

THE JOINT WORK OF

VII.—ONE THREAD BREAKS.

By INSPECTOR BYRNES. Illustrated by REGINALD T. SPERRY.

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Henshall did not know whether to laugh or to swear when he reflected on the way in which he had been played by the singer. He felt glad that he had made sure of her number. He meant to see her the next day and find out if he could where Edna Lewis was living.

The interest which he had felt in this girl, who represented to him so fully his ideal, was quickened ten fold by the late occurrence. He had protected her from one whom he was convinced by many reasons she disliked and who boded her no good. The glance that had shot from

one whom he was convinced by many reasons she disliked and who boded her no good. The glance that had shot from her eye as she darted off when he had freed her from Dr. Watson had spoken of gratitude. He laughed at himself for being tempted to think there was any other feeling in that glance.

"Yet I had only seen her once," he said to himself, as if to defend the absurd thought that she would feel any deep interest in him. "I saw her only once, and she has lived in my brain and my heart ever since. What a soul she must have to play as she did! What could have made that woman play me like that?"

"That woman" was not the fascinating Edna, but the singer who had decoyed him away from her.

He remembered that Edna at the concert had worn a white satin dress, and the singer had worn a pink one. Then they must have changed gowns! And the long cloak he was sure was the same as that he had seen upon the young girl at the time he had come to her rescue and freed her from Dr. Watson.

He recalled the singular change which he had remarked in her playing. He also remembered the strange fact that he had surned his eyes directly from her upon Dr. Watson.

The thought that he and the girl he

upon Dr. Watson.

The thought that he and the girl he was beginning to feel such an interest in could be swayed by a common sympathetic feeling was pleasant to him, but when he reflected that it was the odious doctor who had apparently swayed both their souls by some occult magnetism he was indignant.

He could have endured it for her, but that he astrong man should be drawn

that he, a strong man, should be drawn like a piece of iron filing to the magnet by this fellow, whom he hated and whom he knew to be a villain, mortified his

pride.

"It was only a chance coincidence," he said angrily to himself.

The next morning he called at the house where he had been the night before with the singer. He had lost his programme of the concert, and could not recall her name. But he trusted to his wit to find her.

A colored was nawyered his inputient.

recall her name. But he trusted to his wit to find her.

A colored man answered his impatient ring at the bell.

"Is there a public singer living in this building?" Henshall asked.

"Yes, sir; there's two—Mrs. Bucks and Miss Dudley."

"Where is the man who was on duty last night at 11 o'clock?" he inquired.

"He doesn't come on till 6 this evening," was the answer.

"Well, you can take me to Miss Dudley's," he said impatiently at a venture.

The elevator boy took him up to the third floor and pointed to the door on the left. "That is Miss Dudley's," he said.

said.
If enshall rang the bell. The door wayned after two or three minutes by young woman whom he had never seen "Can I see Miss Dudley for a moment?" he asked.

What do you want to see her for? said the young woman.
"It is on a matter of private busi-

part. Now, you can act a still friendlier one if you will help me find this young woman. I believe she ueeds assistance and I shall gladly aid her."

Miss Dudley darted a keen glance at his handsome face as she answered: "I do not doubt it in the least. But I know nothing about Miss Neville more than I have told you. Still, when I see her I will tell her what you have said, and if you leave your address with me I will write to you what she says."

With this Henshall had to be content. He saw that the singer was sincere in what she said so far as he could judge. He went to Steinway hall and got Heinrich Neuberger's address. It was on Third avenue, far up town.

He decided to call at Miss Hartman's on his way up to let Mrs. Smith know that he had seen her villainous husband. This would help to cement the confidence between them which he wished to inspire.

said the young woman.

"It is on a matter of private business," he replied.

The lady's face was not at all encouraging as she replied, "I do not know it."

"Have you any objections to telling me why you and Miss Neville exchanged dresses last night and why you led me on such a wild goose chase?"

The lady's eyes twinkled a little with merriment as she recalled the incident. Then she replied provokingly:

"Why, I thought the least I could do after your goodness in supplying me with a coupe to come home in was to allow you to accompany me—as far as the door. So you didn't mean to come with me at all." she went on ironically. "How mortifying."

"Miss Dudley, I've no doubt it was very amusing to hoodwink me as you did. But you have not told me why you changed dresses with Miss Neville and wore her cloak."

"Why, you see, she asked me to," said Miss Dudley, opening her eyes and lookinspire.

When he rang the bell he told the ser-

"Why, you see, she asked me to," said Miss Dudley, opening her eyes and look-ing very innocent. "And why did she ask

When he rang the bell he told the servant to give his card to Mrs. Smith. He penciled on it: "Come down for a moment. Do not say I am here."
He entered the parlor and waited. In a very short time Mrs. Smith presented herself. She seemed flurried, but glad to see him.
"You came at a very opportune time. I can trust you implicity, can I not?" she asked, looking at him fixedly.
"Cerainly, I want you to do so. I want your help and will give you mine. I saw your husband last night," he added.
"Read that and see what it means." Miss Dadey, opening her eyes and took ing very innocent.

"And why did she ask you to?" re-torted Henshall, showing a little irrita-tion. "I don't suppose it is a common thing for young women who sing or take part in the same concert to change clothes with each other tag so home in!" said Mrs. Smith, drawing a letter from

said Mrs. Smith, drawing a letter from her pocket. "Do not be afraid to do so because it is directed to Miss Hartman. I have read it," and her eyes flashed, "and I know he meant villainy bit." Henshall hastily ran his eye over the letter. It was as follows:

"Miss Lena Hartman—If Mr. Henry Henshall has any relations to you which would make his compromising another young woman of interest to you ask him what he has to do with a girl who plays the vielln in public and whose stage name is Louise Noville. He may deny that he knows her, but you are entitled to this warning from

part in the same concert to change clothes with each other to go home in!" Miss Dudley smiled again. Then, as if feeling that she had carried the matter far enough in this line, she said decidedly and with a serious countenance: "I have told you all I have to say about the matter. If you wish to know more you will have to see Miss Neville herself, and I do not really know her address. So I can be of no service to you, and I must beg you to excuse me now." "Miss Dudley," said Henshall, soften-ing his tone, "you would not have acted

"Miss Dudley," said Henshall, soften-ing his tone, "you would not have acted as you have unless you were a friend to Miss Neville. Believe me, you would do her no harm by trusting me, as I am —ahem!—a true friend to the young lady.

Henshall raised his eyes interrogatively to Mrs. Smith.

"That note came this morning," she said excitedly. "The handwriting is disguised, but I know the character of Leopardi's Italian letters too well not to detect it. I took the liberty of opening it, thinking I had a right as his wife," she said bitterly, "to know what he would write to a young lady engaged to a young gentleman. When I read it I decided not to let Miss Hartman know anything about it, and felt it was only fair to show it to you."

"It is only his devilish malice perhaps," said Henshall, "for he hates me.

haps," said Henshall, "for he hates me. But I do not know how he could have P. T. Barnum. Bill Nye.

"I had the pleasure of rescuing her from a man who was annoying her with his attentions only last evening. I feel sure that it was the wish to escape him that led hor to propose this extraordinary change of dress. Your being so nearly the same height and figure as Miss Neville made this an easy means of throwing him off the track. Am I not right?"

Miss Dudley's eyes had opened rather wide as he was speaking, and when he was through she exclaimed:

"Then you are not the man?"

"I am not the man, I swear to you," said Henshall. found out my name and my engagement to Miss Hartman." Miss Hartman."

He then told Mrs. Smith the history

of yesterday. When he was through she exclaimed: "That man seems to me she exclaimed: "That man seems devilish at times. Keep this letter at all events. It may come into play

all events. It may come into play later."
When Henshall left her he went at once to Neuberger's. What was his astonishment when that gentleman said to him: "Miss Neville has accepted an engagement to appear in San Francisco with a manager named Rudolph Opper. She started for there this morning."
"Beaten again!" said Henshall savagely to himself as he descended the statrs. "But I will find her if I have to follow her around the world."

VIII. — COLLISIONS AND COLLU-SIONS.

By NELL NELSON. Illustrated by Mrs. JESSIE CURTIS SHEPARD.

'Oh! how good the fire feels," said

"Oh! how good the fire feels," said Miss Brown, as she rolled over on the soft Persian rug and presented her left shoulder to the open grate.

She lay with her elbows on the floor, her chin in her hands and her feet crossed, purring like some regenerated cat as she toasted herself a bright scurlet.

"Oh! how good it feels," she repeated, gazing into the glowing coals through the iron bars of the grate and recrossing her neatly slippered feet. "The best fire that ever blazed. If I ever get a home of my own I'll have a grate in every room and a roaring fire in every grate nine months in the year. If there was nothing else in life but hot coffee, hot water and a hot fire it would still be worth living. "I am not the man, I swear to you."

The singer reflected for a moment and then said: "I do not see what harm it can do to tell you the truth in any case. Even if you are the man, nothing that I say would do any harm now. Who is the man?" she saked suddenly, fixing her eyes on the young fellow.

water and a hot are it worth living.

"Coffee is the best thing that ever went down a human throat. I know of no sensation to compare with a hot bath, which is a purification, a solace and a benediction, while a grate fire, with a periodiction of the company company. which is a purification, a solace and a senediction, while a grate fire, with a soft rug to lie on, is company, comfort and consolation. There's history in the burning coals, and there must be inspiration, only I haven't brains enough to perceive it.

"The present lies in the white heat. There's that Doctor of Devils grinning at me; there's poor little Edna; there's the crazy painter, and leaning against the brick is Mr. Crawford, scarcely able to support himself.

Even if you are the man, nothing that I say would do any harm now. Who is the man?" she asked suddenly, fixing her eyes on the young fellow.

"He is an Italian mind reader whose real name is Leopardi. I know him to be a villian," replied Henshall at once.

"I only asked that to see if you would have an answer ready." Miss Dadley returned, smiling reguishly again. "Well, I will tell you the whole thing. After her last solo Miss Noville was strangely agitated. She came to me trembling and said: "There is a man whom I greatly fear, because, although I detest him, he has an influence over me which I cannot resist. From the way I felt while I was playing I believe he was somewhere in the hall. I desire above all things to avoid meeting this man. My happiness in life may be destroyed if he should find where I am living. Will you not change dresses with me and wear my wrap? We are so nearly alike in figure that if you go out in these clothes and veil yourself well he can easily mistake you for me and will follow you. I feel as if he would wait until he sees me come out.

"She so impressed me," continued Miss Dudley, "that I consented. The fun of the thing tickled my fancy, too. Well, when I came out and you addressed me as Miss Neville and invited me into the coupe which you had engaged, I felt sure you were the man. I thought I was helping Miss Neville all the more by bringing you home with me. Then it was a satisfaction to show you had been feoled."

She laughed and then said earnestly, "And you are not the man at all, then?"

"No, I am not the man at all, then?"

"No, I am not the man at all, then?"

"No, I am not the man at all, then?"

"No, I am not the man at all, then?"

"No, I am not the man at all, then?"

"No, I am not the man at all, then?"

"No, I am not the man at all, then?"

"No, I am not the man at all, then?" to support himself.
"The embers of remembrance in their

"The embers of remembrance in their dying glow picture the past, and there's one fact that never fades. I see it in the ashes after the hast spark goes out, and I shall see it in the coffin lid at my funeral, and in my grave when I'm buried. God help her to forgive me!" and rolling over on her back she clasped her hands and raised them in supplicating appeal above her burning face.

Just then the door of her room opened noiselessly and Dr. Watson, in slippers and lounge coat, entered, and taking a cigarette from his lips stood for a moment watching her.

cigarette from his lips stood for a mo-ment watching her.

Not a sound was made nor a syllable uttered, but Miss Brown felt the pres-ence of the hypnotist in an instant.

A shudder ran through her body, an

A shudder ran through her body, an excessive quivering agitated her eyelids. Her eyeballs moved convulsively, and quickly turning her face as close to the fire as the brass fender would permit she said by way of recognition, "It's you, is it?"

"You have said it, my dear Martha, and if you don't mind I'll finish my cigarette here. Damnation can have little terror for you, by the way."

"How do you know?"

part. Now, you can act a still friendlier one if you will help me find this young

"Read that and see what it means."



"You have said it, my dear Martha."

"Because you can stand such an infernal lot of heat. I've seen something of life and people, but I never met a creature without feathers or fur who could stand as much reasting as you can and not get scorched. Do you know, I sometimes think that you lived in Hades before you came to earth, for you are certainly the most fireproof young woman in my time."

tainly the most are production in my time."

Miss Brown rose to a sitting posture, straightened out her skirts, threw one corner of the fine ray over her feet and knees, and lying down again turned her eyes to the fire and covered her face eyes to the the skirt out the demon gaze with her arm to shut out the demon gaze that made her soul writhe. Without heeding her silence Watson

Without heeding her silence was on blew out some delicate rings of smoke.

"I wish you were not so prudish," he said. "I like the lace ruffles of your skirt better than that rug. They remind me of the girl I married in Chicago."

deny that he knows act, titled to this warning from "A FRIEND."

and to-morrow, it possible, we win tage the same route. I have given 'old Mortality a powder to make him sleep for the next fifteen hours, and if you have any packing to do you needn't be afraid of disturbing him. You have been a very useful assistant. Martha, and you can make yourself indispensable to me now if you want to."

Miss Brown slowly raised herself, rubbed her eyes with both hands, and without looking at him asked, "In what way?"

rubbed her eyes with out and, and way?"

"No. I've done all I intend to do 'in the same old way!" When I leave this house I leave your service for good. I have enough on my conscience now to keep me as wide awake as the Maebeths, and I tell you I'm sick of it, and I intend to quit."

"You're never so good looking, Martha, as when you reflect the fire you absorb. If you were my wife I'd keep you angry all the time. Conscience Bah! the thing went out of style before you were out of bibs. It's indigestion that's bothering you. I'll mix you a powder when I go to my room.

"Now, Miss Crawford is expected in San Francisco Monday evening. She will stay at a private house, the name and number of which I will give you, and I want you to go to her with a letter her fathen has written and look after her. I am determined to marry her and you can help me."

"And what if I refuse?"

"I'm determined that you will not refuse and the soomer you well as the seconer you well as the seconer you well as the seconer you well as the rese and the soomer you well as the seconer you well not research the seconer you we well the seconer you well not research the seco

"I'm determined that you will not refuse, and the sooner you understand that the better. Do you hear what I am saying? Look at me!"

the better. Do you hear what I am saying? Look at me!"

"Let me go!"

"Answer me first."
Unable to move a muscle under his grip Miss Brown felt her senses reeling beneath his hideons gaze and for an instant was overpowered.

The doctor gave her arm a sudden twist that brought the girl to her feet.

Then fixing his black, beady eyes on her, and looking steadily at her trembling lids till she raised her eyes to his face, he said clearly and decidedly:

"You will do as I tell you? Say you will?"

will?

will?"

A shade passed across the pale face of the governess. It was there an instant and gone in an instant, but Miss Brown was conscious of it, for she raised her left hand to brush it away, and as she did so gasped, "Yes," and tore away the lace from her throat.

"Now you are reasonable, Sit Jones."

lace from her throat.

"Now you are reasonable. Sit down and listen to me. Tell Mr. Crawford in the morning that you had a dream, that you saw Edna on a sick bed, neglected and alone, Tell him you saw her mother— What the devil ails you?"

"Don't say any wore for beyonder.

and alone. Tell him you saw her mother— What the devil ails you?"
"Don't say any more, for heaven's sake! I know what to tell him," and she buried her face in her hands as if to shut out a vision too horrible to contemplate.
"I am willing and all that, Dr. Watson, but I know I can't help you and it's no use sending me. Miss Edna does not trust me. She dreads me and I fear her. I can't look into her face, and have not been able to meet her eyes since the night I made her mother use your vinaigrette.

night I made her mother use your vin-aigrette.

"Asleep or awake it's all the same, and the older the daughter grows the stronger becomes the resemblance to her mother. It is wasted time; I can't stay with her or near her, and I won't try. I will go to California with the letter, if that will do you any good, but there isn't money enough in America to keep me in her service."

"And that is final, is it?"

"Yes."
"Does it occur to you that I have evi-

dence sufficient to convict you of murder?"

"Who ever heard of an accomplice hanging and an adept secundrel who has won success as thief, bigamist, forgerer and blackmailer escaping judgment? There was profit in Mrs. Crawford's death, and you know who got her fortune and what became of her property."

"Hold your tongue, you jade. Your wages will depend upon the success of your dream to-morrow morning. We give up these quarters this week without fail, and on second thought it will be better to have you travel with us as nurse or companion, or secretary to Mr. Crawford.

"To save you the trouble of planning."

better to have you travel with us as nurse or companion, or secretary to Mr. Crawford.

"To save you the trouble of planning an escape I might as well tell you that I have paid a private detective to watch you, and that I am determined to have your assistance. So good night, dear, Get as much rest as you can, for it's a long, weary run from here to 'Frisco.'

Banker Hartman's house in Stuyvesant square was as gay as a palace for a coronation. Incandescent lanterns hung in the branches of the trees, flooded the scane below with soft light, and wove a delicate tapestry of skeleton leaves and graceful branches over pavement, street and wall. From curbstone to doorstep stretched 'carpet and canopy, one hung with little chamber lanterns, from the jewels of which the light streamed in soft splendor, and the other hedged with date and fan palms.

White liveried grooms stood at the carriage step to assist the wedding guests, and in the vestibule and along the staircase were servants of inscrutable face and faultless dress, each with a single phrase to deliver by way of direction to the bewildered company.

The air was redolent with the breath of roses, and up from an arbor of pal and oleander floated the light strains a love itself.

Newel posts and balustrades were

Newel posts and balustrades were twined with roses and rosemary; window seats and mantel shelves were cushioned with violets and daffodils; gorage balls feet and daffodils; geous balls of hydrangea and chrysan-themum filled the fireplaces, and invisi-

the the lace ruffles of your skirt better than that rug. They remind me of the girl I married in Chicago."

"That was your third wife, wasn't it? she said venomously.

"Well, really, Mattie, to tell you the truth, I don't remember her number, but now that you betray some evidence of rationalism, I have a little matter to talk about fata will interest you.

"Your truant mistress has gone west,"

"Your truant mistress has gone west,"

thenum filled the fireplaces, and invisible them unities series of smilax was smilax was still points to that date. The other works of the clock are not impaired, but this qual regularity.—Fall River (Mass) this works of the clock are not impaired, but this qual regularity.—Fall River (Mass) this works of the clock are not impaired, but this qual regularity.—Fall River (Mass) them the form in fact every thing needed by Horsemen.

Nows.

Thousands walk the earth to-day who would be sleeping in its bosom but for bettimely use of Down's Elixir. Sold by Dr. Schilcher.

GEO. WISE,

Jedo, and No. 35 Centre St.

would kneel with his bride to receive

would kneel with his bride to receive the nuptial benediction.

Up in one of the sumptuously appointed guest chambers sat the painter in the attitude of a penitent, desolate as a lighthouse, for he had locked the door and given orders not to be disturbed. The marriage was set for 7 o'clock, and the neighborhood abounded in belfry clocks. He had his gloves on and the ring in his pocket and he was listening for the knell.

"Confound it, any way. Why should I care?" he muttered, rising abruptly and beginning to pace the floor. "It's the woman in me. Men marry nurses and housekeepers and influence every day in the week, and I can name at least five fellows in the club who have married for mere social position. This thing of love

fellows in the club who have married for mere social position. This thing of love is an involuntary sort of a sensation, any way, and as for swearing to keep it up, it's all balderdash; for a fellow can no more hate all be no more hate all his life than he can love. I'm in love with that small, brown

love. I'm in love with that small, brown eyed musician, yet I wouldn't marry her if I could; but I mean to find her and know her and use her as an ideal, if I have to sell my immortal soul.

"Lena is a good, wholesome girl, ample in everything but imagination, amiable and lenient, and she loves me, poor child, with her whole soul. Ah, well, the least I can do is to treat her decently! And I wish to gracious this ordeal was over with.

"My idea in hurrying the thing was to

ver with.
"My idea in hurrying the thing was to "My idea in hurrying the thing was concerned by anothing the servant at the door told me he had counted one hundred and twenty. I never could understand the whims of woman and her aversion to guiet weddings.
"And then the nonsense of paying tribute to her intuition! I'll swear that I haven't made low to her and throw

tribute to her intuition! I'll swear that I haven't made love to her, and I know for a certainty that I haven't kissed her three times. She thinks she loves, and she thinks she thinks, which is equivalent to the description.

thinks she thinks, which is equivalent to the demonstration of an absurdity."

Lena Hartman, buxom, blonde and warm blooded, belonged to that vast army of women that thrives best on neglect. She loved Henry Henshall because she feared him.

He had called her silly when she attempted to be playful, made fun of her theories, and referred to her as dull, inartistic and shallow pated.

He teased her unnereifully, but what hurt her was the indifference he showed when she pouted, expecting to be coaxed.

Casning was not in the pointer's tree.

coaxed.

Coaxing was not in the painter's tactics. He could have soothed her with a hand clasp if he cared to do so, but he didn't, and by ignoring her moods he defifed himself to a "whistle-and-I'll-come-to-you" state of importance.

Inadvertently Henry was training his wife for future success. Women are as easily spoiled as children, and once in-

Inadvertently Henry was training his wife for future success. Women are as easily spoiled as children, and once indulged they twine a man about their fingers or play doormat with him, as the humor suits.

It's the stinting of grain and grass that gives the thoroughbred beauty and go; and just in proportion to the cheeking and stinting of his affection will a man hold and enslave the woman who is not love with him. The velvet glove is very soothing to the touch, but a woman wants to know that there's an iron grigunder it.

wents to know that there's an iron grip under it.

Henry Henshall counted the belfry strokes and waited for the resounding tones to die away before unlocking the door.

In the hall, on his way to the bridal chamber, he met Banker Hartman going to signal the leader of the orchestra for the march.

"Ah, old man; glad to see you! How are your knees? Shall I get you a drink of something?"

"No, thank you; I'm all right. Where's Lena?"

"Dear Henry, how do I look? Is my veil on straight? I'm awfully nervous. Are you?"

The pale faced bridegroom was spared the effort of response by a burst of melody that came from the fifty strings hidden away in some place overhead, and offering his arm to the goddess in satin and pearled tulle he led her down the broad staircase, along the rose trellised hall, through the orchid scented drawing room and into the floral bower. In the gateway stood the venerable clergyman, book in hand, straight as a sentinel and bright as a January rose.

The sweet strains of "Oberon" came from the pleading, sobbing violins.

clergyman, book in sentinel and bright as a January rose. The sweet strains of "Oberon" came from the pleading, sobbing violins. In six minutes by the watch of Broker Henshall his son was a husband, and at 6 o'clock the following evening Mr. and Mrs. Henry Henshall, Mrs. Smith. Mr. Crawford, Dr. Watson and Miss Brown were in the Union depot of Chicago, waiting for the San Francisco limited.

[TO BE CONTINCED.]

A Unique Fishing Scene.
Lowell people at Ocean Park had
an experience that will enable them
to tell about the largest fish story of the
season. Soon after dinner it was discovered that the bluefish were driving
mackerel in schools into Goose Fair
brook, a stream about knee deep and a
rod wide. By 4 o'clock probably 150
persons—men, women, boys and itself. persons-men, women, boys and girls were hard at work in the water. Eve

were hard at work in the water. Every male who arrived at the scene of action promptly divested himself of shoes and stockings and entered the water. The women and girls did the same. Altogether a conservative estimate would make the afternoon catch at least an ordinary one horse cart full.—Lowell Mail.

A Mystery of the Bordens' Clock.
A singular coincidence in connection with the Borden murder is that the calendar pointer on the old fashioned clock at the residence on Second street stopped on the 4th, the date of the murder, and still points to that date. The other works of the clock are not impaired, but tick off the minutes and the hours with usual regularity.—Fall River (Mass.)
News.

Thousands well the earth today who A Mystery of the Bordens' Clock.

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CASTOR

and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Scothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea-the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

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Lowell, Mass.

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Castoria

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

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"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merita of Castoria has won us to look with

merits of Castoria has favor upon it."

United Hospital and Dispensary,
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A No. 1 Goods-None Better on Earth At Very Close to Manufacturing Prices.

We do business to live. We live to do business, and the way to do it is to offer the very best grade of goods at prices that will make them jump. An extra large line of ladies' and gents' underwear just arrived. Call and see us. Thanking you for past favors, we remain, yours truly,

Geo. Chestnut, 93 Centre Street, Freeland

YOU WILL FIND US AT THE TOP IN THE CLOTHING LINE.

With more fresh styles, low priced attractions and serviceable goods than ever. The big chance and the best chance to buy your fall clothing is now offered. Our enormous stock of seasonable styles is open and now ready. Such qualities and such prices have never before been offered in Freeland. A thoroughly first-class stock, combining quality and elegance with prices strictly fair. Come in at once and see the latest styles and most serviceable goods of the season in

MEN'S, BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS AND FURNISHING GOODS.

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HORSEMEN

ALL KNOW THAT

Wise's Harness Store

Is still here and doing busi-



"I wish I had one."

READING RAILROAD SYSTEM LEHIGH VALLEY
DIVISION.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

LEAVE FREELAND.

New YORK, S. S. M. for Bethlehem, Easton and Phila-olighia. S. M. for Bethlehem, Easton and Phila-cial tooks of M. M. [2] 16, 4.29 P. M. (via Highland William of the White Haven, Gen Summit, of 50 A. M. for Black Holge and Tomhicken. SEXPLY TAINS. 11, 40 A. M. and 345 P. M. for Dritton, Jeddo, Launker Yard and Philadelphia. Shen-andoah, New York and Philadelphia. ARRIVE AT FREELAND. 5.50, 0.20, 720, 9.15, 1006 A. M., 1230, 113, 238,

Boston Branch).

d 8.37 P. M. from New York, Easton,
thin, Bethlehem, Allentown and

(via New Boston Branch).
1.15 and 3:57 P. M. from New York, Easton, Philiadelphia, Bethlehem, Allelutown and Mauch Chunk.
March Chunk.
1.5 and 3:57 P. M. from Easton, Philadelphia, Bethlehem and Mauch Chunk.
19.15, 10:35 A. M., 2:45, 6:35 P. M. from White
Haven, Glen Summit, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston
and L. and H. Junction (via Highland Branch),

and L. and B. Junction (via Highland Branch).
SUNDAY TRAINS.
11.31 A. M. and 3.31 P. M. from Hazleton,
Lumber Yuri, Jeddo and Drifton,
11.31 A. M. from Delano, Hazleton, Philadelphia and Ession Pottsville and Delano.
3.31 V. M. from Pottsville and Delano.

Agents.
, A. SWEIGARD, Gen. Mgr.
, G. SWEIGARD, Gen. Pass. Agt.
C. G. HANCOCK, Gen. Pass. Agt.
A. W. NONNEMACHER, Ass't G. P. A.
South Bethlehem, Pa.