

# LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD

Anthracite coal used exclusively, insuring cleanliness and comfort.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS. NOV. 18, 1914.

**LEAVE FREELAND.**  
6:05, 8:25, 9:31, 10:41 a. m., 1:35, 2:27, 3:40, 4:52, 6:12, 6:58, 8:05, 8:57 p. m., for Drifton, Jeddo, Lumber Yard, Stockton and Hazleton.  
6:05, 8:25, 9:31 a. m., 1:35, 3:40, 4:52 p. m., for Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Philadelphia and New York.  
6:05, 8:25, 10:41 a. m., 2:27, 4:25, 6:58 p. m., for Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Pottsville.  
7:20, 9:16, 10:56 a. m., 11:54, 4:34 p. m., (via Hazleton Branch), for White Haven and Glen Summit, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and L. and B. Junction.

**SUNDAY TRAINS.**  
11:40 a. m. and 3:45 p. m. for Drifton, Jeddo, Lumber Yard and Hazleton.  
3:45 p. m. for Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, New York and Philadelphia.

**ARRIVE AT FREELAND.**  
7:30, 9:27, 10:56, 11:54 a. m., 12:58, 2:13, 4:34, 5:53, 6:58, 8:47 p. m., from Hazleton, Stockton, Lumber Yard, Jeddo and Drifton.  
7:30, 9:27, 10:56 a. m., 2:13, 4:34, 6:58 p. m., from Delano, Mahanoy City and Shenandoah (via New Boston Branch).  
12:58, 5:33, 8:47 p. m., from New York, Easton, Philadelphia, Bethlehem, Allentown and Mauch Chunk.  
9:27, 10:56 a. m., 12:58, 5:33, 6:58, 8:47 p. m., from Easton, Philadelphia, Bethlehem and Mauch Chunk.  
9:31, 10:41 a. m., 2:27, 4:25 p. m. from White Haven, Glen Summit, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and L. and B. Junction (via Hazleton Branch).

**SUNDAY TRAINS.**  
11:31 a. m. and 3:31 p. m., from Hazleton, Lumber Yard, Jeddo and Drifton.  
11:31 a. m. from Delano, Hazleton, Philadelphia and Easton.  
3:31 p. m. from Delano and Mahanoy region.

For further information inquire of Ticket Agents.  
CHAS. S. LEE, Gen'l. Pass. Agent, Philadelphia, Pa.  
ROLLIN H. WILBUR, Gen. Supt. East. Div., A. W. NONNEMACHER, Ass't. G. P. A., South Bethlehem, Pa.

**THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD.**  
Time table in effect January 20, 1915.

Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Eckley, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Loan and Hazleton Junction at 6:10, 6:10 a. m., 12:19, 4:15 p. m., daily except Sunday, and 7:30 a. m., 9:28 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomhicken and Deringer at 6:00 a. m., 12:00 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:00 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Oneida Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Oneida and Shepton at 6:10 a. m., 12:00, 4:15 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:00 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomhicken and Deringer at 6:00 a. m., 1:30 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 8:35 a. m., 4:22 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Oneida Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Oneida and Shepton at 6:47, 9:37 a. m., 12:40, 4:46 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:30 a. m., 3:08 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Deringer for Tomhicken, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazleton Junction, Loan, Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 2:55, 6:07 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 9:37 a. m., 5:07 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Shepton for Oneida, Humboldt Road, Harwood Road, Oneida Junction, Hazleton Junction and Loan at 8:15, 10:15 a. m., 1:15, 5:25 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 8:00 a. m., 3:44 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Shepton for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 3:44 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 10:38 a. m., 3:25, 4:47, 6:40 p. m., daily, except Sunday; and 10:08 a. m., 5:38 p. m., Sunday.

All trains connect at Hazleton Junction with electric cars for Hazleton, Jeannette, Audenried and other points on the Traction Company's line.

Trains leaving Drifton at 6:10 a. m., Hazleton Junction at 9:27 a. m., and Shepton at 1:15 p. m., connect at Oneida Junction with Lehigh Valley trains east and west.

Trains leaving Drifton at 6:00 a. m. makes connection at Deringer with P. R. R. train for Wilkes-Barre, Sunbury, Harrisburg and points west.

DANIEL O'KEEFE, Superintendent.

**LEADING JEWELRY STORE**



**Philip Geritz,**  
Corner Front and Centre Streets.

I am the oldest jeweler in town. I have had the largest practical experience in repairing and will guarantee you thorough work.

I have always in stock the largest assortment of Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Platedware, Rings, Diamonds and Musical Instruments.

I will do ENGRAVING FREE OF CHARGE on any article purchased from me.

**W. L. DOUGLAS**  
\$3 SHOES

IS THE BEST. FIT FOR A KING.

55. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.  
\$4.35 FINE CALF & KANGAROO  
\$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.  
\$2.50 WORKINGMEN'S.  
EXTRA FINE.  
\$2.17 BOYS SCHOOL SHOES.  
LADIES - \$3.25 \$2.50 \$2.11 DONGOLA.  
BEST BATALOGUE W. L. DOUGLAS.  
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Over One Million People wear the W. L. Douglas \$3 & 4 Shoes

All our shoes are equally satisfactory. They give the best value for the money. They equal custom shoes in style and fit. Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed. The prices are uniform - stamped on sole. From \$1 to \$5 saved over other makes. If your dealer cannot supply you we can. Sold by

Hugh Malloy, Centre and Walnut Sts.

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**COTTAGE HOTEL.**

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FRED. HAAS, Prop.

First-class accommodation for permanent and transient guests. Good table. Fair rates. Bar nicely stocked. Stable attached.

**ALEX. SHOLLACK,**  
BOTTLER.

Beer, Porter, Wine, and Liquors.

Cor. Washington and Walnut Streets, Freeland.

# FREELAND TRIBUNE.

PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY AND THURSDAY.

THOS. A. BUCKLEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE: MAIN STREET ABOVE CENTER.

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES.**  
One Year.....\$1.50  
Six Months.....75  
Four Months.....50  
Two Months.....25

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.

**For instance:**  
Grover Cleveland 23 June 23, 1915. means that Grover is paid up to June 23, 1915. Keep the figures in advance of the present date. Report promptly to this office when your paper is not received. All arrearsages must be paid when paper is discontinued, or collection will be made in the manner provided by law.

FREELAND, PA., MAY 13, 1915.

**Unjust Insinuations.**

From the Wilkes-Barre Newsdealer. This is an age of skepticism in many things. The mad rush for wealth has put a price on every man's head, as it were. No matter how honest a man's motive may be some people will be found who will misconstrue it. And suspicion doesn't rest solely on the individual, either. Any body of men organized for any purpose are subject to unjust criticism, too. And as it very often happens the skeptic doesn't confine himself to criticism. He resorts to scandal. And if we analyze carefully we will find that the scandal mongers are not confined solely to the ignorant class. The most intelligent are oftentimes the most glib in this respect. In fact the more intelligent a man is the more skeptical he is inclined to be.

The skeptic, as a rule, has no faith in the modern newspaper. He thinks whatever policy it pursues on public questions is prompted by dollars and cents. Most people, whether they are skeptics or not, are of the same opinion. They believe, and some of them are honest in their belief, too, that nearly every article that appears in a newspaper is paid for, and those that do not appear must have a cash value, or otherwise they would have appeared. Only a short time ago our attention was called to a case in this city which will illustrate our meaning. One of our reporters took the pains to write up an extended wedding notice for a young couple in the southern part of the city. He had no other object in view but to please the interested parties. Yet his motive was misconstrued. The very next day an old maid remarked to one of her neighbors that she was sure the "piece" had been paid for, because the young husband had told her upon one occasion that "every man had his price."

A brother newspaper man tells of a like experience, only a little more gruesome. A citizen of the town had died. He was really a good man and the newspaper only voiced the sentiments of the community when it paid a tribute to his worth as a father, husband and citizen. Yet there was a man—it is doubtful if he can be called such—who was cruel enough to say that the editor had been paid 50 cents a line for every line printed about deceased. And so it goes. If a newspaper urges some improvement in the community in which it is published there are sure to be some who will say there is a bootle back of it. If a public building or a horse-car railroad is advocated the finger of suspicion is sure to be pointed at the editor as one having an axe to grind.

Now, as a matter of fact, and we believe every newspaper proprietor will coincide with us, no individual, association or corporation is called upon to do so much work free gratis as the average newspaper. From the politician who wants an office down to the widow who is trying to raise a few dollars from the proceeds of a raffle, the newspaper is expected to give its aid and ask no questions. And yet publishing a newspaper is a legitimate enterprise like any other business.

Another erroneous impression some people have is that a newspaper is made rich at every election; that the office-seekers throw big piles of money into its coffers, etc., during the progress of the campaign. Nothing could be farther from the truth. No man has such a "poor mouth" as the politician when he enters the office of a newspaper. He may get a few cards printed, costing probably \$2 or \$3, on which the proprietor makes about 50 or 75 cents profit, providing he is fortunate enough to get his money. If the newspaper man does not get his money before election, and if the candidate is defeated he can whistle for it.

All talk, then, of newspapers getting big money about election time is a myth. If the candidates are fortunate enough to have any it finds its way into the hands of the county committees, who expend it on poll men and politicians who are supposed to have a pull. But none of it reaches a newspaper office. Sometimes when we are requested to give advertising free and our press room is raided for free papers we are prompted to ask the beggars why they do not seek the grocer across the way and demand some of his coffee and sugar free; but we refrain lest we should lose our reward in the world to come.

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.

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# Picotin.

A Clown's Love Story.



(Copyright.)

Continued from Thursday.  
Babinette was gone!  
That was all that Picotin comprehended in the midst of the shrill outcries and upbraidings of her distracted parents. He stood there sullenly listening, with bent head, as they again and again asked him why he had not put an end to his foolish courting by marriage. Was a young girl like that to be consulted. He had contrived she should run away with one of those penniless students, now he was too rich and proud to have her child. Yet she was pretty and good enough to be any man's wife, let alone a clown's. But they knew it was his fault; oh, yes, he alone was to blame—and what would they do now, the poor old parents, without the child's talents to help in supporting them?

He knew that was the sum total of their grief, and that the annuity he could settle upon them, now he was a rich man, would dry up their tears and even cast a halo of grateful remembrance round the day on which their child had deserted them. It took so little to console some people, but with himself it was different.  
Babinette was gone!  
He tried not to think of the rascal who had decoyed her away, for when he did so a fierce regret shook his soul for not having strangled him when he lay at the mercy of his strong grasp.  
Oh, that sweet child! with its starry eyes, he never should see again! Picotin crept back to his own little chamber like a wounded animal that seeks some spot in which to moan out its ebbing life in solitude. Not that he felt himself about to die. Far from it. He was a man, and could fight out his anguish and bury his dead heart away from human eyes, so that none would know that he lived henceforth without one.

When evening came he went down to fulfill his engagement as usual. He put on the old dress, tumbled head over heels into the ring, plunged both hands into the baggy pockets, with legs wide apart, and nodded comically to the audience in acknowledgement of their applause.  
"He has had a fortune left him, but he treats even that as a joke, and means to continue his foolery and give the money all away to the poor," whispered the red-faced attorney, over whose shoulder seemed to have cast a spell of fascination, for he came to see him every night and laughed more than anyone there. To him it was the most exquisite of jokes that a man should prefer to stand on his head and be poor rather than live at his ease the right side up like other people.

Three years passed and Picotin traveled through many towns and cities, always with growing reputation as the most imitable clown there had ever been. Everywhere people held their sides at recollection of his jokes, his antics, his thousand and one ways of drollery, and everywhere Picotin's name was quoted as an embodiment of humor, some great charitable institution rejoiced in a mysterious donation and some poor wretch blessed an unknown benefactor.  
At last he came to Paris and the people went mad over him. The ladies introduced a little more money into their costumes than usual, even a la Picotin. They preferred the fool's cap to any other form of headgear, and no doubt it suited some of them admirably. Picotin found himself surrounded by flatterers. Rumors of his fortune and his eccentric ways were grossly exaggerated. He might even have thrown the handkerchief like a great pacha, and found the most fastidious ready to pick it up; but he passed them all by with unseeing eyes, solitary and mournful as he had been in the beginning of his career.

"He is so charmingly absurd, this dear Picotin," said the ladies. "If one speaks to him of himself he looks at one in that heart-broken way of his, and says that outside the ring he ceases to exist. He is rather brusque and undoubtedly queer, but he is adorable."  
One night after an ovation more brilliant than usual, Picotin had escaped from the white-faced messenger, who gasped out his bad intelligence. The clown stared at him wildly; the audience were clamoring for their favorite's return, and their acclamations sounded like a muffled roar. To leave now would be to spoil the whole evening's entertainment and throw everyone else out, and Picotin had always been the most conscientious of artists. As he hesitated it seemed to him comically as if this insatiable public were demanding his heart's blood shed for their amusement, and the first shudder of repugnance he had ever felt for his long-pursued career shook him from head to foot.

A quarter of an hour had scarcely flown in that hurried drive when the pious Sisters attending the sick child were startled at the strange figure which flung itself down at the little crib. Picotin had not stayed to change his dress; he had only thought of Bebe's delicious, tossing her golden head from side to side while she called aloud his name.  
He bent with passionate anxiety over

straight to his heart and he hastened to call assistance.  
"Where to?" asked the commission-alice.  
Picotin reflected for half a second. The nearest hospital was far away and his own luxurious apartments close at hand. He gave the men that direction, and sending one of them for a doctor and nurse, took his place in assisting to remove the helpless creature.  
An hour afterwards the religious, who had taken her place by the bedside of the rescued woman, came softly into the adjacent room where Picotin was and touched him on the arm.  
The clown had been sitting with his head between his hands. He raised it slowly, expecting to see the red-faced lawyer, the flaring gas-jet and the wooden walls of his old dressing-room, for that moment of his life was strongly before him. Instead of this, he saw a black-robed Sister, with the head-dress of her order standing out like white wings on each side of her pensive countenance, a softly lighted apartment, and there upon the floor a woman in ragged shawl, recalling him to the present.  
"Monseigneur, the doctor says she cannot last long. I have already sent for the priest. Come quick, she seems to have something on her mind she wishes to say."

It was all over.  
Life was exceeding cruel, and love had made a mock of the wan-faced woman who had once been starry-eyed Babinette. Only death was kindly, thought Picotin, as he turned away with a numb feeling of anguish and a bitter remembrance of that which might have been, while his clown's existence seemed, as it often did, the only natural one upon this earth, where all went by contraries.  
Ever since that night a new interest had crept into his life.  
The woman who had wronged him had died in peace because he had promised to be a father to her child and that of the one man whom he had hated as an enemy, even while struggling to forgive.  
Ever Picotin! Much had been asked of him, and as for the first time he stooped over the sleeping infant and marked how the mother had starved herself to preserve the rounded softness of those little limbs, some of the repugnance he felt for the father receded, in spite of himself, upon this poor innocent he had vowed to cherish.  
But suddenly it woke and looked with baby wonderment up into his face; then crowing with baby confidence and delight held out its chubby arms. As those arms closed round his neck and the curly head rubbed against his cheek, Picotin's heart expanded with the consciousness that he had at last found something to love. Henceforth his heroic life between these two strangely-assorted beings was one long laughter and delight.  
As the years passed on only one fear, that the real father might some day claim his child, marred the clown's happiness. He idolized her with a rapt devotion far more satisfying and less disquieting than that which he had felt for her mother long ago. Nothing was too good for Bebe, in the opinion of Papa Picotin, and no amount of caresses were too many for Papa Picotin, in the opinion of Bebe.  
It was with a terrible sense of self-sacrifice that as she grew older he placed the child in a convent school, where she could be better cared for and trained in those accomplishments he vaguely believed necessary to a young lady destined to inherit a considerable fortune. As for himself, he still continued his old career, partly from habit, partly from love of that to which he seemed to be the manner born, and because he was still so great a favorite with the public.  
Not long after Picotin had taken the painful step of sending Bebe to school she fell ill of some childish malady, which suddenly taking a serious turn caused them to send for him in haste. He was just quitting the ring amid a burst of laughter when he almost fell over the white-faced messenger, who gasped out his bad intelligence.  
The clown stared at him wildly; the audience were clamoring for their favorite's return, and their acclamations sounded like a muffled roar. To leave now would be to spoil the whole evening's entertainment and throw everyone else out, and Picotin had always been the most conscientious of artists. As he hesitated it seemed to him comically as if this insatiable public were demanding his heart's blood shed for their amusement, and the first shudder of repugnance he had ever felt for his long-pursued career shook him from head to foot.

A famous New York painter speaking of Paul Bourget and his wife, says, "Oh, he is not enough, but it is she who is the rare being. The best of Bourget is that he really has the air of appreciating that fact. He treats her with a tender deference that is very nice. She has a quicker intelligence about pictures than he has though she is so modest she does not seem to have ever found out how clever or how charming she is."  
Satisfaction in every respect guaranteed at Refowich's, Freeland.

the tiny, flushed face, murmuring words of tenderness, but the child turned round on her pillow with a cry of terror. She did not know that white and red apparition with the huge ruff standing out all round and the eyebrows drawn almost to the roots of the hair. She sobbed and screamed with fright. Picotin rose bewildered as the grave nuns shrank from him as if he had been an incarnation of the evil one; only the good doctor smiled a little at the scene as he whispered:  
"Wipe the paint from your face, monseigneur, and put this coat over your dress; then perhaps the child may recognize you."  
"To-night will have been my last appearance," said the clown sadly, doing as he was bid, for it occurred to him that if Bebe died he would not have this heart to joke again.  
"Where he approached the crib once more, hesitating, fearful of those large eyes filled with feverish apprehension turned once more in his direction.  
"Papa Picotin!"  
With a little sob of infinite content Bebe nestled into his breast, as the clown wrapped his arms about the tiny world and held her close to his heart.  
"Papa Picotin, good papa," she murmured, stroking his cheek, while the doctor nodded approvingly as he saw the sleep, for which he had been watching, gradually seal up the small painter's eyelids in a slumber that meant salvation.  
It was a strange and touching sight—the man with his haggard face and fool's dress sitting there motionless with the child throughout the long hours, and when at last she woke refreshed and the doctor bade him lay his burden down and go home to rest awhile, the grave nuns looked at him with admiration in their eyes. No mother could have been more patient, more tender than this curious being in his antic dress who ministered to the world's folly.  
Daylight was just about to dawn as Picotin stepped out into the air. The lamps in the streets had not yet been extinguished, and a few of those miserable wretches or late revelers who haunt the night still crept in and out of the shadows. One of these, a man in rags; with vice stamped on his features, stopped Picotin and hoarsely demanded alms. He had been squatting near the convent gates, and had dogged the clown's footsteps for some distance before he made the appeal, and an uncharitable sense of this made the latter look at him with inquiry.  
The man shivered as the cold winds blew his rags about. He was a ghastly spectacle, standing there in the pale, uncertain light, one hand, not unlike a claw, held eagerly out, the other buried in his breast.  
Picotin shuddered, too. He hastily thrust all he had into the upturned palm, and was about to pass on when a face seemed to leap out of the recesses of his memory and press with a look of concentrated malignity close to his own.  
"You!" he cried, staggering backward; then almost before the word had left his lips a blow from that hidden hand had stretched him lifeless on the ground.

All Paris rang with the news. They were crying it along the boulevards and amid the traffic of the streets, "Assassination of Picotin, the clown." Even the quiet nuns heard this rumor of the outer world as they watched by the bedside of the little child sleeping peacefully, her golden curls spread out that had all night been pillowed on the breast of that strange, tender-hearted being, whom dawn had found lying face upwards, still clad in his jester's dress, alone and silent in the deserted street. The pious women lowered their heads and sighed. They did not doubt it was a judgment of heaven that had laid him low for ministering to the depraved tastes of a wicked world; still their lips moved in silent prayer, for they recalled those tender, haggard eyes which had watched with them all through the troubled night.  
And their prayers were answered, for Picotin's body, if not his soul, was saved.  
He had been picked up and taken to the hospital as dead, but the wound in his breast was about to pass on when after all, and a month later Bebe, radiant, joyous, was leading papa Picotin by the hand, laughing to think that he too, had been ill as she had been.  
She never knew that the miserable creature that dealt the blow was her own father, and that his body, dragged from the river, had been identified by the clown at the morgue quite by chance and so gained decent burial. Picotin folded all these secrets in his heart where the sunny-haired child nestled confidingly, repaying him through the long, bright years, with her laughter and her love.  
Paris had to digest its disappointment as best it might, for, after all, the clown had died and his admirers of a sensational exit by getting well still, that night was positively his last appearance in the ring, where he never came tumbling head over heels again, though his old suit of motley always hangs ready at hand, and Bebe declares he shall some day go to a fancy ball in it with her. "Pareque 'il est si beau comme ca—si beau!"—Athea Phillips.

**Friends of Fernine Journalists!**  
"Lillian Russell and Mrs. Dr. Parkhurst are the nicest women to newspaper women in America," said a New York feminine journalist. "Mrs. Gerge Gould is always pleasant, if you can get at her at all, and the same thing is true of Mrs. Cleveland, and they are very accessible to women they know or have some special interest in. Sometimes people gibe at women for having their names in the papers, and assume that they want to be 'written up,' but the truth is the women whose names are of real interest to the public are written up much more than most of them want to be."  
Mrs. Paul Bourget.

A famous New York painter speaking of Paul Bourget and his wife, says, "Oh, he is not enough, but it is she who is the rare being. The best of Bourget is that he really has the air of appreciating that fact. He treats her with a tender deference that is very nice. She has a quicker intelligence about pictures than he has though she is so modest she does not seem to have ever found out how clever or how charming she is."  
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# UP TO DATE!

Custom-made and good substantial wearing clothing, with the largest assortment to select from, is what you always find our clothing department gleaming with, at trade-bringing prices. Ill-fitting, old style and shoddy clothes find no room in our stores, and all goods sold by us you will find exactly as represented. For the coming week we have many bargains in store for you, of which the following are but a few:  
Children's 25c knee pants, 15c.  
Children's all-wool cheviot 62c knee pants, for the week 30c.  
Boys' good solid two-piece suits, a \$2 value, at \$1 the suit.  
Fine unbleached pants, in neat stripes, 60c the pair; formerly \$1.  
Sweet, Orr & Co.'s celebrated yellow ticket \$1.25 and \$1.50 pants for 90c pair.  
Men's \$5 suits, \$3 for the week.  
Men's fine all-wool custom-made \$10 suits, for the week \$6.

**DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT:**  
Lack of space prevents us doing justice to the endless array of bargains we have awaiting you. We can here mention but a few, which are:  
Very fine full yard wide bleached sheeting, 5c the yard.  
The very best Amoskeag and Lancaster apron gingham, 5c the yard.  
The celebrated coaching serges and figured crepons, 15c the yard; a 33c value.  
Fine unbleached 66-inch wide table linen, 19c; a 30c value.  
Fine Turkey red 66-inch wide table linen, 22c; a 35c value.  
Throughout the entire department, in which you will find all the desirable fabrics for hot weather dresses, together with a full line of dry goods of all descriptions at equally as low prices as above mentioned.

**NOTION DEPARTMENT:**  
8-inch curling irons, with nickel mounted hardwood handles, 5c each.  
Ladies' fine percale waists, in light and indigo blue figures, with large sleeves and yoke, at 25c each; worth 50c.  
Ladies' fine laundered percale waists, large sleeves and yoke 50c; worth 75c.  
**GOOD SHOES SELLING VERY CHEAP.**  
**JOS. NEUBURGER,**  
Leader and Promoter of Low Prices, Freeland.

# New Goods Arriving Daily at The Freeland Bargain House.

We are now prepared to show you the largest and most complete assortment of spring clothing, hats, shoes and gents' furnishing goods, that has ever been witnessed in the history of Freeland, and the prices will suit everybody's pocketbook. Come in before going elsewhere.

**REMEMBER THE PLACE.**  
**THE FREELAND BARGAIN HOUSE,**  
D. GROSS, Prop.  
Centre Street, Five Points, Freeland.

**WAVERLY BICYCLES**



Lead the World! Best Wheel Manufactured!

DO NOT BE INDUCED TO PAY MORE FOR AN INFERIOR MACHINE. SEE THE WAVERLY BEFORE YOU BUY. IT IS THE LIGHTEST, STRONGEST AND MOST DURABLE WHEEL MADE, AND IS WARRANTED FIRST-CLASS. CALL AND INSPECT THEM.

Brand-New Bicycles, From \$45 Up.  
For Ladies, Gents, or Children.

**A. A. BACHMAN,** Next to Central Hotel, FREELAND.

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