

DePIERRO - BROS
CAFE
 Corner of Centre and Front Streets,
 Freeland, Pa.
 Finest Whiskies in Stock
 Gibson, Dougherty, Knauer Club,
 Rosenbluth's Vintner, of which we have
EXCLUSIVE SALE IN TOWN.
 Mumm's Extra Dry Champagne,
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 Glas, Wines, Claretts, Cordials, Etc.
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 Ham and Schweitzer Cheese Sandwiches,
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MEALS - AT - ALL - HOURS.
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South Centre street, Freeland.

VIENNA : BAKERY.
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Centre Street, Freeland.
 CHOICE BREAD OF ALL KINDS,
 CAKES, AND PASTRY, DAILY.

FANCY AND NOVELTY CAKE
 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 TEM-
 PERANCE DRINKS.

LIBOR WINTER,
 Restaurant and Oyster Saloon.

No. 13 Front Street, Freeland.
 The finest liquors and cigars served at the
 counter. Families supplied with oysters.

G. HORACK,
Baker & Confectioner.

Wholesale and Retail,
 CENTRE STREET, FREELAND.

Dr. N. MALEY,
DENTIST.

Second Floor, Birkbeck Brick
 OVER BIRKBECK'S STORE.

OPINIONS OF THE JUDGES.

The exemption of the "college estate" from all taxes is held, in Brown university vs. Granger (R. L.), 36 L. R. A. 847, to extend to real estate which constitutes a part of the endowment.

Concurrent jurisdiction in the courts of different states for the garnishment of a foreign corporation which is doing business in each state by agents is held, in Lancashire Insurance company vs. Corbets (Ill.), 36 L. R. A. 640, to exist, and it is held that the jurisdiction is not determined by the situs of the debt, but by the liability of the garnishee to be sued at the place.

Escape of gas from a cracked elbow in a pipe which a gas company puts in, after repeated attempts to repair it and the assurance of its employe that it is all right, is held, in Richmond Gas company vs. Baker (Ind.), 36 L. R. A. 683, to render the gas company liable for the resulting damages, where the persons were lulled by such assurances into a feeling of security, although able to smell the gas.

The right of the owner of the soil to cut and remove ice from a nonnavigable stream is sustained in Gehlen vs. Knorr (Ia.), 36 L. R. A. 697, even to an extent, for his own use, whether for storage or sale, if it does not thereby appreciably diminish the amount of water that can be used by the lower proprietor, and the construction of a dam to collect and retain the water for this purpose to a reasonable extent is upheld.

The right of a telephone company to require a telegraph company to place a telephone in its office for use in receiving and transmitting messages on the ground that it has allowed another telephone company to have an instrument there for that purpose is denied, in people ex-rel. Cairo Telephone company vs. Western Union Telegraph company (Ill.), 36 L. R. A. 637, on the ground that the telegraph company cannot be compelled to receive oral messages and that by waiving its rights in that respect in favor of one company it is not compelled to do so in favor of another.

FREELAND TRIBUNE.
 Established 1888.
 PUBLISHED EVERY
 MONDAY AND THURSDAY
 BY THE
TRIBUNE PRINTING COMPANY, Limited.

OFFICE: MAIN STREET ABOVE CENTRE.
 Make all money orders, checks, etc., payable to
 the Tribune Printing Company, Limited.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
 One Year \$1.50
 Six Months75
 Four Months50
 Two Months25

Freeland, Pa., January 31, 1898.

Independence of the City Press.
 Dave Martin, the political boss of Philadelphia, is a man whose record is not an enviable one. One remarkable trait, however, stands out prominently in his career, and that is his gratitude to those who have dragged him out of the mire and placed him on the throne he now sits. This is one thing which cannot be said of some of the men who are opposing him in his efforts to elect his brother-in-law, W. J. Rooney, as receiver of taxes. Martin's most bitter opponent is Editor McClure, of the Times, who is stopping at nothing that will help to defeat the leader who befriended him. While Martin allowed McClure's brother-in-law, Dave Gratz, an incompetent nonentity, to draw \$10,000 a year as receiver of taxes from Philadelphia's treasury, Martin was an immaculate statesman in the eyes of the Times. When Martin drove out the horde of McClure's relations who were gorging themselves at the public trough, Martin suddenly became a terrible menace to the city, if the Times can be believed. The disgraceful spoils system of politics which rules Philadelphia was all right while McClure's family reaped the major portion of the spoils, but when the editor's relations found themselves out of office the Times goes in, not to change the system, but to change the boss.

This Philadelphia contest may not interest our readers, and it is not with the intention of interesting them in it that this is published. The Tribune merely wishes to add a little further proof to the claim it has frequently made, viz., that the metropolitan press, composed of great independent newspapers like the Times, is governed in its actions, political and otherwise, by motives which cannot bear examination. The country journal which would change front as often as the city press would be driven from the community, for here a creditable reason must be shown when a newspaper departs from its policy. In the cities the proprietors can hide their individuality behind the powerful machines they control, and a flop from the support of one party to another or a change of views on questions of the day is trumpeted through the country as independence. This independence, in a majority of cases, is nothing more than a cloak to shield the petty spite or mercenary desires which possess the men who control the metropolitan press.

The recent order issued by Director Riter, the head of Philadelphia's police department, that all shoes worn by members of the force while on duty must be purchased at the policeman's expense) from a certain store in that city, has caused some tall kicking. The entire force has been equipped with the contract footwear, at a price per pair of not less than 50 per cent above the charge of other stores for the same quality of goods. The police quietly protest that the shoes are not comfortable and do not fit them, and small dealers denounce the order which has diverted a profitable trade from them to their wealthier competitor. Notwithstanding these objections the order remains in force. It is almost unnecessary to state that the chosen store at which the police must buy is John Wiamaker's, and if John should champion Director Riter for the majority a year from now people who watch Philadelphia politics should not be surprised.

The New York Sun, which has long been noted for the excellence of its dictation, has this to say in a recent issue: "There never was an English grammar that didn't darken understanding. The whole pack of English grammars is but a set of fossilized rules and obiter dicta about this wonderful, illimitable, and passionately living speech. Use your English grammar, if heaven has been so harsh to you as to give one, for fuel in winter, or for cigar lighters in the furnaceless and grateless months. Burn it. It is an ignorant and a presumptuous heretic and sinner against our sacred English speech."

The attention of such of our people as may feel charitably inclined is called to the urgent necessity of doing something to relieve the distress which exists in the homes of many families in Freeland and surrounding towns. To mention specific cases publicly would not be welcomed by those who are in want, as it would expose them to much idle curiosity, but a quiet investigation by each who wishes to help will reveal where good can be done. There are families here today suffering from the necessities of life who never knew poverty before.

To Cure Constipation Forever.
 Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

THE RED GIRL.
 A Little Incident of the
 Great West.
 BY ELSIE WHEELER.

The sun was shining as only a Colorado sun can shine, beaming down into the little town with an almost cruel intensity. Trees are a luxury in the west, and the few small specimens outlining the principal thoroughfare offer but little shade, so the street, with its rows of low frame buildings, is now hot, silent and deserted.

There is just one exception to these buildings, and that is a pretentious stone edifice. The first floor has "Banking Co." in great gilt letters on its windows; the second is devoted to offices, and is consequently deserted, for the air is too invigorating to be wasted, and business in Colorado is largely transacted on the street; the third floor is the most important of all; it is thrown into one great hall, and here it is that all the balls, fairs and meetings of the town are held. It is not a particularly attractive hall. Bare walls, upon which the finger of time has gleefully traced strange dust pictures, about 50 chairs and a rather jingly piano, compose the entire furnishings.

At present some of the windows are open, and suddenly a note floats down into the stillness of the street, then another and another, until the "fire music" of "Die Walkure" is leaping and crackling from the piano under the touch of an almost superhuman master hand. The fire seems to be dying, now the "slumber song" sob and sings, and then once more the crackling comes, until "fire" and "slumber" motive are blended together in one glorious harmony of sound.

In the street below door after door has softly opened and dark forms have stolen across the street, until the unconscious player above has collected a breathless, admiring audience beneath her windows. The music comes to a sudden stop, there is a few minutes' pause, and then a figure appears in the doorway below. Such a strange little figure it is—a girl of about 20, with thin pale face, great blue eyes, and a slight, frail body, clothed in a red Mother Hubbard gown. "What a homely little thing!" is the first thought, but one has only to look into those eyes to change the opinion; there is such a sweet serenity and peace in their depths, and the girl is so strongly magnetic, one is forced to recall the familiar lines, "And those who came to scoff, remained to pray." She is a well-known and beloved person in the small western town; when she first came, two years ago, her strange red dress and still stranger music, had caused some talk. But, after all, she was only a poor, little consumptive, and so the mothers took her and her erratic ways to their hearts and worshipped her.

She was a sincere Christian, and the fact that she claimed to be in intimate communication with the angels, threw an air of mysticism about her and caused the timid to speak in whispers when her name was mentioned. She said it was they that had ordered her to wear a loose red gown, so she unquestionably obeyed. Scoffers had remarked that she was dominated by the wrong class of spirits, but her devoted friends indignantly hushed such flippant suggestions; they did not question, they only knew that she had a sunny smile and sweet manner impossible to resist, and that when she played some great mysterious power seemed to guide her hands.

As she stands in the doorway a moment she looks almost a spirit herself, her hands are nervously clasped near her throat, and her eyes gaze unseeing upon the familiar faces, then a smile of recognition comes, and her friends eagerly crowd about her. While she talks, her eyes have wandered to a great red peak that stands alone among the surrounding mountains. Was it coincidence or fate, that out of all the pine-covered hills there should be but one with a bleak, bare crest of red sand and stone.

"That is my mountain," the girl had said when she first arrived, and she had grown to look upon it as something almost alive. Now as her eyes rest on it she smiles, as she says, playfully: "How dreary Red Chief looks to-day! I believe he wants me up there to keep him company. Cheer up, old fellow," and she merrily blows a kiss to the unresponsive hill; then, growing suddenly serious, she turns to the people around her. "When I die, you must carry me up there. I almost think the mountain was made for me—to be my tomb."

"You are getting gloomy, little girl. The sun is nearly down, let's take a walk before it grows too cold for you," and the speaker, a well-knit, handsome man of about 40, forcibly takes possession of the girl and hurries her away. "How he loves her!" say the women, tenderly looking after the pair.

"I fear he'll lose her," one remarks. "Poor thing, how white she looked to-day!"

Meanwhile the two are walking slowly toward the hills; the man is talking earnestly and the girl tries to listen, but her eyes and thoughts will wander to old Red Chief, his head bathed in glory from the last rays of the sun. What is the man saying?

"I wasn't listening to you, dear," she said, turning to him apologetically. "what were you asking me to do?"

"Give it all up for a little while, little girl, and let the world and its wickedness take care of itself. You say the angels love you and are watching over you—I know it's useless to dispute that idea of yours, but can't you see, dear, that you are growing weaker every day? You are quietly slipping from me and you refuse to let me try and hold you back. I want to place you into a doctor's care, he would soon put some

color into those cheeks, and then I will fill that busy brain of yours with cheerful thoughts and together we'll make you strong and well. Won't you let me—won't you do that much for me, little girl?"

The girl's eyes fill with tears, but she silently shakes her head. "You are so true, dear, and I love you—but what good has it ever done you?" The man tries to interrupt, but she passionately continues: "I have brought nothing but sorrow into your life—I want your love, I want you—but I never can marry you. I cannot say 'forget me,' for it would break my heart if you did—I know I am spoiling your life, and yet I am too selfish to let you go; and you won't go, dearest, will you?" turning suddenly to him, her hands nervously clutching his coat and arms.

"Wild horses couldn't drag me, little girl," the voice was supposed to be cheerful, but there was a suggestion of a break in it that made the girl move closer to the man's side, and the sympathetic silence was not broken until they reached the little brown house perched on the side of a hill, with "Rocky Rest" spelled in white stones on its terrace, then turning an April face, the girl playfully pulled the man on to the porch.

"Mother, here is your best sweetheart," she called. "He's going to stay to tea, and then he is going to make music with that flute of his, and still talking and softly laughing, she pushed him into the house.

The man was a good musician, and the sweet music, with the soft piano accompaniment, caused many couples to pause and listen that night as it floated through the open windows. They played until the man grew tired, putting down his instrument, he leaned over the girl and lifted her hands from the keys. "I believe the angels do assist you," he said, half seriously; "you are perfectly inexhaustible to-night."

The girl did not smile. "I feel they are with me," she said, softly, and followed him on to the porch. After he had gone she stood motionless. It was moonlight, and the surrounding mountains with their mysterious dark shadows almost told the secret of the universe. The light fell upon the girl, throwing her pale face and vivid red dress into strong relief, and causing her to look weird and unreal. Suddenly, with a passionate gesture, she threw out her arms.

"I am such a weak and unworthy servant!" she sobbed; "teach me to be strong, give me more proof, that I may walk with unwavering faith, and cry aloud to unbelievers: 'Life is but a day, the great promise is true, and beyond our little sphere is the real world and the wonderful, glorious life in death!'"

Carried away by her emotion she sank upon her knees, and when she finally arose there was an inspired, exultant look upon her face.

The next day the little town was set talking, for word was passed around that the Red Girl, who never had so much as touched a harp, would give a concert in the evening and play en-

THEY PLAYED UNTIL THE MAN WAS TIRE.

lively upon that instrument. When questioned by the woman with whom she lived, one of her adopted mothers, she had answered, simply: "I prayed for some sign, some proof that I could give the people of the existence of angels, and they told me I should soon play upon a harp."

By eight o'clock the big hall was crowded. Friends and scoffers alike, all had come to see the miracle. The harp stood waiting upon the little stage, but minute after minute ticked itself away and the Red Girl did not appear.

The people, who had been growing restless and impatient, suddenly became silent and interested, for a man, with a face so white and drawn one hardly recognized him, had stepped upon the stage. "Friends," he began, vainly striving to steady his voice, "our little Red Girl said the angels promised her she should play upon a harp. The promise has come true, I think. She died half an hour ago."

The next night the moon looked down on a strange, unusual scene. Upon the almost inaccessible peak of Red Chief was a crowd of people—a silence has just fallen amongst them, and a man comes slowly forward until he stands beside a deep, new-made grave. He raises his hand: "May the love of God and the peace that passeth all understanding be with us—as we know it is with her—now and forever."

Once more the silence falls, broken only by uncontrollable weeping and the sound of working spades.

Then, one by one, the people move away, until a long black line is swinging down the mountain. The steady tramping of their feet and the crackling of the underbrush sings a dreary requiem as it is borne through the night to the lonely man who, lying face downward, is fighting the great battle of almost unconquerable grief and despair—Leslie's Monthly.

Deafness Cannot be Cured
 by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the eustachian tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are cured by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.
 F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
 Sold by druggists, 70c.
 Hall's Family Pills are the best.

An Advantage.
 "Cultivate your mind, my boy," said the elderly gentleman who gives advice. "Struggle to develop what intellect nature may have bestowed on you."
 "But education doesn't always make people happy."
 "No. But it enables a lot of them who would otherwise be known as ill-natured cranks, to pose as 'cynics.'"—Washington Star.

A Warning.
 The Customer—I'm tellin' yer, now! De nex' time yer try ter choke me I'll come around here an' wring yer neck!
 The Laundryman—Me chooke? Me no chooke!
 The Customer—Yes, yer did! Yer gev me fourteen-an'-a-half collars when I wear fifteen-an'-a-half; an' I didn't find it out till Sunday an' couldn't get no odders!—Puck.

Had to Admit It.
 "Just 33 years ago to-day," said the old soldier, "the top of my head was grazed by a bullet."
 "There isn't much grazing now, is there, grandpa?" was the comment of the youngest grandchild, and as the old gentleman rubbed his bare poll, he had to admit the correctness of the assertion.—Tit-Bits.

Why He Was Worried.
 "Do I not detect a trace of brandy in this mince pie, madam?" asked the tramp at the door.
 "Yes, my good man, you do," replied the good woman; "but don't be alarmed, there's not enough to intoxicate you."
 "That's what I am alarmed about, madam."—Yonkers Statesman.

Quite Delicate.
 Mrs. Gabb (hostess)—Your little son does not appear to have much appetite.
 Mrs. Gabb—No, he is quite delicate.
 Mrs. Gabb—Can't you think of anything you would like, my little man?
 Little Man—No'm. You see, mom made me eat a hull lot before we started, so I wouldn't make a pig of myself.—N. Y. Weekly.

The End of Her Earth.
 "Before we were married," she protested, "you declared you would go to the end of the earth to make me happy."
 "Yes," he replied, coldly.
 She shuddered.
 Had he already run through her real estate?—Detroit Journal.

Quite a Difference.
 Algy—I just complimented Miss Oletimer upon her looking so young, and she seemed offended—I supposed women liked to be told that they looked young.
 Reggy—And so they do, Algy; but not complimented upon it.—Puck.

A Heavy Load.
 "The coroner and six men sat on him for two hours," read farmer Jones from the newspaper.
 "Well," exclaimed his wife, dropping her knitting, "if he ain't dead by this time, he orter be."—Atlanta Constitution.

Their Longevity.
 City Man—This must be a very healthy place, judging from the number of old people I have seen here!
 Native—Healthy? It's so blamed healthy that I guess a good many of 'em will have to be shot on the judgment day.—Puck.

The Married Man.
 His wife now in a passion flies:
 His tone no love awakes.
 He speaks about the pumpkin-pies
 His mother used to make. —Judge.

A JUVENILE PRESENTMENT.
 Tommy (who has just been whipped by his mother) to his Sister—I tell you what it is, the man that marries you will have a nice mother-in-law.—Fliegende Blaetter.

A Wonder.
 The railroad man a wonder is,
 You surely cannot doubt;
 For he makes out a time-table
 No mortal can make out. —Puck.

Not Quite.
 Son—Papa, what is a countess?
 Father—A countess, my boy, is the wife of a count.
 Son (after a little thinking)—Then is a governess the wife of a governor?
 —N. Y. Journal.

**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* on every 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* on the 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.

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 BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF
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 Insist on Having
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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE
 FOR THE COMING YEAR

Some Notable Features

CHAS. A. DANAN'S REMINISCENCES
 These reminiscences contain more unpublished war history than any other book except the Government publications. Mr. Dana was intimately associated with Lincoln, Stanton, Grant, Sherman, and the other great men of the Civil War. He had the confidence of the President and his great War Secretary, and he was sent on many private missions to make important investigations in the memories are his "Secret History of the Government at the Front." Everywhere through these reminiscences will be illustrated with many rare and unpublished War Photographs from the Government collection, which now contains over 8,000 negatives of almost priceless value.

RUDYARD KIPLING STORIES & POEMS
 The Christmas McCracks' contains a complete, Short Story by Rudyard Kipling entitled "The Fox of the Indian Army," the title of a classic tiger, an officer in the Indian army, and a conversation with that eminent and his great War Secretary, and he was sent on many private missions to make important investigations in the memories are his "Secret History of the Government at the Front." Everywhere through these reminiscences will be illustrated with many rare and unpublished War Photographs from the Government collection, which now contains over 8,000 negatives of almost priceless value.

ANTHONY HOPE'S NEW ZENDA NOVEL
 "Rufus of Newsum" the sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda" in splendid illustration, in characters, in dramatic situations, it is the noblest and most stirring novel that Anthony Hope has ever written.

EDISON'S LATEST ACHIEVEMENT
 Edison's Wonderful Invention. The result of eight years' constant labor. Numerous ground to dust and the iron ore extracted by magnetism. The Fastest Ship. An article by the inventor and constructor of "Turbina," a vessel that can make the speed of an express train. Making a Great Telescope by the most competent authority living. Lord Kelvin's character sketch and substance of a conversation with that eminent scientist as a brakeman, for man and engineer, by Herbert H. Hamilton. It is a narrative of work, adventure, hazards, accidents and escapes, and is a vivid and dramatic as a piece of fiction.

THE RAILROAD MAN'S LIFE
 The account of this terrible fight written down by Hamlin Garland as it came from the lips of Tom Mann, an old Indian chief who was a participant in it.

NEW YORK IN 1950
 His house, streets, means of travel, supply, safeguards of life and health, sports and pleasures—the conditions of life of the projected city of the next century, by Col. George E. Waring, Jr., Commissioner of the Street Cleaning Department of New York.

MARK TWAIN
 Mark Twain contributes an article in his old manner, describing his voyage from India to South Africa. The illustrations are by A. B. Frost and Peter Newell, and are a drill and humorous as the article itself.

ADVENTURE
 Another: His Balloon and his Expedition, from materials furnished by the brother of Mr. Strubberg, Andre's companion. Seen Hedin in Lander in Tibet. His own story of the adventure and endurance. Tullin in the Far North. The famous explorer writes of the years he lived in regions far north of the boundaries of human habitation.

NANSEN
 The great Arctic explorer has written an article on the possibilities of reaching the North Pole; on the methods that the next expedition should adopt, and the climate, the ocean currents, depths and temperature of the water, etc. This knowledge will be of the greatest value to science.

ILLUSTRATIONS
 The best artists and illustrators are making pictures for McClure's Magazine. A. B. Frost, Peter Newell, C. D. Gibson, Leonard Yale, Kenyon Cox, C. A. Illman, W. D. Stevens, Alfred Brennan, and others.

The November Number will be given free with new subscriptions. This number contains the opening chapters of Dana's Reminiscences, Mark Twain's Voyage from India to South Africa, the account of Edison's great invention, and a mass of interesting matter and illustrations.
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Read - the - Tribune.