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CASTORIA
Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of
INFANTS & CHILDREN
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral.
NOT NARCOTIC.
Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHEL
Pumpkin Seed -
Alta Sassa -
Rhubarb Sals -
Sassafras -
Peppermint -
Citronella Sals -
Hemp Seed -
Clarified Sugar -
Wintergreen Flavor.
A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.
Fac-Simile Signature of
Chas. H. Fitcher,
NEW YORK.
116 months old
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CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fitcher
In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

"HEAP SMELL."
The Indian knew what he wanted and where to get it.
Some Indians from Buffalo Bill's Wild West, arrayed in bright colored blankets and an exceptional amount of face paint, were taking in the sights of the city one afternoon. They strolled down Walnut street, single file, and headed by a buck who now and then gave a grunt of satisfaction when something that pleased him caught his eye, they halted in front of a drug store and gazed at the window display for a moment. Then the band filed into the establishment and began to look around.
The clerk thought the place was going to be besieged and that he was likely to lose his scalp, but when the "big chief," who acted as spokesman, addressed him with the customary Indian greeting of "How," the clerk regained his composure enough to ask the Indian what he wanted.
"Heap smell," was the reply.
Directed by the Indian's finger to a showcase, the clerk produced a bar of soap. The brave took it gingerly, removed the wrapper, smelled it and bit into the toothsome looking article. With a deep grunt of displeasure he handed it back to the drug clerk. "With a disgusted look he remarked, "Heap smell!"
The clerk began to tremble, and the Indian pointed to a perfume bottle in the showcase. The bottle of perfume was handed to him. The Indian held it in both hands for a moment, closely scrutinizing it. He slowly removed the stopper, closely watching it as if he expected it to explode, and took a long sniff at the bottle, gave a grunt of satisfaction, handed the clerk some money and led his band of braves out of the store, to the delight of the frightened clerk, who had not been in the practice of waiting on real Indians.—Kansas City Journal.

ANECDOTES OF FORREST.
Why the Confederate Leader Declined to Correct His Spelling.
"General Forrest of the Confederate army," said an ex-Confederate officer, "was a military genius of the first rank. Without previous training or any developed taste in that direction he went into the army from a place as overseer and attained commanding rank absolutely by merit. Rough and uncouth at first, he became in later life a courtly gentleman whom it was a pleasure to meet and to know. I remember on one occasion some time after the war coming up the Potomac with him. I wanted to introduce a young woman who was under my escort. He said he was flattered by the request, but that he could not meet her unless she knew perfectly well who he was and that he was not held in high esteem by the northern people chiefly on account of the Fort Pillow affair. I assured him that she was fully apprised of his record, and then he went with me to meet her, and she told me later she had never met a more attractive man.
"Earlier in his career—that is, before he had learned to spell—he was asked by a young lady to put his autograph in her album. He wrote his name as requested and under it his title, 'major general of cavalry,' as he spelled it. The lady called his attention to it in a very delicate way, and he looked at it a moment, and with a full consciousness that he was lacking in that regard and with a beautiful and scarcely to be expected humility he said, 'Let it stand to show how ignorant General Forrest is.' There are not many men who would have done that, I imagine, and it was the little things that showed the man's true greatness."—New York Sun.
"As Mad as a Hatter."
Probably very few persons who frequently use the expression "As mad as a hatter" have any idea as to what it means or why a hatter is necessarily any more subject to fits of anger than a plumber, a blacksmith or a carpenter. The expression is said to have come into use half a century ago, when the manufacture of hats was done wholly by hand. The most striking thing about the process was that of the beating up of the felt. The latter first dipped the mass of wool and hair frequently into hot water; then, seizing a stick in each hand, he belabored the mass most vigorously, stopping now and then to get his breath, until the material was matted together in a rough sort of felt. The lively beating administered to the felt, as if the workman were actually incensed, gave rise to the familiar simile.
"An Uneven Contest."
"They had a lively boxing match at Splinter's the other night."
"How was that?"
"Splinter came home late, and as he passed through the hall his wife's tallest palm touched him on the cheek. Splinter was in an excited condition and thought it was somebody's fingers. So he struck out wildly with both fists and succeeded in knocking over two palms and severely bumping his own head."
"But why do you call it a boxing match?"
"Because Splinter put up his knuckles against his wife's palms."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A LIGHT IN THE YARD
MRS. GALLUP RECOGNIZES IN IT HER SUMMONS TO HEAVEN.
But She Fails to Get Any Information From Her Husband as to the Manner in Which She Should Act When She Enters Her Home Among the Angels.
[Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.]
When Mr. Gallup sat down for the evening, he had his newspaper on his knee and Mrs. Gallup was singing "Rock of Ages" and clearing away the supper table. He had been reading for a quarter of an hour when she quietly entered and sat down and said:
"Samuel, I don't want to disturb you nor make you feel bad, but I feel obliged to ask you a few questions. Last night at midnight Mrs. Watkins saw a light moving around in our back yard. It was a light which bobbed up and bobbed down and dodged this way and that, and when it finally went out it gave a great wink and a splutter. It was what they call a ghost lantern, Samuel, and it meant that there would be death in this house within a week. It'll be my death, of course. I've got 27 different ailments, with heart disease thrown in, while you are as healthy as a cornfield. Yes; it'll be me, but I'm not weepin' over it. I'm sittin' right here as calm as catnip, but I want to know some few things."
Mr. Gallup must have known of her presence, but he was too deeply interested in his paper to recognize it. He had found an article which said that a bedbug could be boiled in water for four hours and then come out with his ambition undaunted.
"I shall go to heaven when I die, of course," continued Mrs. Gallup as her voice broke a little. "I order go there. Any woman who has whitewashed the cellar every spring for 27 years, besides makin' soft soap, cuttin' carpet rags, dyin' over old clothes and makin' one corset last her for 13 years, will go to heaven on the jump. What bothers



"I'm sittin' right here as calm as catnip," he, however, is how I'm goin' to act arter I git there. You know how company allus frustrates me. If three or four of the neighbors come in, I'm all sure to fall off my cheer or knock over sunthin'. How's it goin' to be when I git up there and meet a hull pasture full of angels? There'll be millions of 'em, Samuel, and they'll all be lookin' at me and wonderin' who I am, and I'll be so upset that I'll fall over my own feet."
She paused to wipe the tears from her eyes with the palm of her hand, but as she had asked no direct questions Mr. Gallup finished the long article and turned to one on the care of clotheslines.
"I don't want to be looked at and p'inted out and made fun of up there," said Mrs. Gallup as she sat with her eyes on the carpet. "All night long last night I couldn't sleep for thinkin' that some of the angels would turn up their noses at me and want to know what on airth I was down there. You remember Sarah Jane Bixby, who died two years ago? Sarah was snippy and sassay. If she went to heaven, it would be jest her way to want to know why I'd come flyin' up there, with my rheumatiz and back aches. I'd have to sass her back, and then what would happen? Angels do sass each other sometimes, don't they, Samuel?"
If Mr. Gallup had ever given the matter a thought, he was too busy to discuss it. The statement was right before his eyes that 1,000,000 miles of clothesline went to destruction every year for want of being hung up in the wood shed when not in use, and he was reflecting on the carelessness of humanity in general.
"I may git up to heaven in the night, when all the angels are asleep, and so I'll slip in all right. I hope that'll be the way, because it'll give me a chance to kind of git used to the place before daylight. Do you think they have any breakfast up there? Mrs. Watkins says they don't, but I don't really see how they git along without it. I know I should feel a goneness all day without breakfast. And I want you to look at me, Samuel, and see if I'm the humblyest woman ever born. I have read that when we die we are changed as in the twinklin' of an eye. I hope it's so. If it ain't, then I can't expect no good times up there. Them angels will be p'intin' out my lop shoulder, my big feet and my wabblin' knees and whiskerin' to each other that I'd better staid down on airth among the cabbagees. Nobody as knows me can call me obstinate or sot, but I'll be snuffed if I propose to die and become an angel to be made fun of. You'll be on my side about that, won't you?"
Mr. Gallup heaved a long sigh and seemed about to speak, but no word came. He had finished with the clothesline and struck an article about the reasoning powers of the crow, and the most direct question from Mrs. Gallup would have passed unheeded. Her tears fell for two or three minutes, and then she asked:
"And how about the beds up there?"

You know we've slept on a feather bed ever since we was married, and I've allus bin particular to smooth it down from head to foot. I've got used to feathers, and if I changed off I'd jest lay there and kick around all night long. Do they hev beds, Samuel, or do they keep on flyin' around all night long and singin' "I've Reached My Home at Last?" Seems to me that flyin' and singin' all day would be enough unless I feel stronger than I do now. You order know these things, Samuel, and you order tell me so I'll know what to depend on. I might stand sass from a thousand angels, but I do want my own bed when night comes, and if one of my headaches comes on unexpectedly I want to know that I kin hev a cup of tea. Mrs. Watkins says they don't drink tea in heaven, but I don't see how she kin know."
Mr. Gallup was not directly appealed to, and as he was reading that a crow had been known to feign death to avoid having a crowbar thrown at him he made no sign.
"Waal, I've made up my mind to a few things," said Mrs. Gallup as the silence grew painful. "I'm goin' up to heaven to do the best I kin. I'll be nurbly with all the angels I meet and let 'em understand that I don't want no more'n my share of harps and wings and things. If I don't find anything to eat or any beds to sleep on, I shan't raise no fuss nor go into hysterics, the way Mrs. Taylor did at camp meetin' last year. Yes; I'll put up with things as I find 'em and make the best of it, and I won't be jealous if a few of 'em hev better clothes on or kin sing better'n me. That's how I'll act, Samuel, and then if they pick on me they'll git as good as they give. I kin be sass'd and picked on jest so far, but arter that they want to look out. Would it put you out any, Samuel, if I died at night instead of in the daytime? As I said, if I died at night I could slip into heaven without any fuss, but if it's goin' to make you any extra trouble I'll perish by daylight. What will be the most convenient hour for you?"
There was deep silence. Mrs. Gallup's tears made no thud as they fell upon the carpet, and Mr. Gallup was reading with bated breath that an ostrich covers 13 feet of ground at every stride when in full flight. The clock ticked, the silence grew deeper, and the cricket on the hearth fell into a doze. Then Mr. Gallup suddenly laid aside his paper, stretched his arms and legs, with a "Ho-hum!" and looked around to find Mrs. Gallup asleep in her chair. She hadn't gone to join the angels—not yet. M. QUAD.

THE KING OF HANDCUFFS.
How Harry Houdini, American, Surprised the British.
When Harry Houdini, the American king of handcuffs, arrived in England, he tried to arrange for an exhibit of his skill at Scotland Yard, but the authorities refused to allow him an opportunity of putting on or taking off official handcuffs, says London M. A. P. So, accompanied by a skeptical London manager, he paid an ordinary call as an American visitor to the police headquarters. Mr. Houdini, after making the usual remarks on everything he saw and heard, casually asked a question about a pair of handcuffs. The guide took them down and answered:
"Oh, these are handcuffs impossible to remove."
Houdini was greatly interested, and the incident closed by the American visitor requesting his guide to lock the handcuffs on his wrists. Then he turned his back and succeeded in getting them off in a couple of minutes.
One of Houdini's strangest adventures happened at a big hotel in St. Paul, Minn., where he was very well known. To his surprise, he found that a couple of men occupying the rooms on either side of his own appeared to be mounting guard over him. At first he only suspected this, but after a few days he was perfectly sure that one or the other of his neighbors shadowed his every movement. One afternoon, when Houdini was sitting in his own room, he heard the sound of scuffling outside the door. Flung it open, he discovered his two unknown neighbors grasping a third man, who had evidently been wearing a long dark cape that was dragged on one side, showing that he was heavily handcuffed.
"We're a couple of detectives, Mr. Houdini," painted one of the men. "This fellow made his escape from jail some days ago. We know that he wouldn't dare to go to a locksmith to get his handcuffs removed, and we suspected that he might come to you."
Sunday Habits.
The average man does himself so much harm on Sunday that he does not recover until the following Wednesday. In the first place, he loaf around the house, instead of being active, as on weekdays. In the next place, he eats his breakfast later than usual, and his dinner earlier, and the result is that he is knocked out until Wednesday. The best thing to do on Sunday is to conform to your usual habits as much as possible.—Acheson Globe.
A Poser From the Small Boy.
Mamma—Don't boil those canned peas, Bridget. They only want to be warmed.
Little Tommy—Mamma, peas can't talk, can they?
Mamma—Of course not, dear. Why?
Little Tommy—Then how do you know what they want?—Philadelphia Press.
A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one, no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.
The first time a man is appointed on a "committee" he is very apt to think his position a very important one.—Acheson Globe.

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Shoes for Men, Women and Children, Hats and Caps for Men and Boys, Furnishings for Men and Boys,
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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.
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Best Cough Syrup. Throat Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

RAILROAD TIMETABLES
L. HIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.
November 25, 1900.
ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.
LEAVE FERRAND.
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, Huston and Scranton.
8 18 a m for Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Ashland, Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Auburn, Wm. Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia and New York.
9 0 a m for Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Ashland, Shamokin and Pottsville.
2 4 p m for Sandy Run, White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and all points West.
4 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, Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia and New York.
3 4 p m for Sandy Run, White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and all points West.
2 29 p m for Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Mt. Carmel and Shamokin.
ARRIVE AT FERRAND.
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.
O. L. WILBUR, General Superintendent, 25 Cortlandt Street, New York City.
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THE DELAWARE, SUBQUHANNA AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD.
Time table in effect April 18, 1897.
Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Eckley, Hazle Brook, Shenandoah, Beaver Meadow Road, Ronan and Hazleton Junction at 5:30, 6:00 a m, daily except Sunday; and 7:00 a m, 2:30 p m, Sunday.
Trains leave Drifton for Harwood, Cranberry, Conkhick and Dringer at 5:30, 6:00 a m, daily except Sunday; and 1:00 a m, 2:30 p m, Sunday.
Trains leave Drifton for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepley at 6:00 a m, daily except Sunday; and 7:00 a m, 2:30 p m, Sunday.
Trains leave Drington for Tomhick, a Cranberry, Harwood, Hazleton Junction and Onedia at 6:00 a m, 2:30 p m, Sunday.
Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Onedia, Humboldt Road, Harwood Road, Onedia Junction, Hazleton Junction and Ronan at 7:11 a m, 12:40, 5:22 p m, daily except Sunday; and 8:11 a m, 3:44 p m, Sunday.
Trains leave Shepley for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5:45, 6:20 p m, daily, except Sunday; and 10:10 a m, 5:40 p m, Sunday.
All trains connect at Hazleton Junction with electric cars for Hazleton, Jenneville, Audenried and other points on the Traction Company's line.
Trains leaving Drifton at 5:30, 6:00 a m make connection at Drington with P. R. R. trains for Wilkes-Barre, Sunbury, Harrisburg and other points.
For the accommodation of passengers at way stations between Hazleton Junction and Drington, a train will leave the former point at 2:40 p m, daily, except Sunday, arriving at Drington at 5:00 p m.
LUTHER C. SMITH, Superintendent.

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