

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

FREELAND TRIBUNE.

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FREELAND, SEPTEMBER 17, 1896.

McKinley Against the World.

Of all the propositions laid down in Major McKinley's letter of acceptance none was more illogical and incorrect than the statement that "if the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen ounces of silver to one ounce of gold would, as some of its advocates assert, make 53 cents in silver worth 100 cents and the silver dollar equal the gold dollar, then we would have no cheaper money than now, and it would be no easier to get it." In making this statement, Major McKinley exhibits more boldness than brains; for by it he places his sole bare and unsupported assertion against the united opinion of all the writers and thinkers on finance in the whole world. Not one writer on money, whether he be an advocate of the gold standard or of bimetalism, has ever given his support to the proposition that with an increase in the volume of money "we would have no cheaper money than now, and that it would be no easier to get."

Not only are all bimetalists united in the opinion that an increase in the volume of money makes it cheaper and easier to get, but all of the gold standard writers in the world, except McKinley, are unanimously of the same opinion. One of the strongest arguments of the gold standard writers is the one that money will be so much cheaper and the purchasing power of a dollar so much less under free coinage than it would be equivalent to scaling down the debts of the world by nearly one-half.

Yet, here is their chosen standard bearer giving the lie to all their arguments, and setting up his own bare assertion against the united opinion of the whole body of his own supporters, as well as declaring that one of the great admitted and established axioms of monetary science is false. The ancients said "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad." Major McKinley's letter on money makes it certain that he is mad enough to insure his political destruction. The American people should never trust the management of their national finances to a man who is so utterly wild on financial matters as to solemnly declare in defiance of the intelligent opinion of the whole thinking world, that an increase in the volume of money "would reduce property values," and "make money no cheaper and no easier to get than it is now."

In view of his most remarkable letter of acceptance it is not to be wondered at that McKinley's managers do not deem it wise to allow him to go on the stump making speeches during this campaign. It would be risky venture indeed to allow him to make many speeches made up of the kind of arguments on money which he uses in his letter of acceptance.

An increase of 3,700 in the Democratic vote of Maine over that polled in 1894 does not look discouraging. The Republicans, however, have increased their majority from 29,000 to about 50,000, and there is some questioning as to where the votes came from. The Democrats more than held their own, and it does look as if the figures returned for the other side's ticket were slightly magnified. It appears that Governor Hastings pardoned those Philadelphia ballot-box stuffers just in time.

The poor of New York city who buy their coal in buckets full now pay 14 cents a bucket for it, which is at the rate of \$9 per ton. The cost of mining a ton of coal and putting it in cars at the breaker is less than \$1 a ton. There is something decidedly wrong with the business economy that permits such a difference to exist between cost of production and selling price at points so close to each other.

Independent Political Club.
The Polish Independent Political Club, of Freeland, meets on the first Saturday evening after the 20th of each month at No. 15 West Walnut street. Its officers are: Charles Bartoszewich, president; John Petroski, treasurer; George Rymska, secretary. An invitation is extended to all Polish citizens to become members of this club.

POWDERLY FLOPS.

And What a Flop Was There, My Countrymen! Behold Him!
Washington, D. C., Sept. 11, 1896.
To the Order Wherever Found, Greeting:
Terrence Vincent Powderly, who for fourteen years prior to November, 1893, was the chief officer in the Knights of Labor, has been recently quoted in the press dispatches as stating authoritatively that the free coinage of silver is no portion of the preamble or creed of the Knights of Labor.

The influence of anything Mr. Powderly may think or say will have small weight with those of our members whose memories go back a few years; it may, however, tend to confuse and mislead some of the thousands who have joined the cause more recently, and to those I principally address myself.
I have claimed now for three years that Mr. Powderly was a monomaniac upon the one subject of T. V. Powderly, however sane he might be considered upon matters affecting his personality, and I cannot at this time refrain from entering into a short retrospect of the career of the man whose unexampled egotism was one of the chief causes that brought strife and dissension for a time into our sanctuaries.

The free and unlimited coinage of silver has been one of the main demands of the Knights of Labor since the Atlanta session of the general assembly in 1889, it has been reindorsed specifically since that time in Denver in 1890, at Toledo in 1891, at St. Louis in 1892, and our legislative committees have been instructed to make that, with the land and transportation planks, their chief care.

Mr. Powderly, as chairman of a delegation representing this order, attended conferences and conventions of the Farmers Alliance and the People's party at Ocala, Omaha, Washington and St. Louis, where the Knights of Labor were again pledged to the support of the measure with his active co-operation and consent; he is on record in more than one of his official reports as being personally a warm adherent of those doctrines and his present attitude is simply a discarding of the mask and a proof of the claim so frequently made that during all the years he held remunerative office in the order, he was simply a time server without sincerity of mind or purpose.

In fourteen years he drew, in actual cash, over \$45,000 from the treasury of the order, his postage, street and railroad car-fare, hotel bills, even the gas bills in his home in Scranton were charged to and paid by the order he so long deceived. From the position of a mediocre machinist he was, through the advantages obtained by membership in the order, given opportunity for study, leisure to observe human nature, and abundant chance to become a cultured cosmopolitan with acquired ability to smooth the world's rough places for himself, if not for his fellows, and the return he now gives to the organization to which he is so deeply indebted is to throw his measly weight, with a remnant of his old-time egotism, into the scale against it and make a feeble attempt to help the combined corporate banks and monopolies against whom he waged relentless war so long.

All he has and knows he owes to the Knights of Labor; all he is, he is himself responsible for. I have claimed that his mental poise was lost in 1893 and every public act and utterance he has since perpetrated has but deepened my conviction; let us in charity all decide that this view is the proper and correct one and permit T. V. Powderly to pass quietly into deserved oblivion attended only by the contempt of an outraged community.
M. J. Bishop.
General Worthy Foreman, Knights of Labor.

Silver Does Not Mean Repudiation.

From the Wilkesbarre Telephone (SIL. REP.).
The Republicans tell us it is repudiation to pay the national debt in silver, in the face of the fact that congress passed a resolution on December 6, 1878, declaring that "all bonds of the United States, issued or authorized to be issued under the acts of congress, to provide for the redemption of special payments, etc., are payable, principal and interest, at the option of the government of the United States, in silver dollars, and such payment is not in violation of the public faith, nor in derogation of the rights of the public creditor."

That was righteous years ago, before Bryan was ever heard of. William McKinley voted for the resolution and so did Hon. John G. Carlisle, the present secretary of the treasury. And yet, men who demand that the national debt shall be paid in silver or "coin" are denounced as "anarchists," "repudiationists" and "communists."
If it is a crime now, it was a crime then. If it is "repudiation" now, it was "repudiation" then. If it is "anarchism" now, it was "anarchism" then. The people are beginning to understand this question, and when they fully understand it, as they will before the day of election, let the speculators and the plutocrats take warning. "They have been weighed in the balance, and found wanting."
Neat footwear for ladies is sold very cheap at the Wear Well.

BILL'S NUGGET.

BY OWEN HALL.
[COPYRIGHT, 1896.]

There were only three in our party. Tom and me had come to Coolgardie together, being old mates, and then we came across Bill on the field. He was a queer chap always, were Bill. Work? Well, I won't say as ever I knew a hand on any diggin's as could beat Bill for work, take him all around. Early and late Bill were there whoever weren't. He would work eating; he would work talking—though it weren't much talking you would get out of Bill, not as a reg'lar thing anyhow. Why he seemed as if he worked of nights after he'd turned in did Bill, and it was all gold, every word of it. Yes, for the matter of that he was a reg'lar whale at work, and no mistake.

When Tom and me first come across him Bill was down on his luck. His tucker had just about panned out, and he hadn't not a shilling left to buy water, which seeing how water were a pound a bucket at Coolgardie just then and scarce at that, were awkward. Yes, I reckon we were a Godsend to Bill, that's about what we were, Tom and me, when we offered to take him in mates. Not but what it was right enough for us. Tom and me had a matter of may be 30 pounds between us and we were pretty old hands at the job, but the place were new to us, and Coolgardie, like most fields, had ways of its own. We knew Ballarat in the deep lands, and we'd been mates at Palmer river, but this weren't like them—not a little bit. Now, Bill, he'd been here two months and he knew most all there was to know about the place, and so it come about as we went mates with Bill, and just then Bill was mighty glad to be took by anybody as could get a bit of tucker and a bucket of water—you bet.

After all's said let's be fair to Bill. He could work, and he did—never a man better—and if he didn't turn out so straight as mates had ought to be, well, after all Bill had temptations, I reckon. Bill wasn't to say big, but he was strong, and as wiry as they make 'em. Tom and me was used to work, but bless 'em, we weren't in it not alongside of him at his best. He was a good-looking chap enough too, was Bill, leastways you could see and Bill's eyes were out of the common. Look out they did from under his eyebrows eager and anxious like—always eager and anxious, as if he could see something rich just ahead of him.

Bill never talked much—not while he was awake, anyhow—and when he was asleep his talk didn't amount to nothing about himself. He might a been a dork in his time, might Bill, for anything ever he said to the contrary; and he might have been a most anything by his tongue—only one thing was sure, Bill hadn't always been a digger, no, nor yet for so very long, neither. No, he were a queer chap, were Bill, but take him all round I've met a sight o' worse mates in my time.

We stopped at Coolgardie for a month and it was long enough, too. Gold there was, I admit it, but it hadn't no sort of consistency. You might work till ye struck gold and perhaps get a nugget or two and thought ye had come on a good thing, and then, after you had broke your heart following of it up for days, you'd as like as not kick up a nugget with the toe of your boot as you was going to work right a-top of the ground. That was the worst of Coolgardie. Gold there was, and plenty at that, but a digger was just about as likely to come across it as a digger, and a lazy chap that loafed about like a Chinaman, all eyes and no hands, had every bit as good chance as us that worked early and late to get it.

We were getting pretty near full up of this, though we were naking tucker



I READ IT OUT LOUD.

at it, mind you, all the time, and Bill he was the fullest up of the lot. One day came news that gold had been struck heavy to the northwest a matter of twenty miles off or so. Bill was wild to be off, and though we heard that there was no water found yet it stood to reason that somebody would find it, and anyhow water carts were sure to go where there was gold. The new field was out beyond the Red Sunset range, and we concluded to see what it was like. Twenty miles did sound much, but twenty miles over half sandy ridges, carrying a five-gallon keg of water as well as tucker and tools totes up a good bit of a job by the time ye gets there. I won't say but what Bill was all there at the job—he was mostly always been, was Bill.
We camped at last in a likely looking spot all by ourselves. Tom called it Dry-grass gully, by reason it was one sheet of some sort of short grass as yellow as gold and as brittle as straw. There was no time to lose, for do you best you had to drink more or less, and there wasn't a sign either of water

or of another party to be seen from the ridge of our gully. It looked like a race between luck and thirst, and the thirst were sure while the luck were doubtful. I can't say I liked the look of things, no more didn't Tom, but Bill he was just wild. Anyhow we'd come and we were bound to give it a trial. For three days we worked in that gully early and late and every hour the water got lower, and we grew more and more thirsty. Dry! Never in all my life had I known that! It meant before—our throats burned and ached, our eyes sunk in our heads, our hands began to tremble, and work as hard as we might our skin got drier and hotter. We had found gold. It was no use trying to dig for it, but we had fossicked about over a good part of the gully and there was gold everywhere. But bless ye what was the good? That night when we knocked off there was only about a quart and a half in the keg. I looked at Tom, and Tom looked at me, and I could see that it was settled. "It's all up, mate," says Tom, "and a pity, too, for there's gold here and no mistake." I looked at Bill, but he said nothing. "Yes, Tom," said I, "it's all we'll do to get back on the water that's left unless we have the luck to fall in with some." Bill looked from one of us to the other, and at last he broke out: "Going back, are you? Going back when here's gold to make us rich, waiting for us?"

"I'll have to wait then, mate," said Tom. "Gold's good, but it ain't quite good enough." Bill looked from Tom to me and then from me to Tom, and his eyes shone like glowworms in the dusk of the tent. "You mean it, do you?" he said in a sort of a hoarse whisper: "Mean it?" "An' says Tom, with a sort of a gurgling laugh saying as how his throat were dry: "Mean it? I should say so, mate, raythur!"
Bill looks round first at one and then the other of us, and then without a word he rises and flings himself out of the tent. I lifts the flap a bit and sees him marching down the gully at-throwing his arms above his head in the moonlight, for it were full moon that night.

"Bill's cranky, Tom," says I. "Looks like it, mate," says Tom. "Well, I reckon he'll come to his bearings by mornin'." With that Tom coils himself up on his blanket and goes to sleep, and after a minute or two I does the same, being just about worn out with work and want of water. It was daylight when I wakes and looks around. There were Tom lying where he dropped overnight, but I sees nothin' of Bill. "Hillo," I tries to say, but I couldn't say it rightly, my throat was that dry. So I stirs Tom up with my foot. "Bill ain't here," Tom, I says. "No more he ain't," says Tom, sitting up, "the more water for you and me, mate." We scrambled out from under the tent and looks around. The sun were just up, but there weren't a sign of Bill, look where we would. "The devil!" says Tom sudden, looking hard at the tent, "he's been here, sure enough, and left this wrote. Here, Dick, you're a scoldard; wot's this wrote on the tent?" I turns round, and there, sure enough, on the flap of the tent were wrote with something that looked like chalk:

"You want to go back to Coolgardie—you can go. I've found what I came for, and it's mine now. Good-by—Bill."
I read it out loud, and we stands and stares first at the writing and then at each other.
"He's mad, Tom," says I at last, "and he's gone without a drain of water—poor beggar."
"Mad or not, I reckon he's come across a nugget, and he means to keep it. Not if I knows it, mate, not by chalks. Fair does atween mates, is wot I says, an' wot I says I sticks to."

It were never much good arguing with Tom. It wasn't much that he'd say, but there was no turning him once he took a notion, and Tom was death on getting hold of Bill and sharing the nugget. At last I gave in and risked it and started. It was easy to see the way Bill had gone, for there were his marks on the soft ground and sand. Not clear, but as like as not the first steps that had ever been there since first it was made. He couldn't have gone far, Tom said, and we took the drop of water that was left, and started.
I'd have given it up hours before, but Tom held on like a bulldog. Now and again we sucked a few drops of the water that was left and then we went on again. Now and again we stopped and sat down for a bit when our legs trembled too much, and then, without a word, we staggered up and went on again. At last we had drank it every drop and still the white metal out of our heads like white metal out of a furnace. We staggered as we walked and we could scarcely see for the light in our faces. Our tongues had swelled up so big that they seemed to fill our mouths, and our throats were so dry they made a kind of whistling sound when we tried to speak.

Hour after hour, and every hour like a month, and still we struggled on. We couldn't go back, and we couldn't say wot we expected to get by going forward, but painfully, mechanically, doggedly, we staggered on. We had been trying for hours, or for what seemed like hours, to get to the top of a low range that seemed as if it went away from us faster than we could travel. We had been so long that the sun had gone down behind it at last. Suddenly I found myself in a blinding glare of sunlight once more, and then I knew, though I couldn't see, that I had at last reached the top. I put my trembling hand over my eyes, and little by little I began to see. At first it was gold, gold, only a great sea of shining, dazzling gold—then it began to grow clear and I saw. What was it I saw? Water. Yes, glittering, flashing, blazing, it was water. Tom was behind me now and I tried to shout, but I could only point and wave my arms like a madman. In another minute Tom had come up—he was like a nearly dead beat, and staggered like a drunk, but he got there somehow. But where was Bill? I looked and Tom looked. There was the

gold grass, and the low bushes, and the water that flashed and quivered in the low bottom where the sunlight made a yellow haze round the trees that stood here and there with drooping boughs along the course of the creek, but not a living creature in sight—not a sign of the mate we had risked so much to find.

We stood for a minute, and then Tom whispered hoarsely: "Look here, mate, wot's the odds about Bill? Here's water as is better nor nuggets." We staggered rather than walked down the slope with the level sun shining in our faces. It was hard work even with the sound of the water in our ears, but somehow we did it. We dragged one heavy foot after the other—doggedly, slowly, feebly, we did it, but somehow we did it. The sun sunk lower and lower till it seemed to rest like a great red circle on the top of a range that was far away in the west, and at last we were getting near the creek for we could hear the water rush and tinkle among the stones in the bottom. Tom had got a few yards ahead, and of a sudden Tom stopped. As I come up he pointed to one side and he whispered: "Look mate, Bill's there!" He was, farched as we were we couldn't pass him. The gush and the whisper of the



WHAT WAS IT I SAW? WATER.

water was in our ears, but we couldn't pass Bill—could he hear it too?
We neither of us tried to speak, but we crept over to where he lay. He was half sitting, half lying against a boulder, and he was looking the other way so that we couldn't see his face, but Tom had been right. A big, rough, shapeless mass of almost pure gold was lying on the sand beside him—his hand lay beside it on the ground—his fingers somehow looked as if they had been stroking it.

"Bill!" I said, as loud as I could—"Bill!"
He never turned his head—he never moved. I went closer—I looked in his face—then I knew. Bill was dead. His hollow eyes stared out straight before him; his head was bent a little forward as if he was listening. With the sound of the water in his ears, with his suggest on the ground at his side—Bill was dead.

We looked at him, but we said nothing. Then we staggered down to the creek—it wasn't fifty yards off from where he lay. There we drank and drank again. There we let the water run over our hands, and dipped our dry faces in the stream. At last we went back to Bill.

We stood and looked at him, did Tom and me. "What's that in his other hand, mate?" said Tom, in a whisper. "It was a letter, wot's brown and brown, and frayed along the edge." "Let's bury it with him, Tom," I said. "Not us, mate. Fair does atween mates—that's wot I say—mayhap it'll tell you it belongs to. Read it, mate; it can't hurt no one now."

I read the letter as well as I could. No need to say what it said, but when I had read it both Tom and me looked in Bill's dead face, and then we understood. It wasn't a new story—I had heard it often before—a story of a young and delicate wife and her little children brought to wend and disgrace by a thoughtless husband and father, and yet seeming to love him all the more. No wonder Bill was eager to get gold—no wonder he looked anxious and eager.

"What's the address?" Tom asked me, after a bit. I told him what was on the letter. Tom stopped and lifted the big nugget in both hands. "Right you was, mate," he said, "I reckon there's enough here to give them a start." Not another word was said. So Tom gave up his share; so Bill got his nugget after all.

Revenge at Last.
Mrs. Scorer—I thank heaven for one thing, at any rate.
Mr. Scorer—What's that?
"You can't say I don't ride a wheel like your mother used to.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

NOTICE is hereby given that P. M. Sweeney, of Freeland, Pa., will file in the office of the secretary of the commonwealth, having on one side the following names in the purpose of registration under the acts of assembly approved May 8, 1896, the following described bottles owned and used by him and of the names and marks impressed thereon:
FIRST CLASS: Made of white flint glass known as quart siphon, having impressed upon them the following names or marks in blue ink: "P. M. Sweeney, Freeland, Pa."
SECOND CLASS: Made of light green glass and known as a half-pint soda water bottle, having impressed upon them the following names, "P. M. Sweeney, Freeland, Pa.," and on the reverse side, "This bottle not to be sold."
THIRD CLASS: Made of light green glass, cylindrical in form and about ten inches high, having on one side the following names impressed upon them: On one side, in circular form, "P. M. Sweeney, Freeland, Pa.," and on the reverse side, "This bottle not to be sold."
FOURTH CLASS: Made of white colored glass, one pint capacity, having impressed on one side in elliptical form the following names, "P. M. Sweeney, Freeland, Pa.," and underneath the above the word "Registered." The lower portion of the bottles is encircled by a scalloped design.
All persons are cautioned against filling, using, buying or selling said bottles or having the same in his, her or their possession for the purpose of dealing or trafficking therein, as doing so is a crime punishable by fine and imprisonment. Chas. Orin Smith, Attorney. Freeland, Pa., July 21, 1896.

\$1.50 a year is all the TRIBUNE costs.

RAILROAD TIMETABLES

THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD.
Time table in effect December 15, 1895.
Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Eckley, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Hazle Brook, Hazleton Junction at 5:36, 10:00 a. m., 4:15 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:04 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday.
Trains leave Drifton for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomhicken and Deringer at 5:50 a. m., p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:04 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday.
Trains leave Drifton for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia, Shepton at 6:00 a. m., 11:10 a. m., 4:40 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:37 a. m., 3:08 p. m., Sunday.
Trains leave Deringer for Tomhicken, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazleton Junction, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 2:25, 5:40 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 9:57 a. m., 4:22 p. m., Sunday.
Trains leave Shepton for Onedia, Humboldt Road, Harwood Road, Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 6:20, 11:10 a. m., 4:40 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:37 a. m., 3:08 p. m., Sunday.
Trains leave Drifton for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia, Shepton at 6:00 a. m., Hazleton Junction at 6:20, 11:10 a. m., 4:40 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:37 a. m., 3:08 p. m., Sunday.
Trains leave Drifton at 5:50 a. m. makes connection at Deringer with P. R. R. train for Wilkesbarre, Sunbury, Harrisburg and points west.
For the accommodation of passengers at way stations between Hazleton Junction and Deringer, an extra train will leave the former point at 3:50 p. m., daily, except Sunday, arriving at Deringer at 4:00 p. m.
L. THIER C. SMITH, Superintendent.

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.

August 17, 1896.
Anthracite coal used exclusively, insuring cleanliness and comfort.
ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.
LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.
6:05, 8:45, 9:30 a. m., 1:40, 4:30 p. m., for Jeddo, Lumber Yard, Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Pottsville, Easton and New York.
9:30, 10:41 a. m., 1:40, 2:33, 4:36, 6:15, 7:06 p. m., for Drifton, Jeddo, Foundry, Lumber Yard, Stockton and Hazleton.
9:30, 10:41 a. m., 2:33, 4:36, 7:06 p. m., for Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Ashland, Mt. Carmel, Shamokin and Pottsville.
7:20, 7:58, 10:56, 11:54 a. m., 3:15 p. m., for Sandy Run, White Haven, Glen Summit, Wilkesbarre and Pittston.
SUNDAY TRAINS.
10:56 a. m. for Sandy Run, White Haven, Glen Summit and Wilkesbarre.
10:56 a. m. and 3:24 p. m. for Drifton, Jeddo, Lumber Yard and Hazleton.
3:24 p. m. for Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Philadelphia and New York.
ARRIVE AT FREELAND.
7:20, 7:58, 9:20, 10:56, 11:54 a. m., 12:58, 2:30, 5:15, 6:56 p. m., from Hazleton, Stockton, Lumber Yard and Drifton.
7:20, 9:20, 10:56 a. m., 2:30, 5:15 p. m., from Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Shamokin and Pottsville.
9:30, 10:41 a. m., 12:58, 6:07, 6:56 p. m., from New York, Philadelphia, Bethlehem, Allentown and Mauch Chunk.
9:30, 10:41 a. m., 2:33, 7:06 p. m. from Sandy Run, White Haven, Glen Summit, Wilkesbarre and Pittston.
SUNDAY TRAINS.
10:56, 11:31 a. m. and 3:24 p. m., from Hazleton, Lumber Yard and Drifton.
11:31 a. m., 3:10 p. m. from Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Shamokin and Pottsville.
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. NONNEMACHER, Asst. G. P. A., South Bethlehem, Pa.

Grand Excursion and Picnic To Bear Creek, Saturday, Sept. 19.

Under the auspices of the White Haven Wheelmen.
For Good Roads.
The amusements during the day will be numerous and varied. A bicycle race against a horse will be one of the features, and also a boat race across the lake. Good music will be furnished for dancing at the handsome pavilion lately erected. Refreshments will be served on the grounds.
SPECIAL TRAINS AND RATES VIA L. V. R. R.
FARE FOR ROUND TRIP Train Leaves Adults Children Hazleton..... 7.40 5.00 3.00 Foundryville..... 8.00 5.00 3.00 Jeddo..... 8.10 5.00 3.00 Drifton..... 8.15 5.00 3.00 Freeland..... 8.20 5.00 3.00 Sandy Run..... 8.30 5.00 3.00 White Haven..... 9.00 5.00 3.00
Returning trains for White Haven and Freeland region leave Bear Creek at 5:00 p. m. Tickets may be had at Laubach's, Birkbeck's, Rohrbach's, Bachman's, Oswald's and Woodring's stores, or on the trains.

German

Every man's wife who has used SEELIG'S knows a good drink. Try it on your husband.
This is the most complete little pack published and every inventor should WRITE FOR ONE.
H. B. WILSON & CO., Patent Solicitors, La Droit Bldg., WASHINGTON, D. C.

PATENTS

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