Mr. Van Twiller's Strange Alibi

The snow had been falling for several minutes in little eddying gusts, and already an appreciable number of flakes were collecting on the cape of Miss Dorothy Dempsey's storm coat as she turned into Fitty-fourth street at a swinging pace. Her cheeks were brilliant from the cutting wind and her eyes shone with exhilaration as she battled against the storm.

with exhibitation as she battled against the storm.

To insignificant Bertie Carey, advancing from the opposite direction, she appeared like a delightful vision: a delight considerably influenced, of course, by the fact that she belonged to the right 'set' of visions, or Bertie, being so little aman, would not have looked ascecond time. Indeed, it is doubtful whether anything short of Miss Dorothy's genealogy on the maternal side would have induced him to give up his daily game of dominoes at the club, and wheel about to join her promenade with such urbane oblivion to the coolness of his reception.

wheel about to join her promenade with such urbane oblivion to the coolness of his reception.

And it is not likely that at any other time Miss Dempsey would have resented his intrusion quite so hotly, but, unfortunetly for him, her memory still retained with vigor a graphic description detailed to her only the previous evening by her cousin Jack, during which, excited to unusual emphasis by Carey's last fraux pass, he had gone so far as to declare him "a consummate ass, not fit for decent society," Dorothy, having agreed with him in spirit, if not to the letter, felt that she was justified in taking strong measures on this occasion. To walk as on the Avenue is his com-

to the letter, felt that she was justified in taking strong measures on this occasion.

To walk down the Avenue in his company, at the hour when all her dear four hundred friends would be abroad and glancing friends would be abroad and glancing friends with the program windows or over their broughan tion which she was not ready to endure Accordingly, before the preliminary greetings were fairly over she was rack, ing her brain for some way of dismissing him. In vain she meditated a dozen clever maneuvres that under any other circumstances or in any other locality would have been practical. I twas Carey himself who finally Provided her with the means of escape.

"Awfully jolly, this unexpected pleasure of a stroll with you," he murmured, ignoring the gait that was rapidly reducing him to breathless and the a very long one, as I intend this block," This with unblushing effrontery, although well aware that she could walk on to the North River without finding, a main on her list.

"A muthal friend" inquired Carey.
"Ithis must be the house then, since it is the last one."

is must be the house then, since it the last one."

Miss Dempsey gave a hasty, surrepious glance at the window curtains,
d evidently found some reassurance in
efr design.

their design, I suppose you will be at the Greys' Good afternoon."

"Oh, the Greys" cried Carey, fired to fresh recollections. "Haven't you heard? Then, if I may, I will wait and see if your friend is in; if not, we can continue our chat."

your friend is in; it not, we can continue our chat;"
Now Miss Dorothy, being an independent and somewhat peremptory young lady, and having gone to all the trouble and risk of this subterfuge, was anything but pleased at a turn which left her unwittingly untitled. But having gone so far, it was necessary to play the farce out, and, ascending the steps with a good dead of suppressed indignation, she pressed the bell. The door was promptly opened by a neat-capped maid,

"Is Dr. Robinson in?" she inquired glibly, improvising the first name that came to her.

y, improvising the first name that to her, believe so, ma'am; will you walk

He made a quick, convincing gesture as she started, he sitated—and was lost.

"You see it is uscless," he went on "I must insist on your remaining until you have answered a few questions, but beg that you won't force me to be more impolite than you can help."

"When will Dr. Robinson return?"
"In an hour or two at the most. If you prefer waiting for him that will be even better," and he drew forward one of the easiest chairs.
"But I can't stay here two hours," cried Dorothy, now thoroughly alarmed and continuing to stand uncompromis-

ingly.

Nor is there the slightest necessity of it. Perhaps if I state the case it will inable you to see that you can use the same freedom with me as with the doctor, and also how little we require of you, provided you are honest, and how unpleasant the consequences may be if you evade. There have been great complications in two of the banks with which my cousin is connected, and actual their has been committed. It has been proved past doubt at what hour the latter occurred, and suspicion has fallen in the highest places. My cousin will be implicated in the arrests unless it can be proved to the satisfaction of those interested that he was elsewhere at the time. By to-morrow, or at the farthest the next day, all New York may know of it. For some strange reason he refuses to account for himself. Now all we require is that you shall state under oath when and where you have seen him since Monday last."

'I don't know what you are talking about, and I don't wish to remain here any longer," protested Dorothy, vehewantly. ingly.
Nor is there the slightest necessity

longer," protested Dorothy, vehe

any longer," protested locothy, the mently.

"Nonsense," replied Sawtelle almost roughly, interposing himself between her and the door. "My uncle gave me a description of you before he left. The idea of you denying that you know Albert Van Twiller is absurd."

At the mention of the name Dorothy gave a little gasp of horror and amazement.

gave a little gasp of horror and amazement.

"Why, of course, I know him," she she said unguardedly, and then seeing too late that she was only strengthening his mistake, she sank into the nearest chair with a pitiful wail of distress which did not help matters.

"Oh, this is perfectly dreadful." she sobbed, forgetting her dignity and mopping her eyes with turtive dabs. As for the blonde giant on the rug, he looked scarcely less uncomfortable and ill at ease.

"I don't see but that you will have to wait till the doctor comes. If I should let you go it would only mean publicity and an appearance at court and all sorts of complications, which you ought to be a sanxious to avoid as we are, Miss McKinney."

"I am not Miss McKinney."

as anxious to avoid as we are, Miss Mc-Kinney."

"I am not Miss McKinney."

"Well, my uncle will know who you are, anyway."

"No. he won't," thought Miss Dempsey, and relapsed into a damp and protracted silence.

"I wonder if you would believe me," she said at last impulsively, turning on him a pair of moict, indignant eyes, "if I rold you exactly how I did happen to come here."

"I am dreadfully sorry. I presume I have made a mess of it," he replied irrelevantly. "Perhaps we had better not try any more explanations till the doctor comes. You, see, if I had known that you were in the least," reddening perceptibly, "the least like what you are, I never should have attempted a conversation."

As Dorothy found nothing to realy to

never should have attempted a conversation."

As Dorothy found nothing to reply to
this, another half hour passed, reducing
her to a state of nervousness that went
far toward confirming Sawtelle in his
suspicions. At last, to the infinite relief
of both, a key sounded in the latch, and
bowing politely at her averted head,
Sawtelle hastened into the hall.

Already the doctor, a hale, hearty
man of fifty, was divesting himself of a
snowy overcost, and on catching sight
of his nephew he began to speak in a
cheery, excited voice.

"Such a day, my boy! The jade escaped me in spite of everything, and
salled on a Cunarder this noon. But
that sin't the worst of it. No wonder
Albert refused to say anything about
the He knew the whole thing would

of this visit to day? You must excuse my ignoring the cold."

He made a quick, convincing gesture as she started, he sitated—and was lost.

"You see it is uscless," he went on. "I must insist on your remaining until you have answered a few questions, but him."

him."
"And do you know what time that was?" inquired the doctor, eagerly.
"About quarter or half after one, when my partner for the cottilion came up. We began to dance it about that time."

up. "Could you swear to it on paper?"
"Could you swear to it on paper?"
"Why yes, certainly."
"Then," shouted the doctor triumph antly, "he is vindicated, whether he explains or not. This will satisfy the directors so that they will drop proceedings where he; soncerned. They know 'leady' that he is not guilt. It is a y directors so that they will drop proceed ings where he is concerned. They know aiready that he is not guilty. It is as plain as daylight to me now. He didn't remember the exact time he left the Lyles' and thinking he was with this woman he has married, didn't want to attract our attention to her."

"And now, if you please, I should like to go home," remarked Miss Dempsey, in a pathetic tone.

"Of course my poor child, immediately. Neil, call a carriage. I will go with you myself and see your mother, also get your signature, if you will be so kind. I twill straighten the affair out wonderfully. Verily truth is stranger than fiction."

As Dorothy swept from the room,

wonderfully. Verily truth is stranger to than fiction."

As Dorothy swept from the room, Sawtelle made a brave if ineffectual attempt to attract her attention, but as she steadily refused to be aware of his pressence, his conscience permitted him to retain a small soaked wad, which was easily concealed in the palm of his hand, casily concealed in the palm of his hand; Subsequent events have led us to believe—so tender were his ministrations and pressures between the volumes of a new set of Ruskin—that in course of time it became less like a reg and more like a respectable handkerchief.

It is now over a year since these events occurred, and I hear that the article in question, tegether with a number of other worldly goods, is to be delivered to its rightful owner. How it all came about, those who have not begun their love affairs with a little animosity will never be able to conjecture, but I have it direct from the lips of the round and ever rubicund Carey himself.

"The latest engagement, my deah fellah, is Miss Demogravies to a person named Sawtelle. Why, they say he has never been to a Patriarchs' in his lifety—[The Epoch.]

California's Alfalfa Farms.

One of the greatest irrigation districts in the United States is in Kern County, California. Here are some thirty-five large canals with branches and distributing ditches, covering nearly half a million acres of very rich, sandy loam. The largest of the canals is the Calloway, thirty-two miles long. It has sixty-five distributing ditches, and covers two hundred thousand acres of very rich land. Its water appropriation is 1,476 cubic feet per second.

On the lower side of the canal one can see fully twenty-five thousand acres in

On the lower side of the canal one can see fully twenty-five thousand acres in almost continuous alfalfa fields. Alfalfa, with water, yields five crops a year, and two tons to the acre at each cutting. About once in six weeks, for eight months in the year, the alfalfa fields are cut, and the crops stacked in great piles. The vastness of some of the stacks near the ranch house of the "irrigation belt" is a constant source of wonder to tourists is a constant source of wonder to tourist leight hundred and fifty tons have been put into one stack.

There are some immense alfalfa farms

Eight hundred and fifty tons have been put into one stack.

There are some immense alfalfa farms in Kern County. The McClurg and the Rosedale ranches have about three thousand five hundred acres each, the Jackson and the hundred acres each the Jackson and five hundred acres each the Jackson and five hundred acres can be stacked and derrick fork are used. The Aller of the stacks range from one hundred to four hundred feet long, and are usually thirty feet wide and from twenty-five to thirty feet high, and on the extensive or hundred stacks of alfalfa in sight at one time. From six to ten teams are kept busy supplying the derricks, and from six to one hundred to scan be stacked in a day. Eight thousand tons have been stacked in a single ranch and fed out to livestock.

livestock.

Cattle, sheep, horses and hogs all live, to a great extent, on alfalfa.

Cannibalism in Australia.

complete part of the property You don't hear much about them, but there are cannibals in Australia to-day, Strange? Well, not so very when you take into consideration the character of the country. The Australian black bears about the same relation to that country that the American sayage does, to this. When you get away from the cities into the brush you will find plenty of them who would kill you, and there is nothing they would relish better than to make a barbecue out they are to the thing they would relish better than to make a barbecue out of they know that he punishes severely. They prefer to roast of the white man, for they know that he punishes severely. They prefer to roast their victims, A stew they consider very good, but as a rule they lack the utensits and means of making broth. When a plump white stranger is captured and killed, the body is carefully prepare?. It is then bound to a stont, green pole, which in turn is supported at either end about two and one-half feet from the earth by fochole more is put atop and it is there permitted to simmer and roast until it is done to a turn, the man-eaters occasionally sticking their and roast until it is done to a turn, the man-eaters occasionally sticking their knives into the body to test the degree of doneness.—[Kansas City Times.

Mrs. Cleveland as a Hand-Shaker.

Mrs. Cleveland, the wife of the expresident, has a large fund of humor in her nature. A pleasant story is related in connection with Mr. Cleveland's visit to the South, where his wife accomplishing the south of the

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

MEN OF THE PRESS.

General Liffect-Some Hope for Us—A Family Bereavement A Rushing Business, Etc., Etc.

SAME GENERAL EFFECT. "Did they fire Priggs?"
"On the contrary, they put him out.

SOME HOPE FOR US. We cannot all learn to write like Shakespeare, but most of us, if we try hard, can learn to spell, and that was something Shakespeare couldn't do.— [Somerville Journal.

A FAMILY BEREAVEMENT.

A FAMILY BEHEAVEMENT.

An industrious rustic went into his stable one spring morning and discovered his favorite mule in the agonies of death, he being overfed himself the night provious.

"Here's a state of things," exclaimed the disgusted peasant. "All winter long you do nothing but feed and feed at my expense, and when spring comes, and it is time for doing a little plowing, you get out of it by giving up the ghost."

The dying mule raised up his head, and said in a feeble voice:

"Since you are such an ass, you should regard my death as a family bereavement," after which his spirit took its flight.—[Texas Siftings.

A RUSHING BUSINESS.

A RUSHING BUSINESS.

American Citizen-Welcome to free America!
Immigrant (just landed)—Please
show me where I can buy some knives and
pistols.—[New York Weekly.

MR. NOO MAKES A MISTAKE.

"You have a brother, I believe, Miss Harkins?" remarked the new admirer. "Yes. Why?"
"I have brought him a box of gum drops."
"Better keep them and offer him a box of cigars, Mr. Noo. He is over forty years old."—[New York Sun.

MARRIED THE GROOM, "Mamie kept her word, after all."
"How is that?"
"Why, she has always said she youldn't marry the best man living."
"But she was married to day."
"But she was married to day."

City Girl—Mr. Farmer, why don't you milk that pretty red and white cow? Farmer (laconically)—Si e's dry. City Girl—Poor thing; let me give he a drink of water.—[Irrigation Age. A GOOD DEFINITION.

"What is the meaning of the word ukewarm?" asked the teacher. "John

PHILOSOPHY VS. BUSINESS. "There is a silver lining to every cloud," said the optimist. "But how vide is dot silver lining," put in the mean merchant,—[The Jewelers' Circular.

"They say there's nine on a side in a game of baseball," muttered the umpire "but when you come to find out, it eighteen to one, that's what it is."—[Washington Post.

YOUTH IN OLD AGE.

"That's a pretty old alligator, I guess," remarked one tourist to another as a hage cayman opened his cavernous jaws and took in a young African that had recklessly ventured into the water. "He may be old," returned the other, "but he's evidently got a good deal of the boy in him yet."—[Boston Courier. THE PICNIC SEASON.

Oh, let us to the picnic grounds, With cakes, and pie and custard, Where hostile snakes meander 'round And frolic in the mustard.

AN AMBIGUOUS OPINION. "Have you seen my book of short

"Have you seen my book of short stories?"
"I have, but I haven't had a chance to read it yet."
"Which do you prefer, my long stories or my short ones?"
"Your short ones. Takes less time, don't you know, when you have time to read them."

A VERY SLOW TOWN. A VERY SLOW TOWN.

Miss Perkins—What! already sick of Backville, Mr. Godolphus? I thought you said you were at home wherever you hung up Your hat?

Mr. Godolphus—I am; but in this confounded town I can't find a place to hang up anything.

IN BAD HUMOR,

Editor's Child—What's the matter with papa to day? He's in an awful bad

humor.
Editor's Wife—Yes, my dear. The regular funny man of the paper is sick and your father is trying to keep the department going.—[Good News. SUFFERING TOURISTS IN ITALY.

"Oh, they act all right."
"But you say life there is terrible for Americans."
"Yes, the hand organs are just beginning to play 'Annie Rooney."

THE SENATOR'S COURTESY. Wyer Puller—Yes, sir, the Senator not only received me with great courtesy, but when I was leaving accompanied me to the door.

but when I was tearing scalepanics to the door.
Stray Tuppendown—It is pretty hard to believe about the courtesy, but I can understand his accompanying you to the door. He wanted to keep his eye on the hatrack and umbrella stand.

A DANGEROUS NEIGHBORHOOD First Tramp (in suburban town)—Fer Hiven's sake, Jake, git away from here quick er we'll both be killed. Second Tramp—Eh? What's matter —a bulldog?

Second Tramp—Eh? What's matter—a bulldog?
First Tramp—Worse. I just heard
the man o'th house puttin' down carpets, an' if he hits his finger he'll be savager than a whole pack o' bulldogs.—
[Good News.

AN INTERESTING PSYCHOLOGICAL SITUA

Clara (waking)—Whose poem was hat you've just read? Isabella—Why, that was Browning's. Clara—I thought so. I knew it the noment I fell asleep.

A BRAVE MAN. "Who is that inane-looking dude ove

"Who is that mane to the set of there?"

"Inane! How can you say so? Why, he set he bravest man in New York. He he's the bravest man in New York. He he's the bravest man in New York. The he's the property of the waiter."

AT THE CLUB.

Young Cadsbore—I say, old fell, saw you at the Zoo in the Park yesterday, but you didn't see me.

Young Van Dyke—Ah, indeed, which cage were you in?

HIT BY A BLUNT DART. He has not felt love's power Who notes time's flight And takes less than an hour To say "Good-night."

THE WEAKEST SPOT. "There is one thing about the gwip," said Chappie, who was just recovering from it; "it always attacks the weakest

part."
"So I understand," said Miss Sharpe;
"You had it all in the head, I believe."
-[New York Press. A MEAN REMARK.

A MEAR KEMARK.

Holt—You ran after the nobility when
you were in England, did you?
Higgins—Yes. All through Europe I
followed my motto, "When in Rome do
as the Romans do," I flirted in France,
climbed in Switzerland, drank in Germany and posed in Italy.
Holt—Why didn't you go to Monte
Carlo? People shoot themselves down
there.—[Judge.

HOW SHE BROUGHT HIM ROUND

Mr. Chugwater—The idea of shutting up the front of the house to make folks think we've gone to some fashionable watering-place for the summer is all blamed nonsense and I won't have it

One.

Mrs. Chugwater (changing her tactics)

All right, Josiah. I'll give up the
dea. The girls need the piano practice,
nebow and——

anyhow, and—
"Does the piano practice go with the front of the house when they do this kind of thing?"
"Of course."
"Then shut 'er up, Samantha—shut 'er up,"—[Chicago Tribune. HOW HE DID IT.

Joggins—How on earth do you man-age to kill time, my deah boy? Owtlaite—With my Club, old fellow. —[Pittsburg Bulletin. JAKE'S PATE.

"Jimpson is a little cracked—kind of addle pated, is he not?"
"Yes, and also dissipated." OVERLOADED.

Boy—Say, mister, shall I carry yes atchel? Do it for a dime.
Dude—My satchel is not heavy.
Boy—Well, let me carry your canchen.—[Good News.

"THE QUESTION OF THE DAY," Mrs. Wistful—What happy people you re, to have six nice daughters! What sources for your old age!
Mr. Quiverful—Yes, Resources nough! But the difficulty nowadays onsists in husbanding one's resources!—[Punch.

HIS CHOICE. Proud Father (showing off his boy be-fore company)—My son, which would you rather be, Shakespeare or Edison? Little Son (after meditation)—I'd rather be Edison

Edison.
"Yes? Why?"
"Cause he ain't dead." THE FISHERY QUESTION.

In the sea are as good fish as ever were caught,
But I deem it quite needless to state
That no havoc by me 'mongst such prizes is wrought.
For I haven't the requisite bait,

THE EXPECTED HAPPENS. "Whatever became of that grey-ound you had?"
"Killed himself."

"Really?"
"Yes; tried to catch a fly on the small of his back and miscalculated. Bit himself in two."—[Brooklyn Life.

A REAL ESTATE QUIBBLE. "This building is dreadfully dilapidated. I thought you said it was in a good "So it is. There ain't a better statthan New York on the map."—[Truth.

SUFFERING TOURISTS IN ITALY.

American Tourist (in Paris)—Bless my stars! How de do, Jinks? Didn't hope to meet You in this part of the world.

Jinks—Oh, I've gone the rounds, been everywhere. Just came from Italy.

"By Jove! Glad I met you. Now tell me frankly, old fellow, do you think it would be wise forfus to go to Italy? I've got my wife and children with me, you know?"

"No, don't go. Go anywhere else, but do not go to Italy. You will regret it if you do."

"My! my! So bad as that? But there are some Americans in Italy this season, are there not?"

"Y-e-s, some, but they are mighty glad to get away, I can tell you. It's avful, awful, perfectly terrible,"

"Goodless me! How do the Italians act?"

"Oh, they act all right."

"But you say life there is terrible for Americans."

"Oh, they act all right."

"But you say life there is terrible for Americans."

"Yes, the hand organs are just beginning to play 'Annie Rooney,'"

The largest reservoir or artificial lake in the world is the great tank of Dhebar, then the more southeast of Udaipur, Rajportans, which covers an area of 21 square miles; the masonry dam is 1,000 feet long by 95 feet high, 50 feet wide at the base and 15 feet at the top.

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tition. Don't forget to try my special brand of MINING OIL.

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Highland Coal.

to believe about the courtesy, but I can understand his accompanying you to the door. He wanted to keep his eye on the harrack and umbrella stand.

A PHANK ADMISSION,

"Do you play much on the plano," he asked after she had finished a selection.

"I use the instrument a good deaf for killing time," she said.

"Yes, I should suppose you used itfor that."

"Out the masses in the massonry dam is 1,000 at 1,0

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Gentas—I think it my duly to render you my
I had a four year old filly which I prized very
highly. She had a very savere swollen leg. I tried
above the firement kinds of medicines which did
above the firement kinds of medicines which did
above the firement kinds of medicines which did
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