SALT RHEUM

and Eczema cured. These two complaints are so tenacious that the readers of the TRIBUNE should know of the success obtained by using Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Where all other treatments have failed, it has made a complete cure.

No more horrible case of salt rheum was ever reported than that of Wilbur L. Hale, quartermaster, Pratt Post, G. A. R., Rondout, N. Y. Several physicians utterly failed to render him any relief; finally

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

was tried and steady improvement followed its use, and a permanent cure resulted.

It is used with similar success in cases of scrofula, nervousness, kidney and liver complaints, and in all disease brought about by bad blood and shattered nerves.

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.

Seelig's

Grocers can tell you why those who buy Seelig's keep coming back for it. Strange though how long it takes people to try a new thing.

when used as an admixture to ordinary coffee makes a delicious drink. 2c. a package. 13

BICYCLES! BUGGIES!

High-Grade, sold direct to users at wholesale. We will save you from $10 to $50. Everything in Bicycle and Vehicle line. Catlog free. Beautiful substancial Bicycles at half price, guaranteed 1 year. No advance money required. We send by express and allow a full examination, if not right return at our expense. Now isn't that fair? Write us. Brewster Vehicle Co., Holly, Mich.

BICYCLISTS!

Encyclopedia, how to care for and repair Tires, Chains, Bearings, etc. 150 valuable pointers for riders. Price 25c; sample by mail 10c. It sells on sight. Agt. wanted. J. A. Slocum, Holly, Mich

$9 a day. Agts. wanted. 10 fast seller Big money for Agts. Catalog FREE E. E. Brewster, Holly, Mich.

WANTED—AN IDEA Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer.

Read - the - Tribune.

A GENTLE REMINDER.

"Golly! Dat reminds me ez how I'se heern tell dat steal 'tracts lightnin'. Guess I better be gittin out o' here."—N. Y. Herald.

Thoughts That Burn.

"I send to you some thoughts that burn,"
The poet wrote with poet's pride.
The editor renewed his fire,
And as he watched the flames leap higher,
"You did, indeed!" replied.

—Judge.

Dairies Banished from St. Louis.

The St. Louis city council has prohibited dairies from being conducted in the city limits.

An Able Criticism.

A member of a rural school board visited a school under his jurisdiction. When asked to make "a few remarks," he said: "Well, children, you reads well and you spells well, but you hain't got still."—Harper's Bazar.

Augustus was not the public benefactor he was represented. He was the most exacting tax collector the world had ever seen up to his day.

Although the story of King Arthur and his round table is a myth, there is in a southern English town a table which purports to be the original board around which the knights sat.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

A FRUSTRATED SCOOP.

BY ERNEST SHIRVES.

It was a hot August afternoon, and the sun's rays beat down with melting intensity upon the limestone pike that served Tannington for a principal street. The air was close and sultry, and the only respite to suffering humanity came in the shape of an occasional pine-laden breeze that stole down from the tall sentinel mountains beneath which the tiny town nestled.

Not that there was much humanity around to suffer, for though it was mid-week, the big, boisterous engines in the tannery on the hill were silent, and the canning factory's gates were closed. Even the village store was deserted by all save a solitary clerk, who hadn't made a sale since early morning. There was a granger picnic over at Slawson's Corners, and most of the population were attending it.

Carrie Lumsden, a summer boarder from the neighboring city of Jonesville, was one of the few stay-at-homes. Having firmly resisted the pressing invitation of her hostess, Mrs. Johnson, to make one of the family party, she was now dozing in a hammock on Farmer Johnson's piazza.

The young woman had come down from Jonesville about three weeks before on an "absolute quiet" prescription. The doctor, in enjoining her to "get away from everything," had particularly specified newspapers, for it was over-zeal in the service of one of Jonesville's morning journals that was responsible for Miss Lumsden's breakdown. One of the most rapid and effective workers on the Phonograph staff, she had, for two years, supported herself and her invalid mother, working early and late, without a thought of rest or the slightest attention to the repeated warnings of her overtaxed nerves. Finally these became so pointed and peremptory as to be no longer disregarded. Pure air, simple food, and perfect rest had wrought wonders. The girl slept like a top, and her eye was as bright and her step as springy as ever. She felt equal to producing any amount of "copy," and was thinking of returning to work again ere she became lazy. She made a pretty picture as she lay there, trying to settle whether to get fully awake and resume her book, or yield to the prevailing drowsiness and fall sound asleep. She was saved the trouble of a decision by the sudden appearance of old Quarles, the Johnson man-of-all-work, who rushed into the yard, well blown by the unwonted exertion of moving slightly faster than a walk, and crying in his strident tones:

"Oh, Miss Carrie, suthin' dreadful's happened! Old Steve Arnold down to the toll gate's killed Miss Arnold with the ax an' hung hisself. Gus Robbins jess found 'em. He's over't the store. What kin we do? 'Squire Jackson's at the picnic, an' there ain't nobody to take no action."

Instantly the hitherto languid young woman was all activity and interest. She was out of the hammock and down the steps in a jiffy. Here was an opportunity to atone for a month of idleness.

"Well, that's terrible, isn't it? I suppose there's nothing to do, though, Quarles, but wait till the 'squire comes back. Then he'll hold an inquest. There'll be plenty of time for that."

The newspaper girl scented a possible "scoop," and didn't wish the matter stirred up too much.

She tossed on her "sailor" and accompanied the old man over to the store, where Robbins, a lank, yellow-haired, and exceedingly shy young man, was telling his story for the sixth time. He was considerably embarrassed when the tall, graceful, bright-eyed girl appeared and made him give his vivid recital all over again. It was much shorter this time, though, for she skillfully but charmingly headed off all tautological and superfluous statement. In five minutes she had him pumped dry, and then, piloted by the young man and old Quarles, Miss Lumsden started on foot for the scene of the tragedy, about a mile distant, filled with ardor, but not without a modicum of feminine repugnance to the gruesomeness of the matter in hand. Doing murderers and suicides had not been her line, but she shrank from nothing that fate threw in the path of duty.

By half-past six o'clock she had her story finished, and then, for the first time, began to consider how she was going to get her matter to the Phonograph office. Thirty-five miles of indifferent road and two big mountains lay between Tannington and Jonesville. There was no telegraph or telephone, and the mail carrier, on his picturesque gray mare, had left on his daily trip hours before. All of Farmer Johnson's horses were at the picnic.

The perplexed journalist consulted with Quarles and sent him out to reconnoiter. He returned with the cheerful news that the only horses in the village were Crosby's old gray, that couldn't make the journey in a week, and Turner's colt, that nobody could ride or drive. Slawson's was 15 miles away, and the earliest picnicker was not to be looked for before ten o'clock. The trip to Jonesville would take a fresh horse four hours at least.

Still Miss Lumsden kept her nerve. That copy must be gotten to Jonesville within six hours by some means. There must be a horse. Wouldn't Quarles, the dear old man go out and inquire once more? The soft-hearted man-of-all-work knew the case was quite hopeless, but he couldn't resist those pretty, appealing lips. He sallied forth, and in ten minutes was back again, this time with news of a horse, a fine bay, that had just been driven into the Piper's hotel yard by a gay young chap, who said he was from Jonesville.

"What does he look like?"

"Middlin' tall, with a pink shirt an' a sash, an' curly hair, an' a mustache."

The girl feared the very worst, but calmly asked:

"Do you know what his business is?"

"I think he must be a reporter, the way he talks."

At this all hopes of a "scoop" died in the girl's breast. From Quarles' crude description she was sure the new arrival must be Dick Ainesworth, of the Interviewer, Jonesville's other morning paper. Her acquaintance with the young man was slight, but she knew he was a "hustler."

Quarles' report of his next scout proved that her surmise was correct. Ainsworth had come down in search of political news for his Sunday edition, and intended going over to the picnic, but hearing of the tragedy, had concluded to stay in the village and bag the bigger game. He worked swiftly, and by 7:30 o'clock his notebook was full, and he was ready to drive back to Jonesville. By that time Miss Lumsden, who had been cool enough while gathering the facts and preparing her copy, was feverish at the prospect of losing all for the lack of means of getting her matter to Jonesville.

Defeat at this stage of the game would have been maddening.

When the faithful Quarles reported to the perplexed journalist that Ainsworth's horse was hitched, she made a desperate resolution. It was nothing less than to ask Ainsworth to take her up to Jonesville with him. As a young woman she might have hesitated at such a step; as a newspaper girl, she thought only of her duty to the Phonograph.

She reached the hotel just as her rival was starting. The young man had kept himself fully informed concerning the Phonograph reporter's movements, knew exactly her predicament, and was sure he had everything his own way. Nevertheless, he showed well-simulated surprise at her appearance.

He bowed politely, exclaiming:

"Why, how are you, Miss Lumsden? I didn't know you were down here!"

She extended her hand cordially.

"I came down three weeks ago for a rest, but I've decided to go back today, and have a favor to ask of you. Mr. Ainsworth, would you mind taking me up to town with you?"

This in her sweetest tone and with a winning smile.

Ainsworth, in common with most successful journalists, possessed the knack of thoroughly controlling his voice and features under all circumstances, and there was no trace of astonishment in either, and no relaxation of his pleasant manner as he replied, after the slightest pause:

"Certainly, upon one condition."

"What is that?" she asked, in an of-course-she-could-comply sort of tone.

"That you don't give your paper the Arnold tragedy."

The girl had more than half-expected this, but there was plainly expressed disappointment in the outward curve of her red lips and the slightest quiver of her eyelids as she answered: "Oh, I couldn't do that."

Ainsworth, inflexible though he had resolved to be, said mentally: "How deuced charming she looks! She'll cry next, and then what will I do?"

Then aloud: "Miss Lumsden, do you realize how much you are asking?"

"I think I do; and my experience with gentlemen reporters led me to hope you might extend the courtesy." The accent upon "gentleman" was faint but significant.

"Indeed, I'm truly sorry I can't oblige you; but you must know that my first duty is to my paper."

"Oh, very well. I'll find some other way, I suppose." She spoke slowly, with the slightest tremor in her voice.

Ainsworth felt that to tarry longer was to risk defeat. So he leaped into his buggy, and with a polite "Good-evening," whirled away toward Jonesville.

As the few loungers who witnessed the swiftly-enacted scene gazed from the vanishing vehicle to the girl's fair face, and saw a tiny tear standing in each of her bright brown eyes, they marveled how mortal man could be such a brute. Quarles shook his fist at the departing journalist, and muttered: "I'd uv tossed him out for a nickel. The (inarticulate growl) to treat a lady so."

"Never mind, Quarles, we'll beat him yet. It was mean, though." Suddenly her face brightened. "Hurrah! I've an idea." And she trotted briskly up the road, followed by the devoted Quarles.

Before Ainsworth had covered two miles of the dusky pike he had changed his mind 20 times, now resolving to return and say "Yes," and then decided that duty required him to drive on as fast as he could toward the Interviewer office, still miles and miles away.

He was a good-hearted fellow, fully informed as to the amenities of journalism, and possessing at least the average amount of gallantry. On an ordinary occasion he would probably not have hesitated a moment before aiding a fellow-worker on a rival paper, especially if that fellow was a pretty girl; but this was no common case. He had, apparently, the monopoly of a big sensational item, and his course was perfectly clear.

With twilight came refreshing coolness, that made driving delightful, and it was not long before the young man had, for the time being, forgotten his pretty competitor, and settled himself to the task of composing his story. All went well until he was ascending a long, steep hill, four miles from Tannington.

There adversity overtook him in the guise of a broken trace. The young man's talents did not include mechanical aptness, and it took him a good half hour to repair the damage. He had scarcely resumed his journey when a vision of beauty and grace swept by.

"Good evening, Mr. Ainsworth. Perhaps I'll beat you yet. I'm the tortoise, you know," floated back toward the buggy in mocking tones, as the lovely apparition melted into the night.

Miss Lumsden's bright idea had developed into action. She had remembered that Jennie Long, a Tannington girl, owned a bicycle. The Phonograph reporter was an expert wheelwoman, and to borrow the wheel from the girl's mother, get ready and start, was for our energetic heroine the work of but a few minutes. She had cut out a lively pace and overtaken Ainsworth while he wrestled on the mountain with the refractory trace.

The young man's admiration for the girl's pluck was so great that he was more than half inclined to call her back; but as he hesitated she passed out of hail, so he let the horse out, and by ten minutes' sharp driving overtook the cyclist. As he saw her whirling along in the white road, now brilliantly illuminated by the risen moon, he said to himself:

"There's no use trying to head off a girl like that; I'll do the decent thing by her. She's bound to reach Jonesville in time anyhow, and I might as well have the pleasure of her company."

When he got close enough he called: "Miss Lumsden, I can't see you going on alone. I surrender. Won't you get into the buggy?"

She was in the shadow just then, and he could see the shaft of scorn that was shot from her eyes; but there was no mistaking the tone in which she replied:

"Thanks; but I'm doing quite nicely. I'm not one bit afraid, and it's just cool enough to make the exercise delightful. Please drive on, and don't mind me."

He knew she meant it, and after a few unavailing words of remonstrance he pushed briskly on, but determined to keep within hail. After that he let her set the pace, urging the horse when she forged ahead, and slackening speed when she did.

A very few miles of this kind of travel were enough for the bay. He was homeward bound, and decidedly averse to poking. After several abortive attempts to break away, he finally settled matters by shying at a spectre-like tree that lifted its bare white arms across the road, and started down a steep hill at a rattling pace. The frightened driver in vain hauled and tugged upon the lines, and within half a mile the wayward beast was master. The end came swiftly. Near the bottom of the hill Ainsworth was tossed out, landing anything but gently on a pile of stones, while the nag sped merrily homeward.

There came to the luckless journalist one sharp spasm of pain and then—merciful unconsciousness. When he presently returned to anguish and the world again, a sweet-toned voice was asking:

"Are you much hurt? Can you move?" His fair rival had again overtaken him.

"Ugh! my arm!" was all he had the grace to answer. When he tried to raise his right arm it fell back like lead.

Miss Lumsden gently touched the limb and said: "I'm afraid it's broken."

Ainsworth groaned acquiescence.

"Just lie perfectly quiet while I go and explore. There must be a house near somewhere.

He was far past remonstrance, so off she went.

In less than 15 minutes the girl was back again with a horse and wagon, a stout farmer's lad and a flask. She made the injured man swallow a little of the contents of the last-mentioned find, and then she and the boy helped him to lie down on the straw in the bottom of the vehicle.

The bicycle was lifted in, Miss Lumsden followed, the boy took the reins and the eventful journey of the two journalists was resumed, this time slowly, for Ainsworth was not in condition to stand much jarring and the wagon boasted no springs. For the first half mile no one spoke. The Phonograph girl sat beside the sufferer, fanning him with sheets of copy paper. Ainsworth was silent, save when an exceptionally bad jolt forced a groan. At last he said:

"Indeed, Miss Lumsden, I don't deserve this. I was a brute; I know I was. I'm afraid all this delay will make you late, and you certainly deserve to catch the press after all you've gone through. Leave me at the nearest farmhouse and drive ahead fast."

"Now, do keep quiet, Mr. Ainsworth, or you'll worry yourself into a fever and me into a temper. It's only ten now, and the boy says we can make it by 1:30. You did perfectly right in refusing my absurd request; I never should have asked such a thing."

"But," he persisted, "I want you to know that I tried to keep near you—but—"

"The horse didn't share your benevolent intentions. He's in his stable by this time, I suppose. There, now, don't talk, or we shall be obliged to treat you like Jonah and throw you overboard."

He tried to say more; to tell how sorry he was, and how grateful, and what a wretch he had been; and between pain and weakness, and the bliss of being ministered to by such an angel, there is no telling what he might not have said. But Miss Lumsden was as firm as a hospital nurse and compelled silence.

When at three a. m. they reached Jonesville Ainsworth was assisted into the Interviewer office, where, between twitches and groans, he managed to dictate his story to a typewriter. Then, not a moment to soon, he waked up a doctor and had his arm set.

His companion turned in her manuscript, and then went home and fainted as a fitting finale.

But the Jonesville papers had good stories of the Arnold affair next morning. The Phonograph's city editor thought theirs was the best, and was loud in his praises of Miss Lumsden's work. Her salary was substantially increased and a great newspaper future was predicted for her. Nevertheless, she gave up journalism within the next six weeks. It was Ainsworth who persuaded her to do so. He said he wanted a dangerous rival out of the way, and, besides, he thought one brilliant journalist in the family at a time was enough.

—Peterson's Magazine.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Hints Which if Remembered Will Not Come Amiss.

If a dish of cold water is kept in a cake box it will keep the cake fresh and moist. The water should be renewed every 24 hours.

In making a mustard plaster take a piece of lard and stir the dry mustard into the lard until it is a thick paste and will just spread. Spread on a piece of lawn and apply to the affected part. This will not blister.

The pretty little two-tined forks intended to be used for strawberries are now seen decorated with the berry enameled in the natural colors. The vine twists around and up the handle, and has both the blossom and the fruit upon it.

In polishing silver that has been lain away for a long while and is badly tarnished, it is a good plan to wet a soft cloth in sweet oil and then with a cleaning powder rub the silver until the dark places have disappeared. Then rub with the powder and a dry chamois skin before finishing with a polishing brush.

Kerosene oil added to the water with which mirrors, windows, or anything of glass is to be washed, will give a luster. A pint of water and three tablespoonfuls of oil will wash four large windows. First dust the windows carefully, then rub well with kerosene and water, wipe with a cloth, and polish with old newspaper.

Have you ever tried a hot pancake for an aching side or back? Mix flour and water together until you have a thick batter, and cook on a hot griddle with very little grease. Place it between thin muslin and apply to the aching place. A pancake applied to the base of the brain will often relieve a headache, and is recommended for congestion of the lungs.

Get out your last season's straw hat and try freshening and cleaning it at home with lemon. Remove the band and lay the hat on a flat surface to keep the brim in shape. Cut a lemon in two crosswise and rub the hat with it. Wipe the hat with a soft clean cloth, and if the dirt and stains have not all been removed, repeat the operation with a fresh piece of lemon. Allow the hat to dry thoroughly before it is worn in the sun.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

TOGETHER IN THE GRAVE.

Mary Stuart and Elizabeth Tudor—Not Loving in Life.

Perhaps the queen who has the most company with her in the grave is Mary Stuart; for the vault which received her body when it was removed from Peterborough cathedral to Westminster abbey afterward served for the interment of her descendants and was reported full when last inspected.

Of sovereign groups, Elizabeth Tudor and her sister Mary rest together within a very limited space. Though it cannot be truthfully said that they were loving and pleasant in their lives, yet dead they are not divided. In another compartment beneath the abbey floor repose Charles II., William III. and Mary II., Queen Anne and Prince George of Denmark—uncle, nieces and nephews-in-law.

Probably the oddest combination is one which must have been planned by James I. before his death, so that people who might seek him afterward should not find him too easily. Instead of being properly entombed with his queen, Anne of Denmark, he preferred to be stowed away with Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York, and this arrangement must have been carried out privately and the record withheld from the abbey annals.

On the whole, English sovereigns have been fairly indifferent to family tombs and memorials, neither troubling about their own nor those of their predecessors or relatives.

Henry VII. began building a fine chapel as a mausoleum and James I. had a sentimental taste for erecting monuments over his kindred, which tends to redeem his general character from utter odiousness, but neither monarch can be named in the same breath with Queen Victoria as a customer for obituary sculpture and masonry.—N. Y. Mercury.

More Bulls.

One one occasion Sir George Campbell had been calling attention in the house of commons to some abuse in Indian administration, and proceeded to observe that he had further revelations to make concerning other scandals, in comparison with which this one was a "mere flea bite in the ocean." Another time, when speaking about military affairs in India, he declared that "the pale face of the British soldier was the backbone of our Indian army." I heard John Mill tell this to amuse my brothers some 70 years ago. The defendant's counsel (Irish?), pointing to the plaintiff, said: "There he sits walking up and down like a motionless statue with the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth trying to withdraw three oak trees out of my client's pocket."—London Spectator.

A Look Into the Future.

"Jane Weggens hasn't the spirit of a mouse," said the lady with the big cigar and the paste diamond.

"No?" said the fat lady with the double chin and the veined nose.

"Not a bit of spirit; not a bit. That red-headed husband of hers keeps a boarding-house, you know, and she actually has to peel the potatoes for the boarders' meals."

"Oh, well, I don't know but what that serves her right. I would get out and shovel mud in the street before I would let my husband keep boarders. A man is meant to adorn the home, not to be a slave."—Cincinnati Inquirer.

What She Would Say.

"What would you say," she asked her dearest friend, "if I told you that I was engaged to the count?"

"I am sure I don't know," replied the dearest friend, absent-mindedly. "I wouldn't be exactly surprised, you know, because I never did think much of his taste."—Chicago Post.

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 Diarrhœa 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. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

BOARD OF SCHOOL DIRECTORS' NOTICE.—To the electors of the borough of Freeland.

The board of school directors of Freeland borough school district has by a majority vote signified its desire to increase the indebtedness of the Freeland borough school district to an amount equalling and not exceeding seven per centum upon the last preceding assessed valuation of the taxable property therein, and to submit to the vote of the qualified electors of this borough the question as to the said increase of the indebtedness at an election to be held Friday, May 29, 1896.

Therefore, notice is hereby given by the board of school directors of said district, that an election will be held at the usual places of holding the municipal elections in the borough of Freeland, enumerated below, on Friday, May 29, 1896, between the hours of 7 a. m. and 7 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of obtaining the assent of the electors thereof to such increase of indebtedness.

STATEMENT.

Last assessed valuation of property	$182,113.00
Present existing indebtedness	2,359.96
Proposed increase	10,387.95
Per centage of proposed increase	5.7
Seven per centum of valuation	12,747.91

The purpose for which the indebtedness is to be increased is to raise funds with which to erect a new school building.

The election aforesaid will be held at the following polling places:

North ward, First district—At the town council room on the north side of Front street.

North ward, fourth district—At the basement of Hugh Boyle's residence on the northwest corner of Walnut and Ridge streets.

South ward, Second district—At the building of Peter Timony on southeast corner of Centre and Carbon streets.

South ward, Third district—At the office room lately occupied by Mrs. Charles A. Johnson, now occupied by Daniel Boner, on the west side of Centre street.

This election will be held at the above named places under the same regulations as provided by law for the holding of municipal elections.

Daniel J. McCarthy,
president board of directors,
Freeland borough school district.
Attest: James B. Ferry, secretary.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of a writ of lev. fa., issued out of the court of common pleas of Luzerne county, there will be exposed to public sale on SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1896, at 10 o'clock a. m., in the arbitration room at the court house, Wilkesbarre, Pa., all the right, title and interest of the defendant in the following building and lot of ground, to wit:

A two and one-half storied frame single building, 16 feet in width, 28 feet in depth and 18 feet high, kitchen 12 feet by 14 feet by 18 feet high, and located on a lot or piece of ground situate in the township of Hazle, in the county of Luzerne and state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Situate on the west side of Seybert street, Hazle township, Luzerne county, Pa., beginning at a point sixty-four (64) feet north from the northeast corner of Second and Seybert streets, thence east two hundred (200) feet to an alley, thence north thirty-two (32) feet to lot No. 4, thence west along lot No. 4 two hundred (200) feet to Seybert street, thence south along Seybert street thirty-two (32) feet to place of beginning. Being lot No. 3, square 30, Diamond addition, Hazleton, Pa., being 32 feet front from above point and 200 feet deep.

Seized and taken into execution at the suit of Fred May vs. Jos. Veola, owner or reputed owner, and Joseph Veola, contractor or builder.

James Martin, sheriff.
Frank Needham, attorney.

RECEIVERS' SALE.—By virtue of an order of the court of common pleas of Luzerne county, sitting in equity, made on the twelfth day of May, A. D. 1896, there will be exposed to public sale on SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1896, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the store room of the Saint Mary's Co-operative Association, on Fern street, in Freeland, all the right, title and interest of the said association in and to all that piece or parcel of land situate in the township of Foster, Luzerne county, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows:

Situate on the east side of Fern street in the Woodside addition to the borough of Freeland, in county aforesaid, and being lots Nos. 3 and 4, in block "P," on the map or plan of said Woodside addition, printed on the back of the agreements for the sale of said land, between the Crescent Coal Company and the Saint Mary's Co-operative Store Company. All improved with a three-story frame building used for store purposes, barn and other outbuildings. Terms of sale, 25 per cent down, and the remainder on confirmation of sale and delivery of deed.

C. F. McHugh, receiver.

ESTATE OF CONRAD BREHM, late of Foster township, deceased.

Letters of administration upon the above named estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands to present the same, without delay, to

Thomas A. Buckley.
Chas. Orion Stroh, attorney.

ESTATE OF FREDERICK HAAS, late of Freeland, deceased.

Letters testamentary upon the above named estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands to present the same, without delay, to

Anna E. Haas,
Charles Haas.
Chas. Orion Stroh, attorney.

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.

GET THE BEST

When you are about to buy a Sewing Machine do not be deceived by alluring advertisements and be led to think you can get the best made, finest finished and

Most Popular

for a mere song. See to it that you buy from reliable manufacturers that have gained a reputation by honest and square dealing, you will then get a Sewing Machine that is noted the world over for its durability. You want the one that is easiest to manage and is

Light Running

There is none in the world that can equal in mechanical construction, durability of working parts, fineness of finish, beauty in appearance, or has as many improvements as the

NEW HOME

It has Automatic Tension, Double Feed, alike on both sides of needle (*patented*), no other has it; New Stand (*patented*), driving wheel hinged on adjustable centers, thus reducing friction to the minimum.

WRITE FOR CIRCULARS.

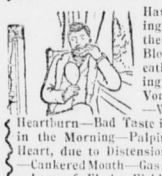
THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO.

ORANGE, MASS. BOSTON, MASS. 28 UNION SQUARE, N. Y. CHICAGO, ILL. ST. LOUIS, MO. DALLAS, TEXAS. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. ATLANTA, GA.

FOR SALE BY

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

Is this what ails you?



Have you a feeling of weight in the Stomach—Bloating after eating—Belching of Wind—Vomiting of Food—Waterbrash—Heartburn—Bad Taste in the Mouth in the Morning—Palpitation of the Heart, due to Distension of Stomach—Cankered Mouth—Gas in the Bowels—Loss of Flesh—Fickle Appetite—Depressed, Irritable Condition of the Mind—Dizziness—Headache—Constipation or Diarrhœa? Then you have

DYSPEPSIA

in one of its many forms. The one positive cure for this distressing complaint is

Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets

by mail, prepaid, on receipt of 25 cents.

CHARLES RABSEY, Hotel Imperial, New York, says: "I suffered horribly from dyspepsia, but Acker's Tablets, taken after meals, have cured me."

Acker Medicine Co., 16-18 Chambers St., N. Y.

Scientific American Agency for

CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, DESIGN PATENTS, COPYRIGHTS, etc.

For information and free Handbook write to MUNN & CO., 361 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Oldest bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the

Scientific American

Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent man should be without it. Weekly, $3.00 a year; $1.50 six months. Address, MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, New York City.

PATENTS

Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO.

OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.