

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

STATE. For Treasurer..... E. A. Bigler, of Clearfield County. COUNTY. For Judge..... Edwin Shortz, of Wilkes-Barre. For Sheriff..... George J. Steigmaier, of Wilkes-Barre. For Recorder..... Joseph J. McGinty, of Hazle Township. For Coroner..... Wm. F. Pier, of Pleasant Valley. For Surveyor..... James Crockett, of Ross Township.

Democracy Is Pledged To Reform. We hold the Republican party responsible for the notorious corruptions which have for many years prevailed in the management of the state treasury, for the system of depositing loans without interest, enriching favorites of the ring by the use of the public money and for the flagrant violation of law by the commissioners of the sinking fund, and we pledge the faith of the Democratic party that the candidate this day nominated will, if elected, reform these wrongs.—Democratic State Platform.

FREELAND, PA., OCTOBER 24, 1889.

EDWARD H. AMMIDOWS, an eminent protected manufacturer and importer of cheap labor, has resigned the presidency of the American Tariff League. The vacancy can be readily supplied, as there are in the League plenty more left of the same sort.

The strength of the Democratic ticket is in its candidates. Each and every one of them are men of known integrity and ability, and the people will make no mistake when they place in their keeping the offices to which they aspire. Vote for them and urge your friends to do likewise.

EDMUND A. BIGLER will serve the people, as did that noble reformer, Ex-Governor Robert E. Pattison. Henry K. Boyer will serve the political bosses, as Governor Beaver does at present. Let the people vote for Bigler and serve themselves, or vote for Boyer and keep in power the nefarious state treasury ring.

GOVERNOR HILL'S eulogium before the New York State Democratic Clubs of the Cleveland administration was a pleasing and magnanimous utterance. Now, if Citizen Grover Cleveland would pronounce a eulogium on Governor Hill's administration both wings of the party in the Empire State might flop fraternally together in good earnest.

HARRISON should be a proud man now. For the first time in twenty-six years his home is in a city that will soon be ruled by a Democratic mayor, and the laws of that city will soon be made by a Democratic council, the first in fifteen years. The Hoosiers are moving onward with the march of civilization and both Benjamin and Indianapolis are to be congratulated.

THERE is one factor in the state campaign that is making itself very conspicuous by its absence, viz., the silence of Republican organs upon Boyer's legislative record. And well they may be silent. His record at Harrisburg as a corruptionist and tool of monopoly stands without a rival in the history of Pennsylvania. Will you, as a workingman, vote for such?

THE Emperor of Germany in his speech at the opening of the Reichstag gave cold comfort to the people of his realm. He has no better plan for preserving the peace of Europe than to make his army bigger. To keep his empire safe he will keep his people poor. It is some relief to think that a people who readily consent to be so ruled deserve to have such a ruler.

By the death of Ex-Governor Hartman last week Pennsylvania is left without a representative among the prominent commanders of the rebellion. One by one they who did so much to uphold the dignity and bravery of this state have passed away, but the memory of McClelland, Meade, Hancock, Reynolds and Hartman will live in the hearts of their countrymen.

It appears an impossibility for a campaign in this county to pass over without resort to personal attacks on the candidates. To bolster up the candidacy of R. P. Robinson, Republican nominee for sheriff, his friends bring forward the claim that he and his parents are native Americans, while Mr. Steigmaier's ancestors were born in Germany. What an awful crime it is in the eyes of some people for a person's parents to be born in a foreign land! But the day is long since past when such a movement or claim would meet with popular favor. Know-nothingism was buried thirty years ago, and the sooner it would be revived discover that fact the better it will be for all. A word to the wise, etc.

Another railroad with a terminal at Harrisburg is to be built.

Will Democrats Consider This Subject?

There ought to be an earnest, active and permanent Democratic club organized in this borough, that would include as well all the Democrats living convenient to the borough. Such an organization properly directed could do much toward spreading the truths of Democracy and giving them greater voting strength even in this Democratic vicinity. Such clubs or societies exist, or are being formed in all important towns and affiliating themselves with the state organization, of which Hon. Chauncey F. Black is president. The purpose of such clubs is largely educational and their work is done, not in the heat of a political battle, but when the minds of men are at rest and they are willing to make every question of public interest stand upon its own merits. They are, as one of their advocates says, a revival of an institution which existed in Jefferson's day, and whose underlying principles were embodied in the great truths uttered by the author of the Declaration of Independence. The Democratic societies of that time did noble work in crushing out the monarchial and centralizing tendencies of the Federalists. And since the Republican party, under its present management, is actuated by the same motives as those which dominated Federalists, and in its practices and methods closely follows them, it has again become the duty of all patriotic citizens to band themselves together in defense of our institutions and resist the efforts of those who would convert the government in effect, if not in form, into a centralized despotism. Let us have a Jeffersonian Democratic Society in Freeland.

Joe Is More Popular Than Ever.

Joseph J. McGinty, the present recorder of deeds and candidate for re-election on the Democratic ticket, is one of the few men whom praise does not spoil nor prosperity curse. He is to-day the same plain, honest and unassuming man that came out of the mines in Ebervale three years ago and received such a magnificent support at the hands of all the nationalities and creeds of Luzerne County workmen. He has the rare faculty of keeping his friends as was clearly proven by all his old neighbors and former associates coming up from the lower end to the late convention and calling for his renomination with a unanimous voice. Three years ago he swept the Fourth District with a rush and there are fast accumulating proofs that he will do the same thing again on the fifth day of next November. We congratulate Joe McGinty on these things and upon the splendid reputation he has made as a public officer. The rewards of such men are always sure to follow upon the honorable pathways which they follow, and we are glad that it is now so evident to all that Mr. McGinty's reward will be his retention in his present position by such a majority of the votes of his fellow citizens as shall leave no room for the possibilities of a doubt.—E.R.

He Is Worthy of Your Vote.

The Democratic nominee for state treasurer is a man without a stain upon his name. His integrity is a household word wherever he is known and his moral and political virtues stand forth prominently as examples for others to follow. The name of Bigler ought to cause a thrill to stir the hearts of the democracy, especially the older portion of them who so well remember Mr. Bigler's father, the governor. At the time he was governor of Pennsylvania his brother, John Bigler, was governor of Ohio. Both were printers and self-made men, and the two great commonwealths, the "Keystone" and the "Golden State," were never better governed or managed than under the administration of the Bigler brothers. Hon. William Bigler, the Pennsylvania governor, and the father of Edmund A., was afterwards United States Senator at a time when the senate comprised many of the ablest and most brilliant men in the nation, and served with high credit to himself and state.

The nominee for state treasurer has never held any public office, except the one he has just retired from, that of revenue collector for the twenty-first afterwards the nineteenth district, with headquarters at Allegheny and Pittsburg, the duties of which he discharged in the most capable and honorable manner. Mr. Bigler is a clear-headed, able man, possessing strong common sense of the highest order. He is an active Democratic worker for the past twenty years and merits the warmest support of the party. He was a delegate in the convention that nominated General Hancock for president and served as a member of the national committee in 1884. He is a man in the prime of life, being but 46 years old.

Complimenting the Great Untried.

The meeting of the Democratic Societies of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia last week has afforded new proofs of the courage of the Democratic party in maintaining its "revenue reform" faith, and, as well, of its confidence in and respect and affection for Mr. Cleveland, says the Public Ledger. The opening address by Mr. Black was the masterly effort of a brilliant orator, and a heroic declaration of Democratic principles. Even those who disagree with its general purport cannot fail to recognize and acknowledge the brave sincerity of the general hearing of it. Mr. Black did not go around and about the tariff question, but, with a courage which gave dignity to error itself, grappled with it as if he were the leader of a crusade against a public wrong. Their overwhelming defeat at the polls last November upon the only issue they now so stoutly defend has not apparently dismayed the Democracy a whit. Wherever two or three of them meet together, whenever their newspapers express an opinion, it is in defense of their plat-

form of 1888, which the Democratic party is evidently determined shall be made the platform and issue of 1892. And just as evident is it that Mr. Cleveland is still their first and best found choice for the presidency. That is the general opinion, and it is one of the most remarkable of political inconsistencies that Mr. Cleveland, a once defeated candidate, without power or influence of any kind, with nothing but his record of honorable service as president, grows stronger daily and hourly in the confidence and affection of his party. The mention of his name at any meeting of the Democracy, or any public place, elicits not only applause, but excites the most spontaneous enthusiasm.

What a Vote for Bigler Means.

We can occasionally find an out-of-the-way country voter who is willing to barter his vote for money, office, or other improper influence, but such cases are exceptional. This, however, is not the case in the great cities and manufacturing districts, where thousands of voters are dependent upon a single individual or firm for employment, and the consequent means of subsistence for themselves and families. The man who has the courage to vote as his conscience and judgment may dictate, feels that he is at the mercy of a heartless employer, and may be left in enforced idleness if he should refuse to follow the orders of his superiors.

The working people of the state made a strong effort at the last state legislature to have a bill passed introducing the Australian ballot system into this state, but we regret to say the Republican leaders, through the influence of Speaker Boyer, strangled it before it could be properly placed before that body. The measure received the support of the entire Democratic side of the house, except one member from Philadelphia. At the recent Democratic state convention, which placed the name of Edmund A. Bigler in nomination for state treasurer, a resolution was passed declaring in favor of the system in order "to secure the freedom and purity of elections menaced by the combined power of Republican rings and bosses." The Democratic party holds out to the disfranchised workmen of the state the promise of absolute emancipation from the intimidation of bosses or employers, and every vote cast for Bigler at the coming election will be a vote in favor of the new system.

The Single Tax in Wilkes-Barre.

The lecture of Dr. McGlynn at Wilkes-Barre last week was the subject of a communication in the Westchester on Tuesday, in which the writer, Edmund B. Ogden, endeavors to make an attack upon the theories of Henry George and single taxists. One of his leading statements is that "the workmen of the coal regions are educated above these theories, and if Dr. McGlynn comes here five years hence he will see no advance of his crusade." It is poor policy to deal in conjectures—five years hence may bring many wonderful changes or we may see nothing but the existing conditions of to-day—it is one of the mysteries which time alone can solve; but at present it certainly cannot be claimed that the workmen of the coal regions are educated as they should be, and we dare say that there is no more than one miner in every one hundred that can give even a meagre description of the single tax theory. We would rather see it otherwise, even if it would place them, as Mr. Ogden claims they are already, above this theory.

Correspondence From the Capital.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 22, 1889. The State Department is now engaged in the delicate duty of preparing for the reception of the Chinese minister by the President. This would seem not to be a difficult task, but the public is not generally aware of the degree of preparation required before a foreign representative is formally presented to the President of the United States. The simplicity of our form of Government has done away with much of that which is patterned after royal customs, but we are not much behind the effete monarchies in the matter of receiving a foreign minister into the diplomatic corps. Every one is familiar with the practice which requires a minister to make an address to the President in the Blue Room, and to which the President replies. These addresses always abound with grace and courtesies, but they cannot be said to be very pointed, other than in the expressions of good will.

WASHINGTON AND HIS NICKNAMES.

Washington is sometimes called the Capital City, because the President lives here and Congress meets here; sometimes the Sylvan City, because its streets are embowered in 70,000 trees; sometimes, facetiously, Wheelerville, because a hundred miles of smooth asphalt pavements make it the bicyclers' paradise; but it best deserves the pseudonym of the Assembly City, because almost every day in the year some national convention is in session here.

GIFTS FOR THE NEW CRUISERS.

All the new cruisers are receiving appropriate christening gifts from the cities in whose honor they are named. Boston presented her namesake with a set of colors, Chicago hers with a service of silver plate, and Philadelphia is getting ready to present her namesake with a set of silver. Baltimore's gift is not yet announced, but it will unquestionably be something novel and good, as our neighbor city never does such things by halves. Come to think of it, though, if this sort of things keeps on and the navy grows apace, what room for originality of choice will there be by the time the next gets down to Spokane Falls and Kalamazoo?

THE INDIAN AND HIS BROTHER.

The Indian as a political factor is a feature of politics which is likely in the near future to attract public attention. By recent acts of Congress every Indian over twenty-one years of age who receives an allotment of land in severalty becomes a voter, clothed with every attribute that attaches to citizenship. The successful termination of the negotiations with the Sioux Indians, by which they surrender a large part of their reservation in Dakota, will, it is estimated, by next year throw into the politics of the state the uncertain quantity of 4,977 voters. This vote, thrown solidly, as it probably will be in both state and national elections, is likely to become an important factor in that state. Negotiations now in progress with other Indian tribes will soon make many thousands more Indian voters.

We Shall Hold a Grand Reception.

BY HAYES ELTON. We shall hold a grand reception when he comes across the sea, It will be the largest gathering that was ever known to be; The procession will be gorgeous as the rainbow in its hues, Not a shade of tint but wanting that can gayety diffuse. We shall march us out in columns, full a score in every row, We shall march to lively music that shall set the soul aglow, And the lights shall almost emulate the sun so bright they'll be— Oh! we'll hold a grand reception when he comes across the sea.

First we'll bring the rightful owners of the land he holds by law, And we'll clothe them up in majesty that will the gazers awe. We shall dress them up in garments that no monarch ever wore, To atone for all the dirty rags they wore out heretofore. All the jewels in the nation shall adorn their costly robes, And we'll ornament with ribbons every house we want to please, And we'll sing out, "Hallelujah! 'tis a time of jubilee!" Oh! we'll hold a grand reception when he comes across the sea.

Next we'll bring the starving miners that have felt his cruel hand, They will carry banners telling all the tyranny he planned, And we'll muster out behind them the companies of great war, And their hollow cheeks and haggard eyes will keep along the show, Next we'll bring the bent and aged he evicted in the cold, The feeble gray-haired miner and his wife discarded and old, And the ragged old place the stars and stripes, "The emblem of the free." Oh! we'll hold a grand reception when he comes across the sea.

Next we'll bring the miner's children, gnawing crusts of hardened bread And shouting out how often they went supperless to bed; And we'll cover up with carpets ev'ry inch of ev'ry street That the ragged little creatures may not hurt their shivering feet. And the last shall be a banner telling all his noble deeds. As the papers print them daily and a simple public reads, And we'll all sing, "Hallelujah! 'tis a time of jubilee!" Oh! we'll hold a grand reception when he comes across the sea.

We shall have displays of fire-works all along the parent's city, as the mind can best design; We'll have speeches and orations that will startle them that hear, And we'll tell them how he started, ere he drew in an orphan's tear. Oh! we'll tell him of his noble deeds—his character, how grand! He was sent unto America to ornament the land— Oh! we'll tell them we revere him just as much as we are free. Oh! we'll hold a grand reception when he comes across the sea.

We shall finish with a banquet, and we'll break the stony crust. That the children kept a-gnawing lest their little teeth should rust, And we'll sip from cups of silver to the dearest kind of wine, Having got it from the hungry in the form of tears of mine, And we'll all rejoice to see him who was far across the waves In a land where Freedom slumbers and the poor are only slaves, And we'll bare our heads before him, knowing well that we are free. Oh! we'll hold a grand reception when he comes across the sea. —Hazelton Standard.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB ON CRIME.

Its Views Revised to Suit Modern Circumstances. "I hold heah in my hand," said Brother Gardner as the meeting opened, "a letter from Chicago inquiring of this club if it believes in hangin' for murder. We used to so believe, but we don't any mo'. We has cum to de conclusion dat it is wrong to strangle a pusion to death simply because he happened to kill somebody. We believe dat a murderer should be softly arrested, locked up in the jail parlor until he kin be tried, and dat de verdict of de jury should be not guilty on account of self-defense or insanity. On leaving the court room de prisoner should be given an ovation 'n' a wine-supper, an' at the next 'lekhun he should be given a fat outfit. Murder an' all right 'n' 'gittin' 'em like a man killin' off 'n' gittin' him out of de way. If you git down on a family wife 'em out wid de ax. Punishin' a murderer is all wrong, speeshually hangin' him by de neck. If by some blunder de jury convicts, de judge should make de sentence about six months in an orphan asylum. Dis would gin de murderers time for reflection, an' he'd probably dun sorry dat he killed somebody."

"De secretary will answer to de effect dat dis club has undergone a change of opinyn, an' dat it no longer believes in hangin' for murder. It held to dat opinyn for ten y'ars, an' steadily lost friends. It has come to pass dat not one of de fo'ly or fifty murderers walkin' around de state of Michigan will speak to a member of dis club, an' we feel dat a change of sentiment on our part is highly necessary. De status of dis club until fucher orders will be: "1. De embezzler didn't mean to, and his victim orter settle for 50 cents on de dollah an' gin he a certificate of character." "2. De highway robber an' burglar wur driben to it by stern necessity, an' instead of arrestin' 'em de police orter take up a contribushun for deir benefit." "3. De murderer was temporarily insane, or he reckoned the victim was going to shoot first, or he did it in his sleep, or he was in a dazy towards de society. In any event he should not be convicted."—Detroit Free Press.

DAKOTA DIALECT.

"The Mortal Cinch," "Getting on the Band Wagon," and "Kustling." Colonel John Ely, the Mouse river stockman, has improved upon the use of "cinch," says a Dakota letter to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. His expression is "the mortal cinch," which can only be translated as "a dead sure thing." The Dakotan "hooks up" his team. He never "harnesses" unless he is a tenderfoot: Hills in ranges are "cooteaux." Depressions which are water courses when the snow melts or when the rain fall is abundant, but which are dry most of the year, are "coulees," in the Dakota dialect. "Getting on the band wagon" is the Dakota synonym for success in politics. To "rustle" is both a good and a bad verb. The grand jury of Ramsey county recently tried to get a definition of "rustling" out of "Nigger Joe" of Devil's lake. "Nigger Joe" is one of the characters of his satanic majesty's country-seat. A man was suspected of stealing a coat and "Nigger Joe" was the chief witness. "Now, Joe," said the foreman, "tell the jury all you know about this coat business. You saw this man, didn't you?" "Ya-as, sah, I seed him, suah," drawled Joe, slowly, for he was not at all eager to give evidence. "Well, did he have anything with him?" asked the foreman. "Ya-as, sah," said Joe, "He had a bundle under his arm; suah, sah, he did."

"Do you know what was in the bundle?" "Ya-as, sah, I know what was in that bundle, but, fud, he done showed it to me; he did, sah." "Well, what was in it, Joe?" "It was a coat, sah; suah, sah." "Did he tell you where he got it?" "Ya-as, sah, he done tole me. He said he rus-set it." "He said he rustled it?" "Ya-as, sah, v'raach's what he said, suah. He said he rus-set it." "Well, now, Joe, tell the jury what you understood he meant when he said he rustled that coat." "Ya-as, sah, I seed the coat. He done tole me he rus-set it. I spee rus-set-just means to rus-set, sah, all."

CHLOROFORMISTS.

A Dangerous Class of Criminals Who Operate on European Railways. A correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat gives the following interesting description of the methods adopted by a band of criminals known in France as chloroformists: The chloroformists administer with a sponge silk, either with the aid of a great stick or a handkerchief, that poisonous, powerful, tenacious, and always dangerous substance, which, given unskillfully, may prove fatal. They are shrewd, adroit, and well posted; they are met with on the railway trains, on steamboats, and at the hotels. Essentially cosmopolitan, they spend the major part of their existence in traveling. They talk like guides and are thoroughly acquainted with the watering-places and sea baths where the aristocracy and wealth gather. The chloroformist is generally an old hand, having frequented the schools of medicine, where he learned the use and efficacy of narcotics. A man of the world, intelligent and good company, his conversation is captivating. He speaks several languages and claims to belong to the nobility. He has an agreeable presence. An excellent dancer and somewhat of a musician, young ladies are delighted with him.

This is the way he operates on a railway train: He stations himself in the depot and watches the purchasers of tickets. Having chosen as his victim the man with the best filled pocket-book he buys a ticket and gets into the same compartment. In his traveling-bag he carries a reserve of provisions, good wine, extra cigars, playing cards, and everything such as an experienced traveler would have. He adroitly engages his victim in conversation, speaks of the inconvenience of railway station restaurants, the crowd, the long wait to be served, and the small time allowed to passengers. In a winning manner he then offers to share his bill of fare with his companion. A friend was going with him to Switzerland, but at the last moment wired him he could not go, and that is why he is so amply provided with provisions. If necessary

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Five thousand people are wanted to come and see our stock and prices of ladies' and children's coats. We have all the latest styles and our prices will surprise you. We have just opened three cases of blankets, which are going from 75c up to \$7.00 per pair. Dry goods: We have our cloths in now; come and get samples and compare the prices with Hazleton. A full line of hats and caps. Muffs for ladies and children. Carpets and oil cloths: We have Hemp for 18c, Ray for 30c and Brussels for 55c and up. Furniture and beddings: Have a good bedstead, only \$2.50; a royal plush lounge, \$6.00; mattresses, \$2.75 up, and a good spring for \$1.25. Notions, etc., of every description. We can make you comfortable in underwear: Children's, 15c up; men's, 50c up; all-wool scarlet, 75c; get a pair before they all go. Gloves, mitts and thousands of other articles. Wall paper and stationery, also window shades; we have everything in that line. We suppose everybody has seen our latest prices in groceries so all we will say is to invite you to come and give us a trial. Save money by trading with the cheapest man in town. Yours truly,

J. C. BERNER.

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Questions About Railroads.

- 1. How many miles of railway in the United States? One hundred and fifty thousand six hundred miles; about half the mileage of the world. 2. How much have they cost? Nine billion dollars. 3. How many people are employed by them? More than 1,000,000. 4. What is the fastest time made by a train? Four hundred and twenty-two and six-tenths miles in 7 hours, 23 minutes (433 minutes); one mile being made in 47 11-29 seconds, on the West Shore Railroad, New York. 5. What is the cost of a high-class eight-wheel passenger locomotive? About \$8,500. 6. What is the longest mileage operated by a single system? Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe system, about 8,000 miles. 7. What is the cost of a palace sleeping car? About \$15,000 or \$17,000 if "vestibuled." 8. What is the longest railroad bridge span in the United States? Cantilever span at Poughkeepsie bridge—548 feet. 9. What is the highest railroad bridge in the United States? Kinzua viaduct, on the Erie Road, 305 feet high. 10. Who built the first locomotive in the United States? Peter Cooper. 11. What road carries the largest number of passengers? Manhattan Elevated Railroad, New York; 525,000 a day, or 191,625,000 yearly. 12. What is the average daily earning of an American locomotive? About \$100. 13. What is the longest American railroad tunnel? Hoosac tunnel, on the Fitchburg Railway, (41 miles). 14. What is the average cost of constructing a mile of railroad? At the present time about \$30,000. 15. Where and when was the first sleeping car used? Upon the Cumberland Valley Railroad of Pennsylvania; from 1836 to 1848. 16. What are the chances of fatal accident in railway travel? One killed in ten million. Statistics show more are killed by falling out of windows than in railway accidents. 17. What line of railway extends furthest east and west? Canadian Pacific Railway, running from Quebec to the Pacific ocean. 18. How long does a steel rail last with average wear? About 18 years. 19. What road carries the largest number of commuters? Illinois Central, 4,828,128 in 1887. 20. What is the fastest time made between Jersey City and San Francisco? Three days, 7 hours, 30 minutes, and 16 seconds. Special theatrical train, June, 1876.—Scribner's Magazine.