

MARIETTA DAILY LEADER

ESTABLISHED 1881.

GEORGE M. COOKE, EDITOR. JOHN W. LANSLEY, ASSOCIATE.

Published every day in the year, at the Leader Building, Putnam Street and Muskingum Avenue.

TELEPHONE - - - No. 3

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 8, 1896

We will consider it a great favor if subscribers will report any failure to get their Leader, or any carelessness on the part of the carrier.

THE Cuban cause is in the ascendency and a little help from Congress is all that is needed to bring a destructive and bloody war to an end and bring independence to a people who have been struggling for generations.

MCKINLEY'S appointment of Joseph Smith to be State Librarian was referred to committee by the State Senate Monday and is thought by many to be thereby shelved.

THE bill of Mr. Avery, introduced in the Senate Monday to raise the age of consent in Ohio from 14 to 18 years, should receive the full support of every self-respecting member of both houses.

WHEN the Cuban insurgents capture Havana, which event is likely to occur at any hour, the Spanish government instead of the rebels will be praying to the United States for the rights of belligerents.

THE charge that the State Senate's refusal to confirm Gov. McKinley's appointment of Librarian Joseph Smith was a slap at Ohio's candidate for President appears to emanate in every instance from absurdly suspicious and unwise supporters of the Governor.

More Revelry.

This time Q. M., J. W. Danley is the victim. Sat. Jan. 4th, 1896, being his birthday, at about 7:30 p. m. Buell Post and Corps took up their march from Post room on Putnam street to the camp and headquarters of the Q. M. and commissary, the latter being presided over by his most estimable wife, the past president of the corps during the last two years.

And you should have seen comrades, Newton, Grafton, Guyer and Joe Young, eat, yes and our O. D. Goldsmith, all of whom would have no doubt been there yet, (but their wives took them home.) A grand good time, long to be remembered.

A COMRADE.

Constitution.

Mr. Ferman Dye left for Chillicothe this morning to see his brother-in-law, Mr. Dora Scott, who was badly injured in a railroad wreck.

Mr. and Mrs. Boardman and four children, of Parkersburg are spending a week with her parents Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Bailey.

Mr. Joseph Cone has purchased a new sleigh and is patiently waiting for snow.

Ranger and Barnsdall who have leased C. H. Reynolds' farm have, the derrick up and will go to drilling at once.

Mr. Stanley Briggs spent the Holidays with relatives at Macksburg.

The oyster supper given by Mrs. Middleswart New Years eve was well attended.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Reid spent Wednesday at Scotts Landing the guests of Mrs. Reid's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Harrington.

Mr. C. C. Middleswart, who is teaching at New Matamoras spent New Year's at home.

Miss Mary Stabelton, of Parkersburg spent last week with her sister Mrs. G. W. Bailey.

Mrs. Cone was in Parkersburg last week visiting her daughter Mrs. Henry Harnish.

STRUCK IT RICH.

Sidney Ridgway and C. H. Dyer Try Their Hands at Cripple Creek.

Intelligence is received from Cripple Creek, Colorado, of the lucky investment in mining stocks in that place of Sidney Ridgway and C. H. Dyer, formerly of this city.

A 94-pound lump was taken out and stolen by the miners, but was afterwards recovered and found to assay \$12 to the pound.

AMONG THE DERRICKS.

The Pranks of the Greasy Fluid in the Fields About Marietta.

Jim Shay left for a short trip up the C. & M. Tuesday to look after oil interests.

The Hoffman well No. 2 at Long Run came in Monday and is one of the best producers in that field.

The Berea grit well on Becker at Eight Mile is not yet in a condition to be measured. Operations have been delayed on account of an accident to the engine, but the broken parts were replaced Tuesday and it is expected to get the pump started Thursday.

The following jurors for the February term of Common Pleas Court were drawn Monday:

- GRAND JURY. James McDermott, Watertown. E. F. Glazier, Fourth Ward. Matthew Jurden, Fourth Ward. G. W. Richards, Fourth Ward. S. E. Garrison, First Ward. Clark Christopher, Barlow. Geo. E. Bauer, Lowell. John A. Brown, Belpre. John Stevenson, Marietta. Phillip Bachman, First Ward. J. W. Stanley, Third Ward. J. B. Mawhinney, Belpre. D. E. Ellis, Wesley. A. Tracy, Warren. Jas. B. Wilson, Fourth Ward. PETIT JURY. W. H. Dixon, Decatur. K. D. Ellenwood, Warren. Thomas Bradman, Salem. C. W. Fenn, Fearing. L. K. Chapman, Fearing. Joseph Reckard, Second Ward. George Mull, Liberty. H. E. Bennett, Decatur. A. W. Cline, Grandview. O. K. Ballard, Decatur. John Bales, Fearing. A. S. Depuy, Lawrence.

A Character. He was always a sayin' "It's all for the best."

By day an' by night—in the dark, in the light. You'd find him serene and contented: The world, to his notion, was treatin' him right.

A MAN OF HIS WORD.



Long Lane (recklessly)—Let's go in bathin'. Dry Wedder—No. Wen I wuz a little kid I promised me dyin' mudder never to go near de water. Dat promise is sacred ter me an' I allers has an' I allers will keep it.—Bay City (Mich.) Chat.

The U. S. Gov't Reports show Royal Baking Powder superior to all others.

AUTUMN IN NEW YORK.

The One Time of the Year When Life's Worth Living.

Peccolities of Indian Summer in Gotham—Tramps and Petticoats Contribute to Make the Venerable Town Lively.

Special New York Letter. As a general thing, the weather of New York is as full of discrepancies as a shad is of bones. The New York winter is simply indescribable.



NEW YORK'S AUTUMNAL VISITORS.

rheumatism that warps their lower limbs into fantastic curves. Others have a still better excuse for not going around in winter.

The Indian summer in this part of the United States may be said to open for business in September, and it keeps it up sometimes until late in December.

"Mystic November! O, brief intermezzo. Bet the year's glory and dying between; Leading us into, by rich modulations, Silence and sleep and December's pale sheen."

This, too, is the season when the janitor starts a fire in the heater in the cellar "to take the chill off," and before it is fairly going a muggy simoon of parboiled heat comes down, and drives you to the ice chest and profanely for something cool.

This, too, is the season when hats are showing which way the wind is blowing.

It is the time for pumpkin and mince. In regard to the latter, I must utter a note of warning. If a man has had New York mince pie for supper, and simultaneously, as it were, had his ears frozen before breakfast, he will not be done wrestling with the pie until long after the frost bites have thawed into oblivion.

Out here in the east, autumn is the great season for enjoyment. Some of the season's blessings are thus poeticaly described:

"The pumpkin pie is yellow, The buckwheat cake is brown, The farmer's gray neck whiskers Are full of thistle down.

The rabbit is evorting Along the gloomy slope; The shotgun of the sportsman Eliminates his love.

Sing off for merry autumn, Sing hol for autumn gay, Whose pretty pot-pie squirrels Among the branches play."

This, too, is the season when the sentimental editor, or editress, seizes the facie pen by the neck, and dashes off, slowly and painfully, something like this:

"Once more the seasons have revolved and nature is stripped of her



SOME PUMPKINS ON THE SIDEWALK.

beauties. The wind is harsher, it has denuded the forests of their summer glories, strewing the ground with the cast-off rags of verdure.

Leaves have their time to fall. That's where leaves differ from the price of gas. Spending of leaves, reminds me that this is likewise the season when if you search the Scriptures, you will find autumn leaves. Some of the insects, the flies, for instance, have not gone into winter quarters, but—

"Miss Katy did in green attire Since night in her trees; 'T won't be long before Jack Frost Will have a mash on me."

Autumn is glorious enough everywhere. Even away down in Texas, where winter is mostly in the nature of a joke, autumn has peculiar charms.

In a private and confidential letter from the editor of the Pearsall Sun he writes:

"The summer's sultry heat is now attempered, and the glories of our autumnal spring radiant on nature's fair face, dispel our woes. Our turnip seeds have sprouted and our mouths are watering for the toothsome greens, that, 'biled' with bacon, are good enough for kings and queens."

But in my autumnal enthusiasm I am drifting away from New York. There are about autumn in New York certain discrepancies, among them the invasion of the city by the grand army of independent cross-road tourists.

"From the lonely rural highways To the city's crowded byways They are coming, as the autumn days and chilly nights begin; To the city's seeking alleys Now the vast Faustianian cavalcade of tramps are coming in."

Another disagreeable feature of autumn in New York is the political devastation that occurs at this season. There seems to be every year an election of some kind or other in early November. Every night at that time you hear the rum-tete-tum of the drum that heads the political procession, and the firmament is lit up. It is not "the lightning's red glare painting hell on the sky," but the rockets and Roman candles provided by the saloon keeper, in the immediate proximity to whose cafe, for some mysterious reason, the meetings are held.

During the campaign which has just closed I had an excellent opportunity to listen to the oratory of some great political speakers, as the stand was directly under my window, and I have come to the conclusion that there is no renaissance of Webster and Clay just



THE CART-TAIL CAMPAIGN.

yet in my ward. It was actually painful to listen to a prominent city official. He remarked, making a gesture as if he were pulling in a clothesline: "My friends—ur—I wish to say a few words—ur—on this great and momentous occasion—ur."

I went down and mingled in the surging crowds of ten or fifteen people that were gathered together in groups. I asked the most intelligent-looking man I saw, what was the reason for the small attendance—if a collection was to be taken up? His reply was:

"It's no use trying to get people to listen to political speeches. They would rather read them in the papers next morning."

"But it seems to me that there should be a vast sea of up-turned faces in this vicinity when you have such a spell-binder," I replied, referring to the silver-tongued orator, who was still "ur-ur-ur" on the stand.

"Yes, he is a Demosthenes and Cicero if ever there was one, but the fact is, I don't believe if the Archangel Gabriel were announced to deliver an open-air political speech in New York, that he could get an audience."

This autumn has been a very dull one, politically speaking. The only marked enthusiasm displayed was across the Harlem river, where, at a public meeting, an orator who was pleading for reform, was struck on the tire of his car with an aromatic testimonial in the shape of a spoiled egg.

Although the word ovation seems to be derived from the Latin "ova," I can hardly suppose that the enthusiasts who pelt an orator with eggs of a previous year, can properly be said to give him an ovation. However, if there is truth in the maxim that to the victor belongs the spoils, that reform orator should have been elected. ALEX. E. SWEET.

Get ready for—

1896, with your new set of Blank Books.

New Fresh Stock of the best line manufactured.

You need a new diary, our stock is yet complete.

Bargains in a few of the Xmas Goods left over if bought soon.

Marietta Book Store, Register Building.

Odds and Ends!

We have just finished sorting up preparatory to our annual invoice, and we find a great many odd pieces, garments we can't keep, we haven't the room. We have marked them way way down at prices that will make them go, and in a hurry—Odd Pants, Coats, Vests, etc., and a few Children's and Boys' Overcoats. The cost not considered in this sale.

S. R. Van Metre & Co., Wholesale, (Reliable Cash Clothiers) Retail

A "Before Inventory" CLEARING SALE

We will be ready in a week or two to count up stock; before that time every over-loaded department must be reduced to invoice at the right figures. No need to bother you with any excuses or admission of mistakes. A long-drawn-out merchandise story is a bore. Tomorrow we offer the following: Woolen Hose, Blankets, Furs, Woolen Underwear, Mittens, Gloves, etc., etc. Not a word about their cheapness or quality; you are the best judge.

Knox, Jenvey & Allen, No. 108 Front Street.

EXTRACT TONKA---Vanilla

Would be the proper label to put on most of the so-called Extracts Vanilla on the market, and as indicated by the difference in the size of the type, "TONKA-vanilla," the TONKA is in the majority while the vanilla is in the minority. Extract made from TONKA resembles vanilla in odor and taste and costs about \$10.00 less per pound, hence the cause for adulteration. But TONKA is very poisonous, as Prof. Kohler finds that TONKA is a decided Narcotic, and is at first stimulant, afterwards paralyzing to the heart. OUR VANILLA is made from "Pure Mexican Vanilla Beans" only. Don't be deceived by the fine appearance of the package, remember its the kernel not the shell that signifies.

Putnam Street Pharmacy.

Closing Out Sale of Ladies Fur Capes.

- Genuine Persian Lamb, 30 in. long, 100 in. sweep, former price \$50.00, now \$30.00. Genuine Wool Seal, 30 in. long, 100 in. sweep, former price \$40.00, now \$24.00. Labrador Wool Seal, 30 in. long, 100 in. sweep, former price \$30.00, now \$19.00. Electric Seal, 30 in. long, 100 in. sweep, former price \$40.00, now \$28.00. Astrachan, 30 in. long, 100 in. sweep, former price \$30.00, now \$19.00. Astrachan, 30 in. long, 100 in. sweep, former price \$15.00, now \$8.25. French Coney, 30 in. long, 100 in. sweep, former price \$12.00, now \$7.50. French Coney, 27 in. long, 100 in. sweep, former price \$9.00, now \$4.75.

We will move in room now occupied by O. W. Woodin about February 1st, 1896.

W. A. Sniffen's Hat Store.

Facts.

All should know. The unnecessary fuel consumed in cast stoves, and food spoiled by imperfect baking, added together every two years, are equal in value to all the stoves and ranges in the United States. Yet housekeepers say "I have a good stove now, but will buy a

Majestic Steel Range

later." Many keep steadily on consuming extra fuel, putting up with imperfect baking and only partly heating water, when they could save money by buying a MAJESTIC and throwing their old stove out of doors.

The Majestic Steel Range is no experiment; it took 30 years to perfect it.

NYE HARDWARE CO., 170 Front Street, SOLE AGENTS, Marietta, Ohio