

# CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

THIRTY years' observation of Castoria with the patronage of millions of persons, permit us to speak of it without guessing. It is unquestionably the best remedy for Infants and Children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It will save their lives. In it Mothers have something which is absolutely safe and practically perfect as a child's medicine.

- Castoria destroys Worms.
- Castoria allays Feverishness.
- Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd.
- Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic.
- Castoria relieves Teething Troubles.
- Castoria cures Constipation and Flatulency.
- Castoria neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air.
- Castoria does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic property.
- Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.
- Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk.
- Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose."

See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Pitcher* is on every wrapper.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



**NEW**  
AND  
SAVE  
MONEY

WE OR OUR DEALERS can sell you machines cheaper than you can get elsewhere. The NEW HOME is our best, but we make cheaper kinds, such as the **CLERA**, **IDEAL**, and other High Arm Full Size of Flatbed Sewing Machines for \$15.00 and up. Call on our agent or write us. We want your trade, and if prices, terms and square dealing will win, we will have it. We challenge the world to produce a BETTER \$50.00 Sewing Machine for \$50.00, or a better \$20.00 Sewing Machine for \$20.00 than you can buy from us, or our Agents.

**THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO.**  
CHICAGO, ILL. 187 LEXINGTON ST. PHILA., PA.  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. 477 CALIF. ST.

D. S. Ewing, general agent,  
1127 Chestnut street, Phila., Pa.

## FREELAND TRIBUNE.

PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY AND THURSDAY.

THOS. A. BUCKLEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Two Months	25

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Grove Cleveland 23June99 means that Grover is paid up to June 23, 1899. Keep the figures in advance of the present date. Report promptly to this office whenever you do not receive your paper. All arrangements must be paid when paper is discontinued.

FREELAND, PA., AUGUST 29, 1895.



**MANSFIELD STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.**  
Intellectual and practical training for teachers. Three courses of study besides preparatory. Special attention given to preparation for college. Students admitted to best colleges on certificate. Thirty graduates pursuing further studies last year. Great advantages for special studies in art and music. Model school of three hundred pupils. Corps of sixteen teachers. Beautiful grounds. Magnificent buildings. Large grounds for athletics. Elevator and infirmary with attendant nurse. Fine gymnasium. Everything furnished at an average cost to normal students of \$143 a year. Fall term, Aug. 25. Winter term, Dec. 2. Spring term, March 16. Students admitted to classes at any time. For catalogue, containing full information, apply to S. H. ALBRO, Principal, Mansfield, Pa.

## Printing and Paper!

The TRIBUNE's job printing department now contains the best facilities in the region for turning out first-class work. The office has been entirely re-furnished with the newest and neatest type faces for all classes of printing. We have also added recently an improved fast running press, which enables us to turn out the best work in the shortest time. Our prices are consistent with good work.

We carry at all times a large stock of flat papers of various weights and sizes, as well as colored, news and cover papers of good quality, cardboard, cut cards, etc., which we will sell blank at low rates. Our envelopes, noteheds, letterheads, billheads and statements are made from the highest grade stock used in commercial printing, whilst our prices on this kind of work are as low as any. Having a large and powerful cutter, we are in a position to do paper cutting of any kind at a low figure.

## A FIRM DISSOLVED.

BY ROBERT BARR.

Even a stranger to the big town walking for the first time through London sees on the sides of the houses many names with which he has long been familiar. His recognition has cost the firms those names represent much money in advertising. The stranger has had the names before him for years in newspapers and magazines, on the hoardings and on boards by the railway side, paying little heed to them at the time; yet they have been indelibly impressed on his brain, and when he wishes soap or pills his lips almost automatically frame the words most familiar to them. Thus are the lavish sums spent in advertising justified, and thus are many excellent publications made possible.

When you come to ponder over the matter, it seems strange that there should ever be any real man behind the names so lavishly advertised; that there should be a genuine Smith or Jones whose justly celebrated medicines work such wonders, or whose soap will clean even a guilty conscience. Granting the actual existence of these persons and probing still further into the mystery, can anyone imagine that the excellent Smith to whom thousands of former sufferers send entirely unsolicited testimonials, or the admirable Jones whom prima donnas love because his soap preserves their dainty complexions—can anyone credit the fact that Smith and Jones have passions like other men, have hatreds, likes and dislikes?

Such a condition of things, incredible as it may appear, exists in London. There are men in the metropolis, utterly unknown personally, whose names are more widely spread over the earth than the names of the greatest novelists, living or dead, and these men have feeling and form like unto ourselves.

There was the firm of Danby & Strong, for instance. The name may mean nothing to any reader of these pages, but there was a time when it was well known and widely advertised, not only in England, but over the greater part of the world. They did a great business, as every firm that spends a fortune every year in advertising is bound to do. It was in the old paper collar days. There actually was a time when the majority of men wore paper collars, and when you come to think of it, the wonder is that the paper collar trade ever fell away as it did, when you consider with what vile laundries London is and always has been cursed. Take the Danby & Strong collars, for instance, advertised as being so similar to linen that only an expert could tell the difference. That was Strong's invention. Before he invented the Piccadilly collar, so-called, paper collars had a brilliant glaze that would not have deceived the most recent arrival from the most remote shore in the country. Strong devised some method by which a slight linen fibre was put into the paper, adding strength to the collar and giving it the appearance of the genuine article. You bought a pasteboard box containing a dozen of these collars for something like the price you paid for the washing of half a dozen linen ones. The Danby & Strong Piccadilly collar jumped at once into great popularity, and the wonder is that the linen collar ever recovered from the blow dealt by this ingenious invention.

Curiously enough, during the time the firm was struggling to establish itself, the two members were the best of friends, but when prosperity came to them causes of differences arose, and their relations, as the papers say of warlike nations, became strained. Whether the fault lay with John Danby or with William Strong, no one has ever been able to find out. They had mutual friends who claimed that each of them was a good fellow, but each of those friends always added that Strong & Danby did not "hit it off."

Strong was a bitter man when aroused, and could generally be counted upon to use harsh language. Danby was quieter, but there was a sullen streak of stubbornness in him that did not tend to the making up of the quarrel. They had been past the speaking point for more than a year when there came a crisis in their relations with each other that ended in disaster to the business carried on under the title of Danby & Strong. Neither man would budge, and between them the business sunk to ruin. Where competition is fierce no firm can stand against it if there is internal dissension. Danby held his ground quietly but firmly, Strong raged and cursed, but was equally steadfast in not yielding a point. Each hated the other so bitterly that each was willing to lose his own share in a profitable business, if by doing so he could bring ruin on his partner.

We are all rather prone to be misled by appearances. As one walks down Piccadilly, or the Strand, or Fleet street and meets numerous irreproachably dressed men with glossy hat brims and polished boots, with affable manners and a courteous way of deporting themselves towards their fellows, we are apt to fall into the fallacy of believing that these gentlemen are civilized. We fail to realize that if you probe in the right direction you will come upon possibilities of savagery that would draw forth the warmest commendation from a Pawnee Indian. There are reputable business men in London who would, if they dared, tie an enemy to a stake and roast him over a slow fire, and these men have succeeded so well, not only in deceiving their neighbors, but also themselves, that they would actually be offended if you told them so. If law were suspended in London for a day, during which time none of us would be held answerable for any deed then done, how many of us would be alive next morning? Most of us would go out to pot some favorite enemy, and would doubtless be potted ourselves before we got safely home again.

The law, however, is a great re-

strainer, and helps to keep the death rate from reaching excessive proportions. One department of the law crushed out the remnant of the business of Messrs. Danby & Strong, leaving the firm bankrupt, while another department of the law prevented either of the partners taking the life of the other.

When Strong found himself penniless, he cursed, as was his habit, and wrote to a friend in Texas asking if he could get anything to do over there. He was tired of a country of law and order, he said, which was not as complimentary to Texas as it might have been. But his remarks only go to show what extraordinary ideas Englishmen have of foreign parts. The friend's answer was not very encouraging, but, nevertheless, Strong got himself out there somehow, and in course of time became a cowboy. He grew reasonably expert with his revolver and rode a mustang as well as could be expected, considering that he had never seen such an animal in London, even at the Zoo. The life of a cowboy on a Texas ranch leads to the forgetting of such things as linen shirts and paper collars.

Strong's hatred of Danby never ceased, but he began to think of him less often.

One day, when he least expected it, the subject was brought to his mind in a manner that startled him. He was in Galveston ordering supplies for the ranch, when in passing a shop which he would have called a draper's, but which was there designated as dealing in dry goods, he was amazed to see the name "Danby & Strong" in big letters at the bottom of a huge pile of small card-board boxes that filled the whole window. At first the name merely struck him as familiar and he came near asking himself: "Where have I seen that before?" It was some moments before he realized that the Strong stood for the man gazing stupidly in at the plate glass window.

Then he noticed that the boxes all were guaranteed to contain the famous Piccadilly collar. He read in a dazed manner a large printed bill which stood beside the pile of boxes. These collars, it seemed, were warranted to be the genuine Danby & Strong collar and the public was warned against imitations. They were asserted to be London made and linen faced, and the gratifying information was added that once a person wore the D. & S. collar he never afterwards relapsed into wearing any inferior brand. The price of each box was fifteen cents, or two boxes for a quarter. Strong found himself making a mental calculation which resulted in turning this notation into English money.

As he stood there a new interest began to fill his mind. Was the firm being carried on under the old name by some one else, or did this lot of collars represent part of the old stock? He had had no news from home since he left, and the bitter thought occurred to him that, perhaps, Danby had got somebody with capital to aid him in resuscitating the business. He resolved to go inside and get some information.

"You seem to have a very large stock of those collars on hand," he said to the man who was evidently the proprietor.

"Yes," was the answer. "You see we are the state agents for this make. We supply the country dealers."

"Oh, do you? Is the firm of Danby & Strong still in existence? I understood it had suspended."

"I guess not," said the man. "They supply us all right enough. Still, I really know nothing about the firm, except that they turn out a first-class article. We're not in any way responsible for Danby & Strong; we're merely agents for the state of Texas, you know," the man added, with sudden caution.

"I have nothing against the firm," said Strong. "I asked because I once knew some members of it and was wondering how it was getting along."

"Well, in that case you ought to see the American representative. He is here this week—that's why we make such a display in the window, it always pleases the agent—his new working up the state and will be back in Galveston before the month is out."

"What's his name? Do you remember?"

"Danby. George Danby, I think. Here's his card. No, John Danby is the name. I thought it was George. Most Englishmen are George, you know."

Strong looked at the card, but the lettering seemed to waver before his eyes. He made out, however, that Mr. John Danby had an address in New York, and that he was the American representative of the firm of Danby & Strong, London. Strong placed the card on the counter before him.

"I used to know Mr. Danby, but if you are in a hurry you might catch him at Bronco Junction on Thursday night."

"He is traveling by rail then?"

"No, he is not. He went by rail as far as Felkopolis. There he takes a horse, and goes across the prairie to Bronco Junction; a three days' journey. I told him he wouldn't do much business on that route, but he said he was going partly for his health, and partly to see the country. He expected to reach Bronco Thursday night."

The dry-goods merchant laughed as one who suddenly remembers a pleasant circumstance. "You're an Englishman, I take it."

Strong nodded.

"Well, I must say you folks have queer notions about this country. Danby, who was going for a three days' journey across the plains bought himself two Colts revolvers, and a knife half as long as my arm. Now I've traveled all over this state, and never carried a gun, but I couldn't get Danby to believe his route was as safe as a church. Of course, now and then in Texas a cowboy shoots off his gun, but it's more often his mouth, and I don't believe there's more killing done in Texas than in any other bit of land the

some size. But you can't get an Englishman to believe that. You folks are an awful law-abiding crowd. For my part I would sooner stand my chance with a revolver than a lawsuit any day." Then the good-natured Texan told the story of the pistol in Texas; of the general lack of demand for it, but the great necessity of having it handy when it was called for.

A man with murder in his heart should not hold a conversation like this, but William Strong was too full of one idea to think of prudence. Such a talk sets the hounds of justice on the right trail, with unpleasant results for the criminal.

On Thursday morning Strong set out on horseback from Bronco Junction with his face towards Felkopolis. By noon he said to himself he ought to meet his former partner with nothing but the horizon around them. Besides the revolvers in his belt, Strong had a Winchester rifle in front of him. He did not know but he might have to shoot at long range, and it was always well to prepare for eventualities. Twelve o'clock came, but he met no one, and there was nothing in sight around the empty circle of the horizon. It was nearly two before he saw a man evidently unused to riding and had come leisurely. Some time before they met, Strong recognized his former partner and he got his rifle ready.

"Throw up your hands!" he shouted, bringing the rifle butt to his shoulder. Danby instantly raised his hands above his head. "I have no money on me," he cried, evidently not recognizing his opponent. "You may search me if you like."

"Get down off your horse; don't lower your hands, or I fire."

Danby got down as well as he could with his hands above his head. Strong had thrown his right leg over to the left side of the horse, and, as his enemy got down, he also slid to the ground, keeping Danby covered with his rifle.

"I assure you I have only a few dollars with me, which you are quite welcome to," said Danby.

Strong did not answer. Seeing that the shooting was to be at short range, he selected a six-shooter from his belt, and, cocking it, covered his man. He threw the rifle on the grass. He walked up to his enemy, placed the muzzle of the revolver against his rapidly beating heart, and leisurely disarmed him, throwing Danby's weapons on the ground out of reach. Then he stood back a few paces and looked at the trembling man. His face seemed to have already taken on the hue of death and his lips were bloodless.

"I see you recognize me at last, Mr. Danby. This is an unexpected meeting, is it not? You realize, I hope, that there are no judges, juries nor lawyers, no mandamus and no appeals. Nothing but a writ of ejectment from the barrel of a pistol and no legal way of staying the proceedings. In other words, no cursed quibbles and no confounded law."

Danby, after several moistening his pallid lips, found his voice: "Are you mean to give me a chance, or are you going to murder me?"

"I am going to murder you."

Danby closed his eyes, let his hands drop to his sides, and swayed gently from side to side as a man does on the scaffold just before the bolt is drawn. Strong lowered his revolver and fired, shattering one knee of the doomed man. Danby dropped with a cry that was drowned by the second report. The second bullet put out his left eye, and the murdered man lay with his mutilated face turned up to the blue sky.

A revolver report on the prairies is short, sharp and echoes. The silence that followed seemed intense and boundless, as if nowhere on earth there was such a thing as sound. The man on his back gave an awesome touch of the eternal to the stillness.

Strong, now that it was all over, began to realize his position. Texas, perhaps, paid too little heed to life lost in fair fight, but she had an uncomfortable habit of putting a rope around the neck of a cowardly murderer. Strong was an inventor by nature. He proceeded to invent his justification. He took one of Danby's revolvers and fired two shots out of it into the empty air. This would show that the dead man had defended himself, at least, and it would be difficult to prove that he had not been the first to fire. He placed the other pistol and the knife in their places in Danby's belt. He took Danby's right hand while it was still warm and closed the fingers around the butt of the revolver from which he had fired, placing the forefinger on the trigger of the cocked six-shooter. To give effect and naturalness to the tableau he was arranging for the benefit of the next traveler by that trail, he drew up the right knee and put revolver and closed hand on it as if Danby had been killed while just about to fire his third shot.

Strong, with the pride of a true artist in his work, stepped back a pace or two for the purpose of seeing the effect of his work as a whole. As Danby fell, the back of his head had struck a lump of soil or a tuft of grass which threw the chin forward on the breast. As Strong looked at his victim his heart jumped, and a sort of hypnotic fear took possession of him and paralyzed action at its source. Danby was not yet dead. His right eye was open, and it glared at Strong with a malice and hatred that mesmerized the murderer and held him there, although he felt, rather than knew, that he was covered by the cocked revolver he had placed in what he thought was a dead hand. Danby's lips moved, but no sound came from them. Strong could not take his fascinated gaze from the open eye. He knew he was a dead man if Danby had strength to crook his finger, yet he could not take the leap that would bring him out of range. The fifth pistol shot rang out and Strong pitched forward on his face.

The firm of Danby & Strong was dissolved—Black and White.

In 1880 there were 234,225 miners of all kinds in this country.



Anthracite coal used exclusively, insuring cleanliness and comfort.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS, MAY 15, 1895.

**LEAVE FREELAND.**  
6:05, 8:25, 9:53, 10:41 a. m., 1:35, 2:27, 3:40, 4:25, 5:12, 6:38, 8:15, 9:57 p. m. for Drifton, Jeddo, Lumber Yard, Stockton and Hazleton.  
6:05, 8:25, 9:53 a. m., 1:35, 3:40, 4:25 p. m. for Mauch Chunk, Shenandoah, Bethlehem, Phila., Easton and New York.  
6:05, 9:35, 10:41 a. m., 2:27, 4:25, 6:58 p. m. for Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Pottsville.  
7:25, 9:16, 10:56 a. m., 11:54, 4:31 p. m. (via Highland Branch) for White Haven, Glen Summit, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and L. and N. 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.**  
7:20, 9:27, 10:56, 11:54 a. m., 12:58, 2:13, 4:34, 5:33, 6:58, 8:47 p. m. from Hazleton, Stockton, Lumber Yard, Jeddo and Drifton.  
7:20, 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, Phila., Bethlehem and Mauch Chunk.  
9:27, 10:56 a. m., 12:58, 5:33, 6:58, 8:47 p. m. from Glen Summit, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and L. and N. Junction (via Highland 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.  
ROLIN H. WILBUR, Gen. Supt. East. Div., A. W. NONNEMACHER, Supt. 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, Roan and Hazleton Junction at 6:00, 6:10 a. m., 12:00, 1:15 p. m., 5:30, 6:45, 7:05 a. m., 12:00, 2:30 p. m., Sunday.  
Trains leave Drifton for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomhicken and Beringer at 6:00 a. m., 12:00 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:05 a. m., 5:30 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepton at 6:10 a. m., 12:00, 4:15 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:05 a. m., 5:30 p. m., Sunday.  
Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomhicken and Beringer at 6:35 a. m., 1:25 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 8:55 a. m., 4:25 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepton at 6:45, 9:37 a. m., 11:40, 4:40 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, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5:25, 6:07 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 9:37 a. m., 5:07 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Shepton for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 10:15 a. m., 5:25 p. m., daily, except Sunday; and 9:37 a. m., 5:07 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 10:15 a. m., 5:25 p. m., daily, except Sunday; and 9:37 a. m., 5:07 p. m., Sunday.

All trains connect at Hazleton Junction with electric cars for Hazleton, Jenneville, A. and R. and other points on the Traction Company's line.  
Trains leaving Drifton at 6:10 a. m., Hazleton Junction at 9:35 a. m., and Shepton at 8:18 a. m., connect at Hazleton Junction with Lehigh Valley trains east and west.  
Train leaving Drifton at 6:00 a. m. makes connection at Drifton with P. R. R. train for Wilkes-Barre, Sunbury, Harrisburg and points west.  
DANIEL COXE, Superintendent.

**DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.**—In accordance with the resolution passed at a meeting of the Democratic executive committee on July 2, 1895, I hereby give notice that the Democrats of Pennsylvania by their duly chosen representatives will meet in state convention in Williamsport on Wednesday, September 11, 1895, at 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of electing a nomination committee for the office of state treasurer and Judges of the superior court, and for the transaction of such other business as may be presented. In accordance with rule 6, section 1, unanimously approved by the state convention September 10, 1895, representatives shall consist of representative delegates, one for each 1,000 votes cast at the last preceding presidential election or for a fraction of such vote amounting to 500 or more, in the respective representative districts, provided that each representative district shall have at least one delegate.  
R. E. Wright, chairman.  
Matt Savage, secretary.

**LEHIGH TRACTION COMPANY.**  
Freeland Branch.  
Time car will leave Freeland for Drifton, Jeddo, Japan, Oakdale, Eberwate, Harleigh, Millerville, Lattimer and Hazleton at 6:12 a. m. After this cars will leave every thirty minutes throughout the day until 11:15 p. m.  
On Sunday first car will leave at 6:40 a. m., the next car will leave at 7:25 a. m., and then every thirty minutes until 11:05 p. m.

**ALEX. SHOLLACK, BOTTLER.**  
Beer, Porter, Wine, and Liquors.  
Cor. Walnut and Washington streets, Freeland.

**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.**

**THE KELLMER PIANOS**

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.

**FACTORY: CHESTNUT STREET, BETWEEN CHURCH AND LAUREL, HAZLETON.**

**Kellmer Piano Co.**

## Grand Opening of Black Dress Goods.

- 50-inch French Diagonal Wide Wale, cheap at \$1.50; our price.....\$1.25
- 50-inch Jacquard, very stylish; price.....1.10
- 50-inch All Worsted Wide Wale Serge; we have it in navy and black; at.....60
- 45-inch Storm Serge, navy and black; at.....57
- 45-inch Storm Serge, navy and black; at.....48
- 45-inch French Novelty, in silk and wool mixed.....1.35

## A Full Line of Colors.

- We have them in Green and Gold, Brown and Gold, Navy and Gold.
- 50-inch All Wool Sacking, usual price, 70c; our price.....56c
- 50-inch All Wool Sacking, usual price, 60c; our price.....45c

We have a full line of 27-inch All Wool Tricot Cloth, very fine quality, at.....22c

**Blankets.**  
The first case of our All Wool, Home-Made Blankets has arrived, and is now open for your inspection.  
Sizes, 10x14, 11x14, 12x14. Colors, Scarlet, Gray and White.  
COTTON BLANKETS at 47c, 55c, 80c, \$1 and \$1.25. Extra good value.

**PETER DEISROTH,**  
Mansion House Block, 41 W. Broad St., HAZLETON.

**PHILIP GERITZ,**



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

**T. CAMPBELL,** dealer in

**Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes.**

**PURE WINES and LIQUORS**

FOR FAMILY AND MEDICINAL PURPOSES.

Cor. Centre and Main Streets, Freeland.

## 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.