

HE LIVES IN A TREE.

An Election Bet and Its Remarkable Results.

Hullitt Hazewell Is Still Paying an Election Bet Which He Lost a Quarter of a Century Ago—Life in the Tree Tops.

In 1868 Hullitt Hazewell and Hippant Daniels, of Windham county, Conn., had an argument. Hazewell was a rabid democrat and Daniels, who was postmaster of the village, was a no less rabid republican. Hazewell knew Horatio Seymour was sure to be elected. Daniels was just as sure that Grant was to be successful. Both men were angry, and finally Daniels said: "Well, Hullitt, if Seymour is elected I'll be hanged if I'll stay in this country." Anxious to show as deep disgust at the prospect of republican victory, Hazewell said: "I won't leave the country, Daniels; but if Grant is elected I'll climb a tree and stay there."

And he did. He climbed a chestnut tree, and he has been there ever since, except when he has had to get down to till his farm or go to the store. By the time Grant was inaugurated he had built him a home in the tree. It rests on the forks of several large limbs about twenty feet above the ground. It was built of joists and boards, securely fastened to the limbs and trunk of the tree. The roof is shingled, the sides covered with clapboards, and it is altogether as well built in every part as it would have been if it had been intended to rest upon the ground. Of course it is small, but there is sufficient room for the accommodation of the occupant. There are three tiny apartments, all well furnished, well lighted and thoroughly ventilated. A ladder leads from the ground to a platform in front of the entrance of the house.

The tree is an immense one for Connecticut. At the base the trunk measures nearly five feet through. The heart of the trunk is decaying and Hazewell has built a cellar under the roots, to which it is possible to descend by a ladder inside the trunk. This cellar is never reached by frost, he says, even in the coldest weather. The owner does not lead a solitary life by any means. Like Robinson



HULLITT HAZEWELL.

Crusoe he has tamed the birds and animals that haunt the tree and made companions of them, and they receive favors at his hand, with the utmost confidence in his friendship. Among the branches he has built a small platform that serves as a table for the birds and the squirrels, who are fed daily; and while they eat he sits nearby and watches them and occasionally picks up a bird or a squirrel to fondle it.

In the summer of 1888 an accident occurred that resulted in the death of several of Hazewell's pets and came near putting a period to his own life. He was working in a hay-field when a storm arose. He hastened to the house and was half-way up the ladder when a bolt of lightning knocked him to the ground. He lay unconscious for awhile, and when he regained his senses he was drenched to the skin. The ground about him was covered with smoldering embers, fragments of wood and the bodies of dead birds and squirrels. Lightning had struck the tree and shattered several limbs. The bark was torn from the trunk and where his house had been there was nothing but a few charred timbers nailed to the tree. Hazewell built himself a temporary shelter and then attended to the burial of his dead pets. He incased them in a handsome casket and interred them near the tree under a granite slab bearing this inscription:

THIS IS THE RESTING PLACE OF HULLITT HAZEWELL'S FRIENDS. THEY TRUSTED HIM AND WERE WITH-OUT DECEPTION. KILLED BY LIGHTNING, AUG. 8, 1888.

The burned dwelling was soon rebuilt, and since that time nothing has marred Hazewell's serenity. He is perfectly content; indeed, he contends that tree-dwellings are the only ones fit to be the habitations of men. He says that in the winter his home is free from dampness and above the snow. It is sheltered from cold winds by the branches of the tree and is surrounded by a perfectly pure atmosphere. In the summer the foliage wards off the burning rays of the sun.

Hazewell owns and cultivates the farm on which the tree stands and also plies the trade of a shoemaker. He is believed to be well to do. He is a native of Windham county and has always been eccentric. His father lost his reason trying to find perpetual motion.

Wonder If This Is True?

A Texas man was sitting in a dark room recently when he was attracted by the buzzing of a gold-colored bug. Taking the appearance of the bug as a favorable omen, he followed it. It departed directly over an old well in a deserted field; then the man went to digging and presently discovered a number of gold dollars and some few silver coins.

HANGED HIS FATHER.

Peculiar and Touching Scene on a Gallows in Washington.

It was a strange meeting of father and son on the occasion of the hanging of old Bill Stebbins for the murder of his second wife in Spokane. The murder was atrocious, the people said, and there were few glances of sympathy for the doomed man among the morbidly curious stares of the little crowd that filled the jail yard.

The sheriff's deputies had attended to the details. The trap was set, ready to be sprung and in an instant sent a man into the great beyond. The noose had been made carefully of the best hemp rope greased with tallow for that occasion. The procession had moved up the steps to the platform.

With business-like dignity the sheriff, who had been notified, stepped from



"WON'T YOU SHAKE HANDS, MY BOY?"

his office, crossed the courtyard and mounted the scaffold with the death warrant in his hand. He read the document in a calm voice, as one would a notice of a sheriff's sale.

"And now, sir," he said, turning to the condemned man, "you are at liberty to speak if there is anything on your mind."

Throughout the trial, in the dark hours after his sentence, through the last night of life, and while viewing curiously from his cell the rays of the last sunrise he would ever see on earth, the victim of the law had never stoically sullen. Emotion had never shown itself in his face. He had taken his fate philosophically from the first, making no defense, saying nothing when the stern judge had given him an opportunity to before passing sentence. Few noticed it, but it seemed as if a tear glistened in his eye then. Addressing himself to the sheriff, he said, in a suppressed tone:

"Won't you shake hands, my boy, before I go?"

The sheriff did not hear him, or, if he did, no one could have told it. He was still the businesslike executive officer of the county in which he lived; nothing more.

"I know I didn't treat you right," the condemned man continued, showing a trace of excitement, "nor your mother, either, but a word of comfort to a man that's going to die isn't much. Won't you say something?"

Twenty years of battling with the world on his own hook had hardened the sheriff's heart. Silently he motioned the assistants to buckle the straps, adjust the cap and fix the noose.

Then, with steady hand and unwavering countenance, he pressed the button and sent his father into eternity.

STOPPED THE RUN.

How a New York Drummer Saved a Bank from Ruin.

That is a good story how a smart New York drummer stopped a run on a little western bank. The commercial traveler arrived in the town just when the excitement over the bank was at its height. There was really no cause for the run; the bank was perfectly solvent, but the president—a good friend of the New Yorker—realized that, if the senseless withdrawal of the funds was not straightway stopped, it would be but a question of a few hours before the bank would be forced to



THE ASSESSOR AT WORK.

suspend payment. Immediate action was necessary, and the drummer proved to be the man of the hour. His offer of assistance was eagerly accepted by the president and he was given all due liberty. Off went the drummer and in a few minutes he returned with the town assessor, who immediately fell in with his plan. The assessor was stationed with paper and pencil at the paying teller's window. The next depositor in the long, anxious line noticed that opposite his name the amount of his withdrawal was put, "What are you doing?" inquired the surprised depositor. "Oh, nothing," replied the assessor; "I am only correcting some mistakes in my personal tax list. I see you were only assessed at having \$1,000 cash, while you have just withdrawn over \$4,000." Of course the whole line of depositors heard the colloquy at the teller's window. In a minute a man dropped out of his place and left the bank. Then another went out. Then they began to slip out by twos and threes and in a few minutes there was no line left. The bank was saved.

SHE DOES MAN'S WORK.

How Desire Wilcox Conducts a Big Farm Alone.

She Yokes and Drives Cattle and Washes and Shears Sheep—An Invertebrate Consumer of Tobacco—The Romance of Her Life.

One of the odd characters with which the people of North Lynn, Conn., have been familiar for years is Desire Wilcox, a woman who wears the dress of her sex but performs the labor of a man. Miss Wilcox is about fifty, as nearly as the old settlers can reckon, and ever since she was a child has been used to hard work on the farm. When she was ten or twelve years old she followed the hay wagon around the field raking up the leavings. At fifteen she "stoved away" in the stufy peak of the barn, and three years later she could pitch and load hay with any man on the place.

Desire has never taken very kindly to book learning, yet in the district school she picked up a smattering of writing, reading and arithmetic, but her knowledge of geography doesn't extend beyond the limits of the county in which she lives.

The Wilcox homestead is an old-fashioned farmhouse of the everlasting style of architecture in vogue in New England one hundred and fifty years ago. There are stones enough in the chimney to build a schoolhouse and room enough in the establishment for a small hotel. It is located in a remote corner of New London county, in the midst of a chestnut forest. It is surrounded by rickety stone walls, staggering fences and gnarled shade trees, and on the hill back of the house a cluster of white marble slabs stands over the graves of Miss Wilcox's ancestors.

Her father died ten years ago and three years after her mother followed him. This left Desire alone in the house, and without aid she had carried on the farm ever since. She is a woman of great muscular power, and swings a scythe through a hot day with an ease that puts to shame the average farm laborer. She pitches hay and loads hay; she chops trees in the woods and cuts them into firewood and railroad ties. She plows, harrows and



DESIRE WILCOX.

plants her fields, cultivates and harvests the crops, negotiates their sale and delivers their produce like a man.

She raises a good deal of stock. She yokes and drives cattle and washes and shears sheep; in fact, she performs all the work necessary in the carrying on of a large farm.

During the teaming season, when the farmers haul wood and ties to the local market, Desire is daily on the road driving a string of from three to five yokes of oxen as deftly as an experienced teamster of the opposite sex would. She will pick up a first-class tie and toss it on to the ox wagon with an ease that would make Sandow open his eyes, and, although a stocky person, she clambers through the rocky places in the woods with the agility of a mountain goat.

When it comes to horses she knows all their points, and in a trade she is sure to come away with the long end of a bargain.

She is a constant smoker. With this exception her habits are as exemplary as those of the high-toned woman. The common clay pipe sold at the country store for one penny is her favorite, and she carries it until it breaks or is lost, no matter how strong it becomes. She smokes the strongest kind of plug tobacco, whitening it off and rolling it in the palm of her hand as cleverly as an old sailor.

Desire was married when she was nineteen. It is the only romance that has ever come into her life.

Forty-Five Cents for a Wife.

Ed H. Thompson, who lives in Ulster county, not far from Hurley, N. Y., married a wife a few months ago, but they did not agree together very well, and a short time since, as he was in Hurley, drinking and chatting with some companions, he bewailed his marital woes, and said he wished he could get rid of his wife. "I'll give you half a dollar for her," said Charles Lewis. "It's a bargain!" replied Thompson. Lewis was a little taken aback, but he pulled the money out of his pocket and counting it over remarked that he had only forty-five cents. "Give me the forty-five cents and she is yours." The money was paid, and in a few days the wife, who was not at all displeased at the exchange, was delivered. That was several weeks ago and Lewis has lived contentedly with his cheaply-acquired wife since, till Thompson, who has repented of the trade, appeared the other day and wanted his wife back. Lewis refused to surrender her, and she refused to go, reproaching Thompson for trying to back out of a fair bargain; and now he is consulting the lawyer to find out what his rights in the matter are. All this in the civilized state of New York, and not a hundred miles from the great metropolises.

A Snake with Two Heads.

Louisiana rejoices in the possession of a species of snake known as a "double-end." It has a head at each extremity and can go either way in great shape.

FREELAND OPERA HOUSE.

JOHN J. WELSH, Manager.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5.



John R. Franz Cumpson, The German Dialect Comedian.

J. A. Fraser's Musical Comedy, The Merry Cobbler.

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HAZLE'S INDEBTEDNESS.

Objection Raised to the Application for a Special Levy Order.

From the Plain Speaker. In the application made for an order on the supervisors of Hazle township to levy an additional five mill tax to pay the balance of the claims against the township as marshalled in Commissioner Halsey's report, Messrs. Fuller and McClintock, appeared on Monday morning in court to oppose the granting of the application. The grounds upon which they base their action are embodied in the affidavit of E. A. Oberender, who sets out that being a taxpayer of Hazle township, he makes answer to the application as follows:

1. The court has no authority to make the order prayed for.

2. The special levy of 15 mills heretofore made is sufficient to pay the indebtedness.

3. The township owns two judgments, one for \$3,459.33, against John Strack, the other for \$3,802.85, against William Carter, which are collectable, and if collected, sufficient to obviate any additional levy.

4. The additional levy of 5 mills would make the burdensome and illegal total of 73 mills for the year 1893.

5. The additional levy would bring in about \$5,465.58, while the unpaid indebtedness does not exceed \$3,229.75, and there remains on the duplicate, unexpended, \$3,272.59.

Judge Rice, before the matter came up to be heard, directed that testimony be taken before G. L. Halsey, as commissioner, on Saturday at 10 a. m. This move is another of the delaying tactics indulged in by Messrs. Oberender and D. J. McCarthy to prevent the collection of the claims which have been passed on by two, and in some instances three branches of the court, and always adjudged due. This far their opposition has resulted in delay and a very material increase in the shape of costs and interest of the amount which the township has had and will have to pay.

Kidnapped Boy Returns. Joseph Hoover, who was kidnapped from his widowed mother's home in Andover, O., on July 16, 1884, at the age of 6 years, and who has since been kept in Nebraska and other western states by his abductors, arrived at Shamokin on Friday. The recognition between the long separated mother and son was mutual and an affecting scene took place as the young man entered his mother's home. He bore the family resemblance so strongly that it was not necessary to search for the mother's marks in order to establish his identity.

The kidnapped child started from Ansley, Neb., on Monday and traveled both day and night. The young man claims that he was forcibly carried away by Edward and Frame Hoover, both of whom then resided in Jamestown, Pa. The former now lives in South Omaha, Neb., and the latter in Canard, this state.

The story of his life was revealed to him very recently by his aged grandmother, who feared to die without revealing the terrible secret which she held for nine long years rather than expose her sons.

The boy asserts that he was treated cruelly by his uncle in the west and has worked on a farm during the last year, as he ran away from his uncle's home. His abductors knew nothing of his intention to return to his mother.

PLEASURE CALENDAR.

September 30.—Picnic of St. Patrick's cornet band at Freeland Public park.

October 10.—Annual ball of the Young Men's T. A. B. Society, at Freeland opera house. Admission, 50 cents.

October 23.—Second annual ball of Division 19, A. O. H., at Freeland opera house. Admission, 50 cents.

COUGHING LEADS TO CONSUMPTION.

Kemp's Balsam stops the cough at once.

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 stopping up, difficulty in breathing and no doubt would soon have been a consumptive, had I not met Dr. Riegel.

Before that time I had tried every well-known remedy and doctored with many physicians, not only of Hazleton 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 themselves of Dr. Riegel'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 catarrh and all chronic diseases, will be at the Central Hotel, Freeland, THREE DAYS A WEEK ONLY.

Monday, Wednesday, and Friday,

FROM 10 A. M. TO 2 P. M.,

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8:30 TO 10 P. M.

Office hours at Hazleton, same days, from 3 to 8 p. m.

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Good tea toweling, 4 cents per yard; one of the greatest offerings ever made in town is a good heavy quality shaker flannel, 5 cents per yard; good heavy cotton flannel, 5 cents per yard; the best indigo blue calico, 6 cents per yard; the best apron gingham, name Lancaster, 7 cents per yard.

On account of lack of space we cannot quote you any prices on our other line of dry goods, but if you are in need of anything in that line call and see what we can do for you. Our line of shoes and clothing contains so many bargains and up to date styles that our small space here restrains us from describing them, and in conclusion will say that when in want of any footwear, clothing or wearing apparel of any description, by giving our immense stock an inspection, you will find it will prove both profitable and satisfactory to you to do your trading at

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We will show you the largest variety in town and assure you the privilege to make your selections without dictation. We have a nice lot of

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Will completely destroy the desire for TOBACCO in from 3 to 5 days. Perfectly harmless; cause no sickness, and may be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the patient, who will voluntarily stop smoking or chewing in a few days.

DRUNKENNESS and MORPHINE HABIT can be cured at home, and without any effort on the part of the patient, by the use of our SPECIAL FORMULA GOLD CURE TABLETS. During treatment patients are allowed the free use of Liquor or Morphine until such time as they shall voluntarily give them up.

We send particulars and pamphlet of testimonials free, and shall be glad to place sufferers from any of these habits in communication with persons who have been cured by the use of our TABLETS.

HILL'S TABLETS are for sale by all FIRST-CLASS DRUGGISTS at \$1.00 per package.

If your druggist does not keep them, enclose us \$1.00 and we will send you, by return mail, a package of our TABLETS.

Write your name and address plainly, and state whether Tablets are for Tobacco, Morphine or Liquor Habit.

DO NOT BE DECEIVED into purchasing any of the various HOMEOPATHS that are being offered for sale. Ask for HILL'S TABLETS and take no other.

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THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.:
DEAR SIR:—I have been using your cure for tobacco habit, and found it would do what you claim for it. I used ten cents worth of the strongest chewing tobacco a day, and from one to five cigars; or I would smoke from ten to forty pipes of tobacco. Have chewed and smoked for twenty-five years, and two packages of your Tablets cured me so I have no desire for it.
B. M. JAYLORD, Leslie, Mich.

DORIS FERRY, N. Y.

THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.—GENTLEMEN:—Some time ago I sent for \$1.00 worth of your Tablets for Tobacco Habit. I received them all right and, although I was both a heavy smoker and chewer, they did the work in less than three days. I am cured.
Truly yours, MATTHEW JOHNSON, P. O. Box 46, PITTSBURGH, PA.

THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.—GENTLEMEN:—It gives me pleasure to speak a word of praise for your Tablets. My son was strongly addicted to the use of liquor, and tobacco as well. I was led to try your Tablets. He was a heavy and constant drinker, but after using your Tablets but three days he quit drinking, and will not touch liquor of any kind. I have written four months before writing you, in order to know the cure was permanent. Yours truly,
MRS. HELEN MORRISON, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.—GENTLEMEN:—Your Tablets have performed a miracle in my case. I have used morphine, hypodermically, for seven years, and have been cured by the use of two packages of your Tablets, and without any effort on my part.
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