some demand on the president for diplomatic, consular and other good places in the government service, but the president is giving no encouragement to the friends of applicants. On the other hand, he is giving several statements to understand that unless vacancies occur in the usual way there will be no openings for candidates. It is probable that the president would like to give places to some warm friends and earnest supporters, but he cannot do so when he has nothing to give. There is an element of the Republicans that urges that those who have had four years in the green fields of political life should give way to others who have worked for years for the party and its candidates without receiving any reward. This element, however, has little to hope for. All of those holding office under the president are, with few exceptions, most competent men, reflecting credit upon themselves and their government, and the president will take no chances in making needless changes. At any rate he will avoid doing so simply to give positions to persons who hanker after government service.

Inaugural Day Decorations.

The inaugural committee will make a strenuous endeavor to have the street decorations and illuminations more handsome and dignified than on any former occasion. Chairman Edson's idea is that every householder and merchant along the line of march, 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 incongruous 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 style of building adornment in the work of his committee. 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 a position has been brought out at the White House. A southern man who has for many months loitered around the White House and departments in search of some minor place and failed in his efforts conceived the idea of discovering an alleged plot to assassinate the president, believing that his supposed sagacity and promptness would be rewarded with a position. He has told his story to several people, but all they refused to believe in the alleged plot. The man has written of the plot to the White House, but no attention is paid to his story.

CARL SCHOFIELD.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR.

Parlor elocution 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 within, 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 flesh develop an unconquerable tendency to the meanest kind of ugliness. The "Good nights" came out with a snap, and "Had a delightful time" was belied by looks and tones. The newsboy was really the chief beneficiary of the occasion.—Detroit Free Press.

Manners.



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

A Close Call.

Colonel Paw 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 replied 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?" he asked. "Challenge three times, then fire," was the laconic and self-satisfied answer, and the o. d.'s hat was raised on his hair as he realized how near he was to being peppered by the sentry. The latter was given a few instructions before he went on sentry duty again.—Boston Record.

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.

He—Nonsense! Your face is just to my liking. I never was an admirer of new things. The old ones 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 copiously of western ideas.

But was the tint of the peril precisely the essence of its fearsomeness after all?—Detroit Journal.

The Wrong Doors.

"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?

Irene—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 6-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 stared up hotly, 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—forever!"

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 decisive little click. She sprang to her feet and began to dress for dinner. "Not ever, Muriel."

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

"He's dear!" she remarked. "Do you remember the night I hurt my foot, or he carried me all the way home? Do you remember the time nurse got sick when he went for the doctor? 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 and 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 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, "is a secret."

"I'll take you, love!" he cried gayly. And he did.

The clerk came smiling from behind the high desk 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 bell-boy.

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 eye face.

"Muriel!" he cried, looking up from his task of putting a lot of Jacquemonts in a vase before a photograph on the table—the picture of a lovely, laughing face.

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

"Crying!" He caught her in his arms. "Was she saying, Muriel?"

"Dreadful!" she cried she was going to be sorry forever an ever. I thought I'd have Tom bring me to tell you, 'cause you carried me home when I hurt 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 don't say a secret," she decided with much composure. "He is dear, isn't he? Dood night!"—Pittsburg Press.

Chinese Humor.

The following story is told of two Chinese laborers 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," then "dig on that 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.

A sanitary inspector of Chicago says: "People in Chicago in general have had little or no idea of the great physical evil which has been caused continuously by the hundreds of ill ventilated churches in this city. There is not one church in a hundred which is ventilated as it should be."

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RAILROAD TIMETABLES LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD. November 25, 1900. ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS. LEAVE FREELAND. 6 12 a m for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia and New York. 7 40 a m for Sandy Run, White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and Scranton. 8 18 a m for Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Ashland, Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia and New York. 9 30 a m for Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Mt. Carmel, Shamokin and Pottsville. 12 14 p m for Sandy Run, White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and all points West. 1 20 p m for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia and New York. 4 42 p m for Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Mt. Carmel, Shamokin and Pottsville. Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem and Easton, Philadelphia and New York. 8 34 p m for Sandy Run, White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and all points West. 7 29 p m for Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Mt. Carmel and Shamokin. ARRIVE AT FREELAND. 7 40 a m from Weatherly, Pottsville, Ashland, Shenandoah, Mahanoy City and Hazleton. 9 17 a m from Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Weatherly, Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Mt. Carmel and Shamokin. 9 30 a m from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and White Haven. 12 14 p m from Pottsville, Shamokin, Mt. Carmel, Shenandoah, Mahanoy City and Hazleton. 1 12 p m from New York, Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Weatherly, Hazleton, Mahanoy City and Shenandoah. 4 42 p m from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and White Haven. 6 34 p m from New York, Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Pottsville, Shamokin, Mt. Carmel, Shenandoah, Mahanoy City and Hazleton. 7 29 p m from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and White Haven. For further information inquire of Ticket Agents. ROLLIN H. WILBUR, General Superintendent, 38 Cortlandt Street, New York City. CHAS. S. LEE, General Passenger Agent, 38 Cortlandt Street, New York City. J. T. KEITH, Division Superintendent, Hazleton, Pa.

THE DELAWARE, SUBQUANNA AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD. Time table in effect April 18, 1897. Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Eckley, Jeddo Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Hoon and Hazleton Junction at 5:30, 11:00 a. m., 12:40, 5:22 p. m., Sunday; and 7:08 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday. Trains leave Drifton for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomhicken and Deringer at 5:30, 6:10 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:08 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday. Trains leave Drifton for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepperton at 6:00 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:08 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday. Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomhicken and Deringer at 6:50 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 8:50 a. m., 4:22 p. m., Sunday. Trains leave Deringer for Tomhicken, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazleton Junction and Onedia at 7:20, 8:40 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 9:37 a. m., 5:07 p. m., Sunday. Trains leave Shepperton for Onedia, Humboldt Road, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepperton at 6:50, 11:00 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:07 a. m., 8:11 p. m., Sunday. Trains leave Deringer for Tomhicken, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazleton Junction and Onedia at 7:20, 8:40 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 9:37 a. m., 5:07 p. m., Sunday. Trains leave Shepperton for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5:22 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 8:11 a. m., 3:44 p. m., Sunday. Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 6:46, 6:58 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 10:10 a. m., 6:40 p. m., Sunday. All trains connect at Hazleton Junction with electric cars for Hazleton, Jeanesville, Aiden and other points on the Traction Company's line. Trains leaving Drifton at 5:30, 6:00 a. m. make connection at Deringer with P. H. R. trains for Wilkes-Barre, Sunbury, Harrisburg and points west. For the accommodation of passengers at way stations between Hazleton Junction and Deringer, a train will leave the former point at 3:50 p. m., daily, except Sunday, arriving at Deringer at 6:00 p. m. LUTHER C. SMITH, Superintendent.

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