

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

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.**

Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHER

Pumpkin Seed -
 Balsam of Capivi -
 Bark of Sassa -
 Aloe root -
 Licorice root -
 Oil of Turpentine -
 Hygienic Food -
 Compound Syrup -
 Wintergreen Flavor.

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

In Use For Over **Thirty Years**

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

**THE KEY TO HEALTH
STRENGTH
AND
LONGEVITY
IS THE
STOMACH**

CONSTITUTION **STICK 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, assists digestion, while its marvellous tonic properties tone 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 colic 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, 123 Nassau Street, New York.

BREVITIES.

Ye Irritated Attendant.
 In ye public prints, forsooth, much bad bad news concerning ye presence of microbes in ye books at ye public library.

Wherefore ye book borrower, remembering ye same, made haste to interrogate ye attendant:

"Good sir, I fain would know what manner of microbes, if, peradventure, I name them rightly, infest yonder books?"

"Bookworms!" quoth ye attendant, who, sooth to say, had been grievously irritated in consequence of ye frequent repetition of ye question.—Chicago Tribune.

Twas Ever Thus.

Fair Maid of Calro—Is my jar on straight?—Chicago News.

Skin afflictions will readily disappear by using DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Look out for counterfeits. If you get DeWitt's you will get good results. It is the quick and positive cure for piles. Grover's City drug store.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers search the remotest parts of the bowels and remove the impurities speedily with no discomfort. They are famous for their efficacy. Easy to take, never grips. Grover's City drug store.

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 2 1/2 times small size. Biotic oil about dyspepsia is free.

Prepared by E. C. DeWitt & Co. Chicago.

Grover's City Drug Store.

Ice cold soda at Kelper's.

AND THE YEARS GO BY.

Lightly sip youth at the wines of its joys,
 Laughs at the charms of yesterday's toys;
 Life is so long, and nothing alyes,
 And the years go by.

Little by little the world shows its dress,
 Deepens the sense of enjoyment and loss;
 Pleasure is wearing off of its gloss,
 And the years go by.

Now there is question and doubt and dismay;
 Well, time will alter, and truth will outstay;
 Night is as needful, perhaps, as the day,
 And the years go by.

Work multiples, and pleasures abate;
 So much to do, and we are so late;
 Duties still flocking now knock at the gate,
 And the years go by.

Once—ah, we sigh, but we never can stop!
 What is life but to work till we drop?
 Only one thought—to rise to the top—
 And the years go by.

Age is incoming, and what have we done?
 Oh, we had dreamed of such victories won!
 None is the fault, and what is undone?
 And the years go by.

What do we hold but a handful of dust?
 We were so wise in our first ardent trust,
 Somehow we missed the real metal for rust,
 And the years go by.

—New York Observer.

"THE DEVIL'S OWN"

A Story of a Station Agent.

BY CHARLES DONALD MACKAY.

Tom Dean was ticket agent and telegraph operator for the Union Pacific at Wellsville, a settlement of not more than a few dozen scattered houses, the most pretentious of which was the "hotel and luncheon room." About 100 yards down the track from this popular resort at "train time" stood a low, one roomed building, the station, Tom's St. Helena.

To an energetic, ambitious young man, socially inclined, Wellsville was well nigh intolerable, but Tom had hopes and made the best of it. He had removed his belongings from the "hotel" to Mrs. Jordan's cozy little cottage, where he made himself at home. He found Miss Jordan a charming companion and "years ahead of the village in every way." Nevertheless the uneventful days would drag, and the nights—well, after the 8:50 "accommodation" pulled out until 11:10, when the west bound "express" dashed past, one might as well have been stationed in the middle of the Great Sahara. At least so Tom said many times.

One raw, gusty December night just before the holidays Tom with much pleasure piled the three cases billed through to Omaha on the truck and ran them down the track, ready to be hauled aboard the baggage car of the coming train. He was not overfond of work, but this meant the stopping of the express, the latest newspapers and good reading for several days. To signal the express was an event.

Taking a last look at the lights, he entered the station and slammed the door after him as if to bar out the loneliness of the dripping outside world. The last light in the hotel had gone out long before the wind howled in the wires, the red light blinked and flickered—

"Well, of all the God forsaken!"

The door opened suddenly, and two men stepped into the room, followed by a third.

"Hands up—quick!" the foremost cried.

In less than two minutes Tom was bound, gagged and lying helpless behind the partition in the baggage end of the room.

"He's safe. Where's Jim?" asked the man who had spoken before.

"Down to the siding," came the answer. "Set the white light."

The door closed quickly after them. Out of Tom's bewilderment and confusion came the question, What did it mean? Robbery? There was nothing worth the risk at the station, and the men had gone.

"Set the white light." That meant the express would not stop.

"Down to the siding." The blind siding, an eighth of a mile beyond the station by the sand hill! It ended in the gravel bank.

The terrible truth flashed across his mind. He turned cold. Great beads of moisture stood out upon his forehead. Twenty-six, with its living freight, was to be switched on to the siding at full speed.

As the horror of it rushed upon him Tom strained at the cords that bound him hand and foot with a strength he never dreamed he possessed. It was useless. The work had been done well. He looked quickly at the clock—10:41. In 20 minutes more the train would be due. As he turned the knots of the gag pressed into the back of his head. Bearing heavily upon them, unmindful of the pain, he moved his head, forcing his chin downward. They gave. They moved. Again he tried and again, until at last the handkerchief slipped to his neck.

"Help, help! Townsend! Bill! Help!" he cried. But his voice was lost in the mocking howl of the wind, and he realized that the effort was strength wasted and time lost.

Again he looked at the clock—only 20 minutes remained. How fast the seconds flew! Twenty-five—

The sharp click, click, click, from the other side of the partition caught his ear—a telegraphic message. "Twenty-six 20 minutes late."

"Thank God, a delay!"

Forty-four minutes now—a gain of 20. The train, due at 11:10, would not arrive until 11:30. Townsend relieved him at 12. "Too late! Too late!" rushed through his mind as he glared at the clock. Then the light of hope fairly blazed in his eyes.

The summer before, when he had

long, weary night watches, twice he overslept because his alarm had failed him, so to insure his "call" he had run a wire from the station clock to a bell in his room at the hotel. By an ingenious connection when the hands marked 11:45 the ringing of the bell brought him violently out of the land of dreams. When Tom was promoted to the shorter watch and went to live at Mrs. Jordan's, Bill Townsend, who succeeded him, fell heir to his room and "the devil's own," as Tom called the bell. The clock was an imitation of the old fashioned, big faced, caseless time-piece, with weights and chains and a long, heavy pendulum.

"Twenty minutes late," he muttered. The hour hand was less than two inches from the connection, but how slowly it crept! If he could only move that hand! His knees were free. He drew them up toward his chin, shot out his legs and came to a sitting position. Then, by a series of short jumps and bumps, he reached the wall, braced his back against it and, with great difficulty, worked himself to his feet. The pendulum swung close to his ear, but how could he reach the hand? Was he to fail now?

His eyes quickly searched the room. A few feet to the right was the window, heavily barred, the torn shade partly down. His glance rested on the stick that weighted the latter. Just what he needed. New hope gave him new strength. Inch by inch he edged himself along the wall to the shade, caught the stick between his teeth and sank quickly to the floor. He had succeeded. The stick was torn loose from its flimsy fastenings. Back again, up and along the wall he worked until he stood nearly under the clock. He turned edwardly, raised his head until the stick pointed at the hand, made a terrific effort to reach it, failed, lost his balance and fell heavily to the floor.

The bodily pain was nothing to him, but he groaned in anguish at the loss of time. He looked up. The clock had stopped!

The hands marked 11. He could reach the pendulum. It must be started. There was still a chance of more delay. Again the struggle to regain his feet, harder now because of his growing weakness. Nearer and nearer he crept to the motionless rod. A nod of his head would start it.

"My God!" he suddenly cried. "Why didn't I think of it before? Is there still time?" And seizing the heavy brass disk at the end of the pendulum in his teeth he raised his head and detached it.

The rod, freed of its heavy weight, swung rapidly back and forward, impelling the hands onward at a greatly increased rate of speed. His eyes were following the minute hand. He could see it move, and the hour hand? Yes, it was creeping along. Tom's strength was going fast. He sank to his knees and rolled over on the floor, but his eyes were fixed on that hand. How long would it take to reach 11:45? Closer and closer it crept. Now it touched the iron connection and moved slowly past it. The alarm had been sounded, but there were 15 minutes more before Bill would arrive. He strained his ears to catch the slightest sound. The noise of the storm was all that he could hear.

Click, click, click came from the instrument—a message from Maysville. Twenty-six had just passed. Maysville was 12 minutes up the road—it must now be 11:58. Tom tried to calculate the time since the hands started on their wild race, but his mind was a chaos of mad thoughts. What if Bill did not arrive in season? He rolled over on his face and waited for the worst.

The door burst open.

"Hello, where are you?" It was Bill's voice.

"Stop 26—hold up at Dyke's siding—get men!"—But Bill was gone.

The red light flashed up the track, and 26, with a noisy grinding of wheels and many jolts, came to a stop. A posse was hastily formed, but when the siding was reached nothing was found but the open switch that meant death and destruction.

The passengers and crew tried to make Tom believe that he was a hero, but he only pointed to the clock and said:

"It was the 'devil's own.'"—Waverley Magazine.

The Hawes \$3 Hat

has no superior. It is guaranteed by its makers to be the best hat sold anywhere for the money. It is equal to any \$5 hat manufactured. Hundreds in Freeland are wearing it and all agree that they get full value for their money. We also have hats at lower prices, and our lines of caps for men and boys are the largest in town.

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This shoe we place with pleasure against any shoe sold in the region at the same price. However, should you prefer something not so good, we can satisfy your taste in style and quality at any figure you wish to pay. We have an assortment of Gents', Ladies' and Children's Dress Shoes, Men's and Boys' Working Shoes and Men's Gum Boots which is as complete as you can find anywhere. We respectfully solicit a trial of our shoes.

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5 C WILL BUY A

DATHENDER CIGAR

ASK THE MAN BEHIND THE CASE

W. K. GRESH & SONS
MAKERS

RAILROAD TIMETABLES

LEHIGH 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, 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.

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 p 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.

GOLLIN H. WILBUR, General Superintendent,
 25 Cortlandt Street, New York City.
 CHAS. S. LEE, General Passenger Agent,
 36 Cortlandt Street, New York City.
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