

MAILS AT A DOG TROT

IT TOOK TWENTY-FOUR DAYS FROM NEW YORK TO CINCINNATI.

Mail Service Less Than Sixty Years Ago. An Interesting Account of the Big New York Fire of 1835 from an Old Letter Written at the Time.

It is hard to believe that only fifty-seven years ago, a time within the memory of many old residents of this city, a letter took twenty-four days in transit between New York and Cincinnati. Here is a letter addressed to "Nicholas Carroll, Esq., Cincinnati, Ohio," postmarked "New York, Dec. 18," and also marked "Cincinnati, Ohio, Jan. 11," the difference between the two dates being three weeks and a half. The letter was afterward forwarded to New York, "care of Messrs. Gideon Lee & Co., No. 20 Ferry street." The name of this firm will have a familiar sound to some leather merchants still doing business in "the swamp."

In addition to the interest which this old letter has as a curiosity of the mails, it contains the account of an eye witness of the great fire of 1835. It is written upon a full sheet of foolcap paper, and was mailed, after the fashion of that time, without an envelope, the address being written upon the blank fourth page and the whole sealed with a wafer. There is no stamp of course, but the postoffice department has marked it with a pen, "2P 25-50." The postmarks, in red ink, are much larger and plainer than those of the present.

The letter is dated New York, Dec. 17, 1835. "It is with the deepest feeling of regret," the writer says, "that I try to give you a faint idea of the horrible calamity that befell our city last night. It is indeed one of the greatest disasters that ever visited this country, or probably any country since the memorable conflagration of Moscow. Almost the whole business part of the city is one heap of ruins."

"About 8:45 o'clock last evening fire was discovered breaking out in two or three places in the stores in Pearl street, just below Wall street, on the side nearest the exchange. There was almost a gale blowing from the northwest, which immediately drove the flames across Pearl street, where they enveloped ten or twelve stores, and in a few minutes the fire was driven through to Water street, and thence to the East river, sparing nothing in its course on the lower side of Wall street. The shipping in that quarter was almost every moment catching, and the tide was too low to float them out into the river, some of them being aground.

"The fire continued to drive on toward the Battery, enveloping the exchange and making steady progress down toward Old slip and to William street, sweeping everything in its way to a level with the ground. It then extended through Exchange place to William street, up William to Wall on both sides, then through the South Dutch church, taking the whole block below through to Broad street, except the stores fronting on Broad street. You can now imagine the whole space from the block fronting on Broad street down to the East river one broad sheet of fire and rapidly moving down to the Battery. The engines had long since given up all hope of doing anything; it was utterly out of their power, as the hose froze as fast as it was filled up.

"I was on the spot a few minutes after the fire broke out and staid till about 7:30 this morning, helping, as much as I was able, my friends to move their own and their employees' books and valuables. It was a bitter cold night, and this morning you can perhaps imagine my feelings, but you cannot my looks. It is now 12 o'clock and I have not been from the stove since I came from the fire, but I hear that it is raging almost as much as ever and has burned up everything this side of Centies slip.

"Dec. 18—Your letter remained unfinished yesterday, as I thought it would be useless to attempt to mail it in the confusion necessarily attendant upon the removal of the postoffice. They saved everything, I believe, connected with that department, and are now under the custom house. The fire is got under and has not reached below Centies slip. They stopped its further progress in Pearl street by blowing up one or two stores in Pearl street on the corner of Centies slip, where, you will recollect, the slip is narrow and there was danger of the fire reaching across. Among our acquaintances burned out are Cheesebrough, lost all his clothes, saved \$15,000 out of \$70,000; D. Stoutenburgh, John Birdsall, etc. People are more cool today, and say the loss is between \$30,000,000 and \$50,000,000."

"The case now stands thus: Begin on the lower side of Coffee House slip and come up Wall street to William, thence diagonally back of the Phenix bank to the stores fronting on Broad street; then it has made a clean sweep within this circle to the East river down to Centies slip, where it is now burning. Everything within this is destroyed—the exchange, postoffice, A. Tappan & Co.—everything is gone. Every body wears a gloomy face this morning, and with reason. Some of the effects will be the failure of all fire insurance companies in the city, and people coming in while I am writing say that at least half of the merchants in New York must fail, and half the banks. In short, there is no end to the misery that will be produced. The loss at the present time is variously estimated at from \$50,000,000 to \$100,000,000 in goods and property. The cause of the fire has not been ascertained."

People were not cool enough even on the second day to reach rational figures, for the loss by the great fire of 1835 was afterward computed at \$18,000,000. The houses and stores destroyed numbered 648. There was no Croton water then to fight fire with. The Croton system had been determined upon a year before, but it was not opened till 1842. The first transatlantic steamship entered the harbor six years later, in 1841, and in that year the first telegraph line was established. The writer of this interesting reminder of a half century ago was Edwin R. Tremain.—New York Times.

Pulled Out of His Boat by a Fish.

I am more and more convinced that it is not wise on all occasions to question a tall fish story—a story that on its face seems to put it mildly, very improbable. Thomas Jefferson, of Stillwater, N. Y., was fishing in the Hudson river and returned home wet to the skin and said that he hooked a big fish which pulled him into the water from the boat, and very promptly the man with the historic name was classed as an AI fish liar. A day or two ago a pike of twenty-seven pounds weight was found dead or dying in the river, and in its mouth was found Thomas Jefferson's spoon hook, and attached to his hook was his line. The fisherman had told the truth. He was standing up in his boat and the fish caught him off his balance and pulled him in.

I personally knew of a fishing companion being pulled into the water in something the same way by a lake trout of less than half the weight of the pike. The angler hooked the fish and attempted to stand up in the boat. He was cold and cramped from sitting and the lake was rough, and over he went. The funny part of it was that his boatman, who was looking ahead, did not see him go overboard, nor did he hear him. The boat felt lighter and, looking around, the carman found himself alone in the boat and it was more than a mile to shore. The boat was backed up and the angler caught the gunwale with one hand and clung to his rod with the other, and fish and fisherman were both saved.—Forest and Stream.

Ernest Renan.

An enchanting and multifarious artist in ideas, a curious mind implanted in an amorphous body, M. Renan offers in his writings a brilliant monument of concrete skepticism and a complete exposition and apology of that dilettantism which is certainly ravaging the intellectual classes of modern France. We say "ravaging" intentionally, because great and exquisite as may be the joys procured by dilettantism, they are of a non-creative and unvirile kind. Indeed, if we had not imposed upon ourselves the impersonal attitude of the compiler of an inventory we should be tempted to call attention to the harmony of M. Renan's physical and intellectual personality, and to compare that great shapeless body to some huge polype or anemone, floating helplessly in the sea of probabilities, rising or sinking, inclining to the right or to the left, as instinct, or a ray of sunlight, or the hazards of a current may inspire; but in any case merely floating and otherwise incapable of choosing a direction and following it.

So M. Renan's mind, thanks to multifarious appreciation combined with vast inattention, is amused and fascinated by the many-sidedness of phenomena. It sees at once ten or twenty phases, and being incapable of the effort necessary to decide which is the best, it sinks back into the joys of submarine mirage, and reflects the beauty of things on its polychrome facets that have the prismatic and illusory charm of sea flowers.—Theodore Child in Harper's.

When Man Was in Darkness.

Man was once in comparative darkness when the sun went down. His primitive habitation was a place of rest, unlighted by the oil which prolongs the hours of labor, doubles the speed of progress and shortens life. After ages of groping about—feeling for the keyhole on the wrong side of the door, so to speak—he stumbled on the fact that fat would make a light. Looking around for something to hold the fat the skulls of animals were found useful, and so the antediluvian discovered the principle of portable illumination.

From skulls and seashells light proceeded to vessels of burned clay, dish-like, with wicks of flax, rushes and other fibers. Many of these primitive lamps have been found in the ruins of Pompeii, Herculaneum and elsewhere, but the invention of the lamp is supposed to belong to the ancient East Indians. Until the beginning of the Nineteenth century there was little improvement in lamps. The candle kept humanity in semidarkness, which was relieved by the introduction of mineral oil, which stimulated invention and brought about the lamp of beauty and utility of the present.—Mechanical News.

The Size of the Gulf Stream.

People think the Mississippi a great stream, and it is so in truth, so far as land rivers go, but great as it is it would require 2,000 such rivers to make one Gulf Stream. The great ocean river is an irresistible flood of water, running all the time, winter and summer, and one year after year. It is as difficult for the mind to grasp its immensity as it is to realize the distance of the nearest stars.

At its narrowest part in the Straits of Florida it is thirty-nine miles wide, has an average depth of 2,000 feet and a velocity at the axis—the point of fastest flow—of from three to more than five miles per hour. To say that the volume in one hour's flow past Cape Florida is 90,000,000,000 tons in weight does not convey much to the mind. If we could evaporate this one hour's flow of water and distribute the remaining salt to the inhabitants of the United States, every man, woman and child would receive nearly sixty pounds.—Detroit Free Press.

Oscar Wilde's Little Joke.

Oscar Wilde does not appear to have lost his nimble wit. At a dinner party in London the other night the coffee had been sipped and the men were becoming weary of the tardiness in bringing on the cigarettes. Suddenly some one remarked that a lamp was smoking. "Happy lamp!" exclaimed Oscar, and the hostess took the hint.—Exchange.

A Clamdigger's Earnings.

The Chincocteau clamdigger works during the greater part of the year, and a very spry man in a spot where clams are thick can tread out a great many hundred in a day. Clams fetch from \$1 to \$1.50 per 1,000 at Chincocteau, which seems a great deal for the money when you think of clam chowder at a fashionable restaurant.—New York Sun.

WITH A SCARAB TO A FRIEND.

Day by day, and mile by mile,
As I journeyed up the Nile,
Pen in hand,
Taking sketches, making notes
Of temples, tourists, boats,
Palms and sand;

Labyrinthine tombs exploring,
Climbing pyramids, adoring
Gods of old;
"Anteokah" hunting, trying
My 'practice hand at buying,
Being "sold."

In the midst of these excursions,
"Fantasias" and diversions
I bought a tiny scarab
One morning from an Arab
For my friend.

It was on the sacred token
Of eternity unbroken
And divine,
Some long vanished priest or king,
Lord or lady, owned the thing—
Now 'tis thine.

—Anella B. Edwards.

TEMPORARY HOBBIES.

The Instinct in Human Nature That Finds Expression in Fads.

A fad is described in the dictionaries as a "trivial fancy, adopted and pursued for a time with irrational zeal." There is always a strong desire among certain people to take up some fad or other that shall distinguish them from other people. They are usually intelligent, but have more or less a spice of the crank in their temperament and disposition. They want to be and to do something that separates them from the great mass of humanity. Sometimes this is accomplished with the aid of accident, as of birth or of training, as of a religious creed or of nature, when a woman is handsome or a man particularly good looking. But these latter are minor and individual affections. Where such personal advantages fall there is still another mode of keeping up a discrimination from the multitude of people. It is to cultivate a fad. The mildest form of it is exhibited among men and women in cultivating a passion for cats and dogs.

There is a harmless class who collect old books, rare engravings, first folio Shakespeares, coins and token pieces, scarce sets or parts of sets of china or old yellow lace. These are all quiet folks with hobbies, and we can leave them alone, quite confident that they are wedded to their idols and will never be a disturbing force. Most of them are secretive and hide their weakness from the profane crowd. Only the elect of the same taste are invited to look upon them. There is another intelligent, more numerous and noisier set who are bitten with a literary fad. These have piped at social gatherings and in the market places since the time when France originated the Precieuses and English dames raved over the woes of Clarissa Harlowe and German women shed buckets of tears over the sorrows of Werther. The two latest fads are of Boston origin. They were originated the first Browning society, and when "A Doll's House" was translated they set the ball rolling toward "an Ibsen craze."

It is a pity that the last ever became a fad, for apart from Ibsen's social theories, his woman's rights notions and his leveling principles generally he is a strong writer and a master of romantic expressions. As a fad, however, Ibsen has run his course, and his followers are looking out for some other literary heroes to nurse. Maeterlinck, "the Dutch Shakespeare," has been tried, but on account of the merely suggestive and ghostly character of his plays he has failed to materialize. His best subjects are disagreeable—the vague terror of death in the midst of a group of the blind, or his unseen but felt presence in an assembled household. The emotions they cause are "creepy" and will not bear to be talked about in a club, and they entirely escape the clumsy hands of a public lecturer.

There are two literary fads remaining, but both are English and one is a revival. Those who keep the stage at present before select audiences are George Meredith and George Borrow. The reign of George Meredith is endangered because he still lives and writes, and there is grave doubt whether he will keep himself alive with other "Chloes" and "Egoists" or kill himself off with a succession of "Tragic Comedians." But Borrow, fortunately for his admirers and his fame, is dead.—Baltimore Sun.

The Wends.

In outward appearance the Wends are throughout a powerful, healthy and muscular race, whose men are coveted for the conscription. The first Napoleon's famous "Bouchers Saxons"—the Saxon dragoons—were nearly all Wends. And in the present day it is the Wends who contribute the lion's share of recruits to the Saxon household regiments. Their women are prized throughout Germany as nurses. They are all well built, well shaped, rich in muscle and nimble in motion, like the Lacedaemonian women of old. Next to stature, the most distinctive external feature of the race is their national dress, which, as in most similar cases, survives longest and in its most characteristic form among women. As between different districts it varies very markedly, but throughout it has some common features.—Fortnightly Review.

An Odd Turkish Superstition.

An odd Turkish superstition is as follows: If one finds a piece of bread lying upon the ground he must pick it up, kiss it and carry it until he finds a hole into which the kiss can be inserted. To step upon a piece of bread or to leave it lying upon the ground is one of the unpardonable sins and dooms the offender to the third hell, where he is perpetually gored by an ox that has but a single horn, that in the center of his forehead.—St. Louis Republic.

Seashells for Cooking Utensils.

It is not generally known that large numbers of seashells are imported from tropical countries every year for cooking utensils. These shells are used largely in the hotels and restaurants as baking receptacles for lobsters and crabs.—Philadelphia Times.

DRIFTON ITEMS.

Miss Maggie Carr has returned to West Chester Normal school to resume her studies.

Willie Kissel, a lad who is employed as an errand boy in the main office, is lying dangerously ill at his home in No. 2.

Frank Welliver and Henry Miller were on a fishing trip to the Lehigh river last week.

Work was suspended at all the mines on Saturday.

Miss Hannah Gallagher, of Philadelphia, is here spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. John Curran.

W. E. Davis buried a child in the Freeland cemetery yesterday. This is the eighth of the family that has died.

Miss Katie Kennedy is on the sick list for the past week.

A partial examination of the D. S. & S. trainmen was held on Saturday. It will be continued at every opportunity until all the boys are examined. So far they have all stood the test successfully.

John Sullivan, of Philadelphia, is among the many people visiting here.

Henry Hartig removed his family from here to Freeland last week.

The member of the Fernot base ball club are making preparations to hold a picnic in the park on the 17th. It should be well patronized, as the boys worked hard all summer to represent the town creditably.

The delegate election passed off very quietly here on Saturday, but as usual the leaders were out in full uniform doing the forbidden act. This was to be expected, and indeed if it was otherwise it would be something out of the general order. Authority is dreaded as much here as a delegation election as if it was for president. Of course, the bosses don't have any hand in such small affairs. No, not them. It's forbidden.

Frank Brogan and Joseph Gallagher left this morning for West Chester Normal school.

Miss Jane Lambert, of Shenandoah, is spending a few days here with friends.

The Misses McGlynn, of Bristol, are visiting relatives in town.

Mr. and Mrs. John Curran buried a thirteen month old child last week.

Mrs. E. J. Sweeney returned from Wilkes-Barre, where she was visiting friends.

UPPER LEHIGH NOTES.

A large number of our young people attended the Odd Fellows' excursion to Mountain Park on Saturday. They report a good time.

A child of Wm. Mellon's is lying very ill at present.

Bernard Heeney, of Jersey City, is spending a few days with his parents here.

Our young men have quit driving to Lattimer, in conjunction with the Lackawanna county fair, on September 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10. Premiums amounting to \$10,000 have been offered in the various departments and in speed purses.

Pat O'Neil has the finest stock of brush dogs in the county. The breed is known as the Boner's.

Daniel J. Ferry is looking happy these days. It's a boy.

A german was held at the residence of Miss Gertrude Kemmerer last week. Many visitors were in attendance.

Miss Mary O'Donnell, of Hazleton, is visiting her parents here for a few days.

"German" says that shoemakers should charge for shoes by the pair, and not for the quantity of leather that they have in them. We feel for Johnny.

Mrs. John McCauley, of Eckley, is nursing her daughter, Mrs. D. J. Ferry, who is lying ill.

Andrew Sheemen, a Hungarian, was married here on Saturday. A grand wedding followed in the evening, in which many of our boys took part.

Geo. McGee was elected to attend the Democratic county convention in Wilkes-Barre.

Quite a number of our boys lost their tin at the Jones-Landmesser battle on Saturday night.

P. B. Ferry will take a short trip to Ireland in the near future.

Jas. Welsh, Jr., of Patterson, Schuylkill county, made a trip here on Saturday to visit his parents.

Some of the small boys made a raid on an ice cream freezer at the party held here last week. The guilty ones have been ferreted out and suspended from the breaker, where they work, for two weeks.

JEDDO NEWS.

The company is having a large addition built to the office here. This was needed badly, as the place was entirely too small.

Ambrose Harkins, of this place, had the misfortune to have some of his fingers amputated at Rochester, N. Y., last week. He got them caught while coupling cars.

P. D. Gallagher has been laid up with a very sore eye for several days last week.

Barney Heeney, a former resident of this place, was here last week spending a few days.

Miss Annie Johnson, one of our popular young ladies, is visiting friends in Summit Hill.

John Dwyer, of Mt. Scenery Hotel, and Wm. Walters were in town on a political tour on Saturday.

Miss Maggie Burns of Hazleton, spent a few days here last week.

To-morrow will be pay day here, and all are anxiously waiting for their mite.

Some of our boys were in Freeland last week, and as a rule when they strike the city, they become above the ordinary with the Freeland lassies. This was not the case last week. After getting shook several times, three of them came home leading a dog by a chain. However, it was not for the value of the dog or chain but simply to have something home with them. Boys if you intend to go into this business you can have dog home with you every night for a month, as there is an ever supply in Freeland.

On Saturday evening there was one of most exciting delegate elections ever held here. Orators were in abundance and discussed the merits of the campaign and the various candidates with skill and vigor. Men who were never known to speak before took to the stump, and as many as five speeches were going on at the same time. A. McGill and John Quigley were the delegates to be voted for. McGill was out in the interest of

McGinty and Quigley independent. Such hustling was never seen here before. The independent man won easily.

PERSONALITIES.

Hugh Shovlin, until recently an operator at the Freeland station, is now at Green's Bridge, Phillipsburg, N. J., where he is operating for the Reading system.

Attorney John D. Hayes left on Saturday morning for Brooklyn, N. Y. He will return on Thursday evening.

Miss Margaret Garaben, of Honey Brook, was here among friends on Saturday.

Miss Annie Carey, of Centralia, is visiting at the residence of her friend, Miss Bridget Carey.

Mrs. P. H. Kane, of New York City, was visiting friends here on Saturday.

Rev. M. J. Fallihee returned on Saturday evening from a visit to Allentown.

W. A. Slatery, of Shenandoah, is spending a few days among friends here.

Misses Johanna O'Brien, of Alden, and Annie Canty, of Freeland, enjoyed a drive around our city Friday evening. —Nanticoke News.

Fatal Accident at a Game.

A fatal accident occurred on Saturday at Lansford during the progress of a game of base ball. Thomas Donnelly, a member of the Loucsdale club, was at the bat and Gormley pitching for the Lansford team. The latter threw a strong in-curve ball, which Donnelly misjudged and struck at it, instead of moving out of the way. The ball hit him in the ear, knocking him to the ground. He was hastily carried off the field and a physician summoned, but before the latter arrived the injured man died.

A Quaker Printer's Proverbs.

Never send an article for publication without giving thy name, for thy name often secures publication of a worthless article.

Thou shalt not rap at the door of a printing office; for he that heareth the rap sneereth in his sleeve and loseth time.

Thou shouldst never read the copy on the printer's case or he may knock thee down.

Never inquire of the editor the news; for hehold it is business to give it to thee at the appointed time without asking for it.

It is not right that thou shouldst ask him who is the author of an article, for it is his duty to keep such things unto himself.

When thou dost enter his office take heed unto thyself that thou dost not look at what may concern thee not, for that is not meet in the sight of good breeding.

Neither examine thou the proof sheet, for it is not ready to meet thine eye, that thou mayest understand.

Prefer thine own town papers to any other, and if thou hast not already done so, subscribe for them immediately.

Pay for them in advance and it shall be well with thee and thine.

The Pennsylvania state fair will be held in Scranton in conjunction with the Lackawanna county fair, on September 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10. Premiums amounting to \$10,000 have been offered in the various departments and in speed purses.

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TALES FROM TOWN TOPICS.

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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 wool-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.

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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 80 cents per gallon, cannot be surpassed. Samples sent to anyone on application.

Fishing Tackle and Sporting Goods.

BIRKBECK'S,

CENTRE STREET, FREELAND, PA.