

Subscription Rates table with columns for duration (One Year, Six Months, Four Months, Two Months) and price.

Subscribers are requested to observe the date following the name on the labels of their papers. By referring to this they can tell at a glance how they stand on the books in this office.

Democratic Ticket table listing candidates for various offices including Judge of Supreme Court, Treasurer, Register of Wills, etc.

FREELAND, SEPTEMBER 28, 1893.

China is working for war, and the time will soon come when she will be supplied with armaments equal in quality and in numbers to those of the greatest European nations.

The project of continuing the World's fair until January 1 is a visionary one. The buildings could not be adequately heated, and if they could be, visitors would not attend in sufficient numbers to make it pay.

Nine persons committed suicide in New York within one twenty-four hours last week, and the Commercial Advertiser declares that in a number of the cases prompt relief in the form of food would have prevented the desperate deed.

M. McHugh, member of parliament for Armagh, is the inventor who is credited with introducing the American straw hat into the house of commons, where the "plug" had held undisputed sway for years.

When it is estimated that the cost of building and racing the Vigilant, the boat which will defend America's cup in the coming race, thus far is nearly \$100,000, the truth of the old yachtsman's remark that international yacht racing has become and will hereafter be the sport of millionaires becomes at once evident.

The law allowing congressmen to spend \$100 a month for clerk hire is going to be a pretty expensive enactment. The members of the present body, with remarkable unanimity, put in claims for \$80.50, the amount due for time from August 7, when the session began, to August 31.

With simple but solemn ceremonies the remains of J. Knox Polk, tenth president of the United States, and those of his wife, Mrs. Sarah Childers Polk, were removed on Tuesday from the tomb at Polk Place, to the old family residence at Nashville, to a picturesque spot in the Tennessee state capital grounds, and there reinterred.

President Cleveland made two important appointments last week. Mr. Hornblower, of New York, who is appointed to succeed Justice Blatchford, is a man of brains, and Mr. Allen, who succeeds Mr. Potter at Rome, is a man of wealth.

Lively stable keepers should always keep Arnica & Oil Liniment in the stable. Nothing like it for horses. Sold by Dr. Schilcher.

For a mild cathartic and efficient tonic, use Mandrake Bitters. Every bottle warranted. Sold by Dr. Schilcher.

TEMPESTS OF FIRE.

Death and Destruction in the Prairie Fires of the Plains.

Their Recent Ravages from the Dakotas to the Oklahoma Country—How the People Battle Against the Flames—Fighting Fire with Fire.

The recent storms and cyclones that have swept over the Mississippi valley, although terrible in the loss of human life and the destruction of property, accomplished some good in resisting and quenching the prairie fires that for several weeks past have raged over the great plains of the west.

From the Dakotas to the Oklahoma country this vast prairie region has been swept with terribly destructive fires. Men, women and children have either perished or been severely injured in the flames. Millions of acres of prairie land have been burned over, and in some parts nearly whole counties show the charred course of this tempest of fire.

SEAS OF FLAME WENT IN WAVES OVER THE PRAIRIES.

made the vast plains east of the Rocky mountains a veritable tinder-box, and not for years has the loss of life and property been so great. In parts of the Dakotas, Wyoming, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado and Oklahoma, these fires have done heavy damage, as reports from Yankton, Omaha, Topeka, and other centers show all too plainly.

Prairie fires have also swept over western Kansas. At Colby, that state, a passenger train was warned barely in time by a farmer, who hurried to town with the news that the railroad track had just become a bed of flame.

The passengers were transferred by hand car and private conveyance to a safe point beyond the burnt district. Hodgman, Logan and other counties in Kansas have sustained serious loss. This list, although incomplete, illustrates how fire and flame have swept the great plains region.

A single fire was often several miles in width. Those who have only beheld conflagrations in large cities cannot realize the magnificence as well as the terror of a great prairie fire, when it thunders along before a windstorm or

a hurricane. In the darkness, when miles of billowy flames rush, crack and roar over the plains, they become terribly sublime.

These fires are often easily handled when the wind is light, but when a tempest blows human power can hardly stay its course. Prairie fires have various origins. Sometimes a spark from a locomotive starts a flame amid the grass. A conflagration may be born in the embers of camp fires spread by the wind.

The plains people are accustomed to prairie fires, indeed, expect them, and hence use precautionary measures. Those dwelling in the more exposed districts plow what are known as "fire guards" around their houses, barns, stacks of hay, grain bins, and, if thought necessary, even around the entire farm. These fire guards may be from six to eight rods wide. The ground thus plowed will usually give protection against a prairie fire. But in a windstorm the flames leap the fire guards, streams and what on ordinary occasions would be insurmountable barriers. When therefore the plowed fire guards fail it becomes a literal war

of extermination between man and the flames.

The tactics of man are simple. He fights fire with fire, and just as in a city conflagration the firemen blow up and destroy buildings to keep the flames from spreading and to check their onward progress the plains people burn and destroy the grass nearest them. They set fire, of course, only the grass growing on the side of the plowed guard nearest the advancing flames. Although the wind may be against it, this fire, not being at all very great, cannot cross the guard and will burn against the wind until it meets the prairie blaze, which must then cease in that direction, as there is nothing left for it to consume.

These flame-fighting measures, however, are often taken too late to save life and property. Sometimes the prairie fire surrounds a town that has waterworks. The firemen get ready their hose, attach it to hydrants and stand as the last reserve against the oncoming foe. Men, and often the women, go far beyond and attempt to check the flames before the use of the fire department becomes a necessity.

As a rule the women are kept back, their clothing being more easily burned than that of men, but when necessary women can fight a prairie fire with courage and success. Many a story is told on the frontier of their heroism.

At close quarters anything available is used in the fight. Mops, brooms, gunny sacks, a piece of brush, swabs, in fact any object that can be made serviceable, are eagerly seized. I have seen men in their desperation pull off their coats and use them to beat the flames. An experienced farmer on the prairie, moreover, is always cautious not to scatter the fire, but brushes the sparks, whenever possible, back into the flames. Barrels of water are often hauled to the edge of the fire, and the men dipping brooms, gunny sacks, swabs or old clothing into the saving liquid, pound and beat the flames—an effective expedient when the grass is low.

Old trappers, scouts and Indians, when flames bore down upon them, have with flint or match set fire to the grass where they happened to be and

let it burn whither it would, and then sought the burnt district as a place of safety.

The California trail from 1855 to a good ten years later was the place for prairie fires, as I know from my own boyish experience. Unless they came near our homes the frontiersmen would not interfere with the flames. But well I remember the first time the prairie fire threatened us. It was about 1861 and I was going to a country school in Douglas county, in eastern Kansas. Children could be lost then in the tall prairie grass as easily as in the forests, and I had to keep well in the path. I used to toddle along, primed in harness and swinging my little tin lunch basket.

The schoolhouse stood out, prominent and lonesome, on the plain. One afternoon the prairie fire came leaping in all its fury toward the schoolhouse. I cannot now recall the name of the young school marm, but she was a brave little woman. The big boys were permitted to leave the building to fight the fire. Being only six years of age I was kept in with the others. We all wanted to go home, but the teacher told us it was best to stay. She tried to comfort us, but found it difficult. She wisely knew that if we all started home in various directions over the prairie some of us would almost certainly be caught in the raging flames.

What with prairie fires, winter storms, cyclones and tornadoes, the frontier woman teacher has proved one of the true heroines of the plains. This young lady was no exception. She kept guard over us in that prairie schoolhouse, knowing that all living in the vicinity would see the danger and come to the rescue. The children were flying thick and fast over the buildings. At times the smoke darkened the sun. The flames gathered new strength, we could see them at last from the windows. To say we children were terror-stricken is faintly expressing our condition. I can now vividly recall that afternoon. It was a hard task for that girl to quiet and soothe us, but she was calm and heroic and her courage had its effect. The rescue came at last and we children were taken home. A fight to save the schoolhouse proved successful, as the "main traveled road" in front of it afforded a fire guard.

His Vivid Imagination. Brown—Tell me, do you think that Hobbs ever says what isn't exactly true? Fogg—Well, I should not like to charge Hobbs with untruthfulness, but if he himself believes one hundredth part of the stories he tells he must be the most credulous man alive. —Town Topics.

SAVED BY A BEAR.

Peculiar Adventure of a Hunter on a Mountain Lake.

Joy of Swimming in Deep Water Suddenly Interrupted by a Storm—Race for a Drifting Boat—A Bear Came to the Rescue Without Knowing It.

LIKE most boys of out-of-door tastes, there was a time in my life when I thought that nothing could quite equal the glory of killing a bear. It may be interesting to know how I escaped the craving of this ambition without actually accomplishing it.

I had gone off into the woods, with a party of other young fellows, to spend the latter half of the summer vacation. We all carried Winchester repeating rifles, and in addition I took two immense bear-traps, with jaws and teeth like a shark's. It was almost as much as a person's safety of limb was worth to set these traps, for if they went off prematurely, or the man who was adjusting the tongue lost his nerve, a leg or an arm wouldn't be worth much a second later. And as for a coat-tail, it would soon be put beyond the help of a tailor.

We camped on the shore of a mountain lake, surrounded on all sides by wooded hills. There was no house within ten miles, and the whistle of a locomotive, or even the rumble of a stage-coach, had never echoed from those solitary mountain-sides. Here, if anywhere, we thought, bears ought to be plentiful. Ours was distinctively a bear-hunting party, but I was the chief enthusiast.

One sultry day I had tramped six or eight miles through the woods to look at my traps, and on my return to camp felt so warm and uncomfortable that I decided to take one of the boats, row into deep water, and have a royal bath and swim. The other fellows were all up the brook, trout fishing, and I had the whole lake to myself. I rowed out fully a mile from shore, so as to get that grand sensation, which every adventuresome swimmer can appreciate, of floating and diving in a hundred feet depth of water. Those who daily near shore know nothing about this sensation. It is like the sensation which an eagle or hawk must have, poising and wheeling, with a mile of transparent air between itself and the earth. Great depth of water buoys a swimmer up—makes him feel as if he had water-wings, and could float, float and almost sleep on the water, as the broad-winged bird does in the air.

When I got out into the deepest part of the lake I threw over the sharp-pointed stone we used for an anchor, attached to its hundred feet of stout cord, and proceeded to undress and make my first thrilling plunge. Down, down I went into the clear water, till its elastic resistance, like a cushion, stopped my body and drove it toward the surface again. As I emerged, blowing the water from nostrils and mouth, I saw that a black storm cloud was coming up over the mountain behind the camp; but as yet the sun shone fiercely from the western sky, and I had no thought of giving up my delicious bath for a threatened thundershower.

I dove repeatedly, floated, swam on the surface and beneath the surface, and trod water and enjoyed myself in the most luxurious fashion. Finally, I

started and swam a hundred yards or so away from the boat, with the intention of seeing how many times I should have to come to the surface in retracing my course under water. As I came up after my first dive I noticed that that fresh breeze which preceded a storm was beginning to wrinkle the lake with little waves, and deemed it best to get back to the boat as soon as possible. But I was surprised to see how much farther away the boat looked than when I first started to return to it. It really seemed a quarter of a mile off now; but, supposing this to be merely an optical illusion, I swam on with leisurely strokes, thinking to reach it in a few minutes. But after I had been swimming for five minutes, and the boat seemed, if anything, farther away than when I started, I began to suspect something was wrong, and forged ahead at the top of my speed.

All this while the breeze was freshening, the wrinkle waves were increasing to small rollers, and I could hear the thunder muttering and rolling over the hills behind me. Suddenly the truth flashed across my mind that the stone anchor which held my boat must have slipped from its loop and the boat was drifting away from me with increasing speed! It was a decidedly startling and disagreeable situation, to say the least. Out in the middle of the lake, with one of those violent mountain storms coming on, the land a mile away from me on every side, and my boat drifting off with the wind faster than I could swim! The more I considered it the more terribly serious the matter looked; and it

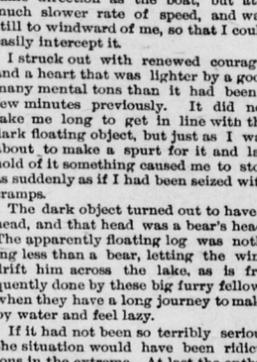
was not long before I realized that, as probabilities go, there was only about one chance in ten that I should get out of my adventure alive. Under favorable circumstances I could have swam a mile, no doubt, but not in a raging, driving storm. As soon as I saw that it would be impossible for me to overtake the drifting boat, I brought myself to an upright position and began to tread water, while I took a good look around me. How my heart leaped with joy when I saw, not more than fifty yards away, what looked like a short, thick, floating log. It was drifting along in the same direction as the boat, but at a much slower rate of speed, and was still to windward of me, so that I could easily intercept it. I struck out with renewed courage, and a heart that was lighter by a good many mental tons than it had been a few minutes previously. It did not take me long to get in line with the dark floating object, but just as I was about to make a spurt for it and lay hold of it something caused me to stop as suddenly as if I had been seized with cramps. The dark object turned out to have a head, and that head was a bear's head. The apparently floating log was nothing less than a bear, letting the wind drift him across the lake, as is frequently done by these big furry fellows when they have a long journey to make by water and feel lazy. If it had not been so terribly serious the situation would have been ridiculous in the extreme. At last the enthusiastic bear-hunter had come face to face with his game—but under what unexpected and discouraging circumstances! The tables had been turned in such a way as to leave little doubt which would make the game and which the hunter, should the bear choose to take advantage of the situation. Probably few hunters have ever been placed in such an embarrassing, not to say distressing, situation. I must either bog a ride from the bear or go to the bottom

of the lake—that was pretty evident. The waves were rising, the storm was beginning to sweep down the mountain-side. Still, I was naturally delicate about asking a favor from one for whom I had two shark's-teeth traps set in the woods, and a gun loaded with fourteen successive ounces of lead. There was no time to consider the matter, however; and really it seemed better to be clawed, chewed, or even hugged to death than to be helplessly drowned. So I swam around the bear, approached his flanks, and very timidly and respectfully put out one hand and got hold of his furry hide. There was a protesting growl on the part of bruin, but he made no other objection to talking me in tow, and for a few moments we floated along very sociably together. Then the storm broke upon us with all its fierceness, and I actually ceased to fear the bear in the turmoil of the elements, and, drawing closer to his sheltering side, buried both hands in his long fur and hung on for dear life. It was a perfect hurricane that burst over us. The wind whipped off the crests of the waves as if they had been so many white hats; the lightning flashed and darted all around us, and the air was torn by crash on crash of rattling thunder. It was not long before the bear was as frightened as I, and began to swim, dragging me along with him. I actually believe he was grateful for my company, in that terrifying tumult of sky and water, and I am sure I was about as thankful for his as a man could well be. It was impossible to see a dozen yards ahead, but the bear seemed to know by instinct where the nearest land lay, and swam steadily on apparently as little affected by the waves as a ship of three hundred tons burden. Occasionally I heard him snort and blow, when the wind whipped off a whitecap and tossed it squarely in his face; but he ceased to growl at his companion in danger, though one of my hands had sought out his stub of a tail, and must have given it some painful wrenches, as the rollers tossed me to and fro. Just as the fury of the storm was abating, we got into shallower water, and once in awhile I could feel my feet touch bottom. I held on however, until the shore loomed up in sight through the rain, and then cast off from the bear with an audible: "Thank you, old fellow!" and let him make his way to land first. I saw him emerge, dripping, from the water, climb the bank, and disappear in the woods. For several minutes, however, I stood waiting, waist-deep in water, until the coast should be safely clear. Finally, I ventured ashore and lay down to get my breath and recover from my exhaustion. As soon as I felt able to walk, I started, naked, for camp around the lower end of the lake, and reached its shelter just as the other fellows, drenched with their long walk through the woods, came in from trouting. I told them my story, but they thought I was gushing them, and refused to believe me until next morning. I went out and snapped both my bear-traps and buried them in the woods. Then they knew I was speaking in earnest when I said that I had made up my mind never to kill a bear, unless he first tried to kill me.—Chicago Tribune.

COTTAGE FOOTSTOOL.

It Can Be Made on a Foundation of Empty Tomato Cans.

Remove the tops and paste several thicknesses of newspaper smoothly around each can. Then place one in the center of a large sheet of plain paper and put around it as many as you can, all sides touching adjacent cans and the one in the center. With a pencil trace very carefully the exact outline made on the paper by the group; then remove the cans and cut out the outline. This serves for a pattern and is used, enlarged a quarter or a half



COTTAGE FOOTSTOOL; ARRANGEMENT OF CANS AND STOOL COMPLETE.

inch all around, to cut out two shapes of coarse, strong stuff like ticking, denim or burlap. These two pieces, together with a strip the height of the cans, form a rough cover for the footstool. Stitch the strip all around one of the pieces, then draw it over the cans as they are set in place; it will fit snugly around each.

Now turn all upside down and sew the other piece strongly on. The solid ends of the cans are of course to come upward for the top of the stool. Pad this upper side with cotton, then cut and put on in the same way as you did the coarse cover, one made of the material desired for the footstool, cretonne, tapestry, or, perhaps, brussels carpeting—any fabric you consider suitable, finished with upholsterer's cord to match around top and bottom. The stool is firm, durable and satisfactory in every respect.—A. J. Willis, in Chicago Record.

Peaches Fit for a King.

If you once eat peaches served in the following manner you will never again slice them, especially if it be possible to obtain the finest fruit: For each guest allow two large yellow freestone peaches; place them in a vessel, and pour boiling water upon them until entirely covered; in less than a minute pour off the hot water and add very cold water, lowering the temperature still further by a lump of ice. In fifteen minutes take out the peaches, loosen the skin with a pointed knife, when you can easily pull it off with the fingers. Now lay the peaches side by side in a flat earthen dish and set in the refrigerator until they are ready to serve, when they should be laid side by side in a shallow bowl and covered with chopped ice. At the table serve them in small shallow plates, with a fork and small fruit knife so that each person can easily remove the stones, when they are to be covered with fine sugar and thick rich cream.—Country Gentleman.

Alpaca for Bathing Suits.

Alpaca for bathing suits has been strongly recommended by those who have tried it as a substitute for the old stand-by flannel. It is said to be much lighter, and to have the merit of shedding water instead of holding it, as does the flannel or serge.

Keiper's Steam Marble Works. COR. LAUREL AND MINE STREETS. Monuments, Headstones, selling at cost for next thirty days. Iron and Galvanized Fences, Sawed Building Stones, Window Caps, Door Sills, Mantels, Grates, Coping, Cemetery Supplies. PHILIP KEIPER, PROP., Hazleton.

GEO. CHESTNUT, LEADER OF GREAT BARGAINS, has a fine line of

Boots and Shoes. Every Variety. Best Material. Good Workmanship. Reasonable Prices.

NOVELTIES, TOYS, Etc., OF EVERY KIND.

See our handsome stock of footwear—the largest and best in town. Custom-made work a specialty and repairing done on the premises. 93 Centre street, Freeland.

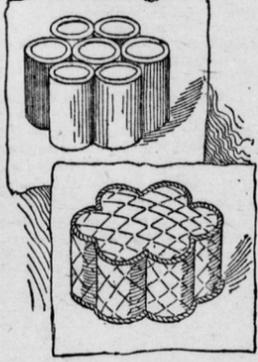
Advertisement for Baxter's Mandrake Bitters, featuring a bottle illustration and text describing its benefits for various ailments like biliousness, indigestion, and rheumatism.

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.

Anthracite coal used exclusively, insuring cleanliness and comfort.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS, MAY 14, 1893.

LEAVE FREELAND. 6:05, 8:47, 9:40, 10:41 a. m., 12:25, 1:32, 2:37, 3:45, 4:55, 6:58, 7:12, 8:47 p. m., for Stockton, Lumberton, Hazleton, Easton and Philadelphia.



ARRIVE AT FREELAND.

5:50, 7:09, 7:39, 9:18, 10:56 a. m., 4:10, 1:15, 2:13, 4:34, 6:58 and 8:37 p. m., from Hazleton, Stockton, Lumberton, Easton and Philadelphia.

11:31 a. m. and 5:31 p. m., from Hazleton, Lumberton, Easton and Philadelphia. 11:31 a. m. from Delano, Hazleton, Philadelphia and Easton. 5:31 p. m. from Delano and Mahanoy region.

Peaches Fit for a King. If you once eat peaches served in the following manner you will never again slice them, especially if it be possible to obtain the finest fruit: For each guest allow two large yellow freestone peaches; place them in a vessel, and pour boiling water upon them until entirely covered; in less than a minute pour off the hot water and add very cold water, lowering the temperature still further by a lump of ice.

Fall & Winter Stock JUST ARRIVED.

Suits, Overcoats, Trousers, made up quickly, neatly and in the latest styles from the very best grades of wool, cashmere, flannel, etc. Work guaranteed and prices reasonable.

J. J. POWERS, MERCHANT TAILOR. Centre street, Five Points.

D. J. FERRY'S SALOON is the place to get a fresh glass of RINGLER'S HELL GATE or ROCHESTER BEER.

Fine Temperance Drinks. First-class cigars are always kept in stock, also the very best grades of wine, claret, brandy, etc., and beer.

C. P. GERITZ PLUMBER. Machine repairing of all kinds. GUIN and LOCKSMITHING. Steam and Gas Fitting. MAIN STREET, BELOW CENTRE.

A BIG STOCK OF WAGON UMBRELLAS, FLY NETS, LAP SHEETS, EAR NETS, Etc., on hand at WISE'S.

All Kinds of HARNESS From \$6.00 Up.

GEO. WISE. No. 35 Centre Street, Freeland. Also Jeddo, Pa.

Advertisement for Costiveness medicine, featuring a horse illustration and text describing its effectiveness for various ailments like biliousness, dyspepsia, and indigestion.