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LEADING
Jeweler and Practical
Watchmaker in Freeland.
Corner Front and Centre Streets.

Harness!
Harness!

Light Carriage Harness,
\$5.50, \$7, \$9 and \$10.50.
Heavy Express Harness,
\$16.50, \$19, \$20 and \$22.
Heavy Team Harness,
double, \$25, \$28 and \$30.

GEO. WISE,
Jeddo and Freeland, Pa.

A new stock of blankets, lap robes, buffalo robes, etc., just arrived, are selling cheap.

WAVERLY Bicycles.



Lead the World!

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 \$45.00 UP**, for ladies, gent's, or children.

A. A. BACHMAN,
Next to Central Hotel, Freeland.

Fortunes Made and Saved
by following the advice of the

Wall Street Daily News,
(established 1879)

in speculating or investing in

Railway Stocks and Bonds.

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GEORGE FISHER,
dealer in
**FRESH BEEF, PORK, VEAL,
MUTTON, BOLOGNA,
SMOKED MEATS,
ETC., ETC.**

Call at No. 6 Walnut street, Freeland, or wait for the delivery wagons.

VERY LOWEST PRICES.

**FRANCIS BRENNAN'S
RESTAURANT**

151 Centre street.
**EXCELLENT LIQUORS,
BEER, PORTER,
ALE, CIGARS, Etc.**

All kinds of
TEMPERANCE DRINKS.

Chichester's English Diamond Brand.
PENNYROYAL PILLS
Original and Only Genuine.
SAFE, ALWAYS RELIABLE. LADIES ask
Beware of cheap imitations. **Take
no other. Before dangerous medicine
is used, get this. It is the only one
that is safe for the system. It is
"Relief for Ladies." In bottles, or send
Mail, \$10.00. Sent by return
Postage paid. Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Square
Philadelphia.**

**LIBOR WINTER,
RESTAURANT**

OYSTER SALOON.
No. 13 Front Street, Freeland.
The finest liquors and cigars served at the counter. Cool beer and porter on tap.

COTTAGE HOTEL.
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ISAAC FRY, Prop.

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

**ALEX. SHOLLACK,
BOTTLE.**
Beer, Porter, Wine,
and Liquors.

Cor. Walnut and Washington streets, Freeland.

FREELAND TRIBUNE.

PUBLISHED EVERY
MONDAY AND THURSDAY.

THOS. A. BUCKLEY,
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OFFICE: MAIN STREET ABOVE CENTRE.

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FREELAND, PA., JULY 8, 1895.

A Word About Bossism.

From the Philadelphia Record.
Bossism is a curse. Using government as a blind for private plunder; sapping its very life by subtle appeals to patriotism; turning the thinking citizen into a piece of automatic machinery, and thus striking at the very root of free institutions—these are the methods of the political Boss, and they inevitably tend to the moral and physical degradation of the body politic. But there are some things worse even than Bossism. Cowardice is worse; the decay of manliness is worse; and it is worse than Bossism—yea, worse than a thousand Bosses—when a great people give themselves up mind, heart and soul to a band of rascals, traitors, hypocrites, political assassins and social midnight thieves—men who put behind them all sense of honor; who hover like vultures over the field of political carrion; who forget every obligation of friendship, kinship, country or conscience; who scout at the idea that "righteousness exalteth a nation," and who by their thoughts and acts remind their countrymen of the Russian proverb: "Christ Himself would have stolen if His hands had not been nailed to the cross."

Enormous high rates exacted by the eleven great coal carrying and mining corporations on the transportation of anthracite from the mines to tidewater markets is the chief cause of the long prevailing unsatisfactory condition of the coal trade. In previous discussions of this subject we have shown that the existing rates of \$1.70 per ton to Hoboken, N. J., and \$1.80 per ton to Buffalo, N. Y., enables the railroads that are associated in the "anthracite trust" to realize a net profit of about \$1 per ton on the total shipments. It is this exorbitant tariff which greatly diminishes the sale and consumption of anthracite and keeps production far in excess of the demand in all markets east, west, north and south. For many years rates of transportation have been out of all proportion to the actual cost of mining and preparing coal.—*Wilkes-Barre Telephone.*

There is a great deal heard at times about the dignity of this great commonwealth and the respect that is due the chief executive. All that can be said on the subject is undoubtedly true and good, but why cannot the governor of a state like Pennsylvania respect the office and the honor intrusted to him? Today Daniel H. Hastings is rushing around dickering with every Tom, Dick and Harry, who can control a dozen Republican votes, and for what purpose? To secure delegates enough to elect him state chairman of his party. The man who will sacrifice the dignity of that high position and barter appointments for delegates, that he may lead a faction, is unworthy of the respect of all good citizens.

The cheerful news of advancing wages continues all along the line. The daily newspapers' columns are filled with the joyful tidings of coming prosperity, but few of the rabid Republican organs can spare space for facts of that character. Their managers would rather that the country be involved in hopeless bankruptcy than to see it prosper under a Democratic administration. Americans can be thankful that the prejudiced partisans who run party sheets do not control the business affairs of the nation.

It is strange that Luzerne must call upon Lackawanna and Monroe counties for help to carry on its court business. If our own judges were ill or unavoidably absent, it would be different, but Judge Edwards and Judge Albright have each spent a week upon the bench at Wilkes-Barre, while the man elected to that position is enjoying the summer elsewhere, and, it is alleged, absolutely refuses to hold court, claiming that he did his share of work by presiding during the recent lengthy murder trial.

New industries for Freeland are very desirable, and the board of trade should have the moral and financial support of the town in its efforts to obtain them. It is no easy work to secure good reliable manufacturing plants, and some unlooked-for obstacles may be met with, and it is hoped that those at the head will overcome whatever may arise and that before 1896 Freeland will be on the road to become something more than a mining town.

In many localities courts have adjourned, mills have stopped and schools have been dismissed to give opportunity for a visit to the Sands & Astley show.

Try the Near Well Shoe House. Their goods cost no more and give better satisfaction than any other store in Freeland.

Summer neckwear, 25c at Refewich's.

TOLD BY FAMOUS MEN.

Ex-Congressman Tracey as a Papal Zouave.

A MOMENT OF GREAT SUSPENSE.

Experience of One of President Cleveland's Intimate Friends—Fighting to Maintain the Temporal Power of the Pope—Glad to Leave the Service.

[Copyright, 1895.]

Ex-Congressman Charles Tracey, from the Albany district of New York, long known as one of President Cleveland's intimate friends, has consented to tell the story of his service as a member of the Papal zouaves in Italy.

"In 1870," said Mr. Tracey recently, "the Italian government determined to take possession of Rome. I was then at home in New York, but left for Rome in August and arrived at Civita Vecchia, the port of Rome, the very day it was taken by the Italian forces. There I met Keyes O'Cleary, who had been with me in the zouaves; a Mr. Kenyon, another gentleman who desired to enter the papal army, and young Hemans, a son of Mrs. Hemans, the poetess. O'Cleary had passed through Paris on his way to Rome, and the papal nuncio there had given him a packet of letters and papers for Frenchmen in the zouaves. These he had brought in a satchel. That night, after everybody in the hotel had gone to sleep, he and I got up and went through the packet, bringing all the papers and making the letters up into a smaller parcel, which we put back into the satchel. Next day we four—O'Cleary, Kenyon, Hemans and myself—took a carriage and followed the Italian army toward Rome. We were stopped by General Bixio of the Italian forces and informed that no one would be allowed to enter Rome until the city had capitulated. This did not suit us at all. We were eager to join the zouaves in order to take part in the defense of the Holy City and determined to try to get through the Italian lines.

"Driving back out of sight of the soldiery, we left our carriage, got into a ravine, stole along past the nearest sentries and then started on a dead run for Rome, 12 miles away. O'Cleary was carrying his satchel, and after we had gone some distance he said he was tired and passed it over to Hemans. As we jogged along, Hemans in front, O'Cleary touched me on



EX-CONGRESSMAN CHARLES TRACEY.

the arm, and with a significant wink and gesture toward the satchel whispered: 'It takes an Irishman to make himself as safe as possible under all circumstances. If we are caught, it will be Hemans they will hang and not me!' But we were not caught. We passed safely through the Italian lines, and on explaining to the outposts of the papal troops who we were and what our mission was we were allowed to enter the city. Here we separated from Hemans, who was correspondent for some London papers, and who wished to remain outside the city in order to observe the expected engagement. The three of us went at once to the headquarters of the colonel of the zouaves and enlisted for two years. The next morning the city was bombarded and two days later was surrendered to the Italian army.

The zouaves were sent to Civita Vecchia and kept in prison for several days. The terms of surrender included the right of the foreigners in the army to return to their homes. There were 2,500 of the zouaves in Rome. Our company was composed of about one-half gentlemen and one-half servants who did our work and attended to our wants for pay. Whenever we heard of a fine gentleman recruit we always sent him an invitation to join our company, and in this way many of the first families of Europe and America were represented in our ranks.

"One day, while we were in the prison at Civita Vecchia, Captain D'Arcy, my commander, came up with some of the officers of the prison and said, 'Come and go out with us.' 'We did so, and after strolling about for awhile the party turned back toward the prison. They thought I was following them, but I gave them the slip and made a dash for a small boat not far away and succeeded in reaching a French frigate lying in the harbor. It turned out that I had taken this risk unnecessarily, for the next day permission came for D'Arcy, O'Cleary and myself to leave Italy, and we took passage for Genoa in an Italian warship.

"While we were lying in the harbor of Genoa and waiting for arrangements to be made to send us ashore there occurred a very interesting incident. Though we were first class passengers, there were a number of the poor zouaves down in the hold. It was dreadfully hot there, and they had no water and were suffering so much that D'Arcy made bold to let cans of water down to them through the hatchways. The Italian marines did not like this and gave us some fierce looks. Growing out of this affair an argument occurred at dinner between the captain of the guards, a pretty decent sort of fellow, and D'Arcy. The latter said the captain was not a good Catholic because he had been fighting against the pope. The captain maintained that he was a good Catholic, but that it was his duty to uphold his government and obey military orders. The argument was good natured enough, but the stewards who had overheard it reported the conversation to the guards, and next day, while the captain of the guards was on shore, leaving a sergeant in charge, the guards got hold of some liquor and became tipsy and ugly. I overheard them uttering threats against D'Arcy.

"Presently one of the tipsy guards came to me demanding to know where my captain was, and I told him he was on deck. As quickly as I could I hunted up D'Arcy and O'Cleary and told them that the guards meant mischief and urged upon them the necessity of keeping cool and quiet under all circumstances. D'Arcy re-

plied that he thought he could keep his temper, but just the same he went down to his cabin, took a revolver out of his satchel and kept it in his hand in the outer pocket of a sack coat which he was wearing at the time. We were walking up and down the deck when a party of the guards came up and marched us before the drunken sergeant, surrounded by his men. The sergeant ordered D'Arcy to stand up before him, and then the petty tyrant and his officers commenced abusing us. Just as things were getting squally I saw a boat with some zouaves coming toward us from the shore, and I shouted to them to go back for the captain of the guards because his men were threatening D'Arcy with bodily injury.

"All this time the sergeant was doing his best to tantalize D'Arcy into some sort of retaliation. He called us all the vile names he could think of and said if he had the pope there he would dip him in the sea heels upmost. Through all this tirade of insult D'Arcy stood erect, cool and calm, with a cigar in his mouth and his right hand on his trusty revolver in his coat pocket. It was a moment of terrible suspense for me. I knew D'Arcy like a brother. He was a man of fiery temperament, as brave as a lion and in fact did not know what fear was. He was a great lover of the pope, and when the miserable sergeant uttered his insults against the pontiff I thought D'Arcy would lose control of himself and use his revolver. At this moment I caught his eye and put my fingers to my lips as a signal of encouragement to him to keep himself well in hand. It was one of the finest examples of self control under difficult circumstances that I have ever seen. Apparently he was as composed and thoroughly self possessed as if standing in a drawing room. Finally he asked if he might light his cigar, and the sergeant roughly told him 'No.'

"Meanwhile the sergeant and his guards continued drinking and getting tipsier and tipsier. At length the sergeant turned to me and said, 'I've a mind to shoot the dogs.' This suggestion was greeted with drunken cheers, and things began to look pretty serious for us. 'Load your guns, boys,' commanded the sergeant. The men loaded their carbines with savage glee, meanwhile making coarse jokes about our speedy departure into the next world. The sergeant lined his men up facing us and they turned and said to them: 'Now then, boys, when I say 'Fire!' you fire. I'm in charge here, and I guess I can do what I like with these beggars.' 'I don't think I will ever forget that moment,' continued General Tracey. 'The scene is as vividly before my eyes at this moment as it was at that time. The men were simply waiting for the word to fire, and considering the desperate character and drunken condition of the sergeant we all expected that word to be uttered at any moment. I would not have given 50 centimes for my life.

"Just then, as luck would have it, the boat which I had hailed and told to go back for the captain of the guards came alongside. The swish of the oars in the water was music in our ears, I can tell you. In a second more the captain's head appeared above the rail, and I was never before or since so glad to see a living man. My heart had for some minutes been up in my throat, but when the captain jumped aboard with his sword drawn and his eyes flashing fire that organ of mine dropped back into its accustomed place. To this day I occasionally wake up in the night imagining that I have seen in my dreams the ugly features and wicked eyes of that drunken sergeant and his tipsy comrades. The captain soon put a stop to the high handed proceedings of his men. He placed the sergeant under arrest, roundly scolded the privates and apologized to us. He then said, 'Now you shall go ashore and have no further trouble with these fellows.' The gallant fellow embarked in the boat with us himself for fear the soldiers might shoot at us if we went alone.

"Just as we were about to get into the boat I noticed one of the stewards who had reported D'Arcy's conversation to the guards reach in a closet on deck for his hat, though I paid no particular attention to the incident at the time. When we got ashore, they kept us talking in the custom house for a little while until the captain of the guards could explain to the police from and whither we were going. A carriage was then called to take us to the railway station, and I was just getting into the vehicle when I heard a scuffle behind us. Turning quickly, I saw that steward with a long dirk knife in his hand and his arm raised to strike at D'Arcy's back. At that instant one of the custom house officials grasped the villain by the throat and threw him to the sidewalk. We jumped into the carriage as quickly as possible and drove to the station. In ten minutes we were aboard the train and on our way to Switzerland, and I confess that I was heartily glad to get out of Italy with a whole skin."—WALTER WELLMAN.

The Earliest Cuckoo Song.
The very earliest cuckoo song dates back to the reign of Henry III (1216-73), and it is worthy of note that the music to which it was sung has also been preserved along with it. The words and thought are far more pleasing and poetic than those of the crude but much lauded "Ode to the Cuckoo" of Logan or Bruce, whichever of them wrote it, even in their modernized form, as they are given in Harting's "Ornithology of Shakespeare."

Summer is come in,
Loud sing, cuckoo!
The seed growth and the mead bloweth,
And the wood shoots now;
Sing, cuckoo!
The ewe bleats after the lamb,
The cow lows after the calf.
The bullock starts, the buck verta—
Merrily sing, cuckoo,
Well singest thou, cuckoo!
Mayest thou never cease!
—Gentleman's Magazine.

A Financial Curiosity.
In the window of a drug store on Market street is a financial curiosity. It is a check for 1 cent that was issued in March, 1874. On that date it was discovered in the Boston custom house that "J. S. Poe" had paid 1 cent more duty on goods received by him from England than the tariff justified. Although no demand was made for the overcharge the surplus had to be returned before the auditor would sign the balance sheet. So a check for 1 cent was made out and the assistant treasurer of the custom house was ordered to pay the amount to Mr. Poe. The check was never presented for honoring and has been preserved as a curiosity.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

The Baffled Villain.
The black robed villain dragged the body of his victim to the brink of the abyss. "Now," said he, "I will forever conceal all evidence of my awful deed. None but heaven sees me."
"Scuse me," remarked the one man audience, "but you are mistaken. I know the orchestra has all gone out for a beer, but I ain't here yet, you bet."—*Indianapolis Journal.*



Anthracite coal used exclusively, insuring cleanliness and comfort.
ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.
NOV. 18, 1894.

LEAVE FREELAND.

6:05, 8:25, 9:23, 10:41 a. m., 1:35, 2:27, 3:40, 4:25, 6:12, 6:58, 8:05, 8:57 p. m., for Drifton, Jeddo, Lumber Yard, Stockton and Hazleton.
6:05, 8:25, 9:23 a. m., 1:35, 3:40, 4:25 p. m., for Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Philadelphia, Easton and New York.
6:05, 9:23, 10:41 a. m., 2:27, 4:25, 6:58 p. m., for Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Pottsville.
7:23, 9:16, 10:56 a. m., 11:54, 4:34 p. m., (via High-Land Branch) for White Haven, 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.

7:23, 9:27, 10:56, 11:54 a. m., 12:58, 2:13, 4:34, 5:33, 6:23, 8:47 p. m., from Hazleton, Stockton, Lumber Yard, Jeddo and Drifton.
7:23, 9:27, 10:56 a. m., 2:13, 4:34, 6:58 p. m., from Delano, Mahanoy City and Shenandoah (via New Boston Branch).
7:23, 9:27, 10:56 a. m., from New York, Easton, Philadelphia, Bethlehem, Allentown and Mauch Chunk.
9:27, 10:56 a. m., 12:58, 5:23, 6:58, 8:47 p. m., from Easton, Philadelphia, Hazleton and Mauch Chunk.
9:23, 10:41 a. m., 2:27, 6:58 p. m. from White Haven, Glen Summit, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and L. and B. Junction (via High-Land 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,
PHILA., Pa.
ROLIN H. WILBUR, Gen. Supt. East. Div.,
A. W. NONNEMACHER, Asst. G. P. A.,
South Bethlehem, Pa.

THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD.

Time table in effect January 20, 1895.

Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Eckley, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Roan and Hazleton Junction at 6:00, 6:10 a. m., 12:05, 4:15 p. m., daily except Sunday, and 7:05 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday.
Trains leave Drifton for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomhicken and Deringer at 6:00 a. m., 12:09 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:05 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday.
Trains leave Drifton for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepton at 6:10 a. m., 12:05, 4:15 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:05 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday.
Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomhicken and Deringer at 6:35 a. m., 1:58 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 8:53 a. m., 4:22 p. m., Sunday.
Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepton at 6:45, 8:37 a. m., 12:40, 4:46 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:37 a. m., 3:08 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Deringer for Tomhicken, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazleton Junction, Roan, 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 Onedia, Humboldt Road, Harwood Road, Onedia Junction, Roan and Hazleton Junction at 8:18, 10:15 a. m., 1:15, 3:25 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 8:09 a. m., 3:44 p. m., Sunday.
Trains leave Shepton for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 10:15 a. m., 2:29 p. m., daily, except Sunday; and 8:09 a. m., 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, 5:47, 6:40 p. m., daily, except Sunday; and 10:58 a. m., 5:38 p. m., Sunday.
All trains connect at Hazleton Junction with electric cars for Hazleton, Jeannette's, Audenried and other points on the Traction Company's line.

Trains leaving Drifton at 6:10 a. m., Hazleton Junction at 6:24 a. m., and Shepton at 8:18 a. m., connect at Onedia 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 COX,
Superintendent.

LEHIGH TRACTION COMPANY.

Freeland Branch.
First car will leave Freeland for Drifton, Jeddo, Lapan, Dades, Shervale, Harleigh, Milnesville, Lattimer and Hazleton at 6:12 a. m. After this cars will leave every thirty minutes throughout the day until 11:12 p. m.
On Sunday first car will leave at 6:40 a. m., the next car will leave at 7:35 a. m., and then every thirty minutes until 11:05 p. m.

FOR SALE CHEAP.—A house and lot on Centre street, Freeland; lot, 23x125; house, 23x32. For further particulars inquire of Frank McDermott, Drifton, or at this office.

A Hopeful Outlook.

"Well, my dear madam, and how are you to-day?"
"O, doctor, I have terrible pains all over my whole body, and it seems impossible to breathe. Of course I can't sleep at all, and I haven't a particle of appetite."

"But otherwise you feel all right, don't you?"—Texas Sittings.

His Feelings.
Traverse—Did you go down to my tailor's and tell him I would settle that little matter?
Office Boy—Yes, sir.
Traverse—And did he seem convinced?
Office Boy—He did. He said he was convinced that you wouldn't.—N. Y. Herald.

Hard Lines.
Tommy (studying his lesson)—I say, pa, where does the Merrimac rise and into what sea does it empty?
Pa—I don't know, my son.
Tommy—You don't know, eh? And to-morrow the teacher will lick me on account of your ignorance.—City and Country.

No Official Announcement.
"I am told that Smithers is quite cured of his illness."
"I don't believe it," replied the blunt citizen.
"Why not?"
"I haven't seen his picture in any patent medicine advertisement."—Washington Star.

Domestic Amenities.
"I see by the papers, Mary, that Cornelius Vanderbit is to have a seventy-five-thousand-dollar mantle in his house at Newport."
"Yes, well, Mr. Jones, all the mantle you need is the mantle of charity when you make an exhibition of yourself at three a. m."—N. Y. Recorder.

A Just Rebuke.
Young Tutter (drawing closer)—I hope, Miss Clara, that your father, in the next room, can't hear what I am saying.
Miss Pinkerly (with dignity)—I hope, Mr. Tutter, that you will say nothing to me that you would not be willing, if necessary, to say to papa.—Life.

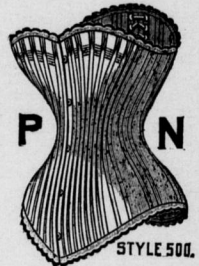
A Strategist.
Mr. A.—Mr. Charles is a very wise man.
Mr. B.—Why do you think so?
Mr. A.—I heard him in an argument with another and he let the other fellow do all the talking.—Texas Sittings.

DURING THESE WARM DAYS

You certainly want to enjoy as much comfort out of your wearing apparel as possible. Should you be lacking anything call at NEUBURGER'S and see what they can do for you. As to prices you will find everything in our store a money-saver for you.

In Dry Goods

Never was there such a line shown in town as we are at present showing. What we have that will be of special interest to the ladies is the Celebrated P N Summer Corset, which we are offering at 40c. Poorer makes sell elsewhere at 75c. We have a full line of the genuine perfect fitting P N corsets, which can be found nowhere else in town, as we are the sole agents.



IN CLOTHING

You can't find such an immense line for men, boys and children anywhere in the region and on prices we defy competition.

Shoes, Shoes, Good Shoes

At lower prices than others sell you poor shoes. The features of our department are the immense stock we are showing and the good-fitting and wearing qualities of our shoes. The cream of the town in ladies' and gent's furnishings.

JOS. NEUBURGER,

Leader and Promoter of Low Prices.
P. O. S. of A. Building, Freeland.

Are the only HIGH GRADE and strictly first class pianos sold direct from the factory to the final buyer.

Are the only pianos on which you can save the dealers' profits and enormous expenses, agents' salaries and music teachers' commissions.

Are the only pianos every agent condemns, for the natural reason that NO AGENTS are employed by us.

Are the only pianos which are not sold in a single store in the United States, because we closed all our agencies over a year ago, and now sell only to the final buyer, at the actual cost of production at our factory. We have no store on Broad street, but the factory warehouse is open every day till 6 p. m., and Saturday evenings from 7 to 10.

Kellmer Piano Co.

Grandest Exhibitions of the Century!
Coming on Its Own Special Trains!

SANDS & ASTLEY'S

Enormous Old and New World Shows

AT FREELAND, JULY 9.

Great 3 Ring Circus of Nations, 2 Complete Menageries of Rare Wild Animals, Grand Parisian Hippodrome and Monster Museum of Animate and Inanimate Marvels.

Extraordinary Reduction in Prices!

Children's Admission Fee for Everybody on This Occasion

ONLY 25