

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.
It artificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps and all other results of imperfect digestion. Price 50c. and 25c. Large size contains 2 1/2 times as much. BOTTLED BY DEWITT & CO., CHICAGO. Prepared by E. C. DEWITT & CO., Chicago. Grover's City Drug Store.

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Embalming of female corpses performed exclusively by Mrs. P. F. McNulty.
PREPARED TO ATTEND CALLS DAY OR NIGHT.
South Centre street, Free land.

DePIERRO - BROS. CAFE

Corner of Centre and Front Streets.
Gibson, Dougherty, Kaiser Club, Rosenbluth's Veil, of which we have EXCLUSIVE SALE IN TOWN.
Mumm's Extra Dry Champagne, Hennessy Cognac, Blackberry, Cava, White Claret, Cordials, Etc.
Ham and Schweitzer Cheese Sandwiches, Sardines, Etc.
MEALS - AT - ALL - HOURS.
Geo. H. Hartman,
Meats and Green Truck.
Fresh Lard a Specialty.
Centre Street, near Central Hotel.

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LIQUOR, WINE, BEER, PORTER, ETC.
The finest brands of Domestic and Imported Whiskey on sale. Young's Rochester and Shandooch Beer and Young's Porter on tap.
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BREVITIES.
Many persons have had the experience of Mr. Peter Sherman, of North Stratford, N. H., who says, "For years I suffered torture from chronic indigestion, but Kodol Dyspepsia Cure made a well man of me." It digests what you eat and is a certain cure for dyspepsia and every form of stomach trouble. It gives relief at once even in the worst cases, and can't help but do you good. Grover's City drug store.
At the annual meeting of District No. 9, United Mine Workers, at Pottsville, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, John Fahy, Pottsville; vice president, Paul P. Pulaski, Mount Carmel; secretary, George W. Hartlein, Shamokin; treasurer, Wilson G. Yoder, Shamokin.
Don't use any of the counterfeits of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Most of them are worthless or liable to cause injury. The original DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is a certain cure for piles, eczema, cuts, scalds, burns, sores and skin diseases. Grover's City drug store.
Lewis Queen, aged 42 years, of Lehighton, a Lehigh Valley conductor, was cut in two by a train near Easton on Saturday.
The most effective little liver pills made are DeWitt's Little Liver Bitters. They never gripe. Grover's City drug store.

CHRISTMAS OLD AND NEW.

The century nears its closing year,
Yet Christmas bells are full and true
As when the home halls rang with cheer
And grandpa kept the jubilee.
The stockings by the chimney deep
Were like your own, my pet of three,
Of softest wool from white faced sheep
And buckled high above the knee.
The chimney, oh, it was so wide
'Twould hold the gifts for fifty boys,
And Santa had an easy slide
When he came down with grandpa's toys!
The toys were not the dainty stuff
Your fingers grasp with childish glee,
But homely, and a trifle rough,
When grandpa was a child of three.
A "comforter" dyed green and red,
A knitted cap and overshoe,
Of seasoned hickory, a sled,
Perhaps a ball too big to Joe.
But grandpa liked the Christmas then
And what old Santa brought to him
As really as the little men
Who see bright trees in parlors dim.
For love is love the great world o'er;
God's love the Bethlehem story tells
From year to year, from shore to shore,
Wherever ring the Christmas bells.
—Boston Transcript.

Saved by A Christmas Dream

IT WAS late Christmas eve when my ball dress was sent home, and Marie, my dainty fingered French maid, had finished braiding my heavy black hair and adjusted my new headress, an exquisite diamond bandeau. Nora brought up the dress nicely folded, and Marie sprang to take it from its wrappings and lay it out on the bed.
As Marie lifted the dress and shook its rich folds a slip of paper fell to the carpet. It was madam's bill, and I was a little startled as my eye ran over it—\$200! But then the trimmings, a rich lace and cord d'or, were perfect. It was an expensive dress, but I didn't think it would be quite that, and Mr. Gordon had said that money had been getting tight for some time back. I wouldn't show him the bill just yet, so I thrust it into a drawer of my dresser and turned to Marie, who stood waiting to dress me.
I was contemplating my reflection in the mirror with much complacency when the door opened and Mr. Gordon came in. For a moment I was half frightened at his pale face and grave air, but he said: "I only stopped for a moment, Mrs. Gordon, to say that I shall not be able to join you at madam's tonight. Business affairs will keep me down town late."
Before I could ask him what he thought of my dress he passed out of the room, and presently I heard the street door close. It was nothing new for me to attend parties without the escort of my husband, for somehow he was always immersed in business; neither was it new for Mr. Gordon to look grave or pale, for he had lost his fresh color these late years.
At length I was ready and was driven to the home of Mme. Stapleton.
One ball is so similar to another in the world of fashion that to recount how the hours passed in madam's drawing rooms would be to tax your patience. Sufficient to say that it was long after the midnight chimes had rung I was handed from my carriage to my own door by the most distinguished gentleman of my set.
The atmosphere in the drawing room was deliciously warm in contrast with the temperature of the sharp December night without. It was pleasant to sit there with my dainty slippers feet over the register and the waves of lustrous silk bathing the carpet and reflect that I swam on the topmost wave of the sea of fashion in the city around me, and the Christmas chimes ringing out from the church towers and the warm air stealing up from the register soothed my senses to delicious calmness.
Suddenly, while I sat thinking, from the dim corners of the drawing room seemed to glide out a train of figures, each dressed in unfashionable garments of bygone days, and yet, strange to say, each garment was recognized by me as something that I had worn in those days, and in the face of each figure turned toward me I beheld my own. The figures glided around me, then seated themselves on the opposite side of the apartment, each looking at me steadily and with my own dark eyes. Gradually the figure nearest my

ed, wild, romping child whose greatest care was to please her parents and whose greatest grief the loss of some woodland pet?
Even while I sat gazing the scene slowly faded, and out from the dim mists that had infolded the figure nearest the child rose fair and clear the second picture before me.
A slender, beautiful maiden stood in the moonlight beneath the rustic porch draped with honeysuckles that climbed over the farmhouse door. It was Daisy, but a child no longer. She wore a neat but simple dress of pale pink muslin, and a single white rose plucked from the bush beside the doorstep adorned her hair. Suddenly a firm step came up the walk leading to the farmhouse. It was a young and frank faced man who joined her, and Daisy blushed, and they went in and sat down together in the moonlight by the west room window. Eloquence was not necessary to love in those days, and Daisy and Charles Gordon sat long in the moonlight and talked together. Charles always thought he must leave at 9, but he is in no haste tonight. Ten, half past 10, 11 goes by, and there they stand in the moonlight. When they part, a tender kiss burns on Daisy's cheeks and a slender gold ring gleams on her finger. She and Charles are betrothed, and she goes to her chamber to sleep the first dream of a happy plighted love.
For a moment I stretch out my hands toward the maiden in the farmhouse, but the scene grows dim, the figures fade and another picture unfolds before my view.
It was a bridal scene. Charles had grown more grave looking, for he was a business man now, and three years

What is it, Daisy?

had added luster to Daisy's fuller figure. Both were trusting and beloved and saw none but clouds of gold in the long vista of their future.
I could only sit and gaze longingly and eagerly while the phantom faded away from my gaze. Another picture now rose before me.
I saw myself clad in a cheerful morning robe. Charles had prospered in business, gold poured into his coffers, and with gold came Fashion, with Ambition and Pride and a score of demons in her train. It whispered:
"You are young and you are beautiful. In the great world you would be an acknowledged queen. Put your husband's wealth to use. Let not your beauty fade out in the nursery. Your child will get on well enough in the nurse's care. Live in the world and shine like a queen."
And this was the beginning of the shadow which darkened the picture. I saw the glitter of the ball, the splendid furniture, the silver plate, the gay equipage and the stately apartments, and amid it all through the opened door of a neglected nursery I saw a pale, drugged 4-year-old child slowly dying. The end came. The tiny rosewood casket was closed over the features of the child who died of motherly neglect. I saw a strong man bend in convulsed grief over his dead boy and then go out silently and, growing graver day by day, turn to his business again. I heard frantic bursts of grief from the stricken mother's mouth and clasped my jeweled hands in anguish.
A long pause fell between, and then another, the last, picture fell before me. I recognized its faithfulness at once. Ten years intervened between this picture and the preceding one. I had not changed save to fuller and perfected beauty. Everything was as plain as day—the magnificent furnishings of the home, with Persian carpets, costly tables, bronze and marble statues and china and silver wares, and through these walls I moved, a cold and beautiful woman of ice.
I shrank from the portraiture with dismay. But while I sat and gazed in to the picture glided a pale, careworn man wearing the same expression I had often seen upon my husband's face. How changed he looked from the hopeful, manly Charles Gordon who had stood before me in the moonlight! He had been a grave and silent man ever since his boy died, but there was now some fresh trouble eating away his life.
"What has brought this about?" I asked.
In a moment my question was answered. Into the magic picture came a shadowy finger which pointed to the paper strewn table at which my husband sat. I gazed and beheld a revelation, and mechanically my eye ran over every paper he opened. The catalogue was fearful—a long array of bills—plate, furniture, statues, jewels, silks, a long array of which I recognized distinctly my own agency, and balancing this catalogue stood a tangled trade, empty coffers, with the word "Panicle" written as with a pen of fire. While he sat and unfolded each paper and laid it aside I stole nearer and gazed upon the one he had just taken. It was my latest bill, the bill for my ball dress. I made a movement to snatch it from him, and the spell was broken.
"What is it, Daisy? You asleep here

and dreaming?" I started and found myself seated in the great velvet chair and my husband standing beside me.
"Did I fall asleep? I must. But you, Charles, you have not slept!" I said, for just then I noticed that he was in his coat and full dress.
"I have been up late, looking over some papers I brought from the store. But I was just going up stairs. You should be asleep before this," he added, half reprovingly, his eye wandering with a sort of pained look over my toilet.
"Why do you not speak to me, Charles? You are in some great trouble. Oh, Charles, I have had a dream this evening that has shown me myself in my true light. I am nothing more than nothing. I am a drag instead of a helpmeet. Speak to me, Charles, and tell me that you do not hate me."
"Can you bear the worst, Daisy?" he asked hoarsely, lifting his eyes to mine.
"Anything, anything, my dear husband. I have been blind, but the scales have fallen now. Tell me everything. Are we ruined?"
"We are," he whispered in a thick, unsteady tone. "The crisis has carried me down. I have dragged away the long hours of this night trying to devise some loophole of escape, but all in vain. I do not care for myself, but for you—Daisy," and he groaned in bitterness of spirit.
I could not bear it without a burst of tears; he so thoughtful, I so selfish. I pressed my lips to his burning forehead and said, amid my sobs, "No, Charles, not ruined, for we have saved our love from the wreck."
Charles looked at me steadily, and a weight seemed to have been lifted off his head. His lips lost their grim expression and there was a ripple of tears in his voice.
"Daisy, you have saved me!" he said.
"Maddened by the thought of the morrow, I know not but the result might have been this—see!" and he drew forth a little vial labeled "Laudanum" from his vest pocket. "But you have saved me, darling."
"Charles, we have both been mad!" I said, with pallid lips, and striving, for his sake, to subdue the terror that begit my whole being when I realized how high my husband had stood to the wretched guilt of suicide. "And God forgive me for my want of sympathy in all your troubles and help me from this hour to be your faithful wife."
And sitting there late in the night, my husband kneeling beside me and with his head upon my lap, I bent my cheek to his, and the tears, baptizing our reunion, fell upon the folds of my last folly—my ball dress.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Table Decoration.

For dinner table decorations as far as coloring is concerned it is best to keep to the warmer tints. Avoid the use of white by itself and keep to shades of crimson, old gold or even bronze tones, the latter especially where there is a large display of old silver. The vases may be filled with well berried holly points and mistletoe, with Christmas roses as a sort of undergrowth to the various stands. Frost-branches and sprays are always fashionable at this season and have a very charming effect. Their beauty may be much enhanced by a judicious use of bright ribbon bows. Lamps and candles must all have their shades to match the principal coloring used in the decoration. Tall tubes look very well on a large table, especially where space is a consideration—i. e., where the table is otherwise well laden with dessert or with silver bowls of bonbons.
Roast Turkey, Turkish Style.
Clean and truss the turkey. Wash and parboil one cup of rice in boiling salted water. When about half cooked, drain and mix with it one dozen French chestnuts peeled and cut into small pieces, one-fourth of a pound of well washed currants and two ounces of almonds blanched and chopped. Season with a fourth of a teaspoonful each of salt, pepper and ground cinnamon. Melt half a cup of butter over the fire and stir the mixture in it until well mixed with the butter. Stuff the turkey with this, sew up the openings and bake on a rack, basting every ten minutes with butter or drippings melted in a little hot water. Turn the fowl often and dredge with flour after each basting. Serve with a rich, clear gravy.

Turkey With Sausages.

A turkey garnished with sausage has a very festive not to say bacchanalian appearance. Three-quarters of an hour before the cooking is finished festoon it with strings of link sausage. These you must turn from time to time so that every part shall be as brown as the bird itself. The better the flavor of the sausage of course the finer the flavor of the turkey. With this you will want gilet sauce made by steaming and mincing the giblets and adding them to the gravy in the pan after the fat has been removed.
When Holly Was Forbidden.
Under the blue laws of Connecticut for a man to have a sprig of holly in his house on Christmas day was a penal offense, for which the household was punished by a fine of a shilling and confinement in the town stocks.
Pilgrims Didn't Celebrate.
The pilgrim fathers forbade the celebration of Christmas as "a heathen nummery."
Good Wishes.
God bless the master of this house,
Likewise the mistress, too,
And all the little children
That round the table go.
And all your kin and kindred
That dwell both far and near,
I wish you a Merry Christmas
And a Happy New Year!
—Old Carol.

For the Holidays Buy Something Useful!

We have a Large Stock of
Hats, Caps, Shirts, Mufflers,
Collars, Cuffs, Neckwear,
Sweaters, Suspenders, Hosiery,
Underwear, Umbrellas, Gloves,
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Men's, Boys', Ladies and
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Were Never So Complete as
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Qualities Always the Best. Prices Always the Lowest.

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The winter term of this popular institution for the training of teachers opens Jan. 2, 1901. This practical training school for teachers is located in the most healthful and charming part of the state, within the great summer resort region of the state, on the main line of the D. L. & W. Railroad.
Unexcelled facilities; Music, Blotting, College Preparatory, Sewing and Modeling departments.
Superior faculty; pupils coached free; pure mountain water; rooms furnished throughout; GOOD BOARDING A RECOGNIZED FEATURE.
We are the only normal school that paid the state aid in full to all its pupils this spring term.
Write for a catalogue and full information while this advertisement is before you. We have something of interest for you.
Address:
GEO. P. BIBLE, A. M., Principal.

RAILROAD TIMETABLES

L EHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.
November 25, 1900.
ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.
LEAVE FREELAND.
6 12 a m for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia and New York.
7 40 a m for Sandy Run, White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and Scranton.
8 18 a m for Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Ashland, Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia and New York.
9 30 a m for Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Mt. Carmel, Shamokin and Pottsville.
12 14 p m for Sandy Run, White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and all points West.
1 20 p m for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia and New York.
4 42 p m for Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Mt. Carmel, Shamokin and Pottsville.
6 34 p m for Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Mt. Carmel, Shamokin and Pottsville.
7 29 p m for Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Mt. Carmel and Shamokin.
ARRIVE AT FREELAND.
7 40 a m from Weatherly, Pottsville, Ashland, Shenandoah, Mahanoy City, and Hazleton.
9 17 a m from Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Weatherly, Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Mt. Carmel and Shamokin.
9 30 a m from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and White Haven.
12 14 p m from Pottsville, Shamokin, Mt. Carmel, Shenandoah, Mahanoy City and Hazleton.
1 12 p m from New York, Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk and Weatherly.
4 42 p m from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and White Haven.
6 34 p m from New York, Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Pottsville, Shamokin, Mt. Carmel, Shenandoah, Mahanoy City and Hazleton.
7 29 p m from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and White Haven.
For further information inquire of Ticket Agents.
GOLLIN B. WILBUR, General Superintendent, 36 Cortlandt Street, New York City.
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Headache for Forty Years.

For forty years I suffered from sick headache. I began using Celery King. The result was gratifying and surprising. My headaches leaving at once. The headaches recurred every seventh day, but, thanks to Celery King, I have had but one headache in the last eleven months. I know that what cured me will help others.—Mrs. John D. Van Keuren, Saugerties, N. Y.
Celery King cures Constipation, and Nerves, Stomach, Liver and Kidney diseases.

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