LIFE AND DEATH.

Like unto day, from morning until eve,
Is Life, and, as all days do vary, so
Is each life different. And, as we know,
Not that the day will be, and yet believe
'Twill pass as have others, that the night
Does but forerun another day more bright.

So it's with life; we may not understand,
Yet, trusting Him, we tread the pathway o'er
To Death; and find upon his darkened shore
A Heavenly bark, by Heavenly angels manned,
Which bears us swiftly o'er the dividing sea
To perfect life beyond—Eternity.
—[Harry L. Dunlap, in Drake's Magazine.

AFTER ALL.

Tom Barclay and Elizabeth Murray never understood each other very well, and yet they had been engaged for a year. They had known each other longer before the engagement, too, but although a man seldom quite understands a woman, Tom was even more dense in this respect than most men; and Elizabeth, more difficult than most women for any man to comprehend, unconscious of the fact, wondered at Tom's many failures in this direction.

They were very good friends, however, and thought they loved each other—had even said so in strict confidence; and, as I said, were engaged to be married. In fact, Miss Murray was already at the mercy of dressmakers and milliners, for it was December—late December—and the wedding was set for the 10th of January.

One night, the dressmakers and milliners having kindly waived their claims for a few hours, Mr. Barclay called to see his prospective bride. He was not in the best possible humor; an ugly east wind drove the sleet into his face as he walked the few blocks from the cable cars to Miss Murray's home, for Tom thought too much of his horses to take them out on such a night; a man had failed him in an important business appointment, and it is quite possible that he was a trifle bilious; at all events, he was about as cross as he ever allowed himself to become.

Now it happened that Elizabeth was nearly worn out with the turmoil incident to the preparations for a fashionable wedding. She was nervous and irritable; probably the east wind affected her also. She needed some one to smooth her hair; talk tender, comforting words—in short, pet her until she was rested; for the woman who has never yet lived who did not like occasional petting.

Now Thomas Barclay was not a demonstrative man, and petting was somewhat out of his line. How was he to know, especially in his unamiable mood, that the young girl soon to become his wife was in no condition to meet impatience patiently?

"Thank fortune," he said ungraciously, kissing her as a matter of course, and dropping into a chair, "this dressmaking row will soon be over. I've scarcely seen you for a month. I won't have a dressmaker on the place after we are married."

Mr. Barclay did not mean anything by this speech; it was simply an ebullition of temper, and Elizabeth should have met it as such. It suited her mood, however, to retort with:

"Indeed! I mean to have a dressmaker in the house all the time."

"I wouldn't if I were you," disagreeably, "especially against my wishes."

"And if I should?" she returned defiantly.

"Well—" then common sense asserted itself, and he laughed. "Do you know, Beth, we are just ready to quarrel about nothing! My wife will probably do as she pleases."

Miss Murray did not smile. She was morbidly sensitive, and an ugly thought had lodged in her brain. She said quietly:

"Tom, I don't like that remark of yours at all. I wonder if it is possible that after our marriage you would attempt to coerce me in the least?"

Tom was obstinate. It would have been better not to have asked the question. He said:

"A woman promises to obey when she marries."

"Not always; the word is frequently left out of the marriage service. It would be better left out of ours."

"Do you mean that you will not obey?" asked he, looking at her curiously.

"Just that."

"A man is the head of the family; it is a wife's duty to obey."

"So I have heard. I never thought of marriage in this light before—a bondage. It seems to me that a woman's freedom is something not to be given up lightly. I have never been dictated to by any one before. I left school, and in it I believe I should take it kindly. Tom, I don't believe I want to marry you or anybody; why," with a sudden flash of passion, "if you should lay a command upon me after our marriage, I really believe I should hate you!"

It crossed Tom's mind that it might be as well for a man to curb his temper till after the wedding day. He rose, walked across the room, pushed aside the heavy curtain, and looked out. The prospect was not pleasing; the sky was black, and the driving sleet pelted against the plate glass. He came back to where Miss Murray sat looking into the fire and apparently lost in thought.

"Elizabeth, I thought you loved me."

"Did you? I thought so, too, until to-night. I don't often enough that I didn't."

"Who told you so?"

"Mamma for one, Aunt Clare for another. You see, mamma married papa for love when he was a poor man, and Aunt Clare's husband died before the honeymoon was over. She mourns him yet. I wonder if it is that I don't know the first principles of love; perhaps they were right."

Mr. Barclay was never so thoroughly satisfied in his twenty-eight years of life; he asked, rather stiffly—

"Will you kindly state why you engaged yourself to me?"

"Well, Tom, I always liked you. We've known each other for years. Our families are intimate. They wanted it; you were your father's only son, and I mamma's only daughter," she hesitated. Besides," with a little break in the clear voice, "until to night I thought you loved me."

Tom pulled his chair close to Elizabeth's and drew her head down to his shoulder. He ought to have done that earlier in the evening. Then he said:

"My dear, what possesses you? You know I love you."

An instant the yellow head rested where he had placed it; then Miss Murray drew herself away and rose to her feet.

"No, Tom, it is too late to make me believe that. We are not fitted to make each other happy; I am quite certain of it. Let us break off our engagement."

"And all this about a dressmaker!" he exclaimed savagely.

"Not entirely that. I feel that you do not love me, and something tells me that I ought not to be your wife."

Mr. Barclay, man-like, loved the woman who was slipping away from him at this moment, better than ever before, and he wished her he had always in his way it. Perhaps he made a mistake in not showing his affection more plainly.

"Beth," he said, "forgive me. I didn't mean it. I was a brute. As my wife you will be free as air; you must know that. Think a moment; it is not an unpardonable offence, is it?"

"I tell you it is not because of what you said," she reiterated. "It is because I know you do not love me, and that I am not sure that I love you."

Mr. Barclay's temper began to rise again. He remarked:

"This is a nice statement for a man to hear three weeks before his marriage!"

"Much nicer than it would be three weeks after," she retorted. "The invitations are not out; no one outside of our families know that the day was set. I will take my finery," she added, with a smile, "and go to Italy. Take your ring, Tom, and say good-by," drawing off the diamond.

Mechanically Tom dropped the circlet into his pocket. Suddenly he took a step toward her, caught her in his arms, kissed her once—twice—three times, with all the passion of a man who loves, then, releasing her, turned and left the room, while Miss Murray, white and trembling, sank into the chair, hid her face and cried bitterly.

Much to Elizabeth's surprise Mr. Barclay made no attempt to see or speak to her again. She explained, where it was necessary:

"Mr. Barclay and I have changed our minds."

A month later she and Aunt Clare were outward bound, with Italy for their goal. The remainder of the winter and the following spring and summer were spent roaming from place to place; then one of those financial cyclones called a panic swept over the United States, and Miss Murray and her aunt were called home.

Thomas Barclay, though a young man, was a large dealer in coffees, teas and spices. His was one of a dozen firms that failed that autumn. Dishonest and unfortunate creditors had cost him a hundred thousand dollars. But he was not going to figure in settling up his own affairs. He cleared his stables, sold every inch of real estate, and when his own creditors were paid dollar for dollar, Mr. Barclay had a clean conscience, a stainless record, and five thousand dollars in cash.

He went West, and Miss Murray heard no more of him. Her father, an importer of silks and foreign fabrics, curtailed expenses, and, aided by a generous loan from Aunt Clare, weathered the storm.

One summer two years later, Elizabeth and her mother joined a party who were going to make a tour of the northwest, penetrating even the wilds of Alaska before their return.

It was in Portland that Miss Murray met with an accident, and a treacherous banana peeling was to blame for it. She had gone out alone to make some small purchases, and stepping on the deceitful peel fell to the ground.

A crowd was gathering. A gentleman offered his assistance, and Elizabeth was taken to the nearest store, while the gentleman called a carriage and then accompanied her home. It was Tom Barclay.

In spite of the pain, Miss Murray could not help looking at the man who was to have been her husband. That individual met her eyes and said:

"Well?"

Miss Murray blushed painfully, conscious that she had been staring.

"It is so long since I have seen you, and we used to be such good friends," she replied gently.

"Whose fault is it that you have not seen me so long?" he demanded; and then bending over, noting the color and pale lips, he said, "What a brute I am to question you so, when you are suffering such pain! I was never gentle enough to win your love, Beth."

"Did you ever try, Tom?"

"I thought I did."

"Did you take everything for granted—that you loved me, and that I was to marry you, and in the course of human events it was natural and proper that we should get married?"

"Perhaps so," he answered quietly; and then the carriage stopped, the driver was at the door, and Elizabeth was carried up to her room.

It was an ugly, obstinate sprain, and it held its victim a prisoner for six long weeks. The party went on to Alaska, leaving Mrs. Murray and her daughter at the hotel, and quite as a matter of course, Tom Barclay called often. He was wonderfully gentle toward the woman who had refused to be his wife. Elizabeth did not know that he was trying to win her love, but Mrs. Murray was well aware of that fact, and well satisfied, too. Tom was interested in the old business in Portland, and was on the road to wealth. She had always liked him, and shrewdly suspected that his presence on this planet had something to do with her daughter's strange indifference to certain brilliant matrimonial chances.

As for Elizabeth, she was utterly content and happy during the period of invalidism that confined her to the house. What cared she for the beauties of Alaska, of which her friends wrote such glowing descriptions! Did she not have the chats with Tom every day to compensate? Though she took care that he knew nothing of her quickening heart beats and bounding pulses whenever he approached.

Elizabeth had been able to walk for a week. Her friends were due in two days on their return trip, and she and her mother were to join them and start immediately for home.

Mr. Barclay asked the convalescent to take a ride with him. He was thirty-one, Elizabeth twenty-five. Mrs. Murray didn't think a chaperon necessary; neither did Tom. They were to go alone.

They were far better acquainted than in the days when they were engaged. Miss Murray admired the honest courage, the persevering independence, with which Tom had been rebuilding his fortune, and Tom loved her as he always would, and as he had always had she listened to show his affection in many of the thousand ways that delight a woman's heart.

They talked of the scenery, of her accident, of the children and of the coming parting. Suddenly Tom exclaimed:

"Oh Beth, my darling, give me a word of hope before you go! You were mistaken in the old days, I always loved you, and you have met again, I cannot let you go this time without speaking."

"If you always loved me, why have you been silent all these years?" inquired Elizabeth.

"Because I was stunned that night when I left you, realizing then that by my own stupid blundering I had lost you. Then I said, 'I will wait three years,' if another wins her in that time I set myself to do a penance. I said, 'I will wait three years; if another wins her in that time I shall know that she couldn't love me; if not, I will try again to gain her love.' You know the rest. The crash came. I had to come West and begin over again. I am not as rich as I was then, but there is every prospect that I shall be, and I know, Beth, that money makes no difference. I can give you everything you want, even the dressmaker; and indeed, indeed, darling, that speech of mine was only the outcome of bad temper and," (hesitatingly) "perhaps I understand a woman's moods little better now than then."

There was a short silence, while Mr. Barclay, having made his plea, waited for the verdict. At length Elizabeth said softly—

"Perhaps I loved you then, Tom. I could never care for any one else. I always compared other men with you, to their disadvantage. If you care to come after me, some time, I will be your wife."

Out of an inner pocket Tom took a tiny morocco case, and opening it, Miss Murray saw the solitaire that had been her engagement ring.

"I have always carried it with me," he said simply, "because you had worn it."

Somehow the tears sprang to Elizabeth's eyes when he slipped it on her finger.

Mrs. Murray was not at all surprised when her daughter announced with a blush, that she was going to marry Thomas Barclay.

"I always thought you would," that lady replied calmly.

The next winter Tom went east after his bride. They were happier than they would have been without that quarrel, a blending of comedy and high tragedy, but it does not follow that any one should go and do likewise.—[Yankee Blade.

WONDERS IN BONES.

Some Curious Facts in Osseous Structure Little Dreamed Of.

Exhibited in a glass case at the National Museum there is a bone—a human tibia—tied in a knot. It has been rendered thus flexible by soaking it in acid, which has dissolved out of it all its mineral parts, leaving only the animal portion. This portion makes about one-third of the bone, which fact might surprise some people who suppose that their bones are almost wholly lime.

"There are funny things about bones other than funny bones," said an osteologist connected with the Smithsonian Institution to a writer for the Washington Star. "For example, the bones of birds are hollow and filled with warm air from the lungs, so it may be said that a bird breathes down to its very toes and to the tips of its wings. In fact, if you break the wing of a duck the animal can actually breathe through the broken end of the bone though you hold its head under water. Some of the gigantic reptiles of the mesozoic epoch, which some scientists claim to have been the ancestors of man, had hollow bones similarly filled with air from the lungs, for the support of their bodies in the water while they browsed upon seaweeds near shore, their massive and solid leg bones serving them as anchors, in a depth about sufficient to cover their backs.

"People continually imagine that their bones are of solid mineral construction, without any feeling in them. No one who has ever had a leg or an arm cut off is likely to indulge such a mistaken notion. Comparatively speaking, little pain is felt when the flesh is being cut through, but when the bone is attacked by the saw, oh, my!

"You see, as a matter of fact, there are blood vessels and nerves inside the bones, just as there are on the outside. Any one who has purchased a beefsteak at the market knows about the marrow in the bone. It is the same with other animals than the beef, including human beings. Through the marrow run the nerves and blood vessels, entering the bones from the flesh without by little holes, which you can see for yourself any time by examining a skeleton or part of one. When the disease called rheumatism, which no physician understands, affects the nerves within the bones, no way has been discovered for treating it successfully. It does not do to smile when a person says he feels a thing in his bones.

"Nature adapts the bony structure of various animals to their habits in a very interesting manner. Sluggish creatures like the sloth have solid bones, whereas the bones of the deer and the antelope are comparatively light, so that they may run fast, and the leg bones of the ostrich are hollow. You will find in the study of any skeleton the application of mechanical principles which have only become known to man through the processes of laborious and long-considered invention. In your own shoulder you have a most beautiful and perfect illustration of the 'ball-and-socket joint,' while at your elbow there is a combination of the hinge and ball-and-socket which in its way is more perfect than anything that human invention has been able to accomplish thus far. But these are simple things compared with the thousand devices of which exhibit the most perfect and complete apparatus, in its adaptation to the purposes for which it is intended, that has ever been imagined."

Eskimos Save a Ship.

A number of years ago one of the ships of the cryolite fleet got nipped in the ice off the coast above the Arsuk fiord. The captain in a panic abandoned her and fled ashore in the small boats. Next day some Eskimos, fishing with their kayaks off shore, saw the ship drifting there and boarded her. They pulled off the hatches, and finding some water in her, took some sort of an instrument and worked on it as a standing the height of the water in the hold. Then they went on deck and went away fishing again. After a time they went back and looked at the water-mark and found the water was not gaining perceptibly. Now, in every settlement there are men who can steer a ship, and several in this party were able to do so. They also knew how to loosen the sails, but in this case they knew all about it. So they loosened all the sails and let them drop, and with them the wind being fair, headed her for the fiord and brought up into the harbor. The captain and his crew were in another settlement, but near by, and soon heard that the ship had been brought in. So he came down to get again, pumped her out, went to Ivigtut, loaded and sailed for Philadelphia, making up a story the while to excuse the panic. The facts were reported to the colonial department in Greenland, as everything done in Greenland, is by the Government, and the owners of the ship, Messrs. McKay & Dix, of New York, received a letter from that department which politely referred to the case, and in the name of the Eskimo wards of the nation demanded that some effort be made to obtain a suitable reward for the men who saved the ship. They said that they thought a thousand kroners would be a sufficient reward for them for such a reward? The owners were as ready to pay the reward as the Danish government was to claim it for the men, and they got the money or its equivalent.—[Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.

FACTS ABOUT TEETH.

MAN NOT A CARNIVOROUS ANIMAL BY NATURE.

Various Purposes to Which Different Kinds of Teeth Are Put—Creatures That Have Teeth on Their Tongues—Fangs of Poison Snakes.

"You will often hear it said that man is by nature a carnivorous animal, as shown by the incisors or so-called 'canine' teeth with which he is provided, but it is not true. Human beings are carnivorous only by habit, and not by nature." It was Osteologist Lucas of the Smithsonian Institution who said so to a writer for the Star, and he added:

"You see, it is always from an animal's teeth that the diet intended for it by nature is judged. But the fact that it has incisors does not prove that it is carnivorous. There are plenty of purely vegetable eating beasts that have well-developed incisors. Take the monkey, for example. Monkeys' incisors are much more developed than those of man, but they are exclusively fruit eaters, the anthropoid apes still have the canine teeth, but, for the reason that we no longer employ them for combative purposes, they have become smaller. Man was originally frugivorous, presumably, though the time when he first began to eat meat must have been very far back, judging from the remains of extinct mammals found in the caves among the ashes of his cooking fires which burned hundreds of thousands of years ago.

"It is by their teeth of mammals that they are most readily classified, inasmuch as the dentition illustrates the food of the animal and the general habits which necessarily depend upon its manner of procuring food. The teeth by which these things are determined are not the incisors, but the molars or grinders. A mammal usually has several kinds of teeth in its jaws. Take the monkey, for example. Its front teeth are for catching and nipping little things. With them it catches and kills its parasites, as does likewise a dog. Its incisors are for fighting, although in the carnivora they are employed to pierce the flesh deeply so as to open the veins and bleed the victim to death. This you will find that a tiger will know by instinct where to strike the jugular vein of an ox, of the location of which I dare say that you yourself are not very definitely aware. Behind the incisors in the monkey, as well as in man, are found the pre-molars, which are for cutting up what is to be swallowed, while the molars themselves perform the grinding process.

"The tusks of an elephant are the upper incisors of the beast. They are not intended for chewing, however, but for defense. You find all through creation the most astonishing adaptation of the teeth to necessity. You are familiar, of course, with the mighty ivory lance of the narwhal, ten or twelve feet in length and strong and sharp enough to be driven through the side of a ship. That lance is simply the left upper incisor of the mammal. Once in a while by a freak both of the upper incisors will be developed in the narwhal so that it is equipped with two spears instead of one. The tooth in this case is designed for a weapon in fighting. The female has no lance. Look at the swordfish. The entire length of its saw, which is a prolongation of the nasal process, is fringed with teeth. Again you have a weapon merely, the manner of the creature being to strike right and left for the purpose of wounding its prey. In mammals, however, the teeth are restricted to the jawbones. Lizards and snakes have them on the bones of the palate as well. True bony teeth are peculiar to animals which have backbones. The most elaborate dental apparatus known belongs to the sea urchin, whose jaws are composed of forty pieces, moved by forty separate muscles. Snails have a sort of ribbon with which they rasp their food as with a file. Anteaters, though they are mammals, have no teeth at all; but they get there just the same, having no need to chew their prey. The whalebone whale is another mammal that has no teeth, its practice being to swallow its food whole.

"The biggest of fresh water fishes, the 'arapaima' of the Amazon in South America, which grows to six feet in length, has teeth on its tongue, so that the latter resembles the file and is used as such. Some kinds of trout also have the same peculiarity. Fishes that swallow their prey entire have their teeth so supported on flexible bases as to bend backward but not forward, in order that their victims shall not escape after they have been once seized. In ages gone by there were ferocious sharks, such as would make a mouthful of you without blinking, seventy feet in length. Plenty of their teeth have been found which are five inches long, whereas the biggest of the teeth belonging to sharks that exist at the present day are only one and a half inches long.

"Certain animals have teeth which grow during all their lives. The rat and the squirrel are examples of this. Our teeth are developed from pulps which are absorbed and disappear after the teeth are grown, but in a rat's tooth the pulp is perpetual, and is continually secreting material by which the incisor gains length. Therefore the animal is obliged to gnaw all the time to keep the tooth ground down to the proper length. It is commonly imagined that the rat keeps gnawing from pure cussedness, but such is not the case. Sometimes it happens that the beast's upper and lower incisors do not meet properly, so that it is unable to gnaw, and its teeth keep growing around in a spiral. Cases have been known where a rat's tooth grew in this manner through its skull so as to pierce the brain and kill the unfortunate. The biggest teeth I know of are those of the mastodon, which we have in the shape of fossils. One advantage about teeth is that they are harder than almost anything else in nature and will last for ages. They may be picked up in an excellent state of preservation ages after the animals to which they originally belonged are dead.

"You often hear of rendering a rattlesnake harmless by pulling out its fangs. Then you again read of cases where a serpent so treated has bitten persons fatally. The reason for this is that a poisonous snake is deprived only temporarily of its venomous powers by extraction of the two incisors in the upper jaw, at the bases of which are the poison glands. Of course you know that the fangs are hollow, so that when the animal strikes the venom gushes through them into the person struck. Now, by drawing the two teeth the snake may be rendered harmless for a few weeks, but after a short time the two fangs will be replaced by teeth that will grow up to take the place of the original fangs in no time, and the poison fangs as good and effective as the old ones."—[Washington Star.

The United States Government has paid out in round numbers $1,000,000,000 in pensions since the beginning of the civil war.

CITIZENS' BANK
OF FREELAND.
15 FRONT STREET,
Capital, - - $50,000.

OFFICERS.
JOSEPH BIRKBECK, President.
H. C. KOONS, Vice President.
B. R. DAVIS, Cashier.
EDWARD SNYDER, Secretary.

DIRECTORS.
Joseph Birkbeck, H. C. Koons, Thos. Birkbeck, Charles Dusheck, John Wagner, Edward Snyder, William Kemp, Anthony Rudewick, Mathias Schwabe, Al. Shive, John Smith.

Three per cent. interest paid on saving deposits.
Open daily from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Saturday evenings from 6 to 8.

MUNN & CO. SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN AGENCY for PATENTS
A pamphlet of information and abstract of the laws, showing How to Obtain Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, sent free. Address MUNN & CO. 361 Broadway, New York.

LIBOR WINTER,
RESTAURANT,
AND
OYSTER SALOON,
No. 13 Front Street, Freeland, Pa.
The finest Liquors and Cigars served at counter. Cool Beer always on tap.

YOU WANT A PIANO
PURE POWERFUL TONE. SYMPATHETIC AND BRILLIANT.
STADERMAN
WE WANT TO SELL YOU ONE, THE STADERMAN.
SUPERIOR CONSTRUCTION STYLE AND FINISH.
AGENTS WANTED Wherever we have no agent. In other places we will offer special inducements direct to purchasers.
FIRST-CLASS YET MODERATE PRICED.
Send for Circular and Prices.
STADERMAN & FOX, BUFFALO, N. Y.

S. RUDEWICK,
Wholesale Dealer In
Imported Brandy, Wine
And All Kinds Of
LIQUORS.
THE BEST
Beer, Porter, Ale And Brown Stout.
Foreign and Domestic.
Cigars Kept on Hand.
S. RUDEWICK,
SOUTH HEBERTON.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE
The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below:
KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.
BELVERNON, PA., Nov. 27, '90.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:
Gents—I would like to make known to those who are almost persuaded to use Kendall's Spavin Cure the fact that I think it is a most excellent Liniment. I have used it on a Blood Spavin. The horse went on three legs for three years when I commenced to use your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I used ten bottles on the horse and have worked him for three years since and has not been lame.
Yours truly, WM. A. CURL.
GERMANTOWN, N. Y., Nov. 2, 1889.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.
Gents: In praise of Kendall's Spavin Cure I will say, that a year ago I had a valuable young horse become very lame, hock enlarged and swollen. The horsemen about here (we have no Veterinary Surgeon here) pronounced his lameness Blood Spavin or Thoroughpin, they all told me there was no cure for it, he became about useless, and I considered him almost worthless. A friend told me of the merits of your Kendall's Spavin Cure, so I bought a bottle, and I could see very plainly great improvements immediately from its use, and before the bottle was used up I was satisfied that it was doing him a great deal of good. I bought a second bottle and before it was used up my horse was cured and has been in the team doing heavy work all the season since last April, showing no more signs of lameness. I consider your Kendall's Spavin Cure a valuable medicine, and it should be in every stable in the land.
Respectfully yours, EUGENE DEWITT.
Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vermont.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

PETER TIMONY,
BOTTLER,
And Dealer in all kinds of Liquors, Beer and Porter, Temperance Drinks, Etc., Etc.

Geo. Ringler & Co.'s
Celebrated LAGER BEER put in Patent Sealed Bottles here on the premises. Goods delivered in any quantity, and to any part of the country.
FREELAND BOTTLING WORKS,
Cor. Centre and Carbon Sts., Freeland.
(Near Lehigh Valley Depot.)

JERSEY GALVANIZED STEEL FARM AND LAWN FENCING
IS JUST THE THING where a STRONG, LASTING, SUPERIOR fence is desired.
It is ORNAMENTAL, does not conceal yet protects enclosure without danger to man or beast. Defies wind, time, and water.
All Intending Purchasers should get our illustrated price list, showing the superior twist and weave, and other points of merit. Apply to your dealer, or write direct to
The New Jersey Wire Cloth Co., Trenton, N. J.

H. M. BRISLIN,
UNDERTAKER
AND
EMBALMER.
Also dealer in
FURNITURE
of every description.
Centre Street, above Luzerne, Freeland.

WORMS IN HORSES AND CATTLE.
Sure, Safe and Speedy. This remedy will remove Worms, Dead or Alive, from Horses and Cattle. Will purify the Blood, correct and tone up the stomach, and will strengthen the Nerves.
DR. EMERSON'S "DEAD SHOT"
for Worms in Horses, is the best general Condition Powder in use. Dose: One tablespoonful. Directions with each box. Sold by all Druggists, or sent to any address on receipt of fifty cents.
Chas. B. Smith, Wholesale Druggists, 653 & 865 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

A. RUDEWICK,
GENERAL STORE.
SOUTH HEBERTON, PA.
Clothing, Groceries, Etc., Etc.
Agent for the sale of
PASSAGE TICKETS
From all the principal points in Europe to all points in the United States.
Agent for the transmission of
MONEY
To all parts of Europe. Checks, Drafts, and Letters of Exchange on Foreign Banks cashed at reasonable rates.

"Nothing Succeeds Like SUCCESS" SOAP.
IT MAKES HOUSE KEEPING A SUCCESS.
ABSOLUTELY PURE HIGH GRADE LAUNDRY SOAP.
BUY "A soap free from impurity, that will not injure hands or fabric, and is the best in every way is proven SUCCESS."
SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO THE TRADE.
R. H. MEAGLEY'S SONS, BINGHAMTON, N.Y.

YOU ARE INVITED
To call and inspect our immense stock of
DRY GOODS,
Groceries, Provisions,
FURNITURE, Etc.
Our store is full of the newest assortment. The prices are the lowest. All are invited to see our goods and all will be pleased.
J. P. McDonald,
S. W. Corner Centre and South Sts., Freeland.

FERRY & CHRISTY,
dealers in
Stationary, School Books,
Periodicals, Song Books, Musical Instruments,
CIGARS and TOBACCO,
SPORTING GOODS
Window Fixtures and Shades, Mirrors, Pictures and Frames made to order. Pictures enlarged and Framed. Crayon Work a Specialty.
41 Centre Street, Quinn's Building

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING
175th Edition Now Ready. A book of over 200 pages, giving more information of value to advertisers than any other publication ever issued. It gives the name of every newspaper published, having a circulation rating in the American Newspaper Directory of more than 25,000 copies each issue, with the cost per line for advertising in them. A list of the best papers of local circulation, in every city and town of more than 5,000 population with prices by the inch for one month. Special lists of daily, country, village and class papers. Bargain offers of value to small advertisers or those wishing to experiment judiciously with a small amount of money. Shows conclusively "how to get the most service for the money," etc., etc. Sent post paid to any address for 30 cents. Address, GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Publishers and General Advertising Agents, 10 Spruce Street, New York City.

C. D. ROHRBACH,
—Dealer in—
Hardware, Paints, Varnish, Oil, Wall Paper, Mining Tools and Mining Supplies of all kinds,
Lamps, Globes, Tinware, Etc.
Having purchased the stock of Wm. J. Eckert and added a considerable amount to the present stock I am prepared to sell at prices that defy competition.
Don't forget to try my special brand of MINING OIL.
Centre Street, Freeland Pa.

E. M. GERITZ,
23 years in Germany and America, opposite the Central Hotel, Centre Street, Freeland. The Cheapest Repairing Store in town.
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.
New Watches, Clocks and Jewelry on hand for the Holidays, the lowest cash price in town. Jewelry repaired in short notice. All Watch Repairing guaranteed for one year.
Eight Day Clocks from $3.00 to $12.00; New Watches from $4.00 up.
E. M. GERITZ,
Opposite Central Hotel, Centre St., Freeland.

GO TO
Fisher Bros.
Livery Stable
FOR
FIRST-CLASS TURNOUTS
At Short Notice, for Weddings, Parties and Funerals. Front Street, two squares below Freeland Opera House.

D. O'DONNELL,
Dealer in
—GENERAL—
MERCHANDISE,
Groceries, Provisions, Tea, Coffee, Queensware, Glassware, &c.
FLOUR, FEED, HAY, Etc.
We invite the people of Freeland and vicinity to call and examine our large and handsome stock. Don't forget the place.
Opposite the Valley Hotel.

COAL! COAL!
The undersigned has been appointed agent for the sale of G. B. Markle & Co.'s
Highland Coal.
The quality of the Highland Coal needs no recommendation, being hand picked, thoroughly screened and free from slate, makes it superior for Domestic purposes. All orders left at the TRIBUNE office will receive prompt attention.
Price $3.75 per two-horse wagon load.
T. A. BUCKLEY, Agent.