

GOOD-BY!

The part upon the crowded street,
An' part and part; with tireless feet
They stand and stand, their agile tongues
Prilled by potent, active lungs...

With cultured pitch or common bawl,
At church or market, hot or hall,
At feast or funeral, still are heard
The pair who speak more lowly word...

And oh! when night comes dropping down
With gentle touch to hush the town,
There's yet no respite; for below
Perchance 'tis Bridget and her beau...

To part and wait and say "Good-by!"
"Good, good-by!" "Good-by!" "Good-by!"
"Good, good-by!" "Good-by!" "Good-by!"
"Good, good-by!" "Good-by!" "Good-by!"

—[Emira (N. Y.) Gazette.]

FRICK WHARTON'S PERIL.

Frick Wharton was an old campaigner
on the frontier, who had served his country
from the time of the Custer massacre
until the spring of 1890.

He was fond of the life, and bade
fair to spend all his active years in the
government's service, but he encountered
at last one person who did what no Sioux,
Cheyenne or Ogallala was ever able to do...

That person was a certain blue-eyed
young woman from the far away New
England hills, who had come West to
teach an agency school, and who said
"yes" to the most important question...

Wharton lived happily enough until
the recent trouble with the Sioux nation
began. He was quick to foresee the
serious nature of the danger, which had reached
the superstitious nature of the Sioux, and
their liability to intense and reckless
excitement under a religious delusion.

If a war was prevented, it would have
to be done by men who knew the Indians
well, and were not afraid of them.
As the signs of trouble deepened, Frick
grew more and more reckless. He longed
to leap more into the saddle, and
ride to the scene of the trouble.

"Well," he asked, "what did you think
about it?"
"I thought that if you didn't mention it
pretty soon, I should ask you what in
the world you meant by not offering your
services when your country needed them!"

Frick did not say much, but kissed his
wife affectionately, and was prouder than
ever of her. He had made no mistake
in estimating the sort of staff she was
made of.

Within a few hours Wharton and his
wife rode away toward Pierre, where
Jennie was left with friends, and Frick
set out alone for the Pine Ridge Agency.
He intended to offer his services at once
to General Miles.

It was a long ride, but he knew every
mile of the way. It was also a dangerous
ride, for although no open outbreak
had as yet taken place, Frick had picked
up enough information on the road to enable
him to decide that the conflagration
was at hand.

On the afternoon of the second day,
when the sun was shining in a clear sky
and the air was crisp and keen, an Indian
horseman rode over a swell of the prairie,
and by his course showed his wish
to make a closer acquaintance with the
scout.

Frick was not in the habit of running
away from solitary Indians, so he drew
the rein of his pony, and with the animal
at a moderate walk, awaited the coming
of the warrior who was in native
costume.

Frick kept a sharp eye on him, and
held his Winchester ready, but he detected
no hostile movement. Presently
he was surprised and pleased to recognize
the Indian as an Ogallala whom he
knew very well, and who, through some
queer whim, had received the unexplainable
name of Brother-of-his-Father-and-Mother.

Who was responsible for this amazing
title it is impossible to say, but since it
was too long to be used except on state
occasions, Frick had shortened it to
"Broff" when he had occasion to call
the Indian by name.

Broff had been a friendly Indian for
years. He had been Frick's companion
on several of his dangerous scouting. The
two had camped together in the dismal
gorges and canons of the Black Hills
and Big Horn Mountains. They had
shared the awful blizzard in the land of
the Assiniboine, and starved, suffered
and hunted together until it would seem
that the ties of friendship could not have
been welded more strongly.

But this was an extraordinary occasion.
Wharton knew that many friendly Indians
had come under the influence of the
prevailing superstition and had joined the
ghost-dancers. He shook hands cordially
with Broff, but kept a watchful eye upon him.

Indian as ever, and that he was on his
way to Pine Ridge Agency to "help General
Miles."
The weather grew colder as the day
developed, and when the sun had neared
the horizon the horsemen headed toward
a wooded ridge, at the base of which they
hoped to find shelter against the cutting
wind, and fuel for a fire. There was dry
grass, too, for their ponies.

They rode on silently. Wharton had
not seen another Indian during the day,
and was sanguine of reaching the Agency
without collision with them. It was his
wish to avoid any conflict or skirmish
until after reporting at headquarters, for
grave consequences sometimes flow at
such a juncture from even a trifling collision.

The scout, therefore, uttered an exclamation
of surprise when, just before
reaching the spot selected for their camp,
he saw the gleam of a fire through the
trees.
"Hello!" he exclaimed, bringing his
pony to a halt. "Some of them are
there!"

"What matter?" answered Frick.
"Are there any people; they will not
harm you when I am with you."
Frick was not entirely satisfied, but
he had now full faith in his companion,
and went on. The two rode side by side
until they reached the edge of the wood.

Broff slipped from his pony first, and
hurried forward as if to open the way for
his friend, who was but a few steps behind
him. There were three Ogallalas, and
they had noted the horsemen before the
latter saw them. They greeted Frick
stolidly, and each one as stolidly offered
his hand to Frick, as he came forward to
the camp-fire where they stood.

It was a proof of Frick's wide acquaintance
with the red men that he knew
every one of these Ogallalas and accosted
them by name, in their own language.
Two were young bucks—both striking
specimens of their race, finely formed,
tall and graceful, and all were well
armed.

The third, known among the white
people as Jim, was an old Indian. Frick
met him on the reservation several
times during his service as scout, and
had never known him to be engaged in any
trouble. He was taciturn and reserved,
like most of his people, and it was
evident that he, too, recognized the white
man, whom he called by name, and re-
ferred to the time when they smoked
their pipes together at Pine Ridge Agency.

Jim was the last to take the hand of
Frick, who noticed that his behavior was
peculiar. He pressed Frick's hand with a
warmth not at all like an Indian, and
fixing his black eyes on those of Frick,
looked searchingly into his face, without
speaking.

Exactly what he meant by this curious
proceedure was more than Frick could
guess, but it had the effect to make him
watch the two young Ogallalas closely.
They had prepared a joint venison,
of which all partook. The Ogallalas
showed no disposition to "turn in" for
the night; they mounted soon, and rode
to the eastward, and Wharton thought it
best to press on toward the Agency. He
and Broff, therefore, said good-by formally
to their late hosts, and rode southward
in the gathering dusk.

Frick had become convinced that the
three Ogallalas were hostile, and that
when the outbreak came they would be
among the fiercest of the warriors.
The young bucks showed suppressed
excitement in every movement, and
Wharton was sure that nothing but
Broff's influence restrained them from
pouncing upon him.

Broff had exchanged whispered words
with the bucks. Frick had no doubt that
these words were in his behalf. But had
the Ogallalas disappeared for good when
they vanished across the prairie in the
gloom?

As the scout and the Indian rode along
Broff was silent, communing with him-
self. When Frick questioned him, he
said that he had sought to dissuade Jim
and his companions from joining in the
hostilities that were soon to break out,
but that his good words were thrown
away.

Broff showed no disposition to talk further,
and Frick did not press him. They
rode on in silence.
The weather was still keenly cold, but
the ground was free from snow, and the
ponies leaped forward at an easy gait.
The full moon rose. It was obscured
now and then by drifting clouds, so that
sometimes he saw but a little way,
while at other times the view was unob-
structed for a considerable distance.

Less than an hour after starting, the
observant Frick noticed that his companion,
instead of keeping his pony beside him,
showed a disposition to fall to the rear.
When he first discovered it, Broff was
twenty feet behind him.

Frick looked suddenly back and abated
his own gait, so as to permit the Indian
to draw up again.
"Is your horse tired?" asked Frick.
"I'm afraid so."
"Then we'll go slower."
Broff rode up, and they went side by
side again. But as Frick strained his
eyes looking at some object in a distant
belt he noticed Broff was again dropping
behind.

Without appearing to divert his attention
from the distant object, Wharton
watched the Indian, and made sure that
he was holding in his animal. Frick did
the same, and they were side by side
again.
Frick said nothing, but just at this
moment he caught the sound of horses'
hoofs on the prairie to the eastward.

"Those fellows are coming back," he
thought, "and there will be trouble."
The noise of the hoofs was heard only
for a moment, as though it had been
thrown forward by a puff of wind, or an
animal had stumbled. Without attract-
ing the attention of the Indian, Frick
glanced in the direction whence the sound
came, but could see nothing of the horse-
men from whom he had parted but a
short time before. He said nothing of
what he had heard, and Broff held his
peace, though he must have noted it.

With a belief that a crisis was at hand,
Frick held himself keenly on the alert.
He was looking for the new-comers, and
for the moment withdrew his attention
from Broff, who was on the opposite side
of him. A scout, however, never quits
his sight of anything, and he quickly
turned to look at his companion.

He was not a moment too soon. Broff
had brought his pony to a stop, less than
twenty feet distant, and was in the act
of leveling his Winchester at Frick. The
scout had no time in which to anticipate
him in firing; he dropped, therefore, on
the other side of the animal, with the
quickness of lightning.
The bullet intended for the white man
missed him by an inconceivably narrow
chance, and almost at the same instant,
Broff tumbled headlong from his horse.

already perceived that it was the new-
comer's weapon which had brought down
Broff in the very act of shooting his
friend.

It was Jim, the Ogallala, who with a
friendly greeting to Frick, made clear
the meaning of what had taken place.
Broff, he said, had become one of the
most fanatical of all the ghost-dancers,
and his sudden hatred of the white people
was intense. When he joined Frick,
he undoubtedly meant to kill him at the
first opportunity. Well aware of the
bravery and skill of the white man, and
cowardly at heart as he must have been,
Broff had shrunk from acting until he
seemed to have Frick quite at his
mercy.

When Jim saw the two in company, he
read Broff's purpose at a glance. His
retention of Frick's hand, and the search-
ing look into his eyes, was meant to warn
him of his peril, and to learn if he sus-
pected it.

Broff's whispered words to the two
young warriors were really an urgent
counsel to them to fall upon the
scout and kill him then and there. They
would have done so but for the course
of Jim, who told them that if they
tried it he would join the white man in
defending himself. Broff had then de-
clared that he would manage it alone.

Jim knew his intention, and after riding
a short distance with the two bucks, he
told them to keep on their course, and
that he would join them soon. Then he
rode back, determined to warn Frick of
his danger.

He arrived in the nick of time.
"I fight you when we meet in battle—
not like him," said Jim, as he wheeled
and rode off to rejoin his companions.
Jim did fight after the manner of his
people at Wounded Knee, where he was
one of the first to go down. Frick was
not present at that fierce conflict, but
when he learned of his fall, he said:

"Some Indians may be devoid of
gratitude and honor. Broff was one of
that kind, but Jim was not."—[Youth's
Companion.]

A Coconut Festival.

Hindoo of all classes celebrated the
Coconut Festival in the late summer,
when thousands of coconuts, with flowers
and sugar-candy, were thrown into the sea
at Chodpatty, the Kennedy Sea Face, and
at Modhykhana, to bespeak the favor of
the sea-god towards those who during the
ensuing year, intended to embark upon
commercial enterprises and trust them-
selves and their goods to his mercy. The
festival is known among the natives as the
Sharavani or Narel Purnima festival,
which is considered to mark the beginning
of the end of the monsoon. The date of
the festival varies, but it generally occurs
towards the end of the month of August.

Early in the morning of the day the
Hindoo men, their families, young
and old, dress themselves in their best
clothes and pass the day in the inter-
changing of social amenities. In the
afternoon, the children and adults deck
themselves with ornaments, and in the
company of the elder members of the
families, with coconuts and flowers in
their hands, take their way towards the
sea at Back Bay or Mody Bay. The
densest crowds of the native population
are seen swarming all over the Esplanade,
converging from different parts of the
city, to witness the fair held in honor of
the day. This fair is a curious enough
sight in its way, many of its attractions
being common to an ordinary native fair.
The shops and booths erected in long
lines along the verge of the Cruickshank
road for the sale of trinkets and sweet-
meats, English and native, attract a large
amount of profitable business. Rings of
people are formed here and there to wit-
ness the feats of wrestlers and fencers,
or the antics of cunning waggeries, or to
listen to the tales of the prowess of Rama
or the amours of Krishna, which are re-
cited by wandering minstrels with accom-
paniment of their uncouth instruments.

The Target for Wits.

Wits have often made merry at the ex-
pense of women financiers, and have
written up some real and many imaginary
stories of the way women make a mess
of it in banking business. It has been
charged, for instance, that women are so
busy with drawing out funds that they
often fail to appreciate the necessity for
first putting in funds against which to
draw. There is a venerable and oft-re-
peated joke of this nature which repre-
sents a woman saying to her husband:
"Why, my money is all gone, and my
check book is not half used up!"

"About all the faults that can be found
with women depositors apply equally to
men," said an official in one of the banks.
We have to watch both men and women
to see that they do not overdraw their
accounts. We have both men and women
customers whom we can trust and do
trust to overdraw. We have fussy men
as well as fidgety women. We have
men as well as women whose ac-
counts are small. Possibly it may be
true that women's accounts are the lean
side of the business, but it must be re-
membered that when all these accounts
are added up they make a very handsome
showing and average a good round sum.

As for mistakes and fuss, the men
who open bank accounts also make them.
The women are quick to learn the
methods. They are quite as apt to keep
good balances as men are. They are
quite as prudent as men, and the average
downright dishonesty is to the advan-
tage of the woman's side. I mean that
they are quite as honest as the men,
fit not more so."—[Chicago Herald.]

Man and the Locomotive.

A locomotive is noisy when she is hot;
so is a man.
When a locomotive gets too full she
lays down; men do.
A locomotive's draft is governed by a
puff; the drafts of men are often
affected by the same influence.
On a damp, dark night a locomotive is
slippery and treacherous; man too.
A locomotive, when run by night,
should always have a pilot; a man should
have two.
A locomotive that is always out nights
soon becomes faded; we have seen faded
men.

A dead locomotive has no pull; dead
men same.
Locomotives spark nights; so men do.
—[Western Railway.]

Grotesque Groceries.

An invoice received by the caterer of
an English regiment stationed in India
contained this bewildering item: "One
case of Tomcats."
No one had asked the caterer to order
any dainties of that kind, and the mys-
tery remained unsolved until the pack-
age was opened.
Then it appeared that the grocer's as-
sistant had a fancy for abbreviation, and
that "tomcats" was only his way of
writing the name of that useful condiment,
tomato catchup.—[Philadelphia Record.]

DIAMONDS.

CUTTING AND POLISHING THE
PRECIOUS STONES.

The Diamonds in a Rough State—
How They Are Cut Into Various
Shapes and Polished—Delicate and
Difficult Operations.

When the diamond is brought out of
its rough state it is simply tested and
registered by the diamond experts, and a
duty paid upon it. It is then carefully
packed, and shipped to the cutting estab-
lishments thousands of miles away, for
very little of this work is done in South
Africa. In India the ancients cut their
own diamonds, but they never followed
the rules which are adopted to-day, and
the brilliancy of their stones was never
thoroughly developed.

The precious goods are soon sorted out
in the cutting establishment, and each
one registered and marked with certain
directions for cutting. Now the size and
shape of the diamond generally decides
its value after all. Some are elongated
and not very thick while others are nearly
round. Owing to the shape, some cannot
be cut after the most approved fashion
without losing nearly one-half of their
size.

They are then cut after the pat-
terns which seem better suited to their
general shape. The most precious di-
amonds are worked into the shape of the
brilliant, which is like two truncated
pyramids placed base to base. The less
precious ones are cut with less regularity,
and after simpler patterns. The value
of a diamond can thus often be partly
determined by the number of angles
which it has. A poor one will not have
many, while an exceptionally rich one
will have many to develop its full brilli-
ancy.

The more angles on any white stone
or piece of glass is cut into the more it
will flash, for the rays of light will be
cut up by the angles, and made to flash
out into innumerable rays. This is one
of the principles of diamond cutting,
but the angles must all be cut after some
general rule, or the whole work will
be spoilt. Also there is a certain
point beyond which the rays of light be-
come mingled and confused so that the
good effect is ruined.

Of late years paste diamonds, imita-
tions of real diamonds, and glass diamonds
have been placed upon the market in quan-
tities, and it is difficult to distinguish
many of these from the genuine article.
They are cut in the most approved style,
and a good quartz diamond, cut in the
shape of a brilliant, makes a very effec-
tive show. Its value, however, is less
than one-twentieth of that of a diamond
of similar size and shape. Glass cut in
prism shape will illustrate the value of
angles in any transparent body, and
glass diamonds can often be put so that
they resemble greatly the pure water
gems. Fine, large diamonds are so very
expensive that many wealthy people prefer
to wear the imitations on general oc-
casions, and leave the genuine stones for
only very important and special occa-
sions.

After the diamonds have been assigned
to their respective cases in the cutting
establishment, the cleaving operation is
the first one through which they pass.
This is done generally by hand, and it
consists in splitting off pieces of the
rough gem. Every stone and mineral
has its line of cleavage, as it is termed
in geology, and the diamond has minute
stratifications which determine its cleavage
plane. The stone is mounted on a wood-
en handle by cement, and the cleaver is
then pressed slowly against it until a
notch is formed. The fragment of an-
other diamond, mounted on a handle, and
placed in a machine, generally does this
work. Then the diamond is held firmly
on the table, and another diamond is
placed in the notch, and the back of the
knife struck sharply with an iron rod.
The piece is split off by one blow, and
a bright clear face is left exposed. All
rough diamonds are treated in this way,
and a great deal of skill and knowledge
is required to do the work successfully.

After the cleaving the cutting opera-
tion is brought into operation. A man
who has been introduced to do this
work, and very little of it now is per-
formed by hand. But the operation is
nearly the same, only the machine is
more accurate. One diamond is rubbed
against another until they are cut in the
proper way. The operator has to watch
carefully, and as soon as the face is
properly formed in another handle, or
"doop," as it is called. A horizontal
disk of iron with a groove in it revolves
at a speed of twenty thousand revolu-
tions per minute, but with a motion so
steady that the wheel appears to be mo-
tionless. The disk is wetted with
olive oil and diamond dust, and the di-
amond is placed upon this disk at the
proper angle. The polishing consists in
cutting as well as rubbing, and the di-
amond is thus finished off and made as
brilliant as possible. The time required
for polishing depends upon the diamond,
and some require near double the time
and work that others do. After the pol-
isher is thoroughly arranged, the opera-
tor can leave it to do its work alone, but
before he finally has to inspect the gem to
see that it is not bearing on too much at
one angle.

The setting of the diamonds is an en-
tirely distinct work, and is not generally
performed in the same factory. The
diamonds, after being polished, are ready
for the wholesale dealers, and they are
shipped to all parts of the globe. Each
individual jeweler sets them to suit him-
self, in rings, watches, breast-pins, ear-
drops, and hundreds of other pieces of
jewelry.—[The Epoch.]

Peculiarities of French Bread.

In Paris bread is indeed the "staff of
life." It is carried about the streets
without even a string around it. Women
clasp the loaf affectionately to their
bosoms and rest the ends against their
hair. Men forget that it isn't a cane
they are carrying and rap the end of the
loaf on the pavement as they walk. I
saw a little boy in the dirt by the Seine
using a long piece of bread for a play-
thing. Presently he wiped it upon his
dress and ate it up. I saw a woman in
the Luxembourg Gardens cost-
lyly hugging a great round loaf—without
any wrapper, please remember. We
heard angry voices before our window,
and beheld a woman thumping a man
with a fresh baked roll. It broke in two,
but the woman bent a tattoo on his back
with the pieces. When we go to buy
bread we are tempted to ask: "How
much is it a yard?" We are sure the
French people never die of lack of food,
for any grinding apparatus that can stand
the test of years on this bread can stand
anything.—[Paris Letter to Chicago Post.]

A Bullet's Freak.

A curious shooting affair which oc-
curred in Medina, N. D., is thus de-
scribed by Theodore Roosevelt: "I
did not see the actual occurrence, but
I saw both men afterward and I heard
the shooting, which took place in a
saloon on the bank while I was swim-
ming my horse across the river. I
will not give the full names of the
two contestants, as I am not certain
what has become of them, though I
was told that they had since been put
in jail or hanged, I forget which.
One of them was a saloonkeeper, fa-
miliarly called Welshy. The other
man, Hay, had been bickering with
him for some time. One day Hay en-
tered the saloon and the quarrel be-
came at once violent. Welshy sud-
denly whipped out his revolver and
blazed away at Hay. Hay staggered
slightly, shook himself, stretched out
his hand and gave back to his would-
be slayer the ball, saying: 'Here,
man, here's the bullet!' He had
glanced along the breast-bone, gone a
roundabout course, and come out at
the point of the shoulder, when, being
spent, it dropped down the sleeve
into his hand."

Wonderful Gold Mine.

One of the wonders of Australia,
and one of the greatest natural curi-
osities in the world, is the Mount
Morgan gold mine in Queensland.
The precious metal contained in this
mine, which has paid a dividend of
not less than \$6,000,000 a year, was
deposited by a hot spring.

Mount Morgan is a hill about 500
feet high, containing at its top a cup-
shaped deposit made by the hot spring
which once gushed out there, and in
this deposit the gold exists. Truly a
cup of Gossium! Through untold ages
the waters dropped their glittering
burden, and now man comes and ex-
tracts the hoarded metal to add to the
wealth of the world.

Specimens of the ore from this
strange mine have recently been sent
to the United States, that they might
be compared with the deposits of the
great hot springs in our own Yellow-
stone Park. It was but natural to
suppose that the Yellowstone springs
had also a golden treasure in their
cups, but the most careful search by
geologists has thus far failed to de-
tect any trace of it.

Catarrh

Hood's Sarsaparilla, Being a Con-
stitutional Remedy, Really
Reaches and cures it.

"A sense of gratitude and a desire to benefit those
afflicted, prompt me to recommend Hood's Sarsa-
parilla to all who have catarrh. For many years I
was troubled with catarrh and indigestion and general
debility. I got so low I could not get around the
house. I tried about everything I saw recommended
for catarrh, but failing in every instance of being
relieved, I became

Very Much Discouraged.

At last I decided to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and
began to get relief. I have now used, within two
months, I feel better than I have for
years. I attribute my improvement wholly
to the use of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Mrs. Chas. Hixon, Corner York and Pleasant Streets,
Hanover, Penn.
Hood's Pills—For the liver and bowels, act
easily yet promptly and efficiently. Price 25c.

"German Syrup"

Here is an incident from the South
—Mississippi, written in April, 1890,
just after the Grippe had visited that
country. "I am a farmer, one of
those who have to rise early and
work late. At the beginning of last
Winter I was on a trip to the City
of Vicksburg, Miss., where I got well
drenched in a shower of rain. I
went home and was soon after seized
with a dry, hacking cough. This
grew worse every day, until I had
to seek relief. I consulted Dr. Dixon
who has since died, and he told me
to get a bottle of Boschee's German
Syrup. Meantime my cough grew
worse and worse and then the Grippe
came along and I caught that also
very severely. My condition then
compelled me to do something. I
got two bottles of German Syrup. I
began using them, and before taking
much of the second bottle, I was
entirely clear of the Cough that had
hung to me so long, the Grippe, and
all its bad effects. I felt tip-top and
have felt that way ever since."
PETER J. BRIALS, JR., Cayuga, Hines
Co., Miss.

Taking butter from milk
was known in the earliest
times. It was left for our
time to make a milk of cod-
liver oil.

Milk, the emulsion of but-
ter, is an easier food than
butter. Scott's Emulsion of
cod-liver oil is an easier food
than cod-liver oil. It is rest
for digestion. It stimulates,
helps, restores, digestion;
and, at the same time, sup-
plies the body a kind of
nourishment it can get in no
other way.

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FIRST-CLASS TURNOUTS
At Short Notice, for Weddings, Parties and
Funerals. Front Street, two squares
below Freeland Opera House.

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EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE AT
Lowest Living Prices.

COAL! COAL!
The undersigned has been appointed
agent for the sale of G. B. Markle
& Co.'s
Highland Coal.

Ladies can make BIG
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Profits by securing subscribers for the leading, oldest
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