

KINDRED WITH ALL.

We cannot go so far That home is out of sight; The morn, the evening star, Will say, Good-day! Good night!

A Backwoods "Hold-Up."

BY CLARENCE PULLEN.

It was frosty sundown in the Northern New England forest, and the snow crust which the warm March sun had softened at midday was freezing. The red squirrels' "chitter" and the rustle of some falling twig were the only sounds that broke the stillness.

But soon there were signs of life astr. Among the bushes that lined the old Robinson logging road a large gray wolf was standing, with ears cocked, listening. A half mile away a black bear, lean from a winter's fasting, whom the noontday warmth had tempted into the outer air, was making the best of his way back to his den.

The wolf lifted his nose and howled; a call presently answered by similar sounds in other parts of the forest. Then he stepped into the path and waited. Soon there was a glimmer of yellow among the leafless trees; the crunching of frozen snow under a man's heel and round a turn in the road came walking rapidly a tall, slender youth, carrying a large brass horn slung to him by a strap passing over his shoulder.

This young fellow, Gideon Pillsbury, taught the district school in Plantation. A. He had left the single camp of Pete McDermott an hour before, and was still three miles from home, with not a house to be seen in the whole distance.

Gideon from his tallness and budding whiskers seemed a man, but really was only 17 years of age. His height and slenderness were a common subject of jesting in the neighborhood. "You must have sprouted in a cellar 'n grown rank," was Deacon Aminobad Green's comment; and the young schoolmaster had also been disrespectfully compared to "a potato ball on a whippstick."

Gideon, who played the bass horn in the brass band in his native village, had taken his instrument with him into this remote backwoods settlement. The people looked with doubt at the great brass piece with its flaring end "bigger 'n a punkin leaf," and were not pleased with its melody. "Says 'Old Stinchfield, 'taint the general opinion when he said 'for a hoc-tow he'd brass more for a hull battery o' s'ed brass pieces as that young sprout o' a school teacher wuz so master fond o' tootin'."

The Pete McDermott referred to was a good-tempered, happy-go-lucky fellow, who made shingling in the winter, and fiddled for those dancers at every merry-making in the whole country about. He was always ready for anything but work, so when Gideon, taking advantage of a "lift" on a lumber sled, had visited his camp on this Saturday he had gladly taken up his fiddle to join his guest in duets with the two odd combined instruments. They had thus pleasantly passed the hours together until it was overtime for Gideon to start; and now the schoolmaster was making his way homeward with every prospect of finishing the walk by daylight.

About midway in his journey the sound of far-away howling caused him to quicken his pace. He had now reached the point where he found him walking. A minute later he stopped suddenly at the sight ahead of what seemed a monstrous dog facing him from the path.

For a moment he paused; then walked resolutely onward, hoping that the animal would make way for him. But the creature grained there, showing long white teeth, and, with hair bristling along its back, stood its ground. The young man felt a creeping sensation at the roots of his hair and down his spine as for the first time he realized that he had a wolf to deal with. He had gone too far to retreat, and in desperation put his horn to his lips and blew it loudly, beginning with a shrill shriek at high G and ranging downward through a jumbled chromatic scale to a dismal bellow at double B flat.

This hideous and unexpected sound completely demoralized the wolf, which leaped upward as if something had stung him. His tail lowered until it swept the snow, and he whined piteously; then with a low, long jump he landed in the wayside bushes and bolted over the crest of a low ridge lying parallel with the logging road.

With a sigh of relief the young man walked on. But presently he saw that the wolf had not gone far away, but was running along the ridge as if he meant to keep him in sight. The sun had gone down, the woods already were gloomy, and the howling had come nearer. He foresaw that in a few minutes more, the wolves would attack him. As he entered a clearing he looked wildly about for some way of escape. Near the middle of the opening stood a dead birch tree of unusual size. Its top and smaller branches had fallen, and the white bark was peeling away in great patches from its trunk.

Gideon started at full speed across the snow-crust for this tree. Half way to its foot he looked around and saw that several wolves had already entered the clearing and were coming toward him as a gallop.

So intent was he on the wolves that he did not notice at the end of a large log, directly in his path, a mass of gray that which suddenly revealed a savage array of teeth and claws as a loup-cervier, with a great snarling and spitting, leaped up almost into his very face. Then turning, the ill-tempered creature darted to the tree which Gideon was trying to reach, ran up its trunk and took a position in the fork of a large branch.

It was not an inviting prospect to try to "shin up" the tree in the face of the angry animal glaring down with round, yellow eyes, but there was worse behind him, so clasping the tree with arms and legs Gideon mounted aloft at a speed that surprised himself. He moved none too quickly, for as he made his last shuffle upward and secured a hold on the lower limbs, the foremost wolf arrived, and a pair of jaws snapped together just before the schoolmaster's coat, tail with a click like the shutting of a steel trap. By the time Gideon had settled himself securely among the branches four or five wolves were jumping at him.

He would have felt safer a notch higher among the branches had it not been for the unpleasant creature above him, which, hissed and spit whenever he shifted his position. At the foot of the tree the wolves howled and gnashed their teeth. They had been joined by others, increasing their number to seven, all impatient for supper.

A newcomer now appeared upon the scene a large, black animal, which crushed through the snow crust heading straight for the tree. Gideon saw that it was a bear, and gave himself up for lost. "He'll climb the tree sure," he thought, "and then where'll I be!" The wolves did not at first appear inclined to meddle with the great creature, which lumbered along as if he did not care for anything that might be in his path. As he came near them, growling, they for a moment gave way before him, leaping to the left and right. Then one snapped at him from the rear, which seemed to give the others courage, and all together they sprang upon him. Gideon blew his horn loudly in the hope to frighten the big animal from taking refuge in the tree. There ensued a free-for-all fight, a tumbling mass of gray and black fur, but the bear broke away from his foes and reached the foot of the tree.

"Now, he's coming up," said the unfortunate musician to himself, without ceasing to toot his horn. "It's good-by me!" But the bear had other plans. In the rocky ground, the main roots of the tree growing over two or three nearly buried granite boulders had left a hole which the decay of the trunk had further enlarged. In this cavity the bear had taken up winter quarters, and was now at his own threshold. Rearing with his back against the tree he sprang like a boxer, knocking the two foremost wolves sprawling; then dropping on all fours he defended himself with his forepaws as he was backed into his den.

"I'll climb the tree," he thought, "and then where'll I be!" "They don't seem to know of any other place to go to. There! One's coming now! It's from the sky this time."

A huge form came booming through the air toward him, with flapping wings and four kicking legs. Gideon started up in wonder, but the creature crashed into the snow and blew his loudest note. At the sound the great horned owl winging his way homeward with a rabbit in his claws changed his course so as to avoid the tree and went his way into the darkness.

The schoolmaster noticed another good effect of the howl-blowing. At the first note the loup-cervier had run up the tree as far as he could go, and from the top-most fork, with only his head showing, looked as disgusted and frightened as the forlorn human being did a dozen feet below him. Gideon found his perch a hard and chilly one. His legs were cramped and he was generally uncomfortable. But he could see no prospect of quitting it until daylight might bring relief, unless indeed, before that time arrived, he should become benumbed and fall among the wolves.

There was little likelihood that people would be moving on the road at that hour, but on the bare chance that a lumber team might pass Gideon kept on blowing his horn. From time to time he varied his calls of distress by falling into the strains of practice-tunes. Then to keep from getting benumbed he would slap his sides with his hands and kick vigorously. The wolves, now nine in number, were in the time moving about beneath him, with their eyes on the unhappy musician "up a tree."

A bright idea for warming himself and keeping his heart up struck the shivering schoolmaster, who had some matches in his pocket. Tearing from the tree-trunk a sheet of dry birch bark, he rolled it into a funnel-shaped torch and lighted it, making a cheerful illumination. When it burned down near his fingers it served to kindle a fresh roll, which he made ready. This went on until his fifth torch was burning low, when, as he reached forward to tear away another strip of bark, he saw a little blue sparkling up on the snow beneath him. The bear was sneezing from his den had scattered on the crust a quantity of dry leaves and rotten wood, and the stump of a torch had set them on fire. The blaze crept to the foot of the tree, the dry birch bark caught fire like tinder, and the wolves drew back in terror as a torrent of flame rushed up the tree.

Gideon backed out toward the end of the limb just in time to escape a scorching. Twelve or fifteen feet overhead the loup-cervier followed his example, and now stood craning its neck in every direction on the lookout for a chance to jump and run.

The bear beneath them was not happy for the flames worked their way into his den until the smoke and heat were more than he could stand, and out he bolted for the woods. A few feet away from the tree the wolves fell upon him and their battle was renewed. The loup-cervier thought it a good time to escape, and dropping on Gideon's shoulder to break its fall—to the no small damage of the young man's clothes and nearly knocking him from the limb—it rebounded to the snow crust beneath and was at once pronounced upon by two wolves, whom it kept busy in a smart running fight.

But things that he knew not of were working in Gideon's favor. Coming along the road that night were two noted hunters of the region, "Uncle Ezekiel Chase and Nimrod Haynes, on their return from a hunting trip. On a long "moose" sled they were hauling the meat and skins that they had secured. As they came near the clearing they heard, a long way off, a booming noise that caused Uncle Zeke to remark: "If 'twas October 'stead o' March I should think some greenhorn was tryin' to call a bull moose."

"D'y mind another noise, Uncle Zeke," said his companion, "like houn's a bayin'! It's wolves, sartin. See that the magazine of yer sixteen-shooter's charged 'n I'll find out what all that racket means." The two hunters stoler toward the noises and their wonder grew as the sounds that they had taken for a moose-call shaped themselves into the notes of a familiar old tune. At the edge of the clearing they paused in amazement at the scene before them.

In the top of a tree in the opening was an indistinct dark object, and on a limb below it, revealed by lighted torch, a man was blowing a frosty horn. Nine large wolves sat on their haunches in a semi-circle about 20 feet from the foot of the tree, each nose pointing upward, and every ear erect as they listened with unwavering howls to the hearty old tune of "Wagon Home 'Till Morning," which Gideon, gloving and disconsolate, was rendering in the measure of a dirge.

The two hunters looked at each other in blank surprise. Never before had such a sight appeared to them in all their lifetime amid the woods, and a click like the shutting of a steel trap. "Pinch me, Nimrod, and tell me I'm not dreamin'," said Uncle Zeke. "This thing don't seem nat'ral. Well, I declare! If the hull affair ain't goin' up in smoke!"

Starting from the foot of the tree, a shaft of flame was shooting up its trunk with a blaze like a chimney after. "By gum! Them wolves ain't no dog-damn! We must hurry up to save a human being from being burned alive or eaten by varmints!" cried Nimrod Haynes. "What's tearin' loose now?"

he continued, as bear and wolves rolled and tumbled in the snow. "The critters seem to be havin' a tussle among themselves." Neither Gideon nor the enraged beasts below him heeded the sneering hunters, who, 50 yards away, opened fire with their "Winchesters" into the mass of contending animals. At the crack, crack, crack of the two repeating rifles the yelps of pain grew louder, and more than one wolf leaped into the air, and fell back in his death struggle, while the loup-cervier took refuge in a tree.

The fire crept out on the limbs, compelling Gideon to creep further toward the end of the branch, which he expected every instant to break under his weight. As he watched the fight with helpless fascination, the rapid discharge of rifles brought to his notice the deadly volleys among his enemies. The next moment the limb broke short off near the trunk and with a crash he dropped into the deep snow, which nearly buried him from sight.

His hands away the bear lay dying, shot through the body; two or three wolves lay dead about him and as many disabled ones were trying to crawl away. The loup-cervier tumbled from a tree with a ball through his head. The wounded animals were quickly dispatched and the hunters then pulled the schoolmaster out of the snow and went to Gideon helped his rescuers skin the dead animals and pack the fur on their sled. This exercise and the walk home in their company warmed and limbered him, and a cup of hot pepper tea by a blazing fire completed his recovery from the ill effects of the night's adventure. —[St. Louis Republic.]

A KING'S LOVE OF SPORT.

How Kalakaua Undertook to Train Some Native Oarsmen.

There are dozens of reminiscences of the late King Kalakaua now floating down the news current, and the San Francisco Post adds a couple relating to the late monarch's love of sport. The King very fond of sport and was never happier than when consorting with the athletes who wandered to his island while returning from the Orient by way of San Francisco. The fever for boat racing in Australia caught his attention, and he conceived the idea of introducing that fascinating sport at the islands.

He had only to express a wish for it and the oarsmen among the white population challenged a crew of the natives to a four-oared boat race. The articles of agreement were at once drawn up, the stakes deposited and date set.

The King made up his mind that the natives would be beaten if he did not become their trainer. He was so enthusiastic in the matter that he would allow no one but himself to carry out all the preparations for the contest.

He selected seven of the most skillful scullers among his subjects and placed them in training according to his idea of the most approved manner. He told them they might be as strong as mules, but if they did not train their legs as hard as you can until I tell you to stop and if you don't— He cracked his whip as a forcible finish to his threat.

He ran them for three miles the first morning and increased the distance every succeeding day. In the afternoons he administered to each of them a liberal dose of physic. In the evenings he trained them in the boat. He overhauled them, and they lost the race before half the course was covered.

Kalakaua was passionately fond of sailing a yacht. He owned one which carried too much sail for any wind greater than a strong breeze. One day he sailed much further out to sea than he usually did. He was lazily watching the multitude of hungry sharks which swarmed about his boat, when a storm blew up. He shortened sail as quickly as possible, and every time he looked at the water he saw the sharks watching him. When he was carefully working his way back to the island the sharks came in and he saw the principal streets in that city, some of the names of the merchants there, and also the notable peculiarities of the town; what sort of looking things drag the railroad cars; what kind of machines are used to put out fires—a hundred questions cleverly devised. In spite of all this, the customs officials frequently have to admit that they cannot tell whether they are being imposed upon or not in special cases. Doubtless many Chinamen slip through without attracting suspicion.

The tribals signs of the Indians. Trailing is not all the scout's knowledge. Besides having an intimate acquaintance with the country he also knows how to hail any passing bands of Indians or other tribes of the plains.

The tribals signs are as numerous as the tribal divisions themselves. The approach of an Indian party is stopped by holding up the right hand. Passing it back and forward before the face means, "Who are you?" as plain as words can say it. Then comes the answer. The Comanche makes a motion like the course of a snake, Comanche meaning snake. The Arapaho (smeller) takes the nose between the thumb and forefinger. The Cheyennes (mean-noise) draw the hand across the arm as if to saw it off. The Pawnees (wolves) put their hands to their foreheads, with the fingers pointing ahead like a wolf's ears pricked up at an unexpected sound, while the Sioux (or cut-throats) draw their hands across their throats.

All these things are in the mind of the scout and are familiar to him as the rising of the sun. In addition, he knows something of astronomical lore so far as it tells of the directions indicated by the stars. He is as infallible as a barometer in predicting weather changes, and his acquaintance with wild beasts' ways would be a bonanza to a naturalist. —[Chicago Herald.]

A Cure for Hangnail.

A small and almost imperceptible hangnail often causes the owner of the hand which bears it an endless amount of annoyance and vexation. It is the general rule, however, to the contrary, not to be attended to until the nail has become continually doctored. The man who cuts a hangnail in nine cases out of ten lays the way for a much more vigorous successor. Satisfactory results are always obtained by adopting the habit of pushing the skin back from the nail after washing the hands. The dry end of the towel should be taken and the skin pressed back wherever it overruns the nail. This breaks its adhesiveness to the nail and makes hangnails impossible. Where the skin is allowed to grow fast to the nail trouble invariably results, because the nail in growing out pulls the skin with it and when it breaks from the tension the hangnail is formed. —[Philadelphia Inquirer.]

Paper may be securely gammed to metal by the aid of onion juice.

WILY CHINAMEN. HOW THEY EVADE CANADIAN CUSTOMS OFFICIALS.

Taking Out Certificates When They Return to China and Selling the Documents to Other Chinamen Who Want to Come Over.

Every Chinaman who leaves Canada takes a certificate which shall serve as his passport when he returns. He may take out a certificate when he does not mean to leave the country. He may take one when he is merely going to smuggle himself over our border, and never means to go back to the Dominion. Or he may take a certificate when he has made all the money he needs and is on his way to China to end his days there after years of that luxurious idleness which the average laborer counts upon obtaining in China from the judicious investment of \$2,000—the coolie's plum. Of course it is fair to presume that in many cases the certificate is demanded by men who mean to return. At all events, these certificates, which are passports to Canada, and indirectly to the United States, have a money value. They are sold in China. They can be purchased openly in the streets of Hong-Kong like ducks or chopsticks. There they possess a fluctuating value, and have been known to fetch as high as \$65. Sometimes they are let go at a less price than the \$50 they are expected to save in the avoidance of the poll-tax, the fluctuations being governed by the demand at the ill-fated port of a vessel, because only so many uncertified Chinese laborers may take passage on the steamers under the Canadian law—one to every fifty tons of the ship's burthen. Of those who carry certificates and of those not of the laboring class as many as choose may come.

It is to guard against trickery with the certificates that the customs officials at Victoria and Vancouver have all they can manage. When a Chinaman enters the office of the collector to apply for a certificate, several men are called in—the interpreter and a clerk or two. The Chinaman gives his name, age, place of birth and other particulars of value in identifying him. He is asked to step upon the platform of a measuring machine, such as is in use in our army and elsewhere—an upright pole marked off into feet and inches, and fitted with a sliding rod that gives the man's height when it rests upon his head. All this the Chinaman perfectly comprehends; but what he does not know is the description of himself that the men around him are going to write down in the big book after he has gone, a description which takes in his general appearance, the peculiarities of his features and limbs and shape, with notes of every scar or pit or mark upon his hands, neck, face and head.

And yet, in spite of these precautions, Chinamen who go away from Canada looking at least forty years of age, return appearing to be only twenty-four; and others who measure five feet and nine inches when they depart, come back in a few months several inches shorter or taller than when they sailed for China. They are new-comers, with the center of gravity of other men, of course. The silent scanning of the features of applicants for certificates does not pass unnoticed by these shrewd and intelligent people. The manner in which they endeavor to make themselves appear like the persons whose certificates they carry shows this. The frequent use of eye shadow, the use of themselves for life in order to save the \$50, and to bear out what they judge must be written in the customs book against the numerals that mark each of the certificates—which, by-the-way, contain no word of the descriptions of the men who take them out. While I was in Victoria one of the tricks was to accompany a great scar burned in his forehead, a cut disfiguring one cheek, and a deep pit burned in his neck. When questioned, and proven to be a fraudulent fellow, he confessed that he had never been to Canada before.

The cross-examination each certificated Chinaman must undergo in the British Columbian custom house before he is allowed to pass into the country without paying the tax is very searching. He is asked what city he worked in while in Canada, and then he must name the principal streets in that city, some of the names of the merchants there, and also the notable peculiarities of the town; what sort of looking things drag the railroad cars; what kind of machines are used to put out fires—a hundred questions cleverly devised. In spite of all this, the customs officials frequently have to admit that they cannot tell whether they are being imposed upon or not in special cases. Doubtless many Chinamen slip through without attracting suspicion.

Every three weeks, when a ship arrives, the Chinamen with certificates are questioned, and several are found to be the purchasers of the tickets of others, but not one Chinaman has yet been sent back on this account. All that Canada wants is her tax, and if any Chinaman caught at this trickery lacks the \$50, he finds his countrymen in Victoria or Vancouver willing to advance the money to him. —[Harper's Magazine.]

Cared Himself of Consumption.

Dr. Wilson, a former officer in the navy, who served with Admiral Farragut, found soon after the war that he was troubled with consumption. He sought medical advice, and he was told that he could not at best live more than six months if he did not remain in this country. Dr. Wilson, who is to-day tall, broad shouldered, with the ruddy appearance of a man who has never known a day of sickness, says that he cured himself absolutely by what is known as out-of-door treatment. He went first to the Cape of Good Hope and wandered about through the hills of Africa. He spent a good many years in the Transvaal. He would not live in a house until his lungs became thoroughly healed. He now owns the half of the Island of Johanna, one of the Camore group. It is an island perhaps twenty-five miles in circumference. He lives in a large sugar plantation on this island which is 900 feet above the sea level. The only other white man on the island is an Englishman, also a sugar planter. Dr. Wilson is a bachelor. He has built up a comfortable place for himself on this island. The climate is perfect and his business pushing the skin back from the nail after washing the hands. The dry end of the towel should be taken and the skin pressed back wherever it overruns the nail. This breaks its adhesiveness to the nail and makes hangnails impossible. Where the skin is allowed to grow fast to the nail trouble invariably results, because the nail in growing out pulls the skin with it and when it breaks from the tension the hangnail is formed. —[Philadelphia Inquirer.]

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