

FREELAND TRIBUNE.

PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY AND THURSDAY.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
OFFICE: MAIN STREET ABOVE CENTRE.

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FREELAND, SEPTEMBER 2, 1895.

Here is the frank tribute which the Iowa Republican state platform pays the Democratic policy of tariff reform: "We congratulate the people of the country upon the evidence of returning prosperity, and rejoice in each instance of labor re-employed, wages restored and industry re-established upon a prosperous basis."

When a dead whale came ashore at Santa Monica, California, recently, and failed to attract the attention it deserved, the Southern Pacific Railway Company invested \$50 in advertising, attracted 40,000 visitors from Los Angeles, and took in \$20,000. Every city has its dead whale, which only needs judicious handling to convert it to economic ends. In fact, almost every large store has dead or dying whales upon its hands at every turn of the seasons. The Southern Pacific Railway Company has shown the way to deal with them.

A contemporary says that newspaper subscriptions are infallible tests of men's honesty. They will sooner or later discover the man. If he is dishonest he will cheat the printer some way—says he has paid what he has not—declares that he has a receipt somewhere—or sent money and it was lost in the mail—or will take the paper and not pay for it on the ground that he did not subscribe for it—or moved off leaving it come to the office he left. Thousands of professed Christians are dishonest in this particular at least, and the printers' books will tell fearful tales in the final judgment.

Time brings change. Under the federal election laws, repealed by a Democratic congress, one John L. Davenport, as United States supervisor of elections for the city of New York, was for many years a sort of Republican joss. He always had money to spend. Things have not gone so easily with him since he lost his occupation. He rented a Washington house, but last week the contents were seized by a constable because of an unpaid rent bill of \$600. It is not right to rejoice at anybody's misfortunes, but there are lots of people who would find it very difficult to be sorry for John L. Davenport's troubles.

There are but a few days more than two months until election day, and yet the Republicans are making no greater headway in Luzerne than they did the day after their ticket was nominated. The disaffected districts have been given a very large representation on the county committee, but if the scheme to placate them in that manner works no better elsewhere than it does here the sop-givers will gain nothing by loading down the committee list with names. Freeland Republicans are not so easily led up to the enthusiastic point as the leaders think. Placing several prominent people on the county committee will not make victory sure this year.

This is the way last week's contest is viewed by the New York *Advertiser*, a prominent Republican paper: "The triumph of Senator Quay in his struggle for mastery of the Pennsylvania Republican convention is an event of more than local significance. It is something more than a signal vindication of the prowess and force of Senator Quay as a political leader. It implies something besides the political downfall of Governor Hastings and a stinging rebuff for Mayor Warwick and David Martin. It means that the Pennsylvania delegation to the next Republican national convention will be controlled by Matthew Stanley Quay and that it will oppose the nomination of Benjamin Harrison seems to be more certain at present than the strict fulfillment of this prediction."

Ex-Governor Gulch, of Arizona, who has been spending the summer on the Atlantic coast, is at the capital. Speaking of national politics, our Washington correspondent reports him as saying: "In my judgement the strongest man the Democratic party can have at the head of its ticket is Ex-Secretary William C. Whitney. With such a leader we can carry New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut beyond a doubt. The first two will be won by Democracy this year, according to present indications. These three states are still essential to the success of the Democratic party. It is folly, this talk about letting the east go and forming an alliance with the west. It is a snare and a delusion. The south cannot afford to alienate its oldtime allies for the sake of a doubtful coalition with western commonwealths of populist tendencies. There is nothing to gain by such a combination. The right programme is to stick to New York, New Jersey and Connecticut. Here is the battle ground in 1896, as it has been in the past, and here the Democratic ticket can conquer every time."

The Pneu-Matic Woman.

Among other disasters incident to bicycle riding may be numbered a broken engagement. Bones, nay, even necks, have been smashed in the good cause of "soarching," but it remained for a prejudiced young man to break his truth because his fiancée appeared before him in a daisy pad of "bloomers." The costume proved too much for him, and he ordered the young lady to dismount at once and retire in good order to the seclusion of her apartment, where she should instantly resume her badge of slavery, skirts, or their intended marriage would not take place, as he drew the line at bloomers on a bike. Did this injunction dismay her? Not a bit, for she was a "pneu" woman in every sense, so, merely drawing off her diamond ring, she handed it to the sensitive young man with the observation that she should not discard "bloomers" for him or anyone else. Friends of both parties say nothing will ever reconcile them, for which society ought to be thankful, as it doubtless makes one less divorce case later on.

Duties of Congressmen.

A Massachusetts member of congress in entire seriousness recounts his own idea of the duties of one in his position as follows: "The office of a member of congress is principally a great business office, looking after river and harbor improvements for his district, public buildings, post office accommodations, railway mail service, lighthouse and life-saving services, and to see that a friendly and not hostile tariff legislation is enacted, to say nothing about the soldiers and their widows entitled to pensions, the distribution of seeds and public documents to which the district is entitled." Daniel Webster and Charles Sumner did not exactly pattern their efforts to achieve usefulness and attain fame in this way, but the reply will probably be made that we are not living in Webster and Sumner times.

A FUNNY incident occurred in Boston the other afternoon. Two cyclists, man and woman, met unexpectedly. The woman did not turn to the right and the man ran straight into her wheel, upsetting both. They scrambled to their feet, righted their bikes and glared at each other for half a second. Then the man coolly slapped the woman's face, and, jumping on his wheel, rolled away with lightning speed. An eye-witness of the scene was ungrateful enough to applaud the act, for, he said, it was deserved. Who will deny that the bicycle is a lever of the sexes?

MORE than thirty men and women were murdered in the city of San Francisco in the twelve months ending with June this year. Several of these were decided to be cases of justifiable homicide, but in twenty-seven cases the coroner's jury returned a verdict of willful murder. For these twenty-seven murders only four persons have so far been punished by law, and those four have escaped with terms of imprisonment. The rest of the murderers are awaiting trial, have been acquitted, have escaped, or are dead. San Francisco has the record.

"No, we don't pal much with the Americans," said an English sailor at Kiel. "You see, they are a mixed lot. They're Swedes and Norwegians and niggers, but I never met a sailor who was a real American, and so we don't pal with them, although we have nothing against them." A genuine American must be a scarce article in those parts. Probably when they strike England they disguise themselves with a monocle and a drawl and pass themselves off for Britishers.

STEAM railroads have not yet crowded the prairie schooner entirely out, even though the steam engine seems to be threatened by the electric motor. A few days ago a train of five schooners from northern Kansas arrived at Walla Walla, Wash., bound for the Great Pacific. Two families of immigrants occupied the wagons, and the outfit had been on the road ever since last April.

It has been clearly demonstrated that the bloomers worn by the wheel women of to-day have their uses beyond those of lightness and convenience in wheeling. A lady who is summing at a Connecticut waterside village wore hers while boating one day recently, and accidentally falling overboard was buoyed up by her baggy trousers until help arrived.

A new law has just gone into force in Yanikton, S. D., by which the length of residence necessary in order to procure a divorce has been reduced to seven months. It is said that a hustling eastern man has visited many attorneys in that place, and has made a proposition to furnish them with divorce clients for a liberal percentage.

ALTHOUGH comparatively little has been said of the immigration into the south this year, it has been the largest ever known. The movement is not confined to any state, and the older ones, as, for instance, Georgia, are receiving thousands of new settlers.

DURING the year ended June 30 last three hundred and sixty-one American vessels were lost—eighty-five steam vessels and two hundred and seventy-six sailing ships, barges, and the like.

As Alabama paper says that state has utilized every acre of resting land for corn, and that the agricultural region looks like one vast cornfield, supplemented by patches of cotton.

TOLD BY FAMOUS MEN.

The Confessions of a Railway Millionaire.

HIS PLUCK AND SHREWD SENSE.

Story of Congressman Haines—An Incident of Frontier Life—Minister Ransom, the English Lord and the Fierce Black Bear.

(Copyright, 1895.)

"The Confessions of a Millionaire" would be a very good title for the little story which I will write of my talk with Congressman Haines of New York. Mr. Haines is a famous builder of and speculator in steam and street railways. "It is odd," he began, "how a small thing will change a man's whole career. My father was a boot and shoe manufacturer and had a telegraph instrument in his office. I picked up a knowledge of that instrument almost unconsciously, and it was on account of this knowledge that I got into the railroad business. At 14, I was offered and accepted employment as a telegraph operator on the Hudson River railroad. When I was 18, another lucky chance happened. Jay Gould gave me a commission to buy a piece of property, and I was so successful in it that he made me general manager. At 22 I was president of a railway company, probably the youngest president in the country. It is a good story how I happened to become president of this road, and I will tell it.

"In looking about me I conceived the idea that if a certain railroad, which we will call the D. and B., were extended ten miles in order to connect with another road it would become a vastly more valuable property. The road was owned by a well known railway magnate, who was exceedingly difficult to get at. Despairing of securing an interview with him in any other way, I wrote a letter of introduction for myself and signed it with my own name. The ruse worked, and I obtained an audience. I told him I had a railroad to sell him, and we talked a long time. I explained to him the advantages of the road and how it could be built up by simply extending it ten miles. Every few minutes he asked me to name the road,



MINISTER RANSOM.

but I kept standing him off on this till at length I could do no longer. 'It is the D. and B.,' I said. 'Why, I own that road,' he exclaimed in a puzzled way. 'Get out of here, you young rascal! How dare you come in here and take my time for an hour talking about selling me my own railroad?' Not so fast, I returned. 'I have adopted this method of getting you interested in the proposed extension of the line for your own good.' He was still pretty hot, but cooled off by degrees while I poured the facts and figures into him, and the upshot of it was that he agreed to extend the road ten miles and make me manager of the line.

"Once I heard of a road that was to be sold because the owner was short of cash and in other trouble. It was a street railway and was doing a good business, though badly managed. I did not have cash enough within my control to make the first payments required, but concluded to go and see a capitalist in a neighboring town, a man who sometimes took a thrice in such properties, and see if I couldn't induce him to go in with me. I told him all about the road, how much business it was doing, how much better it could do under better management and so on. I thought I had him, but he finally said he would have to take time in which to consider. 'But this offer only holds good a few days,' I explained. 'It is a bargain, and we get it only because the owner must have ready cash. It must be closed at once, or we lose it.' Notwithstanding this appeal he decided not to invest, and I went away feeling pretty blue, for I knew the real value of the property and was sure it would prove a rich investment.

"In the next week to me in the train on my way home were two young men. I overheard a good deal of their conversation. It turned out that one of these men was on his way to investigate the condition of the very road I had been talking about, and I had my own opinion as to who had sent him. It was plain enough to me that the capitalist who had declined to go in with me had decided to look into the road, and if everything was found as represented to buy the property himself, leaving me out in the cold. I thought the case over and decided upon a plan of action.

"When we reached the city, I picked up two smart boys whom I knew, pointed out my man to them and gave them their instructions. They were to be paid \$10 each for their services. I knew the first thing the agent would do was to take a trip or two over the line to note its condition. After that he would talk to the superintendent or owner. My boys had orders to keep an eye on the agent, and to board a street car whenever he did. The cars were all equipped with cashboxes, there being no conductors. As luck would have it, he started out on his trip at a moment when traffic was dull, and he had not gone more than a block until one of my boys jumped out and assumed to my orders, instead of simply paying one fare, dropped a half dollar's worth of dimes and nickels in the cashbox. Farther up the line my other boy got on and did the same thing. On the return trip both boys did the trick again, and finally I stepped aboard and dropped a lot of small change in the box, pretending that I did not want any one to see me do it. On arrival at the end of the road the stranger made a bee line for the telegraph office and sent this dispatch to his principal:

"Will be home tonight. Property no good. They are stuffing the receipts." My little game worked to a charm. The capitalist had actually begun negotiations with the owner of the property, but he had found out and would have nothing more to do with it as soon as he received the report of his agent. When I

learned that this big capitalist was on my way, I took what cash I had and succeeded in making a deal with the harassed owner. The property turned out regular gold mine for me."

An English Lord and a Black Bear.

Congressman Robertson of Louisiana who is himself a great hunter in the cane brakes and along the gulf coast, tells a good story on the subject of a minister to Mexico, an English lord and a black bear. The lord had come over for the purpose of enjoying the hospitality of his host and having a good hunt. Mr. Ransom, then a United States senator, was his host and was determined the English man should not be disappointed in either expectation. The visitor's fondest desire was to kill a bear before returning to England, and Mr. Ransom promised him his ambition should be gratified. So a hunt was arranged in the mountain region of North Carolina. The Englishman was dressed up in a faultless sporting rig. He had checked knickerbockers, gaiters, peaked cap and a monocle. Ransom and his guest, with a trusty follower who was a dead shot, set out with a pack of hounds in an hour the dogs started up three bears—a mother and her two cubs. Ransom and the lord followed the pack after the mother bear and came upon her just as she was finishing the last of the dogs. She made a rush at her human foes as if she would eat them also, greatly to the Englishman's consternation, but the senator shot her in short order. He wanted to give his guest the shot, but the circumstances were not congenial to delay and politeness.

In a few moments a shot was heard, and Ransom knew that one of the cubs had hit the net, for his own never missed fire. The question was the how to get a bear for the lord. Only one of the trio remained, and the dogs were in hot pursuit of him, judging from their cries. The senator proposed to remain by the body of the mother bear while the lord and the man followed the dogs after the remaining cub. The attendant was quick to order to give the lord the shot, when if the bear were to get away. Ransom strolled around, listening to the pack howling on the trail, when he chanced to look up, and there was the cub in a tree but a few feet away. His first impulse was to shoot; but, remembering the consuming desire of his guest to have the honor of killing a bear, he ran after the lord and shouted to him to mark his shot. At this the bear started to come down out of the tree, and Ransom was in a quandary. If he shot the bear, the lord's heart would be entirely broken; if he didn't shoot, the animal would get away.

At this critical juncture a happy inspiration came to the senator. After vainly endeavoring to reach the young cub hanging up the tree with his gun he whipped off his hunting belt, threw it about the bear's fore feet and tied them securely to the tree. Then he cut a piece of grapevine near by with his knife and tied the hind legs in the same manner. Of course the bear wriggled to get away and was just about to make his escape when a hawk would have it, the Englishman came upon him and excited. "Give it to him! Give it to him!" cried Ransom, who had backed away, and the lord drove into the poor little bear's body. Delighted that his victim did not run away, he fired a second shot, and while the attendant was cutting away the grapevine and the belt Senator Ransom was wringing the hands of his guest and tendering his congratulations on the shooting of the first bear. A few years later Mr. Ransom visited England and heard many stories of the hunting feats of this particular lord, who was looked up to as quite a hero because he had killed a bear in America.

A Frontier Life.

A good story of frontier life is told by Congressman Broderick of Kansas. Mr. Broderick was a lawyer out in Jackson county, his state, when that county had only 100 voters. The lawyers used to drive about from the house of one justice of the peace to that of another trying cases. "Once I had a case of obtaining money under false pretenses," said Mr. Broderick, "and it was stubbornly fought on both sides. After a trial running through two days the jury retired to a lumber shed on the justice's farm. They were out several hours, so long that we all thought they would surely report a disagreement. Suddenly we heard a tremendous noise in the shed. Boxes and barrels were apparently being knocked about, and every one supposed the jury had got into a free fight. The justice and all the lawyers rushed forward to quell the insurrection, when the door opened and the jury walked out in good order. Our fears were instantly changed to amusement. A verdict of not guilty was reported, much to the surprise of every one present, even the lawyer for the defense. It turned out that the jury had disagreed from the start, and after a number of ineffectual efforts to get together some one had suggested deciding the case by means of a wrestling match. Each side selected a champion, and inasmuch as the man who represented those who favored acquittal proved a better wrestler than the other fellow a verdict was rendered in favor of the defendant."

A Singular Fact.

A singular fact is recorded in The Monitor-Industrial—namely, that on the shores of Brittany, between St. Malo and St. Luniere, in the vicinity of the St. Enogat station, at a place called Port Blanc, the tides have lately displaced a considerable amount of sand, say to a depth of some 9 to 13 feet. As a consequence of this remarkable phenomenon is the fact that forests known to have been buried for periods covering some 18 or 20 centuries have now been brought to light, and a vast forest has, it appears, been discovered in process of transformation into coal; ferns and the trunks and barks of trees are to be seen in an advanced state of decomposition, having already beyond the peat formation, showing, in fact, the films and flakes which are found in coal, and, while some of the trunks are 16 feet in length and still very distinct, they are becoming rapidly transformed.

Death by Spontaneous Combustion.

They that laugh at death by spontaneous combustion and poke fun at Dickens and Captain Marryat for their "fantastic" description ponder thoughtfully the experiment made lately by an ingenious Frenchman. He procured the body of an authenticated dipsomaniac, bored a hole in the skull and applied thereto the flame of a candle. Wild was his joy when that he leaped nimbly in their when the gas from the brain caught fire immediately and burned balefully for some time with a bluish light.—Boston Journal.

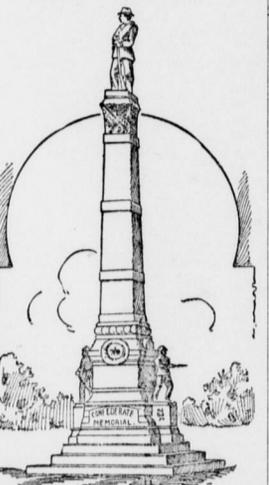
Funny Both Ways.

Van Hogg—If you will watch that boy of mine, you will find he has a very funny way of putting things. "Yes, and if you don't watch him you will find he has a very funny way of taking things.—Brooklyn Eagle.

SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

Erected at Louisville, Ky., in Honor of the Confederate Dead.

The monument to Confederate dead, erected under the auspices of the Kentucky Women's Monument association, was dedicated at Louisville, July 30. The shaft, situated at the intersection of Third street and the boulevard at D street, is the result of fifteen years' labor on the part of the women of the state, who raised upward of \$20,000 for the purpose. It was a proud day in their lives when their tribute of love



CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT IN LOUISVILLE.

and affection for the lost cause was completed and raised on its pedestal ready for the unveiling.

The day had been declared a half holiday by Mayor Taylor. About the monument a great crowd gathered. The dedication was preceded by a parade of several thousand confederate veterans, escorted by the Louisville Legion of the State Guard. The oration was delivered by Gen. Basil W. Duke, brother-in-law of Gen. John H. Morgan, and one of his staff. His remarks went deeply to the hearts of the white-haired veterans who stood beside him, and there was scarcely a man among them who did not shed a tear as the old times were recalled.

The shaft rises to the height of fifty feet above a hexagonal base fifteen feet square. The base is broken into under a flight of three steps. It is crowned with the figure of a soldier, at "parade rest," in confederate regimentals. The words "confederate memorial" stand out just above the top step and are flanked on one side by a figure of an artilleryman with raised swab, and on the other side by an officer about to draw his sword. Sculptured cannon balls make a ring about the shaft just above their heads. Under this warlike neckpiece is the emblem and motto of the confederate states of America.

FINE MASONIC TEMPLE.

Soon to be Erected at St. Louis by the Brethren of the Craft.

St. Louis is to have a new Masonic Temple and it will be a credit to the order in Missouri and the city. An organization has been formed by the leading local masons called the Masons' Building association, and they have had plans drawn for a building to cost \$250,000. The association has for its officers the following prominent citizens: Isaac M. Mason, president; V. O. Saunders, vice president; H. A. Blossom, treasurer; John C. Hall, secretary, and the directors are B. F. Nelson, E. C. Robinson, J. B. Farmer, H. M. Pol-



NEW MASONIC BUILDING, ST. LOUIS.

lard, F. J. Prosser, John Greenough and J. L. Eunis. Four thousand masons in the city of St. Louis are interested in the enterprise. The capital stock of the association is \$250,000 and it is the intention to induce every member in the city to become a stockholder, making use of the money held in reserve by the subordinate lodges to purchase stock. The site of the structure has been selected in Market street west of Twelfth, directly opposite the new city hall. The building will be seven stories in height and halls for each local lodge will be provided. On the second floor will be a grand hall, with banquet-room adjoining, kitchen, etc. The material of the walls will be buff brick, granite and terra cotta trimmings. The main entrance will open into a large auditorium with onyx and marble walls. It is expected that everything will be in readiness to lay the corner stone on October 1.

Safety of Coats and Hats.

A practical invention has been introduced in a Berlin restaurant, where clothes hooks are arranged in such a way that, after hanging a coat on them, they can be locked by means of a snap lock in the upper hook or hat rack. Regular guests receive a key while transient visitors have to call a waiter to return their garments.



LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS. MAY 15, 1895.

LEAVE FREELAND.
6:05, 8:25, 9:31, 10:41 a. m., 1:35, 2:27, 3:40, 4:25, 6:12, 6:58, 8:05, 8:57 p. m., from Drifton, Jeddo, Lumber Yard, Stockton and Hazleton.
6:05, 8:25, 9:31 a. m., 3:40, 4:25 p. m., from March Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Phila., Easton and New York.
6:05, 9:31, 10:41 a. m., 2:27, 4:25, 6:58 p. m., from Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Pottsville.
7:28, 9:16, 10:46 a. m., 11:54, 4:34 p. m., via Highland Branch) for White Haven, Glen Summit, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and L. and B. Junction.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

11:40 a. m. and 4:30 p. m., from Drifton, Jeddo, Lumber Yard and Hazleton.
3:45 p. m. from Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, New York and Philadelphia.

ARRIVE AT FREELAND.

7:28, 9:27, 10:56, 11:54 a. m., 12:58, 2:19, 4:34, 5:33, 6:58, 8:47 p. m., from Hazleton, Stockton, Lumber Yard, Jeddo and Drifton.
7:28, 9:27, 10:56 a. m., 11:54, 4:34, 6:58 p. m., from Delano, Mahanoy City and Shenandoah (via New Boston Branch).
9:27, 10:56 a. m., 12:58, 5:33, 6:58, 8:47 p. m., from Easton, Phila., Bethlehem and March 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 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, Phila., Pa.
ROLLIN H. WILBUR, Gen. Supt. East. Div., A. W. NONNEMACHER, Asst. G. P. A., South Bethlehem, Pa.

THE DELAWARE, SOUTHEASTERN AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD.

Time table in effect January 20, 1895.

Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Eckley, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow, Ouedia and Hazleton Junction at 6:00, 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 Drifton for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomhicken and Berling at 6:00 a. m., 2:09 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:00 a. m., 3:28 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Ouedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Ouedia and Shepton at 6:10 a. m., 12:05, 4:15 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:00 a. m., 3:28 p. m., Sunday.
Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomhicken and Berling at 6:05 a. m., 1:58 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 8:33 a. m., 4:22 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Ouedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Ouedia and Shepton at 6:10 a. m., 12:05, 4:15 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:00 a. m., 3:28 p. m., Sunday.
Trains leave Shepton for Ouedia, Humboldt Road, Harwood Road, Ouedia Junction, Hazleton Junction and Roan at 8:18, 10:05 a. m., 1:15, 5:25 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 6:00 a. m., 3:44 p. m., Sunday.

All trains connect at Hazleton Junction with electric streets for Hazleton, Jersey City, Andover and other points on the Traction Company's line.
Trains leaving Drifton at 6:10 a. m., Hazleton Junction at 9:57 a. m., and Shepton at 8:18 a. m., connect at Ouedia Junction with Lehigh Valley trains east and 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 placing in nomination candidates 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 18, 1893, representatives shall consist of one delegate to 500 or more, in the respective representative districts, provided that each representative district shall have at least one delegate. E. Wright, chairman.
Matt Savage, secretary.

HIGH TRACTION COMPANY.

First car will leave Freeland for Drifton, Jeddo, Japan, Oasdale, Eversale, Harleigh, Minesville, 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.

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.

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 \$1.60
45-inch Storm Serge, navy and black, at \$1.57
45-inch Storm Serge, navy and black, at \$1.48
45-inch French Novelty, in silk and wool mixed, at \$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, \$1.56c
50-inch All Wool Sacking, usual price, 60c; our price, \$1.45c

We have a full line of 27-inch All Wool Tricot Cloth, very fine quality, at \$1.22c

Blankets.

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