

QUEEN MARY'S HOUSE

AN HISTORIC OLD MANSION IN THE ANCIENT TOWN OF JEDBURG.

In This Old Fashioned Building the Queen of the Scots Held Court and for Three Weeks Lay Sick of a Fever—Her Near Approach to Death.

There is one house in Jedburg to which, above all others, strangers who visit the ancient town are sure to find their way, and that is the old and antique mansion known as Queen Mary's house. Many will therefore be pleased to learn that steps are about to be taken for the better preservation of this historic edifice, and for the improvement of its surroundings. On Oct. 8, 1886, Mary left Holyrood to hold assizes at Jedburg, the magistrates having been previously instructed to "prepare meat, drink and lodgings for men and horses," and she arrived next day. The queen was accompanied by her ministers of state, her law officers and by many of her nobles, among whom were the Earls of Moray, Huntly, Argyll, Rothes and Caithness, and the Lords Livingston, Seton, Yester, Borthwick, Arbroath, Hume and Somerville, besides a number of barons and bishops. What a stir there must have been in the old border burg on that occasion, and what anxiety it would cost the worthy provost and magistrates to keep up the good name of their town in the presence of so many great personages, and even royalty itself!

The assizes continued for six successive days, and terminated without a single execution. Mary presided at a privy council held on the 10th, and at another held on the following day. On the 16th, after the pressure of business was over, she rode to Hermitage castle to see Bothwell, who had been wounded by "Little Jock Elliott," of the park, a noted freebooter, and after conferring with her wounded lieutenant for two hours in presence of several of her nobles who accompanied her on the journey she returned to Jedburg, the same evening, having ridden more than forty-eight miles. Next day Mary was attacked with an intermittent fever, which kept her prostrate for over a fortnight. On the same day she took the sum of six shillings was paid to "one boy passing from Jedburg with a mass of writings of our sovereign to the Earl of Bothwell."

The room in which Queen Mary lay during her serious illness is, according to tradition, a small two windowed apartment in the turret, but Miss Strickland, in her "Lives of the Queens of Scotland," says in reference to this point that "the spacious suite of apartments on the opposite side of the staircase, one of which still bears the name of the guardroom, is more likely to have been occupied by royalty as anteroom, privy chamber and bedroom." It is, however, the small back apartment that is pointed out to visitors as Queen Mary's bedroom, and it was there, if we are to credit tradition, where she lay night unto death, attended by her French physician—Charles Nau.

On the 26th she "lay for dead" three hours—her limbs cold and rigid, her eyes closed, her mouth compressed, her feet and arms stiff, every one supposing that the vital spark had fled. Master Crau, who was a perfect man of his craft, would not, however, give the matter up, but resorted to friction and manipulation, which he continued for some hours, until the queen recovered again her sight and speech and got a great sweating. When her illness had assumed a mortal tendency she expressed her willingness to resign her spirit to God. She wished to impress on her nobles the necessity of living in unity, and that they should do all in their power to protect the infant prince—her only tie to life. To Du Croix, the French ambassador, she made a request that he would ask his royal master to protect her dear son, and she also recommended his protection to Queen Elizabeth, as her nearest kinswoman.

On the 28th Darnley arrived in Jedburg, but left again the next day, and it is not certain that he was ever allowed to see Mary. When she was recovering the wearisome hours were beguiled by one John Hume playing to her on the lute and John Heron playing on the pipe and "quissil," the former receiving forty shillings for his services, the latter four pounds for his. As a thank offering to God for her recovery she caused twenty pounds to be given to the poor of the burg, and the same day she wrote a letter ordering materials for a new dress, which letter was to be sent to Edinburgh "in all possible haste."

What a curious Old World picture! But the scene again changes. On Nov. 9—exactly a month after her arrival—Queen Mary left Jedburg, accompanied by her nobles, among whom was Bothwell, and with an escort of a thousand horsemen. She arrived on the 20th at Craigmillar castle, with sorrow, suffering and captivity in the near future, and in the distance the bloody scaffold of Fotheringay. "Four months after her departure from our ancient burg," says a local chronicler, "her husband, Lord Darnley, was murdered; three months more and she was the wife of Bothwell; yet twelve months, and she was lodged as a prisoner in the Castle of Carlisle. As time rolled on and the clouds of misfortune were rolling dark and thick around her, she was often heard to exclaim, in the anguish of a wounded spirit, 'Would that I had died in Jedburg!'"—Scotsman.

Mr. Curtis' First Speech.
Young and diffident orators will take fresh heart when they learn, if they do not know it already, that so accomplished and self possessed a speaker as George William Curtis suffered greatly from stage fright on the occasion of his first lecture, and began by saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, the pitiless 'bott,' with a solemnity which was changed to confusion when he perceived his error. Of course he had meant to make an allusion to the bottomless pit.—Boston Transcript.

THE DRYAD.

Have seen her limpid eyes,
Large with gradual laughter, rise
Through wild roses' nettles,
Like twin blossoms grow and stare.
Then the hateful, envious air
Whisked them into petals.

I have seen her hardy cheek,
Like a molten coral, leak
Through the leafage shaded,
Of thick blossoms, and then
When I made more sure, again
To a red plum faded.

I have found her racy lips,
And her graceful finger tips,
But a haw or berry,
Glimmers of her there and here,
Just, forthwith, enough to cheer
And to make me merry.

Often on the ferry rocks
Dazzling dimples of loose locks
At me she hath shaken.
And I've followed—all in vain!
They had trickled into rain.

Once her full limbs flashed on me,
Naked, where some royal tree
Powdered all the spaces
With warm sunlight and quaint shade—
Such a haunt romance hath made
For launched satyr races.

There, I know, hid amorous Pan;
For a sudden pleading ran
Through the maze of myrtle,
And a rapid violence tossed
All its flowerage—'twas the lost
Coolings of a turtle.

—Madison Cawein in St. Joseph's News.

What One Man Saw in One Day.

"I saw three very curious things yesterday; remarkable, they were. Coming in on a suburban train I sat down behind a woman as black as ink. She was a full blooded negro, and her hair was as straight as yours or mine and as soft as velvet. I don't think there is another such case in the world. "Walking up Broadway later on I saw an electric wire catch fire and burn in twain, the pieces falling to the ground. There were no cross wires nor any wire nor anything within ten feet of it when it caught." He rested awhile. "Say! Ahem! When I was eating supper last night I found a worm—a black, shaggy worm an inch long—in a fresh egg. You see I have my eggs served to me in the shell and eat them with a spoon from the shell. As I dug down into the yolk of one brought me at a fashionable restaurant I saw something black in the center, and pulling it out discovered what I have told you. The egg was sound as a dollar. The way I figure it out is that an old hen swallowed a worm just before the egg began to form and the worm got tangled up in the machinery and got stuck. Well, I must be going. Good day."—St. Louis Republic.

Fear Before the Fight.

Testimony differs as to the feeling of the soldier on going into a fight, and the many experiences related by Grand Army men to their always willing listeners show that in their war histories there was no uniformity of either fear or daring. The major of a New Hampshire regiment said: "I always felt timid when the shot began to reach us, but as soon as we got into action I was carried away by excitement. I am not usually a profane man, and I have no recollection of talking roughly to my troops, yet a good many of them have assured me that all through a fight I would swear like—well, like a trooper."

Another man, a colonel, said: "It's all nonsense to say that a man doesn't feel afraid in the beginning of a fight and all through it. Of course he does. He has reason. Sherman said of General Sumner that he was the only man who grew bolder as he grew older, but the only man I ever saw who really seemed to want to fight, and to enjoy it after he was in it, was Custer."—New York Sun.

A Lawn Game.

Tetherball is a new game of English origin which possesses the pronounced advantage of being played in a few feet of lawn or courtyard. A post eight feet high is set up, and to this is attached a cord having at its end a ball. The space of the grounds may influence somewhat the length of the string, which should be, however, not less than eight nor more than ten feet long. The ball is set in rotary motion, and with tennis racquets the two players endeavor in turn to hit it. The game is said to be exciting, and decidedly a warm contest, as the ball proves very elusive.—Exchange.

Libraries, Museums and Methods.

Modern museum methods applied to libraries will result in a vast extension of their general usefulness and availability for the purposes of instruction, and in the modern museums the exhibition of books has become almost as important as the display of the conventional museum specimens.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Truth About Girls.

A small boy in a Brooklyn grammar school has furnished the latest information about girls in a recent composition: "Girls is pretty and afraid of guns. They wear toe rubbers and look at the clouds and say, 'Oh, how perfectly lovely!'"—New York Times.

Of the 218 suicides reported in New York city in one year, shooting was most popular with 77 cases, to 48 by poison, 37 by hanging, 23 by gas, 16 by knife, 10 by drowning, 4 by jumping from a roof and 3 by jumping from a window.

A blind man with a hand organ has been parading the streets of Alexandria, Ind., with a placard on his breast which reads, "I am blind and the father of eight children by a horrible accident."

Trinity college, Cambridge, England, has an autograph letter of Sir Isaac Newton which the curators of the institution bought in 1889 for \$315.

Amurath III killed five of his brothers; his mother in grief took her own life; and he was shortly after taken off by poison.

Checkers or draughts were known to the ancient Egyptians, and pictures 4,000 years old represent a quarrel over the game.

UNDER SUSPICION.

Something very unusual to quiet Talmeley had happened, and Talmeley was decidedly uncomfortable about it.

Of course everybody knew—as everybody knew everything in that delightful place, where each neighbor was a friend, each friend a brother—and what the village folk knew was this—the miller, old Harvey Jameson, had been robbed. "A queer business," said the miller, shaking his dusty head solemnly, and telling the circumstance for the fiftieth time to his neighbor, Farmer Greene, who had dropped in to sympathize with his old friend; "nobody knew I had the money but my daughter Jennie and young Leveo, and I can't suspect a single soul. I put the money in a tin box, in the cupboard, waitin' till I could go to the bank with it, and lo and behold when I went to get it out yesterday there wasn't a single sign of box or money. I can't understand it."

"Neither can I, neighbor," said Greene, running a brawny hand over his shock of untidy hair; "neither can I. But I do think ye set too much store to that young man ye've mistook him. He's a deal too fine about his clothes an his hands, an his hair, to be any too honest, but," caustically, as he saw the flush that stole over Jameson's face, "but mebbe I'm talkin too fast, but it's mighty curious, and one don't know what to think."

"One might try to think nothin that weren't charitable," said the miller gravely, "an I don't suspect the lad. It's more'n I'd like to lose, for it takes a time to earn it. But young Leveo didn't have nothin to do with the stealin—no more'n you or me—an I'd rather people wouldn't kinder hint he had." "Taint in nature not to think it seen he's a stranger, an nobody knows who or who he is; an he has fine ways with him an talks like a schoolmaster," said Greene stubbornly. "I don't like to see you took in, neighbor, and I'm mighty much afraid you are by that mill hand of yours."

Then Greene held out his hand to the miller, who was deep in thought, and bade him good day, and betook himself to his duties on the farm near the mill. But the farmer had left a seed of doubt behind him; and when has such a seed not found soil to nurture it until its fruit hung heavy on the giant tree which shadowed a friendship or darkened forever a soul immortal?

In Talmeley there was but one who had not been born there, and that one was Dick Leveo, the stranger who had crossed his threshold six months before to ask for employment. Jameson wanted a hand in the mill, and hired Dick, taking him as a boarder. The young man had "fine ways," as Greene said.

He was not especially handsome, but he was cheerful, courteous, and willing to work, and yet, for all that, showed unmistakable signs of having had no occasion to perform any labor, at some time not far past. He was educated—even Jennie, who had spent a year at boarding school, could be instructed by him.

"I'll just keep my eyes open an not let on for awhile," thought the miller, "but, as Greene said, who else could have stolen the money?"

He perceived no change in Dick, no confusion, no sign of guilt, but greatly to the good man's consternation he discovered something else. The young man was in love with pretty Jennie, and she was fully conscious of the fact.

There was a new difficulty, and one which the miller did not care to meet. He was pondering over it one day, three weeks after the robbery, when Glavin of the Hollow called and paid him ten pounds which had been due some time.

"I hear your house isn't a very secure place for money," said Glavin, with a smile, "but I hope nobody will walk off with this while you're asleep." "I'll take care of that," answered the miller, conscious that Dick could hear. "I don't calculate on bein robbed twice by the same person, and I've got over thinkin everybody I meet is honest. Good day, sir. Much obliged."

Glavin departed and the miller went into the house. Jennie was singing softly as she sewed at a window. Mrs. Jameson was not in, having gone to visit a sick neighbor. Without a word the old man passed into his chamber, and there secreted the ten pounds, frowning as he did so.

"I'll send that fellow packin soon, whether I find him stealin or not," he muttered. "It ain't none too comfortable a feelin to know you've got to look up every shilling you get, and not tell anybody where you put it."

He ate his supper that evening in silence, Jennie and Dick chattering incessantly, and Mrs. Jameson told about every ache and pain that racked the woman she had been to visit.

But the miller could only wonder whether or not that frank, manly face and those cheery tones of his employee belonged to a knave and scoundrel. "An Jennie and him seemed to understand one another far too well," he soliloquized. "I used to like the lad, but I'd as lief see my girl care for old blind Jack, the fiddler, as this fine gentleman. As Greene says, he's too fancy about himself to be honest. I've often heard the greater the rascal the more genteel, an I guess I'll load the rifle."

He did load his rifle, and placed it near his bed, telling his wife that he "warn't going to lose any more money, but the first one that came for dishonest purposes would lose his life."

Mrs. Jameson was very nervous concerning the proximity of the rifle; she begged her husband to put it farther away, declaring he might touch it in his sleep, "an make the thing go off," and probably kill her.

"I never move in my sleep, so you needn't be scared," he told her. "If I touch the gun, you can be sure it will go off, but I'll not touch it in my sleep. I sleep like an honest man, I do."

So he went to bed, and thought more

of his daughter than of the money under the carpet. However, he did think of his money sometimes, and in fact his thoughts ran from that to Jennie, as the thoughts of the money lender ran from his ducats to his daughter.

At last he slept, but not any too soundly; dreams visited him, and unpleasant ones they were. Vision after vision came and faded, and his wife was alarmed beyond measure to see his unconscious hands go out again and again, perilously near sometimes to the loaded rifle.

It was midnight before she slept at all, but then her sleep was profound. It was broken at last by the strangest and most thrilling of sounds, no less startling than a heavy fall, and a loud, harsh, reverberating report, as though a cannon had been fired for her ear.

No woman is ever too frightened to scream, and Mrs. Jameson's shrieks were loud and shrill as she covered among the bedclothes, and a scrambling in the darkness and muttered words she could not understand did not tend to calm her.

There was a rush of feet in the hall without; a stout shoulder sent the door inward with a crash, and Dick Leveo, who had made this unceremonious entrance, stood there, with a light high above his head, his keen eyes scanning the apartment swiftly.

It took him a moment to comprehend, and then he laughed with immeasurable amusement.

The miller, clad but lightly, was sprawling on the floor, a dazed wonder in his face, the old rifle, which he had struck as he fell, lying harmless beside him and now unloaded; a window was open, and through it came a finesheet of rain; the old man was soaking wet and rain-drops glistened on his hair and scanty garments; his bare feet were muddy, and altogether he presented anything but an agreeable or presentable appearance.

"What has happened?" asked Dick as soon as his mirth could be suppressed, as he aided the miller to his feet.

"I—I don't know," stammered Jameson.

His wife, hearing voices, cautiously peeped out from under the coverlet.

"Robbers!" she cried shrilly. "They have been here again. Have they shot you, Harvey?"

"No, wife, I'm not shot," said Harvey, "an I don't think there's been any robbers round. Fact is I've been sleep walkin'."

"What?" "I've been walkin in my sleep, sure as you live," groaned the miller. "I'm all wet, so I must have gone out of doors, an the Lord only knows where I have been or what I've been doin. I was dreamin of that ten pounds!"

He broke off and hurried to the spot in which he had hidden the money. It was not there.

"You're rather old for such capers, Harvey," his wife was saying.

But he didn't hear her. Very blankly he turned to Dick, who had now retreated to the threshold where Jennie was standing, white and startled, but ravishingly pretty.

"Lad," the miller said solemnly, "I believe I've robbed myself. I've heard of such things, an now I believe I've just done that, an I ain't got a notion where I put the money."

"Is it gone?" "Yes."

"Then you had best put on dry clothes, sir, while I go out and try to follow the tracks you have probably left in the garden. Your feet are so muddy I'm sure you must have been there. I'll report in a few moments."

A whispered sentence to Jennie at the door, and Dick was off to don his boots and laugh at the remembrance of the miller's plight.

With a lantern he went out into the rain, and his gravity departed again as under the window of the miller's chamber he discovered deeply indented footprints, which proved that Jameson had emerged like a schoolboy.

The big, bare feet left plain traces in the soft soil of the garden. Dick followed them on across the road, and found that they ceased at one corner of the mill. A loose board had been freshly replaced. He drew it out and there, in the aperture, found a small tin box.

Taking it out, he hurried back to find Jameson, his wife and Jennie up and dressed, waiting for him.

The miller took the box eagerly and opened it with scarcely steady hands. There were the ten pounds, and under them the money of which he had thought Dick had robbed him.

"Lad," he said, turning to his employee, "I've been thinkin ill of you for the last few days, an I ask your pardon. If I can ever do you a good turn call on me."

"I take your word, sir," said Dick cheerfully, going straight to Jennie and taking her hand. "I want your consent to my marryin Jennie some day, when I have proved myself able to take care of her. We love each other, and I hope, sir, you'll not forget what love was to yourself once."

"No, I don't, lad," said the miller, with a tender glance toward his wife; "but a mill hand gets too poor wages, an you'll have to wait awhile."

"As for that," said Dick, "I think you'll have to look up another mill hand, Mr. Jameson, for I have another offer, and intend taking it. I wasn't brought up to labor and was at college when my father died, leaving me, instead of the thousands I expected, nothing but my empty, untrained hands. I left the college and fate led me hither. If I have shown no talent as a miller, I have won the sweetest girl in the world to love me. Now a friend of my father's offers me the post of bookkeeper in his bank at a salary on which Jennie and I can live, I know. I didn't take your money, sir, and I'll forgive you for suspecting that I did if you'll give me Jennie."

"What do you say, daughter?" asked the old man wistfully.

"I love him, father," she whispered.

"Then I'll only say, 'God bless you both!'" said the miller.—Yankee Blade.

WEDDED AT ST. MARY'S

Charles F. McHugh and Miss Jennie Lenahan Married on Thursday.

St. Mary's church Wilkes-Barre, was all ablaze with light, and the rustle of expectancy of a large number of people at high noon on Thursday, the time set for the wedding of Miss Jennie Lenahan and Charles F. McHugh. Long before that time numerous carriages had drawn up before the church doors, and many people stood about just to catch a glimpse of the bridal party as they entered the church.

The ceremony was performed just at noon. The bride entered the church leaning on the arm of her father, and looking radiant in her pretty wedding dress. She was attended by a maid of honor, Miss Getta Ward, of Allentown, two bridesmaids, Miss Carrie McNiff, of Harrisburg, and Miss Teresa Lenahan, also a flower girl, pretty little Genevieve Lynch. The bridal party passed slowly up the aisle to the strains of Lohengrin's wedding march, each member of the party, except Mr. Lenahan, carried chrysanthemums and the appearance of the young ladies elicited many murmurs of approval.

At the altar stood the groom and his best man, Michael Donnelly, of Pittston. They wore the conventional black and small boutonniers. They met the bridal party and the father gave his daughter to the groom. The impressive ceremony was then performed by Rev. Father McAndrews, assisted by Rev. Father William O'Donnell, of Providence. At the conclusion of the words which made them husband and wife the bride and groom turned and passed down the aisle together, followed by the rest of the party, while the joyous strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march pealed from the organ.

The bride looked charming and comments on her personal appearance were most complimentary. She wore a fine white Benzeline gown en traine, trimmed with pearls, white du tulle and a brilliant diamond necklace. Miss Genevieve Lynch, the maid of honor, wore a beautiful costume of white Indian silk trimmed with point lace and a white Lorraine hat with long plumes. Miss Carrie McNiff wore pink Bengaline, trimmed with clematis flowers, and a white hat with pink plumes; the other bridesmaid, Miss Teresa Lenahan, a sister of the bride, wore a pretty gown of green Lacedowne. The pretty little flower girl, Miss Genevieve Lynch, wore white silk and carried a large bouquet of yellow chrysanthemums.

The ushers were Thomas Shea, of Nanticoke; C. Frank Bohán, of Pittston; Frank Dougher, Dr. Lynch, William O'Malley and Dr. Lenahan, brother of the bride.

After the wedding a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, 95 South Main street, at which a large number of invited guests attended, and good wishes and congratulations were tendered the happy bride and groom. They left on the afternoon train for an extended trip to the East.

The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Lenahan, and a sister of the prominent attorneys, James and John Lenahan. The groom is an attorney and is rapidly making his way toward the front rank in the legal profession.—Newsdealer.

A Good Amateur Company.

That the members of St. Ann's Dramatic Company can entertain an audience by presenting a strong drama was amply illustrated on Thursday evening, when the play, "Waiting for the Verdict," was produced by that company in a manner that brought forth liberal applause from the large audience at the opera house.

The different members of the company acted and took their parts with all the ease and grace of veteran players. Although several of them had never appeared before an audience, there was not the slightest hesitation in their movements and speech, which was evidence in itself of the thorough training they had been given by their instructor, Rev. F. P. McNally.

UPPER LEHIGH NOTES.

The wedding of Martin Strinski took place on Railroad street yesterday and as usual a merry gathering was there. Many people from nearby towns were in attendance and enjoyed themselves as only these people can. It was kept up until a late hour when all went to their homes well pleased with the treatment received from Martin.

Mrs. Davis, of Main street, has been on the sick list for several days past.

Miss Katie O'Donnell, of Plymouth, is visiting her numerous friends here for a few weeks.

The measles are raging here since several weeks ago and many children have been affected by them. However, none of the Tarriers have reported off duty so far.

Quite a number of former residents of town visit us quite often of late, but we never knew a person to live here any length of time who did not like to call and see us again.

Already the township politicians are brightening up their armor and the fellows from the other parts of the township will come to the conclusion, and before many weeks are past, that it will be wise to recognize the counselors of this place.

Mr. and Mrs. James Goulden were in Allentown last week attending the funeral of Mrs. Goulden's sister.

Tramps are numerous in this section for the last few days, and, as a rule, the people of town are over indulgent toward them. It wouldn't do to be unkind even to a tramp, for we don't know what day we may have to take to the road ourselves.

The water supply is again in good order for which the people ought to be thankful.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Ferry were among friends in Harwood last week.

Several cases of diphtheria have been reported in town of late.

On Friday about 1 o'clock we had a very peculiar storm in this section, especially for November. Cold rain and hailstones accompanied by heavy thunder and vivid lightning passed over here and raged for over an hour. At No. 3, the lightning struck the bell-wire and went down the slope. The footman, D. J. Davis, had a hold of the wire and was in the act of signaling the engineer when he became completely paralyzed from the shock he received and remained so for nearly an hour. At No. 2 the lightning played its pranks also, but done no serious damage.

November Sale

OF CLOAKS, OVERCOATS and WOOLEN GOODS

of all descriptions now going on at

Neuburger's - Bargain - Emporium.

We are daily receiving large consignments of ladies' misses' and children's cloaks and jackets, and are selling them at very low prices.

In the Overcoat Department

WE HAVE THE LARGEST and MOST COMPLETE STOCK IN TOWN.

We can sell you a boys' good overcoat at \$1.00; which will cost you double anywhere else.

Our men's \$4.00 overcoat was formerly sold at \$7.50. Our men's \$1.50 working coats we will place alongside of any \$2.00 coat in town.

We are also selling men's black and brown fine beaver overcoats at \$6.50; which would be cheap at \$9.00. Our stock all through we are now selling at prices on which we defy competition.

IF YOU ARE IN NEED OF ANY

Flannels, Boots and Shoes, Dry Goods, Blankets, of any description, Comfortables, Clothing, Hats, Ladies' and Gents' Caps, or Furnishing Goods, Notions

Give us a call and be convinced that when you want to buy good goods at reasonable prices the place to buy them is at

Jos. Neuburger's

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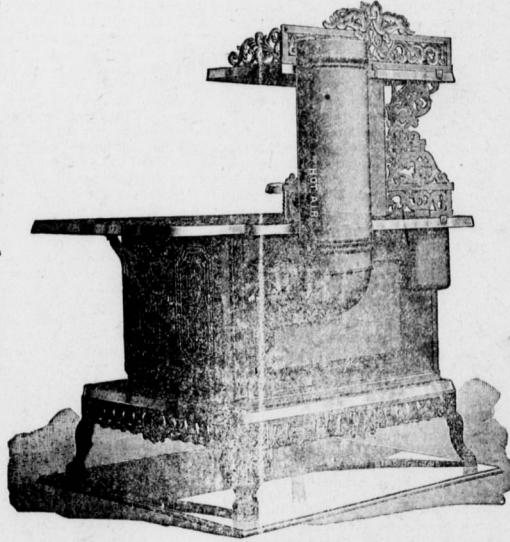
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CENTRE STREET, FREELAND, PA.