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THOS. A. BUCKLEY,

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Commissioners, W. E. Bennett Wilkes-Barre John F. Neary Pittston

FREELAND, PA., OCTOBER 5, 1893.

At the crematory at French Pond, At the crematory at French Pond, L. I., 1010 corpses have been burned —650 men, 270 women, 53 boys and 35 girls. Of these persons 510 were Germans, 335 native Americans, 34 English, and rest from other coun-tries. There are fifteen crematories in the United States.

The Brunswick, Ga., Times-Adver The Brunswick, Ga., Times-Advertiser is issued every day as usual during the yellow fever scourge. The men in that office are standing bravely at their posts, and doing faithful work under the most adverse circumstances. Their reward—like that of all editors—will be hereafter.—Atlanta Constitution.

The old swindle of offering to sell The old swindle of offering to sell steel engravings representing different events in the discovery of America by Columbus for a given sum of money has been flourishing recently in Toledo, O. The dupes receive in return for their cash a series of Columbian postage stamps. Such an object lesson should be worth its cost to the victims of their own cupidity.

The Republican Leagures at Reading were afraid to pass a resolution directly censuring Senator Cemeron for spitting on the platforms of the for spitting on the platforms of the party, state and national, although they ventured in a spiritless way to reindorse the platforms notwithstanding their defilement. The Leaguers ought to change their name to something more befitting partisans who dare not avow their opinions nor live up to their own standard of political action.—Philadelphia Record.

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The British government may abandon the use of gunpowder in favor of corditie, a substance which is now prepared at the government works. It consists of nitro glycerine, guncoiton and mineral jelly. It gives greater velocity than does gunpowder, with less strain on the gun. At the Royal gun factories they are making large guns which fire so rapidly as to keep five or six shots in the air at once, and which carry shot over Mont Blane and 5,000 feet above it.

Germany has tried railroads on three plans, viz.: Private ownership and conduct of road and outfit, private conduct and ownership of toutfit and government ownership of track, and government ownership and conduct of the whole. The last was found to work the best, and there are now none but entire government roads in Germany. It is no use fooling with anything short of that in the United States, or any other country where the government is really for the people.

In the Philadelphia Press of a recent date appeared the following brief

In the Philadelphia Press of a recent date appeared the following brief communication:

To the Editor of the Press. To the Editor of the Press.

Sir.—I have just returned from a trip
west during which I visited many large
manufacturing establishments and was
impressed with the following signs at
the main door which I frequently met.
"No admittance," "No help wanted,"
Hazleton, September 28, 1893. H.
"H" had no cause to be impressed
with these signs. They always follow
the path of their creator, "Protection,"
and like the prograph the pressure of the

and, like the poor and the unemploy-ed, will be with us and grow more numerous every day until banished by free trade and a readjustment of the land laws.

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 Then she had Children, she gave them Castoria



I have, as everyone knows, devoted my entire life to Egyptian archæology. I should be ungrateful to my country, to science, and to myself if I regretted having been led to the path which I have followed for forty years. My works have not been sterile. I can say without conceit that my "Memoir on the Handle of an Egyptian Mirror in the Museum of the Louvre" can still be consulted with profit, although its writing dates from my debut in science. As for the somewhat voluminous work that I have lately consecrated to one of the bronze weights found in 1831 in the excavations at Serapeon.

nous work that I have lately consecrated to one of the bronze weights found in 1851 in the excavations at Serapeon, I should be ungrateful not to think well of it, since it opened to me the doors of the Institute.

Encouraged by the flattering reception that my researches in this direction have received from my new colleagues. I was tempted for a moment to undertake a life work upon the weights and measures in use in Alexandria in the reign of Ptolemy Aulete, (80—52, B. C.). But I soon recognized that such a general subject could not be treated by a true scholar, and that serious science could not approach the subject without risk of involving itself an all sorts of adventures. I felt that in considering several subjects at the same time there was danger of wandering away from the fundamental principles of archeology.

My third work, I hasten to say, was wisely conceived. It was an essay entitled "On the Toilette of an Egyptian Woman of the Middle Empire, from an Unpublished Painting." I did not inroduce a single general idea. I kept leose to my subject. I kept myself from those considerations, from those illustrations and those points of view



their neighbors. Without doubt they discussed some special point of my essay.

But better still!—A young lady of twenty-two or twenty-four years of age, seated in an angle of the north row of seats, not only listened attentively, but took notes as well. Her tace presented a delicacy of feature and a nobility of expression which were truly remarkable. The attention that she gave to my words added a charm to her strange face. She was not alone. A tall, robust man, wearing, like the Assyrian kings, a long eurling black beard and long black hair, was seated by her, and from time to time addressed her a few words in a low tone of voice. My attention, which at first was divided among my audience, gradually concentrated itself upon this young woman. She inspired me with an interest that certain of my collegues would consider unworthy of a scientific mind. But I am sure, in the an interest that certain or my colleagues would consider unworthy of a
scientific mind. But I am sure, in the
same situation, they would not have
been more indifferent than I. As I
spoke, she scribbled in a little notebook; plainly she experienced while
listening to me the most contrary
emotions, from contentment and joyeven to surprise and uneasiness. I examined her with a growing curiosity.
Would to God I had never seen her
save that day under the cupola!

I had nearly finished; there only re-

mained twenty-five or thirty pages, at the most, to read, when my eyes sude most, to read, when my eyes adednly met those of the man with the Assyrian beard. How can I explain what then took place, when I do not myself understand it? All that I can say is, that the look of this person caused me at once the most inconceivable uneasiness. The balls of those eyes which regarded me were fixed and greenish. I could not turn away from them. I remained mute, with my head thrown back. As I stopped speaking, there was applaines. Silence boing re-established, I wished to continue my reading. But in spite of the most violent efforts, I could not tear my eyes away from the two living lights on which they were mysteriously riveted. That was not all. By a phenomenon still more inconceivable I, contrary to the habit of my entire life, commenced an improvisation. Heaven knows that it was wholly involuntary! Under the influence of a strange force, unknown, irresistable, I recited with elegance and warmth a philosophical dissertation on the toilette of women in different enturies.

The man with the Assyrian beard did not cease looking at me fixedly while I spoke. Finally I dropped my syes and was silent. It grieves me-to add that these last words, as much a stranger to my own inspiration as contrary to scientific facts, were received with enthusiastic applause. The young lady in the north row of seats applauded with her hands and smiled. I was followed by a member of the French neademy, who was plainly not pleased to be obliged to speak after me. His fears were perhaps exaggerated. The essay which he read was istened to with no great impatience. I believe that it was written in verse. The meeting ended. I left the hall in company with several of my conferers, who renewed their congratulations with a sincerity in which I wished to believe.

Stopping a moment on the quay near the lions of Creuzot to shake hands with my friends, I saw the man with the Assyrian beard and his beautiful sompanion enter a brougham. By shance I was at t



certain characteristics of the Egyptian race?"

I did not know how to reply. Such a conversation was quite outside of my line. She continued:

"Oh! It is not astonish'ng. I remember having been an Egyptian. And you, Monsieur Pigeonneau, were you also formerly an Egyptian? You do not remember? It is strange. You do not disbelieve, at least, that we pass through a series of successive incarnations?"

"You aut know, Mademoiselle."
"You surprise me, Monsieur Pigeonneau."
"Would you kindly tell me to what I owe the honor—"
"I beg your pardon, I have not yet told you that I have come come to beg you to aid me to compose an Egyptian costume for the costume-ball at the house of Countess N—. I wish to have a costume perfectly correct and of a stupefying beauty. I have already worked a great deal over it. I have consulted my recollections, for I can very well recall having lived at The bes six thousand years ago. I have had designs made in London and New York."
"That is the surest way."

"That is the surest way."
"No, nothing is surer than an inner "That is the surest way."
"No, nothing is surer than an inner revelation. I have also studied the Egyptian museum at the Louvre. It is full of the most ravishi ng things. Of forms slender and pure, of profiles with the most delicate lines, of women who look like flowers, and have an indescribable stiffness and suppleness at the same time. And a goddess who resembles M. Sarcey! Oh! you have no idea how beautiful they are!"
"My dear young lady. I do not yet know......"
"It is not all. I wont to have

t longer wear your beautiful coat with the green palms. But, I beg, do not put it on for me. I like you much better in your dressing gown."

I invited her into my work-room. She cast a curious glance on the papyri, the prints and pictures of all kinds which covered the walls to the ceiling. Then she looked for some time at the goddess Pacht which was on my table. At last:

"She is charming." she said.

"You are speaking of this little statue? It has indeed a rather curious inscription. But may I inquire to what circumstance I am indebted for this visit?

"Oh!" she replied, "I do not trouble myself with the particulars of an inscription. She has a cat's face of an exquisite delicacy. You believe that she is a true goddess, do you not. Monsieur Pigeonneau?"

I defended myself against such an injurious suspicion.

"She turned her large green eyes on me with surprise.

"Ah! You are not a fetich. I did not believe one could be an archaeologist without being a fetich. How can Pacht interest you if you do not believe that she is a goddess? But never mind that I have come to see you, Monsieur Pigeonneau, with regard to a very important affair."

"Yes, With regard to a costume. Look at me."

"Yes, With regard to a costume. Look at me."

"Yery important?"

"Yes, With regard to a costume. Look at me."

"Yery important?"

"Yes, With pleasure."

"Do you not find that my profile has certain characteristics of the Egyptian race?"

I did not know how to reply. Such a conversation was quite outside of my lite of the conversation was quite outside of my lite.



WHERE ARE YOU GOING, UNCLE?

lispute several details which were not of an archaeological exactitude. I proposed replacing the setting of the rings with certain stones more common n that age. Finally, I decidedly opposed the wearing of an agrafie of Cloisone enamel. In truth, this ornament was an odious anachronism. We decided to substitute for it a gold plaque, with precious stones inserted in small cells.

She listened to me with extreme docility, and was so well pleased that she wished me to dine with her. I excused myself, pleading the regularity of my habits and the frugality of my regime as an excuse, and took leave of her.

I was in the ante-chamber when she WHERE ARE YOU GOING, UNCLE?

it." I returned to my work on chronology, which was much more interesting to me, as I handled a little roughly in it my eminent confrere, Monsieur Maspero. Porou did not leave my table. Seated in front of me with cars creet, he watched me write. For some inconceivable reason I could not write that day. My ideas were confused; there ran in my thoughts scraps of songs, and shreds of stories. I went to bed thoroughly out of temper with myself.

The next morning, I found Porou seated on my table, licking his paws. That day again I could not write. Porou and I passed the hours of day-light in looking at each other. The next day, and the next, and, in short, all the week, went in the same way. I was in despair. But I must confess that little by little I grew to endure my trouble with patience, and even with gayety. The rapidity with which an honest man becomes depraved is frightful.

Epiphany Sunday I rose in a very happy state of mind and ran to my table, where Porou, as was his custom, had preceded me. I took a pad of beautiful white paper, dipped my pen in the ink, and wrote in large letters under the eyes of my new friend: "The Misfortunes of a One-eyed Messenge."

Then, with the eyes of Porou still upon me, I wrote all day, with a prodigious rapidity, a recital of adventures so marvellous, so pleasant, so various, that I was myself quite diverted. My one-eyed porter mixed up bundles, and made the most comical mistakes. Two lovers who found themselves in a critical position received help from him without his knowing it. He carried wardrobes with men concealed in them, and these he introduced into a house and frightened some ladies. But how can I describe such a lively story? Twenty times I burst out laughing while writing. If Porou himself did not laugh, his grave air was as pleasant as the most hilarious manner. It was seven o'clock in the evening when I wrote the last line of this agreeable work. Since one o'clock the room had been lighted only by the light for a good lamp. My story finished, I dressed myself.

gan."
"What, uncle! you know Miss Mor

an, "What, uncle! you know Miss Morgan? She is very pretty. Do you also know Dr. Daoud, who fellows her everywhere?"

"An empiric, a charlatan."

"Without doubt, uncle, but at the same time an extraordinary experimenter. Bernheim, Liegeois or Charcot himself has never obtained such phenomena as he produces at will. He can produce hypnotism and suggestion without contact, without direct action by the intermediary of an animal. Ordinarily, he uses for his experiments small cats with shaven bodies. This is how he proceeds. He suggests some act to the cat, then he sends it in a basket to the subject on which he wished to act. The animal transmits the suggestion that he has received, and the patient under this influence executes the command of the operator."

"Is this the truth?"

"The exact truth, uncle."

"And what is Miss Morgan's part in these beautiful experiments?"

"Miss Morgan, uncle, makes Daoud work for her amusement by using hyp notism and suggestion to cause people todor idiculous things. Asif her beauty ought not to suffice for that!"

I listened to nothing more. An irresistible force drew me to Miss Morgan.

ought not to suffice for that!"

I listened to nothing more. An irresistible force drew me to Miss Morgan Her Idea of It.

Her Idea of It.

A woman arraigned in a Vienna law court recently was asked by the judge if she had a clear character. The accused was silent. Then the judge, put ting the question in a more direct form, asked:

"Have you ever suffered a legal punishment?"

"Yes," answered the defendant.

"What was it?"

"I am married!"—Detroit Free Press

- Can't be Too Strict.

Janitor—You will have to take that out of the window or pull down the

out of the window or pure don's shade.

Mrs. Flatter—Why, that's only a don't had when I was a girl.

Janitor—May be, marm, but folks in the streets might think it was a child, and we don't allow children in our suites, marm. We can't be too strict, you know.

A Too Surgestive Ward.
Young Wife—How nice it would be if life were a perpetual honeymoon—nothing but billing and cooing.
Young Husband—H'm! I think could get along with just the cooing.—Truth.

An Out-of-date Picture

An Out-oreact
Mr. Sweetly—This picture looks mucl
older than your sister.
Younger Sister—I guess it is, for she's
several years younger than when that
was taken.

READ THE TESTIMONY

Of One Who Suffered Years and Tried Many Physicians Both of Philadelphia and New York

WITHOUT GETTING RELIEF.

AND IS NOW CURED BY DR. RIEGEL.

I have been a sufferer for a number of years with catarrh in its worst forms. Had constant headaches, matter dropping in the throat, dizziness, nose stopped up, difficulty in breathing and no doubt would soon have been a consump-

tive, had I not met Dr. Riegel.

Before that time I had tried eyery
well-known remedy and doctored with
many physicians, not only of Hazleton
but of New York and Philadelphia, but but of New York and Philadelphia, but could get no relief anywhere. As soon as Dr. Riegel began treating me I felt relieved and continued to improve until now I feel like a new man, and knowing that there are many others suffering as much as I did I write this for publication, so that others may avail them-selves of Dr. Rirgel's treatment before it is too late. He can cure you if you take

it in time.

I am willing to answer any letters of inquiry from persons wishing to consult him. James McCool, 189 North Wyoming Street, Hazleton, Pa.

Hereafter Dr. Riegel, the leading specialist in eatarrh and all chrome diseases, will be at the Central Hotel, Free land, THREE DAYS A WEEK ONLY

Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, FROM 10 A. M. TO 2 P. M.,

> and from 8.30 TO 10 P. M.

Office hours at Hazleton, same days, from

REMEMBER, examination, consultation and first treat-



ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

MAY 14, 1893.

LEAVE FREELAND.

LEAVE FREELAND.

6 05, 847, 940, 1041 as m, 125, 132, 237, 345, 455, 658, 712, 847 pm, for Drifton, Jeddo, Lumster Yard, Stockton and Hazleton.

6 05 as m, 132, 345, 455 pm, for Mauch Chunk, Vork.

9 40 as m for Bethlehem, Faston and Philia.

728, 1056 as m, 1216, 439 pm, (via Highland rameh) for White Haven, Glen Summit, Wilkestarre, Pittess SUNDAY TRAINS.

11 40 as m and 345 pm for Drifton, Jeddo, Lumster Yard and Hazleton.

3 45 pm for Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenan-Joak, New York and Philiadelphia.

ARRIVE AT FREELAND.

5 20, 706, 752, 918, 1056 as m, 2616, 1 15, 243.

ARRIVE AT FREELAND.

5.50, 7.06, 7.26, 9.18, 10.56 am, 20.16, 11.5, 21.3,
434, 6.58 and 8.77 pm, from Inzoleton, Stockton,
7.20, 9.18, 10.56 am, 2.13, 4.34, 6.58 pm from
Delano, Mahanoy City and Shenandonah (via
New Boston Branch).
Philadelphia, betchlebm, Allentown and Mauch
Chunk.
9.18 and 10.56 am, 115, 6.55 and 8.87 pm from
Easton, Phila, Bethichem and Mauch Chunk.
Gles Summit, Wilkes-Barre, Pittaton and L. and
B. Junction (via Highland Branch).
Sunday Tratais.

B. Junction (vin Highland Branch).

SUNDAY TRAINS.

11 31 a m and 3 31 p m, from Hazleton, Lum
ber Yard, Jeddo and Drifton.

11 31 a m from Delano, Hazleton, Philadelphia
and Easton.

331 pm from Delano and Mahanoy region.
Agents.

Agents.
R. H. WILBUR, Gen. Supt. Eastern Div.
A. W. NONNEMACHER, Ass't G. P. A.
South Bethlehem, Pa. THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD.

SCHUYLKILL KALIROAD.
Time table in effect spetamber 3, 1893.
Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Eckley, Hade
Brook Stockton, Heaver Mendow Hosel, Hoan
and Hazleton Junction at 6 00, 6 10 a m, 12 10.
Up m, daily except Sunday, and 7 63 a m, 22 10.
pm, Sunday.
Tombicken and Deringer at 6 00 a m, 12 10 p, and 10 center of 6 00 a m, 12 10 a m, and 10 center of 6 00 a m, 12 10 a m, and 10 center of 6 00 a m, 12 10 a m, and and 10 a m, and and 10 a m, and and and and and and and

Tombicken and Deringer at 6 00 a.m. 12 10 p. 5. daily except Sunday; and 7 03 am. 23 8 p. m. Sunday.

Trains leave Hitton for Oneida Junction, Trains leave Hitton for Oneida Junction, Trains leave Hitton for Oneida Junction and Sheppton at 6 10 am. 12 10, 4 00 cm. 20 cm. 20

Sunday.

Trains leave Sheppton for Oneida, Humboldt
Road, Harwood Road, Oneida Junction, Hazle-

Don't worry, be patient. In four months from now you will be wearing an overcoat and wishing that it was July all the year round.

Don't ask a bigger man than you are if it is hot enough for him. It probably is.

In four months from now you will be wearing an overcoat and wishing that it was R. It trains cat and west.

Train leaving Drifton at 6 00 a.m., makes connecting the properties of the properties o