THOS. A. BUCKLEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE: MAIN STREET ABOVE CENTRE SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

FREELAND, PA., JANUARY 4, 1894

A reduction of duties to about the rates that prevailed about ten years ago is called by the New York Tribune "giving the American market away to all comers." This is far from a flattering estimate of the productive and manufacturing ability of a people whose just boast it is that they can "beat all creation," and who do not need to be coddled to death to do it. The false economists who claim to be more "American" than anybody else put forth habitually the lowest opinion of their countrymen.

A Curious Lease.

A Biddeford (Me.) attorney had in his possession a lease the like of which local lawyers do not believe can be found in existence. The names of the parties to the lease, according to the Kennebec Journal, are given, but its provisions are none the less strange. Kennebee Journal, are given, but its provisions are none the less strange. The lease is of a lot of land at an annual rental of \$440 for twenty-five years, with the provision that the lessee should within one year build and maintain a substantial three-story building of brick, iron and stone. When the lease expired the lessee was to have his choice between buying the building he had himself erected or of taking a perpetual lease of the lot at \$850 a year, just double the original rent. The lease expired a year or so ago, and the lessee, to whom it was a case of "Hobson's choice," elected to take the perpetual lease of the lot. What puzzles the attorneys who have seen the lease is why a man of the take the perpetual lease of the lot. What puzzles the attorneys who have seen the lease is why a man of the property which the lease must have been possessed should bind himself to such a one-sided condition. The gentleman who has the lease intends to present it to the Bar Library association.

Knew Her Falling.

Mrs. Newhouse—Katie, Mr. Newhouse says cook must boil the drinking water after this. Tell her to have some boiled for dinner to-day.

Katie—Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Newhouse—And, Katie, tell her to be sure not to burn it.—Judge.

A Choice of Terms.

"I'm sure we shall be on good terms," said the man who had just moved into the neighborhood to the

corner grocer.

"No doubt of it, sir. Especially," he added as an afterthought, "if the terms are cash."—Washington Star.

BUSINESS BRIEFS.

Go to McDonald's for furniture.

Use Pillsbury's Best XXXX Flour. You can get 50c. muffs at McDonald's.

Parties supplied with ice cream, cakes, etc., by Laubach at reasonable rates.

Fackler has the finest and largest as ortment of fine candies and ornamented "Orange Blossom" is safe and harm

less as flax seed poultice. Any lady can use it herself. Sold by A. Oswald.

use it herself. Sold by A. Oswald.

Do you wish to enjoy good health, if so, use Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, which cleanse the bowls and purify the blood.

In case of hard cold nothing will relieve the breathing so quickly as to rub Arnica and Oil Liniment on the chest. Sold by Dr. Schilcher.

All those who have used Baxter's Mandrake Bitters speak very strongly in their praise. Twenty-five cents per bottle. Sold by Dr. Schilcher.

The name of N. H. Downs still lives, although he has been dead many years. His Elixir for the cure of coughs and colds has already outlived him a quarter of a century, and is still growing in favor with the public. Sold by Dr. Schilcher.

Beware of Ointments

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Beware of ointments for catarrh that contain mercury, as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and complete. By derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescription from a reputable physician, as the damage they will do is ten-fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and muchous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be n. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be re you get the genuine. It is taken ernally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. "Sold by all druggists, price 75c. per title.

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



"Elisabetta mia, I have lost pencils—colors; come, child, and aid me to look for them. What, thou art idiling away all the day in that corner, instead of taking care of thy little sisters. Hark! there is Barbara crying and la bambino Anna too; and the pencils are lost: and Il Signor Montenegro is waiting for the picture. I shall never finish it."

The speaker—Glovanni Andrea Sirani, one of the second-rate artists of Bologna — hurrledly tossed about brushes palette and oils, making the studio all confusion; then, loudly called on Elisabetta for assistance. She came forward from he sunny nook in the window, where she had been hidden, and addressing her angry father in a voice remarkable for its soothing and sweet tones, put into his hands the pencils he required, arranged his palette, and stood behind him while he again continued his work.

Elisabetta was a girl of about twelve years, tall and well-formed, though it is the studies of the studies of the same for the second angular to be graceful. But her face was too striking to be passed unnoticed even by a stranger. Not through its beauty, for the features were irregular, and the long and rather aquiline nose would have given a character too masculine to the countenance, had it not been for the exquisitely sweet expression of the mouth, and the dimpled chin. Again, too, the harshness given by the strongly marked eyebrows, was softened by the dreamy lanquor of the dark eves and drooping eyelids. In short, the whole face of Elisabetta Sirani showed a combination of maculine powers and womanly sweetness, united with that flexibility of feature and ever-changing expression, which almost always denote great sensitiveness of mind.

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and ever-changing expression, which almost always denote great sensitiveness of mind.

Signor Andrea, relieved from his disquietude, worked at his picture, now and then calling on his young daughter to inspect his progress, and listening to her remarks and comments, which, though given with the simplicity and timidity of a child, showed an understanding that justified the consideration with which she was treated by her father. Sometimes the hasty and nervous temperament of the artist was excited to anger by the noise of the children within; he would hurriedly dismiss his eldest daughter to restore quiet, and as quickly cail for her again, declare that he could not pain unless she was beside him, to grind his colors and prepare his pencils. He did not add that she was quite as useful in giving him various unsuspected, but most successful hints, even in the picture itself.

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but most successful hints, even in the picture itself.

After an hour or two spent in this manner, the tete-a-tete of the artist and his daughter was broken by the entrance of a man in a clerical dress, but attired with all the taste and sumptuousness which was prevalent in the leading cities of Italy, and especially Bologna, at the close of the seventeenth century. Andrea Sirani received his visitor with mingled cordiality and respect.

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"I am glad II Signor Conte Malvasia is come. I should not have been satisfied to send my picture away without his opinion on its merita."

"You are very obliging, Messer Sirani," said the ecclesiastic; "but I have usually only one opinion regarding your beautiful pictures, and this appears equal to any. He sat down on the painting chair which Elizabetts had placed for him opposite the picture; and after patting her cheek with a friendly and affectionate expression, which dyed it with a blush of pleasure, he turned his whole attention to the work before him.

a friendly and affectionate expression, which dyed it with a blush of pleasure, he turned his whole attention to the work before him.

"I see you love the soft and meiting shadows and mellow lights of our Guido, the pride of Bologna," said the the Conte Malvasia. "And you do not work in the gloom which some of our stern foreign brethren delight in; you let the sun visit your painting room; save for this warra crimson curtain, which must cast auch a pleasant glow on everything here, though it rather darkens the picture now." He drew back the heavy folds, and discovered the little nook where Elizabetta had sat. It was strewed with pencils and sketches of all kinds. Malvasia picked up one of the scattered papers.

"Is this beautiful Madonna one of your studies, friend Andrea? Why, your first sketches are absolutely as good as your finished paintings."

The artist looked at it, and turned away with a discontented air—
"Oh, monsignor, it is only one of the child's drawings. Elisabetta, I think you might be better employed than this. Go to your mother, child."

"Stay one moment, Elisabetta, and attenful child. "Did you really draw and design this?"

"Yes, monsignor," said Elisabetta, "Messer Andrea," continued the Conte, "why do you not teach your daughter to be a painter like yourselff Would you not like to be a great artist, figlia mia?" added he.

Elisabetta did not apeak; but her eyes lighted up, and her lips quivered with emotion. Andrea said roughly "Now woman can ever be a painter."

"How can you say so, Andrea? Have you forgotten Lawinia Fontana, and Antonia Pinelli, and our own Propersia".

"Do not bring Madame de Rossi for ward as an example for my child, Besides, Elisabetta does not wish to be a minter."



"DEAR FATIER, TEACH ME NOTARY LEAST YOU."

acquirement of music, a study which was her greatest delight next to the one in which her genius lay. To the world she was still the simple Elisabetta, daughter of the painter Sirani, distinguished by no outward signs from her young sisters Barbara and Anna, or from her companions among the Bolognese maidens. No one knew what her hidden talents were, save ther father—who shut his eyes upon them as much as possible—and her unfailing friend, the Conte Malvasia.

At last, when Elisabetta had reached her sixteenth year, there came a change. A slow and painful disease stole over the unfortunate Andrea Sirani, erippling all joints, so that day by day the exercise of his art grew more difficult, until at length it became almost impossible for bim to wield the pencil. In vain did Elisabetta chafe the poor numbed hands with her soft fingers; they would work no more; and life itself seemed riven from the desipairing artist, thus deprived of the power to embody his conceptions.

"It is all in vain. Elisabetta," eried Sirani one day when the brush had fallen from his crippled fingers, which could no longer guide it—"It is all in vain; I shall never paint more!"

He looked at his powerless and disfigured hands, and tears rolled down the cheeks of the strong man. No wonder that the gentle Elisabetta wept, too, and threw her arms around her father's neck, in vain attempts at consolation.

"Do not give me hope, my child," he answered mournfully: "I know this disease is incurable. I am more an artist. Holy mother of mercy! how shall I find tread for my child dren?"

Elisabetta's cheeks flushel, her eves sparkled, words ross to her lips; but she stopped, thinking of the pain they would give to her helpless father. At

how shall I find bread for my chil dren?"

Elisabetta's checks flushel, here yes sparkled, words rose to her lips; but she stopped, thinking of the pain they would give to her helpless father. At last she said timidy:

"Father, you know I have been you pupit these four years; in that time, I thinkin—I hope—I have learned enough to gain something by my paintings. Will you let me try?"

Andrea shook his head. "Impossible: a girl not nineteen, and I have been a painter these twenty years. But it is long since I have seen thy work, child," he added in some confusion: "tring it hither."

Elisabetta, deeply joyful that her woman's tact had thus effected what she thought would be a discovery loth difficult and painful, quickly placed before her father a Madonna so perfect that the artist at once saw theyenius of his nerficeted daughter. I was in vain to nourish jealousy; for, alas! there could ten virairy between them now. He kissed Elisabetta's trow, and prayed the Virgin, whose sweet face she had depicted so well, to the shis good and talented child.

Etsabetta became a painter. When only nineteen, her first exhibited picture made her the wonder and pride of aer native city. It was a religious subject, such as the geatte and plous girllowed delineating—the saints of her church. St. Ignatius and St. Francis. Navier. The purchaser was the Marchese Spala; and the sum Elisabetta thus gained was large enough to tring a trill of proud delight to her heart, with the consciousness that the future was her own. Her little sisters laughed and shouted at the sight of the purso of gold; her young companion, Ginevra Cantofoit, whispered in her car how many personal adornments it would many person

From that time he suffered his daughter to pursue her studies openly, the to pursue her studies openly, the top the studies openly, the top the studies openly, the search of the suffered from him were very little Any december of the poor article that his days the suffered what I had taken him long years to the best of the poor article was afterward and pride of the more which were aimost entirely the result between natural genius and power of the poor article was afterward and the pride of the more which were aimost entirely the result between natural genius and power of the poor article was afterward and the pride of the more which were aimost entirely the result of the poor article was a fall the natural was a shared character, but no or describing an ideal character, but no or describing and waverien to weight a finite proper of the poor article was a labor of love, for she had that the same of the poor and the poor a





was her own. Her little sisters laughed her lips quivered with emotion. Andrea said roughly "No woman can ever be a painter."
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"Bo word as an example for my child, Besidese, Elisabetta does not wish to be a painter."
"It was now confined.
"My father," she said in meek and blushing humility, 'we have gained thus much by my picture: see!"
"Thou say so, Andrea? Have you forgotten Lavinia Fontana, and Antonia Pinelli, and our own Properzia?"
"Bo not bring Madame de Rossi for ward as an example for my child, Besidese, Elisabetta does not wish to be a painter."
"Thou sayest we, Elisabetta' and laid her hands, folded it entreity, on his arm.
"Devr father, I do wish it; I long foo it. Oh, teach me to paint like you."
The painter, jealous as he seemed of his art, was moved, and consented of his art, was moved, and consented of his art, was moved, and consented was her own. Her little sisters laughed the side of the pound sof the pound so flies are sold in the sign of the manner of the journey, and you know what is the chosen subject of the picture? Agrand and difficult one—the Baptism of our those and wall do the compensation. "Yes of the good padri of Certosa have chosen have chosen the made should at the sign to the pound to the arther altarplece?"
Elisabetta darted forward with unconstrained delight. She kissed the hands of Malvasia, and thanked him who ledged; Thou the first fruits of her talents and industry on the sit. "Thou art putting too much cinna, sill, eligh, and the before again. "It is not cinnamon, silly clild," said the obewolent conte, "you are only at the first fruits of the praval over again.
"It is not cinnamon, silly clild," said the bewoolent conte, "you are only at the content on the would of Madonna good, and that I would do Madonna good and that I will be shown that the

the doomed Elisabetta. It was little dreaded by those who best loved her; but she herself felt an utter langourastic strains of the coming death. When Ginerra, whom her summons had brought, stood beside her. Elisabetta spoke to her early friend with an affectionate scriousness, beyond her wont, of the beloved art they both followed—of Ginerra's fature life—of her lover.

A look-at once full of hatred and despairing grief came over Ginevra's fact, but Elisabetta went on—"i allways loved thee, Ginerra, and thy Battista, too; and, if I recover—"

"Thou wilt die; thou art dying now," said Ginevra, in a low and hissing whisper. "Thou hast been my bane through life, my rival in all things; last of all, in Battista's love. I have poisoned thee."

A shudder convulsed Elisabetta's frame, but she did not shrick; awe, not terror, possessed her, as she heard of her certain doom. Her lips moved long in a slient prayer; then she looked calmly at Ginevra, who stood beside the doomed Elisabetta. It was little



CAUSE.

her like a statue of stone, and said, 'Thou art deceived; I never loved any

MANY SURMINER AROSE AS TO THE TATAL
her like a statue of stone, and said,
"Thou art deceived; I never loved any
man; my life was devoted to God and
to divine art. Thy Battista woed me
not, Ginevral he never loved but ther,
In utter abandonment of remorse
the murderess auel for pardon at her
victim's feet. "Denounce me! Thy
death will be slow; let me die before
these as an aconement."
"The scere be between thee
and me. Let not my father know
that his child died by poison. The
holy saints forgive thee, as I do. Ginevra, live and be happy with thy be
trothed."
"It is too late." shricked Ginevra;
"Battista is dead."
It was indeed so. Battista Zani died
at Rome, soon after his arrival, leaving behind him only the memory of
hunds, and which had promised soy
blossoming. His name, chroniced by
Malvasia, is all that remains in posterrity of Battista Zani.
Elisabetti Sirani died by this mysterrity of Battista Zani died
at Rome, and horrible death in her
twenty-sixth year. Many surmisea
arose as to the fatal cause, some any
proaching near the fact, others wild
and contradictory. Amidst the pomp
of splendid obsequies, the maiden
over the beloved dead; solemn music
sounded through the church of St.
Domenices and hervible cetty moursel.

But while poets wrote her elegy, and
sculptors adorned her costly monn
ament, the memory of Elisabetta remained, like that of a departed saint,
in her father's house; at first sorrowfol, afterwards bringing only holy and
seniloty and of her pures and holy mind, while,
though not too proud for earth, over
turned heavenwards, as if there was
its true home. And thus, like the continual perfum of virtue and of holiness, which death cannot take awaylist and of her pures and holy mind, while,
though not too proud for carth, over
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A Suggestive Observation.

She (looking at the autumn land-cape)—Isn't it perfectly beautiful, learners?

J. C. BERNER'S EMPORIUM



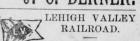
For the balance of this month we will give

TEN PER CENT. OFF ON ALL BLANKETS.

and 50 per cent, off on all coats left from last year. This means A \$10.00 ladies' cont for \$5.00.

Can you afford to miss all this?

Toilet chamber sets, worth \$4, for \$2.50.
Cheaper than any ever offered in the county. NOTIONS and HOLIDAY GOODS
weave aiming to have just what you want
for cheaper than you dreamed off-considering quality. We have a large stock of shoes
to select from; the Orwigsburg shoes for children; verry pair guaranteed; call and see
them.



Time fable in effect September 3, 1893.

Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Eckley, Hazle drock, Stockton. Beaver Meadow Road, Roan and Hazleton Junction at 600, 610 am, 1210, 69 pm, daily except Sunday, and 7 63 a m, 2 38 up. Sunday.

She (looking at the autumn landscape)—isn't it perfectly beautiful,
George?

He—It is simply delicious! I could
gaze on it for hours. Do you know
that every time I look on those gloriously tinted autumn leaves they remind
me of you?

She—In what way?
He—They look as if they appealed to
one to be pressed.—Roston Courier.

A Barbarian.

"Did you know," said the well informed man, "that some of the greatest classical music we have was given
us by a deaf composer?"

"Classical music wide have the sum of the greatest classical music wide have been sum of the greatest classical music wide have been sum of the greatest classical music wide have been sum of the greatest classical music did you say?" inquired the man whose musical taste is
uncompromisingly low.

"Yes."

"Humph! How he must have enjoyed his misfortune. — Washington
Star.

Impertinence of the Parson.

'Humphi joyed his misfortune — was...

Star.

Impertinence of the Parson.
A Chicago elergyman having performed the marriage eeremony for a couple undertook to write out the usual certificate, but being in doubt at the day of the month, he said:
"This is the ninth, is it not?"
"Why, parson," said the blushing bride, "you do all my marrying, and show to remember that this is only the fifth."—Texas Siftings.

May Have Been Right After All.

May Have Been Right After All.

May must have an idiot for a barber"

May must have an idiot."

Partials leave an idie Roops, daily, except sunday, and 8 la m, 3 35 pm, daily, except sunday, and 8 la m, 3 35 pm, sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction Beaver Mendow fond, Stockton, Hazle Broops, daily, except sunday, and 8 la m, 3 35 pm, daily, except sunday, and 8 la m, 3 35 pm, sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction with 6 securic cars for hisaketon, Jeanesville, Andendors, and the proposition of the points on Lebyth Traction Cos.

Train leaving printen at 6 0 a m, makes connection at Deringer with P. R. R. t. train for wilkes-Barre, Sunbury, Harrisoure, etc.

E. B. COXE,

President.

Partials leave an ideal Proposition of 10 la m, 3 de pm, sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction of Beaver Mendow fond, Stockton, Hazle Broops, and blive and britton at 10 la m, 3 de pm, sunday.

Trains leave an ideal Proposition of 10 la m, and Sept m, daily, except sunday, and 8 la m, 3 de pm, sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Beaver Mendow fond, Stockton, Hazle Broops, and above and britton at 10 la m, 3 de pm, sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Beaver Mendow fond, Stockton, Hazle Broops, and above an ideal Proposition of 10 la m, and Sept m, daily, except sunday, and 8 la m, 3 de pm, sund