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FREELAND, PA., JANUARY 10, 1908

**Saved by a Snore.**

A few weeks ago, says the Chicago Times-Herald, the local press announced with a flourish of trumpets that inventive genius had won another triumph and a South side citizen had patented a device to prevent snoring. At that time, we believe, this discovery was hailed as a great boon to the public. Now we have come to look upon it as an unwarranted and unjustifiable interference with one of the manifestations of nature. A special dispatch from Milwaukee announces that Robert Wagner, of that city, has been saved from going to the penitentiary because he is the owner and user of a peculiar ear-piercing, nerve-shattering snore. Robert, it appears, owned a warehouse which burned the other night under circumstances which indicated incendiarism. He was arrested and a clear case of circumstantial evidence was made out against him. At the last moment two pieces proved a complete alibi for him by swearing that during the night in question they were kept awake by their uncle's nasal foghorn, which never missed a toot all night. Go to with your clothespins and clappers built for silencing the snore! Nature knows best.

One of the best prescriptions that can issue from a physician is a change, a specialist friend of mine tells me, says a writer in an exchange. The effects of mingling with new people who have new methods of thought is very salutary, he says. Always to see the same people do the same thing, feel the same way, produces stagnant condition of the mind and heart that is very distressing to behold. There are thousands of invalids who might be greatly benefited by getting away from home, if only for a short time, to mingle with strangers and be touched with the magnetism of the great world as it courses in its accustomed rounds. And there are mental and moral invalids who need the same change to get their heart and mind enlarged and let in a little more of the great light of life.

A bicycle has reached Central Africa and has greatly exercised the minds of the natives. It was at first put down variously as a grinding mill and a circular saw. The owner, a Tanganyika missionary, gives the people a treat when he dismounts a bearing and allows them to examine the "bullets," as they call the balls—an eloquent commentary on their education; and when they see him mounted and spinning along their exclamation is: "Ko banda kasikolo!" which is alleged to be equivalent to "Good gracious!" Could they behold one of our American scorcherino bloomer girls in transit their language would prove insufficient to express their astonishment.

The completion of the aerial tramway over Chilkat pass is promised before February. Steel towers and cables support the boxlike carriages, which will have a capacity of 300 pounds each. The road is expected to transport 120 tons a day from Skagway to the headwaters of the Yukon. With this accomplished the worst hardships and risks of the journey will be removed.

Big checks are fashionable this fall. The other day there was deposited in New York one for \$13,645,250, to pay the first installment of the debt due by the United Pacific Railroad company to the United States. A few days ago a check for \$17,000,000 was drawn to the order of the city of New York in payment of municipal bonds.

A South Topeka (Kan.) farmer is said to be enjoying new potatoes on his home table, the third crop from the same part of his land this year. The song says: "Potatoes they grow small in Kansas." If they were given a chance they might grow large.

A young woman in Baltimore has had one of her front teeth filled with a half-carat diamond. This must be the girl to whom the singer referred when he remarked that "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still."

A fellow down in Warren county, Ky., walked 32 miles the other day to get a license to wed. Some men find trouble nearer home than that.

**CASTORIA.**  
 The famous  
 signature  
 of *Chas. H. Fletcher* is on  
 every  
 wrapper.

**An Incentive to Industry.**  
 "I am really delighted at the interest my boy Tommy is taking in his writing," said Mrs. Hickleby. "He spends two hours a day at it."  
 "Really? How strange! How did you get him to do it?"  
 "Oh, as for that, I told him to write me out a list of everything he wanted for his birthday, and he's still at it."—Tit-Bits.

**A Good Guess.**  
 "Reuben," said Mrs. Pendleton, who had been reading the society news in a Louisville paper, "what do you suppose is a revolutionary tea, which seems to be all the go in the city?"  
 "I suppose it's a tea whar the women do a great deal of fightin'," replied Mr. Pendleton.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**The Prospect.**  
 "Do you think," said the man who had bought a large tract of arid land, "that I shall be able to water this waste?"  
 "I dunno," replied the native. "It strikes me, though, that there's a heap better chance of your wasting the water."—Washington Star.

**Wants vs. Needs.**  
 Little Dot—Oh, mamma, the organ grinder's monkey is at the window, ha' he has a little round box in his hand.  
 Mamma—Well, my pet, what do you think he wants?  
 Little Dot (after a glance at the organ-grinder)—I dess he wants to borrow some soap.—N. Y. Weekly.

**A Sinecure.**  
 Weary Willie—De milk inspectors hev hired ol' Slosby Slocum ter test milk.  
 Sunset Sims—Is it hard work?  
 Weary Willie—Not very. Slosby simply drinks a little out of each can, an' if dere's enny water in it is puts him right inter convulsions.—Judge.

**And She Jumped at the Chance.**  
 Miss Youngly—So you've only known him a month? Don't you think you're taking a great many chances in marrying him?  
 Miss Oldwaite (candidly)—Dear me, no! It's the only chance I've had in ten years.—Judge.

**Then He Kissed Her.**  
 "While I am as much opposed to the anarchist as anyone else," she said, "it is still evident to me that there is something very attractive about the word."  
 "What is it?" he asked.  
 "The pronunciation of the last syllable," she replied.—Chicago Post.

**A Serious Objection.**  
 Spirit Medium (to skeptic)—Now that you have conversed with the spirit of your departed brother, are you not convinced? Have you any more objections to offer?  
 Skeptic—None except the fact that my brothers are all living.—Judge.

**Experienced.**  
 City Friend (enviously)—Well, I suppose you know all about gardening, now that you and your wife have been living out in the suburbs for a year?  
 Mr. Remotely (of Lonelyville, fervently)—Yes; we don't garden any more!—N. Y. World.

**Bound to Lose.**  
 "There is just one trouble with large families," said the student of social phenomena, "and that is that a man is kept so busy supporting one he doesn't have any time to spend at home."—Chicago Journal.

**The Cornucopias.**  
 These horns of plenty always come in sizes, you must own.  
 Some get a small tin horn, and some possess a large trombone.  
 —Washington Star.

**GREAT EXPECTATIONS.**



**Professor Grammar School.**—And your son, I hear is attending college?  
 Mrs. Struckle—Yes, he's gone to one of them pyrotechnic institutes, and we hope he'll soon extinguish himself.—N. Y. Herald.

**Can You See the Point?**  
 When a goat dines on scrap-iron, it amuses man.  
 But it doesn't tickle his palate like an oyster can.  
 —Chicago News.

**No Time for Repentance.**  
 "Yes," said Hardsell, wearily, "I married in haste."  
 "And repented at leisure, eh?" interrupted Softhead.  
 "No. I've had no leisure."—Town Topics.

**Not Responsible.**  
 "Why did Columbus forgive the mutineers?" asked the teacher.  
 "Cause they was half seas over when they kicked," said Johnnie.—Harlem Life.

**May Have Meant That.**  
 "He told me to get off the earth. What do you suppose he meant?"  
 "He seemed to think that you needed a bath, evidently."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**Two Flights.**  
 Trivet—I saw a flight of wild ducks yesterday.  
 Dicer—That's nothing. I saw a flight of stairs.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**The Hero.**  
 Father—Who is the best boy in the school?  
 Freddie—Chip Hardboy. He kin at most lick der teacher.—N. Y. Journal.

**AS THE POETS SEE IT.**

**You Can Scatter Sunshine.**  
 There's a heap of satisfaction  
 In the knowing, if you know,  
 That this world is just an Eden,  
 If you try to make it so;  
 For no one can monopolize  
 The Kingdom of light and day,  
 And you can scatter sunshine,  
 If  
 You  
 Feel  
 That  
 Way.

There's a joy behind each sorrow,  
 There's a lesson in defeat,  
 There's a lecture in experience  
 Philosophers can't beat;  
 And nothing like "I've been there"  
 Can teach you day by day  
 To scatter wads of sunshine,  
 If  
 You  
 Feel  
 That  
 Way.

When you stand before your mirror  
 And you see reflected there  
 The image of your Maker,  
 With a face of blank despair,  
 Just reason for a moment,  
 Let nature have full sway,  
 For you can scatter sunshine,  
 If  
 You  
 Feel  
 That  
 Way.

—Capt. Jack Crawford, the "Poet Scout,"  
 in L. A. W. Bulletin.

**A Maid with No Appetite.**  
 Rebecca Dainty was a maid whose summers no one knew,  
 Though she for fifteen years had said that she was thirty-two,  
 And though she never felt real smart, folks called her rather bright,  
 And, while she had a good, kind heart, she had no appetite.

She always came to breakfast late, and never forgot her sigh;  
 First she would pass her little plate and try a piece of pie,  
 Next she would cast her eyes around the table, left and right,  
 To see if something could be found to tempt her appetite.

If on the table buns were found, to eat some she would try,  
 And then of lamb chops spoil a pound, nor pass the codfish by,  
 A piece or two of hot cornbread was always her delight,  
 Although, poor thing, she always said she had no appetite.

She next would try a chicken's leg and then a piece of wing;  
 Next she would eat a soft-boiled egg and then most anything,  
 She always wanted something light when first she started in,  
 But how she coaxed her appetite would make an ostrich grin.  
 —Thomas F. Porter, in N. Y. Sun.

**The Day That Summer Died.**  
 The day that summer died we saw a change  
 Creep slowly o'er the sunshine of her face—  
 A fleeting beauty, dim and wholly strange,  
 Unlike the brightness of her earlier grace.  
 We felt a chill in every breeze that blew,  
 And saw across the meadows green and wide  
 A veil of frost that silvered all the dew—  
 The day that summer died.

The day that summer died a red leaf fell  
 From out the maple's green and stately crest,  
 And all the slender fern leaves in the dell  
 In robes of white and palest gold were dressed.  
 A late rose staid its petals one by one,  
 The poplar stirred its trembling leaves and sighed;  
 A glowing dahlia blossomed in the sun—  
 The day that summer died.

The day that summer died the forest stream  
 Crept forth to catch the blueness of the skies;  
 The hills grew dim and hazy as a dream,  
 Or, like a vision viewed by tearful eyes,  
 A growing shadow, chill and vaguely drear,  
 Swept o'er the landscape like a rising tide;  
 And winter's footsteps sounded all too near—  
 The day that summer died.  
 —Emma G. Weston, in Youth's Companion.

**A Tired Fellow.**  
 Talkin' 'bout November days—I reckon they're all right;  
 But I has ter fetch the wood in fer the big oak fires at night;  
 I reckon snow a-fallin' makes a purty sort er show,  
 But it ain't so powerful pleasant when you has ter shovel snow!

Talkin' 'bout November days—with frost in furrows eray,  
 They ain't so powerful pleasant when you spend 'em haulin' hay;  
 I like the sharp, clear mornin's—the hunter's lively horn,  
 But I'm feelin' mighty solemn when I'm set to shuckin' corn!

I've come ter the conclusion this world—  
 fer man an' boy—is  
 Is about a peck o' trouble ter every pint o' joy;  
 I like blue skies an' meadows—a bird that knows a song,  
 But I can't jine in the chorus when they work me all day long!  
 —F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

**The Silent Ruler.**  
 We only know he walks with noiseless tread,  
 Unresting over-voiceless as the dead.  
 We only know he brings us loss or gain,  
 The rose of pleasure, or the rue of pain—  
 All changes manifold of life or death,  
 From a leaf's promise to a dying breath.  
 We know only, when this old earth and sky  
 Pass into nothingness, he cannot die—  
 The silent ruler with his scythe and glass,  
 Our Father 'Tme, who sees the nations pass.

Yet gives no token over land or sea  
 Of his new reign—the veiled eternity.  
 —William H. Hayne, in Youth's Companion.

**The Wronged Man.**  
 The wind was raw; it snowed all day;  
 Yet there he stood out in the weather  
 And watched the football rivals play  
 And clapped his stiffened hands together.  
 He whooped and danced as one possessed,  
 And when the spectacle was ended  
 Declared that it had been the best  
 Affair he ever had attended.

That night he sat and jawed his wife,  
 And blamed the girl that she had hired;  
 He swore they sought to wreck his life—  
 The maid, he shouted, must be fired!  
 He almost wept, he felt so bad—  
 In sooth, he acted like a fool,  
 And all because the furnace had,  
 For lack of care, been left to cool.  
 —Chicago News.

**Inconsistency.**  
 What courage men will sometimes show  
 In things of mighty weight!  
 And how they flinch when some slight blow  
 Falls from the hand of Fate!  
 In stocks he lost. He seemed not vexed  
 To find his assets few.  
 He lost his collar button next  
 And made the air turn blue.  
 —Washington Star.

**YOUR LAST CHANCE TO BUY  
 AT YOUR OWN PRICE.**

**Overcoats, Men's Suits, Children's Suits, Children's Reefers, Children's Overcoats, Pants, Hats, Caps and Gents' Furnishings Going at Less Than the Cost of Manufacturing Them. Our Time Is Growing Short and We Are Almost Ready to Leave. We Must Dispose of the Remaining Stock, No Matter How Great Our Loss.**

**IF YOU WOULD SAVE MONEY, LOOK AT THE FOLLOWING PRICES:**  
**Men's Suits. Gents' Furnishings. Men's Pants.**

Men's Suits, fine black worsted, going for less than the actual value of the cloth, go at  
**\$2.50**  
 Men's fine plaid all wool Suits, finely made, French facings, go at  
**\$3.48**  
 Men's fine dark brown plaid Suits, all wool, go at  
**\$3.23**  
 Men's fine Scotch tweed Suits, up to date style, go at  
**\$3.75**  
 Men's fine clay English worsted Suits go at  
**\$6.48**

**Men's Overcoats.**

Men's fine dress Overcoats, up to date, go at  
**\$3.75**  
 Men's jet black dress Overcoats, double stitched, 3/4 inch velvet collar; they are worth \$12.00, will go for  
**\$4.23**  
 Boys' fine beaver Overcoats, from 14 to 19 years, go at  
**\$3.48**  
 Men's fine castor beaver Overcoats, all wool; they are custom made, finely trimmed, silk piping; worth every penny of \$20, but to move them quickly we put them down to  
**\$8.48**  
 Men's fine Montanan Overcoats, all wool, finest trimmed coats to be seen; they are worth \$12.50, will go at  
**\$4.48**  
 Men's short heavy Overcoats, excellent goods, go at  
**\$2.48**

**Made-to-Measure SUITS.**

Men's fine up-to-date, made to measure suits, fine imported cloth guaranteed a perfect fit, they are \$18; we will make them up now for  
**\$10.48**  
 Men's fine flannel cloth suits made to your measure, fit guaranteed, they are worth \$20; we will make them just as you like them for  
**\$11.48**  
 Men's fine pants made to your measure in fine English worsted, worth \$6.50; we will make them now for  
**\$2.98**  
 Our line of piece goods is large, but we have no room to mention more. Call and leave your measure with us and save \$10 on a suit or overcoat.

Men's fine, white linen handkerchiefs, worth 10c, go at 1c.  
 Men's heavy winter Hose, worth 15c, go for 3c per pair.  
 Men's large rim slouch hats go at 36c.  
 Scotch plaid Mufflers, extra large, go at 19c.  
 Men's fine Suspenders, worth 25c, go at 7c.  
 Men's woolen Underwear, worth 50c, goes at 17c.  
 Men's four-ply linen collars, any style, worth 15c, go at 8c.  
 Fine English Mackintosh, worth \$5, goes at \$2.48.  
 Heavy woolen Mackintosh, positively worth \$10, goes at \$4.98.  
 Men's good, stout working shirts, worth 35c, go at 15c.  
 Stylish, up to date Neckwear, in four-in-hands, tecks, shield bows, positively 50c neckwear, will go at 18c.  
 Men's fine seal plush Caps, trimmed with Astrakhan ear laps, they are worth \$2, go at 99c.  
 Men's fine Fedora Hats, in black, blue or brown, a regular \$1.50 hat, will be sold at 39c.  
 Men's fine seal Plush Caps, worth \$2, flat top, go at 49c.  
 Men's fine puff Ties, pure silk, in any style, worth 50c, go at 18c.  
 Men's fine Plug Hats, Kohler style, known throughout the coal regions, worth \$2.50, will go at 89c.  
 Men's fine Jersey Overshirts, worth \$1.50, will go at 48c.  
 Dr. Jackson's Underwear, very heavy camel's hair; they are worth \$2.50, but we will sell you a suit for 96c.  
 Heavy cream satin brocade Mufflers, worth \$1.50, go at 75c.  
 Gents' fine silk Handkerchiefs, some cream, some white, worth 60c, go at 39c.  
 Men's up to date fancy bosom Shirts; they are worth \$1.25, but at this sale the price will be 69c.

**Boys' Reefer Suits.**

Boy's fine Reefer Suits in melton cloth, three rows of fine braid, strictly all wool; they are worth \$3.25, but will go at **\$1.18**  
 Boy's fine Reefer Suits in navy blue, four rows of fine braid, cut in full length, all wool, finely made; worth \$4.75, go at **\$1.68**  
 Boy's fine gray Reefer Suits, all wool, Langford cassimere, full deep collar, three rows of fine braid; worth \$3, will go at **\$1.10**  
 Boy's Scotch plaid Reefer Suits, in the finest quality, from three to five rows of fine braid, the latest winter styles; they are worth from 4 to \$8. Twenty different styles to select from, will be sold at **\$2.48**  
 Boy's Reefer Suits in any style or any price. We have no room to mention more. Attend this removal sale early and save dollars.

Men's Pants, our own make, finely made, good workmanship; they are worth \$2, while they last will go for **69c**  
 Men's Pants in fine striped cassimere, perfect fitting, finely made; they are worth every penny of \$2.48, will go for **82c**  
 Men's Dress Pants in black, blue, brown and fine worsted striped, all wool; they are worth \$4, will go for **\$1.23**  
 Men's Worsted Pants in dark colors; they are worth \$2.25, will go for **73c**  
 Men's finest grade of Worsted Pants, strictly all wool, equal to any \$6 pants, will go for **\$2.48**  
 Men's extra heavy stout Wool Pants, will wear like a board, all sizes; they are worth \$4.25, will go for **\$1.48**  
 Hundreds of bargains in Men's and Boys' Pants. We have no room to mention more. These are just a few of the many bargains. Corduroy pants for men and boys newly given away. Come to this great sale. You will never have such another chance in your lifetime, as we are going out of business.

**Storm Coats.**

Storm Coats in all wool chinchilla, extra long, extra large collar, all the comforts for cold weather; they are worth \$8, but are now going at **\$2.48**  
 Storm Coats in genuine Irish frieze, full length and full collar; they are regular \$12 coats. To make them move quickly we have put them down to **\$4.98**  
 Men's extra heavy Storm Overcoats, worth \$12, go at **\$5.98**  
 Genuine Belfast Frieze, worth \$22, go at **\$10**  
 Young Men's Storm Coats, while they last, go at **\$2.98**  
 All kinds of Storm Coats for Men and Boys at prices never before heard of.

**For the Boys.**

Boys' fine Reefer Overcoats, sizes from 8 to 15 years, full velvet collar, all wool beaver cloth. They are \$4 coats, but will go at **\$1.38**  
 Boys' heavy chinchilla Reefers, full sailor collar, made in the best style; these will go at **\$1.15**  
 The latest style three-piece Vestee Suits for little boys; have made another reduction on them; they will go for **\$2.75**  
 Boys' heavy winter Caps, in navy blue beaver cloth, with ear laps attached; they are 50c, will go at 10c.  
 Hundreds of bargains in Boys' Reefers, which will be sold at less than one-half the cost of cloth. Come early.  
 Boys' fine Suspenders; worth 20c, will go at 5c.  
 Boys' knee Pants will go at 11c.  
 Boys' good stout Suits go at 98c.

**Do Not Be Misled** But Come to the Only Going-Out-of-Business Sale in Freeland, Where Clothing Is Almost Given Away. We Save You Big Money on Everything You Buy.

**HART**  
**The English Tailor,**  
**37 CENTRE ST., Freeland.**  
**REFOVICH'S OLD STAND.**

Bring This Bill With You and Point Out the Article You Want.  
 To Every Purchaser of \$10 Worth or More, CAR FARE WILL BE PAID.