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None but reliable companies represented.
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Pianos of Haezelton Bros., New York City.

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The finest brands of Domestic and Imported
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Repairing a Specialty.
Thirty-four Year's Experience.
Next to Neuburger's Store.

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Creamery Butter Always in Stock.
Minnesota's Best
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Dry Goods, Groceries,
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Also
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FOR FAMILY
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Centre and Main streets, Freeland.

CURRY'S
Groceries, Provisions,
Green Truck,
Dry Goods and Notions
are among the finest sold
in Freeland. Send a sam-
ple order and try them.
E. J. Curry, South Centre Street.

DePIERRO - BROS.
CAFE.
Corner of Centre and Front Streets.
Gibson, Dougherty, Kauter Club,
Rosenbluth's Velvet, of which we have
EXCLUSIVE SALE IN TOWN.
Munna's Extra Dry Champagne,
Hennessy Brandy, Blackberry,
Gins, Wines, Claret, Cordials, Etc.
Ham and Schweizer Cheese Sandwiches,
Sardines, Etc.

MEALS AT - ALL - HOURS.
Obvious Result.
"Do you know what will happen,"
asked the orator in that wild, hoarse
half whisper that is more impres-
sive than the loudest vociferation,
"if England ever plants her foot on
our possessions?"
"Yes," huskily replied a man in
the audience. "She will raise a crop
of corn!"—Chicago Tribune.

A. Oswald has the agency for the cele-
brated Elysian's extracts and perfumery.
The finest goods made. Try them.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the
Signature of *Wm. D. Galt*

MANON

An Incident of the French
Revolution.

On the outskirts of the little vil-
lage in which we lived stood an old
house, tenanted by such an old, old
man.

The house was old, but its tenant
much older. No one in the place
could remember him even as middle
aged. He had been old Niles to ev-
erybody for years.

My brother and I, the youngest of
a very large family, were thrown
very much on our own resources,
and we admired and cultivated
Niles, for he had won our childish
hearts one Christmas by telling us a
grievous story at supper, where he
occupied the post of honor at the
table—a story so dreadful that we
were afraid to go to bed alone for
the next three nights.

In that gentle and friendly com-
munity Niles, by means of his old
age and infirmities, was a privileged
character.

People living in the great houses
around used to send him tidbits
from their own tables. Truth com-
pels me to relate that Niles did not
always receive these offerings with
gratitude. If the dish was not to
his taste, he would reject it with
contumely, and the mistress of the
house advised by him to get a new
cook. But Steena, our cook, be-
loved of us children, had found fa-
vor in Niles' eyes. Her offerings
were never rejected by him; espe-
cially an eel soup and an eel pie of
hers were welcome to his taste.

How well I remember the day on
which he told us the following tale,
the last, as it happened, we were
ever to hear from Niles' lips.

A day in June, I remember it
was, full of sunshine and perfume
and the song of birds. Niles sat
out before his door on a bench, so
old and shrunken, shivering in the
hot sun and muttering, "The sun
does not warm one as it used to do,
but I am an old, old man."

He accepted, however, Steena's
offering of a basin of soup, and
when he had swallowed it, to our
great delight, offered of his own ac-
cord to tell us a story. "Not," he
added, "one of those foolish tales
of ghosts or fairies you children are
so fond of, but a true tale, one I
lived through myself.

"It was long, long ago. You have
heard and read, have you not, of the
French revolution, when blood flow-
ed like water in the streets of Paris
and Frenchmen chopped off the
heads of both king and queen? At
that time I was a boy in the service
of a young Danish nobleman.

"How tired we grew of it all—the
guillotine, the shrieking Pariscrowds,
who sang and danced and jeered
around while the tumblers full of
their victims were being dragged
away to their death. But we were
in Paris and could not get out, you
know. We were there no longer
known as master and servant; citi-
zen was the name dinged in our
ears.

"My master—I call him master
now—was an aristocrat of a high
and noble family in our own north-
ern land; but we kept that to our-
selves. I could speak not a word of
French. My master could speak it
like a Frenchman, of course.

"Opposite our lodgings was a
wineshop, kept by one of the red
capped Frenchmen. He offered one
day to sell me some very fine French
wine, 'Wine fit for the king him-
self,' he added, with a wink, which
told me that the king, dead now
and his bones moldering in a ditch,
had once upon a time had this wine
in his own royal cellar.

"I went to the wineshop directly
after to buy some of this wine, as
my master was in sore need of some-
thing to cheer his heart. My
tongue, however, could never twist
and turn itself to utter a word of
French, and when Manon, the shop-
keeper's daughter, heard me she fell
into shrieks of laughter. I thought
the ceiling would come down then
and there on our heads. The saucy
minx! I marched out, red in the
face and with my head up. I vowed
I would never put myself in the
way of being laughed at by her, a
girl who could not speak a word of
my tongue.

"When the wine was drunk, I re-
fused to go again to fetch it. He
could go himself, I told my master.
He was in no great hurry to go, but
did so at last. There was no laugh-
ing at his French, if you please, and
my master got into the way of go-
ing there every day or two to pass
the time with Manon. They sat in
a room back of the shop, Manon
with her needlework and my master
with his books. In the midst of the
alarms they spent a pleasant time
enough, for they were young and in
love with each other.

"So day after day passed until at
last Manon broke in on me to tell
me my master was in prison, de-
nounced by a cousin of her own,

who was jealous of him, and in
great danger of having his head cut
off.

"But we are Danes, both of us.
What can the French government do
with us? She shrugged her
shoulders. 'Who knows? But let
us try what we can do with the En-
glish and Danish consuls.' In all
Paris not a Danish consul could we
find, and the Englishman was not
sanguine. 'Paris might as well be a
kingdom in Ashanti,' he told us
sadly. 'There are a lot of savages
gone mad. Do you know Sanson
has complained of being overwork-
ed? In fact, bloodshed and cruelty
are rampant.'

"However, he promised to do
what he could for us, which was
nothing, as it turned out.

"When Manon found that there
was no help, as we walked away
weeping from the grim prison, to
my astonishment she began to beg
me to lend her my black confirma-
tion suit, made by my mother a few
months before and never yet worn
by me. Lend her my confirmation
suit? Not I! What could she want
with a boy's suit, she, a girl? I
scoffed at her, but she flung her
arms round my neck, and with her
pretty brown eyes full of tears she
entreated me to let her have it. She
only wanted it a day; I should have
it back then. What could a boy
like me do with Manon's eyes full
of tears and Manon's arms around
his neck? I yielded very reluctant-
ly, but I did yield. She eagerly
seized upon the bundle and ran off
with it.

"I could not help but notice how
pale her face was, how dark her eyes
were as she vanished out of my
sight.

"That very night my master came
back. He seemed very anxious about
Manon and sent me to her father's
to inquire about her. There, how-
ever, no one knew anything about
her. Her father was very angry
with her for neglecting the shop
and promised her a beating when
she did return. There was no news,
however, the next day and the next.

"On the morning of the third day
we, my master and I, heard the
rumbling of the tumbrels behind us,
and there, standing erect, dressed
in my confirmation suit, was Ma-
non. How young and innocent she
looked! Only a city peopled by hu-
man wolves and hyenas could have
struck the little curly brown head
from the long, white, slender throat.
Her eyes, full of love, were resting
on my master, for whom she was to
die, and she made him a little ges-
ture of farewell, a quick little ges-
ture, so slight as to be unobserved
almost. But he saw it and would
have fallen senseless had I not held
him up by main force and turned
off quickly into the street leading
to our lodgings. Before we got to
our destination the tumblers were
coming back empty, and she had
given her life for him, the aristoc-
rat—she who was no aristocrat;
only a poor, plain, common body
like myself."

This was the last tale we ever
heard from Niles. The next morn-
ing he was found dead in his bed.

His face, wonderfully rejuvenat-
ed by death, lay on the pillow, his
hands gently clasped as though in
prayer. All the place was present
to do honor to his obsequies, we
children wearing a band of crape
on our left arms, tied there by
Steena.

After the funeral it was found
that Niles had left all he owned to
Steena—the old house, the waste
garden and a goodly sum of money.

And Steena, good, ugly Steena,
was an heiress in a small way. She
who was wearied of single blessed-
ness and had commissioned the
blacksmith and the shoemaker to
get her a husband in vain while she
was poor and ugly had lovers gal-
ore.

Her choice fell on a handsome
young Englishman, a dozen years
her junior. In spite of the advice
of her disinterested friends and re-
latives, she married him presently.
The only notice she deigned to take
of it was that she was married in
the English church and by the En-
glish clergyman, and when, in the
course of a year, Steena became the
mother of twins, two blond haired,
blue eyed miniatures of their fa-
ther, what mother so happy and so
proud as Steena, our Steena?

By that time, too, there was a
neat gravestone to Niles' memory
on his grave, and the house, newly
painted, and the garden, blooming
like the rose, gave evidence that the
old man's money had been put to
excellent use by the thrifty Steena.
—Penny Pictorial Magazine.

Where Woman Is Lord.

In a tiny island called Minikoi,
off the southern coast of India, a
most peculiar state of society ex-
ists, for woman is lord of all she
surveys. The wife is the recognized
head of the house. She owns it and
everything in it, while anything that
her husband, who works very hard,
can earn goes to increase her wealth.
Her husband belongs to her, too,
and when she marries him she gives
him her name instead of taking his.

ALL OVER THE HOUSE.

All Good Cooks Are Versed in the Art
of Seasoning.

Many columns might be written
on the "Art of Seasoning." In no
one essential is judgment more to
be depended upon than in this.
Cookbooks tell you to take "a salt-
spoon of salt," so much of pepper,
etc. Now, there is salt and salt;
there is the pepper bought ground,
only half the pungency of that
you grind yourself; there are the
spices ditto, and one cannot use the
same quantity of the one as of the
other. As the celebrated painter
who, when asked with what medi-
um he blended his colors, making
them so perfect, replied, "Brains,"
so the mistress must herself, and
must instruct her cook to, use good
judgment and "brains" in season-
ing. Food that has to be seasoned
at the table, unless for some abnor-
mal appetite, is but meat and vege-
tables served with seasonings, not
meat and vegetables thoroughly per-
meated as they should be with sea-
soning matter. Upon the knowl-
edge of this law of good cooking de-
pends the excellence of your dishes.

Effective Table Covers.

Particularly effective for table
covers is the new improved Java or
Aida canvas, which comes in very
harmonious colorings and graceful
designs. The material being reversi-
ble, a variety in the color may be
introduced by using alternately the
front and back. In one example the
pure white ground is strewn with
large lilies or dahlias and foliage
woven with spring green, while
streaks of this tender color form a
kind of fretting all over the back-
ground, says the Brooklyn Eagle.
The green parts representing the
pattern are filled with cross stitch
or, never still, solid embroidery in
lovely natural tints, mostly wrought
in lustrine or any other glossy
thread as a substitute for silk. How-
ever, a mere outlining will be found
sufficient by many, while others still
frequently use the material as it
comes from the manufacturer. Huge
flowers are more striking when well
shaded and relieved with Japanese
gold. Ivory work could be utilized
to cover the damask band of other
table covers in khaki shades.

To Designate Towels.

A clever woman, according to
Good Housekeeping, has hit upon
the idea of embroidering with a
dark blue or red thread the out-
lines of various utensils, such as
tumblers, a cup and saucer, a fry-
ing pan or a saucepan, for the pur-
pose of conveying by object lessons
the separate use for which each
towel is designed. She says: "What
I could not impress upon the vari-
ous girls who served in my kitchen
was which towel was to be used for
certain dishes. They wipe my cut
glass with a heavy crash towel and
the frying pan with the towel de-
signed for glass. Since I have put
emblems on each of the towels I
have no further trouble."

Wax Berry Decoration.

For decorative use an old time fa-
vorite, the wax berry, is receiving
marked attention just now. Florists
have had it in stock for some time,
decorative artists are introducing
it in designs and mineral painters
are using it for ornamenting plates,
trays and vases. It is also being in-
troduced in water color sketches.
In one home in this borough crys-
tal bowls and silver vases are kept
filled with wax berries, a constant
supply being sent in from the coun-
try. The berries will keep fresh for
some time, and even when the leaves
are dry they are still effective. For
winter decoration for sitting room
or den wax berries are appropriate
and beautiful.

Fruit at Meals.

We put ripe fruit on our tables
as a "dessert," as a finish wherewith
to round off a repast already suf-
ficiently substantial. In reality it
ought to be allowed for as part of
that meal. Ripe fruit rarely if ever
digests properly when eaten after
other food. Its place in the dietary
is undoubtedly in between more solid
repasts. Cooked fruit should
form part of a course or possibly
the entire portion of the sweet
course at luncheon or dinner and,
indeed, at breakfast also, if you will,
for with many people cooked fruit is
never better liked than at the table
set for the first meal of the day.

Sweet Potato Pineapple.

Sweet potato pineapple is a pret-
ty way to serve this popular vege-
table. Boil, peel and mash four or
five good sized sweet potatoes. Add
one large tablespoonful of butter,
one tablespoonful of very light
brown sugar, one teaspoonful of
salt, one pinch each of mace and
grated nutmeg. Mold this into pine-
apple shape and place on a buttered
tin. With the tip of a teaspoon
make tiny depressions to resemble
the dots in a pineapple. Into each
one put a wee bit of butter. Light-
ly brown in a hot oven. If you wish,
you can make a small pineapple for
each one at the table.



RUBBERS

Large variety of styles and
prices.

Some people don't like rubbers.

For these we have good honest
stout shoes for street wear.

The foot often looks better and
feels better this way.

All America \$3.50
SHOE

is solid leather made on custom
shoe lasts and as near
weather tight as a shoe can
be. Trim in appearance, too.

They are the "What's what"
in shoes for fall and winter.
Come in and see them.

McMenamin's
Gents' Furnishing, Hat and Shoe Store,
South Centre Street.

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PATHFINDER
CIGAR
SOLD UNDER THE PATENT OF THE PHILADELPHIA EXHIBITION
ASK THE MAN BEHIND THE CASE
W. K. GRESH & SONS
MAKERS

The Cure that Cures
Coughs,
Colds,
Grippe,
Whooping Cough, Asthma,
Bronchitis and Incipient
Consumption, is
OTTO'S
CURE
The GERMAN REMEDY
Cures throat and lung diseases.
Sold by all druggists. 25¢ & 50¢

HEADACHE
DR. MILES' ANTI
Pain Pills
At all drug stores. 25 Doses 25c.

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Pain Pills
At all drug stores. 25 Doses 25c.

RAILROAD TIMETABLES

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.
June 2, 1901.
ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.
LEAVE FREELAND.
6 12 a m for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk,
Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Phila-
delphia and New York.
7 34 a m for Sandy Run, White Haven,
Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and Scranton.
8 15 a m for Hazleton, Weatherly, Mauch
Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton,
Philadelphia, New York, Delano and
Pottsville.
9 30 a m for Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy
City, Shenandoah and Mt. Carmel.
11 42 a m for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Al-
lertown, Bethlehem, Easton, Phila-
delphia, New York, Hazleton, Delano,
Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Mt.
Carmel.
11 51 a m for White Haven, Wilkes-Barre,
Scranton and West.
4 44 p m for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Al-
lertown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadel-
phia, New York, Hazleton, Delano,
Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Mt. Carmel
and Pottsville.
6 35 p m for Sandy Run, White Haven,
Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and all points
West.
7 29 p m for Hazleton.
ARRIVE AT FREELAND.
7 34 a m from Pottsville, Delano and Haz-
leton.
9 12 a m from New York, Philadelphia, East-
on, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch
Chunk, Weatherly, Hazleton, Mahanoy
City, Shenandoah and Mt. Carmel.
9 30 a m from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and
White Haven.
11 5 a m from Pottsville, Mt. Carmel, Shen-
andoah, Mahanoy City, Delano and
Hazleton.
12 45 p m from New York, Philadelphia,
Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch
Chunk and Weatherly.
4 44 p m from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and
White Haven.
6 35 p m from New York, Philadelphia,
Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch
Chunk, Weatherly, Mt. Carmel, Shenan-
doah, Mahanoy City, Delano and Hazle-
ton.
7 29 p m from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and
White Haven.
For further information inquire of Ticket
Agents.
WILLIAM W. LEBER, General Superintendent,
CHAS. S. LEIB, General Passenger Agent,
26 Cortlandt Street, New York City.
G. J. GILDROY, Division Superintendent,
Hazleton, Pa.

**THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND
SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD.**
Time table in effect March 10, 1901.
Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Eckley, Hazle
Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, On-
neida and Hazleton Junction at 6 00 a m, daily
except Sunday; and 7 07 a m, 2 38 p m, Sunday.
Trains leave Drifton for Harwood, Cranberry,
Tomhicken and Drifter at 6 00 a m, daily
except Sunday; and 7 07 a m, 2 38 p m, Sun-
day.
Trains leave Drifton for Onneida Junction,
Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onneida and
Shopton at 6 00 a m, daily except Sun-
day; and 7 07 a m, 2 38 p m, Sunday.
Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Harwood,
Cranberry, Tomhicken and Drifter at 6 35
a m, daily except Sunday; and 8 53 a m, 4 22 p m,
Sunday.
Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Onneida
Junction, Harwood Road, Onneida Junction, Hazle-
ton and Shopton at 6 32 11 10 a m, 4 41 p m,
daily except Sunday; and 7 37 a m, 3 11 p m,
Sunday.
Trains leave Drifter for Tomhicken, Cran-
berry, Harwood, Hazleton Junction and Room
at 5 10 p m, daily except Sunday; and 3 37
a m, 5 07 p m, Sunday.
Trains leave Shopton for Onneida, Humboldt
Road, Harwood Road, Onneida Junction, Hazle-
ton Junction and Room at 7 11 a m, 12 40, 5 26
p m, daily except Sunday; and 8 11 a m, 3 44
p m, Sunday.
Trains leave Shopton for Beaver Meadow
Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo
and Drifton at 5 25 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,
Jeddo and Drifton at 5 49 p m, daily,
except Sunday; and 10 10 a m, 5 40 p m, Sunday.
All trains connect at Hazleton Junction with
electric cars for Hazleton, Jeannette, Auden-
ried and other points on the Traction Com-
pany's line.
Train leaving Drifton at 6 00 a m makes
connection at Drifter with P. R. R. trains for
Wilkes-Barre, Scranton, Harrisburg and points
west.
LUTHER C. SMITH, Superintendent.

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