

# FREELAND TRIBUNE.

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FREELAND, PA., JULY 4, 1898.

### A Good Man and a Good Platform.

In presenting George F. Jenks to the voters of Pennsylvania as their candidate for the governorship, the Democrats give the people of this state an opportunity to elect a clean, honest man, whose record, public and private, will bear the most careful scrutinizing. He stands upon a platform which, while "renewing former pledges of fidelity and devotion to the sacred rights of the people and state, and true to the convictions and declarations of the party upon national questions," speaks out boldly and determinedly on the great social issues which confront the citizens today. It is a platform worthy of the worthy man placed upon it; broad enough for all voters who desire to see misrule and corruption abolished in state affairs, and yet true to every tradition and promise of Democracy.

Every Democrat who is a Democrat from principle can give Jenks and his platform earnest and sincere support, because they represent that Democracy which places party pledges above personal profit. Every Republican in whose breast there is one spark of loyalty to commonwealth can support Jenks, for in him is embodied the effective opposition to the conditions which have made our state a plaything of unscrupulous schemers. Every honest reformer can support Jenks, for every true reform has found in the Democratic candidate a staunch advocate since he entered public life.

The convention acted wisely in ignoring the seductive wiles of a man whose record is a disgrace to his position, whose platform is "none of your business how I voted in 1896" and who was backed almost wholly by a clique of Philadelphia barterers and traders who have made the name of Democracy synonymous with Quaysim, treachery and double-dealing in that city and who would extend their nefarious work to all sections of the state if once granted the opportunity.

Beginning Our Eleventh Volume.

THE TRIBUNE today begins its eleventh volume, and to the legion of friends it sends greetings of good will. The publishers have no lofty promises to make upon this, the threshold of another year. They are content to bide their time, and when occasions present themselves to let actions be their response to all demands upon the paper, whether these be in the form of words of cheer, encouragement or defense for the town or its people, or in that more substantial manner, helping to advance any and all business establishments, improvements and such as tend to make our borough more prosperous.

The TRIBUNE, since its inception, has followed this course, in addition to being a local paper in the real sense of the word, and that path which has been trod and has led to its present stability and success will be continued in the future. To those friends and patrons who have aided it in attaining its present prestige and position, we give our assurance that the TRIBUNE will not deviate from the principles which guided it for ten years and made it what it is.

### Boomers Are on the Right Road.

That the convention held last week at Scranton to boom hard coal is on the right road is abundantly proven by the comments upon its work printed in local and metropolitan organs of the carrying companies. These pampered sheets are making futile efforts to cast ridicule upon the objects of the Scranton gathering. Their polished sarcasm is being wasted however, for the work begun by the business people and independent operators on the question of tollage is too big and too broad to be downed by mere words from the creatures of the discriminators. The association formed at the convention, it is hoped, will succeed in all it has undertaken. If those who are responsible for the condition of the trade do not heed the appeals presented they may soon have to face a more radical solution of the troubles in the anthracite region. The proper enforcement of the tax laws has not yet been tried by the people.

**CASTORIA.**  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

### FREEDOM!

They are slaves who fear to speak for the fallen and the weak. They are slaves who will not choose hatred, scoffing and abuse rather than in silence shrink from the truth they should think. They are slaves who dare not be in the right with two or three.

Is true freedom but to break fetters for our own dear sake, And, with leathern hearts, forget that we owe mankind a debt? No! true freedom is to share All the chains our brothers wear, And with heart and hand to be Earnest to make others free.

—James Russell Lowell.

## Ruth's Celebration.

(By Charles Moreau Harger.)

"'Twould be awful mean not to give us any celebratin', wouldn't it, Lettie?"

"Well, you know Farmer Jenks says the lawsuit is set for to-morrow, an' I 'spect we've got ter stand it."

"I'm sorry I come out here—an' I wouldn't if that teacher hadn't talked so nice ter me."

"There's lots o' nice grass an' things like that," suggested Ruth, looking up from her dishwashing.

"But there ain't no trees—it's just prairie, prairie, fer as we kin see."

"Mebbe that's better'n havin' so many buildin's you can't see at all, like it is in th' city."

The two waifs from the great metropolis who had found a home with the kind-hearted settler and his wife were not yet entirely in sympathy with their surroundings, and it was a real grievance when on the following morning, the dawn of the day on which the children had been accustomed to parades, music, fireworks and excitement, Mr. and Mrs. Jenks drove away across the plain toward the county seat, a score of miles distant.

The morning passed slowly. Once they thought they heard the booming of Independence Day cannon but it was only the guns of some hunters who were bagging the whirring prairie chicken a mile away.

After dinner they went to their own little room in the upper floor of the settler's tiny cabin and lounged on the rude bed. They seemed so insignificant in the midst of the great expanse of prairie that they could not bear to look out of the window and door downstairs.

"Oh, it's lonesome, Lettie," and Ruth buried her face in a pillow, sobbing.

"Why do we have so hard a time in the world?" replied the other, assuming the air of an experienced woman that sat oddly on her 11-year old features.

Ruth lay very still a long, long time and then Lettie pulled from a ragged satchel a ragged volume and began reading, stumbling a little now and then, but conveying with fair success the gist of the miraculous adventures. It was "Alice in Wonderland," and Ruth dried her eyes. Her imagination followed the stories of chessmen and rabbits until the rude room seemed a veritable garden and Lettie and herself fairies possessed of delightful powers.

Suddenly there was a noise of hoofs outside, and with a thrill of fright the two came back to earth again.

"What is it?" whispered Ruth.

"Horses—no, there's men talkin'!"

Cautiously they crept toward the calico-curtained window, and drawing back a corner of the cloth peered out into the sunlight-flooded prairie region.

Two heavily bearded men, mounted on sturdy ponies, were at the well close to the house. They were talking and the conversation carried on while the horses drank could easily be distinguished.

"Th' entry on th' land runs out today, I tell you," declared one, "an' then th' land belongs ter whoever gets it."

"An' what about th' railroad?"

"Th' road's dead sure gone! to run through th' claim. I got it from one o' th' engineers what knows, an' it will make th' land worth thousands where it's now worth only hundreds."

"What's th' use talkin'; they'll sure protect it."

"No they won't," with increasing emphasis. "They've gone away, an' if we're on hand at 6 o'clock, when the time expires, we can hustle an' break out the rest o' th' twenty acres an' it'll be ours."

The horses' heads were raised by jerks on the bridge reins and side by side the men rode away.

"What does he mean?" asked Lettie, puzzled.

"Why, I don't exactly understand, but it's when settlers takes up land they has to plow twenty acres in so long or else th' land is th' government's again an' anybody else can have it."

"Mighty poor rule, I should think," replied Lettie. "S'posin a man would forget it?"

"Well, someone has, an' these men, claim-jumpers they call 'em, are goin' to get it. I don't think it's fair myself, but it's the law."

The riders had become two bobbing specks far out toward the horizon line of the prairie and the girls returned to their reading.

Somewhat it had lost interest after the visit of the strangers and they soon went down stairs and sitting in the low doorway watched the sunflowers nod and sway in the furnace-heated south wind that raced over the plain.

Suddenly Ruth spoke: "How much

money have you got, Lettie?"

The other started guiltily. "What do you want it for?"

"To celebrate with."

"Celebrate? How?"

"I'll ride over to the store at the creamery an' buy some things—some crackers an' rockets—rockets mostly, an' we'll send 'em off to-night."

"I don't care. I'm tired of this lonesomeness."

"S' am I. Go an' get your money an' I'll see how much I can raise."

Two hiding places were visited and in a few minutes two piles of pennies and nickels were side by side on the floor.

"Sixty-nine cents in mine an' forty-two in yours. What a time we'd've had with that back in the city, Lettie, wouldn't we?"

"Wish I was there," was the reply. "So do I; but we'll have some fun ourselves, see if we don't."

Tying up the combined treasure in her handkerchief, Ruth put on a huge sunbonnet, and going to the sod-walled stable took out the extra farm horse to ride on her errand.

"I'll be back in a little while, don't be scared," she counseled, and galloped away, her petite figure making an odd appearance as it bobbed up and down on the lumbering animal's back.

Ruth did not notice how near sunset it was, nor did she stop to think that a trip of five miles and back on Old Charlie was a considerable journey.

The storekeeper saw the strange pair stop in front of the lonely general merchandise store just as the last sunrays had died from the unshaded windows.

It had been a dull day for him—no callers except the mail carrier early in the forenoon. He doubted sometimes if the slender profits of the establishment paid him for serving the settlers in his dual capacity of postmaster and merchant.

"Yes, I've got some fireworks left," said he in answer to the visitor's query. "Folks ain't bought much this year 'cause th' whent's goin' ter be about a failure. You kin have 'em cheap."

"Rockets? Lots o' 'em. They're some I got two years ago an' you can have the lot fer fifty cents."

With critical eye Ruth selected her purchases, and when the last cent was expended hurried to her horse, not waiting to answer the merchant's good-natured questions as to her name and destination.

"Mighty uppish," he thought as she rode away. "One of them New York waifs that Jenks took, I reckon. They're queer ones, I wouldn't have such harum-scarum young ones around," and he went back behind the counter.

The fact was, Ruth was frightened at the lateness of the hour, and as she galloped homeward her fear increased. The tall sunflowers were like the redskins with which she had heard the prairies were peopled, and a skurrying jack-rabbit that fled before her seemed an unbrushed foe.

It was as dark as prairie nights ever get when she jumped from Old Charlie's sweaty back at the Jenks cabin and fell, nervously sobbing, into Lettie's welcoming arms.

"Oh, Ruth," cried the home-stayer, "I was so scared. I've been hiding on th' bed upstairs all the time."

"Charlie was so slow—see what I got—their lots of rockets," and Ruth let fall an unwieldy bundle of fireworks that she had clasped in her arms.

Somewhat both had lost their zeal and enthusiasm in the proposed celebration and all the pleasure anticipated vanished, when Lettie broke out:

"And, oh, Ruth, them men's come back again."

"What men?"

"Th' ones that was talkin' o' plowin' an' gettin' a railroad fer nothin' this afternoon."

"Gettin' a claim fer nothin', you mean. Where are they gone?"

"They ain't gone. They're out plowin' on Mr. Jenks' land."

"On Mr. Jenks' land! On this claim! Then it was this land they was talkin' about, an' Mr. Jenks did forget it, just as they said."

The older girl was completely heart-broken by this news, for she had realized how severe had been the struggle with prairie conditions in the little dwelling she called home. To lose the claim upon which he had but a short time before settled would mean great hardship for the childless husband and wife, now well on in years.

"They've got to stop it!" she finally announced, "an' we'll make 'em."

"I'd like ter know how."

"I'll show you, but you've got to help an' not get nervous."

Quickly Ruth ran into the house and soon returned with a box of matches, which she divided between herself and Lettie.

"Now, do you know how to fire those Roman candles?" she demanded.

"In course I do. I saw 'em do it at th' Park school picnic."

"All right, go over on the west side of the field, an' when you see a rocket go up you let off a candle an' a few crackers. We'll scare them claim-jumpers off."

Silently stealing amid the tall sunflowers and creeping over the waving prairie grass the plucky girls took their way through the summer night to their appointed stations.

Lettie was first in position. She could see through the gloom the tolling teams as they were hurried along the furrows, the plowmen throwing the earth with a reckless abandon that told of guilt and shame. There lacked only two more acres of the required amount of breaking and the claim-jumpers hoped to flush it before midnight.

As they turned the corner nearest her Lettie caught the words, "Little

risky, this job. Tom. If Jenks should come out an' shoot us a jury'd be mighty likely ter acquit him."

"Certainly they would, an' give him a medal besides. He's liable to show up any time now. G'lang there!" and the teams moved on, the plows cutting their smooth way through the dark rich prairie with a soft, steady "s-w-i-s-h!"

All at once there was a transformation. Like a meteor there rose out of the boundless darkness of the east a stream of light, outlined with a startling distinctness against the unbroken sky. Its force was undiminished by any city lights or rival displays; even the stars shone dimly through a light haze that had gathered.

Higher and higher the stream rose and then burst into a glittering shower of colored stars that fell swiftly into nothingness.

The appearance of an army before them could not have astonished the claim-jumpers more. The horses, alarmed at the appearance, began to snort and rear. The men's voices as they attempted to quiet them were high and quavering.

Then to the west it broke forth, this strange bombardment. One, two, three, a dozen balls of light came out of the tall grass and fell not far from the teams, which snorted and reared still more and were eager to escape.

The next rocket took a lower course and seemed aimed directly at the interlopers. Its shower of flame-pearls were scattered in their very faces and the men instinctively dodged to escape the ball. Meanwhile bunches of fire were rolling through the air in their direction from the west, and the frantic horses, now loosened from the trails, could hardly be restrained.

The rattle of musketry (how could the claim-jumpers know that it was only a package of firecrackers?) from farther south—Ruth had changed location, the bright tactician that she was—increased the strangers' dismay.

"The place is bewitched, let's leave it!" called one of the men.

The other did not answer, but as just then a rocket exploded within a dozen feet of his horses' heads, and the terrified animals, defying all attempts on his part to control them, leaped forward and started on a run northward, he, perforce, led the retreat.

Streaming lights and crackling musketry followed them as without hope or thought of returning they fled. Had their ears been more acutely attuned they might have caught a sound also of jeering laughter, for revealed by the light of the tempestuous celebration, their actions had been plainly visible to the attackers.

But the bombardment was not alone terrifying to the claim-jumpers. Farmer Jenks and his wife, having finished their business, came jogging homeward in the evening. As they neared their claim the strange manifestation showing off over the prairie first puzzled and then alarmed them.

"If 'twas winter I'd think it was Northern Lights," said the husband, musing.

"If 'twas't twenty miles out on the prairie, I'd think it was a Fourth of July celebration," added his wife.

Their alarm increased when they found the cabin deserted and they drove the weary horses on in the direction of the display.

"Here we are!" called a cheery voice from the darkness. They recognized it as Ruth's, and in a moment both girls were in the wagon telling in almost hopeless confusion the story of their day's adventures.

When at last Farmer Jenks understood the situation he kissed them impulsively and said they were "trumps."

"Guess I'll go on an' see what the rascals left," he remarked dryly. "They may want to come back after it an' I'll keep it for them."

Crossing the fresh-broken ground he came to the plows, which he loaded onto the wagon.

"They won't plow any more to-night," said he with a chuckle. "They've helped me out a good deal."

"Ruth," spoke up Lettie, when the two girls had climbed into the little bed in the attic after returning home, "that was a queer celebration, wasn't it? Do you know what I was savin' my money for?"

"Candy?"

"No, I was goin' to pay my way back to New York."

"So was I—with mine," reluctantly admitted the other.

"I'm glad I didn't, though," continued Lettie. "I don't want to go now. Let's stay here now for good, will you?"

"Yes," answered Ruth heartily. And they did.

### Beware of Ointments for Catarrh

that contain mercury, as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten-fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by druggists; price, 75c a bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

### Everybody Says So.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, act gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispel colds, cure headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. today; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

## A Fourth of July Celebration.

Watson & Wilson, printers and publishers, were very much in need of a man. There was the new tax list, just awarded them by the populist county commissioners they had helped to elect, and they did not know a thing about the insanity-breeding problem of rule and figure work. They "had learned the trade," like many another man in the country, and could set straight composition with anybody. Watson, indeed, had developed a talent for display lines, and could satisfy all the demands of Watertown merchants for envelopes and letter-heads, and, by following the general form of ancient wall-borne specimens, could "do" sale bills to your heart's delight.

But who should save them from the pitfall of rules and figures?

As they stood at the bottom of the stairway thinking of these things, they saw a stranger on the street—Watertown always looked twice at a stranger. It was just unharmed enough to spare the time. This man was of medium height, slender, with the appearance of one who has flourished in cities, catching the style and the garments that are unusual in the country. His hands were slender, and there was a something about the slight thumb and forefinger which proclaimed his craft at once.

"He's a printer," said Watson.

"He's seen the sign, and is coming over," said Wilson.

The new man paused at the entrance way, read the cardboard office sign on the stairway, looked at the two men critically, and inquired: "Any chance for work?"

"How did you know we were the publishers?" asked Watson.

"How did you know I was a printer?" asked the man.

In the afternoon he took charge of the delinquent list, and in half an hour they knew they were secure. He was a craftsman. He knew everything, from bending rule to casting galleys. But he would not pull the hand press, and he would not work Saturday afternoon. They labored with him on these points; but he laughed, and said he was past it.

He was given to jesting; and one of his happiest thoughts was to shoot a spray of water into the eye of an inquisitive citizen who wanted to see purple stars in a galaxy of dead type, wetted for distribution. He changed the figures in the advertisement of and delinquent, after the first issue, and wondered if the money lenders who should later purchase could make good title with defective publication. He taught Watson & Wilson how to double their income from foreign advertisers by taking twice as much business as the paper could carry, and stop the press in time to lift out one line, and set in the other. It troubled their consciences—attributes which, he assured them, the foreign advertisers did not possess.

In a good many ways he enjoyed himself. It was clear to everyone that he held the town and all its belongings in something like contempt; but he was so amiable about it, so suave in his treatment of people, that punishment was unthought of, and antipathy was disarmed.

When Watson & Wilson began advertising for the Fourth of July celebration, "The Printer" was ready to move. He had worked three months in one town, and was hungry for the city. They wanted him to stay. They sat down one day in June, when "the paper was off," and tried to argue it. He told them he must make a confession. There was a young woman in the town, sweetheart—affianced, he feared, of a man whom he regarded as his friend; and she had smiled upon him. She was very fair, and he feared he might forget himself, profligate, and court a girl to his friend's undoing. They applauded the chivalric sentiment and went away—Watson assured it was Wilson's young lady, Wilson convinced it was Watson's girl. The Fourth of July had come. Wilson was master of cere monies. Watson was leader of the band. People came in delegation from the country. There was a cannon on the bluff, and a float on the river. Wilson wanted something with which to load that twenty-pounder. Crumming down wet paper was good in its way, but it didn't make noise enough. The Printer suggested old roller composition. There were lots of it in the big box on the landing. It was the one indestructible thing on earth. It alone could support the theory of matter's persistent continuance.

The country delegations were formed at the south of the town, and must march through to the north—a pungent delight to the natives, and fill all rival towns with envy.

"Rim down that roller composition," said the Printer, "and they will hear your old cannon in fourteen counties every time she speaks."

Wilson did as directed. Watson came by with the band. Wilson pulled a very long rod of iron from a fire, ran across the open space, and whipped his red-hot torch upon the powder-sprinkled touchhole of the twenty-pounder.

The powder flamed into a geyser of fire, there was a flash, a pause—and then a shock which stopped the current of the river. The roller composition had clung to the gun's interior, refusing ejection, and the cannon was shattered in a hundred pieces.

The noise was terrible. The concussion shook Watson from his feet and hurled half of the band in a pile about him. It lifted the ambitious Wilson and set him down in the leading wagon of a passing delegation. How

## Why not be well?

If you are suffering with any disease of the Kidneys, Bladder or Urinary organs, **Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy** will make you well again. It has cured cases that borden the miraculous.

It quickly cures men and women of inability to hold urine, and they are compelled to get up often and make water at night. It removes the scalding sensation in passing it, and, taken according to directions, it invariably cures in the small of the back. **Favorite Remedy** not only cures Stone in the Bladder and Br's Disease, but prevents them from developing.

One case is of JOHN J. NEILL, of 2011 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. In 1889 he began to suffer indescribable miseries from Stone in the Bladder. An eminent physician said a surgical operation was necessary. If unsuccessful it meant death, and Mr. Neill put the evil day as long as possible. While in this frame of mind he heard of **Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy**, and bought it. Before he had finished the bottle the gravel was completely dissolved and sufferings were at an end.

**Favorite Remedy** is a perfect Blood and Nerve medicine. It restores the liver to a healthy condition, cures worst cases of Constipation, and all diseases peculiar to females. It cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Rheumatism. Your druggist will sell you a full-sized bottle for \$1.00.

## Sample Bottle Free.

Those sufferers who wish to try **Favorite Remedy** before buying should send their full postoffice address to the **DR. DAVID KENNEDY CORPORATION**, Rondout, N.Y., and mention this paper. A free sample bottle will be sent them prepaid, together with full directions for use. This is a genuine offer, and all our readers can depend on it.

## SPACE FOR SALE

Large and small blocks of space in these columns can be purchased at reasonable terms. Advertisers in the Tribune get full value for their money.

## DePIERRO - BROS. CAFE.

Corner of Centre and Front Streets, Freeland, Pa.

**Finest Whiskies in Stock.**

Gibson, Dougherty, Kaufer Club, Rosenbluth's Velvet, of which we have **EXCLUSIVE SALE IN TOWN.** Mumm's Extra Dry Champagne, Hennessy Brandy, Blackberry, Gins, Wines, Claret, Cordias, Etc. Imported and Domestic Cigars.

**OYSTERS IN EVERY STYLE.** Ham and Schweitzer Cheese Sandwiches, Sardines, Etc.

**MEALS AT ALL HOURS.** Ballentine and Hazleton beer on tap. Baths, Hot or Cold, 25 Cents.

## P. F. McNULTY, Funeral Director and Embalmer.



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

crowd escaped unharmed was a marvel no man could solve. The forward four feet of the cannon leaped fifty yards and stood up like a post, the yielding but tenacious ancient composition bubbling like a blossom from the ragged iron.

Watson excused himself while the crowd was making inquiries, and started up town for the Printer.

Wilson climbed out of the country man's wagon and joined his partner in the search.

A messenger boy from the telegraph office met them at the bottom of the stairs, with the regulation yellow envelope.

Watson opened it, and Wilson read over his shoulder. The date was county-seat twenty miles away.

"I heard your cannon."

And that was the last they ever heard of the Printer.

### A Sure Thing for You.

A transaction in which you cannot lose a sure thing. Biliousness, sick headache, irritable tongue, fever, piles and a thousand other ills are caused by constipation and sluggish liver. Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the wonderful new liver stimulant and intestinal tonic, are by all druggists guaranteed to cure or money refunded. C. C. C. are a sure thing. Try a box today; 10c, 25c, 50c. Sample and booklet free. All druggists.

## CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

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## THE EL DREDGE THE BELVIDERE.

We always Made Good Sewing Machines! Why Shouldn't we Make Good Wheels!

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## 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.

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