

MIXING THINGS UP.

THE OPEN ENEMY, THE HYPOCRITE AND THE FOOL FRIEND.

It is Doubtful if Labor Does Not Suffer More from the Latter Than from Either of the Others—Tere Comment Upon Some Recent Utterances.

It is a hard matter to determine whether the open antagonism of the tools of capitalism or the hypocrisy which vice pays to virtue or the blundering of fool friends is the greatest stumbling block in the efforts toward labor's emancipation. I am almost convinced that either of the two last named do more to prevent progress than the former. The hypocrite in the pulpit, the editorial chair or on the platform, who pretends to be the friend of the workingman, deludes him by advice which has weight with the untutored and unthinking, because the cloven foot is hidden behind an ambush of words that on their face sympathize with acknowledged grievances. The politician not only admits that the workingman has just cause for complaint, but he denounces the enemy of our "home and sinew" in the strongest of terms. The grudge sits open mouthed drinking in the denunciation of his enemy and praise of the worthiness of his own horny handed self until, blinded by the dust the wily trickster throws into his eyes, he sees a Moses come to lead him out of bondage. And the worst of it is he comes up punctually in every political campaign for his handful of eye dust. Though he gets the dirt out of his eyes regularly the morning after every election, he becomes nuts for the flimflammer by the time the next campaign opens.

It is only necessary for a newspaper to say a word of praise of some labor organization which for the moment may be at peace with organized capital, or to denounce some trust as illegal, for the glibly workingman to be ready to swallow yards of sophistry and to quietly submit to ridicule of bottom principles and infamous misrepresentations of the claims and aims of the general movement. P. T. Barnum said the people loved to be humbugged. What would he have said had he been acquainted with the modern workingman of America? Not only does he love to be humbugged, but he seems to delight in being skinned and flayed. If not, then why has he so long suffered from ills that he could remove if he would turn a deaf ear to the siren's song and work out his own salvation?

These thoughts were induced by reading an editorial from the Columbus (O.) Press. The paper pretends to be friendly to the cause of labor, and says some good things in the article in question; but one is inclined to the belief that it is attempting the confidence game dodge when one reads in the concluding paragraphs about the importance of the tariff question. But let that pass out of our minds and we will find that the best that can be said of the writer of the article is that he is one of the fool friends. The way in which he mixes up truth and fiction and error stamps him one whose efforts, if successful, can result in only sympathy for the workingman, who wants not tears and alms, but justice.

As the article in the Ohio paper is very like many others that come under the eyes of the reading workingman, I want to give it a little consideration and see if I can point out wherein it does the cause of labor harm, while on its face it reads like the expressions of friendship. Take the following extract, for instance:

Capital is labor stored away, and it is in large part the accumulation of those who are dead. There should not exist, nor does there exist, a natural hostility between the rich and the poor. Whatever hostility exists is brought about by designing persons, who hope for some selfish advantage by the strife.

The definition of capital is nearer correct than what is usually given by the newspaper editor, but why confuse it by changing the terms capital and labor to rich and poor, as is done in the next sentence? There can be no hostility, natural or otherwise, between labor and capital, but when capital becomes the rich and labor the poor the case is different. There is a natural antagonism between the laborer and the capitalist so long as they are two distinct classes. And there is a natural hostility between the rich and the poor. It does no good to attempt to disguise this fact; it is too apparent. It must be admitted, and the only point open to discussion in connection therewith is whether the hostility is natural or not.

Now I claim it is. If the natural condition of unity between labor and capital were not perverted by a system which makes two classes of the laborer and capitalist, there would not be the distinctly rich and the distinctly poor. Hence it seems to me natural that a result of the capitalist system which places the "labor stored away" in the hands of one class—that is, gives to employers all the surplus of production—and allows to the actual producer only barely enough to keep him in condition to produce, must necessarily create antagonisms between the two. As the laborer becomes more intelligent he sees more clearly the injustice of such a system, and while he realizes that the rich are becoming richer off of the results of his toil the rich man understands that his pecuniary interests are in the direction of continuing the system. Do such conditions conduce to harmony and brotherly love?

The editor of the Columbus Press declares that "every man has by nature a right to eat the bread which he earns, and no man has the natural right to eat the bread earned by another. He has neither the right to seize it by force nor by cunning." How he can make this declaration fit in with the admission that there are rich and poor, and that riches are "labor stored away," passeth the understanding of the man from Pike. But this is where the "fool friendship"

comes in. Then, again, take the following extract from the same article:

Every natural right which belongs to mankind and the enjoyment of which would bring happiness, prosperity and peace is secure to every person in the United States by the constitution. These rights existed before the Declaration of Independence and were reaffirmed by it. These natural rights by individuals are affirmed in the constitutions of each of the states. But the old barbaric instincts of oppression and cunning have been at work since our government was formed, so that these natural rights have by statutes too frequently been abolished.

Without entering upon a discussion of the constitution of the United States, which does not "secure" the things credited to it, though it may be treason to say so, it is well known that it is no infrequent occurrence for the tools of capitalism and plutocracy to take refuge behind that document when measures looking to the return of the people's natural rights are proposed. The abridgment of natural rights brought about by "barbaric instincts" manifested in "statutes" have been declared "constitutional" by the high courts of the land. Therefore either the supreme courts are barbaric or the constitution is not the great thing it has been cracked up to be.

Our Columbus friend admits as much in the following paragraph:

The only reason for the existence of any law is that right and justice shall prevail, that each shall have his own. But any intelligent citizen content that there are not a multitude of laws, both state and federal, the operation of which is to enrich some at the expense of others.

Have I shown that the Columbus Press has so mixed truth, fiction and error as to damage the search for the true light, and that because of its apparent friendliness for the workingman it has helped to befuddle and deceive him?

Passing from a teacher—which every editor is, to some extent—let us see how one of the rich men looks at this subject. Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, a billionaire, was recently interviewed by the Paris Figaro, and some of the things he said were so much like what the average editors say that one is inclined to the belief that he and they understand each other pretty well. Said the baron:

With a few unfortunate exceptions, inevitable accidents, each one in general has that portion of capital which he acquires by his intelligence, his energy and his work. Certainly chance and luck meddle sometimes with the fate of individuals. Unworthy people are often favored by chance, while men of merit are sorely tried, but the same law exists for all, and it is the same at all the steps of the social ladder, and the only just law is the law of labor for all.

Reporter—The present social organization is criticized because it makes thousands of men work all their lives to enrich a single one. The division is perhaps not equitable.

Baron de Rothschild—If it is not equitable, if the worker considers that the employer is paid, they can strike. They have the right to strike. It is legitimate, and nobody dreams of taking it away from them. Let them exercise it, and indeed they don't deprive themselves of it. But it is not natural that the man who puts in the first indispensable force, capital, and in addition gives his intelligence, his powers of organization, of invention and all the force of his intellect, should be better recompensed and have more luxuries than the coarse and brutal workman who brings merely the unintelligent help of his arms.

The baron is not so careful in his language as the American type of millionaire. In this country they do not speak of the workman as "brutal and coarse"—that is, not publicly.

It is real kind of the baron to admit the right of the discontented "brute" to strike when conditions become unbearable. Andrew Carnegie makes the same admission, but he hires a gang of thugs and puts guns into their hands to see that the strike doesn't avail the discontented anything. But the baron also, like the American lord at the banquet and the plutocratic editor, is assured that only a few agitators are dissatisfied with the condition of working people:

For my part, I have no faith in this workingmen's movement. I am sure that the workmen—I speak in general—are satisfied with their condition; that they do not complain. Certainly there are agitators who try to make all the noise possible around themselves, but they have no hold upon the honest, reasonable and industrious laborers, and no influence over them. But we must make a distinction between good and bad workmen. Now, for example, it is absolutely false to state that the good workmen want eight hours only for a day's labor.

The fellows who make the demand are the lazy and the incapable. They reason in this way: "It is tiresome to work ten or twelve hours a day, and, moreover, there are men among us who are less lazy and more expert than we are. They produce more in the same space of time, and consequently they earn more. Let us endeavor to make them work less. Our interest and our laziness will be protected thereby." That's about the amount of it. But the others, the fathers of families, the sensible and steady men, don't want to be prevented from working as long as they please for their own benefit and that of their families. But let us admit that they should be forced to work eight hours and no more. Do you know what the majority would do? They would drink. They would spend more time in the saloons, and that's all. What else could they do?

If this rich man really speaks in accordance with his understanding he hasn't sense enough to dig ditches. And he is a fair representative of a class which rules the destinies of millions of men, and whose superiority is constantly dimmed into the ears of those who protest against the injustice of present inequalities.

Again we turn to the columns of a newspaper. The Chicago Post, discussing the refusal of the Trades assembly of that city to parade on the opening of the Columbian exposition, says:

Labor is not hostile to the fair. And why? Because it is labor's fair. Every brick and stone and timber in the structures in Jackson park is a monument to what labor has done to illustrate its own performance in building a continent and building a nation. Who are the laborers? The American people. This is a nation of toilers. The drones are few and they are not in high esteem. A few of them sit in the places and clog the wheels of government with their excesses. But by far the greater number are in the ranks of labor, impeding with hands that know not toil the noble, heroic work which makes the Columbian fair possible and gives to it a significance. One hundred and nineteen of these drones have for a moment throttled the voice of the majority—their betters. But that is all they have done—it is only for a moment.

The 119 drones referred to are the members of the Trades assembly. But is the Chicago fair "labor's fair"? If because labor made the brick and hewed the stone and clog the wheels in the great buildings it is labor's fair, then every

railroad, building and every other thing into which labor has gone belongs to the laborer. The Post will hardly admit this. The fact is that the World's fair is a private enterprise so far as the rewards of its success are concerned. The interest labor has in it is like the interest it has in a state or county fair or a museum controlled by private capitalists or a corporation, where money is invested to make money. Of course we must admit that the residents of a community or country have a sentimental pride in any extraordinary display, even if they do have to pay to see it. But it is absurd nonsense to say that the Columbian exposition is "labor's fair" because it is to show in buildings constructed by labor the results of 400 years of industry. If the laborer was the possessor of all the wealth he has created the case would be different; but when we look to see his share in all this wonderful progress our vision is blurred by the sight of tenement and rags, tramps, strikes and the bristling bayonets of the militia.

The Kansas City Star says Mr. Powderly is stupid for advising workmen to keep out of the militia, and then goes on to say:

The one hope of economic emancipation enjoyed by the laborer who is really oppressed is in a thorough and everlasting comprehension of the fact that this is a democratic government. If he holds the idea that the government is of and for the rich, a something of which he is no part and of whose blessings he is no possessor, the laboring man—the poor man, for instance—is hopeless. And when he believes his case a hopeless one the peasant of Europe and he lock through the same blue glasses.

It depends, in a great measure, upon what the Star means by "this government." It is generally understood that the spirit of our institutions is democratic, but the form certainly is not. There is a wide difference between a representative and democratic form of government, and ours is of the representative kind. But the workingman has not studied this part of the subject. What he is beginning to understand, however, is that our government, notwithstanding its glittering claims, is fast becoming a government for the sole benefit of plutocracy. I know that such declarations are set down as the ravings of demagogues and anarchists by the "better class" and the unthinking, but facts are facts, and they cannot be gotten away from.

Leaders of strikes at Homestead and Cour d'Alene are indicted—and in the latter case already convicted—for treason because they met the force of armed hirelings of capitalism as only men fit to be called freemen could meet it. On the other hand, the employers of the private army, whose acts are in direct violation of the laws of the land, are left to go scot free, and are even lauded by representatives of government and furnished the citizen soldiery to further overawe workingmen. It is not to be wondered at that American laborers are beginning to look through the "blue glasses of the European peasant." Glasses or no glasses, what is seen does not differ much on the two continents.

JOS. R. BUCHANAN.

A Voice in the Temple.

A dispatch from Chicago says: "Rev. T. G. Milted, pastor of Unity church, has for some time entertained the idea of erecting a Bethel for the sailors who frequent this port. This morning he made the matter the subject of an earnest appeal to the members of his congregation. He dwelt at length upon the great need of such an institution in Chicago, and said: 'We must do something to save these men. They now have no place to go except to the dives and saloons. What wonder, then, that they are so disreputable?'

"You're a liar!" yelled a voice in the back of the church. 'I'm a sailor,' yelled the owner of the voice, 'and we are not disreputable. We do not want any Bethel home. What we want is more wages,' and the toiler of the seas delivered to the congregation his personal opinion of the pastor, which was neither flattering nor couched in polite language. All efforts to pacify him failed, and the profane, argumentative son of Neptune was hustled through the sacred portals by an array of ushers. No attempt was made to arrest him."

Sweating in Chicago.

Mrs. Florence Kelly, special agent of the Illinois bureau of labor, says of Chicago: "There are 2,000 sweating shops in this city, and in each shop are little girls and boys, Bohemians, Germans, Russians and Italians, all huddled together, the girls from twelve to fifteen years old working at the machines and the younger children sewing on buttons. It is terrible, and for this state of affairs we are indebted to the philanthropic Marshall Field, H. W. King and others. They are the abettors of the sweating system. The government is also to blame, for I consider it the foster mother of the system. Laws should be passed by the city government making it an offense for clothes to be made in any place which is used as a place of habitation. This is only right, for in the houses where these cloaks and other garments are made there is often malignant and infectious diseases. The disease is thus spread into the homes of wealth and culture."

Modest Mr. Arthur.

At a recent meeting of Altona (Pa.) division of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers Grand Chief P. M. Arthur was a visitor and the principal speaker. He began his remarks by saying:

The misfortunes of organized labor of the present day have in most cases been due to the selection of leaders. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers has given the railroad companies trustworthy, reliable men.

Many will agree with Mr. Arthur's opening sentence, but well informed labor men will make an opposite application of the words to that intended by the chief. The modesty of Mr. Arthur is appalling to one who remembers that the gentleman himself has for some years represented all that the engineers have "given the railroad companies."

A Very Close Shave.

"I believe I got into the closest place during the civil war that a man ever got out of alive," said E. N. Harper, the Mulhatten of Michigan, now stopping at the LaClede. "I had been detailed to obtain information regarding the strength of a detachment of Confederate troops stationed on the Tennessee river, near Decatur, Ala. I got the information, and was working my way back to camp when I was discovered and pursued by a scouting party. I had concealed a skiff in the brush on the banks of the river, but a sudden rise had swept it away, and there was nothing to do but surrender or swim the swollen stream. I plunged in, but the current was stronger than I had anticipated, and by the time I reached midstream my strength was about exhausted. I managed to get hold of the end of a floating log and drifted down stream, while the Johnnies made the water around me boil with their bullets."

"I soon drifted out of range and crawled up on the log, only to discover that it was already occupied by a big water moccasin, who was inclined to dispute possession. I had no weapon but a water soaked pistol. If I staid on the log I would get bit; if I got off I would be drowned. While debating what I should do the log drifted within range of the Union pickets, and they appeared to think I had been raised up by a special providence as a practice target. The first volley killed the moccasin, and before they could reload I made them understand that I was not trying to pull any feathers out of the tail of the American eagle. Since my escape from that position of fourfold peril I have been something of a fatalist."

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

English Policemen.

The police regulations in England are very different from those common in this country. The policeman there is not nearly so autocratic as he is here and would never think of using a club or striking a man, except in self defense. J. Gilmer Speed gives this story of their mild sway:

Upon one occasion a man came into my office and created a disturbance. I ordered him out. He declined to go, so I sent for a policeman. A sergeant came. I said to him:

"This man does not belong here and refuses to leave my office. Will you please take him out?"

I expected the sergeant to tell the man he must go, and then if he did not move on I expected to see the officer remove him by force. Not at all. The sergeant said, "You had better leave here, sir," and his tone was as respectful and civil as though he was asking a favor.

The man manifested no intention of leaving, and the police officer began an inquiry as to his reasons for wanting to stay. This so exasperated me that I put the man out myself, greatly to the astonishment and apprehension of the officer.

He explained to me that I had no right to interfere in the matter I had brought to his attention, and that doubtless the intruder would get out a warrant against me and have me arrested for assault.

A Mexican Bat in a Birdcage.

In a little out of the way alley not far from Stuyvesant square there is a small, dingy barroom. It is the favorite drinking place of a dozen or more old men, who are cronies and have met and played chess there for many years. The aged proprietor of the place has filled the room with curiosities—strange stuffed birds, autographs of old New Yorkers, theater tickets of a quarter of a century ago, a few old fashioned collars, etc. The old gentleman is facetious occasionally. He has been chucking over his latest joke for a week or two.

Hanging from the ceiling directly over the bar is a bamboo birdcage. The four sides of the cage are covered with cloth curtains. On one of these curtains is printed this inscription, "A Mexican Bat." Of course every customer wants to see the animal, but on lifting the curtain one sees nothing but a brick suspended from the top of the cage by a string. The experiment generally costs the curious person at least the price of five flagons of ale.—New York Tribune.

A Scheme That Works.

When you go into the Marble Collegiate church, at Fifth avenue and Twenty-ninth street, you will find in the book rack of each pew a card of the size of a fashionable envelope. It is an "acquaintance card," bearing the pastor's name and church address on one side, with a nice little square in the upper right hand corner in which is printed, "If mailed, two cent stamp here." On the other side is printed: "In order that the pastors may have the opportunity of seeking personal acquaintance and extending to you the courtesies of the church, please write your name and address below, drop the card in the pastor's mail box, hand to an usher or return by mail. Signed, David James Burrell, D. D., pastor; Rev. Palmer S. Hulbert, Rev. Alfred E. Myers, assistant pastors." It is a sort of a drop-a-card-in-a-slot-and-receive-a-pastoral-call scheme, and they say it works well.—New York Times.

Reminding Him of a Fact.

A few days ago an elderly gentleman and his wife came down Broadway together. A lady crossing the street fell down. The old gentleman rushed to her assistance and helped her in every possible way. When he returned to his wife she shook her fist at him. "It's all right; it's all right," he whispered. "Yes, I know it's all right," she replied hotly. "Here's an unknown woman falls down and you plow across the street to help her, and the other day I fell down stairs and you wanted to know if I was practicing for a circus."—New York World.

An Innovation.

A south Georgia schoolman has introduced a new feature in her school. When one of the girls misses a word the boy who spells it gets permission to kiss her. As a result the girls are becoming very poor spellers, while the boys are improving.—Atlanta Constitution.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

BETHEL BAPTIST. Ridge and Walnut Streets. Rev. C. A. Spaulding, Pastor. Sunday School.....10:00 A M Gospel Temperance.....2:30 P M Preaching.....6:00 P M

HEAVENLY RECRUITS. Centre Street, above Chestnut. Rev. Charles Brown, Pastor. Morning Service.....10:00 A M Sunday School.....2:00 P M Love Feast.....3:15 P M Preaching.....7:30 P M

JEDDO METHODIST EPISCOPAL. In charge of Rev. E. M. Chilcoat. Sunday School.....2:00 P M Preaching.....7:00 P M

ST. ANN'S ROMAN CATHOLIC. Rev. M. J. Fallhee, Pastor; Rev. F. P. McNally, Curate. Low Mass.....8:00 A M High Mass.....10:30 A M Sunday School.....2:00 P M Vespers.....4:00 P M Mass on Weekdays.....7:30 A M

ST. JAMES' EPISCOPAL. South and Washington Streets. Rev. J. P. Buxton, Pastor. Sunday School.....1:30 P M Prayer and Sermon.....7:00 P M

ST. JOHN'S REFORMED. Walnut and Washington Streets. Rev. H. A. Benner, Pastor. Sunday School.....9:00 A M German Service.....10:30 A M English Sermon.....7:00 P M Prayer and teachers' meeting every Saturday evening at 7:45 o'clock.

ST. KASIMER'S POLISH CATHOLIC. Ridge Street, above Carbon. Rev. Joseph Mazotas, Pastor. Mass.....11:00 A M Vespers.....4:00 P M Mass on Weekdays.....7:30 A M

ST. LUKE'S GERMAN LUTHERAN. Main and Washington Streets. Rev. A. Beumiller, Pastor. Sunday School.....9:00 A M German Service.....10:30 A M Catechial Instruction.....5:00 P M

ST. MARY'S GREEK CATHOLIC. Front and Fern Streets. Rev. Cyril Gulovich, Pastor. Low Mass.....8:00 A M High Mass.....10:30 A M Vespers.....2:00 P M

TRINITY METHODIST EPISCOPAL. Birkbeck Street, South Heberton. Rev. E. M. Chilcoat, Pastor. Preaching.....10:00 A M Sunday School.....2:00 P M Prayer and Class Meeting.....7:00 P M Epworth League meets every Friday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

WELSH BAPTIST. (Donop's Hall) Walnut and Ridge Streets. Sunday School.....10:30 A M Prayer Meeting.....6:00 P M

PETER TIMONY, BOTTLER AND DEALER IN All kinds of Liquor, Beer and Porter, Temperance Drinks.

Geo. Ringler & Co.'s Celebrated Lager Beer Put in patent sealed bottles here on the premises. Goods delivered in any quantity, and to any part of the country.

FREELAND BOTTLING WORKS, Cor. Centre and Carbon Streets.

PERSONALITIES. Mrs. McGeary and Gallagher, of Jeanesville, spent a few hours in town on Saturday.

John Bell and James Barton will leave on a business trip to Harrisburg to-morrow.

Miss Nellie McLaughlin spent Sunday visiting in Bloomsburg.

District Attorney John A. Garman, of Wilkes-Barre, was here a few hours on Saturday.

Fred Hollacher, of Slatington, was among the visitors in town on Friday.

Satisfactorily Adjusted. District Attorney John M. Garman, F. Horlacher and Deputy Sheriff Robinson, came to town on Saturday, armed with a writ of replevin on the property of John Houston, bottler, of Ridge street. An inventory of the stock and fixtures was taken and bail entered by Mr. Houston in the sum of \$10,000.

Later in the day the matter was so adjusted by Messrs. Horlacher and Houston that Horlacher will, in a few weeks, take charge of the whole business, leaving made arrangements to pay up all arrears on the transaction to Mr. Houston.

All Allentown Drunk. The Mauch Chunk Democrat says the entire male population of Allentown, excepting Keck, was drunk on Wednesday—the Republicans in that way drowning their sorrow and the Democrats manifesting their joy.

Thanks, But We Are Not in the Race. Turn about is fair play. Therefore, we suggest for the Freeland post-office, Editor Thomas A. Buckley, of the Tribune.—Plain Speaker.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Fishing Tackle and Sporting Goods. BIRKBECK'S, CENTRE STREET, FREELAND, PA.

To-day! To-day!

NEUBURGERS BEGIN THEIR

Fall Opening in Dry Goods

Department, which is more complete in variety and quantity than ever.

We Are Offering During This Week:

Very fine 4x4 unbleached muslin at 5 cents per yard; would be cheap at 8 cents.

Good tea toweling at 4 cents per yard. Good apron gingham at 5 cents per yard.

The very best apron gingham, namely Amoskeag and Lancaster, at 7 cents per yard.

Good canton flannel at 5 cents a yard. The best chevot shirting at 7 cents a yard.

Out-door cloth, in the newest dress designs, at 10 cents a yard. It will pay you to inspect our handsome assortment of Bedford cords, chevrons and Henriettas, which we are selling at 25 cents per yard; cannot be bought the world over under 40 cents.

Extra fine black Henrietta, 46 inches wide, 60 cents per yard; actual price should be 85 cents.

A large assortment, comprising all the newest shades, of extra fine 54-inch all wool habit cloths at 60 cents per yard; sold elsewhere at 90 cents.

MANY OTHER BARGAINS

Too numerous to mention, as our stock is more complete than ever, therefore giving you better opportunities to make your selections. Prices are astonishingly low.

OUR - BLANKET - STOCK - IS - COMPLETE.

Call and examine it and be convinced. See the fine silver gray 10x4 blankets, which we are selling at 75 cents a pair; just one-half what they are worth.

Shoes! Shoes! Shoes!

We can give you the biggest bargains you ever carried home. We are now selling children's good school shoes, with heel, or spring heel and sole leather tips, sizes 8 to 11 and 12 to 2, at the astonishing low price of 75 cents a pair; their actual worth is \$1.25.

In Overcoats and Clothing

We carry the largest stock in the region and sell at prices on which we defy competition. Bring your boys and secure one of \$1.00 OVERCOATS for them, as they are stunners for the price. If you want anything in the line of

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

You will find our stock the largest and most complete and prices far lower than elsewhere.

Jos. Neuberger's Bargain Emporium,

Corner Centre and Front Streets,

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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.

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