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JUDGED BY HIS COAT

The smooth faced, chubby looking man of 40, whose long and fashionably cut overcoat was ornamented with a heavy mink collar and equally heavy mink cuffs, entered the smoking car at Philadelphia, deposited his bag in the rack overhead and as the car was somewhat chilly kept his overcoat on while he pulled out a pretty good cigar and started in on the enjoyment of a smoke.

The man in the seat across the aisle seemed to be pretty comfortable owing to the attention he'd been paying to his big silver flask since the departure of the train from New York, and when he saw the smooth faced, genial looking man with the fur trimmed overcoat he handed the flask over to him, saying:

"Have a pull at that, chum. It's chilly in here."

"Thanks," said the man with the fur trimmed overcoat, smiling amiably, "but I've just had luncheon."

After awhile a flashy looking chap came in from one of the day coaches and took a seat alongside the man with the fur trimmed overcoat. He sized up the man with the fur trimmed overcoat out of the tail of his eye, lit a cigar and inquired of his seat mate:

"Well, how are they running for you? Picking the winners?"

"I don't believe I quite catch your meaning," said the man with the fur collar and cuffs good naturedly.

His questioner grinned.

"Ah, come off," he said banteringly. "I mean are you nailing the babes that are getting over the plate first?"

"Still," said the man with the fur trimmed overcoat, "I think I fail to apprehend you."

"Oh, quit your joshing," said his seat mate. "Are you playing the ponies that are running at San Francisco or at New Orleans, and how're you making out?"

"Oh, now I think I understand you," said the man with the fur trimmed overcoat, beaming. "The running horses, I take it, you allude to? Well, I am not 'playing them,' as you put it, at all."

"Passed the game up, eh?" said his seat mate.

"Well, I can't say that I have, really, seeing that I never did engage in the practice of wagering money on horse races," said the man with the fur trimmed overcoat quite amiably. "It's a practice of which I secretly approve."

His seat mate pulled out a flask and offered it to the smooth faced genial looking man.

"Hit this up. It's the right goods," he said cordially.

"I think not," said the man with the fur trimmed overcoat quite beamingly. "Aside from the fact that I've just eaten, I don't use spirits in any form."

"Ah, say, pal, cut out that stringing," said his seat mate. "Anybody could see that you're a dead game, all right, by your make up. Like to join in a little game of hearts or seven up or even 10 cent limit poker just to pass the time away? I can soon get a bunch of fellows together."

"Well," said the man with the fur collar and cuffs, "I hardly think so today. I never play cards."

"Say, now I know you're a kiddier," said his seat mate. "You don't expect me to swallow a coin like that, do you—that you don't ever hit up the old eye or juggle the pasteboards or put a little piece of change on the ponies when you've got a front on you like that man with a coat like you're wearing?"

The man with the suspected overcoat smiled.

"My friend," said he, "permit me to put you right. I am a minister of the gospel, and I live in Baltimore. My own overcoat was stolen from me in a hotel in Philadelphia yesterday and one of my Philadelphia friends who is somewhat addicted to things of this world loaned me the overcoat you now see me wearing until I can have another one made. Tut, tut! No harm done. Don't mention it! Here are my card and the address of the church in Baltimore of which I am rector, and if at any time you should feel like renewing your spiritual strength while you are sojourning in Baltimore I should be delighted to have you call upon me. Er—come to think of it, my cardcase was in the overcoat that was stolen from me. But never mind. You shall find me whenever you feel disposed to seek the consolation of religion, and—"

But Nat Goodwin's seat mate had already fled in dismay into the coach whence he had come, and the comedian unfolded a dramatic weekly and was soon imbedded in the doings of the stage.—Boston Herald.

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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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Search the world over and you will fail to find their equal. The name is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Gulf to the Lakes. Lion Brand shirts at all times set the season's styles, designs and patterns. The material and general make-up of the goods is not surpassed by any other manufacturer. We carry complete lines of all this famous brand.

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Call and inspect it. NEVER IMITATED, NEVER EQUALLED.

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.

The Crawford Shoe

Defies Competition

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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Hat, Shoe and Gents' Furnishing Store,

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ROUND THE REGION.

Rev. Eugene A. Garvey, vicar general of the Roman Catholic diocese of Scranton and rector of St. John's church in Pittston, has been named as bishop of the new diocese to be created in western Pennsylvania, with the see probably at Altoona. Rev. Garvey was ordained to the priesthood in Scranton in 1869 by Bishop O'Hara. Last December he was given the title of monsignor by special decree of the Pope, being the first priest in the diocese of Scranton to bear that title.

Smallpox was discovered yesterday at Luzerne Borough. Mrs. George Kester is the afflicted person. She was immediately removed to the emergency hospital at Larksville. Luzerne school board met last night and closed the schools. The council decided to erect an hospital at once and made preparations to combat the disease.

Mr. W. J. Baxter of North Brook, N. C. says he suffered with piles for fifteen years. He tried many remedies with no results until he used DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve and that quickly cured him. Grover's City drug store.

Because Denis Curley accepted a contract to drive a pumpjack at a price 16 per cent below the regular rate 800 men employed at the Hammond colliery, Glardville, struck yesterday. Curley has been expelled from the Mine Workers.

The appointment of the Rev. Land as pastor of the Italian Catholic church in Hazleton, to succeed Rev. Peruzze, is expected to end the factional strife which has existed in that congregation for several months.

The Jersey mine of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Company at Plymouth was discovered to be on fire last night. The fire spread rapidly and 150 men are trying to confine it to one portion of the mine.

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 gripe. Grover's City drug store.

An attempt is being made by Wilkes-Barre people to obtain a pardon for "Happy Jack" Robinson, serving an eighteen-year sentence for the murder of Barney Reick.

Five masked men, after binding Watchman Robert Gallagher, robbed McGinty's brewery at Tamaqua Sunday night.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Nicholson, of Wilkes-Barre, celebrated their golden wedding on Monday.

Charged with violating the pure food law in selling oleo, T. J. Cookley and M. J. Falk, two prominent business men of Shenandoah, were held in \$500 bail yesterday.

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.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR.

"The proper way to go up stairs," said the young ambulance surgeon, "is to hold the body erect and step leisurely, planting each foot firmly on the successive stairs."

He paused a moment as he pushed his chair back from the table and lit a perfect that his host, the newspaper man, passed to him.

"Tshaw!" remarked the molder of public opinion. "I suppose you have just come from a lecture on hygiene, and that owl faced professor has impressed you with the idea that he really knows what he is talking about. Now, my experience," he continued, with a grin, "proves that the best way to get up stairs is to take the elevator."

Both laughed at the alleged witticism, but stopped suddenly when the hostess remarked: "I suppose either way would be acceptable, but your usual way appears to be to take off your shoes and crawl up on all fours so that no one hears you. Even that might be all right," she continued, "but why do you complete the transit by falling over a chair and waking up everybody within a block of the house with your side remarks? I should think that either of the methods you suggested would be an improvement on the style you apparently preferred last century."—New York Telegraph.

Green Eyed Monster.
Emma—Have you heard the news? Jim and Carrie have broken off their engagement.
Bertha—Is that so? How did it happen?
Emma—Jim came up behind Carrie and put his arm around her waist.
Bertha—Nothing terrible about that.
Emma—No, but Carrie didn't know it was Jim, and she was silly enough to let him know that she didn't know.—Boston Transcript.

Distinction Without Difference.

Ida—Isn't this terrible, dear?
May—What?
Ida—Why, this paper has an article headed, "The Tramps Are Coming," and then in the same column another article, "Many Titled Husbands Will Visit Their American Fathers-in-law This Winter."—Chicago News.

Distinction Without Difference.
"I hear you called me a stupid pig."
"No, I didn't. I said you looked like one."

He Knew Spades.
Johnny Jumpup—I tell you our preacher knows a thing or two about cards.
Mrs. Jumpup—Why, Johnny?
Johnny Jumpup—You bet he does! He said in his sermon this morning that he always called a spade a spade.—Ohio State Journal.

Force of Habit.
Mrs. Nags—If I should hear a burglar getting in the house, I don't know what I should do.
Nags (confidentially)—Oh, you would probably scream out, "Don't forget to wipe your feet!" my dear, and scare him off!—Brooklyn Eagle.

Then He Was Quiet.
"Now, did you ever see a clambake?" giggled old Fanner.
"Did I ever see a clambake?" repeated the maid. "No, sir, but I have seen a lobster bake. Oh saw ye baking yer own cakes when the missus was away."—Chicago News.
Old newspapers for sale.

THE TROTTER RECORD.

The Kentucky fair circuit, now being agitated, will probably be a go.

The Missouri pacer Albert Allison, 2:10 1/4, will appear on the grand circuit.

Anaconda, 2:02 1/2, has won 24 out of 29 races started in and been worse than second in but five.

Tacoms, 2:14 1/4, by Overstreet Wilkes, has been added to the stable of Bert Whately of Muncie, Ind.

William J. Burnham of Baltimore will campaign Evadne, 2:15 1/4, this year and says she is good for a mark of 2:08.

The Canadian pacer Arbutuskan, 2:35 1/4, a grand circuit performer of 1899, is expected to be prominent again this year.

Almonarch, 2:24 1/4, one of Almont's greatest sons, is still living at 29. He is owned at Monarchal stock farm, Canastota, N. Y., in good health and still getting foals.

There is a green trotter at Colton, Cal., by Zombro, 2:11, out of Sarah Benton, dam of Ellen Madison, 4:2:12, that has shown 2:10. He is named Lord Kitchener.

BREVITIES

PERSONALITIES.

Mme. Modjeska is no longer under a decree of banishment and may return to her Poland if she will.

In his boyhood laziness was the prevailing sin of Kitchener. His father sent him to a school for girls as a heroic remedy.

Senator Warren of Wyoming is the only man of his business in the senate. He is an undertaker in Cheyenne, although proprietor of a general store.

Baron Armand Rothschild of Paris, the nephew of the late Baron Rothschild, will take over the direction of the Rothschild banking house in Frankfurt.

Former Speaker Thomas B. Reed says that he is eschewing politics not only in his actions, but in his conversations. He is a lawyer now, and a lawyer only.

Two of the very greatest men of the nineteenth century were born on one and the same day—Charles Darwin and Abraham Lincoln, who both first saw light on Feb. 12, 1809.

Captain Nehemiah Mayo Dyer, who commanded the cruiser Baltimore during the battle of Manila Bay on May 1, 1898, has been placed on the retired list by reason of the age limit.

The Duke of Abruzzi, in honor of his own expedition, was the other day declared by the local government a citizen of Rome upon the occasion of his lecture on the polar regions.

Charles S. Francis, the new United States minister to Greece, is a splendid oarsman and in 1876, during his senior year at Cornell, won the single scull championship in the intercollegiate regatta.

Reformer Rills thinks that if Mrs. Nation were to use her hatchet in smashing the frying pans of Kansas she would accomplish more lasting good than can come from demolishing saloon glassware.

General Joe Wheeler in the course of a recent interview remarked that it was harder work being a soldier now than of old, because there were not so many autograph collectors in the days of the civil war.

Dr. James Warren Sunderland, founder of what is believed to be the world's first college for the higher education of women, recently celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday at his home in Collegeville, Pa.

The will of the late General Leonard A. Dickinson of Hartford leaves half of his residuary estate to St. Thomas' church in that city and one-fourth each to the Hartford hospital and the Hartford Orphan asylum.

Colonel Curtis Guild, Jr., of Boston protested that he could not accept the brigadier generalship of the Second brigade of the Massachusetts militia and was nevertheless chosen to the position. He has now declined it, saying he could not accept it without too great a personal sacrifice.

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