Auditors of Foster Township

for the year of 1898-99. Orders Issued by Patrick McGuire 133, TRIBUNE Printing Company, publishing statement and notice....\$ 134, Suit of G. B. Markle & Co. vs Foster township

22 50 22 50 rrank McHugh, horse 1 50 Frank McHugh, horse August Baker, trip to August Baker, trip to Orders Outstanding and Unp

No. 86, Silas Woodring \$
" 95, Mrs. A. S. Eberts,
water troughs......"
" 96, Noah Houser, water 10 00 troughs
97, Enos Fairchilds,
water troughs..... from Patk McFadden, 158 50 from John Schnee, ex-supervisor from Pat Givens, ex-

33 34 John W. Davis, ex-175 08 supervisor
from John D. Davis, exsupervisor
from James Baskin, exsupervisor 152 25 208 37 Assets.
Unseated land, 1891-92, Lewis
Bechioft, collector......\$
Seated land, 1891-92, Lewis
Bechloft, collector.....
Unseated land, 1892-93, Patk
Givens, collector. 405 08 120 04 8 969 8 Receipts, Regular Tax, 1898-99.

34 56

Cr.
Paid out on old orders—
No. 51, 70 Fatrick McFadden§
"100, "John Ferry.
"108" John D. Davis.
"188" John D. Davis.
"188" John D. Davis.
"188" John D. Javis.
"188" John Walton ...
"200, "John Walton ...
"51, "John Walton ...
"61, "Nosh Houser...
"67, "Richard O'Connor. 6 0 31 8 26 22 37 50 36 00 40 50 15 00 7 50 5 00 4 37 To Joseph Neuburger.....
" Morris Ulrich..... rsements of Patrick ments of Frank 66 00

13 49 32 47

BLASTS FROM RAM'S HORN

A clean man will not live in a dirty Too many make a god out of the ma

Adversity tests faith, and prosperity tests love. Every humbug puts a plous motto

over his door.
You may backslide, but you can never up-slide.
We are made by our enemies and

marred by ourselves.

The arm that is swift to strike may be strong to succor

A blunt tool with a man behind it is better than a Damascus blade without

The way to watch, is to work It requires abundant grace to with stand abundant prosperity.

Your position in life to-morrow, de-

rour position in life to-morrow, de-pends on your character to-day. A high ideal is a standing invitation to reach a more exalted position. The man who loses his life in love, sows the seed of untold noble lives.

The sermon on the mount is higher than some church members care to

The man who will not suffer for the truth, will have to suffer for neglect-

Let the world mold your opinions and it will soon squeeze all religion

The miser who is able (but unwilling) to relieve want, is truly a miser-

he exasperating trivialities of life

FEMININE FANCIES.

The minute you tell a secret it is ne

longer one.

To confess a fault is to more than half atone for it.

A telephone bell possesses no music if it is not for you.

To look prosperous is one thing, to feel so quite another.

A poor girl who is called pretty is really handsome.

really handsome.

A captured ostrich always means a feather in somebody's cap.

The Chinese actor never goes on the stage without his cue.

Kansas boasts of a lady horse-tamer.

She is probably a grass widow.

Favorite Remedy RES ALL KIDNEY, STOMACH

LOOKING FOR FLAWS.

Don't look for flaws as you go

Don't look for flaws as you go on through life, And even when you find them It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind And look for the virtue behind them. For the cloudlest night has a hint of light.

Ignt,
Somewhere in the shadows hiding;
It is better by far to look for a star
Than the spots on the sun abiding.

The current of life runs ever away To the bosom of God's great ocean; Don't set your force 'gainst the river's

course, And think to alter its motion Don't waste a curse on the universe— Don't shrink at the trials before you; Don't butt at the storm with your puny form, But bend and let it go o'er you.

The world will never adjust itself
To suit your whims to the letter;
Some things must go wrong your whole

life long, And the sooner you know it the bet-

It is folly to fight with the infinite. And go under at last in the wrestle,
The wisest man shapes into God's plan
As the water shapes into a vessel.
ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THE PROFESSOR'S HEART STORY.

The spring air, with its subtle stir of quickening life, had forced an entrance into the old library, penetrating through windows guiltless of the charwoman's cares for years, past grime and cobwebs to the sole occupant of the room. He rose slowly, inexplicably wearying of the printed page before him, and took down another book, telling himself in justification that it was a day for Horace, but after a few minutes the odes proved charmiess. Nor could philosophy, which he tried next, chain his thoughts; they wandered speculatively to a hitherto disregarded volume on the topmost shelf with no reason that he could fathom for their flight. The slender book in its brown dress seemed suddenly to possess some charm which proposity it jute a room. dress seemed suddenly to possess some charm which brought it into promi-nence and compelled his attention. The lash of curiosity touched him not

propped it up against the ponderous tome on the table while he polished his

spectacles; when they were adjusted he took up the stranger with a tremulous touch. To his fancy he was setting wide the door into some enchanted world, but after one comprehensive glance at the title page his interest waned; the treasures of his beloved Greek literature found no rival in this dreary treatise on Calvinism.

He pushed the book away impatiently and, jostled by a careless elbow, it fell to the floor, its leaves fluttering open in harsh protest. As the old scholar stooped—conscience-smittentor restore it to the table he discovered a paper which had been jarred from the pages lying alongside, and thinking it some memoranda left by a former student he was about to replace it in the book when his attention was arrested despite himself.

The paper was folded and sealed and bore an address in a delicately-flowing hand; it had evidently been written in the days before envelopes were in vogue—the days of his own young manhood. Singularly enough the superscription read: "To E. J." He sat looking at it curiously with strangely accelerated pulse. In all his life he had never received a letter like that; the simple use of initials argued an intimacy which he had never known. What mail matter had come his way—mere dry-asdust reports and scientific articles which he had opened with steady fingers—had always been directed to Erasmus Jenkinson, Esq.

Since the closing of the college and for a long time before he had been the only frequenter of the library; whoever had left the letter therefore had done so in the remote past and would not reclaim it. The fashion of the paper was old, the link was faded. It was a dead message—one that had failed to reach its destination and if he replaced it in those grim pages might lie undisturbed for years and in the end careless yes would read it. Surely it was his by right of discovery and the additional right that it boge his initials.

The heat instant the bit of wax was removed and the creases in the thin paper were smoothed out almost reverently. Jenkinson bent his head to

ly to Letty."
From that hour life held a different meaning for Erasmus Jenkinson. By



A POSITIVE CURE for Dipht Catarrh and all throat trouble. Perfectly Harm-less. Price, 50c. per bottle, for sale by drugg-ists everywhere.

THOMPSON DIPHTHERIA CURE CO., Williamsport, Pa. Boars the Signature Chart Flitchers.

some strange process of reasoning he convinced himself that the letter was really his, and frequent perusals of it so imbued him with its spirit as to make that belief not only possible but probable. In the long hours of dreaming with which his days were now occupied Letty was never anything more than a shadow with that suggestiveness of spring—and the spring's fairness about her.

One afternoon, when these dreams

One afternoon, when these dreams had been in progress several weeks, as he was taking his way home he missed the sense of her companionship for the first time.

first time.

He entered his door with a feeling of pride not unmixed with humility and went immediately, as was his custom, to the little bare study. The one easy chair the room contained was turned toward the window; some readjustment of house-cleaning had moved it from its usual place at the table, but to the man on the thresheld it had the to the man on the threshold it had the appearance of being turned for a watcher's convenience

"I'm home, Letty," he said softly.

There was a moment's throbbing silence, then from somewhere near, it seemed to him, came the words: "Wel-

He crossed the room with a happy

The next day an unusual thing oc-curred—the professor went shopping. It was not an extensive expedition, the purchases being confined to one shop which he had never visited until that hour. As the bell above the door announced his entrance a sudden trepidation seized upon him, every nerve in his body pulsated with the jangled wire and he would have fiel incontinently had it not been for the appearance of the shop-woman. He did not respond to her greeting, but clung to the small showcase as if in need of material support, gazing helplessly around. When he could collect his dazed senses he made known his wants by a series of pantomimic gestures. She seemed to comprehend him for after fumbling over the contents of a box she finally produced a large bone thimble with eulogistic words. The professor found his voice. "Smaller—much smaller," he gasped. hour. As the bell above the door an "Smaller—much smaller," he gasped.
"For a child?"
"Er—er—not avan

"Er—er—not exactly, but small and pretty—what would fit your little fin-

The woman rummaged through he The woman rummaged through her stock and obligingly tried on-thimble after thimble until a satisfactory silver one was found. The professor took into his capacious paim and inspected the simple chasing with undisguised delight.

elight.
"Needles, ma'am," he said next.
"Coarse or fine?"
"Oh! fine— fine——"
She placed some little oblong packuges before him and waited his furher orders.

"Now what you sew with ma'am. What's that you call it? Cotton? Yes, some cotton."

some cotton."
"What number—seventy?"
"Oh! no—no—not seventy. Eighteen or twenty."
The shopkeeper regarded him with ill-concealed contempt. "You could only use a crowbar with such coarse stufi," she cried sharply; if you want fine needles you must have cotton to match."

The professor removed his hat and mopped his brow with some perturba

Seventy or eighty," he murmured f to himself. "I don't like the

"Seventy or eignty," he murmures, half to himself. "I don't like the sound."

She got down a drawer without another word and took out two small white spools.

"These are what you need," she said, with the air of one who will not tolerate trifling. There was no misunderstanding her meaning. The professor might be in doubt upon other vexed questions, but this much was clear to him.

him.
"You know best, ma'am," he faltered.
"You know best, majaniration, he Then, with a happy inspiration, he added: "Perhaps the numbers will come off."

She pushed a pin under the offending bits of paper and removed them deft-ly. The wrinkled face of her customer

was tremulous with gratitude.
"You're very good, ma'am. They're
for somebody quite young, you see, and
she'll like them best so."

"P'r'aps she'd like a basket to hold 'em an' a cushion?" "Of course she would, ma'am—of course—I'm grateful to you for men-

He was almost feverish with impatience while she took the articles from the window and spread them tempting-ly before him; that they were faded from long exposure to the sun was unnoticed by his happy eyes. He was blind to all defects, and when she added a needle-book with a marvelous bird upon its cover and a small pair of

clusively for the past few weeks. After | She intrusted it to her brother for me

work. He paused with an inquiry.

work. He paused with an inquiry.

"Is the professor home? There's no light in his room."

"He's in, sir," the woman answered, recognizing the old president of the college. He's taking to sittin in the dark lately. He's given over readin, and about time, too. "Taint noways good for a man to be forever poring over books."

"He's not ill? I've been away from Kingshaven the past fortnight, but he seemed fairly well when I left—"

"No, sir, he ain't ill, and yet I don't think he'll be with us long. He's different, somehow. He looks kinder up-lifted an' he holds his head sometimes as ef he was listenin' to things we can't hear. Then, too, he's always bringin' in flowers—him that never in the thirty years I've known him did sech a thing before. I can't make it out, unless it's the general breakin' up—"

"I'll step in and see him." the presi-

"I'll step in and see him," the president interrupted anxiously. "It's unnecessary to announce me."

He turned and hastend up the little path to the quiet house; the door was open and a lamp was burning dimy in the hall. He peered curiously into the room where, by the hall light, he could discern the professor's gaunt figure, sitting erect near the large chair which, turned as it was from the door, might screen some neighbor who, unknown to Hannah, had slipped in for a chat. The president coughed discreetly. "Jenkinson," he said.

There was a moment's silence, then

There was a moment's silence, then the professor, in an unsteady voice, cried out: "Who's there?"

"It's I-Edwardes Jennings. Are you

"Oh! Jennings—Jennings—come in, Yes, I'm alone, quite alone. What a preposterous question to ask, man. Who should be with me?"

"I fancied I heard talking."

"Talking-hm! I often talk to myself. Here, take my chair—no, not that—that—that is broken. There! I'll push it out of the way and you sit

The visitor seated himself as directed and Jenkinson took up his position on the window-sill. He made no offer to get a light. The summer dusk was pleasanter. It was full, too, of a sweet fragrance which at first the president thought came from without. Then he remembered what Hannah had said concerning his old friend's sudden fondness for flowers and realized that

fondness for flowers and realized that they were close at hand.

"I came home this noon," he said, breaking the silence, and strolled out with my pipe after supper determined to hunt you up. Has life been using you well?"

"Very well."

"It isn't such a bad thing despite our grumbling; yet it has its disappoint-ments; we can none of us escape them. All we can do is to quit ourselves like men. Now that you are nearing the men. Now that you are nearing the end, old comrade, has it been good to

Jenkinson stirred a little.

Jenkinson stirred a little.
"Very good," he said simply, after a moment's pause. And to you?"
"Fairly good, fairly—not as I dreaming in early manhood, but we speedily learn the futility of making our dreams realities in this working-day world—we live in a practical age, sir, and dreams are shadows. The failure of the college has been a sore trial, for I put my best into the work. I often question, if another hand would have shaped things differently."
"It must have failed in any event—"

"It must have failed in any event-"That's how I console myself. The esult surely can be traced to the deerease of prosperity in Kingshaven— everything here has gone to ruin. How, then, could we expect to attract stu-dents to us? Well, the end is at hand. A syndicate is formed to purcha ollege building for a home for disabled

"And-the-library?

"And—the—library is to be sold at auction. I say, Jenkinson, no one knows those books as you do. Have you ever chanced upon a paper stowed away in one of them?"

"What kind of a paper?"

"What kind of a paper?"
"An old letter, bearing my initials."
The president waited a moment for his companion to speak, then he went on with some disappointment apparent in his tones: "Of course it's only a supposition that it's there, but I told Parringford I'd look. You remember him, he was in our class, a quiet self. he was in our class, a quiet, self-absorbed fellow? No? Well, I met him last week and we had a talk over old days. He's like us now—white-haired and stoops. It isn't much of a story, but I—I loved his sister.

"They used to live at Toynbee and I would tramp over there to see her. She was like—oh! I can't find any comparison and you wouldn't under-stand—she was like no one or nothing scissors to the other objects he fairly glowed with pleasure.

His happiness, however, was slight in comparison to the joy he knew later when he unrolled his purchases and placed them upon the table near the big chair. He occupied the only other chair in the room; he had used it exclusively for the nast few weeks. After the late of the comparison of th a time he took some needles from their papers and quilted them into the fiannel leaf of the little needle-book, as the shopkeeper had shown him, leaving out one which he proceeded to thread. It couldn't come. May God! I said I was a tedious operation.

She intrusted it to her brother for me and he mislaid it; then thinking it An Old Oil Clook.

An interesting specimen of the old oil clock used in the seventeenth century was shown at the recent clock examined in the couldn't come. May God! I said I libition in Berlin. This particular clock consists of a tube of glass in the

standing in Toynbee's principal street.
As I neared it she came out of a shop
and I sprang to meet her—my heart's
secret on my lips—and she looked at
me with no recognition in her glance—
I might have been a stone instead of a
man. The next instant she drove off
with a great clatter.
"I turned the page on which that sorrow was written long ago," the old

with a great clatter.

"I turned the page on which that sorrow was written long ago," the old man continued after a considerable pause. "I made other ties—knew a moderate amount of content, though it never reached the high-water mark of that dead-and-gone happiness. My meeting with Farringford recently woke sad memories, and when he touched those scars they throbbed with pain. It seems that one day, in these later years, she told him why she put me from her life. It was all clear to him then. In a moment he remembered every detail concerning the letter—what he had done, what I had said in my ignorance. And the account moved her to tears. Her heart was like that, my little Letty—so gentle—so tender—" His voice broke; he waited a moment to steady it.

"There was sorrow on both sides, but I never dreamed she suffered. She made a brave fight all through, Farringford said, and kept her sunny nature to the end. For the end has come for her. And—and—she formed no other ties, her home was in the homes of others well—the world is full of just such broken stories—little pitful romances that start gloriously enough and then fade while life is still young."

The president rose stiffly and stretched himself.

The president rose stiffly and stretched himself.

stretched himself.

"I hope your chair will be mended before I come again," he said with a forced laugh. "You're careless of your comfort, professor. I must give Hannah the hint. Oh, about that paper—Farringford has a dim recollection of slipping it into some theological book he was reading in the library. He thinks there is a chance of finding it even at this late day. You're sure you haven't seen it?" haven't seen it?'

"Seen it? No-no-"

"Seen it? No—no—"
"I must institute a search then, myself. There's no rekindling dead fires,
but I want the letter my little girl
wrote for old times' sake. Goodnight."
The professor sat quite motionless
for hours after his guest's departure
enveloped in darkness. Finally he rose
and, lighting the lamp, cast its gleam
searchingly around. There was no
hint, in the room, of that other presence whose nearness had been so real
to him. The chair in the corner was
vacant, nor could any effort of his imagination recreate that shadowy occu-

He put the lamp down wearily and took from an inner pocket the worn, flat case which contained the letter. He opened it for the last time, he told himself in justification, but shame and remorse blinded him; he could not see a word. What was written there was for Jennings' sight. He felt himself convicted of an unpardonable desecration and without another glance at its contents he thrust the paper into an envelope, which he addressed to his old friend. If Jennings wondered at the broken seal within he would think it the accident of time or the act of some curious hand.

The east was full of the radiance of

The east was full of the radiance a new day as the professor, with a bulky parcel in one hand and a bunch of faded roses in the other, left his quiet house. He came back some hours later without either. On his way to his room he encountered Hannah com-

"You n—needn't fix that other place again," he stammered. "M—my friend is not coming—I shall henceforth be

Phospherescent Plants The phosphorescent gleam that certain flowers and plants give out in the darkness constitute one of the strangest phenomenon of the vegetable kingdom. The daughter of Linnaeus, the botanist, it is said, was the first to discover this and to attract the attention of the scientific world to its singular of the scientific world to the singular

of the scientific world to the singular fact.

While walking in her father's garden one calm, clear summer night she was surprised to see a bunch of nasturtiums shine with iridescent colors in the darkness. Fascinated by this extraordinary sight, she repeated to her father her nocturnal experience, and he accompanied her for many nights to witness the same gleam from the flowers, Numerous other flowers possess the same properties observed in the nasturtium, among them being the marsh lilly. A scientist, who closely studied this flower regarded it as the most perfect specimen of the phosphorescent species. Another scientist has discovered that the light emitted by mushrooms disappears completely in a vacuum, or when they are plunged into a vessel that contains only irrespirable gases.

one which he proceeded to thread. It was a tedious operation.

He was recalled from his dreams by a summons to supper.

"Hannah," he said at last, after several ineffectual attempts to speak which her glassy stare had reduced to silence, "I—I'm expecting a f—friend any t—time now, so you'd better keep a p—place set opposite mine."

Then he fled precipitately from the room.

Several weeks later a visitor, coming one evening to the professor's gate, found Hannah resting there after what she was pleased to term a hard day's

one which he proceeded to thread. It was a tedious operation.

My God! I said I couldn't come. My God! I said I couldn't come.

The professor didn't speak as his guest's bitter voice fell into silence, He was only conscious that the summer light had turned very chilly.

"The next morning I was summoned an expectedly away," the president resumed. "My father was dangerously ill. He died shortly after my arrival home and I remained with my people a fortnight or so. More than two monts elapsed after she sent that letter before we met. Then one after poon I started for her home, but before the form is more yearling.

The next morning I was summoned an expectedly away," the president resumed. "My father was dangerously ill. He died shortly after my arrival home and I remained with my people a fortnight or so. More than two monts elapsed after she sent that letter before we met. Then one after home, but before the before we met. Then one after home, but before the before we met. Then one after home, but before the document of the couldn't come.

We was pleased to term a hard day's a treatment of the precision of the morning until six in the evening are indicated. The was only conscious that the summer light had turned very chilly.

"The next morning I was summoned an expectedly away." the president resumed. "My father was dangerously the president resumed. "My father was dangerously the president resumed." The professor was described. The work is filled. The morning until six in the evening are indic

Some Pointed Questions

hots you think the contain any seminent; is the two party party is there a ke and lame? Does your urine have a whitish, milky color? Is there a writing or scalding sensation in passing it? Does it pain you to hold it? Do

desire to urinate often, especially at night?

If you have any of these symptoms, your Kidneys are diseased and your life is in danger. More people die of such disorders than are killed in wars.

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help.
"For years I suffered with my Kidneys,"
of Pittsfield, "For years I suffered with my Kidneys," writes Thomas Quackenbush, of Pittsfield, Mass. "The pain in my back was so severe at times that I was obliged to keep to my bed. I suffered awfully when passing water, which was often discolored with blood. I tried almost everything in the shape of medicine, but nothing seemed to help me. One day I got a bottle of Dr. David Kennedy's Favortte Remedy and used it but a little while when it braced me right up. My back became all right, no pain at all; my water cleared up and passed from me without pain, and I grew better in every way. I consider it a great medicine, as it has done wonders for me. My wife uses it for female complaint, and thinks it's the finest medicine in the world."

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