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FREELAND, PA., NOVEMBER 15, 1897.

Republican Majorities—How Obtained.
From the Philadelphia Record.

Mercy to the scoundrels chosen as
election officers, and sworn to a faithful
performance of the duties opposed upon
them, who deliberately make false re-
turns of the ballots given into their
hands is murder to the republic. For
many years the falsification of election
returns in Philadelphia has been culti-
vated as an art. It is an impossibility
to carry the city for or against any
candidate or any proposition unless the
managers of the Republican party who
make puppets of the election boards are
for or against such candidates or propo-
sitions. The transparent frauds perpetr-
ated at the late election were so gross
and so bold as to compel examination
upon the part of the judges of the courts
clothed with the responsibility of verify-
ing and announcing the official result.
As a consequence, three or four of the
election officers of the Fifth, Seventh
and Second wards are either fugitives
or prisoners. There should be no delay
in trying them, and no hesitation in
giving them the full punishment provid-
ed for their heinous crime.

But investigation should not stop with
sending two or three men to the peni-
tentiary. It is probably impossible to
bring home to the actual instigators and
promoters of crimes against the ballot
the proof of their complicity, and to
punish them as they deserve. But they
can be branded with the contempt of
honest men, and by the prosecution and
jailing of their poor tools their malign
power for evil circumscribed and made
difficult.

All honor to Judges Arnold, Gordon
and Sulzberger and their aides and as-
sistants! By their action they have
opened the way to the cleansing of the
city from a political plague worse than
a pestilence. Let not the hand of jus-
tice be stayed.

Wanamaker on Advertising.
Interviewed by Frank G. Carpenter.

"Mr. Wanamaker, you are one of the
largest advertisers of the country. I
have noticed that you keep your adver-
tisements running during the hard times.
Many of the merchants have let them
drop. Does it pay to advertise when
times are hard?"

"I certainly think so," replied Mr.
Wanamaker. "When the times are hard
and people are not buying is the
very time that advertising should be
the heaviest. You want to get the people
in to see what you have to sell, and you
must advertise to do that. When the
times are good they will come of their
own accord. But I believe in advertis-
ing all the time. We never stop adver-
tising."

"You use the newspapers almost alto-
gether for advertising, do you not?"

"Yes, I have tried all kinds, but I
think newspaper advertising is by far
the best. I used to spend a great deal
of money in posters and bills, but I have
given up that long ago."

"Can you see any immediate results
from such advertising?" I asked.

"I should think so," replied Mr. Wan-
amaker. "If you will come over here or
to our New York store some morning
when we have advertised a job lot of
bicycles or some other things and look
at the long line of people who are stand-
ing outside waiting for the doors to open
you will see how the advertisements in
the newspapers are read."

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be
pleased to learn that there is at least one
dreaded disease that science has been able
to cure in all its stages and that is
catarrh. Hall's catarrh cure is the only
positive cure now known to the medical
fraternity. Catarrh being a constitu-
tional disease requires a constitutional
treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken
internally, acting directly upon the blood
and mucous surfaces of the system,
thereby destroying the foundation of
the disease, and giving the patient
strength by building up the constitution
and assisting nature in doing its work.
The proprietors have so much faith in
its curative powers, that they offer one
hundred dollars for any case that it fails
to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
Address,
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

THE DANGERS OF MINING

Curious Mishaps That Have Happened to Delivers.

One Man Plunged Down 800 Feet Without Breaking a Bone—Injured Miner Wanted to See His Dead Partner's Face.

"In this line of work we come across
some curious accidents and narrow es-
capes," said Deputy Mine Inspector
Frank Hunter to a Butte (Mont.) Miner
reporter, the other night. "One thing
struck me long ago, and that is how
much it takes to kill a man sometimes,
and how easily the thread of life is often
snapped."

"Down in Colorado I knew a fellow
who had plunged down 800 feet in a
single compartment shaft. He went to
the bottom, but did not break a bone.
Of course he was pretty badly jarred
up and a good deal frightened, but he
was all right again in a day or two.
When he fell he went down feet first,
and a big oilskin that he wore opened
at the bottom and acted as a parachute.
He said the last part of his descent was
so much slower than the first that he
hardly thought he was dropping at all,
and half expected to remain suspended
in the shaft, like Mohammed's coffin."

"Nearly always when a man falls any
distance he turns over if he starts feet
downward, and finishes his plunge head
first. I have seen a number of cases
where the man fell with his boots on
and was found barefooted when he was
picked up. I suppose this is because
the blood goes to the head, making the
feet smaller, and, besides, the pressure
of the air upon the heel counteracts as
a bootjack."

"That was rather a singular accident
up at the Diamond the other day," Mr.
Hunter went on, reflectively. "I mean
the death of Matt O'Hara in the waste
hole of the 400. It is my belief that if
O'Hara had been two feet farther in he
would have escaped serious injury, as
the rock only fell a few inches. It just
happened to catch him in such a way
as to break his neck. I know of a paral-
lel instance where a rock weighing 600
or 700 pounds fell from a height of



PLUNGED DOWN 800 FEET.

eight feet upon a man and he is alive to-
day, though badly crippled.

"I had to go over to Sand Coulee last
week to investigate an accident in
which one man was killed and another
had three ribs broken. At the funeral
of the dead man a request was received
from his injured partner, who was con-
fined to his bed, that the remains might
be brought to his bedside so he could
take one last look at them. Well, after
the services the procession stopped at
the house of the injured man and
waited while the coffin was taken in-
side, where the lid was unsecured in
order to give the invalid a view of the
dead man's face. Then the march to
the cemetery was resumed."

"Speaking of Sand Coulee, it struck
me while I was there that if I wanted
to commit suicide I would go there to
do it. I don't mean that life becomes
such a burden in the coal country that
the ties that bind are more easily
severed than elsewhere, but that it af-
fords unsurpassing facilities for cheap
and happy dispatch. It's a wonder to
me that some of the many people who
annually launch themselves into eter-
nity from Butte do not take the Sand
Coulee route."

"Down in the coal mines there is one
passage that is three miles long, and in
some of the chambers air does not
seem to circulate. Upon the walls there
is a gathering of moisture, and if you
puff a cigar in one of these chambers
the smoke will seek the walls, where it
clings with an undulating movement
like a spray of weeds under running
water. The dew on the walls is white
damp and the dead air of the chamber
where it is found is poisonous. In a
few minutes a feeling of drowsiness
steals over a man who breathes it, and
before long he is asleep and dreaming
deliciously—so those say who have been
resuscitated. But the sleep is akin to
that of the lost traveler over whose
numbed limbs the arctic snow eddies
and drifts, for, unless help comes soon,
there is no awakening. If, however, the
venturesome explorer of these under-
ground death traps realizes his danger
in time and manages to stagger out into
the fresh air, he has an experience to
regret that he did not remain inside. Every
bone and muscle aches with the inter-
mittent poignancy that is known to con-
valescents from yellow fever. The
treatment is simple, but effective. Be-
ing nearly dead, the sufferer is nearly
buried. A hole is dug in the soft earth
and the victim is made to stand up in
it, while the dirt is thrown around him
until only his head is seen above ground.
This seems to draw out the soreness,
and in a short time the patient has fully
recovered."

Another Definition.
Tommy—Pa, what is an epileptic?
Pa—A fellow who can eat things that
would turn other people's stomachs
Cleveland Leader.

HELP YOURSELF.

Help yourself, but not by grasping
All that's good for selfish gain.
Gather what the passing moments
Bring in reach of hand and brain;
So that, with a purpose noble,
You may hold for other's good
That which helps a poorer brother
Who may stand where you have stood.

Help yourself, but not to honors
That another fairly won;
Neither join the victors only
When the hard-fought battle's done;
For the bravest do not carry
Standards from the field of fight,
But into the trying conflict,
Bearing this: "For God and Right."

Help yourself, but not by casting
Down some noble, struggling soul,
Who has not your strength or prestige,
Battling for a longer-for goal.
God, and Godlike men, will honor
Every aid to virtue given;
Help yourself by helping others,
Earning the "Well done" from Heaven.
—C. Harry Anders, in Baltimore American.

"Summed in a Single Kiss."

HE WAS first of all her husband's
friend, and then her own; and this
is the story of how she saved him in a
time of great danger and stood herself
on the brink of another and greater
peril.

Evey Lancaster was one of those
women who marry men they averagely
love and are faithful wives and devoted
mothers so long as passion, going down
the country lanes of their peaceful lives,
passes them by on the other side. She
perhaps loved her husband more than
these women usually do, but then she
was made of sterner stuff, and where
there is more to conquer there is more
to suffer. Small blame to her, since
Heaven had made her charming; small
blame to Edward Vereker, her hus-
band's friend, since he found her so,
and he himself as goodly a man as you
would meet on any summer's day. Her
husband, David Lancaster, was a goodly
man, too, and worthy of her, and of
Edward Vereker, his friend.

But there were three of them, and
there is an evil number concerning
men and women.

It was during the summer of 1893 that
Edward Vereker and Evey, his friend's
wife, began to be more than friends.
He was staying with the Lancasters
down in Surrey, in their pretty little
red house on the edge of the pretty
little blue river, and David was going
up and down to London every day, be-
cause it was yet early and the various
vacations and holidays had not begun.
So he and she were left a good deal on
one another's hands. Satan found mis-
chief, not for those idle hands, but idle
eyes, for that summer one's hands re-
mained in one's lap, and it was too hot
even to talk; but it is as easy to look at
one's neighbor as to stare blankly into
space, and eyes can do a great deal by
themselves, take it altogether.

So these two sat in the shady garden
under the big cedars and looked at
one another for want of something
better to do, and found the occupation
suffice for all their needs.

Evey Lancaster was a good woman—
by nature, not by art. I mean she was
naturally good, and had not become so
by trying very hard. She had been well
brought up; she read decent books, and,
therefore, only a few, and she meant
every word of her share in the marriage
service.

But alas! and alas! she was a woman,
and a pretty one, and Edward Vereker
was good-looking, and a man, though
somewhat unusually moral and posses-
sed of a sense of honor. Moreover,
they both loved David. But David was
away all day, and I mistrust June and
the devil in a green garden!

I don't know that anything would
have come of it if tragedy had not
stepped in; Adelphi tragedy, battle,
murder and sudden death in one of its
most appalling forms in the shape of
hydrophobia.

Evey and Edward had been unneces-
sarily energetic that day; perhaps they
both unconsciously realized that sit-
ting under the trees saying nothing was
becoming a little exciting. At any
rate, Evey went to the gunroom and
brought out a Smith & Wesson, .380,
of her husband's, and they set up a mark
in the meadow outside the garden, and,
having prudently removed the cows,
practiced shooting in the cool of the
day. They shot very badly, but they
had to look at the target, and that was
comparative safety. They got tired of
it at last, and she sat down under one
of the great oak trees flanking the
garden with the revolver in her lap,
while he sauntered across the grass to
rearrange the somewhat shaky target.

She was near the gate leading to the
road, and it was open, for the cows had
gone that way to the farmyard, and in
June, '93, gates that it was not an im-
perative necessity to shut remained
open for coolness' sake.

And here the Adelphi melodrama
came in, and through the open gate,
too, heralded by "shouts outside"—a
strange, heart-sickening clamor coming
up from the hush of evening distance—
hoarse, scared yells and the tramp of
running feet, and confused directions
apparently issued in many voices. And
through the open gate a horror rushed,
a creature with dripping jaws and star-
ring eyes, a big, black retriever, bear-
ing in its strange, altered state but lit-
tle resemblance to the friendly, kindly
dog of a few days back; and at its heels
a concourse of men armed with sticks
and farm implements, and any weapon
that could be hastily snatched up, but
none, alas! with a gun.

Evey Lancaster, revolver in hand,
with shells still remaining in a couple
of chambers, saw the mad dog enter the
meadow and make straight across it,
out over the sunburnt grass to where
Edward Vereker was walking towards
the target. She was under the shadows
of the hedge, broadside on, as it were,
and the dog never noticed her.

Edward Vereker turned on his heel

at the sound of the noise at the gate,
and, like Evey, took in the situation at
a glance. But he was absolutely un-
armed—he had not even a stick, and
he was alone in the midst of a wide
field with death in its foulest form not
30 yards from him.

Then Evey Lancaster, from where
she knelt on the grass under the hedge,
took aim and fired. She was his friend,
and knew that his life was at stake,
and that quickened the presence of
mind and the courage within her. She
was made of British stuff, and that
steadied the shaking hand and kept
the revolver straight; and though the
first bullet went wide, the second car-
ried true, and the mad dog with a hide-
ous yell dropped disabled with a shat-
tered shoulder not 15 paces from him.
Then the crowd closed in and put an
end to everything.

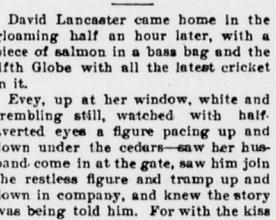
Five minutes later Edward Vereker
and the woman who had saved him,
leaving the excited villagers still clus-
tered around the horror on the grass,
went back into the garden.

It was as much as she could do to
walk now, for the strain was past, be-
ing only a woman after all; and the
green garden was going round and
round in the dim mist that smelt of gun-
powder and grew blacker at every step.
He saw her falter and stop, and was
only in time to catch her in his arms
to prevent her collapsing on the lawn
at his feet. The earth and sky might
wheel and melt into a blackening mist
at will, but a pair of strong arms were
round her and her cheek on a protect-
ing shoulder.

Strong emotions make us view the
world in a distorted light with our
mental as well as our bodily eyes, and
there was no David in the green garden
behind the high hedge; only a brave
woman, weak and trembling, with her
head on the breast of the man she had
rescued from worse than death—the
man who called her "Evey, my darling!"
and passionately kissed her.

David Lancaster came home in the
gloaming half an hour later, with a
piece of salmon in a bass bag and the
fifth Globe with all the latest cricket
in it.

Evey, up at her window, white and
trembling still, watched with half-
averted eyes a figure pacing up and
down under the cedars—saw her hus-
band come in at the gate, saw him join
the restless figure and tramp up and
down in company, and knew the story
was being told him. For with the kiss



MISS EVEY LANCASTER FIRED.

had come awakening and shame, as it
came with the knowledge of good
and evil into the First Garden.

Some time later the two men came
back to the house, and Evey's pre-
ternaturally-sharpened ears heard Edward
ascend to his own room and David turn
down the passage to come to hers. She
stood in the middle of the floor in her
white gown, her hair slightly ruffled,
her face drawn with the stress of emo-
tion which she had undergone, her
hands—those little hands that had done
so much—hanging limply by her side.
And David opened the door and came in.
She could not look at his face, but
she understood as he walked across
the room to where she stood, and took
her straight and unhesitatingly into
his arms, that somehow, in spite of all,
he knew about the kiss and had for-
given her. And the kiss was all she
could remember of her past life.

When David Lancaster went upstairs
to his wife, and took her to his heart
without asking for a word of explana-
tion on her part, he did the one thing
that saved him and her and Edward
Vereker from shipwreck.

I read a story once, in which the con-
cluding sentence ran thus: "And so,
by a little thing, was a woman saved
from the misfortune of a great pas-
sion."

Edward Vereker, having done all that
lay in his power to atone for what had
happened, left the house early next
morning without seeing Evey again.
And her husband shook hands with him
at parting.

They have not met since, except casu-
ally in society, and then they meet and
greet as friends. They had fallen a
little way together and repented of it;
and with repentance comes revulsion
of feeling, and with the end of all things
that might have been, withered untimely
in the budding of passion's poppy-
flowers.

So she was heroic, in that she saved
him; and he was noble, in that he con-
fessed his kiss to her husband. But
somehow it seems to me that the great-
est of these three was David Lancaster,
who heard and understood, and yet,
hearing and understanding, forgave.—
Black and White.

Big Potato in the West.
Loveland, Col., claims to have raised
a potato weighing 82 pounds, which is
18 inches long and ten inches across.

May Purchase 200 Cars.
The Santa Fe company has under con-
sideration the purchase of 100 refrigera-
tor and 100 furniture cars.

FASHIONS SEEN IN THE STORES.

Felt hats having a large velvet crown
ruche of gauffed silk and ostrich tips.
Galloons of metal and silk braid; also
of the same with spangles or beads over
them.

Tiny velvet toques edged with fur and
having a buckle and two tall tips in
front.

Ermine collarettes combined with
lace epaulettes and jabot and a bow of
velvet.

Corsets and petticoats to match of
glace taffeta trimmed with black or
white lace.

Russian blouses of net covered with
rows of braid or an embroidery of col-
ored beads.

Cloth capes braided in white silk cord
and with the collar applied with heavy
lace.

Exquisite shades of gray and castor
drap d'ete in qualities at \$1.25, \$1.50 and
\$2 per yard.

Rough knotted chevrons and dark
boucle plaids in goods and suits for
general wear.

Colored silks with a cord strip in
black, forming tiny vandykes in ba-
yadere effects.

Misses' suits of a skirt and jacket of
plain cloth, with blouse of bright plaid
woolen goods.

Black and white checked braid, one-
half-inch wide, forming a latticework
five inches in width.

Plaid frocks trimmed with a broad
sailor collar of solid serge and a belt
and collar of plaid ribbon.

Immense hats of three shades of cas-
tor or gray in felt, velvet and long
plumes, with steel ornaments.—Dry
Goods Economist.

INTERESTING PERSONALITIES.

The princesses of the royal family of
Russia are devoted bicyclists, although
the czar gave rather a grudging consent
to their riding.

Mr. D'Ennery, the quiet and kind-
hearted French writer of fiction, has
just been astonished to find that his
works contain more than 50 murders,
24 cases of child-stealing, 60 poisoning
cases, 32 incendiary fires and many
forgeries.

Mrs. Craigie's (John Oliver Hobbs)
new novel, "The School for Saints,"
treats of political life in the early years
of Victoria's reign. The character of a
celebrated political leader of the '50s is
depicted in this volume.

Mme. Carlotta Wolter, the celebrated
Austrian singer who died recently at
Vienna, has left personality amounting
to over 1,000,000 florins, about \$500,000.
As she deceased was never married and
had no children her fortune goes to her
brother, Herr Gerhardt Wolter, who has
hitherto had to keep body and soul to-
gether on his miserable wages as a
journeyman tailor at Crefeld, in Ger-
many.

The greatest heiress in the world is
the baby grand duchess Olga, daughter
of the czar of Russia. At present she is
the richest person in the world and
what she will inherit is beyond computa-
tion. Grand Duchess Olga was born in
1895 and is the elder of two daugh-
ters. Her bassetin is studded
with precious stones and she has a doll
whose dress is ornamented with pre-
cious emeralds. Every pin used to fasten
her imperial garments is made of pure
gold.

LATE FANCIES FROM ABROAD.

A diamond button fastening a lace
bolero is a late fancy.

Heart-shaped ornaments are particu-
larly fashionable just now.

Silver photograph frames represent
lacework mounted upon leather.

Elegant gold buckles are now seen on
evening wraps and furs, replacing the
usual hook at the throat.

One of the latest things brought out in
Paris is a tiny chain and pin for the
smallest of empire fans which hangs
from the waistline as the watch used to.

Some of the London shops are dis-
playing toilet and desk articles of Meis-
sen china—flowers on a white ground—
much cheaper than Dresden.

Muff chains will prove a popular hol-
iday article, having already appeared
among the holiday goods in Paris. Owing
to the Russian craze furs have been
displayed there early, and consequently
their accessories are in vogue.

Long, narrow bags of light and dark
green, brown, tan and cream leather
are used to hang with handles from the
left wrist; in them is placed any neces-
sary change, memos, railroad tickets
and such articles as a shopper or trav-
eler needs.

In precious stones the present fad is
for pear-shaped ones. Rings have a
pear-shaped pearl, opal, etc., with one
or two diamonds on either side. Pearls
have risen in price owing to their popu-
larity.—Dry Goods Economist.

HELPS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

A teaspoonful of salt mixed with
paraffin oil will cause a lamp to burn
brightly.

Warts will disappear entirely if they
are rubbed two or three times a day
with oil of cinnamon. This gives no
pain whatever, and is simple enough for
anyone to try it.

Medicine stains may be removed
from silver spoons by rubbing them
with a rag dipped in sulphuric acid and
afterward washing them with soap and
boiling water.

To clean a black felt hat, first brush
the hat free of dust, then add a table-
spoonful of strong ammonia to five ta-
blespoonfuls of cold tea, and with this
clean the surface by rubbing it thor-
oughly with a flannel.

Lace curtains should never be ironed
after washing; they only require
stretching. Spread an old clean sheet
over the carpet and pin it down; over
this place the wet curtain, gently pull
it straight each way, and stretch it by
pinning it on to the sheet. It should
then be left in this position until quite
dry, when it will appear equal to new.

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 *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* on the
wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name ex-
cept 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 in-
gredients of which *even he* does not know.

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

Chas. H. Fletcher
Insist on Having
The Kind That Never Failed You.
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

GREAT BARGAINS IN

Dry Goods, Groceries and Provisions.

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.

Roll Butter and Eggs a Specialty.

My motto is small profits and quick sales.
I always have fresh goods and am
turning my stock every month.
Every article is guaranteed.

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

P. F. McNULTY,

Funeral Director and Embalmer.

Prepared to Attend Calls
Day or Night.
South Centre street, Freeland.

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.

Are You a Roman Catholic

Then you should enjoy reading the literary
productions of the best talent in the Catho-
lic priesthood and laity and you know what
they CAN do, as they appear weekly in

The Catholic Standard and Times
OF PHILADELPHIA.

The ablest and most vigorous defender of
Catholicism. All the news—strong editor-
ials—children's department, which is elevat-
ing and educational. Prizes offered
monthly to the little ones. Only \$2.00 per
year. The Grandest Premium ever issued by
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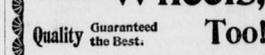
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