

# Tired and Nervous

It is easy to tell when your nerve-force and vital power are slipping away from you. When your day's work leaves you weary and exhausted; when you are so nervous, irritable and sleepless that your nights are passed in restless tossing; when you get up in the morning with no appetite for breakfast, and go around all day with a headache; you may be sure your nervous strength is being used up faster than it is being renewed.

"I was so run-down from neuralgia and LaGrippe that I was tired all the time and hardly had strength to walk across the room. Of course I could not do my work and I became greatly discouraged. A lady told me of Dr. Miles' Nervine and I sent for a bottle on trial. It helped me and I kept on using it and when I had taken two bottles I was able to attend to my household duties."

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### GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Freeland Opera House Co., Lessees.

ONE NIGHT ONLY,  
FRIDAY, MARCH 8.

THE ROMANTIC YOUNG ACTOR,  
**TOM S. TWIGG**

and Company, presenting the highly successful romantic drama in four acts.

"In the Path  
of the Plague"

Receiving the unstinted praise from the press and public alike.

His performance—a masterpiece.

The play—none better.

Under the direction of Harry Bernard.

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ONE NIGHT ONLY,  
TUESDAY, MAR. 12.

THE GREATEST DOMESTIC  
COMEDY OF THE AGE

**THE MISSOURI GIRL**

Presented by the inimitable comedian

**Mr. Fred Raymond**

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**Miss Mazie Ritchie.**

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New Songs, Dances and Specialties.

ALL NEW SCENERY.

Music by DePiero's Orchestra.

Prices: 25, 35, 50 and 75 Cents.

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#### STAGE GLINTS.

Charles A. Bigelow again is mentioned as a probable star of next season. Letters of Jenny Lind, the famous "Swedish Nightingale," will shortly be published.

A big revival of "The Merchant of Venice" is to be made this spring by Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott.

Mr. Jefferson, now at Palm Beach, Fla., will resume acting about the 1st of April and will play for five weeks.

Isabel Irving is the actress engaged for the role of Lady Jocelyn Leigh in the play made from "To Have and to Hold."

One Gotham critic recently declared that "Garrett O'Maghi" is the best play in which Chauncey Olcott has been seen as a star.

"When We Were Twenty-one," presented by Mr. Nat C. Goodwin and Miss Maxine Elliott, has repeated its success of last season.

Mme. Rejane has started a fund in Paris to build a home for the orphans of actors, and the subscriptions already amount to 55,796 francs.

Helen Dauray, once a successful star in "One of Our Girls" and who has been in retirement for a number of years, is said to be planning a return to the stage.

William Gillette does not believe in curtain calls. On the subject he recently said, "If I ever write another play, it will be on the promise that no act calls are to be given."

Some of the fervor of the peasant actors in the Passion play is said to be due to the fact that a score or more of priests are continually behind the scenes urging upon the actors the solemnity and religious aspect of the play.

#### WHAT PLEASURES A WOMAN.

It pleases her to be called sensible. It pleases her to be called well dressed.

It pleases her to be told that she is fascinating. It pleases her to be told that she improves man by her companionship.

It pleases her to depend on some man and pretend that she is ruling him. It pleases her to be treated courteously and with respect and to be talked to reasonably.

It pleases her to be treated sensibly and honestly, to be considered and questioned and not treated as a butterfly, with no head or heart.

It pleases her to be loved and admired by a man who is strong enough to rule and subdue her and make his way her way, to lead her and take care of her.

It pleases her to find happiness in being ruled by an intellect that she can look up to admiringly and one to whom her mind bows in reverence.—St. Louis Republic.

#### APHORISMS.

Illness is many gathered miseries in one name.—Richter.

Self inspection is the best cure for self esteem.—Channing.

Silence is the understanding of fools and one of the virtues of the wise.—Boileau.

Industrious wisdom often doth prevent what lazy folly thinks inevitable.—Massinger.

Since the generality of persons act from impulse much more than from principle, men are neither so good nor so bad as we are apt to think them.—Hare.

One principal reason why men are so often useless is that they divide and shift their attention among a multiplicity of objects and pursuits.—Emmons.

It is only imperfection that complains of what is imperfect. The more perfect we are the more gentle and quiet we become toward the defects of others.—Fenelon.

Prof. Ivison, of Lonaconing, Md., suffered terribly from neuralgia of the stomach and indigestion for thirteen years and after the doctors failed to cure him they fed him on morphine. A friend advised the use of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure and after taking a few bottles of it he says, "It has cured me entirely. I can't say too much for Kodol Dyspepsia Cure." It digests what you eat. Grover's City drug store.

Gentlemen, for hats and caps go to A. Oswald. He has a nice variety.

**CASTORIA.**  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Beware of Imitations  
Signature *Wm. D. Galt*

### A Chinese Widow

Tehouang Tsen of the country of Soung was a learned man who carried his wisdom so far as to detach himself from all perishable things. He had avoided the error so common to mankind of struggling to acquire useless riches and vanities or honors.

He must have been profoundly satisfied with his career, for after his death he was proclaimed as happy and worthy of envy.

Now, in the days the gods accorded him to pass under green skies amid flowery bushes, willows and bamboos, Tehouang Tsen was accustomed to walk dreamily through the country.

One day, when wandering along the flowery slopes of the mountain of Nam Hoa, he found himself unexpectedly in the middle of a cemetery, where the dead, according to the custom of the country, repose under hillocks of beaten earth. At the sight of these innumerable tombs, which spread above the horizon, the learned man meditated on the destiny of man. "Alas!" thought he, "Behold the highway where all the roads of life end. When once one has taken a place in this resting place of the dead, one never sees the light of day again!"

As he was moralizing thus he suddenly perceived a young woman in mourning garb—that is to say, in a long, white, seamless robe of coarse material—seated beside a tomb, fanning with a white fan the earth of a freshly covered funeral mound.

Curious to learn the meaning of so strange an action, Tehouang Tsen saluted the young lady with great politeness and said:

"Madame, dare I ask you without offense what person is sleeping beneath this tomb and why you give yourself so much trouble to fan the earth that covers it?"

"I am a philosopher and like to know the causes of things, and here is one that escapes me, that I cannot even guess at."

The young woman continued to move her fan back and forth. She blushed, lowered her head and murmured a few words that the good man could not hear.

He renewed his question several times, but in vain. The young woman took no further notice of him, and it seemed as though her very soul had passed into the hand that was so busily moving the fan.

Tehouang Tsen went his way regretfully. Although he well knew that all is vanity, he was naturally inclined to seek the motive of human actions and particularly those of women.

This little creature's odd occupation aroused within him a malevolent but lively curiosity. He continued his walk slowly onward, but turned his head occasionally to watch the fan, which still beat the air like the wing of a huge butterfly, when all of a sudden an old woman whom he had not seen at first, approached him and made a sign to follow her.

She drew him into the shadow of a mound a little higher than the rest and said to him:

"I heard you ask my mistress a question to which she made no reply. I will satisfy your curiosity, from a natural wish to oblige and in the hope that you will be wiser than the wherewith to buy from the priest the magic paper which possesses the power of prolonging my life."

Tehouang Tsen drew out his purse and placed a piece of money in her hand, and the old woman spoke as follows:

"The lady that you saw seated beside a tomb is Mme. Lu, the widow of a learned man named Tao, who died 15 days ago after a long illness, and the tomb is her husband's. They loved each other most tenderly, and even when dying M. Tao could not reconcile himself to their separation, and the idea of leaving her behind in the world in the flower of her age and her wisdom was altogether insupportable to him. However, toward the end he became resigned, for he was of gentle nature, and his soul submitted to the inevitable."

"Weeping at the head of M. Tao's bed, that she had never left during his entire illness, Mme. Lu called upon the gods to grant her wishes, that she would never survive him, but would share his grave even as she had shared his couch."

"But M. Tao said to her, 'Madame, do not swear such a thing as that.' 'At least,' continued she, 'if I must survive you, if I am condemned by the geni to still behold the light of day when you can no longer see it, know that I will never consent to become the wife of another, and that I will never have but one husband, the same as I have but one soul.'"

"But M. Tao said to her, 'Madame, do not swear that.' 'Oh, M. Tao, M. Tao! Let me swear then that for at least five years I will not think of marrying again.'"

"But M. Tao said to her, 'Madame, do not swear that. Swear only that you will keep my memory faithful in your heart until the earth shall have dried over my grave.'"

"Mme. Lu took the oath and the good M. Tao closed his eyes never to open them again."

"The despair of Mme. Lu surpassed all bounds. Her eyes were swollen with weeping and her pretty, soft cheeks were scratched to pieces by her sharp little fingernails, but everything passes away, and the torrent of her grief soon spent its force."

"Three days after the death of M. Tao Mme. Lu's sadness had become human. She was told that a young man, a follower of M. Tao's, desired an interview to express the grief and sympathy he felt on this sad occasion. She thought it would not be right to refuse him this privilege, and she was correct. She received him with sighs."

"The young man was of distinguished bearing and handsome face. He spoke to her a little about M. Tao and much about himself. He told her she was charming and that he felt he loved her. She allowed him to talk. He promised to return soon. In the meantime Mme. Lu, seated beside her husband's funeral mound, where you saw her, passes her time in drying the earth which covers her tomb with the air stirred up by her fan."

When the old woman had finished her story, Tehouang Tsen thought:

"Youth is short, the incitement of desire gives wings to young women and young men. After all, Mme. Lu is an honest young person, striving to keep her promise. It is an example worthy to present to the white women of Europe."

—Exchange.

**Reminiscent.**  
Mr. Skimmerhorn (as the participants in the debate become personal)—I was a thundering fool when I asked you to marry me!

Mrs. Skimmerhorn—Well, you looked it, dear.—Chicago Tribune.

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### RAILROAD TIMETABLES

THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD.  
Time table in effect April 18, 1901.

Trains leave HAZLETON for JEDDO, ECKLEY, HAZLE BROOK, STOCKTON, BEAVER MEADOW ROAD, HAZLETON and HAZLETON JUNCTION at 8:30 a. m., daily except Sunday, and 7:00 a. m., 2:30 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave HAZLETON for HARWOOD, GRANITERY, TOMBUCKEN and DERINGER at 8:30 a. m., daily except Sunday, and 2:30 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave HAZLETON JUNCTION for ONEDIA JUNCTION, HARWOOD ROAD, HUMBOLDT ROAD, ONEDIA and SHEPPERTON at 6:00 a. m., daily except Sunday, and 7:00 a. m., 2:30 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave DERINGER for TOMBUCKEN, GRANITERY, HAZLETON, HAZLETON JUNCTION and HAZLETON at 1:25, 5:40 p. m., daily except Sunday, and 9:30 a. m., 3:45 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave HAZLETON JUNCTION for BEAVER MEADOW ROAD, STOCKTON, HAZLETON, ECKLEY, JEDDO and DRIFTON at 6:40, 6:55 p. m., daily except Sunday, and 10:10 a. m., Sunday.

All trains connect at HAZLETON JUNCTION with electric cars for HAZLETON, JEANNEVILLE, 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 P. R. R. trains for Wilkes-Barre, Sunbury, 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 7:00 p. m., daily, except Sunday, arriving at Deringer at 7:40 p. m.

LUTHER C. SMITH, Superintendent.

### LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD

March 3, 1901.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS

LEAVE PHILADELPHIA:

12 a. m. for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Pottsville, 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 and New York.

9 30 a. m. for HAZLETON, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, 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 29 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, Mauch Chunk, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Shenandoah, Mt. Carmel, Shamokin, Mahanoy City and HAZLETON.

7 29 p. m. from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and White Haven.

For further information inquire of Ticket Agent, ROLLIN B. WILLY, General Superintendent, 28 Cortlandt Street, New York City. CHAS. S. LEE, General Passenger Agent, 38 Cortlandt Street, New York City. G. J. GILDROY, Division Superintendent, HAZLETON, Pa.

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