

### RELICS OF DICKENS.

MANY QUAIN BUILDINGS MADE FAMOUS BY THE NOVELIST.

Localities Peopled by the Genius of the Master Hand, with Characters That Appeal to All, Are Fast Disappearing from Old London—Bleak House.

Ever long another of the fast vanishing localities, peopled by the genius of the master novelist with characters more real to us in some respects than their present inhabitants, will be nonexistent. Entering Lincoln's-inn-fields from Great Queen street, turn to the right, pause at 58, and picture Mr. Talkinghead emerging one evening from chambers where "lawyers lie like maggots in nuts." Imagine him walking through the inn, passing beneath its ancient Tudor gateway, and visiting Mr. Snagsby, the law stationer in Cook's court, Curstow street, with a view of ascertaining where Nemo, the mysterious law writer, lives.

A little to the south of Old Buildings, on the west side of Chancery lane, are Bishop's court and Chancery Rents, the latter approached through a tunnelled passage alongside the Three Tuns public house. To the Rents came the two gentlemen, not very neat about the cuffs and buttons, who instigated the perquisitions through the court, dived into the Sol's parlor and wrote with ravenous little pens on tissue paper "those sensational reports of the inquest which had just been held at that well known and popular house of entertainment, the Old Sol's Arms."

Sol's is the present Old Ship Tavern. It stands at the head of the court, facing it on one side and the wall of Lincoln Inn on the other. It is certainly ancient enough, and on the first floor can still be seen the identical long, low room where the coroner presided, and where little Swills, the comic vocalist, presented to the harmonic meeting his admirable impersonation of that important official.

So far identification is plain sailing. But where was the famous rag and bottle shop, whose gin soaked proprietor died from spontaneous combustion? Mr. Rimmer, in "About London with Dickens," is silent on the subject. The writer of "Dickens' London" thinks it must have stood in Bishop's court hard by—for no other reason apparently than the fact of its being "an old, narrow, dreary, decaying and mournful passage, just the place in which such people as the poor law writer and crazy Miss Flite would have made a home."

But a careful study of every allusion made by Dickens to the locality will, I think, show that Mr. Pemberton is probably mistaken. Kook's shop is spoken of as "lying and being in the shadow of the wall"—"blinded by the wall." No house in Bishop's court exactly answers to this description. On the contrary, the only likely one at the corner next to Old Sol's faces an open passageway which leads to New square. Kook's must therefore be sought for at Nos. 8 and 9 in the Rents (now occupied by a law stationer), opposite the Old Ship, fronting the court on one side and on the other "within a couple of yards off and entirely blinded by the wall" so often referred to in the narrative.

Miss Flite, meeting Esther Summerson and the wards in chancery one morning in Old square, invited them to come and see her lodgings. So close by did she live that, "slipping out at a little side gate," she "stopped most unexpectedly in a narrow back street" (Star yard, leading to Carey street), "part of some courts and lanes immediately outside the wall of the inn," and she was at home. She lodged in a garret at the top of Kook's shop, described as "blinded by the wall of Lincoln's Inn, which intercepted the light within a couple of yards." She lived in a pretty large room, from which she had a glimpse of the roof of Lincoln's Inn hall; the new one, be it remembered, for the old hall is entirely shut out from view by the tall houses in old buildings.

It is during the visit that the poor little creature draws aside the curtain of the long, low garret window and calls attention to a number of bird cages hanging there, whose occupants Lady Jane, the cat, is forever striving to devour, crouching "on the parapet outside for hours and hours." This is conclusive testimony, for no other house in either court—save the Old Ship—possesses an attic with an outside parapet. The windows are mostly dormers, or flush with the wall, while from no other garret window—except Sol's—can a glimpse of the old hall roof be had. This can readily be tested by standing close to the hall and looking through the trees toward Chichester Rents, where the slated top story and long, low garret window of the rag and bottle shop may be identified.

In a miserable back room on the second floor of this dismal abode Captain Hawdon, alias Nemo, was found dead by Mr. Talkinghead and Kook—dying by his own hands from an overdose of opium. "To a henned-in churchyard, pestiferous and obscene, they take our dear brother here departed and lower him down a foot or two." On the steps leading to this charnelhouse Dame Durden finds her mother, "with one arm creeping around a bar of the iron gate and seeming to embrace it." This spot is rather hard to find, but walk up Catherine street from the Strand, and half way up on the right turn into Russell court leading into Drury lane, and midway to the left of this passage, is the approach to the "consecrated ground."

The little tunnel of a court is much as it was forty years ago. But the lamp is gone, and the old iron gate is not the one depicted by H. K. Browne. Children now play as best they can on the asphalted surface of the hemmed-in area, where once poor Jo saw the mortal remains of the stranger who had been "werry good" to him put into the ground "werry high the top."—St. James Gazette.

As long ago as 1866, Behm, a leading Norman authority, estimated the population of the earth at about 1,400,000,000.

### An Old Circus Rider's Mania.

Old Eaton Stone, the circus rider, lives on an eighteen acre farm near this village. He is almost as active as he was years ago, when his daring feats on horseback made him famous all over the world. He is seventy-four years old, but keeps constantly busy. When he has nothing else to do he gets out his oil colors and adds to the unique decoration of the ancient farmhouse in which he resides. Nothing exactly like Mr. Stone's painting is to be found elsewhere, and what he has done in a score of years must have kept him well employed. Almost everything in the house is decorated. Red of the brightest vermilion hue, green which rivals the grass in June, yellow which would do credit to the daffodil and blue of the most lively shade, go into all his scrolls, stars, flowers, stripes and nondescript figures.

The ceiling of the dining room is hidden in wonderful designs traced in vivid colors. There is no attempt at blending or compounding colors. They are laid on as they come from the pots and tubes, and the patterns are original creations. Even the stove has come in for a base line of vivid decoration, and one of the two clocks in the room is completely covered with paint. The picture frames are decorated; the mantel has a generous share of decoration; the oilcloth table covers have added designs the maker never contemplated, and even the chairs have been treated to a display of the old man's handiwork. On the walls, and even on the doors, he has oil paintings and compositions from his brush. They are not high art, but they are very effective and show considerable genius.

—Franklin (N. J.) Cor. Boston Herald.

### The Muscular Strength of a Trout.

We sat for an hour or more on the east bank of the Beaverkill at Rockland and watched the trout that celebrated river passing over the dam, which is nearly three feet high, with about a 4-inch volume of water pouring over it. The trout ranged in size from ten to eighteen inches, and during the time we sat there at least twenty managed to get over. In many instances a first attempt failed, owing, however, more to an apparent want of judgment, or perhaps of experience, than from lack of physical ability in the fish to accomplish the feat, the smaller fish as a rule failing to get over in the first effort.

But few of the larger fish made a clean jump into the smooth water above the apron of the dam; most of them passed perpendicularly up the falling waters and with apparent ease. These fish were enabled to swim straight up this downpour of the waters by the great muscular power they possessed; there was no trick, no sleight of hand about it—it was pure strength of body, which is evidently centered in the peduncle or tail and the tail fin.

They actually sculled their bodies up this comparatively dense mass of water. The query naturally arises: If a 10-inch trout can swim up such a fall, what is the capacity of a salmon of forty inches under similar conditions?—American Angler.

### Why the Czar Went to Kiel.

There is not another place in the world where the emperor of Russia feels so secure and so easy in his mind as at the court of his father-in-law, King Christian of Denmark. They were sitting together on the day of the golden wedding of the king, when the emperor, in the exuberance of his feelings of comfort, said that he wished he could think of something by which he could give to his beloved father a very great pleasure.

"You could not give me a greater pleasure," replied the king, "than I should feel at your resolve to go and pay a visit to the emperor of Germany." The czar consented, but he would not go to Berlin. Thus the meeting at Kiel was arranged. What all the cleverest moves of the diplomats of Germany had failed to accomplish a wise prayer of old King Christian thus easily brought about.—Chicago Times.

### Speaking of Dates.

"Did you ever notice the curious difference in the sexes which is shown in the way a man or a woman fixes a date?" remarked a gentleman to a lady the other day. "You ask a man when such and such a thing happened, and he always answers, 'in the year so and so,' or 'about 1800 and something'; but the woman invariably says, 'About so many years ago,' or 'it was so many years after I was married;' or, 'the year after Teddie was born,' and so on."

"Yes," replied his companion, "I have noticed it in myself. I feel that I am getting like the western widow who dated all her farming operations from or before the year I planted Jim," which was her realistic way of referring to her husband's burial.—New York Tribune.

### A Ten Thousand Year Clock.

Herr A. Nail, of Berlin, Germany, has constructed the most marvelous timepiece that was ever evolved from the human mind. Calculations based on two years of solid gold prove what the maker claims for his wonderful clock, viz., that it will run for 10,000 years without winding. Hands on the dial point to the time of day, the day, the week, months, seasons and years. It also calculates the changes in the moon and tells when the sun is "fast" or "slow." The clock is the result of five years of patient, arduous labor.—St. Louis Republic.

### An Expressman's Trial.

A woman in Biddford to whom a stove was sent by express requested the driver to get it up two flights of stairs for her. He did so, and then she desired him to set it up and start a fire in it to see if the chimney drew all right. This sent him home in a fainting, almost exhausted condition.—Augusta (Me.) Journal.

### Not Two Prices.

Husband—Seems to me you paid two prices for everything you bought this morning.  
Wife—Indeed I didn't. I went to the one price store.—New York Weekly.

### THE SHE WAS SHOT.

But the Missile Was Projected by a Harmless Airgun.

"I had a curious experience while passing through New York," said a western lady to some friends on the beach at Newport. "We had taken rooms at the B—k, and unfortunately reached New York just in time for an absolutely torrid 'hot wave.' As I had pressing need for a few days' shopping I kept my husband and brother in town for forty-eight hours, to their great discomfort, and they spent their evenings by the windows of our sitting room in the lightest of attire, drinking iced drinks and trying vainly to keep cool. The night before we left town we retired rather late, after the men had been solacing themselves in their usual fashion."

"It was so hot that it was some time before I could sleep, and just as I was dozing off I remembered that I had left my rings on the dressing table near the sitting room door, the windows of which were wide open on a little iron balcony. 'A good chance for robbers,' I thought drowsily, but was too lazy to get up to put them in a safer place. Late in the night I was aroused by the report of a pistol, or what sounded like one; and my first impression was that I was shot, for I was literally bathed, head and shoulders, in something that I felt sure for the moment was blood."

"'Henry!' I screamed. 'I have been shot! I am dying.' And I felt so strange and giddy that I was sure my end was approaching. 'Take good care of the children,' I murmured. 'And, oh, Henry, promise me not to marry that horrid Miss M— that you seem to admire so much!' 'What nonsense, Em!' said my callous spouse, as he struck a light and turned on the gas, 'you have been dreaming.'"

"'But I am wet with blood!' I exclaimed indignantly, feeling that after all he wasn't worthy of a tender death bed scene, and that I felt all right again. 'By Jove, you are moist,' he said, putting his hand on my shoulder, 'but it is not blood, whatever it is.' Suddenly he gave a great guffaw of laughter and pointed to the parlor, which was dimly lighted by the gasjet in my room. 'Well, what is it? I don't see anything,' I put in crossly, for by this time I felt thoroughly upset."

"'Oh, it is too delicious,' he gasped. 'You have been shot, you poor little thing, but not by burglars; only by a soda water bottle, and there on the table, where he and my brother Harry had left them, lay a couple of bottles, one pointing as straight for my bed as if it had been aimed at me. Henry had cut the wires confining the cork of one of the bottles and had then concluded not to open it, and I suppose the heat may have helped the effervescence, for the force of the explosion carried both corks and the soda water across the room, hitting me on the shoulder.'"

"'Of course you may imagine how my two men enjoyed my 'shooting affair' and what capital they have made out of it.'—New York Tribune.

### The Value of Lime Water.

The value of lime water about the house in the summer can scarcely be overestimated. To prepare it is an easy matter, as all that is necessary is to put a layer of unslaked lime in a wide mouthed jar and fill it with cold water. There is no danger of using too much lime, as the water will only take up so much, however much is put in. It takes only a few hours for the water to take up all the lime that is possible. After it has stood say five hours the water may be drained off and more water added until the lime is all absorbed.

Acidity of the stomach is corrected by adding a little lime water to the drinking water. A teaspoonful of lime water added to a glass of milk corrects the tendency which milk has to coagulate in the stomach, forming a hard, indigestible mass. For this reason it should be added to the milk fed the little children, and nursing bottles should be rinsed with it. As a mild disinfectant there is nothing safer or better.

### Columbus' Idea of the World.

Columbus believed the solid part of the sphere to be larger than the liquid part, and the distance by the sunset road between the East Indies and western Europe to be less than it is. But in those two capital errors lay the great incentive to the execution and success of his purpose. Had he known the vast planetary spaces covered by the waters; the continent interposed between his own Europe and the land of diamonds, gold and spices; the difficulty and peril of the passage yet to be braved in the far regions of the antarctic pole in order to sail from our continental Europe to the oriental Indies by the western way, he would perhaps have shrunk back in alarm and dread.—Emilio Castelar in Century.

### Why, Indeed?

"Why does a dog run sideways or diagonally?" inquired the purchaser of a fine black Newfoundland pup of a dog fancier the other day. "Well, sir, that's a question I've been asked frequently, and after some investigation I have concluded the reason is that the animal has been brought up that way. Why does a chicken roost on one foot, or an owl keep its eyes wide open all night long, or a rooster crow vigorously at the break of early dawn, or a pig run homeward with straws in its mouth before approaching rain? These are questions that are as difficult to solve as some of the astronomical problems."—Philadelphia Press.

### The Eskimo Circus.

The Eskimo are very fond of theatricals. They mimic all sorts of animals wonderfully, and the man who can do this best is considered a great actor. This sort of mimicry is woven into the shape of dramatic entertainments. One performer will be a bear, for example, clad in appropriate skins, while the others hunt him. Commonly the hunt winds up with the death of the bear or seal.—Boston Transcript.

### OUR LIVELY SUBURBS.

NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM SURROUNDING TOWNS.

Jeddo's Correspondent Has Something Interesting About a Collection for the Hazleton Hospital—Drifton, Highland and Upper Lehigh Heard From.

Special and regular correspondence from the surrounding towns is solicited by the TRIBUNE. All writers will please send their names to this office with communications intended for publication, in order that the editor may know from whom the correspondence comes.

### JEDDO NEWS.

The great state of Pennsylvania, which is noted for its wealth and charitable institutions, has at last come down to the humiliating spectacle of sending its agents, book in hand, begging through the mines for the sum of fifty cents a piece from the poor miners who are only working three days a week. Of course we are told it is not compulsory, but such is the case under Markle & Co. at this place. The object is to improve and maintain the grounds around the Hazleton hospital. This method of doing business must be mortifying to the trustees, but if they sanction the movement, these agents should be furnished with a crutch and the usual red bundle, then send them broadcast over the state to enlist the sympathy of the entire public.

Then, perhaps, the lawmakers of this generous state could be induced to lend a helping hand where it is needed, instead of giving millions to the world's fair or spending thousands in protecting Carnegie's mills. But even this could hardly save the trustees from censure, as they should close up the place before indulging in a begging scheme of such a character, and wait until they can secure money more honorably.

That the grounds should be improved is true, but men who are worth millions, or representing others who are, to sanction such a movement, no matter how good their intentions may be, will only bring ridicule in the end.

Some of the Sons of Rest of this place are working diligently to acquire fame and fortune as acrobats. They have been performing some daring feats lately to friends, and in a few weeks expect to give a public exhibition. Forepaugh is the only person that could make them famous in this line and they should try and strike out without delay, as the circus season is growing short and they will have to quit eating or go to work before circus season comes again.

Miss Joe Lockman, of Hazleton, is visiting her friend Miss Annie Boyle.

John McHugh, one of our oldest residents, removed his family to Oneida last week.

Con. McCole, who has been suffering from a weakness of the eyes caused by an attack of the grip last winter, went to Philadelphia for treatment last week.

John Carrigan, of Mauch Chunk, is here on a visit for a few days.

Wm. Walters, candidate for sheriff on the Democratic side, was here getting things in shape last week.

Since the base ball ground has been destroyed alley ball has become a favorite pastime.

The new road which is being constructed is almost completed.

Invitations have been extended to a large number of ladies and gentlemen of this place to attend a farewell hop at Hazleton on Tuesday evening.

We are still in league with the Reading combine. Half time is their motto.

Leap year is the cause of a little hard feelings here just now. Two of our young ladies and gentlemen took a walk and as it was the boys' first attempt, naturally they were timid. After being gayer unmercifully one made his escape, but the other said he didn't care as long as the female man was in Philadelphia, but he made a mistake.

### HIGHLAND DOTS.

John J. Boner and Ralph Sweeney, of Oneida, drove to our little village on Saturday.

Miss Annie Canty is spending a few days among friends in Aiden.

All the sports of town witnessed the game of alley ball at Freeland on Saturday.

Thomas J. Boyle attended the C. T. A. U. convention at Hazleton yesterday.

Michael McMahon and wife, also Miss Mary Boner, left on Saturday to visit friends in Wilkes-Barre.

Michael Murrin had a valuable cow killed by a freight train last week.

Peter Ramaneski, who was injured in the mines here by a fall of coal, was taken to the hospital last week.

Frank Seigler, who drives the store delivery wagon, came to town with a load of goods drawn by two new mules the company had just purchased. The team took fright at a passing train, ran away, smashing the wagon and badly injuring Mr. Seigler.

McCann and Boyle feels none of the best since their orchestra was advertised last week. They say it was rather premature, but will be ready when the ball season opens.

We had a three-cornered race here last week. The contestants were J. J. McGinty, W. H. Hines and a congressional office. The office was so far ahead last week that they will scarcely overtake it.

Miss Mame McGeedy, of this place, is visiting friends at Wilkes-Barre.

Bridget O'Donnell, of Bristol, is sojourning at the residence of her friend, Miss Waters.

A large number of our residents drove to Laurystown on Sunday, where Rev. P. F. McNulty celebrated his first mass.

### DRIFTON ITEMS.

A large number of people from here will attend the firemen's excursion which will leave Freeland on the 20th inst.

Miss Hannah Gaffney, of Lansford, is visiting at the residence of Edward McGeehan.

It is said that several parties here are making an effort to have the old hospital converted into a place of amusement for

the benefit of the town people. This movement can hardly be sanctioned, as the sad scenes which have taken place within its walls make it unsuitable for a place of the kind proposed. That awe and death-like silence, which is so prevalent in a cemetery, is felt by nearly all who enter it thus banishing all mirth and jollity. Nevertheless, we should have some place to hold public gatherings and festivities. Since the famous Cross Creek hall was burned such affairs have been held in Odd Fellows' hall, but that building is unsuitable for a large crowd. If the company could be induced to rebuild on the site of the big hall it would give amusements, etc., quite a boom.

Mrs. Michael Kelley, formerly of this place but now of Priceburg, Lackawanna county, is visiting her mother at No. 2.

Michael Marley, assistant mine foreman at No. 2 slope, resumed work on Monday, after an illness of several months.

Frank Fiburski will take a course of studies at Villanova college, beginning with the next term.

Ned Quinn, of Highland, spent Sunday here with friends.

The horse shoe extension of the D. S. & S. around the breaker here is nearly completed.

John O'Donnell has been lying dangerously ill with miners' asthma.

Jas. A. O'Donnell and D. J. Kennedy stood examination before the mine foreman's examining board last week.

Henry Lockman, of Hazleton, was here visiting friends last week.

The story going the rounds of the newspapers that Danny Cox is being pushed by his friends for senatorial honors must have originated with some person who is not acquainted with the man. He is not a politician, nor is he likely to be one, and all concerning him in this line is pure nonsense.

W. H. Hines, who is seeking the nomination for congress on the Democratic ticket, was here on Friday viewing the field. He had scarcely left the town when Joe McGinty, his opponent for the same honor, arrived and made a survey of the place. On account of McGinty being somewhat better known here than Hines he will be likely to get the support of this district.

### UPPER LEHIGH NOTES.

John Lesser was slightly injured by a runaway car on Tuesday at No. 5 slope. He is able to be about again.

Thomas Davis is suffering with a sore hand.

Misses Jennie Lind and Nettie Synard returned to their homes in Lansford last week.

P. J. Duffy Sr., has been suffering the past week from a severe attack of quinsy.

Some of our young men propose starting in the milk business on an extensive scale in the near future.

Mike Mulligan, Jr., while fishing at the Olely yesterday, had his fishing outfit stolen. Mike, you have our sympathy.

We have been very fortunate, as far as steadily work is concerned, all summer. The collieries are running almost every day. However, we have the promise of a few idle days this week.

John B. Sweeney is building the largest henry in Northeastern Pennsylvania. He is also importing a fine stock of chickens, among which are the black game known as the Eaters.

Jas. V. W. O'Donnell will shortly make his home in the Argentine Republic.

Thos. Price, one of our former residents but now of Silver Brook, was here visiting relatives yesterday.

Peter McDevitt and Patrick Murray, two of our oldest residents, will remove to-morrow to Providence, Lackawanna county. One by one the old friends are leaving us.

Those of our people who have been picking blackberries this season, report rattlesnakes very numerous in the Honeyhole. Four were killed yesterday.

A young married man of this place is receiving considerable attention of late from many of the residents. It is thought he is guilty of the great crime of writing up the town. To these people we would say, you are barking up the wrong tree.

It looks as if our base ball club deserted us. Wake up, boys, the season will soon be over.

This place is infested with Knights of the Road, and it would be well for the people to watch them. These fellows follows the Central road from White Haven, and as this is the end of the branch they are never in any hurry to retrace their steps.

The Coopersburg, Lehigh county, Sentinel offers a year's subscription for the first correct translation into English of "Neapolitanersdudelsackpfeiferesellschaft aufstuntenstutzungsverein."

Over thirty painters employed at the Ashley car shops have been suspended, and the force now consists of four men. Republican protection and the Reading combine furnish much prosperity for workingmen.

A colored man appeared in Bloomsburg the other day and represented himself as a professional whitewasher. He was offensively familiar with every man or woman whom he met, and he was taken by a crowd of men and boys, dipped into a tar barrel and then run out of town.

**CONDY O. BOYLE,**  
dealer in  
Liquors, Wine, Beer, Etc.

The best of domestic and imported whiskeys on sale at his new and handsome saloon. Fresh Ketcher and Ballentine beer and Youngling's porter on tap. Give him a call.

Centre - Street - Five - Points.

**Washington House,**  
11 Walnut Street, above Centre.  
*A. Goepfert, Prop.*  
The best of Whiskies, Wines, Gin and Cigars. Good stabling attached.

**ARNOLD & KREL'S**  
Beer and Porter Always on Tap.

# Don't Miss This!

For if you do you will lose money by it.

WE NOW BEGIN

## Neuburger's Annual Clearing Sale.

We will offer our entire stock, which is the largest in this region, at prices that will astonish you. Call early if you are looking for bargains as this sale will last

## FOR TEN DAYS ONLY!

During this time we will sell goods at prices lower than were ever before heard of.

In the Dry Goods department you can buy:

- Handsome dress gingham-print calicoes, 6 cents per yard; reduced from 10 cents.
- Apron gingham will be sold at 5 cents per yard.
- All the leading shades in double-width cashmere, which was sold at 15 cents is now going at 10 cents per yard.
- As handsome an assortment of Scotch and zephyr dress gingham as you have ever seen, which we sold at 20 cents, will now go at 12½ cents per yard.
- Lockwood, best sheeting, we will sell at 17½ cents per yard, reducing it from 25 cents.
- Fifty different shades of Bedford cord, Manchester chevron and Henrietta cloth, which were sold at 45 cents, will now go at 25 cents per yard.

Hosiery department quotes the following:

- Men's seamless socks, 5 cents per pair.
- Boys' outing cloth waists, 15 cents each.
- Men's outing cloth shirts, 20 cents each.
- Ladies' ribbed summer vests, 4 for 25 cents.
- Ladies' chemise, 25 cents.
- We have just received an elegant line of ladies' shirt waists and will sell them from 35 cents upward.

Shoe department makes the following announcement:

We have just received a large consignment from the East, and have not yet had time to quote prices. But we will say that they will go at prices on which we defy competition. Call and examine them.

Clothing prices are marked as follows:

- We are selling boys' 40-cent knee pants at 25 cents.
- Men's \$1.25 pants are now going at 75 cents per pair.
- Boys' blouse suits, 50 cents.
- Men's \$6.00 suits reduced to \$3.00.
- Men's Custom-made \$9.00 wood-brown cassimere suits reduced to \$5.00.
- Men's absolutely fast-color blue suits at \$6.50; reduced from \$10.00.

We have lowest marks on all goods in our lines of

Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Valises, Notions, Etc.

## Joseph Neuburger's

BARGAIN EMPORIUM,

P. O. S. of A. Building, Freeland, Pa.

## We Are Headquarters

FOR

TINWARE, STOVES, Ranges, Heaters,

And Hardware of Every Description.

REPAIRING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

We are prepared to do roofing and spouting in the most improved manner and at reasonable rates. We have the choicest line of miners' goods in Freeland. Our mining oil, selling at 20, 25 and 30 cents per gallon, cannot be surpassed. Samples sent to anyone on application.

**CONDY O. BOYLE,**  
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**BIRKBECK'S,**  
CENTRE