

**PLAYTHINGS.**

The streets are full of human toys,  
Wound up for three score years;  
Their springs are hungers, hopes and joys  
And jealousies and fears.  
They move their eyes, their lips, their hands;  
They are marvelously dressed,  
And here my body stirs or stands,  
A playing like the rest.  
The toys are played with till they fall,  
Worn out and thrown away,  
Why were they ever made at all?  
Who sits to watch the play?  
—Edmund Gosse.

**THE TEST.**

How an Eccentric Belle  
Exposed the Motives  
of Her Suitors.

When the following appeared in the columns of the daily newspapers, society experienced an absolutely new sensation. People who hadn't known the late Eleanor Stevens immediately began to inquire into the history of the woman whose name was coupled with so singular an announcement, and people who had known Eleanor Stevens forthwith revived long lists of her curious fads and fancies, concluding always with the declaration:

"Well, it's just what you might expect from Eleanor Stevens."

Personal.—The rejected suitors of the late Miss Eleanor Stevens may hear something to their advantage by communicating with Willard Pratt, solicitor, 408 Chesapeake, E. C.

Now, Eleanor Stevens had been by no means either the crotchety old maid or the rattle-brained young one that these remarks might imply. On the contrary, she had been a rarely charming and gifted young woman, well born, well bred, the heiress of a fortune—in fact, the possessor of beauty, brains and money sufficient to equip half a dozen so-called society belles. But in spite of these endowments—or, perhaps, because of them—Eleanor Stevens had been an eccentric, and with every year since her debut her eccentricity had become more marked. At times, for example, she would dance and golf, attend teas and talk small talk to eligible young men with a persistency and success that made her for the time the sun of society's solar system.

Then suddenly and with no excuse whatever, she would withdraw herself, refuse all invitations and spend a month or more in studying Buddhism or in inquiring into the condition of the poor in great cities.

As to her suitors, the most remarkable reports had existed concerning Miss Stevens' treatment of those gentlemen. It had been said by some that each in turn underwent a period of suspense hung, like Mohammed's coffin, between earth and heaven, at the end of which time he was always lowered to the former element by Miss Stevens' unqualified refusal. Certain malicious rivals had even claimed that at times these proposals were so numerous that Miss Stevens used printed forms of rejection, like those sent by publishers with rejected manuscripts, with space left blank for the name and date.

In the end society had concluded to accept the girl's vagaries as simply "Eleanor Stevens' way."

And this formula had been made to cover a multitude of oddities, ranging from the wearing of large hats when small ones were the fashion to Miss Stevens' sudden and mysterious departures for the continent exactly two days after she had taken apartments for the summer with a party of friends at a south coast watering place.

Indeed, when, six months after her abrupt departure, the notice came of the young heiress' sudden death—unattended, except by her maid and companion—in some obscure village in the Black Forest, even her friends could find no phrase that so well expressed their shocked surprise as:

"Well, that was just like Eleanor Stevens. She couldn't even die like other people!"

And now, following upon the news of her strange death, had appeared this still stranger notice, rejected suitors! Eleanor Stevens' rejected suitors! Who were they? Would they present themselves according to directions? What were the advantages they would gain by so doing?

To the last of these questions the public had not long to wait for an answer. Three days after the extraordinary "personal" had made its appearance the announcement was made that Eleanor Stevens had left a will and that this will had been proved.

Before this news was 12 hours old the sensation caused by the advertisement was completely overshadowed by that produced by the following clause, with which it was discovered the will ended:

"To each one of my rejected suitors I give and bequeath \$5,000, to be paid subject to certain sealed conditions exactly one year from my death in the library of my residence, in Beechwood street, Belgravia."

Meanwhile Willard Pratt was deriving from the administration of Miss Stevens' will the keenest enjoyment of his long and varied legal career. Being a shrewd reader of character and possessed of a large fund of humor, he had vastly enjoyed being interviewed by the claimants or the claimants' friends, and, though they had got nothing out of him, he had, on the other hand, got a great deal out of them. As one after another left him the keen jurist invariably chuckled to himself:

"Smart girl to refuse him. He was after the money; that's plain. But what in the name of all that's holy made her give him \$5,000 now?"

ment of the will, society was again startled by this notice in the daily papers:

To Whom It May Concern.—The rejected suitors of Miss Eleanor Stevens are requested to meet at her late residence in Beechwood street, Belgravia, on Monday, the 21st inst., at 10 o'clock a. m., with reference to the legacies due to them under her will.

WILLARD PRATT, Executor.  
"I think that will reawaken popular interest," said the old lawyer dryly.

And so it did. Seven days later, when the hour appointed for the reception of Miss Stevens' rejected suitors drew near, the streets in the vicinity of her late residence were lined with an eager multitude of men and women.

As the hour drew near in which they were to stand confessed as members of Miss Eleanor's "army of martyrs" several of the intended claimants had found themselves weakening in their resolve. Those, for instance, who had justified their claim solely on the ground of an admiration felt, but never expressed, saw their courage ebbing as the ordeal approached. Others, who were burning incense at new shrines, seriously considered renouncing a claim that would decidedly complicate their present prospects.

It was a question whether pride or profit would win the day. In the end, however, the love of gold won.

When Mr. Pratt entered the library of Miss Stevens' late residence at 10 o'clock on this eventful morning he found the room crowded with a body of men clad in mourning garb and solemnly waiting in various stages of uneasiness for the approach of the long expected moment.

As the lawyer silently took his seat behind a balze covered table the troubled faces grew visibly more troubled, and as he produced sundry important looking documents and laid them on the table each countenance was stamped with mingled emotions, eager expectancy in many cases being linked with shame and aversion.

"Gentlemen," began the old lawyer, "I must trouble each of you to give me in writing a concise statement of the time, place and circumstances attending your several offers and rejections, in order that I may have documentary proof that you are entitled to the legacies left you by the terms of Miss Stevens' will."

"Documentary proof!"  
At those unexpected words the emotion that marked the faces of the strange assembly changed to unmistakable concern. Was this some disagreeable joke? No. The old lawyer waited with unmoved face for the fulfillment of his demand. There was a momentary hesitation. Then, filing up in due order, the applicants, one by one, seated themselves at the table before the old attorney and wrote the account demanded.

As the last statement was signed the portieres of the library were suddenly drawn back and a tall, heavily veiled figure advanced slowly into the middle of the room. Then, as she raised her hand and drew back the thick gauze that masked her face a cry of terror echoed through the house.

The woman was Eleanor Stevens!  
"Wait," she commanded. "Don't be alarmed—I am no ghost. The Miss Stevens who died a year ago in the Black Forest was not the Miss Stevens whose loss you are so deeply mourning."

"By a stupid blunder of the peasants with whom I was staying an exchange of names occurred between myself and an invalid girl whom I had befriended, so that when she died her death certificate was issued under the name of Eleanor Stevens."

"Some weeks earlier I had been influenced by daily contact with one whose life was fading rapidly away to draw up my will in legal form and to send it home to my lawyer."

"When I left so suddenly for the continent a year and a half ago it was because of a conversation overheard between several of my seeming admirers which changed all my ideas of manly chivalry in affairs of the heart, and which drove me abroad, as I supposed, for ever."

"It was that blundering exchange of names that has given me the opportunity of meeting you under these interesting circumstances."

"Now, gentlemen, my will, in which you have shown so deep an interest, stipulates that each of my rejected suitors shall receive \$5,000 after my death. That bequest will be carried out to the letter when I am really dead."

"In the meantime I would gladly read your documentary proofs, but as I have never in all my life rejected but two suitors, and as one of these died six months ago, and the other is not here today, I shall be obliged to refer you to my lawyer."

And with a sweeping courtesy Miss Stevens withdrew from the room.—Exchange.

**Baptist Fish.**  
"Down in the south," remarked a man at one of the clubs, "there exists more of a religious atmosphere than there is here in the north. So most of the stories they tell have a sectarian flavor to them. One that I heard while in Charleston was entirely new to me, and it appeared to be so in the circle of gentlemen where I heard it. It ran this way: A dignified old gentleman stood on one of the city wharves watching an old ducky who was fishing. No word passed between them until the ducky landed a good sized fish. This was unhooked, and there was a look of disgust on the face of the fisherman as he threw the fish back into the water."

"Why did you throw that fish back into the water instead of keeping him, uncle?" queried the onlooker.  
"He no good, massa."

"What kind of a fish was it?"  
"We calls 'em Baptist fish, sah!"  
"And why Baptist fish, uncle?"  
"Ah couldn't say fo' sure, massa, but Ah specks it's because dey splashes soon as you gets 'em out'n de water!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**WERE GOOD FELLOWS**

WESTERN FRONTIER BAD MEN SHOWN  
IN A NEW LIGHT.

A Man Who Claims to Have Known  
Them Says They Were Not Bullies  
and Did Not Swagger Around Mining  
Camps Looking For Fight.

A little group of hotel guests, most of whom had lived in the west at one time or another, were talking about the passing of the professional "bad man." "I knew most of the famous frontier desperadoes of 20 years ago," said one of the party, "and almost without exception they were good fellows when they weren't out for blood. None of them were bullies; in fact, they had the best reasons for not being. When a man made a reputation as a 'killer' in that country, he immediately became a mark for numerous aspirants for the same kind of fame. They watched him like hawks, looking for some decent pretext to pick a quarrel and shoot him unawares, each anxious to be pointed out as 'the man who killed So-and-so.' The greater his celebrity the more glory there would be in giving him his quietus, and this ever present danger was fully appreciated by them all. The noted 'bad man' knew that almost anybody could murder him, with a fair chance of going scot free, but if, on the contrary, he added another homicide to his own record he would have to establish an absolutely flawless case of self defense.

"Such a handicap as that had a mighty cooling effect on the blood and made a man think several times before he did anything that might put his head in a halter. The story book idea that the famous desperadoes of the west used to swagger around the mining camps with chips on their shoulders, shooting holes through people's hats, making 'tenderfoot' dance and spoiling for any kind of a fight is ridiculously wide of the truth. They may have done so in their early days, but after they acquired bloody celebrity they ceased to hunt trouble and were kept busy avoiding it. Of course there were exceptions, and I remember one ruffian with a record who ran amuck through a little Colorado town and shot a few dozen window lights en route, but he was crazy drunk, and the majority of his clan were sober, serious, extremely quiet individuals who were a great deal more apt to swallow an affront than they were to give one. In fact, the battling of bad men became a favorite diversion among a certain class of ambitious citizens, and it was one of the most curious phases of a life that is now rapidly passing into mere tradition.

"On more than one occasion," the speaker went on, "I have seen some foolhardy tough nerve himself with whisky and start out with the deliberate intention of 'doing up' this or that celebrity. One night in a gambling house at Dodge City a cattleman named Coulson made a desperate effort to draw Luke Short into an altercation and finally slapped his face. Short had killed several men and was a noted character, and Coulson had boasted to his cowboys that he would 'put out his light' the first time he got a chance. When the blow was struck, a dead silence fell upon the place, and the bartenders and faro dealers dropped out of sight as suddenly as so many marionettes all on one string. Short looked the cattleman straight in the eye. 'You're drunk, Jim,' he said quietly, 'and I won't fight a man that don't know what he's doing. Get out and don't come in here again until you come in sober.' Coulson's hand had been hovering about his pistol, but the other's calmness cowed him, and he turned around and walked away without a word.

"In the west a blow was generally considered sufficient justification for a shot, but what Short said about the cattleman's condition was perfectly true, and he knew it would be used against him in a trial. 'I could have killed him easily before he drew,' he remarked afterward, 'but his friends would have all claimed that I took advantage of him. They would have said that Luke Short shot a poor, harmless drunkard.' I could multiply such instances almost by the dozen. In the early eighties 'Doc' Holliday was one of the most noted man killers in the west. One night in Leadville I saw him submit in silence to a frightful cursing from a consumptive bartender who was eager to 'get his scalp' and become a bad man himself. Later on Holliday was absolutely forced to draw to defend himself, but he took pains to shoot the inspiring drink mixer through the arm and not the body. 'I didn't want to hurt the fool,' he said apologetically. Most of the border desperadoes eventually became peace officers and made good ones too. They were glad to drift into such employment. It put them on the side of the dreaded law."

**Buried in Woolen.**  
In 1679 an act was passed requiring the dead to be buried in woolen, the purpose being to lessen "the importation of linen from beyond the seas and the encouragement of the woolen and paper manufactures of this kingdom." A penalty of £5 was inflicted for a violation of this act, and as frequently people preferred to be buried in linen a record of the fine appears. For example, at Gayton, Northamptonshire, we find in the register: "1708. Mrs. Dorothy Bellingham was buried April 5, in Linen, and the forfeiture of the Act paid, fifty shillings to ye informer and fifty shillings to the poor of the parish."

Pope wrote the following lines on the burial of Mrs. Oldfield, the actress, with reference to this custom:  
"Odious! In woolen! 'Twould a saint provoke,"  
Were the last words poor Narcissa spoke.  
No; let a charming chintz and Brussels lace  
Wrap my cold limbs and shade my lifeless face."  
—Chambers' Journal.

**FACTS IN A FEW LINES.**

Central New York is practically a dairy country.

Blackheads may not do business in Boston on Sunday.

One man in California has two square miles planted with almond trees.

The average annual price of an apartment with seven rooms is \$500 in Berlin, \$400 in Hamburg and \$380 in Leipzig.

Dresden is to have in 1903 a "city exhibition" at which all German towns of over 25,000 inhabitants are to be represented.

Professor Emil Yunz, of Geneva has counted the ants in five nests. Their numbers were 53,018, 67,470, 12,933, 93,694, 47,828.

There is room for 54,000 persons in St. Peter's church, Rome; for 37,000 in the Milan cathedral and for 25,000 in St. Paul's, London.

The definition of "to loot" is very simple. It is "to carry off as plunder." In other words, it is stealing on a somewhat extensive scale.

Slips of tarred pasteboard are used for shingling roofs in Japan. They are said to be as satisfactory as wooden shingles and are much cheaper.

According to the views of a British sea captain who was in the Gulf of Mexico during the Galveston trouble, the disturbance was partly volcanic.

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.

**CASTORIA**

For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

Woman of It.

Husband (at the opera)—Why didn't you bring your opera glasses?  
Wife—I did, but I can't use them.  
Husband—What's wrong with them?  
Wife—Nothing; but I forgot to wear my rings.—Chicago News.

**Uncle Tom's Cabin.**

"I've been to a heap of shows, but I never seen two people act more like they was really fond of each other than Little Eva and Mr. St. Clair."  
"Hub! Of course! She's his mother!"—Indianapolis Press.

**Caste Among the Elements.**

Icele—You are the "driven snow" I've heard of, aren't you?  
Blizzard—"Driven snow!" What are you talking about? Don't you see me getting hauled off at \$3 a load?—Chicago Record.

**Envious Woman.**

Miss Fairplay—Did you see Miss Snippy's beautiful sealskin sack?  
Miss Sowergrapes—Yes, but I never let on to her that I noticed it.—Ohio State Journal.

**Might Fill the Bill.**

Lady—I want a dog that will look terribly fierce, but won't ever bite.  
Dealer (meditatively)—I guess you'd better get an iron one, mum.—New York Weekly.

**Probably.**

She—The count, you know, can trace his family back 800 years.  
He—Ah, through the bankruptcy court records, I suppose!—Boston Journal.

**Towhead.**

Fellers all call me "towhead,"  
Cos my hair is white;  
Wish it ever hair I got  
Wuz ist black as night.  
My maw sez I needn't care,  
But you bet I do;  
Call me towhead when I'm big,  
Nen I'll kick 'em too.

Little Maw Alice Jones  
Ses she likes my hair;  
Ses if she had tow hair, too,  
'At she wouldn't care.  
Ruther hav' hair green or blue;  
Yer or even red.  
Ruther be call'd emmy name  
'N a ole towhead."  
—Ohio State Journal.

**Flossie and the Moon.**

"Oh, mamma," exclaimed 4-year-old Flossie as she observed the moon in its second quarter, "come and look at the moon. Half of it is pushed into the sky, and the other half is sticking out."

**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 2½ times more. Booklet about dyspepsia mailed free. Prepared by E. C. DeWitt & Co. Chicago.

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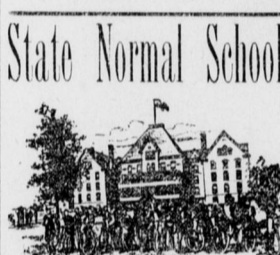
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Superior faculty; pupils coached free; pure mountain water; rooms furnished throughout.  
We are the only normal school that paid the state aid in full to all its pupils this spring term.  
Write for a catalogue and full information while this advertisement is before you. We have something of interest for you.  
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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

**RAILROAD TIMETABLES**

**THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCUMYKILL 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., 9:38 p. m. Sunday.  
Trains leave Drifton for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomhicken and Beringer at 6:00 a. m. daily except Sunday; and 7:07 a. m., 9:38 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 7:07 a. m., 9:38 p. m. Sunday.  
Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomhicken and Beringer at 6:00 a. m. daily except Sunday; and 7:07 a. m., 9:38 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 7:07 a. m., 9:38 p. m. Sunday.  
Trains leave Beringer for Tomhicken, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazleton Junction and Roan at 6:00 p. m. daily except Sunday; and 8:11 a. m., 8:41 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 7:07 a. m., 9:38 p. m. Sunday.  
Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 4:00 p. m. daily except Sunday; and 8:11 a. m., 8:41 p. m. Sunday.  
Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 4:00 p. m. daily except Sunday; and 8:11 a. m., 8:41 p. m. Sunday.  
All trains connect at Hazleton Junction with electric cars for Hazleton, Jeannette, Audenried and other points on the Traction Company's line.  
Train leaving Drifton at 6:00 a. m. makes connection at Beringer with P. H. R. train for Wilkes-Barre, Sunbury, Harrisburg and points west.  
LUTHER C. SMITH, Superintendent.

**LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.**

March 17, 1901.

**ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.**

**LEAVE PHARREND:**  
3 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.  
3 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, Mt. Carmel, Shamokin.  
1 20 p. m. for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia and New York.  
8 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 PHARREND:**

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.  
8 34 p. m. from New York, Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Pottsville, Shamokin, Mt. Carmel, Shenandoah, Mahanoy City and Hazleton.  
7 29 p. m. from Hazleton, Wilkes-Barre and White Haven.

For further information inquire of Ticket Agents.  
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