

**900 DROPS**  
**CASTORIA**  
A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of **INFANTS & CHILDREN.**  
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. **NOT NARCOTIC.**  
Prescribed by **DR. SAMUEL PITCHEP**  
Pumpkin Seed -  
Aloe Senna -  
Balaam's Syrup -  
Aster Seed -  
Sage -  
Sulphur -  
Cinnamon -  
Candied Sugar -  
Wintergreen -  
Pineapple -

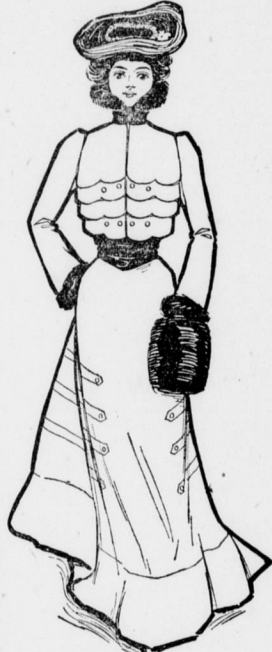
A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and **LOSS OF SLEEP.**  
Fac Simile Signature of  
**Chas. H. Fletcher.**  
**NEW YORK.**  
At 6 months old  
**35 DOSES - 35 CENTS.**  
EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

# CASTORIA

**For Infants and Children.**  
The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of **Chas. H. Fletcher** of **In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA**  
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

## WOMAN AND FASHION.

**Attractive Outdoor Toilet—Coats Are the Cult—A Pretty Princess Dress.**



The toilet illustrated is of dark green cloth trimmed with light green cloth, gold buttons and marten fur. The skirt is gathered at the back and encircled with three bands of the light cloth.

**ATTRACTIVE OUTDOOR TOILET.**  
which terminate at either side of the front in a point adorned with a gold button.  
The bolero is composed of four scalloped pieces of cloth, two dark and two light, the light ones being enriched in front with the buttons. It is invisibly fastened down the center of the front and fits over the wide draped centre of black satin. A high flaring collar of dark green cloth faced with fur makes a pretty and a very comfortable frame for the face. The long bell shaped sleeves are simply trimmed with a band of fur at the hands.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## NEW SHORT STORIES.

**How Bryan Was Introduced—The Trooper and General Butler—Baden-Powell Was Frightened.**

"That story that Senator Towne told on W. J. Bryan the other day reminds me of one that Mr. Bryan told in a company where I was a guest," said Representative Dave Mercer. "Shortly after Bryan had arrived in Lincoln and begun the practice of law it got noised about that he was a good speaker, and he was somewhat in demand at meetings in the small places.  
"One night he was asked to speak at a schoolhouse 15 miles from Lincoln. He drove over. The night was bitterly cold, and Bryan hastened to the big store when he got into the room. While he was thawing out a little, wizened Irishman came up to him and introduced himself as the chairman of the meeting.  
"Now, I'll tell you what I want you to do," said Mr. Bryan to the chairman after they had exchanged greetings. "I have driven 15 miles to talk for your people. Of course I do not expect any fee, but when you introduce me I wish you would say, 'Ladies and gentlemen, you will now be addressed by W. J. Bryan, the rising young attorney of Lincoln.' I think the little advertisement I shall get is no more than my due."  
"The chairman agreed, and they rehearsed the introduction several times until the chairman was sure he had it letter perfect. Then the meeting was called to order. When Bryan's turn came, the chairman rose, started to speak, stopped, started again and then looked at Bryan in a helpless sort of way. "Go on," whispered Bryan.  
"The chairman took a long breath and blurted, 'Ladies and gentlemen, Mithur O'Brien will shpake.'"—Cleveland World.  
**The Trooper and General Butler.**  
We are asked by one of our correspondents, a trooper in Stratheona's horse, to publish the following account of an amusing incident which occurred on the occasion of the departure of General Butler last year from Cape Town by the mail steamer. As the general was passing from the wharf to the ship there was standing at the other end of the gangway, smoking a cigar, a tall trooper of Stratheona's horse. As the general stepped on board the trooper touched his big cowboy hat and shouted, "Waal, goodly, general!" The general looked up and smiled and, at the same time recognizing the uniform, said, "Oh, Stratheona's horse!" The trooper said, "You bet." The general put out his hand, shook hands with the trooper and said, "I hope to see your regiment in England." To which the man replied, "I guess we'll get there all right, and tell the queen we're coming, and we'll make things howl too." Our correspondent adds: "This shows what a fine general he is; not proud and a 'white' man every inch of him. We have been with him since we came out here, and like all his troops, would follow him anywhere."—London Globe.  
**Baden-Powell Was Frightened.**  
A Cape correspondent at Pretoria says that when Baden-Powell was on the point of embarking upon the south bound train a plump, pleasant looking little woman tapped him on the arm. "Good morning, sir," she said. "Are you not General Baden-Powell? I am Mrs. Sarel Eloff."  
Baden-Powell looked a little scared. "You know you took my husband prisoner at Mafeking."  
"Oh, yes," said Baden-Powell, still nervous. "You see, he came and tried to kill us, so we took him prisoner."  
"Oh, I know," said Mrs. Eloff, accepting the apology, and then after some conversation they parted, Baden-Powell saying as he entered the train: "Your husband was a very brave man. I don't think he bore me any malice, and I hope you don't." And the cheery little person, who, by the way, was by no means in anything approaching mourning, replied brightly: "No; of course not. You were very kind to him."  
**Perfumes.**  
In the collecting of perfumes two processes are employed. In one, the grease process, boxes with glass bottoms are prepared, the bottom being covered with pure grease or suet, and the flowers gathered fresh every day during the season are laid on trays in the box, the grease being left to absorb their fragrance. In the oil process the place of grease is taken by cotton batting saturated with oil, the process being substantially the same.

**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.

**McMENAMIN'S**  
**Gents' Furnishing, Hat and Shoe Store,**  
86 South Centre Street.

## DAME URSULA'S GOLD.

Nearly 50 years ago, in the city of New York, not far from what is now called the Battery, there stood a square and gloomy looking edifice of stone, then occupied by a rich old dame, Ursula Bond, with her granddaughter, Leonora, who was in her seventeenth year, when, one evening in June as she looked from the door ere she should bar, bolt and lock it for the night, a frank and manly voice called out from a near heap of old boards, where the owner of the voice had been watching for more than an hour:  
"Lo!"  
"Hist!" whispered the maiden. "Is it you, Walter?"  
"Is the coast all clear?" was the reply, as a tall and handsome youth of 23 years showed his activity by gaining the side of the maiden by a bound that cleared fully ten feet.  
"Why have you come so late?" she asked.  
"You must let me remain in the house all night. This morning as I was going to my work I passed the open window of an alcove, and I heard a strange voice mention your name. The voices in the alcove were speaking in French, which, you know, I have learned by night study. Well, I heard enough to tell me that the strangers—there were two of them—intend to pay Dame Ursula a visit some time between midnight and dawn and for no good purpose. So here I am to act as your defender."  
"But you should have told the police."  
"Bah for the police!" said Walter Brandon. "Am I not a match for two men who speak bad French?"  
"But, my dear Walter!"  
But Walter had glided into the house and vanished as quickly as one of those rats he had mentioned.  
Leonora was in great perplexity, yet as she had boundless faith in the discretion of her lover she barred the door and hastened to her grandmother.  
"You've been very long in barring the door," said the old woman, as she closed her huge ledger, which was to her what a Bible should have been. "I thought I heard the voice of that impudent young carpenter, Walter Brandon."  
"Please, grandmother, let me have a light," said Leonora, who trembled at the thought of spending that night in darkness.  
"A light!" screamed Dame Ursula, astonished at such extravagance; "away with you; you will be asking for something more to eat next."  
"That night, as the clock in the hall struck 2, the dame was aroused from a golden dream by a sharp pain in her neck and a loud oath.  
Springing from her bed, she shrieked for help, and pursued by the assassin rushed into the hall. She gained a distant room in time to lock herself in. At this instant her horrors were augmented by the report of a pistol, immediately followed by a shrill scream, and then by another pistol shot, and ere the echo had died away the assassin burst the old door from its hinges and was in the room. The horror the dame endured as she crouched against the wall, praying that the darkness might shield her, curled her blood in her veins. But suddenly the assassin sprang a light. At the sight of this man, instead of crouching in fear or seraglio with terror, the dame sprang to her feet, saying:  
"So it is you, John Bond, who have returned to murder your wife—coward!"  
"Hag!" hissed the old man—yet he was much younger than she—"do you think because the devil lets you live so long that you are to live forever? Tell me where you have hidden your boards, and those of your first husband, whom all men say you poisoned to marry John Bond."  
"To tell you, I must leave this room," said Ursula, as her corpulent visage grew livid with hate and despair.  
"Whither, treacherous hag! Come!"  
And stepping boldly by him she went on along the hall, lit by the thief's lantern, which he carried.  
"If I suspect treachery—if you cry for help—I will shoot you dead, Ursula Bond." Ursula led the way.  
"Lift that trap, John Bond," said she, pointing to a heavy iron ring imbedded in the floor.

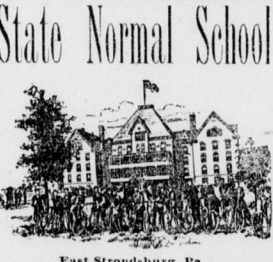
"Lift it yourself, hag! If your treasures are there, you have made daily practice of going down to them."  
Ursula grasped the ring with both hands and strove to raise it, growing impatient, he grasped it himself and raised a trapdoor about three feet square. As he staggered under the weight Ursula sprang against him, and he fell headlong into the aperture.  
Let us return to Walter. While Bond entered the house from the front his accomplice, a brutal wretch from France, had gained a noiseless entrance from the rear. Had Walter been at his post this would not have happened, but poor Leonora, horrified at the thought of what might happen to her lover, had sought him, instead of her couch.  
Not until the sudden flash from the French burglar's lantern streamed across the room did Walter remember his self imposed office, and as he sprang to his feet the burglar, turning to fly, was shot through the lungs. But as he fell he returned the shot, and Walter, with the thought that his skull was crushed, fell senseless. Poor Leonora had already swooned.  
When Walter regained his senses, he found his sweetheart weeping and chafing his hands, and he was delighted to discover that the robber's bullet had only stunned him. The burglar was dead.  
Not six months from that night Walter became the husband of the wealthy Leonora, who was sole heiress of Dame Ursula's wealth, much of which, in gold, was found secreted about the mansion. The year following, as Walter was directing the excavations for a new edifice where the old one had stood, his workmen discovered a lantern and near it a human skeleton.—New York News.  
**Always Boils the Water.**  
"Does your wife boil your drinking water?"  
"Yes, and we never had any real enjoyment until she did."  
"And so you really enjoy drinking it?"  
"We don't drink it. She throws it out on our neighbor's thieving dog."—Denver News.  
**Suspicious Sign.**  
Wife—I feel so ashamed this morning. I'm afraid I took too much wine at the Hilton's dinner last night.  
Husband—Nonsense! You didn't show any signs of it.  
Wife—Oh, yes, I did. Didn't you notice how heartily I laughed at those old jokes of yours?—Philadelphia Press.  
**Observe the Explanation.**  
Ethel—Oh, Emily, I had such a dreadful accident the other day. I broke two of my front teeth!  
Emily—How painful! How did it happen?  
Ethel (thoughtlessly)—They fell off the sideboard, and I accidentally trod on them.—Pick-Me-Up.  
**An Expert Opinion.**  
"Our new cook is way up in historical novels. Yesterday she had a warm discussion with my wife over the fate of Joan of Arc."  
"Knew all about it, did she?"  
"Yes. She's something of a steak burner herself."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.  
**Pleasant Surprise.**  
"Yes; he's living in Kentucky now, and he says he's delighted."  
"Huh! I can't imagine anybody being delighted over living in Kentucky."  
"You don't understand. He means he's delighted that he's living."—Catholic Standard and Times.  
Like Oliver Twist, children ask for more when given One Minute Cough Cure. Mothers endorse it highly for croup. It quickly cures all coughs and colds and every throat and lung trouble. It is a specific for grippe and asthma and has long been a well known remedy for whooping cough. Grover's City drug store.  
Hot temperance drinks, at Keiper's.

**Coats Are the Cult.**  
Coats are unmistakably the cult of the season, capes coming in a very bad second, coats running the whole gamut from measuring the length of the figure to the irrepressible bolero. Before the bolero of fur we must all perform bow low, that of today differentiating itself from the one of yesterday by the various details of collar, revers, cuffs, etc. Much ingenuity, to be remarked, is exercised in inducing the fronts to present quick change aspects, though perhaps the most fetching departure in this connection is the narrow leather belt that is in some mysterious way alone known to the fraternity permanently attached to the bolero, which it pulls in effectively to the figure and at the same time helps to accentuate the slight pouch occurring everywhere.  
**A Pretty Princess Dress.**  
This indoor dress for a girl is made of sapphire colored blue velvet trimmed with astrakhan. It is in the princess style, the bodice having three lar-



**INDOOR DRESS FOR GIRL.**  
This indoor dress for a girl is made of sapphire colored blue velvet trimmed with astrakhan. It is in the princess style, the bodice having three lar-

**Too Emphatic.**  
Young Lady—How much?  
Telegraph Operator—Twenty-five cents.  
"For that one word 'yes'?"  
"Yes"; same price for ten words or less. You can repeat the 'yes' ten times if you wish."  
"Um—no; that wouldn't look well. It's an answer to a proposal of marriage."—New York Weekly.



**State Normal School**  
East Stroudsburg, Pa.  
The winter term of this popular institution for the training of teachers opens Jan. 2, 1901. This 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. L. & W. Railroad.  
Unexcelled 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.**  
Write for a catalogue and full information while this advertisement is before you. We have something of interest for you.  
Address: GEO. P. BIBLE, A. M., Principal.

**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, Roan and Hazleton Junction at 6:00 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:07 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday.  
Trains leave Drifton for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomhicken and Deringer at 6:00 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:07 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday.  
Trains leave Drifton for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Heppon at 6:00 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:07 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday.  
Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomhicken and Deringer at 6:06 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 8:55 a. m., 4:22 p. m., Sunday.  
Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Heppon at 6:00 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:07 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday.  
Trains leave Deringer for Tomhicken, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazleton Junction and Roan at 8:00 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 9:37 a. m., 6:07 p. m., Sunday.  
Trains leave Shepton for Onedia, Humboldt Road, Harwood Road, Onedia Junction, Hazleton Junction and Roan at 7:10 a. m., 12:40, 3:44 p. 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 6:49 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, Lewisville, Aulden 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, Sunbury, Harrisburg and points west.  
LUTHER C. SMITH, Superintendent.

**The Cure that Cures 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¢ & 50¢.

**The... Wilkes-Barre Record**  
Is the Best Paper in Northeastern Pennsylvania...  
It contains Complete Local, Telegraphic and General News.  
Prints only the News that's fit to Print...  
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dealer in LIQUOR, WINE, BEER, PORTER, ETC.  
The finest brands of Domestic and Imported Whiskey on sale. Fresh Rochester and Sheen-andoah Beer and Yeungling's Porter on tap.  
98 Centre street.

**ARRIVE AT FREELAND.**  
**HIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.**  
March 17, 1901.  
ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.  
**LEAVE FREELAND.**  
6 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 18 a. m. for Hazleton, Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, New York, Delano and Pottsville.  
9 30 a. m. for Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Bethlehem, Pittston and Scranton.  
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, 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.  
ROLLIN H. WILBUR, General Superintendent, 25 Cortlandt Street, New York City.  
CHAS. S. LEE, General Passenger Agent, 35 Cortlandt Street, New York City.  
G. J. GILDROY, Division Superintendent, Hazleton, Pa.

**PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION**  
GURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.  
Best Cough Syrup, Tastes Good, Use in time. Sold by druggists.

