

Trembling Nerves

Are hungry nerves—nerves that are starved until they have no vitality left. They have lost all power to regain their natural strength and steadiness. You who are restless, nervous, fidgety, depressed in spirits, worried, worn-out and sleepless, should feed your nerves. Build them up and give them new life and strength before they fail you entirely. Now is the time to do it; and the best food you can use is

"My daughter was so nervous that she trembled all the time, and at night she was so restless that she slept but little, frequently twitching and jerking while asleep. She had been growing worse for some time when we began giving her Dr. Miles' Nervine. The first night she rested well, and five bottles made her nerves as strong and steady as they ever were."

MRS. G. M. GRIGGS, Grafton, Cal.

Dr. Miles' Nervine.

It is a brain-builder and nerve-strengthenener of remarkable power, and a speedy remedy for nervous troubles of every description. Buy a bottle to-day.

Sold by all Druggists on a guarantee.

Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

THE LANCE IN WARFARE.

When the war in the Transvaal broke out, Dr. Frederick Schaffer, a distinguished German army surgeon, obtained permission to accompany the British troops, his object being to ascertain to what extent the lance is effective as a weapon in war. During the campaign he devoted his entire attention to this subject, and now he has returned home and forwarded to his government an official report thereon.

In it he says that wounds caused by a lance are not dangerous and are easily cured, and that the reason is because the iron point of the weapon is round and therefore passes through the organs of the body without injuring them to any great extent. "Being such a humane weapon," he points out, "the lance is by no means as valuable in war as is generally supposed. Nevertheless it can be made a dangerous weapon by merely changing the form of its point, and if the military authorities decide to retain it as a portion of the equipment of cavalry this should certainly be done."

This suggestion is exciting a good deal of comment in Europe. The Frankfort Gazette, apparently appalled at the thought of transforming a humane weapon into a cruel one, says sarcastically: "We propose that the point of the lance be made of such a shape that it will lacerate every organ in the body and render the cure of every wound utterly impossible. Furthermore, it will be well for the authorities to seriously consider the advisability of impregnating the point of the lance with some deadly poison."

A German Officer's Knowledge.
The "map question" in South Africa is said to be responsible for a number of our disasters. As showing how very differently the surveying of other countries is attended to in the German army, a correspondent sends the following story: "A few weeks ago I happened to be in Berlin. I chanced to remark to a young staff officer that immediately on arrival in London business would take me to a little Hampshire village. As it was many miles from the station I would, I observed, probably have great difficulty in obtaining a conveyance. 'Not at all,' promptly observed my friend. 'You will reach the railway station at 2:30 p. m. on Thursday afternoon. It is market day, and an omnibus leaves the station for the village on that day at hourly intervals between 10 a. m. and 6 p. m. If you choose to walk, however, you must remember to take the second turning on the left and the first on the right after leaving the station.' Of course I asked my informant if he had visited the place. 'I have never been in England in my life,' was the answer. 'I am on the surveying staff, and the southeastern portion of Hampshire is my district.'—London Chronicle.

A Big Frog Farm.
How many generations ago was it when unkind British satirists began calling Frenchmen frog eaters in accents of sneering and contempt? It is not unlikely that in these days as many frogs' legs are cooked and eaten in the United States as in our sister republic over the sea. The sales in our American homes and restaurants seems to be steadily increasing. Several keen New Englanders have put their heads together and also their capital and have decided to start a huge frog farm not a hundred miles from Boston. The annual crop will not be sent across the ocean, but will be taken in the markets of our principal cities. This is a time of odd and novel industries. Is there a possible profit in tadpoles too?

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat. It 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, Gastralgia, Cramps and all other results of imperfect digestion. Price 50c, and \$1. Large size contains 24 times more. Book all about dyspepsia mailed free. Prepared by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago. Grover's City Drug Store.

Well Behaved Washington.

Washington is perhaps the most moral of the large cities of the country. There are no gambling houses. Faro, roulette and keno are unknown. Poker, when played, is restricted to small groups in private rooms. Sunday observance is notable. Not only are saloons shut tight, but other places of business, save where food or newspapers or drugs are on sale. No theatrical entertainments are given, the last vaudeville house which attempted a Sunday night performance having yielded to pressure the past year. The observance of the liquor law is not merely formal, with the evasions of side doors, as found in some cities. It is actual, licensed places closing promptly at the hours specified in the law.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Dirt Eaters.

There is an old legend that every man must eat a peck of dirt before he dies. In some parts of Australia people eat more than a peck of it and do actually die as a result. There is a disease there which frequently becomes epidemic, and it has now in North Queensland, and which takes the form of inspiring its victims with a mad desire to eat earth. At Geraldton, Cooktown and Townsville conditions are more serious, and it is feared that the scourge will spread and that the school children will come under its influence. A commission of medical men has just been appointed to consider means of checking the disease.

New Orleans Markets.

By the operation of a new law nearly 1,000 green grocers, butchers and poultry sellers in New Orleans are forced to close their places of business permanently. The law in question prohibits the establishment of a private market within 3,200 feet of a public market and was enacted in the interest of the public market lessees in order to increase the revenue of the city. It has been tested and upheld in the courts. The public markets now have a monopoly, and food prices in New Orleans will go up 10 or 15 per cent.—New York Tribune.

Acquaintance Renewed.

Bunko Bill—Hello, uncle, haven't we met before?
Reuben Granger—Guess we have. It was down in Hardscrabble, when you was sellin' the farmers them '3 churns and every cussed contract turned up ter be a \$300 note. I met you with six citizens and a rope.
Bill—Aw, here, now, let me down easy!
Reub—Did that onct—and too quick.—Denver News.

She Needs It.



"Stop that noise! Do you want to wake your mother out of her beauty sleep?"—New York Evening Journal.

No Venture About It.

"Is this your first venture in matrimony?" the preacher asked while the groom was out in the vestibule giving certain instructions to the best man, who was also his head clerk.
"My dear Mr. Goodleigh," she replied, almost blushing, "this isn't a venture at all. He has given me deeds to more than \$50,000 worth of property already."—Chicago Times-Herald.

The stomach controls the situation. Those who are hearty and strong are those who can eat and digest plenty of food. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat and allows you to eat all the good food you want. If you suffer from indigestion, heartburn, belching or any other stomach trouble, this preparation can't help but do you good. The most sensitive stomachs can take it. Grover's City Drug Store.

Stage Line to Eckley.
George Fisher's stage coach will make two trips a day to and from Eckley. Stage leaves Freeport at 8 a. m. and 4 p. m. On Thursday of each week the stage will make a trip to Laurytown. Line will begin operation on Friday morning.

Wandering Wits.

Coventry Patmore, the English poet, was a somewhat inattentive and careless driver and when his fits of reverie came upon him would allow the horse to follow its own equine will. One day he took his wife for a drive, and they went on and on until evening began to fall. Mr. Patmore, absorbed in his own thoughts, had no idea of turning, nor could his wife arouse him to a sense of their situation. She spoke to him. He did not answer. She shook him and then, as a last resort, stopped the horse. This brought her husband to himself, and he acknowledged that the region was entirely unknown to him. A countryman presently appeared, and they asked him the way to Heron's Ghyll.
"I don't rightly know," said he, "but if you go on as you're going you'll be drowned."

Indeed there proved to be a large pond but a few yards beyond the spot where they had stopped.

This habit of inattentive driving became a fixed one and even impressed itself upon the mind of Mr. Patmore's little son. One day, after he had been his father's companion on such an excursion, he sought Mrs. Patmore.

"Mamma," said he, "Pipple would rather not be a poet when he's a man."
"Why not?" asked Mrs. Patmore.
"Because," said the child, "poets take so long to drive to Winchelsea."—Youth's Companion.

She Knew the Day Well.

A poor little faded woman had been brought into court as witness in a case involving very important issues. The entire case depended on the fact that a paper had been signed on a certain day, and this the forlorn little woman was prepared to prove.

"You saw the paper signed?" asked the opposing counsel in cross examination.

"Yes, sir."
"And you take your oath that it was the 13th of August?"
"I know it was, sir."

The lawyer, who thought another date could be proved, assumed an exasperating smile and repeated her words.
"You know it was? And now be so good as to tell us how you know it?"

The poor little creature looked from one countenance to another with wide, sorrowful eyes, as if she sought understanding and sympathy; then her gaze rested on the kindly face of the judge.
"I know," she said as if speaking to him alone, "because that was the day my baby died."—Pearson's Weekly.

An Odd Change Pursue.

By long odds the neatest change purse I have ever seen comes from the land of the Aztecs and is of pure Indian origin. Two disks of embossed leather 2 1/2 inches in diameter are sewed together on their perimeters except for the space of 1/4 inches, thus leaving an opening into which coins may be introduced. This pocket is now placed between two other embossed disks three inches in diameter, which are likewise sewed together on their perimeters except for a space of two inches, and the arc thus left is cut away, permitting the inner pocket to be turned by pulling with the thumb and finger, but not allowing it to escape from the outer covering. Turn said inner pocket around until the opening appears, put in the coins and turn back until the opening is concealed. It is impossible to lose a coin and impossible to extract change until the openings in the inner and outer pockets coincide.—New York Press.

A Hustler.

The Merchants' Review tells this story of a drummer for an Ithaca grocery house: The grocer sent out an energetic young man to canvass for new customers. He worked hard for the interests of his employer and also somewhat wearied the good housewives whom he called upon. At one house he used up his whole line of argument and gasped for more, as the lady of the house still said she was perfectly satisfied with her regular grocer.

Then a happy thought struck him, and he said: "Mrs. Jones, I wouldn't for the world say anything against that grocer you patronize, but let me ask you if you think that he cares anything for you except your money? Do you think that he intends to plant roses on your grave? Now, you just trade with my firm, and I guarantee that they will give you entire satisfaction."

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Signature of *Chas. H. Little*
CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Signature of *Chas. H. Little*

Munachar and Manachar.

From the Celtic.

Munachar and Manachar went out to pick raspberries. Munachar ate Munachar's berries, every one. Munachar went to get a rod to make a gad to hang Manachar.

"You will not get me," said the rod, "until you get an ax to cut me." He came to the ax. "What news today?" said the ax. "It's my own news I'm seeking. Going looking for an ax, an ax to cut a rod, a rod to make a gad, a gad to hang Manachar, who ate my raspberries every one."

"You will not get me," said the ax, "until you get a flag to edge me." He came to the flag. "What news today?" said the flag. "It's my own news I'm seeking. Going looking for a flag, flag to edge an ax, an ax to cut a rod, a rod to make a gad, a gad to hang Manachar, who ate my raspberries every one."

"You will not get me," says the flag, "until you get water to wet me." He came to the water. "What news today?" said the water. "It's my own news I'm seeking. Going looking for water, water to wet flag to edge an ax, an ax to cut a rod, a rod to make a gad, a gad to hang Manachar, who ate my raspberries every one."

"You will not get me," said the water, "until you get a deer who will swim me." He came to the deer. "What news today?" says the deer. "It's my own news I'm seeking. Going looking for a deer, deer to swim water, water to wet flag, flag to edge an ax, an ax to cut a rod, a rod to make a gad, a gad to hang Manachar, who ate my raspberries every one."

"You will not get me," said the deer, "until you get a hound who will hunt me." He came to the hound. "What news today?" says the hound. "It's my own news I'm seeking. Going looking for a hound, hound to hunt deer, deer to swim water, water to wet flag, flag to edge an ax, an ax to cut a rod, a rod to make a gad, a gad to hang Manachar, who ate my raspberries every one."

"You will not get me," said the hound, "until you get a bit of butter to put in my claw." He came to the butter. "What news today?" says the butter. "It's my own news I'm seeking. Going looking for butter, butter to go in claw of hound, hound to hunt deer, deer to swim water, water to wet flag, flag to edge an ax, an ax to cut a rod, a rod to make a gad, a gad to hang Manachar, who ate my raspberries every one."

"You will not get me," said the butter, "until you get a cat who will scrape me." He came to the cat. "What news today?" said the cat. "It's my own news I'm seeking. Going looking for a cat, cat to scrape butter, butter to go in claw of hound, hound to hunt deer, deer to swim water, water to wet flag, flag to edge an ax, an ax to cut a rod, a rod to make a gad, a gad to hang Manachar, who ate my raspberries every one."

"You will not get me," said the cat, "until you get milk which you will give me." He came to the cow. "What news today?" said the cow. "It's my own news I'm seeking. Going looking for a cow, cow to give me milk, milk I will give to the cat, cat to scrape butter, butter to go in claw of hound, hound to hunt deer, deer to swim water, water to wet flag, flag to edge an ax, an ax to cut a rod, a rod to make a gad, a gad to hang Manachar, who ate my raspberries every one."

"You will not get me," said the cow, "until you bring me a whisp of straw from the thrashers." He came to the thrashers. "What news today?" said the thrashers. "It's my own news I'm seeking. Going looking for a whisp of straw from you to give to the cow, the cow to give me milk, milk I will give to the cat, cat to scrape butter, butter to go in claw of hound, hound to hunt deer, deer to swim water, water to wet flag, flag to edge an ax, an ax to cut a rod, a rod to make a gad, a gad to hang Manachar, who ate my raspberries every one."

"You will not get any whisp of straw from us," said the thrashers, "until you bring us the makings of a cake from the miller over yonder." He came to the miller. "What news today?" said the miller. "It's my own news I'm seeking. Going looking for the making of a cake which I will give to the thrashers, the thrashers to give me a whisp of straw, the whisp of straw from you to give to the cow, the cow to give me milk, milk I will give to the cat, cat to scrape butter, butter to go in claw of hound, hound to hunt deer, deer to swim water, water to wet flag, flag to edge an ax, an ax to cut a rod, a rod to make a gad, a gad to hang Manachar, who ate my raspberries every one."

"You will not get any makings of a cake from us," said the miller, "until you bring me the full of that sieve of water from the river over there." He took the sieve in his hand and went over to the river, but as often as ever he would stoop and fill it with water, the moment he raised it the water would run out of it again, and sure, if he had been there from that day to this, he never could have filled it. A crow went flying by him, over his head. "Daub, daub," said the crow. "My blessings on ye, then," said Manachar, "but it's the good advice ye have," and he took the red clay and the daub that was by the brink, and he rubbed it to the bottom of the sieve, until all the holes were filled, and then the sieve held the water, and he brought the water to the miller, and the miller gave him the makings of a cake, and he gave the makings of the cake to the thrashers, and the thrashers gave him a whisp of straw, and the cow gave him milk, the milk he gave to the cat, the cat scraped the butter, the butter went into the claw of the hound, the hound hunted the deer, the deer swam the water, the water wet the flag, the flag sharpened the ax, the ax cut the rod, and the rod made a gad, and when he had it Manachar had burst.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

An Ancient Gem.

A "gem," strictly speaking, is not merely a precious stone. It is an engraved stone. Two thousand years ago gem cutters understood how to polish the cutting of an engraving throughout on both sides. The art is now lost. A gentleman named Thornton, residing in Sydney, has in his possession a chrysopepr with a perfectly cut and polished engraving upon it. It was found many years ago in the catacombs of Rome. A banker who has a wonderful collection of engraved stones has offered as much as \$40,000 without tempting the owner to part.—London Standard.

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

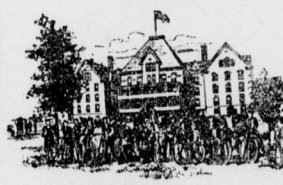
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East Stroudsburg, Pa.
This winter term of this popular institution for the training of teachers opens Jan. 2, 1901. The practical training school for teachers is located in the most beautiful and charming part of the state, within the great summer resort region of the state, on the main line of the D. & W. Railroad.
Excellent facilities; Music, Elocutionary, College Preparatory, Sewing and Modeling departments.
Superior faculty; pupils coached free; pure mountain water; rooms furnished throughout; GOOD BOARDING A RECOGNIZED FEATURE.
We are the only normal school that paid the state aid in full to all its pupils this spring term.
Write for catalogue and full information while this advertisement is before you. We have something of interest for you.
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Coughs, Colds, Grippe, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis and Incipient Consumption, is
OTTO'S CURE
The GERMAN REMEDY Cures throat and lung diseases. Sold by all druggists. 25¢ and 50¢.

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Is the Best Paper in Northeastern Pennsylvania. It contains Complete Local, Telegraphic and General News. Prints only the News that's fit to Print. 50 Cents a Month. Address: \$6 a Year by Mail The Record, or Carriers—WILKES-BARRE, PA.

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CONSUMPTION

RAILROAD TIMETABLES

THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD.
Time table in effect March 10, 1901.
Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Eckley, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Gouss and Hazelton Junction at 6:00 a. m. daily except Sunday; and 7:07 a. m. 2:35 p. m. Sunday.
Trains leave Drifton for Hazlewood, Cranberry, Umhickon and Deringer at 6:00 a. m. daily except Sunday; and 7:17 a. m. 2:35 p. m. Sunday.
Trains leave Drifton for Oneida Junction, Hazlewood, Humboldt Road, Oneida and Shepton at 6:00 a. m. daily except Sunday; and 7:37 a. m. 4:11 p. m. Sunday.
Trains leave Drifter for Tomhicken, Cranberry, Hazlewood, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Hazelton Junction at 6:00 a. m. daily except Sunday; and 7:07 a. m. 2:35 p. m. Sunday.
Trains leave Hazelton Junction for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5:40 a. m. daily except Sunday; and 8:11 a. m. 3:44 p. m. Sunday.
Trains leave Shepton for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5:40 p. m. daily except Sunday; and 10:10 a. m. 3:40 p. m. Sunday.
All trains connect at Hazleton Junction with electric cars for Hazleton, Jenneville, Auderick and other points on the Traction Company's line.
Train leaving Drifton at 6:00 a. m. makes connection at Deringer with P. R. R. trains for Wilkes-Barre, Scranton, Harrisburg and points west.
LUTHER C. SMITH, Superintendent.

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.

March 5, 1901.
ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.
LEAVE FREEHOLD.
5:12 a. m. for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, New York and Delaware and Pottsville.
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, Carmel, Shamokin.
10:20 a. 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 FREEHOLD.
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 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.
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