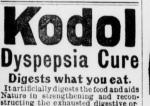


## BREVITIES

people only knew what we know it Kodol Dyspensia Cure, it would be Kodol Dyspepsia Cure, it would be a nearly every household, as there we people who do not suffer from a cof fullness after eating, belching, nee, sour stomach, or water brash, by indigestion or dyspepsia. A ation such as Kodol Dyspepsia which, with no aid from the sto-will digest your food, certainly left but do you good. Grover's ug Store.

City Drug Store. Five circuses are to appear at Wilkes-barre this month, and in the intense rivalry for prominent positions from which the show can be advertised the county commissioners have been pre-vailed upon to grant the use of the court house yard for billboard purposes. DeWitt's Little Early Risers search the remotest parts of the bowels and remove the impurities speedly with no disconfort. They are famous for their efficacy. Easy to take, never gripe. Grov-er's City drug store.



Liggests what you eat. Itartificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and recon-structing the exhausted digestive or gans. It is the latest discovered digest-ant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It in-stantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastraigia, Cramps and all other results of imperfect digestion. Procesce and St. Largosize contains 25 times Prepared by E. C. DeWITT a Co. Cheugo.

Grover's City Drug Store

Ye Irritated Attendant. In ye public prints, forsooth, much bad been said concerning ye presence of microbes in ye books at ye public library. Wherefore ye book borrower, remem-

Wherefore ye book borrowel, tenno-bering ye same, made haste to interro-gate ye attendant: "Good sir, I fain would know what manner of microbes, if, peradventure, I name them righty, 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 Tethune.



Fair Maid of Cairo-Is my jar on traight?-Chicago News.

Skin affections 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.

Ice cold soda at Keiper's

AND THE YEARS GO BY. bing alloys, rs go by ng, and not And the ye

ense of enjoyment and earing off part of its ; ad the years go by.

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es, and pleasures abate; , and we are so late; ; king now knock at the gate d the years go by.

wise in our first adent trust. e missed the real metal for ru And the years go by. -New York Obse tal for me

"THE DEVIL'S OWN"

0004

A Story of a Station Agent.

on Dean was ticket agent To more the first energy of the station, the station of the state of t

lar resort at "train time" stood a low, one roomed building, the station, Tom's St. Helena. To an energetic, ambitious young man, socially inclined, Weilsville was well nigh intolerable, but Tom had hopes and made the best of it. He had removed his belongings from the "ho-tel" to Mrs. Jordan's cozy little cottage, where he made himself at home. He found Miss Jordan a charming com-panion and "years ahead of the vil-lage in every way." Nevertheless the uneventful days would drag, and the nights-well, after the 8:50 "accommo-dation" 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 haul-ed aboard the baggage car of the com-ing train. He was not overfond of the express the latest newspapers and good reading for several days. To sig-nal 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 dickered— "Well, of all the God forsaken"—

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 original

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 be-hind the partition in the baggage end of the room. "He's safe. Where's Jim?" asked the man who had speoken before. "Down to the sidin," came the an-swer. "Set the white light." The door closed quickly after them. Out of Tom's bewliderment and con-fusion 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 mean? the express would not stop. "Down to the siding." The blind sid-ing, an eighth of a mile beyond the station by the sand hill! It ended in the gravel bank. The terrible truth fashed across his mind. He turned cold. Great beads of moisture stood out upon his fore-head. 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--0:41. In 29 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, un-ti at last the handkerchief slipped to bis neck. "Help, help! Townsend! Bill! Help!" he cried. But his voice was lost in the mocking lowi of the wind, and he real-lzed that the effort was strength wast-ed and time lost.

d and time lost. Again be looked at the clock-only 26 ninutes remained. How fast the sec-unds flew: Twenty-five-The sharp click, click, click, from the ther side of the partition caught his ar-a telegraphic message. "Twenty-ix 20 minutes late."

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!" rush-ed through his mind as he glared at the clock. Then the light of hope fair-ly 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

oversiept Decause his alarm had railed him, so to insure his "call" be had run a wire from the station clock to a bell his room at the hotel. By an ingen-lous connection when the hands mark-ed 1145 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 suc-sceeded 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-pieces, 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 humps, he reached the wall, braced his back against it and, with great diffi-culty, worked himself to his feet. The pendulum swung close to his ear, but how could he reach the hand? Was he to fait now? "It is eyes quickly searched the room. A few feet to the right was the win-dow, heavily barred, the torn shade partly down. His glance rested on the silek 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 was torn loose from its films fastenings. Back again, up and along the wall to the shade, caught the stick was nothing to him. but he groaned in anguish at the loss of time. He looked up. The clock has stopped! The hands marked 11. He could reach the pendulum. It must be start-ed. There was still a chance of more dalay. Again the struggle to tregain his fiet, harder now because of his bathed would start it. "My dod?' he suided up. The clock has topped! The hands onward at a greatly increased rate of speer? Is there still time?' And selling the heavy brass disk at the end of the pendulum in his teet he raised his head and de-tached it.

vorst. The door burst open. "Hello, where are you?" It was Bill's

LIND

"Hello, where are you?" It was Bill's volce. "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 joits, came to a stop. A posse was hastily formed, but when the siding was reached nothing was found but he 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.' "-Waver-ley Magazine.

Hats In the House of Comu Speaker Denison if he saw

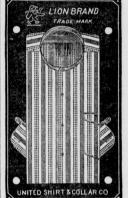
Hats In the House of Commons. Speaker Denison if he saw a mem-ber wear any un wonted headgear other than the regulation tall hat would send for him and point out the irregularity. In these days a billycock hat has fre-quarter of the house, and the innova-tion is tolerated. What Speaker Deni-had seen a few straw hats in the ex-tremely hot weather of last session the writer cannot venture even to com-genter of the house of the session the writer cannot venture even to com-genter. A reference to hats tecalls the enri-ous custom which prevails, that when a member wishes to interpose with a been put from the chair he must speaker "covered." On one occasion Mr. Glad-stone wished to speak in this way, and, as he never brought a hat into the house, he was obliged hawily to bor-row a hat. It happened that the hat which he borrowed belonged to bis then solicitor general. Sir F. Herschell iafterward the lord chancellor, and it proved to be far too small for Mr. Gladstone's head. He was unable for bone time to address the bouse owing to the shouts of laughter which his ap-pearance called forth.-Good Words. T GUS Y

Not Visible to the Naked Eye. "What," asked the proud your mamma, "do you think of the baby features?"

features?" Her big, coarse brother looked down at the precious little innocent for a mo-ment and then asked: "Where are they?"- Chicago Times-Herald.

## The Hawes \$3 Hat

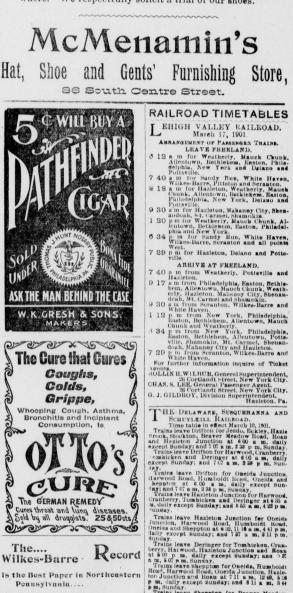
has no superior. It is guar-anteed by its makers to be the best hat sold anywhere for the money. It is equal to any \$5 hat manufactured. Hundreds in Freeland are wearing it and all agree that they get full value for their money. We also have hats at lower prices, and our lines of caps for men and boys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



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THE WORLD'S OTHE

Defies Competition This shoe we place with pleasure against any shoe sold in the region at the same prefer something not so good, we can satisfy your taste in style and quality at any fig-ure 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 com-plete as you can find any-where. We respectfully solicit a trial of our shoes.



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