

SOCIETY PLAYS GOLF.

The English Game Has Come to America to Stay.

It Was Started as a Fad But Has Already Shaken the Popularity of Tennis at Nearly All of the Eastern Resorts.

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land enough is doing the same thing, and so one is forced to a conclusion. Golf has vitality. It was bound to be a fad. It has become a game. It has shaken the popularity of tennis at nearly every summer resort in the east this season. Golf is contagious. One place catches it from another. Presently it will rage.

The country clubs are becoming nothing but golf clubs. The chief use of the bicycle is to take you to a place where you can spend the day golfing. The man in golfing tweeds and highland gaiters takes better with the snar-



L. B. STODDART.

mer girl than the white duck young man; that's a pointer. The girls who pass on the country roads are sure to be discussing the wrist movements, "holes" and "drives," that's another.

Golf sprouted in earnest at Newport last summer; this year it is in full blossom. The great canary-colored country club house out on the Ocean drive, that is so nondescript in its architecture without, and so luxurious within, is furnished with an eye single to the comfort of golfers. There are baths for use when you are heated, and tired with golfing. There are massage operators to rub you down when you are stiff with too prolonged following of the course. There are hair dressers to make you pretty again, if you happen to be a woman and have gotten your curls all out of order tramping over the links on a hot afternoon. The only solvents that Newport girls prize are golf sticks, and if you look at the back of their frocks you will see that the jeweled pin that catches the belt to the blouse is almost always a golf club in miniature.

But at Lenox they play harder and get more out of the game. The Lenox Golf club has an eighteen-hole links and the two miles and a quarter of rough country it covers gives one more than exercise enough in dog days. The best girl player at Lenox this summer has been Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt, who has gone over the entire course with eighty-three strokes only. Mr. James Barnes holds the record thus far this summer, with fifty-three strokes.

Dr. W. Seward Webb has a good private links on his Shellburn Falls farm, though it is only a nine-hole course. And the men and women who play? Theodore A. Havemeyer was almost the first American to take up the game, and has pushed it to its present popularity in Newport. He talks golf, plays golf and wears the smartest attainable golfing clothes.

Ex-Gov. Russell, of Massachusetts, is one of the most devoted golfers in the country, and is vice president of a golf club at Kendall Green.

Gen. Charles J. Paine, who defended the America's cup with the Puritan, the Mayflower and the Volunteer, has not given up yachting, but added golfing to life's pleasures.

The amateur golf champion of America is Mr. L. B. Stoddart, who won the title on the links of the St. Andrews' club at Yonkers, last year. In the championship tournament to be held at Newport the first week in October, Mr. Stoddart will have for competitor Mr. George Hunter, of the Richmond County Country club, of Rosebank, Staten Island. Mr. Hunter holds the record over the links of his own club, and a pretty contest is expected.

There are not many women who really play well. Mrs. W. Seward Webb is one of the best in the country. Her record over the links at Lenox is seventy-eight strokes. Mrs. Herman Gelrich is a good player, but most of the girls who wield the club do it as they play tennis, to show tartan blouses and in general, smart clothes. In the ladies' tournament held by the Morris County Golf club in July, Miss Louise V. Field was winner. But the golf is new here yet, and twelve months from now the girls, if they do not all equal Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt, will have better records to show. A six-hole course, three times round, is the favorite for women.

At Bar Harbor golf outweighs every other attraction. The headquarters of the golfers are at the beautiful Kebo Valley club house, well out on the Eagle Lake road, under the mountains,

and away from the village. It's a sight worth a trip to Mount Desert to see Bishop Lawrence play there, his brows knit and figure poised in meditation, as if on the stroke depended the future welfare of a score of souls. Even more picturesque are the golfing attempts of the Japanese minister, Kurino. No more courageous effort to harmonize one's self with one's environment was ever seen than the spectacle of this dip-



THEODORE A. H. HAVEMEYER.

nified and most courteous oriental on the links, curiously examining his golf club from end to end.

Tuxedo plays golf, of course, and Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, Jr., will present silver cups for the August handicaps.

At Richfield Springs an eighteen-hole course has been laid out, while the Shinnecock Hills Golf club has H. H. Boyesen, Elihu Root, Collector James T. Kilbreth, and plenty of other men known all over the country, competing in "drives" and "puts," and cultivating a holy horror of "bunkers." The Shinnecock Hills' golf tournament will begin August 26, and Judge Horace Russell will give a silver cup to the player making the best score over the links during the season.

At Lakewood the links will be increased to eighteen holes in September, and play promises to be lively all winter. Every resort of any note among the White mountains has its links, and the brides at Niagara Falls forget to listen to the roar of the cataract in the joys of golfing.

The United States Golf association now comprises ten allied clubs. Theodore A. Havemeyer is president, and among the most difficult, and therefore most interesting links are those of the Philadelphia Country club, the Meadow Brook Hunt club, at Hempstead, L. I.; the Morris County Golf club, of Morristown, N. J.; the Chicago Golf club and the St. Andrews' club, of Yonkers, N. Y. There is scheduled an international golf tournament to take place at



GEN. CHARLES J. PAINE.

Niagara, September 1, and other tournaments will be held in Newport, Yonkers and Philadelphia, from the 1st to the 15th of October.

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AFTER.
Laugh and sing when I am gone,
Gayly deck my tomb;
Well ye know I do not love
Aught of blight or gloom.
Laugh and sing and drop no tear;
Keep the sod below
It would please me best to think,
Tears had ceased to flow.
Gathered round my tent of green,
Tell your tales of mirth;
Oh, be happy, as am I,
Sleeping in the earth.
And remember as you go
Homeward through the grove,
That the robin's, not the raven's,
Is the voice of love.
—Chicago Record.

A MOUNTAIN HERO.

BY W. J. LAMPTON.



IM BLATCHMAN was a moonshiner.

Later he became a murderer and swung for it, but just the same he was a hero of the unusual sort.

Living in the mountains of the Cumberland as he had since his birth, it was not to be expected that he could be of the higher type of manhood which tradition assumes to be found mostly along the broader paths of civilization, yet Jim Blatchman was not found wanting when the time came, albeit there was a strange jumble in his ignorant mind of what constituted heroism.

At least it may be called heroism, though Jim didn't know it by that name.

But to the story of it. Jim was a young mountaineer of twenty-five, tall, loosely coupled, saw-tooth face, slow of speech, devoid of grace, and still having a heart in him which for a year or more had been won't to beat as a trip hammer whenever his eyes fell upon the pleasant face of old Zeke Munyon's daughter Martha.

And it was noticed by the gossips of the Fork that Martha rather favored Jim, for he owned a little farm with a hewed log house on it, and Martha, being ambitious in her social nature, felt that a hewed log house was none too fine for her feather.

True, she had not been accustomed to the luxury of hewed logs as house material, for her father's residence was only of logs in the rough, but this lack rather inflamed her ambition and made her wish the more for those things which she had not.

Neither had it any appreciable effect upon her conscience that Jim made more money selling the "moonshine" than he made than he did selling the crops that he made.

It was the end, not the means thereof, which most interested this mountain maid.

To Jim, however, these slight discrepancies of character did not appeal. He was in love with Martha, and when a man is in that condition nothing else counts.

So time trotted on, until the wedding day was almost in sight, and Martha went to the county town to spend a day and buy herself a calico gown and a few other "weddin' fixin's."

Had day for Jim. At the tavern where Martha put up she met a fine-looking fellow, not of the mountains, who was a deputy United States marshal by appointment, and a "revenoo" by mountain title.

Usually the love of the mountaineer for a "revenoo" is not of the kind that passeth understanding, but Martha's ambition led her kindly on the officer, and she looked kindly on the officer and listened with many a blush to his pretty speeches.

When she left for her home the officer told her he would come to see her, and Martha was so pleased that she forgot all about Jim.

Whether the officer was in love with Martha or not may not be known, but it is known that he came to see her; that he came often; that the officer came the better pleased he seemed to be, and the upshot of it all was that Jim felt called upon to speak to her about the officer and his own relations to the then existing situation.

"Tain't that I don't like you, Jim, just ez much ez I ever did," she said to him, "but you ain't like the captain."

"But you wuz lovin' me afore you seen him," argued Jim.

"No, I wuzn't, Jim," she admitted. "I wuz tryin' to, an' makin' you believe I wuz, but thar wuzn't no love thar. Leastwavs, not like this I've got fer the captain."

Jim got up and walked the floor. "I'll kill the hound!" he said, and Jim had some experience in that line, and knew what he was talking about.

"You might ez well kill me, too, Jim," she replied to this threat, "fer what kills him kills me."

Jim sat down sobbing with a grief greater than he could express.

"Oh, Marthy, Marthy," he said, after a few minutes, "to think that you wuz more'n everything in the world to me, and that thar wuzn't nothin' else I keered fer if it wuzn't you, and now you have give it all up fer a stranger, and him a revenoo!"

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Perhaps it was not such a burst of emotional eloquence as the more civilized man could have poured forth at such a time, but there was all of Jim's heart and soul in it, and there can be no more than that in any human utterance.

After a long time Jim went away, and when the officer came on his next visit Martha talked to him of this old lover of hers, and the officer smiled softly to himself.

He knew Jim Blatchman by reputation, and was anxious for a personal acquaintance. Martha could bring about a meeting, and Martha did.

It took place near Jim's moonshine factory in the depths of the mountains. Notwithstanding the deputy was looking for Jim, the meeting was a surprise to him and to the one man with him. So surprising, in fact, that before the officers knew exactly what had happened Jim had them both covered with a Winchester and their hands were up in the air quite out of reach of the guns they carried for such emergencies.

"Who are you? What do you mean by this outrage?" stormed the deputy marshal, not, however, taking down his hands to make gestures with, for Jim's Winchester seemed to forbid that.

"I'm Jim Blatchman," replied the moonshiner, quietly, "and reckon you're the feller that Marthy loves," he added, gulping down a lump in his throat.

Whether the officer loved Martha did not appear to be taken into Jim's account.

"That's none of your business," retorted the deputy, who had plenty of nerve or he never would have held the position he did.

"I reckon 'tain't," said Jim, meekly, "thinking of Martha all the time. The deputy was growing restive.

"Well!" he exclaimed, "when are you going to let up on this?"

"And that's none of your business," said Jim, with only the very faintest shadow of a smile on his sad and saw-tooth face.

"That's a stand-on me," laughed the deputy, nervily. "I hope, however, you won't make it any longer than you can help, for my arms are getting tired."

Jim passed this sally in silence.

"I reckon," he said, gloomily, "that you and yer partner thar come pokin' round here fer me, didn't you?"

"That's about the size of it," admitted the deputy, frankly.

"I reckon you know what a revenoo gits when he gits ketched in these parts, don't you?"

The deputy lowered his hands just a hair's breadth.

"Don't do that ag'in," warned Jim, "er you'll make me fergit my duty. What will they do with me ef I kilt both my you'ns?" he went on.

"I hung you as high as Haman," promptly replied the deputy.

"Ef it's only one of you, will it be the same?"

"Exactly."

Jim smiled at this as if justice were somewhat of a joker.

He stood as he had been standing since he had stopped the two officers, with his gun at his shoulder, then without a word of warning a sharp report rang out and the man by the deputy marshal's side dropped dead in his tracks.

The deputy was almost unnerved by the awful suddenness of it, but he never flinched.

Jim threw his smoking Winchester at the deputy's feet.

"I'm yer prisoner," he said hopelessly, and then with a nod toward the dead man, "it wuzn't him that Marthy loves."

And thus Jim Blatchman vindicated his honor as a moonshiner, and removed the obstacle in the path of Martha's happiness.—N. Y. Sun.

Suicide of a Brave Old Salt. China's fleet is now a thing of the past, and many gallant men have perished with it, striving vainly to save their country's credit, with fate against them, and handicapped by corruption, treachery and incompetence on shore. Chief among those who have died for their country is Admiral Ting Ju Chang, a gallant soldier and true gentleman. Betrayed by his countrymen, fighting against odds, almost his last official act was to stipulate for the lives of his officers and men. His own he scorned to save, well knowing that his ungrateful country would prove less merciful than his honorable foe. Bitter, indeed, must have been the reflections of the old wounded hero in that midnight hour, as he drank the poisoned cup that was to give him rest.

—Commander McGiffin, of the "Chen Yuen," in Century.

—The Wesleyans were named from John Wesley. They were called Methodists in derision because Wesley and his companions methodized their time in order to conserve it and do the more work. In England the Primitive Methodists are called "Ranters" from their habit of preaching on the streets or in public places or wherever they can get an audience.

—Illinois is first in broom corn, with 15,932,502 pounds.

USURIOUS DESPOTISM.

Shylock Methods Employed by Berlin Money Lenders.

Thousands of Prussians Driven to Ruin or Exile Every Year—Marrying for Money the Sole Motive.

All Berlin sighs under the despotism of usury. The government, or at least the pillars of the government, sigh and suffer the most. For the past six months one huge trial for usury has followed another, and the end is not yet. In one of these trials last fall, says the San Francisco Argonaut, there were no less than one hundred and twenty-seven defendants, and the number of witnesses amounted to nearly four hundred. A number of the worst usurers have been found guilty and sentenced to terms of imprisonment ranging from six months upward to seven years, besides heavy fines in money. Quite a number of the shrewdest and most dangerous had to be acquitted for lack of proof. The young capital of the new German empire will remain the most usury-ridden city in the world, where the vampirism of a legion of Shylocks steadily sucks the life-blood of the higher as well as lower classes, and drives annually hundreds and thousands into ruin or into exile.

The cause is expressed by the untranslatable word "standesruecksichtheten," by which is meant the thousand and one considerations which Germans deem due to their rank or station in life. Prussia is a poor country, even to-day, after amalgamating into its domain large districts of more fertile and wealthier regions, such as Nassau, Hesse-Cassel, districts in Hannover and by the Rhine. The Prussian nobility is the poorest of any civilized country, with the single exception of Italian. But the Prussian nobility, nevertheless, is as proud as the Spanish, vastly prouder than the British. Their poverty now and their claims to consideration, their station in life, their prominent position in the state lead to never-ceasing conflict.

Their peculiar code of honor forbids them to engage in money-making pursuits, least of all in trade or commerce, and nothing is left them to live in accordance with the cast-iron notions of their mind but either to enter the army as professional soldiers, to enter the government employ, or else to till the meager paternal acres.

The latter occupation—which used to furnish to brothers, cousins and sons of such agricultural noblemen the secret wherewithal to live standesgemaess (i. e., according to their rank) in Berlin or elsewhere—is becoming less and less profitable, owing to cheap American and East Indian wheat, cheap Russian rye, and cheap Australian meat. And the pay of Prussian army officers or government employes is still so wholly inadequate that it does not suffice even the most modest expectations up to the age of forty or so.

A "money marriage" is the sole remedy left them to adjust their affairs under normal conditions; but "money marriages," too, are becoming less and less frequent, since the number of claimants to each wealthy girl's hand is yearly becoming larger. The hunt for an American heiress or for some other exotic "goldfish" is hence mentioned in the lexicon of these unenviable young men as the dernier resort. This rapid pen picture of the actual conditions confronting nine-tenths of the young Prussian nobles on entering life is by no means complete. But it will serve to show why the usurer in Berlin has become a power of the first magnitude.

Each year scores of cases occur in Berlin of young hopefuls ending their brief butterfly existence by a well-directed bullet; of despairing fathers quitting the service of that state to which they had devoted the best years of their life at a personal and financial sacrifice; of middle-aged men disappearing (and often turning up again in miserable guise in some transatlantic country) from their old-time haunts, and all this because the usurer at last has drawn the net close about them. And the number of poor, dowryless girls, of sisters and brides of these same young men, girls who of their own free choice abandon every hope of wedded life and motherhood simply to enable their lords of the other sex, their brothers in most cases, to cut a figure for a time, to live standesgemaess, is fairly innumerable. These poor girls, silent, uncomplaining victims of hoary prejudice, are the real heroines in these tragedies of life. That is why Berlin is honeycombed with usury, and that is why usury is a regular profession—or, rather, a fine art.

Bicycle Affects Summer Resorts. A new phase of the bicycle fad has come to light, says the New York correspondent of the Pittsburgh Dispatch, and it bodes no good to the hotel men at the shore or at the mountains. Thousands of New York wage-earners, as well as more favored ones, who have heretofore spent from two weeks to two months in the country each summer, have this year invested their savings in the alluring wheel and will stay at home, speeding on the boulevards and through the parks of New York, Brooklyn and New Jersey. When papa says to the ruler of the household now: "Well, where shall we go for the summer?" Mother casts an eye on her new bloomers and replies: "Out on the Riverside drive every day. Besides, you must get new wheels for each of the girls when they come home from school." So the bicycle fever has caught us all.

Rattler and Wild Cat. Herman Brawer, of Port Jervis, N. Y., while going to work witnessed a terrific battle between a full-grown wild cat and a big rattlesnake in a narrow cleft of rocks. The rattler won, the cat dying from numerous bites. Brawer killed the snake. It supported fourteen rattles and measured three feet six inches.



Anthracite coal used exclusively, insuring cleanliness and comfort.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS. MAY, 15, 1905.

LEAVE FREELAND.
6:05, 8:25, 9:30, 10:41 a. m., 1:25, 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, 9:30 a. m., 1:25, 3:40, 4:25 p. m., for Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Philadelphia, Easton and New York.
7:26, 9:27, 10:56 a. m., 2:27, 4:25, 6:58 p. m., for Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Pottsville.
7:26, 9:27, 10:56 a. m., 11:54, 4:34 p. m., (via Hazleton Branch) for White Haven, Glen Summit, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and L. & 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 Delaware, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, New York and Philadelphia.

ARRIVE AT FREELAND.
7:26, 9:27, 10:56, 11:54 a. m., 12:58, 2:33, 4:34, 5:23, 6:58, 8:47 p. m., from Hazleton, Stockton, Lumber Yard, Jeddo and Drifton.
7:26, 9:27, 10:56 a. m., 2:13, 4:34, 6:58 p. m., from Delaware, Mahanoy City and Shenandoah (via New Boston Branch).
12:58, 5:53, 8:47 p. m., from New York, Easton, Philadelphia, Bethlehem, Allentown and Mauch Chunk.

SATURDAY TRAINS.
11:31 a. m. and 3:31 p. m., from Hazleton, Lumber Yard, Jeddo and Drifton.
11:31 a. m. from Delaware, Hazleton, Philadelphia and Easton.
3:31 p. m. from Delaware 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. KOSNEMACHER, Asst. Supt., South Bethlehem, Pa.

THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCRIPPSVILLE RAILROAD.
Time table in effect January 20, 1905.

Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Eckley, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Roan and Hazleton Junction at 6:00 a. m., 12:00, 4:15 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:03 a. m., 2:08 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Harwood, Cranberry, Tombsken and Deringer at 6:00 a. m., 12:00 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:03 a. m., 2:08 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Onedia Junction, Harwood, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepton at 6:10 a. m., 12:05, 4:15 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:03 a. m., 2:10 p. m., 4:40 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:03 a. m., 3:08 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Harwood for Onedia Junction, Harwood, Humboldt Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepton at 6:37, 9:37 a. m., 12:05, 4:40 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:03 a. m., 3:08 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Deringer for Tombsken, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazleton Junction, Roan, Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 2:55, 6:05, 6:40 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 9:57 a. m., 5:07 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Shepton for Onedia, Humboldt Road, Harwood Road, Onedia Junction, Hazleton Junction, Harwood, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepton at 6:37, 9:37 a. m., 12:05, 4:40 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 8:00 a. m., 3:44 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Onedia for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 6:30 a. m., 12:05, 4:40 p. m., daily, except Sunday; and 10:08 a. m., 5:08 p. m., Sunday.

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

Trains leaving Drifton at 6:10 a. m., Hazleton Junction at 9:37 a. m., and Shepton at 8:15 a. m., connect at Onedia Junction with Lehigh Valley trains east and west.

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

DANIEL COXE, Superintendent.

HIGH TRACTION COMPANY.
First car will leave Freeland for Drifton, Jeddo, Jarran, Oasdale, Escrvalto, 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 7:25 a. m., and then every thirty minutes until 11:05 p. m.

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POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENT.
FOR POOR DIRECTOR—

A. S. MONROE, of Hazleton.

Subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention.

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