For queenly rose,

For falling leaf And drifting snows.

For answered prayers.
For hopes fulfilled;
Heart-conflicts won
And passions stilled;
For friends and kindred,
Home and health;
Our country's pride,
And skill and wealth.

But last and best, From hill and dale, But last and best,
From hill and da
From ice-bound lake
To orange vale,
Ere our triumphant
Song shall cease,

Thank God-thank God For blessed peace!
—[Claudia Tharin.

TURNING THE TABLES.

THANKSGIVING SURPRISE. "Another blue Thanksgiving coming on," Frank Russell said aloud. "A man isn't half a man living in this way. Life is a big humbug. So far as I can make out, it consists chiffy of penances for ig-norunt mistakes."

He was rummaging for a pair of whole ockings while he uttered his grim stockings while he uttered his grim philosophy and was provoked not to find any, small blame to him. Trifles try

men's souls.

"Something will have to be done," he thought as he bent a pin to do duty for a collar-button.

"All my clothes have struck for repairs. It destroys a man's self-respect to go around dressed in this make-shift fashion."

He was trying to whistle off his dreari-

e-shift fashion."

e was trying to whistle off his dreariwhen Mrs. Kitchell rapped at the
. He had occupied her rooms six
ths.

nths.
'Slept sound as a mole on the nev ing mattress," Frank volunteered spring mattress," Frank volunteered, curning from the dressing-case as she came in. "Lucky for me it's easy," he added. "I expect to stay all day in bed yearty see."

ied. "Ther atty soon." "Rheumatism?" "Well, no; I've Miss McFlimsey? "Well, no; Ilve Miss McFlimsey? unplaint—nothing to wear." complaint—nothing to wear."
"Mr. Russell!"
"Fact. Haven't a dud that is in

"I might take a stitch or sew on a button," said Mrs. Kitchell doubtfully.
"Thanks. But there are scores of buttons and any number of stitches needed. Don't you know of some woman who would make a business of putting my clothes in order, one who was reman who would make a business of put ting my clothes in order, one who was re-liable, and would come here and do it?" "There are menders who make a busi ness of it, if we could find them," said Mrs. Kitchell.

Why not advertise?"

"We might try." He sat down to his desk and wrote: WANTED—A nice mender to put gen-tleman's wardrobe in order. Call at No. 436 — street.

"How is this?" he asked, reading.

"It sounds well."

"All right. I'll drop into the office of the Blusterer and have it inserted at

of the Busterer and have it inserted at once."

On the evening of the next day Frank came home, went straight to his room and lighted the gas. It was the dullest of November evenings and the glow seemed cheery. There had been some sort of change in the atmosphere of the place since morning. Wasn't there a faint oder of violets in the air? He thought suddenly of his ad. Had Mrs. Kitchell engaged a woman? Did menders as a rule leave a trail of delicate perfume behind them?

He proceeded to investigate. First he

rule leave a trail of delicate perfume behind them?

He proceeded to investigate. First he opened a clothes press. His dressinggown confronted him with a knowing look. He examined and found it had undergone thorough repair. He enveloped himself in its crimson and old gold gorgeousness with a sigh of satisfaction. He opened his fine linen drawer. Frayed buttonholes, necks and wristbands had been looked after and buttons summoned back to duty. The hopeless looking collection in the stocking drawer had been begun upon. There was the needle and mending yarn, showing that "there was more to follow" of the work so well begun.

more to follow" of the work so well begun.

"It is a fine thing to have a woman around, provided you don't—" Here Frank broke off abruptly and sat thinking some painful, uneasy thoughts.

Mrs. Kitchell rapped and came in at his bidding, beaming at him across the rejuvenated dressing-gown.

"She's been here, I see," Frank said, "and she's proved a jewel so far."

"She's been here, I jeked her out of a dozen who came. You wouldn't give some of them house room. I knew she was sure not to poke around in things."

"Your choice does you credit, Mrs. Kitchell. She's made a good beginning. Take this," handing her a bank note, "to make yourself good and pay her for her work."

"I'm very glad you are satisfied."

wore off. She had no eyes nor ears for Liboka of the mender, but forbore. "Some one who has seen better days likely," he hought.

He fell into another reverie before the open fire after Mrs. Kitchell had left him. A curious sense of companionship was invading him not unpleasantly. His portrait hung above the mantel-piece. Its eyes seemed to meet their duplicates knowingly, as if their owner could a talc unfold if he so desired. Eyes they were with a sort of steady insistance and a gleam of mirthfulness beneath their unsatisfied expression. Things had gone wrong with their owner, awfully wrong, he told himself. He was in no doubt as to where the blame should be credited. He had been an unmitigated idlot, as he was apt to remind himself.

As he raised his arm that faintest odor violet or something else seemed to creep out of his dressing gown. He next saw a long, brown, burnished hair trailing over the skirt of it. He tried to brush it into the fire. It clung to his fingers, but finally disengaged itself of its own will and gyrated up the chimney. He began to wonder if this mender was nice looking. He had thought of her reaguely as homely and clever with tern heedle, but somehow burnished hair and the odor of violets seemed to dender the came home the next night feeling he had a new interest in life. Again the

"Done so soon?" he said with a note of

"Done so soon?" he said with a note of disappointment.

"She said she was pressed with other work outside the mending line. She was above it, I'm sure, yet she does it cheery like, as if she meant to make the best of it. A quiet young lady she is—one you couldn't ask questions."

Frank put on a pair of mended stockings the next morning. He found an obstruction in the toe of one, which proved to be a bit of paper with these words written upon it:

Slip on your stockings

Slip on your stockings With a delicate quirk. With a delicate quirk, If you would not injure This fine lattice work.

This fine lattice work.

Evidently the mender had a vein of humor, which Mrs. Kitchell had overlooked. "A rhyme, too," he muttered. "What next, I wonder?"

In the pocket of a vest that had been newly bound and pressed he found another missive.

Gently linger when the button Lies between your thumb and finger, Be not hurried, Cross or flurried, Take your time to dress for dinner.

Take your time to dress for dinner.
"By Jove!" he thought, "she's found out that I'm an impatient fellow, taught by her woman's wits and my surroundings, I suppose." He glanced uneasily at a blue polka dot necktie reposing in a corner, where he had flung it the morning before.

Somehow the rhymes jingled in his ears all the evening. He heard others in his sleep, which, as near as he could remember next morning had run something in this wise:

Prepare, prepare, for a glad Thanksgiving.

For peace and joy and a brand new wedding. From which timay be inferred that Frank had been one of the contracting parties in a wedding in the past, if the dream rhymes were to be trusted. About a week before Thanksgiving he took up a paper and the following headlines of a story stared at him:

A SINGULAR EPISODE.

MENDER OF STOCKINGS MENDS HER FOR TUNES-THE NEAREST CROSS-ROAD TO A

MAN'S GOOD GRACES.

Frank glanced over the story, then began at the beginning. He found it a vivid pen-and-ink picture of himself and his surroundings. There could be no mistake. The description of his rooms were minute, from the couchant lions on the andirons to the clock on the mantelpiece, with Boadicea driving in her chariot, one of the wheels of which was the dial plate. Even the pattern of the carpet and the inoffensive necktie he had maltreated were mentioned.

iot, one of the wheels of which was the dial plate. Even the pattern of the carpet and the inoffensive necktie he had maltreated were mentioned.

The hero of the story was named Oliver Langley. He was a peculiar character. His personal description tallied with Frank's exactly. The fine lights and shades of character, the things bad and good which he knew about himself, but supposed them unknown to any one else, were described on paper with a minuteness that was startling.

The hero of the story was a good-looking bachelor, who had been angled for and flattered by women until, as a natural consequence, he rated them as about the easiest procurable luxuries on the footstool, and made up his mind that marriage in his case would be rendered a failure by its cloying sweetness.

But something unexpected happened. A professional repairer of clothing came to his rooms during his absence to put his wardrobe in order. She was a young woman, with plain face, too thin by far for good looks, nose long and unclassical and pale, gray eyes. But her mouth, that was expressive and seemed made to invite the kisses out of which the upper part of her face was likely to cheat her. Then her voice was full of sweet vibrations and her figure was good, though no one ever noticed it, because her dresses were ill-fitting. She had no accomplishments, unless her genus for meading might be accounted one. She was designed to the stitch in time," and she was elected to put Oliver Langley's wardrobe in a high state of repair.

One day this fastidious gentleman, who would have turned up his nose at the Queen of Sheba, said his lady friends, came home unexpectedly in the middle of the afternoon to find the mender sented on a low stool with one of his stockings stretched over her hand, darning leisurely and smilling as she darned, as if pleasant thoughts kept her company.

He stood a few minutes unobserved by her, wondering how she could look so

pany.

He stood a few minutes unobscryed by Mrs. Kitchell rapped and came in at his bidding, beaming at him across the rejuvenated dressing-gown.

"She's been here, I see," Frank said, "and she's proved a jewel so far."

"She's a real lady. I picked her out of a dozen who came. You wouldn't give some of them house room. I knew she was sure not to poke around in things."

"Your choice does you credit, Mrs. Kitchell, She's made a good beginning Take this," handing her a bank note, "to make yourself good and pay her for her work."

"I'm very glad you are satisfied, said Mrs. Kitchell, cheerfully, as she glanced at the denomination of the note. She had often said that there was nothing "skimpin" about Mr. Russell. Mrs. Kitchell was a non-committal woman. Frank wanted to ask after the looks of the mender, but forbore. "Some one who has seen better days likely," he thought.

He fell into another reverie before the open fire after Mrs. Kitchell had left him. A curious sense of companionshif, was ingalaged by many satisfaction with the possibilities the was not hing was braiding him not workers with the work of the mender, but forbore. "Some one who has seen better days likely," he thought.

He fell into another reverie before the open fire after Mrs. Kitchell had left him. A curious sense of companionshif, was ingalaged in men workers with the work of the many transmitted to her slightest wish. He had a left him the mouth of the said moodily. "It is not hatred, but indifference," It is not hatred, but indifference, when the seeds work as alone in the work of the

Frank lighted the gas and looked around. Was she larking in some corner? No, she had folded up her work and "silently stole away." Yet he seemed to be established on a friendly footing with her.

"The mender finished to-day and I've just paid her," Mrs. Kitchell told him the next.

"I have a particular reason for wishing to the her," said Frank impatiently. turned.

He went to the office of the paper and asked the real name and address of "Dolly Penwoman." The editor was sorry, but the lady's name and address were held in strict confidence.

'I have a particular reason for wishing to see her," said Frank impatiently.

"Some other gentlemen also asked her address for particular reasons," said the editor.

"Some other gentlemen also asked her address for particular reasons," said the editor.

Finding he could get no satisfaction, Frank returned in not the best of humor. Next he went to Mrs. Kitchell and got a full description of the mender. He was more excited than ever after that. He dashed off a "Personn!" and had it inserted in the paper. He scanned the face of every woman he met on the street and hung around the office of the paper in hopes to see her go in or out.

The day before Thanksgiving he went up again to the sanctum of the editor, intending to coax, bribe or force him into telling the address of Dolly Penwoman. As he stood a moment in the lower office a lady walked out. He had a full view of her, himself in shadow. It was his wife, who had gone out of his life silently two years ago. She wore a long stylish street garment and walked past him without turning her head, her face flushed and smilling.

He tried to speak her name, but some unappronchable atmosphere surrounded her. But he kept her in sight after she had grained the street.

mapproachable atmosphere surrounded er. But he kept her in sight after she ad gained the street.

unapproachable atmosphere surrounded her. But he kept her in sight after she had gained the street.

She rode uptown on a Broadway car, Frank standing on the driver's platform. She got out near Twenty-third street and went into a florist's. He followed and stood at the counter, fingering a heap of carnations idly, while she ordered a basket of roses sent to No. 144 — street. As they turned to go their eyes met. Her glance swept him from head to foot, making him feel her scornful recognitions of him keenly, although she passed him as a stranger and walked out.

He rallied as he walked along the street. Surely she was not utterly estranged. He hastened to overtake her, the fell back. He would wait tillevening and call at No. 144 — street.

He did so, but she was not to be found there. His inquiries elicited that the lady he sought for was Miss Middleton, who had ordered the flowers for a sick friend. "I am looking for Mrs. Russell," was on his tongue, but he checked himself. Was she likely to be carrying his name around? Miss Middleton's address? Yes. It was No. 20 — street.

Not without misgivings, he called at No. 20 — street, and was shown into a reception room. Was he to be again baffled? Miss Middleton was in. He would not risk his own, so he sent her a fictitious name. If he could once see her alone and talk matters over, he thought.

her alone and talk matters over, he thought.

The rustle of skirts sounded on the stairs. He turned from the window and took a step towards her as she entered. Her look of surprise died away, leaving her face pale when she saw who it was. But she met his eyes steadily, with no response to his appeal. They stood thus a full minute without speaking. Frank felt desperate.

But she met his eyes steadily, with no response to his appeal. They stood thus a full minute without speaking. Frank felt desperate.

"Louise," he burst out, "I was an egotistic idot. You cannot despise me more than I despise myself."

Still she did not speak.

"When I found you had left me I saw my folly. I missed you unspeakably. I searched for you everywhere. I had a clue to you last Thanksgiving, I thought, but lost it. I was ready to despair when the story in the Mercury set me on the right track."

She spoke then.

"You have really been starved by your wife into hot pursuit of her."

He colored and bit his lip.
"I have paid dearly for that miserable speech," he said. "I have been hungry enough since for the love I failed to appreciate. Louise, be magnanimous. Forgive me. Come home to my heart. Your presence in my rooms lately left a benediction behind, though I was unaware of your identity. I felt —"

"Do not think I went there intentionally," she interrupted quickly. "When I saw your portrait on the wall I knew into whose rooms I had blundered. I was in no danger of seeing you. I meeded the money for my work, so I remained. Then my first successful story came to me. I have been struggling all these months for recognition, working with hands as well as brain meanwhile, for I could not starve. I wrote it in a day and a night, as readily as if it had been dictated to me. It seems to have taken wonderfully."

Frank listened, sorely humbled in his own eyes. Was this proud, self-reliant, noble woman the one whose love he had esteemed so lightly? Had his contemptible speech driven her to encounter want and privation rather than accept a home at the hands of one who undervalued her

teemed so lightly? Had his contempti-te speech driven her to encounter want ad privation rather than accept a home t the hands of one who undervalued her fection? She had put his exact words she overheard them into the mouth of he hero of the story. He felt despica-le.

purpose to live for.

They went out into the crisp November air. People were hurrying home with late marketing for Thanksgiving. Happy family groups showed between parted window draperies.

"Wort you come again to the rooms where you got the invisition for your

"Woat you come again to the rooms where you got the inspiration for you story?" Frank pleaded.

She assented. The rooms looked home like and inviting when they entered. The fire glowed brightly. The dial in the chariot wheel pointed to eight.

They sat down before the fire, each busy with their own thoughts. Louise thought of the days she sat sittching there with resentment still hot in her heart. Frank was content to sit and look at her.

"After all," Louise said, with a sigh, "my first literary success came in connection with you. I had always dreamed of being a writer. Did you know it?"

"No. I didn't know anything. I was a fool."

"FIVE GRAINS OF CORN."

New England Thanksgiving Custom.

Anniversary customs have no real reason for being if they do not bring to mind some event of importance of interest in the history of the people. Gog and Magog, the fabulous giants who defended England against the Romans, still figure on the Lord Mayor's day in London; the Cherry Feast of barbarous times is still observed on the banks of the Saale in Germany; and when parties of women in Boston drink "Revolutionary Tea" together, they recall the summary protest of their ancestors against British tyranny.

A very pretty custom has to some ex-tent grown up, which is well worthy to become universal. It recalls the suffer-ings and sacrifices of the Pilgrim Fathers, and associates itself with our most festal holiday. It is the custom of placing on the plate of each guest five grains of corn, at the beginning of the Thanksgiv-ing dinner.

corn, at the segments ing dinner. In the winter of 1623, when Bradford was governor, and the Pilgrims shared their crops in common, the people of Plymouth Colony were threatened with famine, and were reduced to such straits that for a time each person was allowed a cereal ration of five grains of corn a day.

that for a time each person was allowed a cereal ration of five grains of corn a day.

Put to this test, the faith of the Forefathers in their great enterprise did not falter or fail. The elders counselled resignation, and no one of the leaders proposed an abandonment of their purpose or a return to England or other change to more promising shores. Every one in the colony was willing to undergo every possible privation for the sake of the principle which it represented. In the prosperous years that followed, this event was recalled at the Thanksgiving festival by a provincial dish called successh, which consisted of a palatable mixture of beans and corn. After the lapse of some two hundred years, Mrs. Hemans's "Hymn of the Pilgrim Fathers" began to be used at Thanksgiving festivals. The dish called pandowdy—a kind of apple pudding of colonial reputation—was similarly employed for like historical reasons at the dessert.

Recently, the placing of five grains of corn on the Thanksgiving plate before the meal has been made to recall the hardships and heroism of the founders of New England and the American commonwealth.

These things are all appropriate to Thanksgiving, the succotash, the pandowdy, the song, "The breaking waves dashed high," and the five grains of corn. The Hebrews built the green booths of the Feast of the Tabernacles for a thousand years.—[Youth's Companion.

Thanksgiving Day.

During the Revolution Thanksgiving Day was held by most of the States every year, but after a general thanksgiving for peace in 1784 five years clapsed until President Washington proclaimed a day of thanksgiving for the adoption of the Constitution. At odd times during the following years general thanksgivings were ordered, but it was chiefly confined, to the States of New England. The Episcopal Prayer-book of 1789 recommended a Thanksgiving Bay, and the churches usually held such services about the 1st of November in States. The Governor of New York ordered the first Thanksgiving for the State in 1817, and in 1864 President Lincoln by proclamation appointed an annual Thanksgiving Day. The last Thursday in November is generally appointed, and after the President has made the proclamation, the Governors of the various States follow in his steps, and it has come to be one of the general holidays of the country.

In the New England States it is generally the day for family gatherings. Turkey and cranberries and pumpkin-pie are the viands always eaten by everybody, and foreigners are surprised at the wide-spread custom which is generally belserved. Every one has something to be thankful for, and in all institutions and large cities turkeys are distributed.

wide-spread custom which is gener observed. Every one has something be thankful for, and in all instituti and large cities turkeys are distribu so that the celebration may be one gr hymn of Thanksgiving.

How to Choose a Turkey.

Mrs. S. T. Rorer, in Ladies' Home Journal, says: "On Thanksgiving Day every American family makes an effort to dine on turkey. The turkey, being a gift for which all Americans should be thankful, seems especially appropriate as a Thanksgiving offering. If you are a town-dweller you must secure your bird from a poulterer; and let me whisper to you not to rely too implicitly on his judgment. Tastes differ, and upon this occasion you wish to suit your own. Some persons prefer a gobble to a hen-turkey, but I will advise you a hen. The meat is whiter, sweeter and more tender. The bill and toes should be soft, and the flesh have a blueish-white cast, twelve pounds being an exceedingly good weight. The fortunate country-dweller has his own turkeys, or should have at least, and can mould them at will. The feed can be so managed that the meat will be white, tender and of a delicate flavor, or the flavor may be greatly heightened by a change of diet. Chopped turnips, cabage and parsley, varied with corn meal, boiled rice and chopped colery tops, impart a peculiar gamey flavor, which to many persons is very desirable. This food may be given three or four days before killing." fore killing.

Frozen Forty-seven Years.

In 1844, forty-seven years ago, a native of Passy, Chamounin, Switzerland, disappeared. His body has recently been discovered in the crevice of a glacier near Mount Blanc. He left his home on a pilgrimage to the Great St. Bernard, and had never been since heard of until a pedestrian, exploring the glacier, came upon the body, which was in a perfect state of preservation, and papers found on his person fully identified him. The body was strapped and carried on the back of a guide over the mountains to Passy, where it was buried after lying in state for twenty-four hours.—[Atlanta Constitution.

Queer Cabbage Head.

He began to wonder if this mender was nice looking. He had thought of her vaguely as homely and elever with her needle, but somehow burnished hair and the odor of violets seemed to demand tome other kind of character.

He came home the next night feeling he had a new interest in life. Again the faint odor of violets came to his nostrils as he opened the door. The fire was struggling into a bright glow in the grate.

We have quite a curiosity in our office a fool."

"We will begin anew again," she said softly.

And Frank heard the song in undertone:

Prepare, prepare for a glad Thanksgiving. For peace and love and a bran new wedding. The writer had her finger upon a chapter of his life. Only one woman could have written it. He must find her, and that grate.

Patterson—Elegant. Why, they spend the fall and winter in Florida and the spring and summer in Newport.—[Epoch.]

READING BY LAMP-LIGHT.

Pertinent Points on This Pernicious Practice.

Pertinent Points on This Pernicious Practica.

On the "Care of the Eyes" was the title of an article I was much interested in recently, says Robert J. Burdette in the New York Herald. My memory is neither so accurate nor so imaginative as it was a score of years ago, but the article in question runs, as near as I can guess by memory, something like this:

"Have a reading-lamp for night use." There is a great deal of wisdom in this. In a brightly lighted room at noon, or as late as 3 o'clock p. m., if the room be on the sunny side of the house, a person with strong eyes may be able to read coarse print without injury. But after 9 o'clock at night, and in a very dark room, most people will find a lamp indispensable to comfortable reading, especially in fine print or paper. The learned physician who writes the article does not say that the lamp should be lighted, but, speaking as a layman, I should certainly advise lighting the illuminator. I may be wrong in this, but nevertheless such has been my own custom, and I can now read a circus-poster in two colors without the aid of glasses, that is.

"Hold the book at your focus." This is a rule that any person able to read should commit to memory. Very few people realize the importance of

read should commit to memory. Very few people realize the importance of this aid to preserving the eyesight.
Until I read this valuable rule I used Until I read this valuable rule I used to prop my book up on the other side of the room, where I could not distinguish the print from the margin, and try to read. I did not suppose it made any difference about the focus. And many people, I have no doubt, who supposed they were blind because they could not see to read a book at a distance of 150 yards, will, upon learning this rule and puting it into practice, soon find that they can read quite well enough to drive everybody out of the room. The medical profession has been very remiss in its duty that it did not publish this rule long ago.

long ago.
"Reading in bed is strongly advised
"Reading in bed is strongly advised "Reading in bed is strongly advised against; it is injurious." I should say so. I have always found it so. If you get comfortably fixed you read about one page and then find the blooming book isn't cut, and the paper-outter is down-stairs, and your pocket-knife is in the pocket of your trousers, hanging away over near the coldest window. The colder the night the more the book is not cut. You get settled down again, and the lamp smokes. You fix it and drop back again. The pillows you piled up have fallen down and your head comes crashing back against the headboard of the bed. It is late at night and the bang brings somebody out into the hall with a shriek of "What's the matter?" After awhile order is restored and you get quiet, then interested, finally absorbed, and then somebody comes out into the hall crying "What's the matter?" again. You say, "Nothing; it's all right."

"Yes," you say, "I am reading."

A wall of dismay and rebuke follows this confession. "What! in bed?"

Minnesota pald out \$52,000 for wolfscalps last year. against; it is injurious." I should say so. I have always found it so. If

Minnesota paid out \$52,000 for wolf scalps last year.

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a snuff or other inhalant can at most give only tem-porary relief. The only way to effect a cure is to attack the disease in the blood, by taking a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which elimi-lantes all impurities and thus permanently cures Catarth. The success of

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