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**HALTING PESSIMISTS**

CRITICISMS OF FRIENDS WORSE THAN BLOWS OF ENEMIES.

How is it that Humanity is Not Worth Saving?—Impatience of the Knowing Ones With the Conduct of the Ignorant.

[Special Correspondence.]

In at least one city, in one set, reformers are discouraged. They meet only to condole and denounce, each to urge his attitude on all as being the only high philosophical attitude possible.

"The proletariat," they say, "is hopelessly submerged and indisposed to comprehend it. The middle class and the aristocracy of culture are subservient by force of circumstances—a man must live—and above all the new rich, the ruling class, custodians of the flag, whose millions are invested in the souls of ministers, the intellects of teachers, the opinions of readers, the votes of citizens, the judgments of courts, the control of highways, the power to issue counterfeit money, the power to carry on foreign war against liberty."

All these discouraged reformers agree that humanity isn't worth saving, deserves its fate and that to contribute 15 cents to a cause would be folly and extravagance. "Let each look out for himself now," they say.

A beautiful looking woman from another city announced that history showed that no progress ever came from middle classes. The rulers can afford to feel sympathy. Among the proletariat is rebellion, but the middle class is exclusively sordid. "They make me so confounded mad," she exclaimed, "that I wouldn't turn my hand over to have it different. I've heard the great magnates say that they must have a big army, as the bottom is going to fall out of the speculative market some time. Let it fall!"

In still another city a man was lately requested to draw from some funds which a dormant reform club had laid away for the republishing of a tract which gave important data which had already had a large circulation and was still being called for. The request for republishing was signed by three workers who wished to circulate the tract. Now, this man was one of the discouraged and believed that the funds should be used for reformers feasting together and encouraging one another's hearts. He replied to the request after this manner: "In my judgment, America has decided for the plutocracy. Personally I am content to await the downfall of the money power by physical force." So the workers who could least afford it republished the tract, and the discouraged man and the dormant club's money occupy the attitude which usually characterized Mr. Micawber.

Far be it from the present exponent to expostulate with pessimists. They have the floor. They keep the floor against any who would wish very much to say that physical force without a widespread knowledge of data could not, from the very nature of the case, result in the downfall of the money power. The pessimists keep the floor as persistently as their enemy, the monopolists, who have everything to gain by keeping it and who are also impatient at the slightest, humblest, most apologetic interruption of their unending addresses set forth in dailies, weeklies, monthlies, quarterlies and what not. With the pessimist—

I twirl my thumbs, fall back into my chair, Fix on the walnut a disreputable stare, And when I hope his bitterness is out Reply discreetly, "To be sure," "no doubt."

The monopolist counsels the workers in reform ranks to shut up because their foolish talking, striking and walking delegates not only interfere with monopolistic plans, but make it worse for themselves—from his point of view. The pessimist—well, if he knows why he wants to injure the cause by his eternal can't-do anything, he may explain! No one else can! For, being so all wise, he cannot fail to know that the criticisms of friends are more paralyzing than the blows of enemies.

When men in unspeakable indignation at repeated assaults on liberty in South Africa are writing in their blood a lesson for all bondholders and franchise grabbers who contemplate the murder of little nationalities, some "prominent people" issue proclamations advising submission to the inevitable, as resistance only makes the taxes higher, taxes, because of tyranny, being already insupportable.

These prominent people's influence is identical with that of our discouraged friends. When they counsel submission in submission is immaterial. "Massachusetts will acquiesce with alacrity," said Daniel Webster, and those who acquiesced with mental reservations were counted in with alacrity. Only those who found ways to proclaim aloud their nonacquiescence had to be counted out.

How is it that humanity is not worth saving?

They enslave their children's children Who make compromise with sin.

Does the old doctrine of infant damnation survive in the high philosophy of the pessimists? Are the children's children also so reprehensible in the pessimists' prophetic eyes that we may justly surrender what the fathers won for them as well as for us?

Poor, sad humanity! They toil on lonely prairies where a valueless weekly is an unattainable luxury, in city darkness, in suffocation and starvation, with never any start in life, suffering insult from the charitables if they aspire to strike and blamed by reformers

for unfed pusillanimity. That one should surrender from physical incapacity to bear more suffering is natural. As in Victor Hugo's pitiful vision: "The wretched have their feet on red-hot irons! They hunger! They thirst! They die! Quick, quick! Humanity has not a moment to lose."

The pessimists have access to literature. They listen to orators in great halls. They have large brains. The blood vessels which supply food to their brains are large from early and constant use. They are so oversupplied with data on economics that they cannot imagine that any one could lack. They cannot contribute to the slow work of spreading the truth, as they feel that every one is, or might be, as well supplied as they. Their imaginations cannot picture a man selling his vote simply because he knows of no great interests at stake.

Humanity is noble when informed and aroused. "The bravest fight since Marathon," said the Massachusetts senator, and still the little nations fight to save their nationalities. They fight against foreign rule because all can see that the foreigners only want them for exploitation. Concealed tyranny developing in one's own nation is not easily recognized. The very virtues of mankind make them slow to learn that the leading Anglo-Saxon capitalists are "kin in sin," as Mark Twain puts it.

We have had comparatively little political experience. Before manhood suffrage was won everything went to teach the common people not to meddle in political affairs. On the mother's side still man's inheritance may be called political idiosyncrasy. Labor union work has a heritage from very ancient guilds, as shown in Ward's "Ancient Lowly." The descendants of members of the old guilds probably find union work easier than political, while the descendants of younger sons of English nobles, as the embattled farmers of the Revolution are said to have been, would find political work easier to do.

Those who are discouraged must have miscalculated the strength of conservative forces. Some woman suffragist has estimated that it usually takes 40 years for a new political idea to percolate through the mass of old instincts and become a law. The thought of the emancipation of labor through the public ownership of the means of employment is too great a thought to percolate quickly through the mass. There are psychological impossibilities. Thinking requires time.

Perhaps the aggressions of the plutocracy, the necessities of speculators who play with nations for stakes, will not allow the quiescent attitude advised by the discouraged. Even an ex-president's son is summarily dismissed from the army because his father's support of foreign conquests was judged to be a trifle cool. Into his place is hastily thrust the son of a judge of the supreme court who is sitting on the imperialist policy of the past two years. Again and again we are reminded of the words of an aroused millionaire: "Prescience should arouse in business men an even sharper ferment of reform than distress has created among workmen. Business men should make common cause with the workmen. Only by such a co-operation can the country be saved from the catastrophe toward which its rights, prosperity and liberty are being hurried by the greed and lust of a small body of the richest and most dangerously disloyal men that popular government was ever threatened by."

Why, man! They do bestir the narrow world like a colossus! And we petty men Walk under their huge legs and peep about To find ourselves dishonorable graves.

A discouraged attitude is not the attitude of the enemies of labor nor of any doers of deeds. "I control circumstances," said Napoleon. "Soldiers, you have rushed like a torrent over the tops of the Apennines! You have done this and this, and you shall do greater things!" was his style before the army of Italy. In Egypt he did not comment on the long distance from home, the cost and folly of it and the certainty of defeat by the combined monarchies of Europe. Full of enthusiasm he galloped to the front and said, "Soldiers, from the tops of these monuments 40 centuries look down upon you!" Byron said of Napoleon:

A single step into the right had made This man the Washington of worlds betrayed.

When our fathers were accomplishing unprecedented things, the leading men did not say, "We must all hang together or we shall all hang separately, so let us give in and be hanged!" Patrick Henry did not say: "If it weren't that the people weren't worth the effort, I should say that liberty was a desirable acquisition, but as it is surrender or death, I'm for surrender. I know not what course others may take, and as we can't depend on them anyway, we had better be neutral, or, if necessary, we must go with the British."

When John Adams was starting for the general congress in Philadelphia, Jonathan Sewall, the friend of his youth, his fellow student and associate at the bar, made a powerful effort to deter him. Mr. Sewall himself had just accepted the post of attorney general in British employ. He urged that Britain was determined on her system and was irresistible and would be destructive to him and all those who should persevere in opposition. Adams replied: "I know that Great Britain is determined on her system, and that very fact determines me on mine. I see we must part, and with a bleeding heart, I say, I fear, forever."

So must we part with him who will surrender now.

We shall march, prospering, not through his presence. Songs shall inspire us, not from his lyre; Deeds will be done while he boasts his quiescence, Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire. ELLA ORMSBY.

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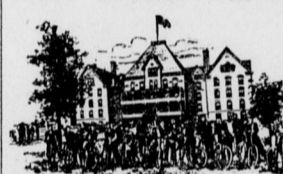
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**CONSUMPTION**

**RAILROAD TIMETABLES**

**THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD.** Time table in effect April 18, 1897. Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Eckley, Beaky Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Hazlet and Hazleton Junction at 5:30, 6:00 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:05 a. m., 2:15 p. m., Sunday. Trains leave Drifton for Harwood, Cranberry, Conditon and Deringer at 5:30, 6:00 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:05 a. m., 2:28 p. m., Sunday. Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Onondia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onondia and Shepton at 6:00 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:05 a. m., 3:11 p. m., Sunday. Trains leave Deringer for Tomblek n, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazleton Junction and Jeddo at 2:25, 5:40 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:37 a. m., 9:07 p. m., Sunday. Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Onondia, Humboldt Road, Harwood Road, Onondia Junction, Hazleton Junction and Deringer 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 Shepton for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazleton Junction and Deringer at 5:22 p. m., daily, except Sunday; and 11 a. m., 3:44 p. m., Sunday. Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazlet Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5:45, 6:28 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, Jeanesville, Audenried and other points on the Traction Company's line. Trains leaving Drifton at 5:30, 6:00 a. m. make connection at Deringer with F. R. R. trains for Wilkes-Barre, Scranton, Harrisburg and points west. For the accommodation of passengers at way stations between Hazleton Junction and Deringer, a train will leave the former point at 1:30 p. m., daily, except Sunday, arriving at Deringer at 2:00 p. m. LUTHER C. SMITH, Superintendent.

**LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.**

March 3, 1901. ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS. LEAVE FREELAND. 5:12 a. m. for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, New York and Delano and Pottsville. 7:40 a. m. for Sandy Run, White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and Scranton. 8:15 a. m. for Hazleton, Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, New York and Delano. 9:30 a. m. for Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Mt. Carmel, Shamokin. 1:20 p. m. for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia and New York. 6:34 p. m. for Sandy Run, White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and all points west. 7:20 p. m. for Hazleton, Delano and Pottsville. ARRIVE AT FREELAND. 7:40 a. m. from Weatherly, Pottsville 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. 1:12 p. m. from New York, Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk and Weatherly. 6:34 p. m. from Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Mt. Carmel, Shenandoah, Mahanoy City and Hazleton. 7:20 p. m. from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and White Haven. For further information inquire of Ticket Agents: ROLLIN H. WILBUR, General Superintendent, 25 Cortlandt Street, New York City. CHAS. S. LEBE, General Passenger Agent, 26 Cortlandt Street, New York City. G. J. GILDROY, Division Superintendent, Hazleton, Pa.

**UNCLE HORACE AND THE BABY**

With the callousness of a bachelor, Horace declared that all babies looked alike to him. But that was before his sister Lill came home for a visit and brought her baby. The day she was to arrive Horace was even unkind enough to say that he would be glad to see Lill, but that he wished she would leave the baby behind. "A baby always keeps a house stirred up," he complained. "They are either crying or hungry or sleepy or in some abnormal state, and you are expected to sympathize with all their woes." His mother only remarked severely in reply that he had once been a baby himself and one of the very worst she had ever raised.

When the triumphant procession arrived, bringing Lill and the baby from the station, Horace kissed his sister and then stared at the white bundle in her arms. "Now, I know you want to see the baby right away," she said, and began removing layers of gauze veiling from the face of the infant. When the little pink face was uncovered, Horace nerved himself to look and think of some flattering remark that would satisfy the mother. He went up gingerly.

"George! It's really pretty, isn't it?" he cried in unctuous surprise. Lill and the other members of the family, from his father down, all looked at him resentfully. "Of course it's pretty. It's a beautiful child!"

Horace tried to retrieve himself. "I meant that it's nice to look at—not red and squally looking. It can open its eyes, too, and it's all fuzzy on top of its head."

These unhappy observations only dragged him lower in the esteem of the family. "Please call my baby she and not it," Lill said resentfully. "You needn't be so surprised either because she is pretty?" Horace tried to explain anew that he really admired the baby, but he was in disgrace. The family allowed him away from the baby and left him out of the conversation with ostentatious neglect.

But the baby, with the perversity of its sex, took a great fancy to Uncle Horace. It soon preferred him to any other member of the family and would even leave its mother's arms for his. When she saw him or heard his voice, she smiled ecstatically and gurgled like a little brook. This sort of thing won Horace. From a state of indifference to his niece he came to be her wildest champion. He gave her all sorts of gifts, from a rattle to a tiny ruy ring. He learned to talk the goozy language, and he became a perfect nanager in his whist club, where he

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would stop the lead while he told stories of the beauty and cleverness of the baby.

One evening Lill had put the baby to sleep, turned the gas low in the room and gone down stairs to join the family in the library. She stole up stairs again in about half an hour to see if the child were covered and still sleeping. The family were startled by a shrill scream. Lill came flying down stairs to say that the baby was gone. Everybody said this could not be so, and they went up stairs with her to search for the baby, who couldn't walk and could only hitch across the floor at about a snail's rate of locomotion. But the baby was gone nevertheless. The family were quite sure no one had come in at the front door since Horace went out to his whist club just after his sister had left the house. Some kidnaper had stolen in by the back stairs or climbed over the porch. None of the family was really surprised that the baby had been stolen, for they believed so firmly in its beauty and cleverness that they were sure everybody must covet it.

The grandfather hurried to the police station, the aunts went out to give the alarm to the neighbors. Lill and her mother alone sat down by the empty cradle and gave themselves up to their grief. There was the sound of an opening door and footsteps on the stairs. Horace came into the room, carrying the baby in his arms. It was wrapped in its cloak and a blanket. "Oh, you found my baby!" Lill cried. She and her mother implored him to tell how he had got it away from the kidnappers. They begged to know the story.

Horace was bewildered. "Why," he said, "I just wrapped the baby up and slipped over to the whist club with her. I wanted to show her to the folks. I was afraid you wouldn't let me take her if I asked, you are such a ninny about her. They thought she was awfully cute too."

"And so you were the one that took the baby?" Lill cried. "And you took her to the whist club in her nightgown? And I was nearly wild."

The other members of the family were sent for. The police were called off the case, and the neighbors were assured that the baby was safe.

Lill held the baby in her arms. Her mother and sisters stood on guard around her. "To think, Horace," she said mournfully, "that you would take the baby over to your whist club in her nightgown! How could you?"—Chicago News.

**A Prize.** "Speaking of sales," says the Kennebec (Me.) Journal, "there have been some stories told of the rummage sales which have been so popular this fall. At one such sale in a Maine city, among the curious wares displayed was a set of false teeth. And not only did several would be customers try them to see if they would fit, but at last a customer bought them and carried them off in triumph. This is the solemn truth."

The German Protectorate in east Africa has a coast line of 620 miles, an area of 384,000 square miles and includes a portion of Zanzibar. The population is estimated at 8,000,000 natives and about 1,000 foreigners, mostly Germans. The country is being rapidly developed, for the German government is encouraging commercial enterprise and immigration by bounties and subsidies.

A Chicago inventor has perfected and patented a device for registering the number of calls on the telephone, which has heretofore been tried in vain. It has long been the aim of telephone companies to adjust rates according to the number of calls, but the labor of keeping account of the same rendered it impracticable until the Chicago artisan supplied the long needed invention.