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FREELAND TRIBUNE.
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FREELAND, PA., APRIL 5, 1897.

Government Railroads and Socialism.

From the New York Journal.

The fluctuating transportation rates that threaten the prosperity of the farmer, the manufacturer and the merchant alike, in consequence of the supreme court decision declaring railroad combinations for maintaining uniform charges illegal, illustrate afresh the utter inability of the government to solve the transportation problem so long as the railroads remain in the hands of private corporations. The government has an opportunity of taking the first step in the direction of public ownership by acquiring the Union Pacific Railroad. But congress hesitates to commit itself to direct governmental control of the means of transportation for fear that such a policy tends towards socialism. That fear is unfounded. Socialism contemplates the abolition of competition, while government railroads are advocated because railroading is a non-competitive business, and interferes with the free competition of ordinary industries.

Every business of whatever kind belongs to one of three classes—that in which returns diminish as the labor and capital invested in the enterprise are increased, that in which the returns are constant, or that of increasing returns. Agriculture, for example, is an industry of diminishing returns. After a certain amount of capital and labor has been put on a field of grain, it does not pay to invest more. Similarly, the quantity of land which one man can profitably own and cultivate under a system of free labor is limited, as is shown by the disappearance of the large plantations at the South and the bonanza wheat farms at the West.

Commerce and manufactures are industries of constant returns. The supply of the raw material of their products is unlimited, and unusual profits must depend on superior skill in management and minor economies. These two classes of business are subject to competition—except when artificial barriers, as protective tariffs and patent laws, intervene—and comprise the vast majority of industries.

To the remaining class—that of increasing returns—belong all natural monopolies, as railroads, gas supply, street car service, highways and streets, electric lighting, canals, bridges, light-houses, ferries, docks, harbors, natural navigations, postal services, telegraphs, telephones, etc.

The cost of the plant in the case of a railroad, for instance, is comparatively great. But as the increasing volume of business taxes its capacity, the facilities of the road can be enlarged by slight additions of capital. The larger the business the smaller in proportion is the cost of service. To protect its own future, a large road is forced to make war on a rival of less business, and the sooner the war is precipitated the easier will be the inevitable victory. In the meantime disaster overtakes the competitive industries, which depend for prosperity on stability of transportation rates, and when the war finally ends in consolidation, as it invariably does, rates must be increased to cover the waste of capital.

"Have you noticed the handsome advertisement I had put on yonder fence?" inquired a merchant of one of his customers recently. "No," replied the latter, "but if you will send the fence to my house I will take pleasure in reading it. I read newspapers and have no time to run about and hunt up advertisements on street corners." And the merchant scratched the back of his head reflectively.

A. Oswald sells the freshest eggs in town. Every egg is guaranteed.

American Manhood.
An elevator in a New York city building broke the other day, and the platform fell from the tenth story to the ground. There were nine men and one woman on it at the time of the accident. The leg of one man was broken; the arm of another; and all were injured more or less by the terrible shock. The woman escaped unhurt, it is said, because the men all stood close together, and, lifting her above them in the air, saved her from any concussion more severe than a jar. Each man there must have felt that there was a chance of his death in the next minute. The prompting in these men that led them with one impulse to save her was, in the opinion of a Youth's Companion writer, not because she was especially pretty, or young, or old, but simply because she was a woman. Nor did the act receive any marked notice from the newspapers. It is natural and usual for American men to protect any helpless woman. No race, ancient or modern, has given to the weaker sex the universal honor paid to it by the American man. A witty woman with quick-seeing eyes and keen perceptions, who had traveled much, said: "An Englishman is not rude to a woman, if she belongs to a higher class than his own; a Frenchman compliments her if she is young and pretty; but an American takes care of her though she be old and ugly and poor, because he believes her to be gentler and better than himself." The American woman should consider long before she risks the losing of this prerogative by becoming a loud, boastful, weak imitation of a man.

He was a Maine clergyman, and, of course, somewhat unacquainted with new-fangled forms of vice, to say the least. Accordingly, says an eastern contemporary, when he espied a nickel-in-the-slot machine at a seaside resort last summer, his curiosity was aroused and he dropped in a nickel. Luck was coming the clergyman's way that day, and, to his intense horror, ten nice cigars rolled out of the machine in response to the utilizations of its interior as the nickel rattled through it. In fact, the good man was so scandalized that he took the cigars away and burned them—one at a time.

The good people of Michigan, says the Detroit Journal, have given the life-imprisonment penalty for intentional murder a fair test. It has failed to prove its efficacy as a deterrent, and is woefully impotent to protect society. A bill will be presented to the legislature again this session providing for the restoration of capital punishment. It will be antagonized by the opponents of retributive justice, and we shall hear repeated the sentimental arguments which have hitherto defeated the passage of like measures.

A member of the Minnesota legislature has introduced a bill which aims to deprive the gentler sex of one of its privileges—that of sending flowers and other tokens of sympathy to criminals. It provides that anyone, except a husband, wife, child, parent, brother or sister, who indulges in this practice shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction shall be punished by imprisonment for from 15 to 90 days, or by a fine of from \$25 to \$100.

A St. Louis paper recently gave an account of the organization of a society of young women in Carthage, Mo., whose mission was to raise money for Cuba. The story was pure fiction, but the name, picture and residence of the alleged leader were published. She received so many letters offering help and encouragement that she organized such a club among her friends, and it is meeting with great success.

Muskegon's whist club, the membership of which is made up of 13 young women, has startled Michigan by announcing a continuous vaudeville performance for charity. The young women proclaim that they will keep up the entertainment as long as anybody remains in the hall, and have not flinched at the threat of four young men to come with a lunch basket prepared to stay all night.

A wedding ceremony took place in Trenton, Mo., the other day which was a notable one for the reason that both the contracting parties had passed the age of three score and ten and that the marriage was the culmination of a courtship that had extended over a period of more than 40 years.

A dealer in paper-backed books who carries an immense stock reports that the demand for "James Boys" literature shows no sign of abatement. And as long as this demand continues so long will the law be kept busy with emulators of the gory-handed outlaws.

The women of Kansas secured more public offices in the last election than did the women of Utah or Colorado—20 county superintendencies of instruction, and all the offices from mayor to chief of police in two cities.

It is said that during the recent holidays every single girl in the town of Brookstown, Ky., was married. There won't be any more surprise parties in that town until another batch of girls grows up.

Lowell, Me., has a woman justice of the peace who is occasionally called upon to officiate at weddings. She never kisses the bride.

THE HOTEL CHILD.
The hotel child who clatters through the hall
And shouts a weary shout of empty
Call
Until some guest sends down an angered
And belittles tell him he must stop it all—
Oh, what a life this life of his must be!

He goes to show. But no tramp dog is he
To play with him in shed or field or wood;
He looks from windows—sees the white
Steam rise;
A forest of blackened smokestacks is
The sum and substance of his "neighbor-
hood."

His wealthy father buys him pretty clothes;
His mother garbs him out all trim;
But, in all glory decked, do you suppose
That hungry-hearted little magnate knows
One-half the blessings that accrue to him?

He looks sometimes from out his window
High
Across the intervening roof and sees
The watchman's child, who shouts a greet-
ing cry
To some young neighbor of a loft near by—
He wishes well he might be one of these
With uncombed hair and patches at his
knees.

The hotel child, unloved but by his own,
Has plays and toys. The watchman's
boy has none.
But of all dreams the rich man's heir has
known
The fondest is to be the watchman's son.
—Chicago Record.

A DANGEROUS MONSTER.



BY MEREDITH NUGENT.

SUDDEN crashing of the bushes and the infuriated rhinoceros looms into view. It is a thrilling moment for the hunter as the ugly monster, bleeding from several wounds, charges upon him.

with all his might. Again the rifle rings out, but if the shot be not in the neck, and fatal, his horse will be dismembered and himself fall a prey to the fury of the monster.

He who would hunt the rhinoceros must be brave indeed, for he has in that ill-looking beast a foe that knows no fear, not because of its innate courage, but because it has no brains enough to run out of danger. Could a granite boulder be suddenly infused with life and of its own free will go whirling through the country, smashing everything in its path, it would in many respects resemble the headlong charge of an angered rhinoceros. Fatally wounded it will not fall; a shower of bullets will not deter it, and only death itself will put an end to the maddened impetuosity of its frenzied charge. It will sometimes attack an enemy without waiting to be attacked; neither is the presence of an enemy always necessary, for it will rush in wanton fury on logs, trees, and other senseless things when once it is fairly aroused. Like a mad bull, it becomes perfectly frantic at the sight of any unusual object. A red blanket will enrage it terribly, as one intrepid hunter discovered to his cost. In this instance the blanket, which was part of the camp equipment, was discovered by a wandering rhinoceros, who at once savagely charged upon this bright object, piercing it through with his great horn. The amiability of the creature was not increased when he realized that after driving his horn through the blanket he could not shake the latter off. He had suddenly acquired an unlooked-for headress, which not only prevented him from seeing, but greatly interfered with the movement of his forelegs. Off he started, however, as best he could, blanket and all. Never in all this wide world was there a more incongruous object than this maddened brute, rushing blindly through the forest, hither and thither, waving aloft the fiery token of his rage. The beasts of the field fled before him in wild dismay; even the birds of the air were panic-stricken at the sight of so unusual a performance in their native woods. There is no telling when he would have stopped had not a well-directed shot severed an artery, so that his life-blood gradually ebbed away, putting an end to about as ludicrous a situation as one could well imagine.

Hardly less absurd was the Kafir native, who, while a member of our hunting party, became so excited over the chase that he seized an opportunity to jump upon the back of the fleeing rhinoceros. It is needless to say that the native went through so many weird experiences in such a very short time that, though he came out alive, he was thoroughly discouraged from trying any more such experiments.

Of course, the great creature became fairly terrorized at so unaccustomed a burden, and started off at a terrific pace for the brush. Every moment the rider was borne farther and farther from all hope of relief. To have tumbled off would have meant instant death, for the rhinoceros would not have missed such an opportunity to have charged upon him. To stay on was not only difficult but was fast growing impossible.

On galloped the brute, bucking and snatching into everything in its wild endeavor to free itself; but through all the native held on as though, like Maizeppa, he was bound to his steed. The limit of human endurance, however, was fast being reached, and the savage, from sheer exhaustion, could not hope to stay on much longer. There was just one chance to escape, and only one, and that was for the native to throw his blanket ahead of the rhinoceros, in hopes that the animal would mistake it for himself. The opportunity came; they were whirling rapidly toward a clump of bushes, when the native, with a mighty effort, flung his blanket far onto the lower branches. The ruse was a success. The rhinoceros thought he had his tormentor sure, for with all the fury he could muster he rushed madly upon the blanket and tore it into shreds. Meanwhile the native had nimbly slipped off the animal's back and beat a more than hasty retreat to friends and home.

Such good fortune, however, rarely happens; it is the providential care of fools. Only too often does the true hunter, the man of nerve—who deserves success—meet with the fate of the young Englishman, who, though a scion of nobility, showed his Anglo-Saxon ancestry in his love of adventure. His quest for big game had led him into a rough country which white men had never before penetrated. Accompanied by a friend, also an Englishman, he was riding merrily along, when he was surprised to see a very giant of a rhinoceros right ahead of him. Here was big game and no mistake.

"By Heaven!" he called out to his friend, "that fellow has a big horn! I must get him, sure!" and immediately fired at the brute. He might just as well have fired at a stone wall, for the ball had no effect on the rhinoceros whatever other than to startle it. On the second shot the rhinoceros concluded it was time for disappearing, and forthwith plunged into a dense tangle of undergrowth. In vain did the men urge their horses through the tall brush in search of the giant beast, but nowhere was he to be seen. They scoured the country round to all directions, but to no purpose—the monster had evidently vacated the neighborhood. Finally the young nobleman, having lost all hope of ever seeing the animal again, gave up the chase, and was quietly sitting in the saddle waiting for his friend to come up, when crash through the bushes came the big rhinoceros at terrific speed. Instantly the hunter saw his peril; quickly he spurred his horse to flight, but too late, for ere the faithful animal could fairly start, the rhinoceros had disemboweled him. The force of the charge was so great as to cause the horse to make a complete somersault. The rider was violently thrown to the ground, and before the dazed man could even attempt to rise, the beast had gored him to death.

All this happened so unexpectedly that the second rider, for the moment, could not realize what was taking place; and when at last he did come to his senses, it was only to see the mangled remains of his friend, over which stood the rhinoceros in savage guard. No bullet ever sped its vengeful way more surely than the one now aimed at the fenshish murderer, and none with more fatal effect. As the sharp crack of the rifle split the sultry air, the great brute fell dead, right in his tracks and partially over the prostrate form of his victim.

Although the horns of the rhinoceros do not look so formidable in themselves when they are driven forward by the great weight of the rhinoceros a more



THE RHINOCEROS DISMEMBERED HIM.

frightful weapon does not exist. Some of these animals are armed with two horns, the front one occasionally measuring four feet in length. Just think of such a weapon, backed by hundreds and hundreds of pounds of muscular brute force.

Among the barbarians of Asia and Africa, the rhinoceros is used on festive days to fight for the amusement of a savage public. Special amphitheatres are built for the purpose, and royalty sanctions the combats by their presence. Seated in all the luxury of barbaric splendor, and carefully protected from the ferocious beasts in the arena, the dusky monarch looks enjoyably on while the animals struggle for victory. Two of the ugliest beasts that can be procured are entered for the fight, and after they have been tormented to a state bordering on frenzy, are pitted against each other. In order that the public may be enabled to follow the movements of each of the brutal gladiators, one will be painted red or green, and the other yellow, white or blue. The contest, as might well be imagined, is of a most repulsive nature; charge and countercharge follow each other in quick succession, while native attendants stand conveniently by and throw buckets of cold water over the animals to keep their fury at fever heat. The fight lasts until both beasts are exhausted, unless one, by a lucky stroke thrusts his horn into his opponent's throat, which gives him the victory.—N. Y. Ledger.

A Black Rascal.
The raven is a "black rascal." He is "sinister, sly, melancholy and grim-visaged," although mischievous. Yet there are people who keep ravens as pets. Dickens had one, from whom Grip, the famous raven in "Barnaby Rudge," was drawn, and who died from eating white paint, anything even so distastefully approaching purity; needless disagreeing with him. Under-terred from raven keeping the novelist invested in another dark and melancholy bird, who came to an untimely end through indulging too freely in glazier's putty.

Africa.
The name Africa is derived from two Phoenician words—"afer," a black man, and "ce," a country signifying the land of the black man.

Louisville's Electric Lights.
Louisville has 1,200 arc lights in its streets of 2,000 candle power each.

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In gent's furnishings—pure gum suspenders, 7 cents.

Boys' reefer suits, three rows of fine braid, large sailor collar, \$1.48; worth double.

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Dr. N. MALEY,
DENTIST.

Second Floor, Birkbeck Brick.
OVER BIRKBECK'S STORE.

School Board Meeting.
Architect Rudrauff, of Ashley, and Contractor Rebe, of Lansford, were present at the school board meeting on Thursday evening, and the president and secretary were authorized to sign the contract which will give Freeland a creditable school building. The contract price of the proposed structure is \$14,050, and the payments will be made in installments, as follows: When basement is completed, \$2,000; when second tier of joists is in, \$2,000; when third tier of joists is in, \$2,000; when roof is on, \$3,000, when plastered, \$2,000; when completed, \$3,050.

Killed in Stockton Mines.
Frank Gallagher, aged about 50 years, was hurt so badly in Stockton mines on Thursday that he died a few hours later in the Hazleton hospital. He was at work in his breast when a fall of coal suddenly occurred, burying him beneath it. The deceased lived at Drifton many years, and later resided on Chestnut street, Freeland. A large family survives him.

The remains arrived here yesterday afternoon and were interred in St. Ann's cemetery.

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Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of
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NOT NARCOTIC.
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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, Roan and Hazleton Junction at 5:30 a. m., 4:15 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:05 a. m., 2:35 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomhicken and Deringer at 5:30 a. m., 4:15 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:05 a. m., 2:35 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Oneida Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Oneida and Shepton at 6:00 a. m., 4:15 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:05 a. m., 2:35 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomhicken and Deringer at 6:05 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 8:55 a. m., 4:22 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Oneida Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Oneida and Shepton at 6:20, 11:10 a. m., 4:46 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:37 a. m., 3:08 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Deringer for Tomhicken, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazleton Junction, Roan, Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 2:25, 5:40 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 9:07 a. m., 5:07 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Shepton for Oneida, Humboldt Road, Harwood, Hazleton Junction, Roan, Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 7:11 a. m., 12:40, 5:25 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 8:09 a. m., 3:44 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Shepton for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 3:09, 5:47, 5:20 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 8:09 a. m., 3:44 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 3:09, 5:47, 5:20 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 8:09 a. m., 3:44 p. m., Sunday.

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

Trains leaving Drifton at 6:00 a. m., Hazleton Junction at 6:20 a. m., and Shepton at 7:11 a. m., connect at Oneida Junction with Lehigh Valley trains east and west.

Trains leaving Drifton at 5:30 a. m. makes connection at Deringer with P. H. 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 5:40 p. m., daily, except Sunday, arriving at Deringer at 5:00 p. m.

LUTHER C. SMITH, Superintendent.

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.

November 16, 1896.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

LEAVE FREELAND.

6:05, 8:45, 9:36 a. m., 1:40, 3:25, 4:36 p. m., for Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia and New York.

6:05, 8:45, 9:36 a. m., 1:40, 3:25, 4:36, 6:15, 6:57 p. m., for Drifton, Jeddo, Foundry, Hazle Brook and Lumber Yard.

6:12 p. m. for Hazle Creek Junction, Bethlehem and Mauch Chunk.

9:36 a. m., 2:34, 4:36, 6:57 p. m., for Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Ashland, Mt. Carmel, Shamokin and Pottsville.

9:36 a. m. for Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Mt. Carmel, Shamokin and Pottsville.

9:36 a. m., 11:54 a. m., 5:30 p. m., for Sandy Run, White Haven, Wilkesbarre, Pittston, Scranton and the west.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

10:30 a. m. to 1:38 p. m. for Jeddo, Foundry, Hazle Brook and Lumber Yard.

8:35, 10:50 a. m. for Sandy Run, White Haven and Wilkesbarre.

1:38 p. m. for Hazleton, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia and New York.

6:12 p. m. for Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Mt. Carmel, Shamokin and Pottsville.

9:36 a. m. from Wilkesbarre, White Haven and Sandy Run.

For further information inquire of Ticket Agents.

CHAS. S. LEE, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Freeland, Pa.

ROLLIN H. WILBUR, Gen. Supt. East. Div. A. W. NONNEMACHER, Asst. G. P. A., South Bethlehem, Pa.

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