

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. **NOT NARCOTIC.**

Fac Simile Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher
NEW YORK.

At 6 months old
35 DROPS - 35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature

of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over

Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

THE KEY TO HEALTH

STRENGTH AND LONGEVITY IS THE KEY TO THE STOMACH

CONSTIPATION SICK HEADACHE INDIGESTION NERVOUSNESS

All diseases are more or less comprised in the above four ailments, all of which have their origin in the stomach. To cure each, any or all of them, begin right. Begin with the stomach. Begin with Laxakola, the great tonic laxative. It speedily and painlessly acts on the bowels, cleanses the stomach, stimulates the liver, corrects the kidneys, allays nervousness, aids digestion, while its marvellous tonic properties tones up the system while curing it, and speedily causes a natural and permanent condition of health.

Laxakola is the best children's remedy in the world, and the only one that builds up the children's systems while acting as an all-around blood-purifier and tonic. It speedily clears the coated tongue, checks colds and simple fevers, and promotes sleep. Children like it and ask for it. Mothers are its greatest friends; they use it and recommend it. All druggists, 25 and 50 cents, or free sample of The LAXAKOLA Company, 132 Nassau Street, New York.

SIDE LIGHTS ON LIFE.

A hero of today has no title deed for tomorrow.

Painless dentistry is merely the art of drawing it mild.

A kiss by moonlight is one of love's strongest arguments.

A baby cuts his teeth before he is on speaking terms with them.

The instructor of a swimming school is literally immersed in business.

The successful schemer, like a sitting hen, can't afford to take a day off.

The new moon is like a giddy young girl—not old enough to show much reflection.

Some bachelors join the army because they like war—and some married men because they like peace.—Chicago News.

Those famous little pills, DeWitt's Little Early Risers, will remove all impurities from your system, cleanse your bowels, make them regular. Grover's City drug store.

Kodol

Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.

Artificially digests the food and aids nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digester 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. Laxation contains 2 1/2 times as much. Book all about dyspepsia and its cure. Prepared by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

Grover's City Drug Store.

Golfer Ball's Lucky Escape.

According to letters received by Herbert J. Tweedle, John Ball, Jr., former amateur golf champion of Great Britain, has had a fortunate escape from death in South Africa. The news comes to Tweedle through friends in England, who write that Ball, after a long siege of sickness, joined his command in the Imperial grometry at Kroonstadt and in a skirmish with the enemy was struck in the neck by a rifle bullet. Physicians attended the wounded man, but found the bullet must have been a spent one, for it made only a slight wound in a vital spot.

The escape seems all the more fortunate when it is remembered that another English golf champion, Freddie Tait, was killed at Paardeberg in almost the same way while leading a charge against the Boer riflemen. When Captain Ball went to South Africa and relinquished his title of champion—Harold Hilton won it—he was presented with a black charger by the golfers of Liverpool. That he had a "close shave" is gathered from the text of Tweedle's letter. When struck by the bullet, Captain Ball was hurled from his horse by the shock. The latter, however, is uninjured and will undoubtedly return with his master.

"I have been troubled with indigestion for ten years, have tried many things and spent much money to no purpose until I tried Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. I have taken two bottles and gotten more relief from them than all other medicines taken. I feel more like a boy than I have felt in twenty years."—Anderson Riggs, of Sunny Lane, Texas. Thousands have testified as did Mr. Riggs. Grover's City drug store.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

Beginning with Monday, April 15, A. Oswald will close his store at 8 o'clock every evening except Saturdays and the general pay nights.

AT SEA.

Oh, we go down to sea in ships,
But Hope remains behind,
And Love, with laughter on his lips,
And Peace, of passive mind,
While out across the deeps of night,
With lifted sails of prayer,
We voyage off in quest of light
Nor find it anywhere.

O thou who wroughtest earth and sea,
Yet keptest from our eyes
The shores of an eternity
In calms of paradise,
Blow back upon our foolish quest
With all the driving rain
Of blinding tears and wild sunset
And waft us home again.

—James Whitcomb Riley in Home Folks.

A CIVIL ENGINEER WANTED.

BY M. QUAD.....

Copyright, 1901, by C. B. Lewis.

One morning in my bachelor apartments in London I read the following advertisement in my newspaper:

"The undersigned desires the services of a competent civil engineer for several days in a rather strange enterprise and promises a most liberal reward. He must be a man who can keep a secret. Address—"

I was a competent civil engineer and just then out of employment. I was a man who could keep a secret. I was therefore naturally interested in the advertisement. It might possibly be some job which would get me into trouble with the law, but if so I had only to decline to take hold of it after an interview. I was inclined to believe that some land or mine owner wanted a private and secret survey made for his own satisfaction, as is often the case. It is sometimes the case that where two neighbors quarrel one of them builds a house or barn on what he believes to be his line, but which is found to trespass by a few inches. I could see a dozen good reasons why the person should advertise as he did, and I hastened to answer him and post the letter. He gave his



HE ATTACKED ME AND THREW ME TO THE FLOOR.

address as the office of the newspaper, but after four or five days I received a call from him in person. He gave me his name as James Bennett and his address as London and left me to infer that he was a man of leisure.

I was not exactly pleased with Mr. Bennett's personal appearance. He was a tall, dark faced man of troubled countenance. His eyes had a furtive look, and he was nervous and ill at ease. Had I met him while traveling I should have been inclined to look upon him with suspicion. He told a straight enough story, however, though a rather queer one. Being left an orphan at the age of 12 years, he had been brought up by an uncle living in Hertford county. He had always been given to understand that he would be his uncle's heir, and he was sure that a will had been made to that effect, but three years previous to his call on me the uncle had passed away, no will had been found, and the property had gone to the next of kin. While the uncle was rich, he was also an eccentric. Being a single man and living almost alone, he had been almost a hermit. The house he had occupied was a rambling old structure at best and now that it had been untenanted for several years was in a bad state. What Mr. Bennett had come to believe was that the will was concealed in the old house. He had searched and searched without avail, and he wanted my assistance for a new search. There might be secret closets he had passed over. If I would give him my faithful services for three days, he would pay me £25. If the will was found, he would present me with £200 more. I was to say nothing of my quest, make my appearance at the old house on a certain date, and he would assist in the search.

I didn't like Bennett's personal appearance and actions, as I have said, but there was nothing out of the way with his story, and I was glad to accept his offer. It would be combining romance with business to come upon the hidden will and restore the ousted heir to his own. His caution to me to make my way alone from the nearest station might have seemed queer but for the fact that we would both be trespassers while making the search. I had not a single suspicion. I was to arrive by a train which would enable me after a walk of three miles to arrive at the old house at dark, and he would have provisions at hand and fix up the best lodgings he could. I was especially warned not to betray my destination to any one I happened to meet en route, and I was to bring no baggage.

All these things seemed all right to me at the time. I reached the station by the train named, but found the distance to the house to be five miles

instead of three. This brought about my arrival quite a spell after dark, and Bennett was waiting for me a quarter of a mile up the road. The first question he asked was if any one had spoken to me, and when I assured him that even the people at the station did not know where I was bound for he was somewhat elated. I found he had provisions for a cold lunch, but nothing very appetizing, while we must sleep on the bare boards of the family sitting room. It was while eating supper that I noticed a wild, strange look in the man's face and began to doubt him. He was restless and distrustful and watched me in a furtive way, and it wasn't long before I felt that he had some sinister designs in lurking to the lonely old house. I put a bold face on the matter and demanded an explanation, and at that he attacked me and threw me to the floor. From his savage manner I believed he was going to murder me outright, but after growling in his throat like a wolf he lifted me up and shoved me into a closet and bolted the stout door on me. Of course I protested, argued and struggled, but without avail. I heard him laughing to himself after he had locked me in, but I did not hear him leave the house. Fifty times during the night I kicked on the door and called out, but I got no answer. Next morning, still failing to arouse him, I began to cut at the door with my pocketknife. It was of oak and my task was a hard one. It was almost night when I reached up and slid back the bolt, and as soon as out I found the house deserted and lost no time in getting away myself.

I went straight to the police with my story, and who do you think the man proved to be? No more or less than a lunatic who had escaped from an asylum three months before. He was under another name, lived far from the address he had given me, and his mania was the fear of starvation. Before going to the asylum he had locked up two different people in tenantless houses to see how long they could live without food or drink, and my capture was a third experiment in that line. I bore him no ill will, of course, but insisted that he be returned to the asylum, and I believe he is living today. In that old house, far from help and a place never visited, he would have wrought my death by inches but for my pocketknife, and months or years might have passed before my corpse was ever found.

Where Eloquence is Wasted.

It might have been supposed that Addison, the most polished writer of our Augustan age; that Burke, with his versatile intellect and exuberant eloquence; that Macintosh, with his almost encyclopedic learning, or that Jewell, who had set a hundred dinner tables in a room, would one and all have achieved conspicuous success in the house of commons.

But, as Macaulay has pointed out, exactly the reverse was the case. Their speeches produced no effect. They wearied and bewildered their audience. And their rising to speak was too often the signal for a general exodus; in fact, as was said of Burke, they acted as a dinner bell. Even Macaulay himself, though on two occasions his speeches changed the fate of a division, was in no sense of the word an orator or even a great debater. His voice was too shrill and monotonous, and he poured out a torrent of words with such headlong fluency as to confuse his hearers as well as to baffle the quickest of parliamentary reporters. Bulwer Lytton, again, could recite an admirable essay, but his delivery was bad, and the sea-saw gestures which accompanied his speech were as "grotesque as those of an old-fashioned postboy."

In our own generation no two men probably have had more highly cultivated minds than John Stuart Mill and Mr. John Morley, but as far as their parliamentary utterances go their names are "writ in water."—Blackwood's.

The For Tat.

The diners at a popular New York restaurant are said to have had the privilege of witnessing an amusing little incident one evening not long ago.

An Anglized young man seated himself at a table at which there was only one other person, a writer well known throughout the country, but evidently a stranger to the newcomer.

The writer is a man whose dress is always fastidiously neat, but by no means fashionable in cut or expensive in material. When the young man took his seat, the writer glanced up at him and, seeing that it was no one whom he knew, returned to his study of the bill of fare.

The young man languidly placed his monocle in his eye, and, screwing up his face to keep the glass in position, treated the other guest at the table to a prolonged stare.

The stare ended abruptly, however, for suddenly the writer looked up. Quick as thought he seized an empty tumbler and, applying it to his right eye, stared gravely through its bottom at his vis-a-vis.

The monocle was dropped in a very few seconds, and then the tumbler was replaced on the table. But the young Anglomaniac's face was crimson, while that of the writer remained grave and unmoved, and through the dining room rustled the sound of something that suggested repressed merriment.

Adjustable Authors.

The most cheerful author—Samuel Smiles.

The noisiest—Howells.

The tallest—Longfellow.

The most flowery—Hawthorne.

The holiest—Pope.

The happiest—Gay.

The most amusing—Thomas Tickell.

The most fiery—Burns.

The most talkative—Chatterton.

The most distressed—Akenside.—Chicago Times Herald.

THE WORLD'S BEST.

THE CRAWFORD SHOE.

Call and Inspect It. **OFTEN IMITATED. NEVER EQUALED.**

McMENAMIN'S

Hat, Shoe and Gents' Furnishing Store.

86 South Centre Street.

5¢ WILL BUY A

DATHFINDER CIGAR

W. K. GRESH & SONS, MAKERS.

ASK THE MAN BEHIND THE CASE

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¢ 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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The finest brands of Domestic and Imported Whiskey on sale. Fresh Rochester and Shenandoah Beer and Youngling's Porter on tap. 58 Centre street.

PISO'S CURE FOR

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

RAILROAD TIMETABLES

THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCRUYKILL RAILROAD.

Time table in effect March 10, 1901.

Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Eckley, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Ronn and Hazleton Junction at 6:00 a. m. daily except Sunday; and 7:07 a. m. 2:28 p. m. Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomblaken and Deringer at 6:00 a. m. daily except Sunday; and 7:07 a. m. 2:28 p. m. Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepton at 6:00 a. m. daily except Sunday; and 7:07 a. m. 2:28 p. m. Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomblaken and Deringer at 6:00 a. m. daily except Sunday; and 7:07 a. m. 2:28 p. m. Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepton at 6:00 a. m. daily except Sunday; and 7:07 a. m. 2:28 p. m. Sunday.

Trains leave Deringer for Tomblaken, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazleton Junction and Ronn at 6:00 p. m. daily except Sunday; and 5:37 a. m. 5:07 p. m. Sunday.

Trains leave Shepton for Onedia, Humboldt Road, Harwood Road, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5:34 p. m. daily, except Sunday; and 8:11 a. m. 3:44 p. m. Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5:49 p. m. daily, except Sunday; and 10:10 a. m. 4:40 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 Deringer with P. R. R. trains for Wilkes-Barre, Sunbury, Harrisburg and points west.

LUTHER C. SMITH, Superintendent.

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.

March 17, 1901.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

LEAVE FREELAND.

5 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, Mt. Carmel, Shamokin, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, New York, Delano and Pottsville.

1 20 p. m. for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, New York and White Haven.

5 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.

5 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.

COLLIN WILBUR, General Superintendent, 25 Cortlandt Street, New York City.

CHAS. S. LEE, General Passenger Agent, 25 Cortlandt Street, New York City.

G. J. GILDROY, Division Superintendent, Hazleton, Pa.