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Centre Street, near Central Hotel.

FACTS IN FEW LINES

The skin of the Canadian black bear brings from $15 to $50.

Kansas wants 160 acres of St. Louis fair space for an alfalfa exhibit.

An American desk factory is about to commence operations in London.

Steam dredges costing $250,000 are being introduced in Alaskan gold regions.

Vast forests of rich yellow and sugar pine are being opened up in eastern Washington.

The first fire engine used in this country was brought from England to New York in 1731.

To commend anarchist crime in a public place is a punishable offense according to French law.

The New Zealand government is raising the wages of its railway employees to the extent of $100,000.

The Belgian government is drawing up a bill providing for the total suppression of Sunday newspapers.

The assessed valuation of the state of Idaho has increased $4,649,580 in a single year, and the total now is $52,195,486.

The government agricultural experts are hard at work trying to evolve an orange tree that will prosper under cold weather.

The ink of the Greeks and Romans was merely lampblack mingled with gum in the proportion of three parts of the former to one of the latter.

Dundee, Scotland, has started an electric street sweeper and watering machine. It is worked by a trolley arm which runs on the tramway wire.

Coffee merchants figure out a world's supply of coffee this year of 24,000,000 bags, with a demand for only 15,000,000 bags, and they do not know what to do.

Utility.

The big mustache isn't merely ornamental.—Chicago News.

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The Drumbeats Of Liberty

...By M. QUAD.

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They had brought him home one day, that loyal and stout hearted patriot, Jacob Van Brunt, with his vision gone forever. A Hessian's bullet had blinded him, and a comrade walked hand in hand with him and warned him of obstructions in the road.

One night months later, as the blind man slept, there was a gentle tapping at his window, and as he opened the sash and asked who was there a patriot sergeant replied:

"Hist, Jacob! I have been with oxen and wagon for muskets, powder and lead. I have had a long pull of it, and the oxen can go no farther, and there is a Hessian picket on the road to the south. We must hide the munitions and come for them again."

Ten minutes later the blind drummer and his three daughters were assisting the soldiers to unload the wagon and hide its contents in the dark and empty cellar of the barn. In all haste and yet with due caution the work was speedily finished and the vehicle driven back over the road, and by and by when a patrol of cavalry came trotting that way no man saw or heard anything unusual.

And when the muskets had been oiled and the lead cast into bullets which gleamed bright as silver there was a drill on the bare floor of the old barn. With drum at his side, but the sticks beating softly, and with Ruth, Mary and Esther in line before him, the blind man whisperingly commanded:

"Attention, company! Right face! Left face! Order arms! Shoulder arms! Ready—aim—recover! R-r-r-r! Rat-tat-tat!"

And there came a November day when the snowflakes fluttered down now and then, and the skies were dark with winter's warning, and the gale whipped the dying leaves off the apple and pear trees and tossed their branches about in wild disorder. The blind drummer was nodding in sleep in his chair, and his daughters were in the field searching for potato hills which might have escaped the raiders. Of a sudden the man roused up and peered into vacancy with his sightless eyes and listened with beating heart.

The daughters found him standing erect, with drum at his side and sticks in his hand, as they came running in.

"Aye, they are coming, the enemy," he said as the panting girls essayed to speak. "They have heard of the arms and are coming to take them away. You, Ruth and Mary, to the barn and bring as many muskets as you can carry, and you, Esther, lead me to the lane and stone wall. Forward—steady—forward, march!

"Attention, company!" cried the drummer as he ceased to rattle his sticks. "Load each and every musket. Let them come half way up the lane before you fire. Tell me, Esther, what do they do?"

"They have halted, father, and appear surprised and confused."

"R-r-r-r! Rat-a-tat! Rat-tat-tat! They are brave men and will come on, but they are enemies of liberty. Aye, I hear their tramp on the dying grass. Steady, girls—steady! When they are even with the wild cherry tree, fire at them to kill. Tell me, Esther, tell me"—

Bang! bang! bang! roared the three muskets, and with pulses jumping the blind man grasped his sticks and made the drum rattle till the half dozen horses down in the road reared up and plunged and whinnied at the sounds.

"Fresh muskets! Fire again! Tell me, Esther, tell me if any of them are down!"

"Three, father!" Bang! bang! bang! "Five, father—five are down now, and one is leaning against the wall! We have stopped them! They halt—they waver—they give back!"

The enemy fell back, rallied and advanced for the third time. Now some of the troops left the narrow lane and advanced upon the flanks of the defense. They crept along the stone walls or skirmished across the fields, and the firing became brisk.

"R-r-r-r! Rat-a-tat-tat-tat!" rattled the drum, and the drummer shouted above the noise: "You are using but two muskets now! What has become of Ruth?"

"Oh, father," replied Esther, "Ruth—Ruth is dead!"

"Rat-a-tat-tat-tat! Attention, company! Load—ready—aim—fire—recover! Tell me, Esther, can we hold them?"

"No, father! They are in front—to the right—to the left! I see them aiming at you, father! Crouch down beside me or you will be killed!"

"I cannot see, I cannot shoot, but I will stand to the last! R-r-r-r! R-r-r-r! Rat-a-tat! Rat-a-tat-tat! 'Tis the drumbeats that called the minutemen together at Lexington. You are using but one musket now. What has become of Mary?"

"Dead, father—dead as she rested her gun barrel over the wall!"

"Attention, company! Only a blind man and a girl, but the muskets in the barn belong to Washington and liberty, and we must die for them! Are you afraid, Esther?"

"I—I am not afraid!"

"Then fight on! 'Twas thus that the drums rattled at Bunker Hill—r-r-r-a-a-tat-tat-tat-tat! And 'twas thus they stoutened our hearts as we slowly fell back from Brooklyn Heights—r-r-r-rat-a-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat! You have ceased firing. Tell me, Esther, is the powder gone?"

There was no answer.

"They are dead," groaned the blind man—"Ruth, Mary and Esther—all dead! Aye, shout and cheer and fire, you hirelings! I face you—so! And here is the way the drums beat at White Plains as our ragged patriots came swinging into action—r-r-r-r! Tat-tat-tat! Rat-a-tat! Rat-a-tat! Rat-a-tat-tat-tat-tat! And when we crossed the Delaware and broke the British center at Trenton it was—r-r-r-r-a-tat-tat"—

The blind man swayed and tottered and sank to earth, and there were cheers from the walls and fences and hillocks.

"And at Princeton," he whispered as he clutched the drumsticks with fingers of death, "the drumbeats were—tat—tat"—

"How did they know? How could we tell?" asked man of man as they stood leaning on their muskets and looked down on the dead. They could not have told. They could not comprehend the depths of patriotism.

In the Sulus—The Moros.

The Moro is a great talker, always returning to the same point. Practically nothing of consequence can be obtained from him in conference, and the less of him the better. In his religion he is naturally a fanatic. He is a wiry, sinewy, athletic fellow, very different from the Visayan or Tagalo and quite different from the Filipino generally. In physical appearance he is a distinct type in the orient. He has a bold and haughty bearing and freedom of manners extending to an almost defiant carriage.

He dresses in fantastic garbs of bright and brilliant colors and is as gay in manner as gaudy in garb. A variegated, uniquely folded turban, a highly colored silk sash to hold his deadly, handsomely carved and adorned borong or krise, a short jacket ornamented with bright metal clasps or filigree work or buttons and very bright striped silk trousers that are tight in fit make him the most picturesque of barbarian people.

He lives in simplicity. He is brave to fearlessness, a born pirate and essentially a fighting man, ever at war with somebody in some part of the sultanate, never happy unless on a marauding expedition and stealing from his neighbors, friends and foes alike. The chief who is the most successful thief is the most respected and most powerful among chiefs.—Lieutenant Colonel Sweet, U. S. A., in Independent.

Ants as Miners.

Ants commonly are regarded as nuisances, yet they have their uses. If you dig up a nest of common brown ants, you will notice by putting your face close to the hill a pungent odor arising. This is the vapor of formic acid, the principle of ant poison. Now, formic acid has the property of making plants grow as hardly anything else will. Therefore the mold of which the ant nests are composed makes a valuable dressing for the market garden when spread on while it is fresh. Another little known benefit to be derived from ants is the collection of their eggs for fish food. In the late summer a good many people make a living by gathering ant eggs in the pine woods of Surrey and Berkshire, England, and selling them to the London fish dealers.

In the west ants are sometimes used as miners. There is a large species of Rocky mountain ant which builds its nest neither of wood nor earth, but of stone, and it prefers stones brilliant in color for this purpose. Miners are said to transport whole nests of these insects to places where garnets abound, and when the ants have built their new homes all the best crystals within a radius of many yards will be found in it and appropriated by the garnet seekers.

A "Square" Alderman.

"I happened to be out west," said a Pittsburg architect, "when a certain town decided to erect a city hall. Architects were invited to send in plans and specifications, and, though I hadn't fully decided to compete, I dropped in on a boss alderman one day to secure some information. I had been told that he was at the head of a ring, and it didn't take me long to discover that such information was correct. We had scarcely passed a dozen words when he said:

"'Mr. Blank, this building is to cost $800,000.'

"'Yes.'

"'And there must be at least $200,000 to divide up among the pickings.'

"'Yes.'

"'Can you plan an $800,000 building which will yield $200,000 worth of pickings?'

"'I never have done so.'

"'Then don't begin here. You'd not only muddle your plans and specifications, but you'd tempt us to steal your whack of the stealings, and we want to get out of it with a little honor left to tackle some other job with. Try a railroad water job or something easy, and good morning to you.'"

Goat Chops.

"The man who goes in for Angoras," says an authority, "will find that it is true they will jump anything under 100 feet high and climb a sapling. They will get at the neighbor's wash as sure as it goes on the line, and there will be lingerie to pay for. But if you would be on the safe side and keep the billy there turn him up and cut away the little creeper that you will find at the bottom of the hoof. It will not hurt him to lose it, but it ruins his ambition as a mountebank. It will save lots of trouble to have a chiropodist get at the Angora with a nail trimmer."

Goat meat cannot be distinguished from mutton ordinarily. In every car of sheep that comes from New Mexico there are sure to be from two to a dozen same block at the packers', and the same block at the packers,' and the goodwife who takes home goat chops for lamb chops is never the wiser, nor is the butcher. A goat is only a goat when he has his pelt on. After that he is a sheep.

WOMAN AND FASHION

An Attractive Tea Jacket.

The tea jacket shown in the illustration is of pale blue cloth edged with a white guipure lace frill and adorned with a large, stylish lace collar to match. Blue ribbon confines the full-

BLUE CLOTH AND LACE.

ness at the waist and trims the sleeves. The upper sleeve is of cloth, and the full undersleeve and chemisette are of white liberty satin, while the collar band is of blue velvet.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Tan Boots and Shoes.

Brown boots and shoes are invariably, let it be remembered, the most correct and convenient footgear when traveling, for obvious reasons, and, when well made, can no longer have the reproach leveled at them of being clumsy or apparently increasing the size of the foot. The American Shoe company—and, indeed, most of the best bootmakers—have now brought the brown shoe and boot to a point of perfection in shape and color which leaves nothing to be desired by the most fastidious, and in this connection it is worth remarking that brown stockings should always match the tone of leather in one's boot or shoe, the union of color in both being one of those details which a well dressed woman will be careful to consider.

Fabrics Must Be Furry.

Many fabrics known as drap de zibeline are exaggerated in their silky and furry appearance to an exceptional degree, while one or two colors are intermingled on ground colors of grays, mastic, Sevres blues, fraise cerassees and browns. Long white or black hairs appear to float over the whole mixture, and indescribable checks, broken stripes, colored knotted woolen spots, are interwoven on this novelty. A short pile satin faced beaver cloth known as drap de panne is equally favored with a coarse canvas cloth.

Blouse and Norfolk Jackets.

Taking the place with many women of the Eton and bolero, which still, however, hold favor among autumn robes, are the blouse jackets with turndown Napoleon collar, or one in Aiglon shape, with or without the skirt peplum, cut in circular form, or the new Norfolk jacket, made with silk stitched, adjustable plaits that taper from beneath the edges of a shaped yoke to the waist. A narrow stitched belt defines the slight dip at the front, and the close sleeves are made with two seams.

A Stylish Gray Hat.

The illustration shows a large gray and white felt hat made of interlaced folds of felt and velvet and trimmed with two large gray plumes.

A Worth Creation.

One of Worth's most exquisite creations of this season is an evening gown of vieux rose miroir velvet. Beautiful guipure d'Irlande forms the quaint collar, shaping in a sloping fashion over the shoulders and further embellishes the skirt. The princesse front is of a paler shade of vieux rose satin, the corsage being slashed with velvet strings. A large black chapeau de style completes the picturesque toilet.

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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, Philadelphia 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, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, New York, Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Mt. Carmel.

11 51 a m for White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and the West.

4 44 p m for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, 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 Hazleton.

9 12 a m from New York, Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Weatherly, Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Mt. Carmel

9 30 a m from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and White Haven.

11 51 a m from Pottsville, Mt. Carmel, Shenandoah, Mahanoy City, Delano and Hazleton.

12 48 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, Shenandoah, Mahanoy City, Delano and Hazleton.

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

For further information inquire of Ticket Agents.

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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, Roan 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 Deringer at 6 00 a m, daily except Sunday; and 7 07 a m, 2 38 p m, Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Oneida Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Oneida and Sheppton at 6 00 a m, daily except Sunday; and 7 07 a m, 2 38 p m, Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomhicken and Deringer at 6 35 a m, daily except Sunday; and 6 53 a m, 4 22 p m, Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Oneida Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Oneida and Sheppton 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 Deringer for Tomhicken, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazleton Junction and Roan at 5 00 p m, daily except Sunday; and 9 37 a m, 5 07 p m, Sunday.

Trains leave Sheppton for Oneida, Humboldt Road, Harwood Road, Oneida Junction, Hazleton Junction and Roan at 7 11 a m, 12 40, 5 26 p m, daily except Sunday; and 9 11 a m, 3 44 p m, Sunday.

Trains leave Sheppton for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5 26 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 40 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, Jeanesville, Auden-ried and other points on the Traction Company's line.

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

GUTHER C. SMITH, Superintendent.