

and moreover entirely ignorant of the ways of the west.

"Better keep an eye on that young man, Luke Davitt," said Will Kerner in an undertone to me when the freshman went off duty the first evening. "He is full of the choker of eastern bluff, and it may cause an explosion if he gets a western match."

Johnny got through the next morning with no worse mishap than exposing his inferior ability as an operator. In the afternoon he received a "broken message" from a mountain station. The

ing his inferior ability as an operator. In the afternoon he received a "broken message" from a mountain station. The disjointed sentences and long stops roused his ire. He took the mountain man to be inexperienced—what telegraph operators call "a plug"—and, growing impatient, sent over the wire a string of expletive abuse. This was received very quietly, and Johnny, growing elated, gave a good deal more. Finally the mountain operator sent back a terse "Please sign."

This the young man from the east did boldly, giving also the address of the firm. More conversation followed. Meanwhile the freshman was wiring to a bigger audience than he knew—all friends of the mountain operator. In about twefuty stations up the line the lever was clicking, the clerks, attracted by the length and character of the message, were transcribing for their own numsement.

sage, were transcribing for their own amusement. Johnny wired his name and address, and then grew sarcastic. The mount-ain operator said little, but finally sent word he would be in San Francisco soon.

word he would be in San Francisco soon.

It pleased the young man to change his tone at this. He replied facetiously: "Come on! Whipped many a better man before breakfast. Thirsty for gore! Came out on the Pacific coast for the express purpose of clearing out a score of you old 'forty-niners.'"

This happened one afternoon. The next, as the men were going off duty, I went down. I knew a little of what had passed, but was ignorant of the extent to which the greenhorn had compromised himself.

Standing below, and questioning each clerk as he passed, was a thin, spare man on the wrong side of forty. He had the appearance of a typical Californian from one of the mining towns, wore a grizzled beard, a blue shirt, wide-awake, and had a couple of Coit's revolvers stuck in his belt. He made straight for me.

"How d'ye do, stranger? Your name Jalonux Gravere"

Colt's revolvers stuck in his belt. He made straight for me.

"How d'ye do, stranger? Your name Johnny Greene?"

"No," said I, "but he'll be down soon." Then something prompted me to question him. He was very reticent, merely saying he had important business with Greene and would wait for him. Failing to get at what I wanted to know by circuitous means, I said bluntly: "Are you Benjie Hitwell from —," naming the muntain station where the freshman's abusive message had gone the afternoon before.

fore. "Yes," was the reply; "I hail from that town. I am here to shoot Greene." It was only the ludicrous side of the affair that forced itself on me then. Suppressing my mirth as best I could, I



SCARING A FORTY-NINER.

BY LILLIAN NORTH.
[Copyright, 1863, by the Author.]

T was some time in '80 that I went to ''Frisco,'' and had been among the operators long enough to know the m well, when a young greenhorn from the east was placed in charge of a line up into the Sierra New many an inexperienced telegrapher before, but Johnny Greene was what proved more to his disadvantage—a little bit fresh, and moreover entirely ignorant of the ways of the west.

"Became more communicative. He said that never in all his life had he allowed that never in all his life had he allowed that never in all his life had he allowed that never in all his life had he allowed that never in all his life had he allowed that never in all his life had he allowed that never in all his life had he allowed that never in all his life had he allowed that never in all his life had he allowed that never in all his life had he allowed that never in all his life had he allowed that never in all his life had he allowed that never in all his life had he allowed that never in all his life had he allowed that never in all his life had he allowed that never in all his life had he allowed that never in all his life had he allowed that never in all his life had he allowed that never in all his life had he allowed that never in all his life had he allowed that never in all his life had he allowed that never in all his life had he allowed that never in all his life had he allowed that never in all his life had he allowed that never in all his life had he allowed that never in all his life had he allowed that never in all his life had he allowed that never in all his life had he allowed that never in all his life had he allowed that never in all his life had he allowed to not slight. Then he cut a piece from a great plug of tobacco and quietly put it in his mouth. His manner almost the his peace pour all plue of tobacco and quetly put it in his mouth. His manner almost in his mouth. His manner almost in his mouth. His manner almost weat plue feat plue o

self. Otherwise he should find it necessary to invade the office and blow the roof off young Greene's head.

I have seen angry men before, but the saints defend me from such another sight. The old mountain man's face was the color of putty, but his eyes were blazing, and every fiber of his being shook with suppressed wrath.

I was mute, and could do nothing save carry my paralyzing intelligence upstairs. "He is a regular fire cater, Johnny! Gives you just five minutes to



ON HIS KNEES BEGGED AND PRAYED.

on his knees begged and prayed me to will his own life is of no consequence, but he must and will take yours." Upon hearing which the young man had a total collapse, and on his knees begged and prayed me to pacify the man waiting for him below.

My mind was made up that nothing short of blood would wind up the affair, and I had no desire to see agrain, much less try to conciliate the wrath of the old mountaineer.

But my frequent passing to and fro, and the excitement of the fresh young man, had attracted the attention of the night manager, who had just come on duty. He volunteered to go down and have a look at the fire cater, and reported: "He is the toughest of bis gang. I know him by sight. Dead shot! Grown up with the country. Its customs are his laws. He will have your blood, Greene, if he hias to travel a thousand miles to get it! And there is no jury out here that will convict him if he kills you."

I don't know which was more terrible to witness, the deep wrath of the mountaineer or the cowering fright of the young man. He clung to us and implored us to go down and get terms of eapitulation; and as a last argument bade us tell the old fellow that he had a mother and sister.

We thought him of no use to either relative, but his craven cowardice awakened a sort of contemptuous pity that urged us on our errand of mercy. We collected a few of the night clerks, explained matters to them, and went down to the old man in a body.

"Now," said the night manager, putting on a bold front, "I know you, and

"Now," said the night manager, put-ting on a bold front, "I know you, and I know what you are here for. But I am boss, and will not allow a fight in the operating-room."

FAMILY SCRAP BAG.

upping bags should be made of

SAVE your cold tea; it is excellent for cleaning grained woods.

A PROK of fresh lime in a damp cellar absorbs moisture and prevents malari-

A PECK of Irosa time in a damp cellar absorbs moisture and prevents malarious troubles.

Grana improvement will be found in tea and coffee, if they are kept in glass jars instead of tin.

STAND a wet umbrella on the handle to drain; otherwise, the water collecting at the center will rot the silk.

In bottling pickles or catsup, boil the corks, and while hot you can press them in the bottles and when cold they are sealed tightly.

A LARGE rug of linen crash placed under the sewing machine will catch threads, clippings and cuttings and save a deal of sweeping and dusting.

When your face and cars burn so terribly bathe them in very hot water—as hot as you can bear. This will be more apt to cool them than any cold application.

A NEW salad is called "han and egg." It is made by fine-chopped cooked than and eggs cut fine and saturated with what the "restaurant waiter calls "French dressing."

A SAUCEPAN in which rice, oatmeal or anything sticky has been cooked may be very easily cleaned by putting in a cupful of ashes when you take in the first content of the fire and then fill with water.

WHOLE cloves are now used to exemminate the merciless and industri-

off the fire and then fill with water. Whole cloves are now used to exterminate the merciless and industrious moth. It is said they are more effectual as a destroying agent than either tobacco, camphor or cedar shavings.

Besides the various kinds of brushes used for scrubbing, keep one exclusively for washing vegetables; potatoes, turnips, beets, etc., can be more readily cleaned in this way than in any other.

In cases of illness, where the burn-

In cases of illness, where the burn-ing thirst of the patient cannot be as-suaged by water or cracked ice, it is said that a teaspoonful of glycerine will afford prompt and comparatively long relief.

long relief.

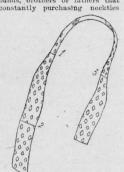
Mystrenous rust spots on clothes are caused by Prussian blue which is substituted for indigo in some kinds of laundry bluing. To test bluing, drop a piece of washing soda in a mixture diluted with cold water. If the compound turns to a reddish hue, Prussian blue has been used.

blue has been used.

When putting in the bread, the oven should be hot enough to hold your hand in and count twenty rather quickly. Care must be taken with the fire to keep the heat steady, allowing it to gradually die away toward the last of the baking; and this is the best time to set in your rolls as a more moderate fire is necessary for them.

HOMEMADE NECKTIE.

A Crusty Bachelor Gives Some Advice to the Ladies. You women folks who have husbands, brothers or fathers that are constantly purchasing neckties be-



"Now," was the reply. "I half from that cown, I am here o shoot of the old front, "I how you, and the sight manager, put that cown, I am here to shoot freed itself on me the holders asked that the operating room." In the signal provides of the state of

Not Conclusive Evidence.

"Has young Bondelipper proposed yet?" asked a Harlem mother of one of her numerous unmarried daughters.
"Not yet, but I think he is going to pretty soon. There are some pretty strong indications. He has orange blossoms on his mind."
"I'd like to know why you think he has orange blossoms on his mind?"
"When we were at the soda water fountain yesterday evening he took orange phosphate."—Texas Siftings.

orange phosphate."—Texas Sittings.

"Ain't you working on the Bugle any more, Brown?"
"No They fired me for being absent-minded. I was going through the mail sorting out the poetry, and accidentally declined with thanks a five-dollar subscription."—Indianapolis Loynn!

A Good Excuse.
"Jimmie, where did you get this five cents?"
"It's the money you gave me for the heathen, mamma."
"Then why did you keep it?"
"My teacher said I was a heathen."
—Harper's Bazar.

In Chleago. She (angrily)—Why didn't you catch

that car?
He (firmly)—Excuse me, madam, I'm a detective.—Detroit Free Press. ROOM FOR DOUBT.

44/1/23 11 為 STAN STAN

He—Wuz she razzle-dazzled when she seen me in my Sunday clothes, or wuz it indifference she intended to conwey! —Brooklyn Life.

Comparisons Odious.

"There's an item in this paper," said Mr. Chugwater, buttering a biseuit, "about a farmer in Tennessee that raised a gourd six feet long. I don't believe there ever was a gourd as big as that."
"I don't know," replied Mrs. Chugwater, sipping her coffee abstractedly; "I don't know, . . . Six feet, did you say? . . . How tall are you, Josiah?"—Chicago Tribune.

Something of a Lothards.
Johnaie Masher—I have only known you for half an hour and yet I love you more than words can tell. There is nothing I wouldn't do to gain your love.

"Yes; but how do you know that I am not a married woman?" asked the lady.
"Is that so? Then perlaps you have

am not a market lady.
"Is that so? Then perhaps you have an unmarried sister to whom you might introduce me."—Texas Siftings.

Reason Enough.

Old Gentleman—What do you mean, sir, by marrying my daughiter, and trying to keep it secret?

Young Hansom—I am fond of good living, and didn't want the waiter girls at my boarding-house to find out that I was married.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Rebuil.

Burrows (facetionsly paying the way for a loan)—Say Tom, what would you rather have in all the world than my note for one hundred dollars?

Tighteash (who is grumpy)—Ten cents in cash.—Chicago Record.

SONGE OF 1894

In One of the Years Gone My. push aside the far away see a little picture framed in a summ

day
That hangs in memory's gallery as the brightest, dearest view
My fancy ever painted, or my history ever
knew.

and the sea
Stretched out as far ag eye could reach like
Vast eternity:
A sunset grow upon the sky where clouds all
timed lay,
As good-by words the sun had left for twillight
lips to say.

And a little maiden standing in dreamy reverse A soit, glad light upon her face, which looked far out to sea;
While wind which tossed the sparkling waves played with her shining hair.
As if it half expected to find some sun-teams there.

I look upon this picture and my heart is throb-bing fast.

The freshness of its beauty was in the happy

past;
But though time has dimmed its color it is still
as dear to me,
For its presence lights life gallery as a gift of
memory.

The little maiden's golden hair has turned to twilight gray:
Her girlish dreams have wakened as she passed along life's way;
Yet hand in hand togother, youth's hope fulfilled we see
As 'neath time's fading shadows shines love's eternity.

—Edith L. Crary, in Judgo.

-Edith L. Crary, imJudge.

Salutation. Cold drift the snows about our feet to-day, But dawn shall wake again the sleeping May; The warmth and light and odor let me borrow From that dear waking hour—sweet friend, good morrow!

Dreams of a grief-worn brain are ours to day. Fear's mocking voices fill us with dismay, But there sing they who triumphed over sor-row, with their bilthe tones my heart bids thee good morrow.

-M. E. H. Everett, in Current Topics.

morrow.

—M. E. H. Everett, in Current Topics.

Evening.

Far o'er the plains the setting sun

Sinks in a food of liquid light.

The creeping snadows dark and dun

Speak the durnal Journey run,

And herald the approaching night.

And herald the approaching night.

The slanting sunbeams glance and gleam

On many a broad and winding stream.

Full loath to lose in waters seem

Full loath to lose in the stream.

Full loath to lose in the seem

Full loath to lose in seem

Full loath to lose in seem

Full loath to lose in seem

Ambitious rears its poyful peak

To catch the last faint golden streak

To catch the last faint golden streak

To see the day, and, as it dies,

Fair Luna mounts the castern sides,

Calin, cold, majestic, as to say:

"Why mourn the slow-departing day?

"Why mourn the slow-departing day

Our Lives. Would our lives seem any dearer, If our future we could see And the map was laid before us Of the great eternity?

Would we do God's will the better
If an angel whispered low
That the summons comes to-morrow,
We must be prepared to go?

Would the hasty words be spoken Or the frown we oft would stay Cloud our brow if we our future Knew it as it came each day?,

Would our thoughts be any purer,
Be our deeds of mercy more,
If the curtain could be lifted
And we saw the other shore?

Ah, methinks if we could see it Tear the veil from off the years, That the worldly lives of sunshine Would shed many bitter tears. Why not live as God would have us?
Be prepared when He shall call?
For from death the there be shrinking
It will surely come to all.
—Elva L Angell, in Inter Ocean

To Her Boa.

About my lady's snowy neck,

O, little boa of fur,

You cling whenever she goes out,

And like it, I aver.

Her chin she nestles close to you, And you peep out beneath; You can't conceal your ecstasy, But smile and show your teeth.

1 know she loves me very well, It's very trying, though, To see you in a place where my Most anxious arm can't go.

Grin on, smile on, O little clf,
About that sweet throat curled!
If my right arm were in your place
I'd laugh at all the world!
—Boston Traveller.

The Story.

The Winter mist passed through the vale And hid the mountains, blue and pale. It wreathed the hedge with quaint designs, I'll wreathed the hedge with quaint designs, I'll wreathed the hedge with quaint designs, I'll wreathed the hedge with quaint designs, And wrapped the river in a shroud Until it seemed a flowing eloud, Then passing on to regions dim. Sad tears from every branch and limb Like richest jewels penient hung. Then suidenly a shaft was fung; A ray of sunlight pierced the gray. And made the mile call minima seem. And made the mile call minima seem. And made the mile call minima seem. Gloom field as shone the light above—thought spoke of sorrow won by love,—Harper's Bazar.

Butterflies.

Duce, in a garden, when the thrush's song,
Pealing at morn, made holy all the air,
Till earth was healed of many an ancient
wrong,
And life appeared another name for prayer,

Rose suddenly a swarm of butterfiles
On wings of white and gold and azure fire;
And one said: "These are flowers that seek
the skies.
Loosed by the spell of their supreme desire."
—Charles G. D. Roberts, in Harper's Magazine.

A Coasting Song.

Hurry, scurry! Through the snow,
Bobby's sted and Bobby go.
In the storm or pleasant weather,
Bobby and his sled togother.

Blow your fingers, stamp your toes, Don't let Jack Frost n.p your nose! Up the hill, and d.wn again: Lots of fun for little men! —St Nicholas

—St Nicholas

When We Shall Neet.

Birds in the biossoms shall sing to the sities
When we shall meet;
Roses shall climb to your hips and your eyesWaves of glad rivers in meledy rise;
Peace after paining, and song; after sighs.
When we shall meet!

Earth shall be beautiful, life shall be blest When we shall meet; Over the desolate thorns in the breast There shall be radiant roses of rest Bright from God's gardens—but God kno

When we shall meet!

-Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

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results."

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fin alorin that is becoming the fashion with physicians and patients everywhere.

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FOR SALE.—A good first-class weekly news paper; large advertising patronage, good subscription list, and job work; reasons for sel-ling and price given on application; published in Luzerne county. Address S. S. Herring, R People's Bank, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

A UDITOR'S NOTICE.—In re-annexation to the borough of Freeland, of adjoining

territory.

The addit in the above stated case is continued until Friday, Januard 19, 1894, at 2 o'clock p. m., at my office in the city of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., where all parties having claims against the said territory or borough of Freeland will be heard.

January 12, 1894.

January 12, 1804.

VOTICE.—The undersigned has been appointed attorney and trustee for Wim. D. Rime and Daniel Rime, late trading as Kilne Bros., and hereby gives public notice that all accounts due on the books of said Kline Bros. must be gaid to the undersigned without furging the part of the modersigned without furging the part of the moderate of the part of th

Freeland, Pa., January 3, 1894.

RLECTION NOTICE—Notice is hereby given that at the election to be held on the third Tuesday of February, 1894, being the 39th day of the month, the following officers of the middle coal field noor district are to be elected, to wit. One person for director to serve three with the coal field noor district are to be elected, to wit. One person for district are to be elected, to leave the coal field noor district are to be elected, to extend the coal field noor district. One person for poor auditor, to serve three year, from April 1, 1894, whose residence must be in that part of the district known as Hazleton or upper district.

A. M. NEUMILLER, SAMUEL HARLEMAN, A. S. MONROE. - - - \$1.50 - - -

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COR. LAUREL and MINE STREETS.
Monuments, Headstones, Iron and Galvanized Fences, Sawed Building Stones, Window Caps, Door Sills, Mantels, Grates, Coping, Composition, Stonelland,





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I will sell you holiday goods this year at very low prices. My stock is complete in Watches, Clocks, Rings, Silverware and Musical Instruments of all kinds.

FREE ENGRAVING ON ALL GOODS
PURCHASED OF ME. PHILIP GERITZ, Corner Front and Centre Streets

WE TELL YOU

ness, that returns a profit for every day's work, such is the business we offer the working class, such is the business we offer the working class, such as the property of the working of the working of \$200.00 a month.

Every one who takes hold now and works will.

Every one who takes hold now and works will.

Every one who takes hold now and works will.

Every one who takes hold now and works will.

Every one who takes hold now and works will.

Every one who takes hold now and works will can be no question about it held read to help and the same and the same and the same are doing it, and you, reader, can do the same ritis is the best paying business that you have ever had the chance to secure. You will make a return business, and the same that the chance to secure. You will make a fix you graph the situation, and as the same will directly find yourself in a most prosperous will be a support to the prosperous will be a support to th