

Five murderers of women are in the Tombs prison, New York, with the death-warrant set upon them, as they are under sentence to be hanged on August 23. All committed the crimes of which they were convicted before the law, providing for executions by electricity went into effect.

The French Senate has found General Boulanger guilty of conspiracy, but the verdict was a foregone conclusion and has therefore little weight. It may serve to keep General Boulanger out of France and cripple his powers of mischief, but that is the most it can do. If he should ever come back to rule the country, it will not be by constitutional methods, and, therefore, the disqualification to hold office does not amount to much. It is a pity that his prosecutors should have made him appear to some people in the light of a martyr by adding all sorts of trivial charges against him to that of conspiracy of which he was convicted.

The overissue of stock by Eben M. Allen, president of a surface railway in New York City, develops a painful story of dishonesty actuated by greed. Allen started years ago as one of the inferior employees of the company, and through his own merits was promoted step by step until he reached the presidency. But, not satisfied with the emoluments of his lofty position, he entered outside speculations, and finally sacrificed a well-earned reputation by betraying his trust and making a false issue of seven hundred shares of stock, the proceeds of which he applied to his own private benefit. All the good work of years was wrecked by that one act of unfaithfulness and dishonesty.

The location for the proposed international exhibition to be held in this country in 1892 is still a matter of much doubt. Five cities—Boston, New York, Washington, Chicago and St. Louis—are pressing their claims forward, but the fight will eventually narrow down to New York and Washington. Boston's claims are a mere side issue for New York and St. Louis is in the race because Chicago is there. The claims of the Western cities are even more inferior than those of Boston, and the contest between the capital and the metropolis of the country promises to be very bitter. We would not be surprised to see the Quaker City selected as a compromise, and that is the place where they can run those exhibitions to perfection.

In 1887 the Democratic candidate for governor of Kentucky received a plurality of 17,000. Last year Cleveland had a plurality of 28,000. This year, from the returns of the election held last month, the Democrats have a majority of 35,000 and gain twelve members in the legislature. In the campaign just ended the Republicans loudly proclaimed their intention of abolishing the internal taxes. But the verdict of Kentucky, in spite of her large distilling and tobacco interests, is emphatically in favor of tax reduction through tariff reform. The shibboleth of free whisky and tobacco and war-taxed clothing, food, fuel and shelter has no attraction for the genuine Democrat, whether he resides in Kentucky or elsewhere.

The discovery on the bottom of a Maine lake of an immense bed of silica, a substance of great commercial value as a non-conductor of heat, opens the way to another tariff-fostered monopoly. This is said to be the only deposit known to exist in the United States—the only other supply in the world being in Germany. This bounty of nature ought to give America silica abundantly and cheap, but if the usual course is pursued the owners of the deposit will organize a stock company—with \$1000 in water to \$10 in cash—and then ask of congress a duty on foreign silica, to give them control of the "home market" for their "infant industry." In this manner are the gifts of nature neutralized to enrich monopolists.

About a year ago one of the most prominent persons in America was Levi P. Morton, who was Harrison's colleague on the ticket that the people rejected by more than one hundred thousand majority. To-day Morton is scarcely ever thought of, unless it be by his most intimate friends, while Harrison's actions and whereabouts are known to every politician in the land. The cause of this difference of respect paid to the two highest dignitaries in the country is solely due to the difference of their powers of dispensing patronage. Harrison has full sway over the thousands of office-hunters and his slightest wishes are obeyed with alacrity, but the forsaken old Moneybags of the last campaign is seemingly contented to draw the salary of his boodler-gotten office.

School elections were held in Kansas Tuesday and the returns showed that nearly 50,000 women voted. Many of them were elected to offices.

When Silence Is Cruel.

There are times when speech is unseasonable, but there are also times when silence is wrong and even cruel. If there is much said that should never have been breathed, there is also much that ought to have free utterance which is never spoken. It is impossible to estimate the amount of happiness and benefit that is suppressed by this untimely silence. A group of persons are discussing the character of one, known, perhaps, only slightly to most of them. Some one speaks disparagingly of him, or relates some incident tending to lessen him in their esteem. Another who is present knows this to be incorrect, but, instead of vindicating him from the false charge, he says nothing. He may be shy of expressing himself; he may persuade himself that it is not his affair; he may dislike to appear antagonistic; whatever be his reason, he does the absent one an irretrievable injury by a silence that must be deemed cowardly. The unfavorable impression which he might have corrected sinks into the memories of those who have heard it, and is probably never entirely effaced. Had he simply uttered what he knew to be true at the moment of need all this would have been prevented. In general when the character or conduct of any absent one is assailed it is the path of kindness to refute it if possible, or, if this cannot be, to present some point in which he excels and which may turn the scale of esteem in his favor. There is in each one such a mixture of good and bad, admirable and blamable, that the way he is judged largely depends upon where the emphasis is laid. Therefore, all good-will and kindness demand that, while we bury his faults in oblivion, we should speak freely and fully of his excellences.

Not only to the absent, but sometimes to those present with us, is silence cruel. There is a wholesome dread of flattery among honest people, which not infrequently leads them into an opposite extreme of withholding praise where it is due. Much discouragement and many abandoned efforts may be traced to this source. Of course, it is not the ideal of manliness to require such a motive, but few approach the ideal, and few can dispense with the motive. The young and inexperienced, the humble and self-deprecating and all beginners especially need every sincere word of encouragement that can be given. It is astutism which no parent, no teacher and no employer can afford to set aside. Has the child been faithful, obedient, studious, self-denying? Tell him so, and express the real pleasure you feel. Has the young man proved himself trustworthy, indefatigable, intelligent? Let him have the satisfaction of knowing that you appreciate his efforts. Has the timid beginner in some enterprise done well for a first attempt? Do not deny him the incentive to further efforts that your approval will afford him. Silence at such times is not a mere negative, a blank, an omission; it is a positive injury, a bar to improvement, a destroyer of well-earned happiness.

"Free Wool!" Cries the Republicans.

The Board of Trade and Transportation is quite right in thinking that we ought to have a larger share in the export trade to South American countries, especially Brazil and the Argentine Republic, but it seems to be groping in utter imbecility after the means by which it is to be secured, when the way is as plain as daylight. Take off the duty on raw wool, which is one of the principal things with which South Americans buy manufactured goods; remove all taxes from raw materials of manufactures, so that we can make those goods and sell them at as low prices as England, Germany and France; then cast off the antiquated restrictions upon shipping, so that our merchants can get vessels upon equal terms with those of Europe, and then the question of trade with South America will solve itself. It would not be long before our manufacturers would go to those countries in greatly increased volume in our own vessels and under our own flag, to the vast benefit not only of our South American trade and our shipping interests, but of our manufacturing industries as well. The only thing needed is to remove the obstacles which our own laws put in the way.—New York Times.

One Successful Boycott.

E. & A. H. Bacheller & Co. of Boston, Mass., have failed; liabilities upward of \$1,250,000. The general community, appalled at the magnitude of the suspension of the business of a single firm, and the various comments advanced by the business men generally, attribute this failure to sharp competition and the speculative tendencies of this firm. We are of the firm conviction, however, that the result of the great smash that has started the community can be justly attributed to the action of the Knights of Labor in pushing a vigorous boycott of their goods throughout the South and West. This firm took the initial stand in the Worcester County lockout of two years ago, and were the first to introduce the celebrated iron-clad rules, calculated to deprive workmen of their manhood. They coerced their employees to abandon the Order of the Knights of Labor, and that all-powerful organization issued the mandate that has been enforced all over these United States ever since. This notice is familiar to all members of the Order. It is as follows: "Be careful when you buy men's boots and shoes. E. & A. H. Bacheller & Co. of Massachusetts refuse to deal justly with their help." Now this boycott has been enforced continuously up to the present time, and the firm, finding that the demand for their special line of heavy boots and shoes, had almost ceased throughout the South and West, introduced the manufacture of lighter grades; and in endeavoring to compete with other manufacturers in this line, and by a continual reduction of their help, thereby rendering their product less satisfactory, they began to

speculate extensively in other enterprises, and were consequently pressed to the wall. It is but another illustration of the futility of antagonism between employers and their employees. The workmen and women of Massachusetts, contributing as they did upward of \$68,000 to sustain the lives of their persecuted brethren in Spencer, the Brookfields, and other sections of Worcester County, have no tears to shed for the embarrassment of this celebrated firm of slave-driving autocrats. Though they were successful in their designs for a time, still the old adage has again been realized, "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding fine." On calm, mature deliberation, the failure of this once prosperous and arrogant firm cannot be regretted, and it has met its downfall through the courageous and dignified attitude of the Knights of Labor.—Advocate.

Truths From a Protection Journal.

Wade's Fibre and Fabrie (a staunch protectionist advocate) has this to say on the subject of the wool tariff: "It is idle to talk of any one section or country producing profitably all qualities of wool in quantity to fill the requirements of this country. Those speakers and writers who for political effect, or who by their faith or pride in the boundless resources of the country, are led to claim that we can grow all the wool we want, do not know what they are talking about. They have evidently had very little experience in manufacturing the various fabrics that our people insist upon having. We might as well claim that Massachusetts can grow all the food and timber its people require. The only way to accomplish such a result in either case would be to bring the wants of the people down to the supply, in entire opposition to the spirit of the age. The history of the past fifty years proves that prices for our home-grown clip have never been improved by increased duties upon the imported raw material; that the effect has rather been to curtail the demand from our own mills, the only customers they can possibly have under the adjustment of duties now in force. The present tariff is not only most unjust in its distinctions and restrictions, but practically it is prohibitory on a large portion of the most desirable wools which are available to our foreign competitors free from tax. It is protective to the European manufacturer, and only in name to the home wool-growers. These prohibited wools, after being manufactured abroad, are exported to this country, paying a comparatively low rate of duty, decreasing in proportion to the labor expended upon them. This is a discouragement to the improvement of American fabrics, and on the finer grades gives the foreign mills a monopoly in our own markets. The above we believe to be facts, no one of which can be ignored if we could have a settlement of the question in the interest of wool-growers and consumers, which includes, or should include, every man woman and child in this country. Can we expect legislation equal to the occasion?"

Patti's Perpetual Youth.

Patti is fast becoming the rival of the famous Ninon de l'Enclos, who preserved her beauty to such an extent up to her sixtieth year that the grandsons of the men who loved her in her youth adored her with as much fervor as their ancestors had done in their days. Patti is, to say the very least, a long way from "sweet and twenty," more like "fair and forty," without the third qualification, yet people who saw her the other day in Paris could see no visible change, no mark of the last ten or fifteen years upon her. She was still as slim and rounded, still with a grayish in her hair, or a wrinkle upon her forehead, and no come under her chin that smelt a break in the contour of the throat which is the first knell of dead youthfulness. Her hair lay in rich, plentiful black locks about a brow where not one line was to be seen. Her eyes were clear and bright as a child's, her cheeks smooth and pink, her teeth snowy and faultless, and the delicate lines of her figure just exactly what they were a score of years back. Some impulsive woman seized her and demanded to be told the secret of her eternal youth, and this is what Patti revealed to her. She said: "When I am at home I go to bed early—at 10:30. I rise early, that is, early for singers, which means 10:30. So you see when I am not singing I sleep nearly twelve hours in the twenty-four. Plenty of sleep, that is the secret of beauty and freshness. I don't sleep until 10, of course, but I make it a point not to get up at once when I wake, but to take a glass of hot water and a lemon, and read my letters before I get out of bed. It's a mistake to get up right away after waking. I bathe in tepid water, and then sponge off with a cold sponge. On singing days I take a light and early dinner at 3, and only a biscuit and a cup of hot bouillon after the performance. No great quantity of food and plenty of sleep, that's the way to keep one's complexion and figure intact. I rarely touch wine, a liquor-glass full of whisky after luncheon or dinner, sometimes a glass of champagne. Nothing more.

Growth of Hair After Death.

A remarkable case of the growth of hair after burial came to light last week in the disinterment of the body of Amzi Coeyman, who died in Belleville over four years ago and was buried in the old private cemetery of the Coeyman family on the River road. When Mr. Coeyman died his beard was about two inches long, and the hair upon his head was the usual length worn during life. When the coffin was taken up last week for reburial in Mount Pleasant cemetery it was discovered that the beard had grown to the length of two feet, and that the hair upon the head had also grown out of the sides and front of the face, completely obscuring the latter from view. When brushed back it was found that not only the face but also the body was in a remarkable state of preservation.—Newark News.

THE OFFICE OF PRESIDENT.

Perhaps no other feature of the Government has provoked such general criticism, or been so widely misrepresented and misunderstood, as has the office of President of the United States. Its creation was the subject of singular comments among those who framed the Constitution; it was violently denounced when that instrument was put before the people for their approval; it has been the target for savage and persistent assault from that time to the present. And in regard to no other feature of the Government, it may be added, have the dismal forebodings of skeptics been so strangely disappointed by the results of experience and practice.

In theory, it may be true that, as the making and enforcement of laws is the great function of government, the power that executes the laws should be in perfect harmony with the power that makes them and be directly under its control—the executive being thus simply the arm of the legislature, acting in its promptly and implicitly in obedience to its supreme will. This idea, though to-day observed in the workings of other governments, was not accepted by our forefathers. In lodging the executive power in the hands of one person, the Constitution aimed to secure energy and precision in the execution of the laws, but in establishing the Presidency as an independent branch of the Government, removed as far as possible from the meddlesome influence of Congress, and endowing it with important special powers, it suggested to many timid folk a vision of royalty in its most frightful shape. Nor were these thoughts quieted by events that followed in the history of the Government. Indeed, our third President has given it as his opinion that Washington himself believed the Republic would end in something like a monarchy, and that in adopting his state's loves and other pompous ceremonies he sought, in a measure, to prepare the people gradually for the change that seemed possible, in order that it might come with less shock to the public mind. This remarkable statement we need not take without proof. Whatever may have been Washington's secret fears, certain it is that his devotion to the Republic shielded it from such a fate; and had some of his successors in office, or their advisers, been nearly as wise and as true to the spirit of the Constitution, they would have avoided acts which served to strengthen, rather than subvert, the popular distrust.

That the actual power of the President exceeds that of some of the crowned dignitaries of earth is universally conceded. The Constitution did not intend that he should be a mere figurehead, or "ornamental curio," to the Government. It not only conferred to him the execution of the laws, but it armed him with a power over the making of laws which he might deem improper. By this, we mean the provision that every measure passed by Congress shall be presented to him for his approval and signature, and that, if disapproved by him, he may return it with objections, in which case it shall not become law unless again passed by the vote of two-thirds (instead of a majority, as in the first instance) of each House of Congress. Whether this power was given to him solely as a weapon to defend his own office or the integrity of the Constitution itself, from attack by Congress, or whether the Constitution designed that he should in this way have a voice in the making of all laws, of whatever nature, is one of the questions still unsettled. The weight of opinion and the practice at the beginning of the Government seem to sustain the former view; the strict language of the Constitution is in favor of the latter. The frequent exercise of the power in recent years, in marked contrast with its rare use by earlier Presidents, has aroused harsh feeling on the part of Congress and some very sober thinking on the part of philosophers; it is plain, however, that the present Executive has no control upon himself. The power is certainly non-hereditary in its nature, and at first sight appears out of place in a Republic where the will of the people, as expressed by their representatives, should be the law. But here comes in the deliberate device of the Constitution. The executive branch of the Government was purposely so shaped as to make itself a check against rash behavior by the legislative branch. The President is not the arm of Congress; he does not owe his office to that body, nor is he directly responsible to it for his actions. He is elected, as is Congress, by the people; and, like Congress, he is elected for a term of four years. Unlike a member of Congress, he is chosen not by the people of a particular State or district, but by the people of all the States. He is, therefore, as an individual, the only representative of all the people, and if, in their Constitution, they saw fit to give to him, as their national representative, this great influence over national legislation, an influence equal to the votes of one-sixth of all the members of Congress,—there is nothing in it contrary to the principles of republican government. From "The Routine of the Republic," by Edmund Allan, in St. Nicholas.

"Them Dudes is Cute."

He was what might be safely and truthfully called a "howling swell." A microscopic Derby surmounted his smoothly-parted head of hair; a long, pale-paleontological, gray checked ulster swung gracefully from his sloping shoulders; his loosely-cut trousers fell without a wrinkle over his brilliantly varnished shoes, and he swung a Brobdignagian cane with an airy ease that would lead the ordinary observer to suppose he had the key to the lock in the high planet fence that surrounded the Four Hundred. He stopped alongside the leader of the usual string of cabs on the Madison square side of Fifth avenue. "I say, cabbie, will you take me to the seventh house around the corner for a dime, you know?" The cabbie growled a surly assent, and the young man was whisked around the corner in grand style, and ran up the stoop of an imposing brownstone mansion after slamming the cab-door with noise enough to rouse the entire block. "Do you often do that sort of thing?" asked a quiet citizen as the cabbie anchored himself on the avenue again. "Do we?" was the reply. "Well, I often picks up a dollar of an evenin' helpin' them counter-jumpin' dudes to keep up appearances. The idea an't a new one. Them fellers walks fifteen or twenty blocks to save car fare, and whisk up to their best girl's house in a way that would put a Vanderbilt in the blush. O, you kin bet them dudes is cute."—New York Sun.

Deaths from Lightning.

The majority of deaths from lightning occur in the level, open country—trees, villages, and thickly built-up towns and cities, by their projections in the air, serving as conductors and thereby protecting the inhabitants from direct stroke. The loss of life annually throughout the world is very great. In European Russia from 1870 to 1877 no less than 2,570 persons were killed by this cause. In Austria during the same time 1,700 persons were likewise killed. In Prussia it is reported that seventy persons are annually killed. Ten thousand persons are reported as having been struck during a period of 20 years, with 2,352 deaths in France, while in the United States during 1870 alone 202 deaths from lightning were recorded.

The Outward Indications.

The little boy had come in with his clothes torn, his hair full of dust and his face bearing unmistakable marks of a severe conflict. "Oh, Willie! Willie!" exclaimed his mother, deeply shocked and grieved, "you have disobeyed me again. How often have I told you not to play with that Stapleford boy?" "Mamma," said Willie, "do I look as if I had been playing with anybody?" The dehorning of cattle is growing in favor in Kansas.

RIDING AN ALBATROSS.

An Ancient Mariner Relates a Queer Adventure in the Southern Ocean. All the southern ocean birds can be kept alive for any length of time in cold weather, and with perfect comfort to themselves, on a ship's deck, says a writer in the Boston Commercial Bulletin. They require some attention, but there should be no difficulty about bringing the gigantic wandering albatross to Europe in a properly cooled compartment to carry it through the tropics.

I kept an albatross for six weeks, giving it a good bath every morning and trying its feet up in constantly wet flannel bags to keep the delicate membrane of the web from injury. It refused to eat at first, but I overcame its objections by hitting it on the back with pieces of pork until it snapped at them, and getting a slice in its mouth it swallowed it from mere force of habit. I killed it when we reached the tropics and found it the fattest albatross I ever skinned.

If the wandering albatross were introduced into our hemisphere it would indeed be a noble addition to our birds. I can see no reason why it should not be; its lesser congener thrives well enough.

There is a famous story of a man having kept himself aloft, after falling overboard, until picked up, by seizing hold of an albatross that came within reach. There is nothing improbable in this. I have been overboard with an albatross myself and found the bird quite manageable in the water. I was one day catching cap hens and mollyhawks with a fine twine line and light hook made from a bent needle, when a large albatross plumped suddenly down on my bait and was hooked before I could prevent him. The ship was barely moving through the water, so that I was able after a long time to keep him on and play the big bird right up to the stern. Now came the crisis—would my line lift him out of the water? I thought it would. I raised his weight gently, pulled cautiously up—another foot, and I would have been able to grasp the neck. At that moment he gave a wave of his wings; the extra resistance broke the twine and down he flopped into the water, wing extended, but making no effort to leave the spot. For a second or two he lay still under me, almost within my reach and yet free. Off I went onto him, seized him by the right wing, and found myself having a regular rough and tumble with the bird in the water. It never offered to bite. I was able to change hands and get the struggling brute by the feet with my right hand; then drawing my breast up over his tail I grabbed the neck with my left hand. I had a pretty hard tussle to do this, for the bird was very strong and fought from under me; but when I had the neck in my left hand I let go the feet with my right and took hold of the right wing close to the body. I had only dropped about ten yards astern in doing this, but now the bird swam with me on his back, and I was able to steer it after she ship. I made great way, overhauled the ship, and swam right alongside. A rope's end was thrown me, and I made the bird fast, let it go, and saw it hauled on board, swimming with the ship. Afterwards I went up the rope's end myself, having actually caught and mastered an albatross in the water by hand, a feat in bird pursuit to be proud of as an ornithologist or a sailor.

A Calcutta Snakery.

The late King of Oude had built a snakery in the gardens of his palace at Garden Beach, near Calcutta. It was an oblong pit about thirty feet long by twenty feet broad, the walls being about twelve feet high and perfectly smooth, so that a snake could not crawl up. In the center of the pit there was a large block of rough masonry perforated so that it was as full of holes as a sponge. In this honey-combed block the snakes dwelt, and when they were wanted they were called out to back or to feed. His Majesty used to have live frogs put in the pit, and amuse himself by seeing the hungry snakes catch the frogs. When a large snake catches a small frog it is all over in an instant, but if a small snake catches a large frog, so that he cannot swallow it at once, the frog's cries are piteous to hear. Again and again I have heard them while out shooting, and have gone to the bush or tuft of grass from which the piteous cries came—sometimes in time, sometimes too late to save poor froggy, though the snake generally got shot. As a final story let me tell how a frog has been seen to turn the tables on the snake. Two gentlemen in Cachar some years ago saw a snake seize a small frog and attempt to swallow it. But suddenly a large frog jumped forward, seized the snake's tail, and began to swallow the snake. How the affair might have ended cannot be told, because my friends imprudently drew near to watch the combat, when the frogs and snake took alarm, and the big frog disgorged the snake's tail, and the snake released the little frog and they scuffled off. But the tale is perfectly true, and both the gentlemen who saw it are still alive; and only regret that it was not my good luck to see the affair with my own eyes.—India Letter.

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