Sprawling, Nimble, schrewd as Circe, Death's your only aim and calling— Why should you have mercy?

Strike thee? Not for rapine wilful.

Man himself is too much like thee, Only not so skilful.

nothing greater.

—[George Horton, in Harper's

### THE PEER'S CHOICE.

BY EMMA G. JONES

Cassandria came in breathless, he onde curls in disorder, her blue eye

blonde curls in disorder, her blue eyes sparkling.

"Oh, girls, girls!" she cried, dropping into a seat and tossing her hat in one direction and her gloves in another, "what do you think?"

"We think you're an idiot!" snapped Beatrice, her eldest sister. "If you've anything to tell, why don't you tell it, and leave out your exclamations?" Cassandria smiled sweetly. She was the beauty of the family, the belle of the neighborhood, and she could afford to keep her temper.

neighborhood, and she could ahord to keep her temper.

"Don't be unamiable, Beatrice," she replied; "'tis unlady-like, and patience is a god-like attribute. I've been over to The Ferns."

Terns."
?" responded Beatrice, knitting brows. "Lord Thrapstone has come."
"What?" shricked Beatrice, scattering

"Gord Thrapstone has come."
"What?" shrieked Beatrice, scattering her silks on the carpet.
"Lord Thrapstone has come," repeated Cassandria, serenely.
"And you—did you see him?" panted the elder sister.
"No; he has driven over to Tofton with Mr. Thornley, but Mrs. Thornley told me all about him, and better still," drawing out her card-case, and producing therefrom two scraps of tinted paper, "she gave me invitations for the ball ou Thursday, the ball in honor of his lord-ship's visit."
Beatrice stretched out her hand and took the invitations, eyeing them meditatively.
"There are three of them," she remarked; "we are all invited,"
"Yes; of course Mrs. Thornley would not be so unmannerly as to omit one of us; but Bess won't go—she's not expected to go," said Cassandria.
Bess, sitting near the window, glanced up from the flounces she was fluting, but ventured no reply.
"I can't see how any of us can go," remarked Beatrice, "What shall we wear? Lord Thrapstone's ball will be no common affair—the grandest people in the county will be there."
"I'm going," put in Cassandria, tersely, "that's settled, and I will have some."

in the county will be there."
"I'm going," put in Cassandria, tersely, "that's settled, and I will have some thing appropriate to wear. How would that blue silk make over with a lace over-"How?" snarled Beatrice: "quite

"How?" snarled Beatrice; "quite nicely; and you'd like to appropriate it, no doubt, the only available article in the house, but you won't."
"I don't think it quite suits you," returned Cassandria, wickedly; "blue is scarcely your color, with your tar hair and saffron complexion."
Beatrice blazed with wrath.
"I'd as soon have tar hair as taffy, I'm sure." she retorted; "and agood, healthy color is better than washed-out pink! But, dropping personalities, you sha'n't have the blue silk."
"We'll see about that, Cannot you

in ness, with a result of prepare her er's chocolate. right and early the following morn-the pony carriage was out, and Beas and Cassandria set off on a shopping

trice and classification.

"You must do up the lace handker-chiefs, Bess," said the latter, turning back in the doorway, "and try and find time to iron my best petticost; no one irons so nicely as you do; and, Bess, do have the drawing-room in order, and fresh flowers in the vases, in case Mrs. Thornley should bring Lord Thrapstone to call."

Thornley should bring Lord Thrapstone to call."

Bess nodded, and went on with her work. All through the long, long summer day she kept herself busy, waiting on her bed-ridden father, baking, cleaning, crimping ruffles, and ironing frilled petticoats. The afternoon found her cheeks flushed, and her brown eyes heavy. She was so tired! poor overwork-ed little Bess. But the girls would soon be coming, and they would want their tea. She hung the kettle over the blaze, and while it simmered, ran down to the garden to clip fresh flowers for the vases.

to the garden to clip fresh flowers for the vases.

The Locust Hill garden was rich in flowers, and Bess selected the brightest, till her basket ran over, and her holland apron, and brown, bare arms were hung with trailing vines, and great white and red roses, and dainty heliotrope and mignonette. The sun hung like a golden ball above the dark ridge of pines, and the bees hummed drowsly from the long time of hives.

Bess ached with weariness; and longing for a moment's rest, she sank down on a grassy knoll at the foot of the

Bess ached with weariness; and longing for a moment's rest, she sank down on a grassy knoll at the foot of the magnolia tree. The subtle odors floated round her like clouds of incense; the bees droned and hummed, the yellow, summer sunlight streamed down. Bess let her tired head sink lower and lower; at last it rested on the grass, the flower-basket tipped over, covering her with its gaudy contents, and Bess was fast asleep.

basket tipped over, covering her with its gaudy contents, and Bess was fast asleep.

Mrs. Thornley, wife of an American millionaire, was very proud of her British relative, Lord Thrapstone, and paraded him around on every possible occasion. On the afternoon in question, her elegant carriage drove up to the stone-pillared "ate at Locust Hill. The driver got down and rapped, but no one responded, and being an old friend, Mrs. Thornley got out, and bade his lordship follow her example.

They sauntered up the locust-shaded avenue, but no one could be seen.

"Do you take a turn in the garden, Thrapstone," said Mrs. Thornley, "while I reconnoiter."

Lord Thrapstone obeyed, strolling down the dim garden path, past the droning bee-hives, into the sweet, cool shadow of the magnolis trees. Presently he paused, with an exclamation. Almost at his feet, her brown curls in a tumble, her arms and rosy checks half concealed by flowers, lay Bess, in her sweet, unconscious sleep.

The peer looked down upon her with softening eyes. The sight of her stirred his heart, as the wiles of titled ladies had never done. She reminded him of his own little innocent sister, at Thrapstone Priory, amid the Devonshire hills. He stooped, and taking a sprig of heliotrope that lay across her brown arm, set it in his button-hole. The action, or some messure in fluence, roused Bess from her sweet repose. She started up, scattering her blossoms in a shower, her brown eyes wide with amazement.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she stammered.

"I believe I must have fallen asleep."

His lordship smiled pleasantly, "It is I who must heer pardon." he

"I beg your pardon, sir," she stammered. "I believe I must have fallen asleep."
His lordship smiled pleasantly.
"It is I who must beg pardon," he said, "for having disturbed you. I am Lord Thrapstone, and my cousin, Mrs. Thornley, has come to call on the Misses Brompton."
Bessie comprehended, and for an instant her cheeks glowed, then a twinkle lit her brown eyes, as the thought of what her sisters would say struck her.
"I was so tired," she said, naively, "and the bees and the birds must have sung me to sleep. This way, please, Lord Thrapstone."
The peer followed into the rambling old house, where they found Mrs. Thorn ley, She gave Bess a hearty kiss, and learning that her sisters were absent, begged to see her father. So Bess conducted them into the sitting-room, that she kept so clean and sweet, and the old man told the peer stories and legends of his boyhood, and Bess gave them cream and berries under the, rose-arbor; and they spent an hour quite pleasantly.
"That little damsel, in the holland apron, has done what all the London beauties have failed to do, Thrapstone," temarked Mrs. Thornley, as they drove back to "The Ferns."
"What's that?" questioned the peer.
"She's won your heart—you're in love

which Beas, with a wistful look in her brown eyes, ran out to prepare her father's chocolate.

Bright and early the following morning the pony carriage was out, and Beartice and Cassandria set off on a shopping cently, "will you let me help you? I came to take you to the ball; but what

gently, "will you let me neip you! acame to take you to the ball; but what can I do for you now?"
"Nothing—no one can do anything for me now," meaned poor Bess; "but you can go for the poor girls, my lord, and comfort them.

The summer had gone—Lord Thrapstone had enjoyed the hunting season, and was going home to Thrapstone Priory for the winter. He came over the evening before his departure, to mak his adicus at Locust Hill. Beatrice and Cassandria, bewildering in voluminous crape and bombazine, received him in the drawing room, but he soon contrived to find his way to the outside terrace, where Bess sat. She was staring out at the brown hills, her eyes full of hopeless despair.

He sat down beside her, and took her

out at the brown nais, as the hopeless despair.

He sat down beside her, and took her chill hand in his.

"Bess," he said, gently, "I'm going home to-morrow to England—"

"Yes, my lord; you'll find the girls in the drawing room."

the drawing-room."
"I don't want the girls; I've come to see you, Bess."
Bess looked up, her brown eyes wide

Bess looked up, her brown eyes wide open.

"Little Bess,"the peer continued, "I'm not a young man; but I think I could make you happy. You are the only woman I have ever loved. Bess, do you think you could ever care for me enough to be my wife?"

"I, my lord?"

He smiled at her wondering face.

"You, Bess—tender, unselfish, innocent little Bess—you, and none other. I love you truly. I have loved you ever since that afternoon when I found you asleep amid your roses. I will be very careful of you. I will try to make you happy if you can learn to love me. Can you, Bess?"

Her eyes brimmed over with tears—

rou, Bess?"

Her eyes brimmed over with tears—
soor, tired, friendless little Bess.

"Oh, my lord," she faltered, "that would be easy enough if I were sure—
if I thought you really cared for me."
He gathered her close in his fond em-

brace.

"Indeed, I do care for you, Bess," he replied; "and if my love can make you happy, you shall be the happiest woman in wide England."

And when spring came again, and the in wide England."

And when spring came again, and the locust boughs put on their summer green, there was a wedding, and, after all their maneuvering, poor Beatrice and Cassandria found that Bess would wear the

# ALLIGATOR VS. BULL

A Thrilling Battle Witnessed by Ship's Passengers.

Passengers going up the San Juar River to the interior of Nicaragua see many strange sights along the shores lined with alligators, and through water filled with sharks, but seldom witness a filled with sharks, but seldom witness a finer battle-royal than one that took place between a young bull and an alligator.

A bit of prairie land or savannah came down through the dense tropical jungle, the impenetrable tangle of trees and vines offering an opportunity for the herds of wild cattle to drink that was not ignored. The habits of the herd had evidently been carefully studied by a wily old alligator, as he lay day after day in the mud, licking his insect-laden chops and dreaming of a dainty meal of delicate veal. The steamer was tied up to the bank when the "gaiter's" opportunity arrived.

delicate veal. The steamer was tied up to the bank when the "gaiter's" opportunity arrived.

A calf had strayed unnoticed from the herd towards the water. An ugly black loss appeared above the water, followed by a wicked twinkling eye and a long scale body. A cautious crawl up the low bank, and the ugly saurian ran with astonishing rapidity for its prey. A shout and an ill-directed shot alarmed the calf. There was a big bawl, answered by the whole herd, the calf running frantically from and the whole herd toward the water field. Then both sides paused, alligator sinking closer to the ground, the cows standing with ears erect, their big brown eyes filled with astonishment and fear. Another instant and the cows and calves moved slowly off too ne side, ever keeping their heads to the foe, and a young bull alone remained facing the enemy.

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### THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY

A Mistake Somewhere-One of the

A MISTAKE SOMEWHERE.

A man with a stick and bundle and foreign cut clothes was viewing the sights in the Battery yesterday forenoon when he attracted the attention of two other strangers, one of whom said:

"There's a chap just landed from Norway."

Norway."
"I think he's a Finn," replied th other. "Well, I'll soon find out. Hello

"Well, I'll soon mad out. Hend Johnny, give us a pointer." "That I will, soir!" came the prompt reply. "If either of yez is aching for a sore head just shpake the worud and I'm the bye as kin give it to yez wid nateness and dispatch!"—[New York World.

ONE OF THE UNFORTUNATES. Brotherton—Marriage is a failure. Benedict (in surprise)—Why, I didn't know you had ever been married! Brotherton—I haven't—I failed.— [Puck.

A HIST TO THE WEALTHY.

"My health is getting worse and worse; I've tried every climate and none of them afford me any relief," said a rich New York invalid to a friend.

"I'll tell you what to do; move to Sing Sing and board at the Penitentiary. There is no record of a millionaire ever having died within its walls."—[Texas Siftings.

Teacher—You must not come to school any more, Tommy, until your mother has recovered from the small-pox.

Tommy—There ain't a bit of danger.

She ain't going to give me the small-pox.

pox.
"Why, how is that?"
"She's my stepmother. She r
gives me anything."—[Texas Siftin

NO COMPARISON.

"What's the matter now?" called a Newark mother as her eight-year-old came to the gate howling.

"Bin grabbed by a bull-dog!" he shouted between his sobs.

"Lor", but what a start you gave me! I didn't know but what you'd been overtaken by a mosquito! Don't make such a fuss as that about a nip from a bull-dog!"—[New York World. NO COMPARISON.

INTERPRETING A LOVER'S RIDDLE. Miss Sweet (aged sixteen)-Boo-hoo

hoo-oo-oo!
Mrs. Sweet—What's the matter, child?
Miss Sweet—Jack has sent me a ha-haheart of stone. Boo-hoo-oo!
Mrs. Sweet (examining the jewel)—
Come, come, darling, It's made of diamonds. The proper interpretation of it
is "dear heart."—[Jeweller's Weekly. SHE IS NOW.

last night?"
"Not when you saw me; I hadn't asked her then."—[Brooklyn Life. BEWARE.

Was that your sister I saw you with

Dora—Jake says he loves you.
Cora—I don't believe it.
Dora—Nor do I.
Cora—You are a horrid minx.poch.

HONORS EASY. Mrs. Wedsoon (poutingly)—wife next door has had two ne

Mr. Wedsoon (spouse No. 2)—Yes, my dear, but you've had two new husbands to her one.—[New York Weekly. THEIR DISADVANTAGE.

Johnson—These whistling girls seem to get pretty big pay.

Bronson—Yes, but remember they have to whistle for their salaries. HE SAT TOO FAR AWAY.

Mr. Prosey (treating his best girl to a ride)—You know Smith? He's too liberal. The trouble with him is that he not close enough for his own good.

Miss Spooney—That's just your fault, dear. You're not close enough yourself.

And Prosey suddenly became silent, wondering what she meant.—[Rider and Driver.

"Your dear little boy paid me such a pretty compliment; he said I looked real handsome," said Mrs. Hostetter to Mrs. Lydia Pinkham.
"Did he say that?"
"Indeed he did, the little angel."
"Oh, he is such a silly child. Sometimes I think he has not got good sense," responded the mother, and now they have quit swapping bangs when they go out shopping.—[Texas Siftings. TOO MUCH TEMPTED.

Juge—You are accused of house-breaking. What have you to say for yourself? Prisoner—Judge, listen! Two o'clock at night, no watchman on the premises, a window open on the ground floor. How could I help it? You would have climbed in yourself.—[Fliegende Blaetter.

Papa—Well, has that young spend-thrift beggar promised to cease his im-pertinent attentions to you? Penelope—Yes, sir. Papa—Well, what are you crying shout the?

Penelope—I'm afraid he'll keep his promise.—[Munsey's Weekly. THOUGHTS OF HOME AND WIFE.

Wife-John, you often think of your birdie during business hours, don't you? Husband—I did to-day. A button came off my vest.

SAD NEWS. Cleverton—Have you any idea how much that dress cost that Miss Swans-down had on last night? Dasbawy—Yes. \$125, Cleverton—How did you come to know!
Dashaway (sorrowfully)—Her father took pains to tell me the other day.—
[Cloak Review.

STRICTLY HONEST.

Friend—So yours was a case of lowest first sight?

Mrs. Getthere — Yes, indeed, I fell desperately in love with my dear husband the moment I set eyes upon him. I remember it as distinctly as if it were yesterday. I was walking with papa on the beach at Long Branch, when suddenly papa stopped, and, pointing him out, said, "There, my dear, is a man worth ten millions."—[New York Weekly.

"Is he a good singer?"
"Is he? Why the other night he sang
wo minutes without stopping to breathe,
tell you, he's great. He ought to be
n a museum."

The Reckless Suitor—If you don't ac ept me my death will lie at your door or I will shoot myself right here before

you!

The Cool and Collected Girl—Please
do it in the next room instead, Mr.
Simpson. The carpet in this one is just
new, and mamma will scold terribly if it

He (five years after)—All this gush about love is extremely stupid; where did the book come from, anyhow? I must say the person who selected it showed a very insipid taste.

She\*(quietly)—It's the book you gave; me during our honeymoon, John; we read it eleven times the first week we had it.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS "And I say," said Lord Spindle shanks, "why is it you Americans a ways have youah hands in youah pock ets?" "Very simple reason. We want to keep foreigners from picking 'em."

Prolonged Silence. - [Columbia Spe

THE FICKLE MAIDEN. At seven o'clock she sits and sighs,
"Why doesn't he come? Heigho!"
At twelve o'clock she sits and yawns,
"Dear me! Why doesn't he go?"

THE HOUSE AND THE PRICE. Crawford—This is a snug little house f yours, Hyman. Hyman—It ought to be. It cost a snug

ALMOST A PROPOSAL Amy—Don't you think that 1 am a self-possessed girl? Jack—Yes; but why not be possessed by some one else?

THE REQUISITE. Aspirant—What is the chief requisite for a young lady entering the literary field?" Editor - Postage stamps. - [Judge.

DISPROVED. Justice—What's the charge against the prisoner?—Officer—Stealin' two cakes of soap, yer Honor.

Justice—The prisoner is discharged.
No one who looked at him could suspect him of having seen soap within two years.

MAMMA WAS MISTAKEN. Mamma (severely)—I am sure I heard Mr. Sweteener kissing you last evening. Daughter—Imposible, mamma. I am positive that my voice, telling him to stop, drowned all sound of it.—[Yankee

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm off for the seashore, sir," she said
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"Yes, you're in need of sait," she said. TOO TRANSPARENT.

A recruit was brought up for medical spection, and the doctor asked him: inspection, and the doctor asked nim:
"Have you any defects?"
"Yes, sir; I am short-sighted,"
"How can you prove it?"
"Easily enough, doctor. Do you see
that nail up yonder in the wall?"
"Yes."

"Yes."
"Well, 1 don't."

MUCH DISGUISED. Figgs—Some people believe that poverty is a blessing.
Diggs—I guess it is one of those blessings in disguise that we read about.

BLOOD TO BLOOD. Silverspoon—I'm to have friends to dine to night. Have you any oranges fit to set before the 400? Grocer—Here, boy, show Mr. Silver-spoon our blood oranges.—[New York Hereld

Jake Jimpson—Your father thinks I am a fast young man.

Cora Bellows (yawning)—I don't see how he could.

Justice—What's the charge against this prisouer? Officer O'Fagan—Dissaving ther per-lace, Yer Honor. He put ther sound soide av his apples on ther outside,— [Yale Record. MITIGATING CIRCUMSTANCES.

Harold Harrington—Did I not see you talking with Downtown yesterady? Don't you know he is in twade? Cholly Cholmondeley—Ya'as. But it don't agwee with him. He has failed three times.—[Jewelers' Circular.

In China there is a root called Khe-ki-ye, which often sells from 20 to 100 times its weight in gold. In Nanchuria, the same root, under a different name, if anything even more unpronounceable, sells equally as high. These roots, which in order to be highly valuable, must be of a peculiar shape, are bought only by the mandarins, priests and others of the wealthiest classes. Single roots of this wonderful (1) plant, not weighting more than the teath of an ounce, are said to often sell for from \$50 to \$70 each. What is still more remarkable about this valuable Eastern root is the fact that it is a closely allied species, if not identical, with our common ginseng.—[St. Louis Republic.

The Bayeaux Tapestry.

Clerk—The regular price of this coat is \$20, but you may have it for \$18.98. Customer—Why the reduction.
Clerk—I just saw that one of the buttons was missing.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENT.

"Come, now, old man, let's go to the theatre—it costs only twenty kreutzer."

"Can't afford it."

"Can't afford it." Why, look you, the bulletin-board says there are seven deaths it don't come to three kreutzer a death!"—[Filegende Blaetter.

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