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PRISON'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

PHICHIN "SONGS OF THE G. O. P." Who opens the unkempt ruffian's style, Dim-novel readers to beguile? 'Tis Theodore.

Who flourished high his broad-brimmed hat Till Hanna flat upon him sat? 'Twas Theodore.

Who begged for unearned medals and Got buffeted with ruthless hand? Brave Theodore.

Who finds himself a berth that's warm And then bleats loudly of reform? Sly Theodore.

Who sends for Root to find a plan For dodging taxes if he can? 'Tis Theodore.

The palm, O Kaiser, friend of mine, For impudence you must resign— To Theodore.

Go hide your head behind the throne And hear me shout in trumpet tone—"Myself alone!"

NOT A SUNDAY SERMON. "Sober, he is one of the brightest, most intelligent and best qualified men for his line of work I ever saw."

So spoke a conservative business man this morning of a young man whose weakness or disease may be inferred from the use of the word "sober" in the business man's remark.

How often do we hear the same remark fall from the lips of men who know each other. And to whom do we generally refer? Not to the coarse, brutal rowdy who fills up with mean liquor whenever he can raise the price, and who at all times is hardly worth the powder and shot necessary to kill him; not to the bum whose idea of bliss is the condition of in- toxication, and whose utmost endeavor is an effort to get enough mean whiskey with which to induce a drowsy insensibility; no, not to these kind, but generally to a young man for whom there is yet hope, who is of better stuff than the rowdy or the bum and to whom the avenues of a useful life had opened up, but against whom they are closing on account of his "sprees."

The world says it is a habit; science says it is a disease, for which, "tis true, the individual is responsible, but the business man says no matter what it is, I have tried him once or twice, have listened to his regrets and his promises, have seen him fall again, and though "sober" he is one of the brightest, most intelligent and best qualified men of his line of work I ever saw, I cannot trust my interests to him and will have no more of him. This is be- coming universally true and the time is passing, has passed, when the young man can go off on his "sprees," periodical drunks, and return again to sober conditions and expect the world to have the same confidence in him as before; expect the business man to make him the same trusted employe as before. The labor unions are turning against him and will not admit him to membership; fraternal societies shun him and deny him membership in their brotherhoods; insurance companies will not insure his life; the great railroads of the country will not give him work; the business man no longer likes to "take him back" and "give him another chance," and society frowns down upon him. So much for the world. The church is against him also, and his fate is sealed in Holy Writ. All are against him.

Oh, Drink, thou art one of the demons of earth; thou hast peopled asylums and graveyards with thy victims, and still thou stalkst abroad, insatiate of more legions with which to fill thy places in Hell.—Fredericksburg Star.

HOW MRS. WU TRAVELS. (Wash. Cor. Chicago Times-Herald.) She was a little woman, dressed in a flowing blue robe. From under- neath her pantaloons of the same hue two tiny bound feet limped painfully along. Her face was yellowish pale, and she wore rings in her ears. There was no bonnet upon her head. She smiled as the crowds of people in the railway station made way for her. Behind her tripped her little son. He was Chinese, too, but he wore American clothes and his feet were of natural size. I recognized Mme. Wu, wife of Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese Min- ister in this city. She was about to take a Pennsylvania Railroad train for Cape May. All the people in the station and along the platform got out of the stumbling little woman's way. No one jostled her. No audible remark was made concern- ing her strange appearance. She was unattended save by an American woman who is governess at the Lega- tion. At the gate a number of men, waiting their turn to pass, stepped aside because they realized it was not easy for the stranger to be so long upon her shrunken feet. The little Chinese boy dropped an um- brella which he was carrying, and an American traveling man hastened to pick it up and hand it to him. The boy bowed politely and said, "Thank you." Mme. Wu smiled graciously. At the parlor car steps the conductor and porter carefully helped Mme. Wu in the rather difficult feat of climbing up. I chanced to be in the same car, and on the journey to Philadelphia a number of little

courtesies were shown the diplomat's wife by the passengers. One carried her a drink of water, another assisted her to arrange the window shade, the mechanism of which was a mystery to her. On the crowded platform at Philadelphia the people were just as courteous as they had been at Wash- ington, and I doubted not Mme. Wu, with her little son and the governess, could travel from one end of the United States to the other without so much as hearing an unpleasant word. But I could not help think- ing of Mrs. Conger in Pekin.

"TEDDY" LOVES THE NEGRO. The voters of the entire South, will be interested in learning of Governor Roosevelt's extraordinary love for the negro race. It is set forth in the following special dis- patch to the Baltimore Sun from New York:

"Under the terms of a repealing act passed at the last session of the Legislature largely through the ef- forts of Governor Roosevelt, local boards of education are no longer permitted to designate or maintain separate schools for the instruction of colored children. This result was achieved with the support of the Platt Republican machine, after the negroes and their sympathizers had fought a long battle in the courts to test the constitutionality of the law under which they were formerly ex- cluded in many towns from public schools for white children.

Governor Roosevelt declared that the laws of the State should no longer tolerate race or color distinc- tions, and that he was glad to know his own child sat in school with that negro child. When the bill was amended it had the support of the Republican leaders throughout the State, and it passed both houses without delay, and the Governor signed it.

LOUISVILLE, Oct. 14.—Governor Roosevelt was questioned by The Sun representative regarding his state- ments relative to negroes in the public schools. He said he did not recollect the exact language used, but said the facts are he did sign the bill and gave his hearty approval to it, and also at one time in the Cove district school at Oyster Bay one of his sons sat beside a colored boy for a term.

THE VALLEY OF VIRGINIA. This scribe, who previously con- tributed Newland items to the CRI- ZEN, is now enjoying the gentle breezes and healthy climate of the town of Dayton, in the Valley of Virginia. There are two gentlemen from the Northern Neck besides myself who attend the Shenandoah Institute in Dayton, namely: R. T. Pullen, of Newland, and O. M. Lowery, of Redville. We arrived here about a month ago. Our trip through the Capitol City and Blue Ridge mountains was very delightful.

This scribe was afforded the pleas- ure of meeting his friend, Rev. E. L. K. Tune, of Northumberland county, in Washington city, who was enroute to Crozer Seminary in Ghester, Pa.

Dayton is indeed a very remark- able town, situated between the Blue Ridge and Alleghany mountains, about fifteen miles east of the West Virginia line. The town is very quiet. Not a single negro resides, works or owns property here. The surrounding country has local option, and there is not a liquor saloon here. Everybody seems to be friendly, hos- pitable and cultured. There are about six churches of various denominations. The Institute's en- rollment has reached 100 and more are expected to come. Surely a more suitable site could not have been selected for a college.

The crops throughout the western part of Virginia suffered more from the drought than those of Tidewater. Politics are very quiet.

THE CRIZEN is my most welcome visitor. Many good wishes to it and its host of readers. STAR. Dayton, Va.

SOMETHING ABOUT MEN. Some young men court and tell girls that they will do this and that, but after they are married they seem to forget all these things. Young men, when you make a promise to a girl, keep it. Never promise her that you will do greater things than you are able to do, for this will cause trouble. Never marry a girl who you have to buy, but marry the one who is willing to sacrifice everything for you, and if a girl loves you she is willing to do this. Don't marry a girl because you love her, but be- cause she loves you. There are girls who will make you think you are their best friends, but as soon as you are gone and another comes in she will tell him what a big fool you are. Find out who these girls are and shun them. Treat them with respect and nothing more. Stay away from them and give them no cause to think you still love them. Try to say "there are no others."

FAIRPORT, VA. OBSERVER.

TOOK HIM FOR AN ANGEL. How the Late Gen. Palmer was Con- fused with Gabriel.

One of the late General Palmer's experiences which he never tired of laughing over was the time when he was mistaken for a personage higher even than the President of the United States. "While I was Gov- ernor of Kentucky," said he, "a dis- turbance occurred in some town in the interior. I was at a distance, but was needed at the scene. There was no train; no carriage; no buggy to be got; the only vehicle available was a big gilded circus chariot left by some stranded show company. I didn't like it, but it was there was nothing else to do, so I got in. You may imagine I cut a great dash as I drove through a small town. People turned out in droves to see me pass. When I left the town behind and reached the plantations the negroes saw me and stared with open mouths. They followed me at a respectful distance, until presently they were joined by an old white-haired preacher, who, on seeing me in my magnificent chariot, raised his eyes and his arms on high, and in a voice that stirred all within hearing, cried:

"Bress de Lord, de day of judg- ment am cum, an' dis gemman am de angel Gabriel himself. Breddren, down on yo' knees an' pray, fo' yo' hour am hyar!"—New York Evening Post.

ALLAH, OH ALLAH! There is entirely too much gen- tle diplomacy in the State Department's efforts to get that \$100,000 out of Turkey. We believe in being polite, of course, and we should be so at all hazards, but we should also be firm. We should say something like this: "If, O Abdul Hamid, Beloved Sultan of Sultans; Emperor of Emperors; Shadow of Allah upon Earth; Brother of the Sun; Dispenser of Crowns to those who sit upon thrones; Sovereign of Constantinople and the great City of Broussa, as well as of Paradise; King of Kings, whose army is the Aylum of Victory; at the foot of whose throne are Justice and the Refuge of the World;—if you don't pay that little bill, and pay it by to-morrow morning, we will kick the natural stuffing out of you and your tissue-paper palace and scatter the frazzled remains all over the Dardanelles!"

Now, that gives Ab all the titles which are his official property, and yet it is forcible and clear. It ought to bring him around in a jiffy.—Norfolk Landmark.

HANNA WROTHY. Senator Hanna spoke in Chicago in a tent in which there were 4,000 men. The following extract is from a stenographic report in the Phila- delphia Times:

Once again the Senator tried to speak. "Every dollar I ever had I— "Stole," shouted 1,000 men in the crowd.

"How about the seamen you throw out of jobs?" was shouted.

"I defy anyone to prove that I pay my seamen any but the highest wages; they are all working too."

"You cut down the pay of your longshoremen in Cleveland."

"That is a damn lie," cried Hanna.

"You are a scab," shouted the disturber.

"You're another" shouted the Sen- ator.

"Why did Congress turn down the Boers?"

"Our's was the only government in the world to extend sympathy to the Boers. Congress went to the limit of its powers," was Hanna's answer.

"How about Webster Davis?" asked somebody.

"He got \$100,000 for what he did."

"Mark Hanna, that is all; I know Davis and he would not do that."

"It will be proved soon. He went to the Boers and represented himself as Secretary of State. Davis proved himself a traitor to his country as well as to his party."

Each of Hanna's statements was broken by shouts of "how about the Boers?"

ROOSEVELT ENRAGES THEM. One hundred extra policemen stood guard over Governor Roosevelt at Covington, Ky., last week while he attacked some utterances of Mr. Bryan and assailed the political methods of the Democratic party in Kentucky. By impudently and by direct invective he assailed the Goebel law as an act of illegal dis- franchisement.

A cheer for Bryan at Lexington was answered by the Rough Rider with a remark that stung the Demo- crats of Kentucky to the quick and threatened the meeting with open disorder. The Bryan cheer was loud and Roosevelt shouted:

"Nobody but a coward will at- tempt to interrupt free speech."

Kentuckians seldom submit to the charge of cowardice, and news of Roosevelt's harsh words was tele- graphed ahead of him.

The presence of ex-Governor

Bradley, Senator Deboe, former Lieutenant-Governor Marshall, W. C. P. Breckinridge and other baters of Goebel on the Roosevelt train ad- ded to the odium with which Ken- tucky Democrats surrounded it. By the time the train reached Covington at night the resident Republicans were fully alarmed.

Chief of Police, Joseph W. Pugh, of Covington, who was for years Goebel's political manager, was obliged to take upon himself the duty of maintaining peace during the trip.

OFF OUR MOORINGS. The following are a few maxims from Jefferson that will bear careful perusal at this time:

"The people—the only source of leg- itimate power.

The absolute and lasting severance of Church and State.

The freedom, sovereignty, and in- dependence of the respective States.

The Union—a confederacy, a com- pact; neither a consolidation nor a centralization.

The Constitution of the Union—a special written grant of powers limited and definite.

The civil paramount to military authority.

The representative to obey the in- structions of his constituents.

No hereditary office, nor order, nor title.

No taxation beyond the public wants.

No national debt if possible.

No costly splendor of adminis- tration.

OUR SWEET GIRLS. A few days ago a Missouri farmer wrote to the Mayor of New Orleans to secure him a wife from among the New Orleans girls. The Mayor has been sick and has been unable personally to look after the interest of the Missouri Cyclopedia, but Mayor Capdeville's good heart may be relied on to do all he can for the relief of the stranger.

It is not surprising that a Missouri man wants a New Orleans woman for a wife, since, if he has never seen her he has heard of their beauty and loveliness. No women are kinder, more charming or better dispositioned. They are made to be loved and love in return. There are fine women everywhere, but the New Orleans girl is thus properly described by the poet of the Boston Herald:

She was bred in old Kentucky. She was caked in New Orleans, She was pretzels in Milwaukee, But in Boston she was beaus.

Evidently the Missouri farmer wants a taste of cake and he has applied at the right place to get it.—New Orleans Picayune.

A Kissing Girl. Fern Atwood, a good-looking young woman, is in a cell at the city jail in Omaha on a charge of having "kissed a man willfully, and without his consent having been 'drat' off."

The man who was kissed is Captain Her. Walking along Dodge street he saw the young woman ap- proaching. She stopped, stepped in front of him, spread her arms and in an instant later clasped him in an embrace, planting a kiss squarely upon his lips.

The captain broke away, but the young woman again grasped him, and this time she did not stop until she had stolen six kisses. Then she broke away and ran down the street. Later she was arrested.—Philadel- phia Record.

Views May Cost Him His Job. SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 19th.—John J. Valentine, president of Wells, Fargo & Co., has been threatened with removal from his position if he continues to advocate the election of Bryan.

Mr. Valentine refuses to give out the letter containing the threat. He said however, that the letter came from a banker. Mr. Valentine said he referred to it at a political meet- ing to show the disposition to coerce people during the campaign.

Mr. Valentine said that the desire of working people to pay the cost of the war in the Philippines was the strongest feature of the campaign.

"The Spanish and Philippine wars will cost the American people \$600,000,000 by the end of the fiscal year next June," he said. "Tis the nature and law of taxation to fall the heaviest on the great consuming classes. Now what do they get for it?"

Robbed A Woman's Appurtenant Leg. A unique and shocking crime has come to light at Johnstown, Pa. It was committed at the Pennsylvania railroad station when a freight train dashed into a crowd of 2,500 ex- cursionists and killed two, probably fatally injured two more, and pain- fully bruised many others. Mrs. J. C. Begley was among those hurt, hav- ing her left leg cut off. In the stock- ing that covered the severed limb was \$100 in bills. Some cold-blooded thief abstracted the money after the accident.

COULDN'T BE BOTH. I heard a warm discussion in the rounds on the phrase McKinley Democrats, says a writer of the At- lanta Journal.

Two men contended that a man could vote for McKinley and still be a Democrat.

But the overwhelming sentiment of the crowd which gathered around that man who vote for McKinley are Republicans, that they should be "tagged" as Republicans and not al- lowed to vote in Democratic prima- ries.

This lively passage occurred: "I'm a Democrat," yelled a fellow, "but I voted for McKinley before and I'm going to vote for him again."

"You're a Republican then, that's what you are, and your pretended Democracy fools nobody. If you are a Democrat and vote for McKinley, the spangled fellow who rides two horses around a circus ring with one foot on the pichard and one on the back is only riding one horse. If a man can be a McKinley-Democrat, a Republican and a Democrat at the same time, why can't a man be an honest thief or a white nigger?"

That broke up the meeting.

HEN ADOPTS MOTHERLESS PIG. (Philadelphia Press.) A setting hen belonging to a lady in Mantua, N. J., has given up a nest full of eggs and adopted a motherless pig.

The little porker had been brought up on a bottle for some weeks and when it was misad a search revealed it under the hen, the eggs having been kicked out of the nest.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox compares the love of man and woman in this style: "When a woman loves, her soul is in the power house and its radiance is sent through her whole being—heart, brain and body. A man's love is more like an acorn dropped in the soil of his senses. Sometimes the tree is stunted and never rises far above the soil which gave it susten- ance. Sometimes its branches touch Heaven."

Office papers for sale at the CITIZEN office for 20 cents a hundred.

Don't Get Thin Get fat; get nice and plump; there is safety in plumpness. Summer has tried your food-works; winter is coming to try your breath-mill. Fall is the time to brace yourself. But weather is tricky; look out! Look out for colds especially.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is the subtlest of helps. It is food, the easiest food in the world; it is more than food, it helps you digest your food, and get more nutri- ment from it.

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