W ndrous the web our Father weaves,
Through midnight ages for mankind,
And deep the trace His image leaves
Impressed upon the human mind.
Bright shall the rays of God's light break;
And strong the power of Truth e'er be,
That men from error's trance shall wake
And think, and act, and all be free.

A G BEKCHER.

A. G. BEECHER. DIAMOND AND AMETHYST.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Marcella's birthday was approaching and I desired to give her a present. It grieved me to think that I could not afford a costly one. I should have rejoiced to be able to offer Marcella diamonds, rubies or emeralds, but since this was impossible, I did the best I could. A ring is always an acceptable token of love or friendship, and having spent an evening or so roaming the Bowery, I ventured into a shop in which the unreclaimed pledges of a pawnbroker were displayed for sale, and found amongst the jewelry a very nice amethyst ring of the right size, at the modest price of ten dollars.

"Varth double so help me Simpson."

dollars.

"Yorth double, so help me Simpson," said the young man behind the counter.

"Yorth double, or I'll eat my head." It was such a large head that this was a very impressive offer; and I knew that it really was a nice amethyst, and I hoped that it had never been stolen.

Of course, Marcella would never know where I bought it, and poverty drives us to strange deeds.

I bought the ring took it home rol.

I bought the ring, took it home, pol-ished it up with an old nail brush and ammonia, rubbed it with wash leather, and resolved to get a handsome box for the

and resolved to get a handsome box for it.

I had barely time enough to do this and express the ring in season to reach my darling by the dawn of the anniversary of the day on which she first saw the light; for she had gone with her mother to visit an aunt in Boston, and the aunt was not favorable to my suit; and even if I had had a holiday, which I had not, I had no invitation to visit her. The ring must be sent, and before six o'clock, and I hurried from the Bowery in the direction of Broadway, toward the establishment of a well-known fashionable jeweler. I was acquainted with one of the clerks; and the boxes there must be handsome if they would sell them. Young Doughty was at a counter and unemployed, and he exhibited some little boxes of satinied Russian leather which were very handsome.

"Give me your ring," he said, "and "and "and "said "and "and "said" and "said, "and "and "said, "and "and "said, "said, "and "said, "said, "and "said, "s

handsome.

"Give me your ring," he said, "and Pill fit it to one." And I gave it to him, and he went away. When he came back he had two boxes in his hand, and handed one of them to me, the other to an elegantly attired lady, who, after receiving it needs to be a said. an elegantiy attired lady, who, after re-ceiving it, passed to a carriage which stood before the door. A footman in livery opened it, a coachman to match was upon the box. Mr. Glitter himself opened the door, Mr. Glow bowed in the background. opened the door, sand background.
"Notice that lady, Parkin?" said my

"She's a handsome woman," I replied,
"Very well for a married lady of forty," said Doughty. "But I was taking what you might call a professional view of her. She is said to have finer diamonds than any other woman in the country. They say there are lots of duchesses and all that on the other side that couldn't show their equals. Of course, she don't wear 'em on the street, but of an evening she blazes with them. Her husband is immensely rich, but they say he hates to hand out ready cash, and now and then—but there is Glitter coming this way, and he don't allow gossip—that's a pretty amethyst of yours—she'll like it. Ha! ha!"

And glad to escape, for I had not a moment to spare, I rushed out of the store and to the express office. I longed to look at my ring again, but Doughty had it put up into such a workmanlike little parcel that I hated to undo it. The clerk at the express office directed it and I reioleed to know it was on it was

little parcel that I hated to undo it. The clerk at the express office directed it and

"DEAN GRANLES: Your magnificent present took my breath away. Have you come into a fortune," and the manual. The name on the box told me something very fine, but hever in my wild-est dream thought of anything so lovely, etc., etc."

etc., etc."

Of course, I do not mean to give you the whole of Marcella's love letter. It was so kind of the dear girl, who had many handsome ornaments, to make such a fuss about this little amethys

such a fuss about this little amethyst ring. But it was just like her. I carried the letter next my heart until I heard that she had returned home and went to her.

When she entered the room, smiling and holding out her hands to me, I for got everything but her beauty, at first, hut when we were seated together upon the sofa she held up her finger. Upon it she wore, firstly, the little pearl engagement ring which I had given her, above it a ring in which shone the most magnificent diamond I had ever seen, as large as her finger-nail and a perfect well large as her finger-nail and a perfect well large as her finger-nail and a perfect well

thankagiving.

"I've been looking for you for days abarge as her finger—nail and a perfect well of blazing light.

"Your diamond, Charles," said she.

"My diamond!" I repeated in a bewildered way.

"I suppose it is an heirloom or something of that sort," said Marcella; "I never was so overwhelmed. But do you know, you have won Aunt Matilda by it? Her own diamonds are very fine, but when she saw this she fairly screamed. She has made up her mind that I may have you, and she is soing to come down and see you—she came home with us, you know—"

"Oh I she came home with you," I repeated, like a parrot.

"Now, don't look like that," said Marcella. "Auntie is very worldly, and you must smile—"

I repeated: "Oh! I must smile—"

I move the woou'd I look otherwise than "like that," with the awful truth that had flashed Jupon my mind, burning it? I understood what that diamond blazing on Marcella's finger meant. Doughty had given me the wrong box. I had Mrs.—"s diamond: she almond: s

not be likely to remember that he gave me the box. I should be suspected of having exchanged the two purposely. My only hope was to make full confes-sion instantly. Marcella was a dear, sweet, reasonable girl. A word would be enough.

My only hope was to make full confession instantly. Marcella was a dear, sweet, reasonable girl. A word would be enough.

"Marcella," I began, "I think I must tell you somewhat confused—I have something on my mind, I must tell you a very mortifying—"
"Oh, how do you do, Mr. Parkin?" said one of those peculiar voices that have won for American women the reputation of a want of mellowness and softness of speech, which is by no means universally deserved. "How do you do! It is nice to see you again. Why didn't you run up to see us? We are lovely in the autumn, crimson maples and all that. You must be quite an admirer of nature; your taste is so good in other things. Gems, for instance. The color of that diamond is marvelous. You have artists' eyes—melancholy eyes."

I have no doubt they were melancholy enough at that moment.
"I know a gentleman, quite an artist."

I have no doubt they were melancholy enough at that moment.

"I know a gentleman, quite an artist amateur, but could be professional. He cannot wear many ornaments, but he carries a little bag of unset jewels in his pocket, and when he wants to refresh himself, he pours them into his palm and looks at them—gloats on them. Really, I could not trust him alone in the room with Marcella's ring, it might make him dishonest."

Really, I could not trust him alone in the room with Marcella's ring, it might make him dishonest."

So spoke Marcella's aunt. Nor did she leave us until I was obliged to take my departure. I could not make confession before her. I resolved to write to Marcella. After all, it would be better. And I wrote a dozen letters that night and tore them up. The unlucky thirteenth penitential to the last degree, I posted. I remember that my excitement was so great that I went out to do so without my hat, and was followed home as a suspicious character by the policeman on our street in consequence. I bounced about in bed for hours that night and slept the next morning in consequence. Out of breath and pallid I arrived at our establishment after hours next day. "There's been a person here inquiring."

arrived at our establishment after hours next day.

"There's been a person here inquiring for you," said Briggs, the individual who noted down our sins of tardiness and the consequent "deductions;" 'a gent in gray clothes. Said his name was Doughty, and he came about a ring. He said you'd understand."

Understand! I did, alas! but too well. The blow had fallen. However, I could do nothing until Marcella returned the ring, or bade me come and get it. I would not implicate her by mentioning her name.

"Briggs," said I, "II don't want to see that man yet, nor for a day or two."

"Owe him something, and don't want to settle till salary time!" said Briggs.

I let it pass by a nod.

"Ah!" said Briggs. "Well, as you are on the second floor, I can tell him you are home ill and that I don't know where you live. But it's a lot of trouble to take for nothing. Is it worth a couple of dollars to you?"

I put two silver dollars into his hand and in an instant they clinked together in his pocket.

and it an instant they clinked together in his pocket.
Doughty called that evening, and next morning, and the day after, and all the while no answer came from Marcella. What did it mean? I knew when my letter was returned from the dead-letter office, with "Not found" written all over it sail it were an example in a office, with "Not found" written all over it as if it were an example in a copy-book. I had addressed it to "Marcella Darling, New York," Marcella's father being named Gillworthy, it is not astonishing that it did not reach its destination, especially without a number.

My full explanation had, perhaps, interested some clerk in the post-office department, but had not reached Marcella. Moreover, in the same mail was a letter from my bethrothed herself:

from my bethrothed herself:

"I am nearly wild," it began. "My dear Charles, what has happened? I have been terrified by your absence.
"I sent Brother Bob to Lighter & Jowls with a note from me, and some one told him you were ill at home and they didn't know where you boarded. I do not, either, but perhaps the postman does, so I put New York city uponit. Send tome at once. I am not superstituous, but your diamond seems not superstituous, but your diamond seems member the stories told of gems. "Why haven't you written? Did auntic offe-d you? The worst of it is my trunks are packed for Europe. Aunty decided to take me the evening you were here. Oh, how long it seems! We shall be away three months at least. I can't change my mind now. A thought startless me-perhaps your heart is changed; perhaps you love me no longer. If so, you have but to tell me where to send your presents—above all, your valuthen is any you hast. MARCELLA."

What had I done! Fear of losing my

Mr. Glitter looked at him coldly.

"In that case all will be well," he said. "Mr. Parkin, walk in. We have your amethyst ring safe, and a lovely stone it is. An old-fashioned stone, if I may say so, not in the market to day. We apologize to you; we understand you intended to send it away as a present; we regret your mortification."

"You are very kind," said I. "I regret to say that it will be some time before I can return the ring I carried away. It is now in England."

"Let it stay there," said Mr. Glitter.

"And now, to explain how we came to have it in one of our boxes—you'll be discreet. Mrs.—Well, we'll monition no names, a lady renowned for her jewels, has a husband who is parsimonious. At times she needs ready money, then she brings one of her rings to us. We lend her money on it, and give her a ring on value whatever to keep in the box, in case her husband inquires—wants to see it, etc. In time she pays us; we restore the diamond. The substitute was exchanged for your amethyst, and if it was Mr. Doughty's doing—"

"Plate and paste," said Mr. Glitter. "Half a dollar to the trade. Theatrical people buy them to play queens in sometimes. We have full sets. Mrs.—came back with the amethyst a few days ago, and we gave her another sham; but if she had been a person of another class, your ring would have been lost. "Mr. Doughty was not careless," I said. "The mistake was entirely mine."

I saw Doughty brush away a tear, and as I took my leave, I heard him say to Glitter.

said. "The mistake was entirely mine."
I saw Doughty brush away a tear, and
as I took my leave, I heard him say to
Glitter:
"Thank you, sir."
But the diamond, the great, glowing,
gorgeous diamond, is still in the family,
Oh! it is a family now. My wife knows
the truth, but her aunt never will; and
when Marcella wears; it on state occawhen Marcella wears it on state occasions, the old lady is wont to draw at tention to its splendor; and no one haver yet doubted that it was genuin and a very fine stone, indeed.—[Ledger.

COLUMBUS RELICS.

Proposed Reproduction of the Con

vent La Rabida at the Exposition.

The World's Fair Directory is recommended by its foreign affairs committee to appropriate \$50,0.0 for the purpose of building at Jackson Park a fac simile of the ancient convent of La Rabida, of Palos, Spain, It is believed that this would be the most appropriate structure possible in which to exhibit the large number of relies of Columbus which is being collected. If the project is carried out, as it seems probable it will be, this building and its contents will doubt his being collected of the exhibition attractions which no visitor will be content to leave without seeing.

which no visitor will-be content to leave without seeing.

It was at the door of the convent of La Rabida that Columbus, disappointed and down-hearted, asked for food and shelter for himself and his child. It was here that he found an asylum for a few years while he developed his plans and prepared the arguments which he submitted to the council at Salamanca. It was in one of the rooms of this convent that he met the Dominican monks in debate, and it was here also that he conferred with Alonzo Pinzo, who afterwards commanded one of the vessels of his feet. In this convent Columbus lived while he was making preparations for his voyage, and on the morning that he sailed from Palos he attended himself the little chapel. There is no building in the world so he attended himself the little chapel. There is no building in the world so closely identified with his discovery as this, and fortunately its architecture is of such a character as to permit of a reproduction at a comparatively small cost, and at the same time furnish a picture sque view and appropriate group among the splendid buildings that will be erected at Jackson Park. It will not only be of itself a monument to Columbus but it will furnish commodious and convenient show rooms for the collections and relies of Columbus that are to be exhibited. Besides a large collection of and relies of Columbus that are to be exhibited. Besides a large collection of maps, manuscripts, books and pictures that are being secured there will be among them public and private collections both from Europe and the United States. Many of the articles being of great value, it is proposed to bring them all together in this building, where they will be secure from fire and all other dangers.

all together in this building, where they abbering. Your manner was not your own when I saw you last.

What had I done? Fear of losing my treasure overcame all other thoughts. I caught my hat and rushed to her dwelling-place.

"Oh, my, Mr. Parkin! Is it you? The family thought you must be dead!" said the girl who opened the door for me; "and Miss Marcella has gone with her aunt to Europe, and master and missis have gone to Chieago, and Master Bob is at boarding-school, and there ain't no-body at home but cook and me except Hanner, and she's got a holiday. We're lonesome and real scary."

So was I. Istaggered down the steps with my hand to my forehead, and through the open window heard the waitress inform cook that it was plain my heart was broken by Miss Marcella's cruelty. What should I do now! Whither fly? I went as far as the corner, and ran into the arms of a man who, was stalking along with bowed head and a general air of desperation. In voluntarily we clutched each other.

"Thank God it is Parkia!" said he.

"Oboughty!" said I, but added not thankagiving.

"Ye been looking for you for days about that ring," said he.

"All right," said I. "But you remember you gave it to me!"

"I did, not," said I.

"I did not," said I.

matter turnishes a puzzie anke to the old frontiersmen and college graduates. The fragments of teeth found are much larger, apparently, than those of a horse, though not so heavy and coarse.—[St. Louis Republic.

Settling an Old Question

The difference between a girl's throwing and a boy's is substantially this: The boy crooks his elbow and reaches back with the upper part of his arm about at right angles with his body and reference and the forearm at 45 degrees. The direct act of throwing is accomplished by bringing the arm back with a sort of snap, working every joint from shoulder to waist. The girl throws with her whole arm relaxed. Why this marked and unmistakable difference exists may be explained by the fact that the clavicle or collarious of the collario

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

IS AND YARNS BY FUNN MEN OF THE PRESS.

True to the Original-Comes Only From Experience, Etc., Etc.

THE ODD CENT.

Grocer—Better you try some dis fi Limburger. Only twenty-six cents

Dimourger. Only the pound.
Vickwire—Why don't you make the price an even quarter? Why not knock off that extra cent?
Grocer—Vy, my friendt, dot extra scent is vot makes it sell.—[Indianapolis

A GOOD DEFINITION.

"What is the meaning of the word lukewarm?" asked the teacher. "Johnny Cumso, you may answer." "Water is lukewarm when it looks warm and isn't."—[Harper's Bazar.

TRUE TO THE ORIGINAL.

"Whose picture is that?" inquired an Eastern artist in a far Western cabin, discovering a well-executed portrait hanging on the wall in a dark corner. "That's my husband's," said the woman of the house, carelessly. "But it is hung with fatal effect," urged the artist, who remembered the fate of his first picture in the Academy. "So was my husband," snapped the woman, and the artist discontinued his observations.—[Detroit Free Press.

COMES ONLY FROM EXPERIENCE. "Why did you break off your engageent?"
"I accidentally learned that he was a

"Are you sure?"

"Certain. Why, he holds a baby just like a trained nurse."—[New York Recorder.

IT WAS EARLY DEVELOPED. Tillinghast-There is a cannibalistic

Illinghat.

instinct in fruit.

Gildersleeve—What do you mean?

Tillinghast—The first apple was eaten
by the first pair.—[Epoch.

HOW IT FELT.

Brown—I'd have this infernal tooth at if I were sure it wouldn't hurt too

much.

Mrs. Brown—Make up your mind, my dear, that you will feel just about as much pain as you do when you give me a little money to go shopping.—[Epoch. SIMPLER THAN IT SEEMED.

"Mr. Sharpset," inquired an attentive hostess, "how in the world do you man-age to eat the list soup without burning yourself".

ourself; "Madame," was the pathetic reply, "I m burning myself."

A NEW STYLE OF NOVEL Sam Peterby, who has a great deal of hterary ability, recently submitted an unfinished novel to a friend for criticism.

by asking for a candid opinion, the former asked:

"What in the mischief do you mean by killing off all the characters in the fourth chapter?"

"Ha! That's a splendid idea of mine. In the fifth chapter I am going to trot ut all their ghosts and have them kill each other off. It is going to be one of the most spirited novels of the day."—
[Texas Siftings.

ASTRONOMICAL DANGERS

ASTRONOMICAL DANGERS.
First Astronomer—I think that long straight line we see in the moon, and which is usually called the "milroad," should be given another name. Let's call it the "highway," or the "aqueduct," or something of that sort. Second Astronomer—But why not continue to call it the "milroad?" First Astronemer (whispering)—I'm afraid Jay Gould will grab it.—[New York Weekly.

"Do you go in for scientific farming?"
"No," returned the farmer. "I can't afford to pay \$7 a pod for pease and \$3 apiece for potatoes. I farm by the natural method and come out ahead."—[Ba-

She—I notice that you are always glancing at the clock,
He—Good gracious! You don't suspect for a moment that I am weary of your company?
She—No, but I suspect that you have pawned your watch.—[Humorist.

A WARNING TO THE TENDERFOOT.

A WARNING TO THE TENDERFOOT.

J. Cholmondeley Phipps (en route over the plains)—When I gaze around, don't you know, over these boundless, rolling prairies, stretching on every side to the horizon, without a vestige of human habitation, I am positively filled with awe.

Broncho Bob—Filled with ore, ch? Well, don't let the boys find it out or they might stake you out for a mineral claim.

ITS NUMERICAL OBDER.

"What holiday stands first in the esti-ation of the small boy?" "Independence Day." "Oh, no; that's the Fourth."—[Bazar.

GOOD ADVICE.

Captain—My man, I wouldn't ship on his voyage if I were you. Sailor—Why not? Ain't I all right? Captain—Yes, but you are too fat. Sailor—What if I am? I can handle a

Doe as well as a thin man.
Captain—Yes, yes, but we are bound
or the Cannibal Islands.—[Yankee

HE KNEW HIS BUSINESS.

"That's a mighty poor poem you lected for the prize," said a man to editor who had been conducting a

erary contest,
"You think that was a poor one, do
you?" replied the editor. "You ought to
see the others."

BIG BROTHER'S CALLING.

Little Miss—Brother won't be home
ntil supper time. He is learning to be
telegrapher.

Boston Aunt—Do not say tel-egrapher,
as telegrapher.

Boston Aunt—Do not way see gent say tel-eg-rapher. Little Miss—I wish brother were here to take you out walking. I can't go be-cause I sprained my leg. Aunty—Mercy, child! Say limb. Caller (shortly after)—Is your brother

at home?

Little Miss—No, sir. He's away learning to be a tel-limb-grapher.—[Good News.

TOO SUGGESTIVE.

"You've got a fellow in there that won't wait on me again, I think," said an irate customer as he enter2d from the dining room and slapped his check down before the hotel clerk. "What's the trouble, sir?" asked the clerk

"What's the trouble, sill asked the clerk.
"I'm not stingy," continued the customer, "and don't mind giving tips; but when a waiter hangs round when a fellow is nearly through his dinner and whistles: Do Not Forget Me. I think it is about time something was done."
The offer of a five-cent cigar seemed to wonderfully pacify the enraged customer.—[Chicago News.

A DROP IN PRICE.

Effie—See, Eva, there's a ring exactly like the one that Jack Chapman gave you—the one that he said he paid \$200

for.

Eva—Is there? Where?

Effie—Right in front, here, and it's marked \$7.68.—[Bostonian. THEY'RE PAID FOR.

Her curls are gold, that tender hue,
Like sunlight over ripened wheat;
Her eyes are sweet and darkly blue
And always smiling when we meet.
Her voice is just that gentle tone,
Her hand a dainty size at that,
But ah! her curls they're all her own,
I know the shop she buys them at!
—[New York Herald.

A STROKE OF LUCK.

I gave my icre an opal ring,
(The stone was pink and yellow)
I found it no unlucky thing—
She wed the other fellow.—[Epoch. TUMBLED TO IT.

Air. Townly—I got a letter from our country cousins to-day.

Mrs. Townly—Inviting us out to spend the summer, of course.

Mr. Townly—No; stating that they do not intend to run a charity hospital

GREEN FIELDS AND PASTURES NEW. Mrs. Gotham—The doctor says I must go to the country for my health. Mr. Gotham (busily)—All right, my dear. Which would you rather visit, your aunt in Brooklyn, or my avant in Jersey City?.-[New York Weekly.

AN UNFORESEEN EMERGENCY.

First Youth—I know where we can ire a boat. Let's go sailing. Second Youth—I never sailed a boat, Second Youth—I never sailed a boat, nor did you, I guess.

First Youth—No, but I've bought a book which tells all about how to sail boat. Come on. I'll read the instructions while you steer.

Both Youths (half an hour later)—Oool wool woo! We're upset.

Second Youth (floundering around in the water)—Wha-wha-what shall we do now?

First Youth (gasping)—I-I don't-n-n-know, I've lost the book.—[Goo CONSOLING. Miss Spinster—Such a nice man—Rec-tor Brown! Why, this morning he said there were marriages in heaven. Miss Sharpe—So consoling for you, dear, too!—[Ledger.

RETORT COURTEOUS. Lady Noodleby-Isn't American aris-Miss Veripert—Well, I don't know. I find that it is not hard to buy a European nobleman at a bargain.

GO TO SLEEP, OLD MAN.

Old Bellows (from top of stairs)— lora, I don't want to lie awake all night. Cora—Go to sleep then, papa, dear.

It Pays to be a Freak.

The dime museum business in this country has within a score of years grown to enormous proportions. To be born a freak in these days seems to be equivalent to being born with a silver spoon in one's mouth. If he is specially freakish it will bring him revenue to the extent of probably \$1,000 a week, with the privilege of selling photographs, songs and books.

One of the most popular freaks in the United States is the famous Mrs. General Tom Thumb, whom the children of several generations have worshiped as a fairy queen. Mrs. Tom Thumb is bordering upon sixty now, and is paid \$500 a week by managers who think her price reasonable at that figure.

She not only gets \$500 in cash at the end of every seven days, but she has her railroad transportation paid from her home in Bridgeport, Conn., to points of exhibit, as well as a carriage from her hotel to the museum or theatre. Aside from this salary and perquisites she reaps a large income from the sale of her photographs. Mrs. Tom Thumb resides at Bridgeport, Conn., in luxury and case. —[Kansas City Times.

A fond father took home some dainties for the table the other evening. The family gathered at the board and the children were prospecting.

"Ge! but they look good!" said Johnny.

"Well," said the mother, "if papa's so good as to bring home such good things to eat, what ought you to do?"

Johnny's eyes glistened as he interpreted a suggestion in his mother's question and he answered energetically.

"Eat 'em."

COOL.

"Please, sir, can't you give me an old coat?" asked a mendicant of a wealthy merchant. As the mendicant had formerly been the scrawt of the merchant the latter said:

"Go over to the clothing store and pick yourself out a \$12 suit and I'll come and pay for it."

The mendicant did as he was told. Taking the clothing store man to one side, he said to him:

"That old duffer sent me over to pick out a said to lim:

"That old duffer sent me over to pick out a said to clothes. Now, I want you to let me have my commission, so I, too, will make something by this little trade."

[Texas Siftings.

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