

OPEN THE DOOR OF YOUR HEART.  
Open the door of your heart, my lad,  
To the angels of love and truth,  
When the world is full of unnumbered joys  
In the beautiful dawn of youth.  
Casting aside all the things that mar,  
Saying to wrong, depart;  
To the voices of hope that are calling you  
Open the door of your heart.  
Open the door of your heart, my lass,  
To the things that shall abide,  
To the holy thoughts that lift your soul  
Like the stars at eventide.  
All of the faddest flowers that bloom  
In the realms of song and art  
Are yours if you'll only give them room.  
Open the door of your heart.  
Open the door of your heart, my friend,  
Heedless of class or creed  
When you hear the cry of a brother's voice,  
The sob of a child in need,  
To the shining heaven that o'er you bends  
You need no map or chart,  
But only the love the Master gave.  
Open the door of your heart.  
—Moses Gage Shirley in Boston Transcript.

### ABOUT A FAMILY TREE

Showing How the Coomers Came by Theirs.

None of the Coomers of the second generation was to blame in the least, and of course the third generation, consisting of Edith, Annabel and Tom, were equally innocent. On the whole, perhaps, nobody was to blame at all. Moreover, the Coomers were pleasant people, and it was only the envious among their acquaintances who said that they were puffed up with family pride. We may have family pride and not be puffed up with it, even though we have heirlooms and a family tree illuminated on vellum and framed and hung up in our library. It does not follow that a few dim and dark ancestors of the colonial period in oil, a rapier and some embroidered waistcoats, and iron from the old homestead hearth, a tower musket and one or two miniatures on ivory will inspire their possessor with sentiments of exaggerated self esteem and corresponding contempt for the common herd who have been so careless as to lose track of their forebears.

Coomer was about as unassuming a man as could be found anywhere. He was sure of his position by virtue of the family tree and other things aforesaid, and it did not seem to him necessary to try to impress society at large with his noble birth. He had a beautiful coat of arms—a lion passant regardant in bend gules between two acorns azure within as many cotises ermine—and his crest was a cubit arm erect grasping an oak branch, all proper, but neither crest nor coat was blazoned on the panel of the family brougham—nothing but a monogram.

Mrs. Coomer felt differently about it and would have had the arms on the baby cart if she could have had her way. She put the crest on the coachman's buttons and on a seal ring which she gave to Tom on his eighteenth birthday, and if any of her visitors expressed any curiosity concerning the rapier or the dingy pictures or the tower musket she was always willing to tell all she knew about them. The two girls were proud of their blue blood in the same degree or even a little more so. Tom took it as a matter of course, just as his father did.

One reason that Mrs. Coomer and the girls detested Cray was that he was always making slighting remarks about the family pedigree and escutcheon. He didn't mean any harm by it, but he had a reputation for jeerfulness and had to sustain it. Noticing that Mrs. Coomer winced one day when he spoke disrespectfully of one of the pictures, he thereafter prodded the tender spot on all possible occasions. If anybody was in the library for the first time and noticed the tree and the coat Cray would get up and look at them through his eyeglasses as if he had never seen them before.

"What kind of a beast is that rubber-necking on the shield?" he would ask.

"That's a lion."

"Well, well! Who'd 'a' thought it! What has he got his off front paw stretched out that way for? Looks as if he had a cramp in it and was trying to restore the circulation."

"Well, that shows his position—passant. He is also regardant, having his neck twisted in the manner you describe."

"You are sure that you have got the animal sized up right? I don't see exactly what a lion would be doing with acorns. If they were coconuts, it might be all right, but as it is there seems to be a discrepancy, as it were. The arm with the stick and the acorns would suggest a hog as the appropriate zoological specimen."

"Maybe it should be a hog," Coomer would say, with an indignant smile, "but it's an old misprint anyway, for the Coomers of Salem have always had it that way. That old fellow up there—pointing to the lean faced ancestor in the wig—'had the lion on his family coach, so my father told me. I never paid much attention to those things."

"Couldn't even conjugate the coat?"

"Not properly, I'm afraid. You see those andirons there? Father brought them from the old Coomer mansion before it was pulled down. Quaint, aren't they? There is a lot of that old plunder around the house. Yes, that is a family picture—my grandmother. The one over the bookcase is her mother. I guess that is the real, original empire gown. Mary, where have you got those miniatures stowed away?"

"Has that old gun any history?" asks the guest.

"Well, hardly a history," says Coomer. "I believe that my great-grandfather carried that in the Revolutionary war. Yes, you may take it down. It's what they called a tower musket."

You can see the English government stamp on the lock and barrel. It looks odd in these days of repeating rifles, but those old fellows made them do the work."

"I've got one like it at home," remarks Cray, "only mine has the Springfield mark. George Washington wanted to make my ancestor, Putnam Cray, a major general, but he said that he would waive his gentility and shoulder a musket in the ranks with the rest of the boys."

Even Coomer is annoyed by this dig, and he flushes a little angrily, but the miniatures coming in give him an opportunity to treat the suer with the silent contempt it merits.

"That was the extent of Coomer's pride—just a little natural vanity, free from boastfulness—but at the same time nobody ever enjoyed any degree of intimacy with him without learning all about Dicky Creighton Coomer, the reputed owner of the rapier, who was one of the leaders of fashion in old New York; of Mistress Betty Coomer, his daughter, who was the toast of her day; of the intermarriages with the Drivingsons and the Van Bruntleers and other aristocratic families and all the rest of it. But nobody could reasonably object to that."

Coomer was, however, perfectly sincere in saying that he had never paid attention to his genealogy. His father was in business in New York—a business that had something to do with hides—and he was wealthy for the period. When he had asked any questions about the tree, Coomer senior had returned answers that were of a general rather than a special character. Most of his information he had derived from his mother, who was then a brilliant figure in New York society. She died, however, when Coomer was about 12 years old. For these reasons Coomer was hazy on the subject of his ancestry, for all his varied stock of general knowledge. Some of these days, he said, he was going to see what the ancestral domain at Salem looked like, but he put off doing so from time to time and contented himself with what additional scraps of information he could pick up in Chicago. At least he got all that he needed in one lot.

Mrs. Coomer had been down in the basement rummaging, and she made a discovery. It was an old hair trunk of a type and pattern now quite extinct, and her idea was to bring it up and set it in the hall as an antique, which it undoubtedly was. She called Coomer down to look at it, and he recognized it instantly. "It belonged to the old gentleman," he said. "I thought Brother William got that. Strange that I should have noticed it before! Have you opened it?"

"Yes," replied his wife, "but there is nothing in it but a lot of old books, not old enough to be valuable. They are mostly books on divinity."

"Well, let's empty them out," said Coomer, and he turned the old trunk upside down and spilled its contents on the floor. They were, as Mrs. Coomer had said, old books of divinity, all but one, and that one was canvas and leather bound, like a ledger. Coomer picked it up and fluttered over the leaves.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "There's a weakness I never suspected of him. He started to keep a diary. Yes, started in the word. Here's the first date—Jan. 1, 1800. How long did he keep it up? Ha! Did pretty well too. April 17 is the last entry: 'Everything going on in the same old way. Nothing of importance happened.'"

"Let me look," said Mrs. Coomer eagerly.

"Nay, nay," answered Coomer. "There may be something here that only a son's eye should scan."

He went over by the window with the book and, seating himself in a chair, began to skim through the book. It was written in a brief, concise style. But for all that the writer had evidently started in with the intention of setting everything down without reservation and with the frankness of a Pepsy. Several times Coomer had to close the diary on his thumb and abandon himself to mirth, but at last he came to an entry that made him turn pale and utter an exclamation that brought his wife to his side. It was as follows:

"Feb. 8.—Bleeker positively refuses to consider the purchase of the shipload from Argentina, and I am likely to lose money on it. I think that I will get even with Mr. Bleeker. Araminta is still worrying because the Byrbes have painted their crest on their stonopie. I told her there wasn't any crest too good for her to have if she wanted it, but she only told me not to make a bigger fool of myself than I could help. Went round to Levy Moss' in aft, and bought an assortment of old truck-pictures, miniatures, etc. I think a bargain, for some of them didn't cost more than the canvas they were painted on, so the paint and the frame is net profit. I am going to tell Mme. Minty to use them for ancestors, and I think she has got the courage to do it. Moss has got more old junk around. Among other things bought old musket and sword for a dollar and a half. I will go around and see Garter King tomorrow and have him look up a few crests and pedigrees. If he charges too much, I will claim close relationship with the Coomers of London street, who are always bragging about their old family mansion at Salem. Think that will be the best plan, anyway. Hope Mme. Minty will be satisfied, but when she married me she said that she didn't care if I didn't know who my grandfather was."

That finished the entry. Coomer looked at his wife, and she looked at him, but neither spoke. Instead Coomer took her by the hand and, tucking the fatal record beneath his arm, led her from the basement. Her arm was about his waist, and they looked like people whom affliction had brought very close together.—Chicago Record.

### FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Ned's Pockets.

The children heard mamma coming and ran gladly down the stairs to welcome her. Ellen was at the door almost before it was opened, and such kisses as she got! Then Ned, with a loud hurrah, threw his arms about the happy mamma, while little Jessie clasped mamma's hand in both her tiny ones, waiting her turn to be kissed.

"I've been a good boy, mamma," said Ned, "and my pockets are empty."

"Oh, that's a hint!" said Ellen. "Mamma knows that's a hint."

Mamma laughed. She slipped the big muff from her hand over little Jessie's head.

"How nice and cozy!" said Jessie. "Most like a big brown pussy cat! And, oh, it's better'n a pussy cat!" she cried delightedly.

And out came her hand, and in her hand was a little package done up in white paper and tied with pink cord.

Jessie dropped the "big brown pussy cat" and, with the help of Ellen and Ned, untied the pink cord. Then they found that instead of one package there were three! Three little boxes, and the little boxes were filled with candies—the sweetest candies you ever tasted.

"One for you, and one for me, and one for Ned," said Jessie. "But where's your box, mamma?"

"Here are my 'little sweets,'" said mamma, taking Ned and Ellen and Jessie in her arms.

"But you can't eat us," said Ned. "You must eat some of our candies."

And when mamma had been helped from each of the boxes she had almost as much candy as either Ellen or Ned or Jessie, but Ned had some left to put in his pockets.—Katherine Gray.

Fresh From Odessa.

Out in South Dakota there are numerous colonies of Russian immigrants who have come right through from the czar's empire without stopping to pick up any Americanisms en route. The



FOUR LITTLE RUSSIANS.

picture shows a group of three brothers and a sister, from a photograph taken at Eureka, near Aberdeen, S. D. They are in the quaint costume of the fatherland.—Minneapolis Journal.

Man In the Moon.

This is the Spanish legend of how the man in the moon got there:

One Sunday morning, long years ago, there was a man who went out to the forest to cut wood. He made a great bundle of sticks and was just about to place it upon his shoulders when a beautiful young man, dressed like a fine lord, appeared to him.

"How is it," said the stranger, "that you have been cutting wood today? Do you not know that this is the Sabbath and that on Sunday, which is the day of rest, no man should work?"

"What do I care," retorted the wood-cutter, hatching the huge bundle higher on his back, "whether it is Sunday or Monday (Monday)? It is all the same to me."

"Well, then," replied the fair youth, "who was no other than our Lord himself, "since it is the same to you, you shall go to a place where every day is Monday." And he sent him forthwith to the moon, where he may be seen carrying his bunch of fagots till doomsday.

Ants Use Shuttles.

E. G. Green, government entomologist at the botanic gardens at Pasadena, Cal., tells a most curious story about the red ant. Desiring to confirm the reported web-spinning habits of these ants, he separated some leaves that had been recently fastened together by them. The ants quickly drew the edges of the leaves together, and in about an hour afterward he noticed that small white grubs were being passed backward and forward across the gaps. Two ants held each a grub in its mouth and directed its movements as required, while from the mouth of the larvae a continuous thread of silk proceeded and was used to repair the damage. The larvae were actually used as spinning machines. There were no larvae in the disturbed enclosure. They were most likely obtained from a nest a short distance away, and this, no doubt, accounts for the length of time that passed before the rent was repaired.

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### NEW COUNCIL.

Installation of Nine Men Witnessed by Large Audience.

The changing of the personnel of a majority of the members of council, also the changing of the political complexion of that body, was witnessed on Monday evening by the largest audience that has yet attended a meeting in the Municipal building. Council organized temporarily by choosing B. F. Rute chairman and J. P. McNellis secretary. This was followed by the acceptance of the certificates of election and oaths of office presented by the eight men elected as councillors on the 19th ult.

A permanent organization was effected by the election of Charles Moersbacher as president and John J. McBrearty as secretary. A roll-call of members showed but one representative from the Second ward, and a vacancy was declared. A motion to fill the same by election brought forth a document sent to the meeting by ex-Councilman Kline, who stated that he would contest any attempt made to fill his seat. He claimed the tie vote between Joseph Schnee and himself gave him the right to hold office until his successor is elected by the people.

Council did not take this view of the matter, and by a vote of 9 to 2 (Rute and Reifsnyder) not voting, Joseph Schnee was elected to membership. Mr. Schnee was sworn in, and the roster of the new council for the present is as follows:

First ward—B. F. Rute, James P. McNellis.  
Second ward—Harry Reifsnyder, Joseph Schnee.  
Third ward—Henry Hincer, George McLaughlin.  
Fourth ward—George Sweet, P. G. Gallagher.  
Fifth ward—Patrick Meehan, Charles Moersbacher.  
Sixth ward—Edward Doggett, William Gallagher.

For treasurer John J. McMennamin and Mathias Schwabe were named. The vote was 9 to 3 in favor of McMennamin, the members dividing on party lines.

For street commissioner Daniel Shovlin was chosen without opposition.

A motion to increase the police force by adding a day patrolman was carried by a vote of 10 to 2.

For chief Charles O'Donnell received 12 votes, and for patrolmen Patrick Welsh received 12 and John Molick received 10 votes.

For borough solicitor R. J. O'Donnell received 12 votes.

For janitor Condy O'Donnell received 11 votes and Anthony Gallagher 1.

The election of a surveyor was laid over. A vote of thanks to the retiring members was passed, and the bonds of the new treasurer, street commissioner and janitor were fixed at \$20,000, \$500 and \$100 respectively.

Another meeting will be held tomorrow evening.

Previous to the reorganization of council, the old council met and chose Councilmen Meehan temporary president.

The treasurer's report showed a balance of \$787.56.

The burgess reported receipts \$22; due borough, \$15; due burgess, \$7; due T. A. Buckley, J. P., \$1.25; due Officer Mollick, \$1.75.

The police report was approved and the officers' salaries ordered paid.

Street Commissioner Davis performed work to the amount of \$39.88.

The following bills were also ordered paid: C. O. Stroth, Esq., salary and filing paper, \$151; W. E. Martin, supplies, \$6.88; Joseph McClellan, half-year's salary and postage, \$63.94; T. A. Buckley, coal, \$17.50; Joseph Birkbeck, supplies, \$16.05; John W. Davis, coal, \$1.90; A. T. Dauber, painting signs, \$6; state taxes, bonds, \$60; R. C. Roth, repairs, \$3.45; Electric Light Company, light, \$370.47; Condy O'Donnell, salary and meals, \$31.65. A bill from John Trehan for \$40 for flag-stone was not paid.

Council, having no further business to transact, adjourned sine die. The retiring members are R. F. DePiero, George S. Drasher, Harry Keck, Daniel Kline, Anthony Rudewick and Mathias Schwabe.

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Trains leave Drifton for Hazleton, Cranberry, Tomhicken and Deringer at 5:30, 6:00 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 6:00 a. m., 2:25 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Hepperton at 6:00 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:00 a. m., 2:25 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomhicken and Deringer at 6:00 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 6:00 a. m., 4:25 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Hepperton at 6:00 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:00 a. m., 2:25 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Deringer for Tomhicken, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazleton Junction and Onedia at 6:00 a. m., 4:40 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 4:57 p. m., 8:07 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Hepperton for Onedia, Humboldt Road, Harwood Road, Onedia Junction, Hazleton Junction and Roanoke at 7:11 a. m., 12:40, 5:25 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 8:11 a. m., 3:44 p. m., Sunday.

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7 40 a m for Sandy Run, White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and Scranton.

8 18 a m for Hazleton, Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia and New York.

9 30 a m for Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Pottsville, Carmel, Shamokin, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia and New York.

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 29 p m for Hazleton, Delano and Pottsville.

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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 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.

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