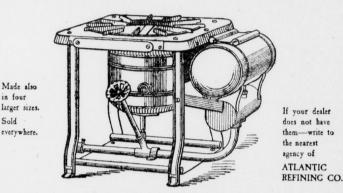
This is the Smallest WICKLESS Flame OILS TOVE



POVERTY.

Sold

The # Prosecution Of Mrs. Dullet

I was on a visit to my friend Dave at his mountain home and was standing one day in the courtyard at Lexby, the county town, discussing the possibilities of his re-election to the position of commonwealth's attorney when down the street came at a long gallop an old fellow mounted on a thin, ewe necked sorrel colt whose long rusty tail whipped between his legs at every jump. Up to the courtyard gate he elattered and, dismounting, flung the rein over the post in utter disregard of the large printed notice posted on it that no horses were to be hitched there. Through the turnstile and up the walk he came swinging.

"I believe that's old Dullet from Jacksborough," said Dave. "He's a man of influence up there and dead against me—always is. I wonder what he wants?"

He had not long to wait, for the old ellow strode up to a group and said, "Whar's the commonwealth's attorney?"

"I am the man," said Dave. "What ******

with a state up to a group and the recovery and the man," said Dave, "What can I do for you, Mr. Dullet?"

"I am the man," said Dave, "What can I do for you, Mr. Dullet?"

"I wants you to put my wife in the pen'tentiary," he said.

"What!" exclaimed Dave: then recovered himself. "What do you want that for?"

"She's forged my name, and she's got to go to the pen'tentiary," said he.

"Well, tell me about it," said Dave, seeling the gravity of the situation, and, turning, he led the way into his office and offered chairs.

"Well, it's this way: My oldest gal Sairy is been a-wantin to marry a feller named Torm Hackle for gwine on two years, and I wouldn't let her."

"Why?" said Dave in a professional tone, drawing a pen and paper toward him.

' said Dave, writing down some

said Dullet.

"Oh!" said Dave, writing down something. "Go on."

"Well, I wouldn't let Torm come over on our side. I sont him word et he did to look out. And Sairy she got kind of sick and peaked, and my old woman she wanted me to do it then, and I wouldn't, 'cause I had to sign the dockiment. Then she got kinder worser, and my wife she wanted me to go for the doctor. So day before yistiddy I went down for the doctor, and he said he'd cease today, and I staid at Jim Miggins' store all night and yistiddy a-waitin for him, and when I got home last night my wife she said, 'Whar's the doctor?' And I said: 'He's a-comin. How's Sairy?' And she said. 'She's done got well. She's got all the

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doctor she wanted. She's done married Torm Hackle.' 'How did she done it.' sys I, 'and I ain't signed the license?' says I. 'I signed your name for it.' says she. And I said, 'You has done commit a pen'tentiary offense, and I kin put you in the pen'tentiary for it.' says I. And she bet me a dollar she hadr't and I couldn't. And I says, 'I bet you \$2 I kin, and I will.' says I. And now I are gwine to do it. I kin do it, can't I?"

Diver effected, while the old mountaineer sat still, perfectly passive.

Dave reflected, while the old mountaineer sat still, perfectly passive.

"Well," he said slowly, "there are not a great many precedents." The old fellow's face hardened. "But, of course," he added, "forgery is a very serious thing, and, sh!" The old fellow's eye was upon him. "How long have you been married?" he asked.

"Twenty year come next month." Dave wrote it down.

"Wife always been good wife to you?"

an".— when she forged my name an".— "Ever have any trouble with her?" "Never at all, 'cept, of course, fights like all married folks has."

Dave wrote it down.

*Industrious?"

Got no fault to find wid her about

dat."
"Help you save what you got?"
"Ain't a hard workiner, saviner
'coman on the mountain."
"How many children she got?"
"Nine-eight livim. I don't count that

one."
"How many dead?"
"Four."

"Four."

Dave wrote laboriously.
"Wife good to 'em?"
"Jes' as good as could be. Nursed
em faithful."
"Sit m. arth."

'em faithful."
"Sit up with 'em when they were sick?"
"Never went to bed at all; never took her clothes off."
"Go hard with her?"
"Went mighty hard, specially when Johnny died. He was named after her."

Johnny died. He was named after ne."
Dave wrote silently.
"Go hard with you?"
"Right sort of hard."
"Sort of lonesome after that?"
"Might yonesome."
"How old your youngest one now?"
"Gwine on 3; that's Billy."
"Fond of his mother?"
"Can't bear her out of his sight."
"Fond of you?"
"Sort of-right smart."
"Say Sairy was your oldest?"
"Yes."
"Thought right smart of her when you didn't have any others, just at first, I reckon?"
"Umh. Might 'a' done; don't remember."

ber."
"Wife did, anyhow?"
"Yes; always fool 'bout her. Oldest—

"Yes; likeliest woman on the mountain."
"Bet she was! Used to have good time sitting up to her, going to see her summer evenings, walking through the woods?"
"Yes, sir; did that."
"She thought more of first baby than you. She had more trouble with her than you—when she was a baby, I mean?"
"Oh, yes; guess she did."

mean?"
"Oh, yes; guess she did."
"Carried her round in her arms,
nursed her when she was sick and
made her little frocks for her?"
"Yes"

"Yes."
"As she did Johnny's?"
"As she did Johnny's?"
"Yes."
"And does little Billy's?"
"Yes. She's made Billy a little pair

"Yes. She's made Billy a little pair of breeches."
"Yes; two."
Dave laid down his pen, opened the code and read a little to himself. "Well, I can put her in the penitentiary for you," he said. "'Not less than one nor more than ten years," he read.
Dullet sat forward a little.
"How old is your wife?"
"Bout 50 year."
"I'll draw the indictment. Let me see, the grand jury will meet when?
Then the jury?" He was talking to himself, with his eyes turned up to the celling. "There might be some of those Hackles on the fury. Uml, that would be bad." Dullet twisted around in his chair. "They'd send her on for the full time, though—ten years, That

would be good."
Dullet leaned forward. "Are them Hackles obleeged to be on that jury?" he asked.
"No," said Dave; "not at all. Only they may be on there, that's all." He lifted his eyes again to the ceiling. "That might be all the better. They'd of course be pretty rough on her. Ten years. She'd be about 60 when she came out. Umh! They'd have worked her pretty hard. Let me see. I suppose they'd put her with the thieves, dress her in stripes and maybe whip her." Dullet started to give an exclamation, but stopped to listen. "I suppose little Billy would be sorry at night at first, but he'd get used to it, or he might go down to see her once a year or so for a few minutes in his breeches if she lived. He'd miss her some. If she died, she'd go to Johnny. Well, the Hackles wouldn't be sorry, Yes, I can do it, I think," he said, bringing his eyes down on Dullet's face and speaking positively.
Dullet rose with a jump. "Look a-here, Mr.—Mr.—What's your name?" he said. "Til jurst be durmed et any of them Hackles-kin put my wife in the penitentiary, and ef anybody thinks they kin let 'em try it?"
Dave looked at him calmiy, "I agree with you," he said, "and I'll help you." There was a pause, in which Dullet was reflecting. Then he asked, "What would you advise me to do?"
"I don't advise you to do anything," said Dave, "but I know what I'd do if I was in your place."
"What?"
"'1d go home and send for Sairy to come over to dinner next Sunday and tell her to bring that fellow with her—he's more Dullet now than he is Hackle, and every time my wife got upplsh I'd tell her I could have put her in the penitentiary for ten years, but I was too good to her to do it."
Dullet reflected and then said: "Til do it. What does I owe to you?"
"A good deal," said Dave, "but I was too good to her to do it."
Dullet reflected and then said: "Til do it. What does I owe to you?"
"A good deal," said Dave, "but I was too good to her to do it."
Dullet reflected and then said: "Til do it. What does I owe to you?"
"A good deal," said Dave, "but I wa

for me."
"Well"— He walked to the door, prused and then said slowly, "Th' nex' time you runs for anything, Jacksborough is a gwine to vote for you." He

pent out.
Dave was re-elected.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Dave was re-elected.—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

Basque Funeral Customs.

Among the Basques funeral festivities were kept up not only after the funeral, but also for eight days more, and on New Year's day, when they were repeated. In their case this was a purely religious ceremonial observance, even if it originated in pagan days. For religion has entered into and still pervades the funeral rites of the Basques to a degree now hardly conceivable. The deceased who was the head of the family, probably belonging to the third religious order, was usually buried in the appropriate dress of the order. The funeral was presided over by the serore, who was a sort of nun. This probably, as O'Shea says, came down from the time when women held high ecclesiastical positions nuong the Basques.

The very feasts were relies of days when an offering of meat, bread and wine was wont to be taken into the church or churchyard not only at the funeral, but every day for two years afterward, for the supposed benefit of the deceased, but really for that of the clergs.

Up to 1766 in Gulpuzcoa on the oc.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children

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QUEER ETON CUSTOM

FAGS AND FAGGING IN ENGLAND'S LEADING BOYS' SCHOOL.

Menial Work Performed by Sons of Dukes For Their Schoolmates. Duties of a Fag-Term of Service. Nearly All of the Nobility Have Fagged.

Most people contemplating a debate in the house of lords from the gallery would be surprised to hear that a goodly proportion of those grave and reverend seigniors engaged in settling affairs of state on the very steps of the throne were adepts at frizzling the toothsome sausage and cooking the homely bloater. Yet so it is, for close on half of the peers of England are old Etonians, and one of the oldest institutions still cherished under the shadow of the distant spires and antique towers sacred to the memory of Henry's holy shade is that of fagging. The first or second day of every term, when the whole school has returned, a sort of slave market is held in each house, at which the upper boys have the privilege of choosing from among the lower boys their own particular fag for the next three months or so. In some houses, where the lower boys—that is, boys who have not reached the fifth form—are numerous, an upper boy may have two such servitors for his own exclusive use.

The right of selection is exercised according to seniority, the boys known to be the quickest and best "servants" being snapped up first, except in the case of new boys, when looks have to be taken as credentials as often as not, to the ultimate disgust of the figmaster, for the smartest looking boys are very frequently the greatest duffers at their work.

The duties of Eton fags are many and various. Not a few of them would be declined by their fathers' servants at their work.

The duries of Eton fags are many and various. Not a few of them would be declined by their fathers' servants at their work.

The days the cloth, makes the ten and tonst—wee betide him if the latter be burned or cut too thick—boils the eggs and fries any extra luxuries in the town.

The meal prepared, the fag is by no means free to go and get his own breakfast, as he has to wait at table be ready to fetch hot water from the kitchen and if ordered fly off "uitown" to one of the "sock shops" for a pot of jan or marmalade. He is a lucky boy if he can snatch a clear ten mi

put ins change clothes away after cricketting or running with the hearleand take notes to other boys in other
houses.

It is strange to think that if Lore
Salisbury had only gone to Eton a fev
years earlier than he did he might havhad to clean Mr. Gladstone's boots marun errands for his future rival. MiGladstone himself was somewhalucky in his fagging when at Eton, a
he fagged for his elder brother Thom
as, and naturally got let down easle.
than if he had been apportioned to some
strange boy. The Marquis of Bland
ford and Lord Randolph Churchill had
the reputation of being incorrigibly
idle fags, but when they chose to exerthemselves they were excellent cook
and as such were much in request. It
is equally difficult to imagine the dig
nified Lord Chief Justice Coleridg
making toast and boilling eggs for himaster, but tradition has it that he
was a most exemplary fag.

In addition to their regular daily
work for their own master, the lowe
hoys have to fag in a desultory way
for any upper boy who may want
them during the day. At the ery of
"Lower boy," shouted by any fellow
above the lower division of the fifth
form every boy below the fifth has to
scamper out in answer to the summons,
and the hindermost in the race is generally ordered off for whatever duty
has to be performed.

This is rather a hardship when a boy
is busy preparing his lessons for school
but he would rather run the risk of
getting into trouble in school than of
incurring the wrath of a boy very little older than himself by "skutking."

The head master's birch does not in
filet such wounds as the vigorously applied toasting fork of an incensed fag
master.

On the whole Eton boys don't seem

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.

general pay nights.

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RAILROAD TIMETABLES

RAILROAD TIMETABLES

I EHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.

March 17, 1901.

ARRANGERERY OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

LEAVE FIEBELAND.

12 a m for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Kaston, Philadelphia, New York, Defano and Totaville.

40 a m for Sandy Run, White Haven, Status, Allentown, Bethley, Watch, Philadelphia, New York, Defano and Grand, Allentown, Bethley, Watch, Philadelphia, New York, Defano and Grand, Allentown, Makanov (Liy, Shen, Philadelphia, New York, Defano and Friedley, March Chunk, Allentown, Heinlehom, Easton, Philadelphia, and New York, Sandy Run, White Haven, Will, West, Barton, Philadelphia, Barton, Philadelphia, March Chunk, Allentown, Heinlehom, Easton, Philadelphia, Allentown, March Chunk, West, West, Barton, Philadelphia, Senaton, Defano, Mill, Carriel, Sandon, City, Shenander, Mill, March Chunk, Westhern, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Westhern, March Chunk, Shenandon, March March, Shenandon, March Samokin, Milken-Barre and White Haven, March, Westhern, March Chunk, Shenandon, March Merch, Shenandon, Milken-Barre and White Haven, March, Willedphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, March Samokin, Mirch, Shenandon, Milken-Barre and White Haven, March Chunk, Shenandon, Milken-Barre and White Haven, March Chunk, Shenandon, Milken-Barre and March March, Williadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Barre and White Haven, March Chunk, Shenandon, Milken-Barre and March March Chunk, Shenandon, Milken-Barre and March March March Shenandon, Milken-Barre and March March March March Shenandon, Milken-Barre and March March

6 34 p. m. from the state of th

except Sunday; and 747 a m. 2 se p m. outsiey.

Tails loave Drifton for Oneida Junction, Jawcoof Road, Bumboldt Road, Oneida and herpton at 6:00 a m. eaily except Sunday; and 767 a m. 238 p m. Sunday.

Grabberry, Tou blicken Junction for Harwood, Oranberry, Tou blicken, Junction for Barwood, Crabberry, Tou blicken, 14 ft m. 42 p m. 43 p m. 44 p m. a. Sunday. ve Sheppton for Oncida, Humboldt rood Road, Oncida Junction, Hazle-a and Roan at 711 a.m., 1240, 526 except Sunday; and 811 a.m., 344

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