

A Clear Head.

To the engineer who has the powerful forces of nature under his control, the possession of a clear head is an absolute necessity. He must have a head that is quick and ready, wide awake and ever on the lookout to meet emergencies. A clear head must be free from aches and pains, because they weaken the nervous force and divert the attention. It must not know dizziness, dullness, melancholy, depression of spirits, nor nervousness.

Dr. Miles' Nervine

Relieves every form of head trouble and gives to the entire system that vigor, energy and snap that make clear-headedness. Try a bottle for yourself.

Sold by all druggists on a guarantee.

Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

PHYLIS.

When Phyllis dons her fancy frills,
Her silken snood and satin shoes,
And with me to the opera goes,
She is so fair, and, oh, so sweet,
From quietly laid to dainty feet
My soul is rapt with amorous sighs
As I devour her with my eyes.

But when in dainty ditty
She gaily to the kitchen flies,
With apron tied about her waist
And business in her merry eyes,
She is so sweet and demure,
With daisies blossoming her hair,
My soul with rapture almost dies
As I devour her lemon pies.

—What to Eat.

AN ISLAND STOREHOUSE.

By M. Quad.

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Two thousand miles due north of the island of Mauritius and almost midway between that and the Seychelle group is the lone island of Agalegas. It is an island about six miles in circumference, with its highest point about 100 feet above the sea. There were no inhabitants up to 1882, though traders and shell gatherers often called there for wood and water. A part of the island was covered with vegetation up to that date, but it is now little better than a jumble of broken rock.

It was in the year 1881 that the captain of a trading schooner entered the port of St. Louis, in the Mauritius, to tell a wonderful story about this island of Agalegas. He had called there to wood and water and make repairs, and while his crew was at work he explored the island. Amid the rocks he discovered a great cave, and from that cave he had taken and brought away two elephants' tusks, a box of silver bars and a jewel handled sword. He was a cunning chap, this trader, and he had got the stuff aboard without his crew being the wiser and had said nothing about the cave. He did not report his find to any consul or other official at St. Louis, but after hanging about for awhile he decided to make a confidant of the firm of Dayne & Co. This was a French trading and exporting firm, and as I was in its employ I came to hear the story first hand. If the trader, whose name was Barcas and who was a half-breed Frenchman, had not brought evidences of his find, his story would have been booted at. Even with the evidences before us we could hardly credit his statement.

The plunder Barcas had brought away was worth \$100,000, but he assured us that this was a mere flea bite compared to what had been left behind. He had counted 250 tusks, which did not include all. He had counted 180 boxes of silver bars, worth over \$1,000 per box, but there were others behind them. There were bales, boxes and barrels he had not attempted to open, and he believed the contents of the cave would pan out \$1,000,000 and ballast a trading brig. It was to know what was coming. We were as high as we could get and could only wait for the peril. It came as the sun rose. We heard a booming, roaring and crashing and next minute caught sight of a tidal wave sweeping in. That wave was 70 feet high, and as it rolled across the island from north to south its foamy crest was only 30 feet below where we stood. There were three waves, each moving at a speed of 100 miles an hour, and then the sea settled down to its usual level and soon grew quiet. A thousand acres of forest had been swept away and the whole face of the island changed in a moment. Our spring and our camp had been left untouched, but there was no longer a cavern, no longer a bale of goods, no longer a brig laden with a king's ransom. An earthquake at sea, a mighty convulsion of nature 600 miles away, had robbed us of brig, crew and treasure and left us on an almost desolate rock to wait for passing craft.

Shadowy Sicily.

Sicily is in some sense a land of shadow—a land where the dead are more present to the mind than the living—a land where one feels one's self to be a breathing man visiting, like Dante or like Hercules, the realms of phantoms. Everywhere you are haunted by the ghosts of great men or the memories of great events or of great and departed nations.

In the lemon groves of the promontory of Naxos one fancies the sickly Nicias willing away the winter.

chor at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and before midday Barcas had visited the treasure house and reported all safe. After dinner the three officers of us went up together. The mouth of the cavern had once been sealed, but had been uncovered by a fall of rock and earth. It was a natural chamber, 90 feet deep, about 30 feet wide and from 10 to 20 feet from floor to roof. There was good ventilation, and the place was as dry as a bone. No man could say when that cavern had first been made a storehouse, but judging by some of the arms found it must have been 100 years before—perhaps twice that. The tusks had come from Ceylon and the mainland of India, the silver from Indian mines, the wines and liquors and shawls and cloths from no farther south. Nothing had decayed. There were Chinese silks and India shawls and Persian wraps as stout and strong and as lively in color as the day they left the looms. There were bales of furs from Madagascar and the African coast from which time had not loosened a hair, and the kegs and barrels of wine with French and Spanish marks on them had doubled in value ten times over since they were hoisted up from the beach.

Who had created the storehouse? Why had they sealed it up and gone away? Was it the plunder of pirates or the treasure house of some prince of India or Ceylon? We wondered and speculated, but we were no better off.

Our first move was to establish a camp on the highest spot of the island and divide our force. I took charge of the land party and Barcas of the brig. My party removed the plunder from the cave and carried it half way down to the beach, and his men carried it aboard and stowed it away. It was a rugged path we had to travel, and though we worked 16 hours out of the 24 we reduced the piles very slowly. As I checked off the goods as they were brought out of the cave let me tell you what we took out in the five weeks we were at work. The tusks counted up 183, the boxes of silver 307, the barrels of wine 64, the kegs of wine 110, the bales of fur 64, the bales of shawls and silks 130, the boxes of coined gold of native Indian money 27, and there was \$6,000 to the box. In addition to these we found two boxes of pearls, rubies, diamonds, etc., most of them uncut, which I roughly valued at \$500,000. On a certain evening when we knocked off work I figured the value of gems already taken out at \$1,500,000, and there was yet a week's work to remove the rest. The day had been hot and stifling and the work harder than usual. The cook was half an hour late in rubbing his eyes open, and he had hardly reached his feet when his shout of surprise alarmed the rest of us. At some hour during the night and so quietly that not a man of us had been disturbed the waters had retreated in every direction from the shores of the island until there was only the bed of the sea to look at. Here and there a deep hole created a little lake, but one could have walked for six or eight miles without wetting his feet. As the waters retired our craft had gone with them, never to be heard of more.

I had lived in the east too long not to know what was coming. We were as high as we could get and could only wait for the peril. It came as the sun rose. We heard a booming, roaring and crashing and next minute caught sight of a tidal wave sweeping in. That wave was 70 feet high, and as it rolled across the island from north to south its foamy crest was only 30 feet below where we stood. There were three waves, each moving at a speed of 100 miles an hour, and then the sea settled down to its usual level and soon grew quiet. A thousand acres of forest had been swept away and the whole face of the island changed in a moment. Our spring and our camp had been left untouched, but there was no longer a cavern, no longer a bale of goods, no longer a brig laden with a king's ransom. An earthquake at sea, a mighty convulsion of nature 600 miles away, had robbed us of brig, crew and treasure and left us on an almost desolate rock to wait for passing craft.

Quite Safe.

She—Have you any strawberries?
Dealer—Yes'm. Here they are—\$1.50 per box.

She—Goodness! They're miserable looking and so green!
Dealer—I know, ma'am, but there ain't none in a box to do you any harm.—Philadelphia Press.

Precautionary Contraction.

"If we will all pull together, brethren," said the pastor of a church which was in financial distress, "we can do something."

Thereupon the wealthiest man in the congregation hastily drew his leg in out of the aisle.—Detroit Free Press.

Tobacco of all kinds at Keiper's.

while his feet rides in the bay outside the Greek harbor. At Syracuse we see a whole host of great shades—Nicias again and Lamachus, slain near the Anapo, and the ghosts of thousands of Athenians perishing in the great harbor and on the cliffs of Epipole and, last of all, in the quarries, and so vanishing into thin air. And again by the shores of Ortygia we think of Plato and Pindar and Bacchylides and Simonides, the visitors at the court of the stately Hiero, and last, but not least, of St. Paul tarrying for a short space in the harbor and perhaps preaching in some of the squares and streets of the old city.

There is yet another figure who follows one's thoughts through Sicily—the languid and mystical Empedocles. We remember him on the slopes of Etna, in his native Acragas, and again at Selinus. And even in bright and busy Palermo the dead are more to us than the living. It is of Hamillkar or Marcellus or Frederick II and the brilliant Norman kings that we think the most. So thoroughly in Sicily do the shadows of the past dominate the living present—Sir Edward Fry's "Studies by the Way."

Luck Comes to the Bellboy.

"Luck," said a man who believes in it, "comes to different people in different ways. I know a man who is now about as well fixed as most men would want to be whose luck came to him in helping a man on with an overcoat."

"He was a bellboy then in a hotel, and one day a big man, who was big and prosperous, financially as well as physically, and who had just got his overcoat out of the coatroom, turned to him and said:

"Here, boy, help me on with this coat," at the same time tossing the big coat over to him and turning away. The boy didn't begin to be big enough to do it, and asking him to help was just the big man's little joke. For he was a good natured man, but the next minute the big man felt the coat going up on his shoulders all right. Turning round he saw the youngster stepping down from a chair which had been standing near and which he had grabbed on to the minute the man turned his back.

"This tickled the big man very much, and he took the small boy into his office, and practically the boy's fortune was made from that minute, for he had the stuff in him to make good as well as the brains to meet his luck half way when it came."—New York Sun.

The Philosophical Grocer.

"How well you're looking, Mrs. Butterby. You're positively growing handsomer as you grow older."

"Well, you know, Mr. Gridley, that they do say that age is a great improver. If I'm not wrong, some poet has sung about the charms of old wine and old books and old friends."

"But not of old eggs, Mrs. Butterby; not of old eggs."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

One Way of Finding It.

A farmer was working in his hayfield when a neighbor came up and engaged in a chat which developed into a dispute about something or other.

"It's like looking for a needle in a haystack," said the first farmer.

"And that's easy enough," said the neighbor.

"Easy, is it?" retorted the other. "I bet you five shillings you won't find a needle 'I'll hide in that haystack in an hour."

"Done with you for five bob!" cried his neighbor.

The first farmer thereupon hid a needle in the haystack and called "Time!"

His neighbor drew a match from his pocket, set fire to the haystack and rushed off at top speed to his own house. Back he came presently and found the haystack reduced to a heap of ashes. Flourishing a huge horseshoe magnet he plunged it into the ashes and in a minute withdrew it with the needle clinging to it.

"The result of scientific education!" he said proudly to the first farmer, who was gazing ruefully at the ashes of his haystack. "If you'd 'a bin educated scientifically up to date like me, you'd be richer by five bob and the haystack."—London Answers.

With Reservation.

Here is the story of covenanting times in Scotland, of which an old laird of Galloway is the central figure.

Learning that he was about to be raided by Claverhouse, whose dragons were coming in search of him, the old laird effected his escape disguised as one of his own plowmen. As he was leaving the house he was stopped by the dragons, who asked if the laird was at home.

"Well," said the old covenanter, "he was there when I was there."

The dragons went their way and the old laird went his and lived to tell the truth another day.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.

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, Gastric Cramps and all other results of imperfect digestion.

Price 50c. and 1 L. Large size contains 2 1/2 times small size. Book all about dyspepsia mailed free.

Prepared by E. C. DeWitt & Co. Chicago.

Grover's City Drug Store.

ADAMS' MIDNIGHT JUDGES.

The Story of an Estrangement of a President and His Successor.

The story of the quarrel between John Adams and Thomas Jefferson is very interesting, and in answer to an inquiry I would say that it was an attempt on the part of Mr. Adams to appoint a number of his friends in different sections of the country to life positions upon the bench just as his presidential term was ending and Mr. Jefferson's beginning.

A few moments before the expiration of the Sixth congress in 1801 an act was passed creating a number of new districts and circuit courts. Mr. Adams selected the judges from among his friends and political supporters and had their commissions prepared before he approved the law. At that time it was the practice for congress to adjourn at midnight on the 3d of March, and the term of the president expired at the same moment. Mr. Jefferson, being aware of the intentions of Mr. Adams, gave his watch to Levi Lincoln, who had been selected for his cabinet, and told him to take possession of the office of secretary of state as the hands pointed to midnight. Mr. Lincoln obeyed instructions and interrupted Chief Justice Marshall, who was acting as secretary of state, in the act of attesting the commissions of the new judges with the great seal of state. A few had been completed, but the greater part lacked the seal. Mr. Lincoln entered Judge Marshall's office without warning and said:

"I have been ordered by President Jefferson to take possession of this department and its papers."

"Mr. Jefferson has not yet qualified as president," exclaimed the astonished chief justice.

"Nevertheless he considers himself an executor or trustee and instructs me to take charge of the archives of this department until he is duly qualified."

"But it is not yet 12 o'clock," said Judge Marshall, taking out his watch.

"This is the president's watch and rules the hour," said Mr. Lincoln.

Judge Marshall carried away the commissions that were completed, and the men who received them were afterward known as "Adams' midnight judges."

Mr. Jefferson considered this an infringement of his prerogatives and an invasion of his authority as president, and for many years he and Mr. Adams were bitterly hostile, although he continued to correspond with Mrs. Adams in a friendly manner. On the other hand, Mr. Adams was offended with Mr. Jefferson because of the removal of his son, John Quincy Adams, who was registrar of bankruptcy at Boston. Mr. Jefferson afterward explained that he was not aware that the young Adams who held the office was a son of the ex-president or he would not have removed him. A reconciliation was brought about by Dr. Benjamin Rush, for which Mr. Jefferson was prepared by a sympathetic letter from Mrs. Adams at the time of the death of his daughter, Mrs. Epps.

The letter of Dr. Rush to Mr. Adams urging the reconciliation is one of the most eloquent appeals that can be imagined. He says:

"Fellow laborers in erecting the fabric of American liberty and independence, fellow sufferers in the calamities and falsehoods of party rage, fellow heirs of the gratitude and affection of posterity and fellow passengers in the same stage which must soon convey both into the presence of the Judge with whom forgiveness and the love of your enemies is the condition of your acceptance, embrace—embrace each other, bedew your letters of reconciliation with tears of affection and joy."

Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Adams resumed their correspondence and friendly relations until their death, which occurred on the same day, but some of Mr. Jefferson's partisans refused to approve the reconciliation.—Chicago Record.

The Cure that Cures Coughs, Colds, Grippe, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis and Incipient Consumption, is

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The GERMAN REMEDY Cures throat and lung diseases. Sold by all druggists. 25 & 50c.

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Not at Half-Price Nor Below Cost

are our goods sold. We couldn't remain in business long if we followed anything else but business methods. We sell

Shoes for Men, Women and Children, Hats and Caps for Men and Boys, Furnishings for Men and Boys,

at prices which are as cheap, and quite frequently cheaper, than others ask for the same quality. Give us a trial purchase and let us convince you that here is a store where your money can be spent to your advantage.

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Gents' Furnishing, Hat and Shoe Store,

86 South Centre Street.

State Normal School

RAILROAD TIME TABLES
HIGH VALLEY RAILROAD
November 25, 1900.
ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS
LEAVE FREELAND:

- 12 a m for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia and New York.
- 40 a m for Sand Run, White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and Scranton.
- 13 a m for Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Ashland, Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Easton, Philadelphia, Easton, Philadelphia and New York.
- 10 a m for Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Ashland, White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and all points west.
- 4 p m for Sand Run, White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and all points west.
- 20 p m for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Ashland, White Haven, Wilkes-Barre and New York.
- 42 p m for Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Ashland, White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and all points west.
- 64 p m for Sand Run, White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and all points west.
- 69 p m for Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Ashland and Mauch Chunk.

ARRIVE AT FREELAND:

- 740 a m from Weatherly, Pottsville, Ashland, Shenandoah, Mahanoy City and Hazleton.
- 17 a m from Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Weatherly, Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Ashland, White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and all points west.
- 30 p m from Hazleton, Mahanoy City and Shenandoah.
- 24 p m from Pottsville, Shenandoah, Mauch Chunk and Hazleton.
- 11 p m from New York, Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk and Weatherly.
- 42 p m from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and Weatherly.
- 634 p m from New York, Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Pottsville, Shenandoah, Ashland, White Haven, Mahanoy City and Hazleton.
- 729 p m from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and White Haven.

For further information inquire of Ticket Agents:

- COLLIN H. WILKIE, General Superintendent, 35 Cortlandt street, New York City.
- CHAS. S. LEE, General Passenger Agent, 20 Cortlandt Street, New York City.
- G. J. GILDROY, Division Superintendent, Hazleton, Pa.

THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD.

Time table in effect April 18, 1897.

Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Eckley, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Harwood and Hazleton Junction at 5:30, 6:00 a m, daily except Sunday; and 7:03 a m, 2:38 p m, Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton for Harwood, Stockton, Jefferies and Drifter at 5:30, 6:00 a m, daily except Sunday; and 7:03 a m, 2:38 p m, Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Oneida Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Oneida and Shepton at 6:10 a m, daily except Sunday; and 7:03 a m, 2:38 p m, Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomhickon and Drifter at 6:35 a m, daily except Sunday; and 8:33 a m, 4:23 p m, Sunday.

Trains leave Shepton for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazleton, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5:25 p m, daily except Sunday; and 8:11 a m, 3:44 p m, Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5:45, 6:25 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, Jefferies, Audenried and other points on the Tracoma Company's line.

Trains leaving Drifton at 5:30, 6:00 a m make connection at Drifton with P. R. R. trains for Wilkes-Barre, Sunbury, Harrisburg and points west.

For the accommodation of passengers at way stations between Hazleton, Junction, and Drifton, a train will leave the former point at 3:50 p m daily, except Sunday, arriving at Drifton at 6:00 p m.

LUTHER C. SMITH, Superintendent.

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