

RAILROAD TIMETABLES

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.
June 13, 1897.
ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.
LEAVE FREELAND.
6:05, 8:45, 9:35 a. m., 1:40, 2:30, 3:20, 5:25, 6:10, 7:07 p. m., for Drifton, Jeddo, Foundry, Hazle Brook and Lumber Yard.
6:05, 8:45, 9:35 a. m., 1:40, 3:20, 5:25 p. m., Black Diamond for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Easton, Philadelphia and New York.
6:05, 9:35 a. m., 2:30, 3:20, 5:25 p. m., for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Easton and intermediate stations.
6:05, 9:35 a. m., 2:30, 3:20, 5:25 p. m., for Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Ashland, Mt. Carmel, Shamokin and Portville.
6:25, 10:15, 11:51 a. m., 2:55 p. m., for Sandy Run, White Haven and Wilkesbarre.

SUNDAY TRAINS.
8:38, 10:50 a. m. for Sandy Run, White Haven and Wilkesbarre.
10:50 a. m. and 1:38 p. m. for Jeddo, Foundry, Hazle Brook, Stockton and Hazleton.
10:50 a. m. for Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Mt. Carmel, Shamokin and Portville.
1:38 p. m. for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Easton, Philadelphia and New York.

ARRIVE AT FREELAND.
5:50, 7:25, 9:20, 10:51, 11:54 a. m., 12:58, 2:20, 3:56, 6:35, 8:01, 7:05 p. m., from Lumber Yard, Hazle Brook, Foundry, Jeddo and Drifton.
7:25, 9:20, 10:51, 11:54 a. m., 12:58, 2:20, 3:56, 5:35 p. m., from Hazleton.
9:30, 10:51 a. m., 12:58, 6:01, p. m., from Philadelphia, New York, Easton, Allentown, Mauch Chunk and Weatherly.
7:35 a. m., 2:30, 7:07 p. m., from Wilkesbarre, White Haven and Sandy Run.
7:25, 9:20, 10:51 a. m., 2:20, 5:35 p. m., from Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Ashland, Mt. Carmel, Shamokin and Portville.

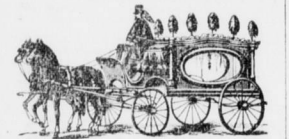
SUNDAY TRAINS.
8:38, 10:50 a. m. and 12:55 p. m., from Hazleton, Stockton, Lumber Yard, Hazle Brook, Foundry, Jeddo and Drifton.
10:50 a. m., 12:55 p. m., from Philadelphia, New York, Easton, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, White Haven and Sandy Run.
10:50 a. m., from Wilkesbarre, White Haven and Sandy Run.

For further information inquire of Ticket Agents.
CHAS. S. LEE, Gen'l. Pass. Agent,
Phila., Pa.
ROLLIN H. WILBUR, Gen. Supt. East. Div.
A. W. NONSMAKCHER, Asst. Gen'l. Pass. Agent,
South Bethlehem, Pa.

THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD.

Time table in effect April 18, 1897.
Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Eckley, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Roan and Hazleton Junction at 5:25, 6:00 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:05 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday.
Trains leave Drifton for Harwood, Cranberry, Tombleiken and Deringer at 6:45 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:05 a. m., 3:11 p. m., Sunday.
Trains leave Drifton for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepton at 6:00 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:05 a. m., 3:11 p. m., Sunday.
Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Harwood, Cranberry, Tombleiken and Deringer at 6:45 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:05 a. m., 3:11 p. m., Sunday.
Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepton at 6:00 a. m., 12:40, 5:22 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 8:11 a. m., 3:44 p. m., Sunday.
Trains leave Shepton for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5:25 p. m., daily, except Sunday; and 8:11 a. m., 3:44 p. m., Sunday.
Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5:25 p. m., daily, except Sunday; and 8:11 a. m., 3:44 p. m., Sunday.
All trains connect at Hazleton Junction with electric cars for Hazleton, Jeannette, Audenried and other points on the Traction Company's line.
Trains leaving Drifton at 5:30, 6:00 a. m. make connection at Deringer with P. R. R. trains for Wilkesbarre, Sunbury, Harrisburg and points west.
For the accommodation of passengers at way stations between Hazleton Junction and Deringer, a train will leave the former point at 7:50 p. m., daily, except Sunday, arriving at Deringer at 8:30 p. m.
LUTHER C. SMITH, Superintendent.

P. F. McNULTY, Funeral Director and Embalmer.



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Notions, Carpet, Boots and Shoes, Flour and Feed, Tobacco, Cigars, Tin and Queensware, Wood and Willowware, Table and Floor Oil Cloth, Etc.
A celebrated brand of XX flour always in stock.

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N. W. Cor. Centre and Front Sts., Freeland.

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Fifty per cent increase at no additional expense can be had by using

The Victor Vapor Engine

manufactured by Thos. Kline & Co., Chicago.
Steady speed, easy to start, always reliable, absolutely safe, all parts interchangeable, adapted for any class of work requiring power.

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure

Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food against alum and all forms of adulteration common to the cheap brands. **ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.**

FREELAND TRIBUNE.

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FREELAND, PA., AUGUST 16, 1897.

An Eye-Opening Decision.

From Philadelphia City and State.
A late decision, as announced, of the supreme court of Louisiana revokes the giving of a valuable waterfront franchise by the municipal authorities of New Orleans to a railroad, on the ground that the city had no right to grant for the private profit of a corporation that which belonged to the whole people. This is a decision which generally commends itself to the judgment of common, fair-minded persons, and when they are once set to reflecting upon it, they realize sharply that if the position be correct, then a vast amount of wrong in this very direction or sphere has been done for a long time past in our country, and that, indeed, one of the very worst forms of oppression which we are now suffering in this land, from one end of it to the other, is the result of precisely this tramping upon justice, laying hands upon the property which belongs to the public or the whole people, and alienating it from them for the benefit of corporations, the members of which are able to grow immensely rich through "private profit," or by means of this species really of practically robbery.

If the principle of this decision, that no grant of public possessions is valid where the use of the same is for private ends, or so that private gain is gotten therefrom, were made operative throughout the United States, as any one can see, it would prove revolutionary. But if there is a wrong, such as this decision apparently indicates, is past or current dealings in our land, it is bound to prove disturbing just in proportion to the extent and nature of the wrong and in proportion also as an attempt is made to cover up, to gloss over, to hide or ignore the wrong, rather than in some just way or equitable spirit to seek the curing of it or its removal.

Deals Are Stirring Them Up.

Commenting on the rumored consolidation of the Lehigh Valley and Jersey Central Railroads, which, if the law of the state means anything, says such acts shall not be done, the Hazleton *Sentinel* waxed wrothly, as follows:

"The Morgans have been manipulating these deals with such high hand, and absolute indifference to the statute stipulations, and so successfully, too, that objections are no longer heard. The people stand in awe of the great money power, and in silence move the tentacles of the octopus reaching out and injecting the poisonous fangs. Any proposition looking to a combine direct between the two roads merits condemnation and should be discouraged at the outset. True, the influence of the manipulators is already such that the competition is practically controlled, and the bid for trade becomes a farce, but as this influence is exercised covertly now, it is not as bad as the proposition now made would develop if put into practice in open defiance of public opinion and the law bearing upon such transactions."

All of which is true and correct. Nevertheless, since it causes the *Sentinel* so much concern, why does not our esteemed contemporary educate its readers on how to curb the greed of this great money power, instead of aiding the octopus at every important election?

CASTORIA.
The fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* is on every wrapper.

Dr. N. MALEY, DENTIST.
Second Floor, Birkbeck Brick.

OVER BIRKBECK'S STORE.

MATTERS of the MOMENT.

The old saying, that "a good thing is never missed till it's gone," applies quite forcibly to the street sprinkler. While it traversed the town and laid low the dust from early morn to twilight, the pure air which could be inhaled when walking along the streets was accepted by all as a matter of course; but now, since circumstances have made street sprinkling unprofitable to the proprietor of the machine, there is much lamenting over its absence. Every passing breeze, and they average two per minute on this mountain top, raises several million particles of real estate from the unpaved avenues and deposits the greater part of its burden on the wares displayed in front of stores. And all that escape the wares find a lodging place on the clothes of unfortunate pedestrians. The sprinkler was a good thing. Perhaps the town improvement committee of the Board of Trade will do something to resurrect it.

Speaking of the town improvement committee brings to mind the fact that there is a large field of usefulness here for just such an organization, if the writer has in mind the proper sphere in which the committee will find its work. There is nothing in the title of the committee nor in the make-up of its membership to cause anybody to conclude that the authority or powers of any of the borough officials will be usurped by the men delegated at the last meeting of the Board of Trade to act on this committee. Their work, to judge from that performed by similar named committees and societies in other cities and towns, will in no way conflict with the duties of the local executive, police or council.

In Wilkesbarre there is a Town Improvement Society, and during the few years of its existence it has earned for itself deserved praise from the press and people. One of the first abuses it undertook to remedy was to have the streets kept clear of waste paper. Not a very laudable object, perhaps, in the eyes of some, and not worth the time spent in formulating a plan to carry it out. However, to residents of a town who take pride in the appearance of their town, streets littered with scraps and shreds of paper are not pleasing to the eye nor conducive to the health of the inhabitants. Through the T. I. S. of the county seat, which, by the way, is controlled by women, the attention of the citizens of that city was called to this careless habit and its bad effects. Then the T. I. S. went further. Neat receptacles were placed at convenient points along the main thoroughfares, labeled with a request to deposit in them scrap and waste papers—which, previously, were thrown in the gutters.

The result was the same as in dozens of other towns where the box remedy was tried to get rid of the waste paper nuisance. The streets and sidewalks are no longer filled with this objectionable rubbish. Water has a clear flow in the gutters, sewer inlets are not choked with newspapers and the appearance of the streets is wonderfully improved. Whether or not such a reform is needed in Freeland can best be ascertained by taking a casual view of the sides of the business streets. They give abundant evidence that the services of some one could be utilized in that direction. Take, for instance, the half block in either direction from the postoffice. Envelopes, circulars, patent medicine pamphlets, Klondike prospectuses, old newspapers, etc., strewn the pavement. Look at the names on this unsightly mass. Prominent business men, nearly every one. Men who have no use for half the stuff that daily finds its way into their mail-boxes, and having no desire to load their pockets with useless literature they cast it from them with barely a glance at its contents. Were a box placed in that locality, would not nearly all the above be cast into it by the offenders rather than on the sidewalks? The average man does not litter the streets intentionally. He simply forgets. A box would help him to remember.

The waste paper nuisance is mentioned because it is one of the first that is usually taken in hand by town improvement bodies. But it does not comprise all that should be and is done by those interested. The Wilkesbarre *Leader*, commenting on the work of the T. I. S., boils down the object in the following manner: "The proper sphere of the T. I. S. is to keep the authorities stirred up to the idea of municipal cleanliness and to seek out and keep themselves and others informed of the condition of unsanitary parts of the town. By doing this and seeing that the abuses are remedied they will be doing a great work and a work that will be enlisted the cause of health and home." If the above is not broad enough for the local committee they can amend it considerably, and still keep off the toes of any borough official. No harm can come from a committee of sensible men who work to improve the town. There is room for improvement in many lines outside the province of the elected and appointed officials of the municipality, and there are many needed reforms which an organized body can father and push to a successful end. Therefore, let such work be welcomed, regardless of under whose auspices it is done.

Watch the date on your paper.

REGRET.

If I had known, O loyal heart,
When hand to hand we said farewell,
How for all time our paths would part,
What shadow o'er our friendship fell,
I should have wailed your hand so close
In the warm pressure of my own
That memory might keep it grasp,
If I had known.

If I had known, when far and wide
We loitered through the summer land,
I should have clasped your hand so close
When o'er you stretched its awful hand,
I should have hushed my careless speech
To listen well to every tone
That from your lips fell low and sweet,
If I had known.

If I had known, when your kind eyes
Met mine in parting, true and sad—
Eyes gravely tender, gently true,
And earnest rather more than glad—
How soon the lids would lie above,
As cold and white as sculptured stone,
I should have treasured every glance,
If I had known.

If I had known, how from the strife
Of fears, hopes, passions, here below,
Unto a purer, higher life,
That you were called,
I should have staved all foolish tears,
And hushed each long sigh and moan,
To bid you a last, long goodspeed,
If I had known.

If I had known to what strange place,
What mystic, distant, silent shore,
You calmly turned your steaming face,
What time your footsteps left my door,
I should have forged a golden link,
To bind the heart, so constant grown,
And keep it constant ever there,
If I had known.

If I had known that, until death
I should with his fingers touch my brow,
And still the quickening of the breath
That stirs with life's full meaning now—
So long my feet must tread the way
Of our accustomed paths alone,
I should have prized your presence more,
If I had known.

If I had known how soon for you
Drew near the ending of the fight,
And on your vision, fair and new,
Eternal peace dawned into sight,
I should have been, as love's last gift,
That you before God's throne, white throne,
Would pray for your poor friend on earth,
If I had known.

A HOTEL FIRE.

BY GEORGE ADE.

"I had a fire in my hotel last Sunday," said the man from the country, "that has caused me to change my mind a few points in respect to the courage of women. It was, indeed, an exciting time, and I was sitting in my room, when there came through the transom a little puff of smoke that struck out in a faint line toward the open window. Some one came running along the hall muttering, 'A bigger puff came in at the transom, and then there was a cry of fire!'"

"I really did not believe it. Here was an old house that had stood for 30 years. It never had been singed. I came only the night before last. It was absurd and incompatible with the laws of chance to think that it had been waiting all these years till I got inside before it took fire. Something must be wrong with the fuel."

"On the other hand, I had never been in a fire. In the natural run of things my turn would have to come some time, and on second thought it seemed—as I am getting along in years—that I had rather overrun the average in this exemption. Possibly, after all, there was truth in the alarm. I would go down and see about it, anyway."

"Once through the door it was a different proposition altogether. There was now no doubt about it at all, but the daylight had suddenly gone out; even my own room filled with black smoke while I stood there for a moment trying to comprehend the situation."

"I knew there were several persons in the hall, although not a word was said. I could hear feet shuffling along upon the carpet and hands striking the walls, but there was no breath for talking. It was a question that occurred probably to each one of us to how long one could breathe such fumes without tambling over. I reached the elevator shaft and felt my way around it and down the first flight of stairs. Still nothing could be seen, but I could feel the hot smoke pushing up from the basement in the same way that it comes from the stack of a locomotive."

"I had always connected a panic with a fire of this kind, but there was no suggestion of a panic here. People were saving every bit of breath to carry them through. Some couldn't have got through alone. One little old fellow, a cripple, tumbled over on the stairs and another man shouldered him and brought him to daylight."

"At the first landing there was a faint glimmer that showed through waves of smoke. I thought it was the fire, but it proved to be only a gas jet that it still burning weakly. Some one came running through the hall and said: 'This way—to the other stairway,' and I soon came out into daylight. And then what a surprising number of people there were coming into the main corridor from all directions!"

"We went down two more flights to the ground floor. The firemen were just arriving at the front door, and there was a crowd of people in the office, 'Still they kept coming down the back stairway—more people by half than I thought lived in the hotel. A man was half carrying his wife, who had fainted. 'Many of them were in their night clothes, and it was amusing to observe how they had arrayed themselves in the brief time of their disposal. A tall man was robed in a red bed comforter and had on a silk hat. In and under his arms he carried some ill-assorted pieces of three different suits of clothing, a valise, two collars, three cuffs and a shoe. Behind him came a gentleman

unevenly clad in a nightshirt, an overcoat and one stocking, but he had had the presence of mind to bring the rest of his effects in a sheet."

"About the last person to appear was La Belle Fanchette, who has been having everything her own way over at the Follies theater for two or three weeks. She was dressed all in white, with the exception of a mantle of about the same shade of blue as her eyes, and she was bare-footed and had a gown or two clutched in one arm."

"Fanchette stopped thus at the head of the stairs, with downcast eyes, for a little while—well, until she had all the stairway to herself—and then she came down."

"The tiling was becoming too hot to stand on, and the people began to file out the street just as the firemen came in with the hose and met the flames at the bottom of the elevator shaft."

"Out in the street the crowd was watching the actions of a man in a sixtieth-story window who was badly frightened, thinking his escape was cut off. He was shouting wildly for a ladder, which was brought into position and run up to him, but instead of allowing him to come down two firemen ascended with axes and smashed a few windows."

"Around the corner of the block there was another man in distress. He also imagined himself cut off from the stairway. As he stood at the edge of a skylight, only three stories up, he held a satchel of about a half-bushel capacity in each hand."

"Somebody catch these valises for me!" he shouted, "and I can come down the fire escape!"

"Nobody volunteered."

"Well, here they come anyhow," and they struck in the hand of the alley, flattening out like rotten apples. Then he descended the ladder."

"Meanwhile the firemen were gaining on the blaze in the basement. They attacked it from two or three sides at once, and the fight did not last long. One by one the boarders returned to their rooms to put things in order."

"The man who had come down the fire escape gathered up his satchels and entered the front door, approaching the clerk apologetically."

"Will it be necessary," he asked, "as he deposited the battered baggage on the floor, 'for me to register again?'"

"No, there is no need of that," replied the clerk.

"Well, all right then; I didn't know the rules of the house."

"An hour later the men were groping about in the corridors telling over and over again the incidents of the morning. The narrow escape and the behavior of the crowd were subjects for mutual congratulation."

"But, after all," said one, "the men were not in it for coolness."

"Why so?"

"Because they were outclassed. Did you see the Fanchette coming down the stairway?"

"Yes."

"Nightie, mantilla, bare feet, down—"

"Discipline at a Frontier Post. 'It isn't so hard to obey the anti-street ordinances,' said Joseph Boise, an old soldier, reports the Arizona Republican. 'An old soldier or sailor never spits on the sidewalk. He has learned better in a military post or on a man-of-war's deck. I haven't spit on a pavement for years; it is second nature for me to step to the gutter when I have to spit. That makes me think of a disciplining I once had for whistling. I was walking in front of the colonel's tent whistling. He sent for me and asked: 'Do you like to whistle?' I answered that I had been whistling. He detained a guard to lead me down to the beach and kept me whistling to the fish till they went to roost that night. The guard was changed every two hours. I whistled every tune I knew, and when my repertoire was exhausted I whistled something original. I got 15 minutes off once to smoke."

Hebrews in the United States.
It has been estimated that in 1812 the number of Hebrews in the United States did not exceed more than 3,000. Now it is claimed that there are in this country 100,000, and New York city has 140,000 of these.

Billiards in the White House.
President Adams introduced billiards in the white house, purchasing the first table, balls and cues at a cost of \$61, paying for them out of his own pocket."

AN OPEN LETTER To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," which has been used in the homes of the Mothers of America for over thirty years. LOOK CAREFULLY at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought and has the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

Do Not Be Deceived.
Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which even he does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought" BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

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The Style, Fit and Wear could not be improved for Double the Price.

W. L. Douglas \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$5.00 Shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material possible to put into shoes sold at these prices. We make also \$2.50 and \$2.25 shoes for men, and \$2.50, \$2.00 and \$1.75 for boys, and the W. L. Douglas \$3.50 Police shoe, very suitable for letter-carriers, policemen and others having much walking to do.

We are constantly adding new styles to our already large variety, and there is no reason why you cannot be suited, so insist on having W. L. Douglas Shoes from your dealer.

We use only the best Calif. Russia Calf (all colors), French Patent Calf, French Enamel, Vici Kid, etc., graded to correspond with prices of the shoes.

If dealer cannot supply you, write W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. CATALOGUE FREE.

JOHN BELLEZZA, Centre Street, Freeland.

FULL OF HEALTH

SAVING HIS WIFE
cast eyes, demure expression and all?"
"Yes."
"Altogether fetching make-up, wasn't it?"
"Good enough for her to try on the stage."
"And talk about the coolness of the men! They won't compare with Fanchette. It wasn't five minutes before the alarm was given that I saw her pass through the hall fully dressed for the street."
"That," said the man from the country, in conclusion, "is the whole story of the fire at our hotel."—Chicago Record.

HIRES Rootbeer
Quenches the thirst, tickles the palate; full of snap, sparkle and effervescence. A temperance drink for everybody.
Made only by The Charles F. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A package makes five gallons.

VIENNA: BAKERY.
J. B. LAUBACH, Prop.
Centre Street, Freeland.
CHOICE BREAD OF ALL KINDS, CAKES, AND PASTRY, DAILY.
FANCY AND NOVELTY CAKES BAKED TO ORDER.

Confectionery & Ice Cream
supplied to balls, parties or picnics, with all necessary adjuncts, at shortest notice and fairest prices.
Delivery and supply wagons to all parts of town and surroundings every day.

FRANCIS BRENNAN, RESTAURANT
151 Centre street, Freeland.
FINEST LIQUOR, BEER, PORTER, ALE, CIGARS AND TEMPERANCE DRINKS.

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Best Cough Syrup, Fastest Good Use in 40 Years. Sold by druggists.

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STYLES: Ladies', Gentlemen's & Tandem.
The Lightest Running Wheels on Earth.

THE ELDRIDGE THE BELVIDERE.

VIENNA: BAKERY.
J. B. LAUBACH, Prop.
Centre Street, Freeland.
CHOICE BREAD OF ALL KINDS, CAKES, AND PASTRY, DAILY.
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FINEST LIQUOR, BEER, PORTER, ALE, CIGARS AND TEMPERANCE DRINKS.

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Careful 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 come from Washington.

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