A QUEER ADVENTURE.

"No, thanks, old chap: I really can't stop the night. I should like to awfully, but, you see, if I didn't turn up the wife would be in a funk and never go to bed at all, thinking something had gone wrong. Besides, I've got to let Jones have three columns of copy by 5 o'clock tomorrow, and I haven't started yet."

"Well, just as you like, only I wish you'd have said earlier you didn't mean stopping, so we could have telegraphed to say you wouldn't be back. It's after half past 7 now, and our nearest office is

to say you wouldn't be back. It's after half past 7 now, and our nearest office is five miles away, so it's too late."

It was no use; Jim Carson wouldn't stop, so I had to order the trap to drive him to the station to catch the 8:40 back

him to the station to catch the 8:40 back to town.

After seeing him off I went to the station master's office to inquire if some things I was expecting had arrived, and while there I noticed an evening paper lying on the table. It just happened that an intimate friend of mine had a lawsuit on about some copyright business, and the first hearing of the case was to have taken place that day. Thinking the affair, as far as it had proceeded, might be reported, I asked the station master if he would mind my having a look at the paper for a minute.

station master if he would mind my having a look at the paper for a minute. "Certainly, sir," he said. "You may as well take it back with you, as I have finished with it. There's a piece in it about some fellow as is said to have escaped from Bradley asylum last night, and about killed one of the warder chaps. I expect it's just one of them yarns as gets into evening papers now and again. Well, good night, sir. I'll send up your things as soon as they arrive."

I was a long time going the three miles which lay between the station and my lately acquired domicile. Lighting a cigarette and leaving Tom-my to shamble on as best he liked, I started in to think.

started in to think.

Six months ago what was I? Well,
what is generally called a literary hack,
getting about thirty-five shillings a
weak sometimes more generally less—

getting about thirty-five shillings a week—sometimes more, generally less—just because a crusty old uncle on whom I was dependent had seen fit to chuck me out neck and crop for the simple reason that Ldidn't go in for what he wanted me to—i. e., the bar.

I was of a literary turn of mind, and thought I should never be a shining light in the profession. I could at least earn my bread and cheese. So in a fit of anger I told the old gentleman I wouldn't be a lawyer, whereupon I was called an ungrateful, impudent puppy, and told to do what I liked.

"No," I thought to myself; "Robert Grant, if you've got to prevarieate, doit indirectly."

So I went in for journalism! And So I went in for journalism! And now poor old uncle has gone the way of all flesh, letting me in for all his estate. real and personal, including Ashworth lodge. Old uncles who quarrel with their willful nephews and disinherit them generally do come around at the last. Mine did at any rate.

Jim Carson, the fellow whom I had seen off, was an old chum of mine in the scribbling days, and had just run down to see my new abode and wish a rich uncle had kicked him out some years ago.

years ago.

Tommy aroused me from my musings

Tommy aroused me from my musings by stumbling over something in the road and nearly throwing me out. So I gathered up the reins, and he went the rest of the journey at a smart pace.

"Benson," I said to the man whom I had engaged as a kind of valet groom until I was properly settled, "when you've put the horse up, just tell Mrs. Hewelson she can go home as soon as she likes, as I shan't want anything more tonight."

Howetson she can go home as soon as she likes, as I shan't want anything more tonight."

Mrs. Hewetson was the wife of the gardener, who lived about half a mile away, and was looking after the house and cooking for me.

It was too fine a night and too early to turn in, so I settled myself in my old uncle's favorite armehair before the dining room window and commenced to look over the paper I had got from the station master. I looked first for the lawsuit report, but evidently the case had not come on until late, as there was nothing in the paper about it.

"Hello, this must be what the station master was talking about:"

Late last evening a lunatic named James Stanley made good his escape from Bradley asylum under peculiar circumstances, which will probably result in the death of one of the attendants. It seems that last night the usual annual ball took place at the asylum, and several of the inmates suffering from the milder forms of lisanily were allowed to be present as ordinary guests, as had been usual on all suddenly he was found to be missing from the room, and on a search being made he could not be found. On proceeding outside to hunt for him, the body of one of the attendants was discovered lying on the ground, the unfortunate man having received a severe blow at the back of the head which knocked him senseless. It transpires that the missing man made his way to the room where the coats and hats were about the place a few days and passed himself off as one of the guests from outside. He managed to secure a hat and coat, in which he must have been detected escaping by the poor fellow whom he knocked over.

Stanley, at the time of his flight, was attired, in addition to the things he secured, in an orthord and the secure of the guests from outside. He managed to secure a hat and coat, in which he must have been detected escaping by the poor fellow whom he knocked over.

Stanley, at the time of his flight, was attired, in addition to the things he secured, in an orthord with standing a vigorous search, wh

A queer story, I thought, when I had nished reading the paragraph, and

finished reading the paragraph, and more so to me because Bradley asylum was only about three miles distant from my place, and I had received an invitation to be present at the ball in question.

Thinking it might result in my getting to know some of the residents roundabout sooner than I should do in ordinary everyday life, I had accepted the invitation and sent up to town for a new dress suit and pumps for the occasion.

asion.
Then Jim Carson telegraphed in the Then Jim Carson telegraphed in the morning he was coming to see me by the first train next day to have a look around my estate, as he called it; so I gave up the idea of going, as I should be too tired in the morning

to show him around. Anyhow my toggery failed to show up in time, so I was
boxed in any case.

After reading a few more bits of news
in the paper I began to feel sleepy, so I
got up to go to bed—first, however,
going around the house to see that all
was locked up and secure, and that Benson, who was sleeping for the time being
in one of the attics, had not forgotten to
put the kitchen lamp out, which sometimes he did.

put the kitchen lamp out, which sometimes he did.

The window of my room was wide open and a lovely fresh breeze came blowing in. I sat down on the bed for a minute or two to enjoy it. A nice invitation for an enterprising burglar, I thought, if it were known there was anything worth stealing about the house. He could be up the treliswork in half a minute. Then the escaped lunatic, too; it might have afforded shelter to him if closely pursued. Thus musing, I slipped off my things preparatory to getting into bed, but before doing so there was a duty I had to perform and which I always had done since I slept in the house.

ing so there was a duty I had to perform and which I always had done since I slept in the house.

There was a door leading from my room into a kind of dressing room, which was sometimes opened during the day for various purposes and in front of which a curtain was rigged up. Being naturally rather timid, I always used to see that this door was properly locked and the space under my bed untenanted ere I settled down to slumber.

Taking up the candle, I made my way across the room to the door, but when within a couple of yards or so of it I came to a dead halt. The paragraph I had read in the paper seemed to whirl through my brain, and for the moment I had hard work to keep myself from collapsing on to the floor.

The lunatic at the time of his escape was attired in a morning suit of black, and wearing dancing pumps! I was startled, I can tell you, but not without reason—for peeping out below the cur-

reason—for peeping out below the cur

reason—for peeping out below the curtain which covered the door were the toes and half the feet of a pair of patent leather boots! I regained my composure gradually, and moved away back toward the bed, but keeping my eye on the curtain the whole time.

Who knew but that the lunatic might have been watching me through a pinhole in the curtain, and, conjecturing the place of his concealment had been discovered, make a rush at me? But no. He evidently was ignorant of my discovery, for the feet remained there motionless.

What was I to do? Here I was in a

What was I to do? Here I was in a room by myself, within five yards of a madman, standing 6 feet 2 inches in his socks, whom under ordinary circumstances it would take a couple or three men to tackle and satisfactorily dispose of. I shuddered as I thought of it. I mentally measured whereabouts his head would be behind the curtain, and casting my eyes around the room, to my joy they rested on a pair of Indian clubs I was in the habit of exercising with in the morning. That was my surest chance.

the morning. That was my surest chance.

I moved casually across to where the clubs were standing, and taking them up commenced to occupy myself with a few of the exercises to work up steam for the coming blow. Now or never! Suddenly dropping one of the clubs on the bed as I brought it around, with the other I made for the door and directed it with all my strength at where I supposed the head of the madman to be.

Crash! I fell forward against the curtain after the blow, and commence striking out savagely with my fist to follow it up. Down can e the curtain with a run, and the brass rod with it, striking me on the head and completely stunning me.

It must have been a peculiar sight as

ing me on the head and completely stunning me.

It must have been a peculiar sight as
Benson saw it, when he came tumbling
down the stairs to see what all the row
was about. There was I on the floor
enveloped in the curtain, bleeding from
a wound above the temple, knuckles cut
and bruised and a panel of the door at
the back smashed in by a blow that
would have pulverized half a dozen
lunaties had they been there.

"The mad—man—he's escaped!" I
manged to gasp, sitting up among the
wreck.

managed to gasp, sitting up among the wreck.

"The 'oo, sir?" anxiously asked Benson, helping me up and leading me toward the basin in order to bathe my injured head.

"Mad—man—behind the curtain. Got in at the window—escaped from Bradley asylum last night during the ball. Wearing patent leather boots—saw them under the curtain," I jerked out spasmodically.

"Saw 'is what?" cried Benson, dropping the sponge he was holding and regarding me with amazement.

"His patent leather boots, man, peeping out from beneath the curtain."

Benson seemed to jump in the air at that.

Benson seemed to jump in the air at that.

"Gor luminy, mister; them weren't a madman! Them was your noo uns as came this morning. I puts 'em behind the curtain there so as to keep out the dust an muck. Oh, Lor', sir, you hev made a mistake."

By Jove, and hadn't I just, and disfigured myself for a month or so in the bargain.

There was no doubt about it, for from the folds of the curtain were shaken my new pair of pumps, which had arrived that morning by parcel post just as Carson turned up.

son turned up.
Stanley, the cause of all the confusion, had been captured that afternoon in a copse a good many miles from my place and is still an inmate at Bradley asy-

and is still an inmate at Bradley asylum.

If Jim Carson had managed to get
more out of me than that I got my sear
on the temple from falling off a horse
this affair would have been in print
months ago. Benson knows the value
of a sovereign and his master's service,
so I'm the first to let it all reach the
public.—True Flag.

Last Words of Martin Luther.

Martin Luther's last words were: "Father in heaven, though this body is breaking away from me, and I am departing this life, yet I know that I shall forever be with thee, for no one can pluck me out of thy hand."

An Interesting Discovery.

Humboldt has a young woman's militeraking away from me, and I am departing this life, yet I know that I shall forever be with thee, for no one can pluck me out of thy hand."

LIFE INSURANCE FOR WOMEN.

Why a Wife Should Never Insure Her Life in Favor of Her Husband.

The subject of life insurance is beginning to attract attention among women. It is known that though the aggregate volume of the sum payable on life policies in Europe and America amounts to the enormous figure of \$10,000,000,000. as um exceeding the total cost of all the railroads in the world added to all the national debts—the risks taken out or female lives amount to a comperatively small sum. This has arisen partly from the unwillingness of life insurance companies to insure women, a feeling which induces some companies to refuse to insure them at all, while others charge 1 per cent. additional for femule risks, and partly from the fact that the woman is not, as a rule, the family breadwinner, and her death does not, save in exceptional cases, require to be guarded against in a pecuniary point of view. Still the number of women whose demise would take bread out of the mouths of others is on the increase.

Companies object to take female risks a sum exceeding the total cost of all the

f others is on the increase.

Companies object to take female risks because women are exposed to die of casualties and diseases from which men casualties and diseases from which men are exempt. But, on the other hand, men are exposed to die of accidents or of diseases produced by reckless lives quite as frequently as women perish in child-birth or from diseases incident to materity. The sexes are fairly on an equality in this respect. It is probable that a healthy young woman of twenty, whether married or unmarried, is about as good a risk as a young man of the same age.

re married or unmarried, is about as good a risk as a young man of the same age.

Some of the companies raise the point whether any one has an insurable interest in the life of a woman. A man's wife and children have an insurable interest in his life, but who suffers a pecuniary loss when a girl or a married woman dies? Certaiyly not, as a general rule, the father, or the mother, or the brothers and sisters of the former, or the husband of the latter; they may be plunged into deep affliction, but affliction cannot be measured in dollars.

But the case alters if the girl or the married woman belongs to the working class, so that she is in whole or in part the breadwinner for the household; then her father, mother, brothers, sisters, children, and possibly her husband, may have an interest in her life which can be insured. If she belongs to the leisure class, and does not contribute by her daily exertions to the daily sustenance of her family, it is not easy to see who has an interest in her life which could be appraised in dollars, and for which a company could make compensation in the form of a check.

It is common, when a marriage takes place between young people who have no fortune and expect to be dependent on the husband's exertions, for the man to insure his life in favor of his wife and children. This is one of the most beneficent uses of life insurance. Formerly, more frequently than now, the consorts assured their lives reciprocally, each in favor of the other. This operation never could be reconciled with business principles or sound ethics.

Experience, moreover, has developed the unpleasant fact that the mortality among women whose lives are insured in favor of their husbands is larger than the ordinary mortality tables warrant.

Experience, moreover, has developed the unpleasant fact that the mortality among women whose lives are insured in favor of their hasbands is larger than the ordinary mortality tables warrant. It is a terrible thing to say, but doctors and criminal lawyers believe the crime of wife murder to be much more frequent than is commonly supposed. It is a crime that is rarely suspected, and still more rarely detected. A woman is taken ill with a strange pain. She consults a doctor, who knows that women are always having strange pains, and that they generally arise from very simple causes. He prescribes for this or that organic trouble. The pain continues. The woman tries other medicines, which have relieved friends of hers under similar circumstances. The husband acts as nurse and gives the medicines. In these days of science, toxicology knows a dozen drugs which are difficult to detect by smell, taste or sight, but which, if regularly administered, will sap life and eventually cause death.

As a general rule, a girl should refuse to insure her life in favor of her husband, and a well administered company should refuse to issue such a policy.—

San Francisco Argonaut.

For and About Women

For and About Women.
England has 20,000 women farmers.
Floral slippers are the correct thing
to throw after a bridal pair.
Women exclusively run a Winnsborough (N. C.) canning factory.
The dowry of a Turkish bride is fixed
by custom at about \$1.70.
Rosa Bonheur has just completed a
painting for which she has refused \$60,000.
The household maintained by the
queen of England consists of nearly
1,000 persons.

queen of England consists of nearly 1,000 persons.

One of the most capable leaders in the suffrage party is Laura Clay, daughter of Cassius Clay, of Kentucky.

The late Mrs. Curtis, of Philadelphia, was for years a manufacturer of Masonic regalia.

Was for years a maintracture of masonic regalia.

When this country was but nine years old a woman took a patent for a straw weaving machine.

A Chance for Maine Won

A Chance for Maine Women.

The contractor who is building the milk factory at Winthrop is reported to have offered ten dollars to the lady who will go to the top of the chimney and lay the last brick. The chimney will be 110 feet high. Here is an opportunity for some woman to get her name in the papers, and perhaps break her neck in the attempt; but it's not at all likely that the offer will be taken. Lots of Maine women are enthusiastic for new manufactories, but they help build them in other and more sensible ways than this.—Bangor Commercial.

An Interesting Discovery

GEMS IN VERSE.

Love's Decline

There comes to most of us, perhaps to all, A day when love is at its height, its best, And as a star that floats adown the west, O'er the horizon's rim, beyond recall, Steals all the jewels from the illy's breast, And leaves it shrouded in its dewy thrall;

We watch the glow in passion's life decline.
A dull, dead terror seizes us; we try
To fan the flame, with zenious heart and eyes
We will not yet believe the surest sign;
The day love doubts, it then begins to die;
Though chilled with change, our hearts will
not divine.

That sears the flowers less cruel seems to me That sears the flowers less cruel seems to me Than slow decay and blight in summer. We Who would have given the world, or any cost. For love's sweet passion once, look back and see

see som and fragrance are forever lost.

—Emma Playter Scabury.

Charlie's Men.

Charlie's Men.

The sky was gray and the grass was green,
When the Bonnie Prince in our glen was seer
The grass was green and the sky was gray,
When on his horse he rode away;
When he rode away with a score and ten
Who were blithe to go with Charlie's Men.

, loath was I from my love to part— mish the tall with the steadfast heart— t the Prince kissed lightly my cheek and brow. d "Lend me," he said, "your sweetheart

now,
And when we return victorious, then
You shall wed the brayest of Charlie's Men."

I watched them springing down the brae, For they took the short and the dange For they took the short and the dangeror way;
I saw their spears gleam far and bright
Till the fir trees hid them from my sight,
Till faint and small as the chirp of a wren
Were the pipes that played for Charlie's Mei

The sky was blue, green was the grass.
When Joyful word came up the pass;
When Joyful word came up the pass;
The grass was green, the sky was blue,
And dark browed Malcolm's dream was true
Although the foe for one were ten
The fight was won by Charlie's Med!

But other tales we had to mark As grass grew gray, and skies were dark, And the strath was filled with tear and sigh For sires and sons who had marched to die; And Hamish, my own, the pride of the glen, Lay dead on the field with Charlie's Men.

Lay dead on the new with Construction I might be blind, for I nover see But spearheads glintin bonnillie; I might be deaf, for I only hear The pibroch ringing shrill and clear; And by moor and meadow, on brae and be My thoughts are thoughts of Charlie's Me My thoughts are thoughts of Charlie's Me

Contraries.

The truest pleasures always come through pain,
The jester ofttimes heaves the saddest sighs,
The lips oft smile while tears bedim the eye:
The brightest sunshine follows close the rain:
The richest gems are hardest to obtain.
The purest pearls lie hid in deepest waves:
The shallowest mind is ever the most vain.
Our hopes are fulfilled through other's tears.
Our losses ofttimes bring others gain,
And friendship's but a passing breath.
Thus runs the world throughout the gliding years:

years;

years;

Most clouds are silver lined, yet man is fain

To seek for immortal life through death.

—Boston Transcript

If Mother Would Listen.

If Mother Would Listen.

If mother would listen to me, dears,
She would freshen that faded gown,
She would sometimes take an hour's rest,
And sometimes a trip to town.
And it shouldn't be all for the children,
The (un and the cheer and the play;
With the pattent droop on the tired mout
And the "Mother has had her day."

And the "Motter has had her day, dears,
True, mother has had her day, dears,
When you were her bables three,
And she stepped about the farm and the
house,
As busy as a bee.
When she rocked you all to sleep, dears,
And sent you all to achool,
And wore herself out and did without,
And lived by the Golden Rule.

And so your turn has come, dears,
Her hair is growing white;
And her eyes are gaining the faraway look
That peers beyond the night,
One of these days, in the morning,
Mother will not be here.
She will fade away into silence—
The mother so true and dear.

Then what will you do in the daylight,
And what in the gloaming dim?
And father, tired and lonesome then,
Pray, what will you do for him?
If you wan to keep your mother,
You must make her rest today;
Must give her a share in the frolic,
And draw her into the play.

And if mother would listen to me, dears, Sho'd buy her a gown of silk, With buttons of royal velvet, And ruffles as white as milk. And sho'd let you do the trotting, While she sat still in her chair. That mother should have it hard all through Its strikes me isn't fair.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

An Angel Here.

A ragged urchin played along the street, And slipped and fell upon the icy way. A fair browed girl tripped by with nimble feet, But sudden stopped beside the boy, who lay

Half crying with his pain. In sweetest tone And eyes brimful of tender human love, She said, "And did you hurt you much!"

groan Died on his lips. An angel from above

Could not have grander seemed than she to

him.

He opened wide his great, brown, homeless eyes.

Thus to be sure one of the scraphin

Had not come down to earth in sweet disguise.

She went her way, forgetting that she smiled, Glad to have said a word of hope and cheer. Not so the vision to the humble child— That voice and face would live through many a year.

And then to boys who gather round the lad, He said, with face aglow with sympathy And heart that 'neath his ragged garb w glad, "I'd fall again to have her speak to me!"

Oh, precious human voice, with power untold!
Oh, precious human love to mortals given!
A word or smile are richer gifts than gold—
Better be angels here than wait for heaven.
—Sarah K. Bolton.

The Sunny Side.

Life holds no wee for me. I know full well, However evil things may seem to me today, Some future joy is certain to dispel The clouds that lower darkly o'er my way. And I have noted that one taste of blies, E'en though 'tis but a taste, hath joyou meed'.

meed.
To compensate for all that goes amiss,
On which a soul in sorrow long may feed.
No night e'er was whose darkness did not fade,
No storm e'er raged whose course was not

soon run,
soon run,
And so my soul, by troubles undismayed,
Doth simply wait the coming of the sun.

—John Kendrick Bangs

An Exception.

When men possess one secret or one creed, Or love one land or struggle for one need, They draw together brotherly and human; They only fly apart who love one woman, —John Boyle O'Reilly.

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merits of Castoria has non-favor upon it."

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