



S'SH SLEEP AT LAST
LAXAKOLA DOES IT

NO ONE BUT A MOTHER can appreciate the benefit that sound refreshing sleep gives to an ailing, teething, feverish, colicky, fretful infant. Almost distracted by its constant crying, and worn out with weary, anxious care and watching, she tries everything possible to obtain even relief for the little sufferer.

With what comfort and delight she sees her little one drop off into a deep peaceful health-giving slumber, after its little clogged bowels are cleared of their poisonous burden by a single dose of Laxakola, the great tonic laxative and mother's remedy.

Laxakola is a pure, gentle and painless liquid laxative, and contains valuable tonic properties which not only act upon the bowels, but tone up the entire system and purify the blood. A few drops can be given with safety to very young babies, which will often relieve colic by expelling the wind and gas that cause it. Great relief is experienced when administered to young children suffering from diarrhoea, accompanied with white or green evacuations, as it neutralizes the acidity of the bowels and carries out the cause of the fermentation. LAXAKOLA will aid digestion, relieve restlessness, assist nature, and induce sleep. For constipation, simple fevers, coated tongue, or any infantile troubles arising from a disordered condition of the stomach it is invaluable.

Laxakola, the great tonic laxative, is not only the most efficient of family remedies, but the most economical, because it combines two medicines, viz.: laxative and tonic, and at one price. No other remedy gives so much for the money. At druggists, or send for free sample to THE LAXAKOLA CO., 132 Nassau Street, N. Y., or 358 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

A FAREWELL TO YESTERDAY.

Where is the road to Yesterday?
Oh, tell in prose or rhyme,
For I would trace my backward way
To that enchanting clime!

Life was so fresh and good and true
And friends so kind and fair,
Why should a day so bright and new
All fade away in air?

Who knows the road to Yesterday?
Is every seeker blind?
Say, does it cast no single ray
To pilot those behind?

Oh, there's a road that leads our feet
To hours more glad and bright—
A road so short, a joy complete,
A journey of a night!

Come, bid farewell to Yesterday,
For in Tomorrow's face
The happiest days now flown away
Shine with a sweeter grace.

—Woman's Life.

THE LITTLE GOLD NUGGET

A Tale of the Australian Gold Diggings.

John Archer decided that the nugget would be safer in his little daughter's keeping than in his own.

"You must take great care of it, darling," said John Archer. "It is for your mother." And Effie stowed the little nugget away in a corner of the old workbox which had been her mother's under the cotton and socks she was darning for her father. She felt duly weighted with the responsibility. She knew that this yellow earth was of great value, for her father, leaving her mother, who was very delicate, with some friends in Brisbane, had come a long, weary way to find it.

Having hidden the little nugget away, Effie came out of the hut to look around and see if any one was near who might have seen her. No. No one was near who might have seen her, only Billy, the black—King Billy, the original monarch, who loved rum and tobacco and who was chopping some firewood for her.

This little girl's reason for trusting King Billy, the black, was somewhat strange and is worthy of being recorded. She trusted him because she had been kind to him.

But Effie was only 12.

As the child stood in the broad light, her tumbled hair hued hair kissed and illumined by the bold rays of the sun and her round, trustful blue eyes shaded from the glare by two little brown hands, watching King Billy at his work, a flock of laughing jackasses alighted in a neighboring gum tree and set up a demoniac cabination. What made the ill omened birds so madly merry? What was the joke? Effie's trust? Billy's gratitude? They failed to explain, but their amusement was huge and sardonic.

"Drive them away, Billy," cried Effie, and the obedient king dropped his axe and threw a fagot of wood at the tree, which stopped the laughter and dispersed the merry-makers.

"Billy tired now," said the black grinning. "Too much work—plenty wood," and he pointed to the result of his labor.

"Yes, that will be enough, thank you. You're a good boy. I'll give you some tobacco."

"Billy's thirsty."

"Then you shall have some tea."

"No tea. Rum."

"No, Billy. Rum isn't good for you."

"Good for miners; good for Billy."

"No, it's not good for miners," said Effie emphatically. "It makes them fight and say wicked things."

"Makes black fellow feel good," declared Billy rolling his dusky eyes.

This last argument was effective. Effie went into her hut—her father had returned to his work—and poured a little spirits from John Archer's flask into a pannikin. Billy drank the spirits with rolling eyes, smacked his lips and then lay down in the shadow of the hut to sleep.

The long afternoon passed very slowly for Effie. Her few trifling duties as housekeeper were soon done. The little hut was tidied and the simple evening meal prepared and some hours must pass before her father returned. How could she pass the time? She had only two books—a Bible and a volume of stories for little girls, which she had won as a prize at school in Brisbane. But she was too young to appreciate the first, especially as the type was very small and it was difficult reading, and she had grown beyond appreciating the stories for little girls, having known them by heart three years before. She would like to have slept. Everything around her suggested and invited the siesta—the steady heat, the brightness of the light without the hut, the distant murmur of miners' voices which came from beyond yonder belt of wattle gums, the monotonous hum of the locusts in the forest, the occasional fretful cry of a strange bird and the regular snores of the fallen king, who slumbered in the shade of the hut. Even the buzz of the annoying flies assisted the general effect and brought drowsiness.

To remain still for a few minutes would have meant inevitably falling asleep. Effie felt this and remembered the little gold nugget. If she slept, some thief might come and take it. And so she put on her hat and, forsaking the seductive cool and shade of the hut, went out into the brightness and heat.

Archer's hut stood on the edge of the valley, over against the foot of the blue, heavily timbered hills. About 50 yards distant from it, hidden among the trees, was a high moss grown rock, at the base of which Effie had discovered the smallest and sweetest of natural springs. Thither the child ran—looking back often to see that no one approached the hut in her absence—to bathe her

face. In a few minutes she returned, drying her face in her apron and shaking her wet hair in the sun. No one had come, but King Billy was now awake and was slouching lazily off toward the bush. Effie laughed as she saw him, his great head bent forward and his thin, narrow shoulders bowed. She laughed to think of his laziness and that he should look so tired after such a very little wood chopping.

She was still laughing at King Billy as she opened the old workbox to take another peep at the yellow treasure and to make quite sure that the heat hadn't melted it away. And it was quite slowly that the laugh died from her pretty eyes and mouth—quite slowly because of the moments it took to realize and accept a misfortune so terrible—when she lifted the coarse socks and looked and saw no little gold nugget, saw nothing. Then horror and great fear gripped the blue eyes, and pale agony crept over the childish face and made it old, and the poor little heart seemed to stop beating.

Effie said nothing and made no cry, but she closed her eyes tightly for a moment and looked in the box again. No, it was no illusion. The little nugget was not there. The first gold her father had found, which had been entrusted to her care, which was to have been taken to her mother—it was gone. She put down the box quite quietly and walked out into the day. But the sun was shining very strangely and mistily now, and the blue sky had grown black, and the trees seemed to move weirdly, and the locusts had ceased humming from fear, but the strange bird was somewhere near, shrieking brokenly: "What will father say? What will father say?"

But as the child stood there despairing her sight grew clearer, and she saw a black figure among the trees, and she was conscious of a pair of dusky eyes watching her through the leaves. Then only she remembered, and she knew who had done this cruel thing. King Billy! And she had been kind to him. Effie suddenly burst into passionate sobbing. The black figure still hovered among the trees, often changing its position, and the dusky eyes still peered through the leaves. And the laughing jackasses flew down to the old tree again and laughed more madly than before—laughed at Effie's trust, at Billy's gratitude!

It was 10 o'clock, and darkness and quiet reigned in John Archer's hut. Over among the tents behind the wattle gums a few gamblers and heavy drinkers were still awake, and their voices, raised in anger or ribald merriment, might occasionally be heard faintly from the hut. But Archer, who had down his wild oats, was a true worker, and he had his little daughter, for whose sake he had built the hut away from the noisy camp.

Archer had come home late and weary, as usual, had eaten his supper and gone to rest without, to Effie's intense relief, speaking of the little gold nugget. The child was afraid to speak of the loss, and she was not without vague hopes that a beneficent Providence would restore the nugget during the darkness and save her from this great trouble.

For this she prayed very earnestly before she lay down to sleep. Or did she sleep at all that night? She never quite knew. But she thinks that it was then that she first experienced that terrible purgatorial condition which is neither wakefulness nor sleep when the body and mind are weary enough to bring the profound sleep which they require, but which the brain is too overlaid and too cruelly active to allow, when dreams seem realities and realities dreams. It must have been a dream when she saw something small and yellow float through the tiny window on the ghostly silver moonbeams. And yet when, having closed her eyes, she opened them again it was still there, hovering about in the darkness, less bright now and with a pale yellow halo. But it faded quite away. It was a cruel, mocking dream.

Then was it a dream when the old curtain which divided her corner of the hut from her father's moved near the ground, bulged slightly toward her? It would be curious to see, and she lay still. From under the curtain seemed to come a thin arm and slowly, cautiously, after the arm a head with a great shock of hair. And the moonbeams just touched a face. I think they kissed it, though it was black, for they found in a black hand the little yellow object which had floated in the first dream.

It was all so real, so beautiful, that the child lay still, scarce daring to breathe lest the vision should melt away, and when in her dream came the voice of her father with the words, "Speak, or I'll fire!" her lips refused to open.

But it was no dream when the shot came and the black king rolled over on the earth dead, with the little gold nugget he had come to restore pressed in the death agony against his heart, where, too, was a little gold.

And the laughing birds in the old tree, startled from their sleep by the shot, laughed once more, wildly and madly, at Billy's honesty.—Exchange.

Huxley's Ideal Church.

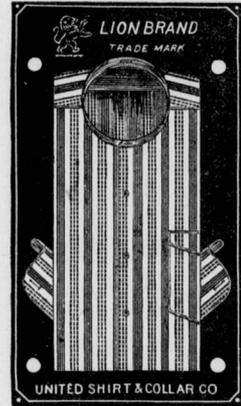
The following is Professor Huxley's definition of a church given in his "Life and Letters": "A place in which, week by week, services should be devoted, not to the iteration of abstract propositions in theology, but to the setting before men's minds of an ideal of true, just and pure living; a place in which those who are weary of the burden of daily cares should find a moment's rest in the contemplation of the higher life which is possible for all, though attained by so few; a place in which the man of strife and business should have time to think how small, after all, are the rewards he covets compared with peace and charity."

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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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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, Easton 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, St. 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 a m from Weatherly, Pottsville and Hazleton.

9 17 a m from Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Weatherly, Hazleton, 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, Mauch Chunk, Shenandoah, Mahanoy City and Hazleton.

7 29 p m from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and White Haven.

For further information inquire of Ticket Agents.

JOHN H. WILBUR, General Superintendent,
30 Cortlandt Street, New York City.
CHAS. S. LEE, General Passenger Agent,
30 Cortlandt Street, New York City.
G. J. GILDRUP, Division Superintendent,
Hazleton, Pa.

THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCIUYLKILL RAILROAD.

Time table in effect March 10, 1901.

Trains leave Drifton for Jedddo, Eckley, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Hazleton and Hazleton Junction at 6:00 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 10:00 a. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomhicken and Drifter at 6:00 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:07 a. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Hazleton, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepton at 6:28, 11:10 a. m., 4:41 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:07 a. m., 3:11 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifter for Tomhicken, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazleton Junction, Onedia, Humboldt Road, Harwood Road, Onedia Junction, Hazleton Junction and Ioan at 7:11 a. m., 12:40, 5:35 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 8:11 a. m., 3:44 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Shepton for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jedddo and Drifton at 5:35 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, Jedddo and Drifton at 5:35 p. m., daily, except Sunday; and 10:00 a. m., 5:40 p. m., Sunday.

All trains connect at Hazleton Junction with electric cars for Hazleton, Jeannsville, Auderfield and other points on the Traction Company's line.

Train leaving Drifton at 6:00 a. m. makes connection at Drington with P. R. R. trains for Wilkesbarre, Sunbury, Harrisburg and points west.

LUTHER C. SMITH, Superintendent.

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Thoughts

wander when the brain is tired. Overwork, nervous irritation, worry and mental strain exhaust the brain forces and diminish their thought power. Feed the brain, strengthen the nerves and build up new vigor, vitality and mental power. The greatest of all brain foods and nerve tonics is Dr. Miles' Nervine.

*Several years of sick headache and stomach trouble brought on nervous prostration and for a long time I could not concentrate my thoughts. After taking a few bottles of Dr. Miles' Nervine I was completely cured."
Mrs. W. A. THOMPSON,
Columbus, Wis.

Dr. Miles' Nervine

feeds and nourishes the brain and nerves, overcomes irritation, and brings sweet, refreshing sleep.

Eating and Colds.

Drinking at meals induces a person to eat more than he otherwise would, and excess in eating is one of the great causes for sickness. In fact, the two great dietary fallings seem to be over-eating and drinking of too little water at the proper times. Many colds are from overeating or from eating gross food. Persons with abundant lung power who exercise a great deal and breathe much can dispose of a large quantity of food, but the more delicate and sedentary should eat moderately. A cold once taken will run its course in spite of what may be done for it unless it is attended to within 48 hours after its inception. The treatments vary. The cutting off of supplies by skipping a few meals is one of the principal things, for the old saying about stuffing a cold and starving a fever should be literally amplified into the condition and conclusion that if you stuff a cold you will have a fever to starve. Some persons assert that any cold, if taken in time, may be cured without any medicine whatever by following the simple precautions of keeping warm, going without eating for 24 hours and drinking largely of some sort of warm tea. Another plan is that of drinking cold water freely and going without eating.—Exchange.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Low Rates to Pan-American Exposition. Via the Lehigh Valley Railroad. Five-day tickets, good only in day coaches, will be sold on Tuesdays and Saturdays, May 1 to October 31, from Freeland at the rate of \$7 for the round trip.

Ten-day tickets will be sold from Freeland every day, May 1 to October 31, good on any train, except the Black Diamond express, at the rate of \$10 for the round trip.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Reduced Rates to Kansas City. Via the Lehigh Valley Railroad. Account of the meeting of the Imperial Council, Nobles Mystic Shrine. Tickets on sale July 7, 8 and 9. Inquire of ticket agents for particulars.

Low Fares to Detroit.

Via the Lehigh Valley Railroad. Account of the meeting of the National Educational Association. Tickets on sale July 6, 7 and 8. See ticket agents for particulars.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of **Chas. H. Fletcher.**

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