The Joint work of W. H. Ballou, Elia Wheeler Wilcox, Maj. Alfred C. Calhoun, Alan Dale, Howe & Hummel, Pauline Hall, Inspector Byrnes, John L. Sullivan, Nell Nelson, Mary Eastlake, P. T. Barnum. Bill Nye.

X.—FISTS FLY.

WHN L. SULLIVAN. Illustrated by H. BOTTHOF.

(Copyright. All rights reserved.] win's theatre was thronged with early, wealth and fashion of San sco.

The was not a seat vacant, and even agroom was at a premium. The mahall, moody and discongorous coupied a prosecutum box alone, die of a few days was at the hotel, then by her husband.

The the hadded her the little yellow packet. She tore the envelope hurriedly, and it needed but a glance to master the contents:

"Come at once. Your father is dying." "Dr. Warson."

She did not totter and fall, but like a thoroughbred she held her queenly little head up high and said, quite calmly:

"I am sorry to forfeit my engagement, Mr. Opper," she said, "but I must leave you now at once. My father is dying. Read," and she held out the message to him.

"Hun, ah": "remarked Opper.

Mich Ballou, Elia Wheeler Wilcox, Maj. Alfred C. Calhoun, Alan Dale, Howe & Hummel, Inspector Byrnes, John L. Sullivan, Nell Nelson, Mary Eastlake, P. T. Barnum. Bill Nye.

Was opened by Miss Neville, who gazed at her manager in a startled way.

"You are not lake."

"You are not lake."

"You are not lake."

"You are not lake."

"You are not lake the to go on?

I had no idea that I was late."

"You are not lake."

"You are not lake."

"You are not lake."

"You are not lake the concention of the girl's face turned deathly pale.

"Let me have it." she gasped.

He handed her the little yellow packet.

She tore the envelope hurriedly, and it needed but a glance to master the contents:

"Come at once. Your father is dying."

"I'm a sorry to forfeit my engagement, Mr. Opper," she said, "but I must leave you now at once. My father is dying.

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"Hun, a he rearried and proved at her manager in a startled way.

"On Mr. Opper," she said, "but I must lea

Read," and she held out the message to him.

"Hum, ah!" remarked Opper.

Much as he admired his fair attraction he did not like to lose the night's money, even if he had already earned a big purse through her.

Still, in the presence of death he thought it best to throw up the sponge, hoping by agreeing amiably to arrange for her reappearance later on. In addition he had conceived a sincere and fatherly interest in the lonely girl, and so he submitted to the inevitable and said quite cheerfully: "Well, I suppose you must go, my dear. But there is an awful big house. I don't know what we can do. You must go alone, I suppose. I could not get away to-night, and you would not wait until to-morrow. How long has your father been in Chicago?"

"I did not know he was there until I

first. . Meantime Opper was going through the most difficult ordeal known to the theatrical manager, that of trying to account for the non-appearance of his star.

By JOHN L. SULLIVAN. Illustrated

[Copyright. All rights reserved.]
Baldwin's theatre was thronged with the beauty, wealth and fashion of San Francisco.
There was not a seat vacant, and even standing room was at a premium.
Henry Henshall, moody and discontented, occupied a proscenium box alone. His bride of a few days was at the hotel, forgotten by her husband.

It was to be the last appearance of his divinity, and although he had tried every possible and impossible way of meeting her, if only for a few minutes, he had failed.

possible and impossible way of meeting her, if only for a few minutes, he had failed.

That night he had determined to speak to her at all hazards.

Early in the evening he stationed himself at the stage entrance, and there patiently awaited her arrival.

It wanted but fifteen minutes to 8 o'clock when she drove up in a modest hansom. She stepped lightly out, and glancing neither right nor left bolted for the door. Her fame was so great that there was a crowd waiting on the sidewalk to catch a glimpse of her face, and no one paid any particular attention to the haggard young man in evening dress among them until he suddenly pushed forward and attempted to lay a detaining hand on the young lady's arm. She did not notice the movement because, quick as he was, there was another quicker, and before he could touch her a big, well dressed man stepped quickly forward, and with no gentle hand tragged Henshall back into the crowd, saying gruffly and fiercely:

"Must not block the passageway. Gainst the rules, see?"

"What the devil—I say, let me go,

saying gruffly and fiercely:

"Must not block the passageway.
Gainst the rules, see?"

"What the devil—I say, let me go, will you? I must see that lady. I know her. Do you hear? Who the devil are you, anyway?" gasped Henshall struggling in the grasp of his captor.

The latter smiled sneeringly and held the young man easily until the fair vioinist had passed through the stage door.

Then he released him, remarking: "I know you know her, you blackguard, and I know she left orders that she wished to see no one, and least of all you. If we could only induce her to make a complaint against you I would take the greatest delight in putting you behind the bars, you sooundrel. As you have asked for my name I will give you my card. Here it is," and he handed the artist a plain white piece of pasteboard stamped:

JIM BURNS.

JIM BURNS, Detective Police, Central Office.

Detective Police, Central Office.

To say that Henshall was surprised would be putting it mildly. He was so indignant and astonished by the big detective's tirade that he could only listen in helpless amazement.

He took the card mechanically and asked stupidly:

"She said she didn't want to see me? Why, she don't know me."

Burns laughed sarcastically as he turned away, saying:

"Remember, young fellow, I'll keep my eyes on you," and before Henshall could gather his wits sufficient to demand an explanation Burns had disappeared.

The young artist found himself in

theatrical manager, that of trying to account for the non-appearance of his star.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, glancing at the vast audience apprehensively, "Miss Neville cannot appear tonight. Illness in her family. Her father dying. Message from Chicago to-night."

Then he paused abruptly, remembering that he had given her destination away, and glanced at the box occupied by Henshall.

The latter had heard enough. He was leaving his box like a flash, so the good hearted manager concluded his apologies with a rush, saying, "Sorry to disappoint you, ladies and gentlemen, and sorry to lose the door money, but it will be all returned at the box office, and I hope never to disappoint you again, and believe me your true and personal friend, Opper."

Then he rushed off the stage, detercould gather his wits sufficient to demand an explanation Burns had disappeared.

The young artist found himself in a ridiculous position, the center of a guying mob, when he did recover himself.

"Get on to the Johnnie!" "Pipe de patent leathers!" "He would be a masher, would he?" and other such uncomplimentary allusions were showered on him, so he hastily went around to the front of the house and pushed his way to his box, determined at, the first opportunity of having an explanation "with Mr. Jim Burns, detective."

Two minutes after he had gone away from the stage entrance a red headed messenger boy shoved his way through the crowd that still lingered there.

He rapped loudly at the door for admittance, while those around regarded him curiously, and many asked him, "What's up?"

"Nuthin," was his nonchalant reply.

After a delay of several minutes the stage door was cautiously opened a few inches, and a portion of the good natured Teutonic countenance of Herr Opper became visible.

Seeing the boy in uniform he admitted him at once, asking: "Message? For whom?"

Without any undue haste, and makender of the counter of the stage whom?"

without any undue haste, and mak-ing no reply, the lad unbottoned his jacket, shoved his left hand carefully into his inside coat pocket and pulled out a book.

into his inside coat pocket and pulled out a book.

Opening this carefully he took out a message addressed to "Miss Louise Neville, Baldwin's theatre, urgent," and handed it to the impatient manager.

As he saw the address the latter turned as if to hurry away, but the imperturable messenger caught him by the coat tail, shoved his little black covered book in his face and said:

"Sign, please. And say, give a fellow a ticket, will yer?"

With a smothered execration the worthy Opper signed for the message, and never heeding the boy's other request rushed off with the telegram to his star's dressing room.

rushed off with the delegant to assaud freesing room.

As he approached it he heard the low, sweet strains of "Home, Sweet Home" played with a touch on the violin which made it fairly seem to speak.

The music ceased abruptly as he knocked for admission, and the door

not know you, sir.

She had no need to say any more.
Burns had been just a little neglectful or else Henshall never would, have got is near her as he had. But the big desective determined to atone for his neglect.

neglect. He applied fist, boot and his magnifi-cent strength to the painter's anatomy, and rushed him through the car like a whirlwind, and out on the platform. Henshall was not a coward. Twice had he been baffled by this burly fellow, and now he determined to fight him.



The scrap ensued then and there.

Henshall knew how to use his dukes, and he did valiantly.

Burns, although a powerful man, knew little of the science of boxing, so his lighter antagonist pummeled him well with three c four straight from the shoulder before he got a chance to close with him and overpower him.

Just then Opper, hot and indignant, piled through the crowd pell mell, shouting:

"Hold him! Hold the scounder!"

outing:
"Hold him! Hold the scoundrel!

"Hold him! Hold the scoundrel! Arrest him!"
During the excitement the train rolled away and the girl was gone alone, with no one of the three men, all so anxiously desirous of aiding her, neur her.

Burns was savage. To several policemen who quickly gathered he displayed his badge, and then, summoning a cab and accompanie. by Opper, he took Henshall a prisoner to police headquarters.

and accompanied by Opper, he took Henshall a prisoner to police headquarters.

There Opper told the chief that the painter was a scoundrel who had been pursuing and annoying his star.

The charge was so ridiculous that Henshall laughed aloud.

Then, in bitter tones, he turned to Opper and said: "You fool, if you had only come to me like a man I would have cleared up your unjust suspicions."

He then explained the case in full, claiming only a chivalrous interest in the girl.

He had no little trouble in proving the truth of his statement, but he finally did, with the assistance of Mrs. Smith.

Mutual explanations ensued, and he and Burns shook hands and were friends, fighting for the same cause.

"I start for Chicago to-night," said Henshall, careless of everything.

"And I am with you," said Burns.

By the midnight train Burns and Henshall were speeding toward Chicago, determined to aid Louise Neville to the utmost of their power.

XI.—LENA MAKES A DISCOVERY. How long has your father been in Chicago?"

"I did not know he was there until I received this telegram, which is sent from there," she answered, as she began to collect her few belongings.

"Well, wait a minute," cried Opper, suddenly rushing out.

He found Jim Burns around in the lobby of the theatre and quickly explained matters to him.
"I am going to close the house and return the money to-night, but I want to get Miss Neville safely off first; and now, Jim, you must follow her. I don't know why, but I mistrust the telegram. Will you go? Name your own terms."

"I'll go," said Burns, "but I must explain to the chief."
"There is no time. Leave that to me,

plain to the chief."
"There is no time. Leave that to me.
He'll refuse me nothing. Get a cab and
have it at the side door. First let the
girl know you are following her. When
she gets in the cab, you have another one
ready and follow. A train goes in twentraining." she gets in the cab, you have another one ready and follow. A train goes in twenty minutes."

"That duck you told me to watch is inside. You'd better not say where the girl is going," said Burns.
"I won't," and with a hearty shaking of hands the men parted.
Five minutes later, heavily veiled, Louiss Neville emerged from the stage door and entered the cab awaiting her.
As she drove off Burns got into another cab, ordering the driver to follow the first.

Meantime Opper was going through

XI.—LENA MAKES A DISCOVERY.

By P. T. BARNUM. Illustrated by H. C. COULTAUS.

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There comes a crisis in the lives of most people when sorrows crowd so thick and fast that there is a dreary satisfaction in the thought that "things cannot be much worse."

tion in the thought that "things cannot be much worse." So felt Edna Crawford, sitting with bowed head and shaken nerves, on the trainsthat is bearing her onward to the bedside of her dying father. She bitterly regrets ever having left him, and tortures herself with wild pictures of the sufferings he may have endured at the unscrupulous hands of Dr. Watson.



lieve me your true and personal friend, Opper."
Then he rushed off the stage, determined to foil Henshall at all hazards.
"Ass! dolt!" were the pet names he called himself as he rushed out and jumped into a hack, commanding the driver, "Union depot, triple fare."

As he had surmised, Henshall was driving the same way and just as fast in another conveyance.
He did not know if his ideal woman had already started for Chicago or not, but he was bound to go there and find her.

Mrs. Smith and announced her intention of passing the evening at the theal tre. At the sight of the girl's tear stained face Mrs. Smith wisely held her tongue, but the cynical smile that played about her thin lips caused young Mrs. Henshall to feel for her trusted companion a sudden hot dislike.

When Mrs. Smith left to make some preparation for accompanying her Lena threw herself on the bed in a paroxysm of bitter weeping. Her thoughts turned slongingly toward her father, to whom she had always gone for advice and sympathy, and with these thoughts came the sudden determination to go to him without delay. She knew that Banker Hartman was then in Chicago on an important financial mission, and summoning a bell boy she procured a time table and found that with hast she could catch the 8:30 Chicago express.

She thrust a few articles into a valise, and leaving a brief message for Mrs. Smith to the effect "that she had decided tog out alone and not to wait up for her," she stepped into a cab and was soon at the Union depot. She purchased her ticket, securing the only remaining section on the train, and before she had time to realize the importance of the step she had taken she was whirling away en route for Chicago.

Lena was suddenly brought back to the consciousness of her position by the porter, who was collecting the compartment tickets preparatory to making up the berths for the night.

Edna, who in the haste of her departure had neglected to secure any sleeping section, now found that everything had been previously engaged and that the only alternative to sitting up all night was an uninviting looking lounge at the end of the car. Mrs. Henshall, who had been attracted by the girl's desparing face, stepped forward and offered her the other berth in her own companion for

spairing face, stepped forward and offered her the other berth in her own compartment.

Edna accepted gratefully and warmly thanked her unknown companion for her courtesy.

As she moved from the seat her foot touched a small, dark object lying on the floor close to her chair. It was a leather card case, stamped with initials "H. R. H."

Witha view to discovering the owner Edna opened it, and extracting one of the bits of pasteboard read aloud, "Mr. Henry Rowan Henshall, New York city."

"Why, this must have been dropped by the gentleman who spoke to me just as the train was leaving San Francisco," she said.

Lena had grown deadly pale. "The gentleman who spoke to you?" she questioned faintly.

"Yes," replied Edna hesitatingly, "a tall, blonde gentleman who has followed me on several previous occasions. This evening he spoke to me and I resented it. A stranger present at the time came to my assistance, and in the disturbance that followed this card case was probably lost."

Lena Henshall remained silent. Crushed and humiliated by this proof of her husband's duplicity she had not the

ed and humiliated by this proof of her husband's duplicity she had not the courage to further question her com-

husband's duplicity she had not the courage to further question her companion.

Her love for her husband was the first grand emotion of her life, and the discovery she had just made filled her with a mad, wild jealousy. When she finally retired for the night it was with the pleasing knowledge that in the berth above her, by her own invitation, lay the girl who was the cause of her husband's indifference and probably the possessor of her husband's love.

How long she tossed about in her narrow berth, wakeful and miserable, Lean never knew.

Just as merciful sleep was closing her weary eyelids there came a sudden jar, then a horrid crash, a shriek that rent the air, a blow upon her head that made a hideous glare of light, and then darkness absolute and blessed unconsciousness.

The names of the following day were filled with the ghastly details of the awful railway accident near B——.

The names of the surviving passengers, together with a list of the killed and wounded, were published, but the name of Edna Crawford, alias Louise Neville, did not appear in any of these accounts, nor did the strictest and most diligent inquiries throw any light on the complete and mysterious disappearance of this young woman.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

of this young woman.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Coyote in a New Character.

When El Paso was a little village called Franklin it was the boast of old timers that hydrophobia was unknown in the southwest save when the frontiersman was exposed to the bite of the skunk. Of recent years a new danger has been added to a life upon the plains from the attack of the coyote or wild dog of the plains. Under normal circumstances the coyote is a cowardly animal. But due to some fact unknown to the writer of late years coyotes have been frequently known in the southwest to attack travelers in broad daylight or to sneak upon them when wrapped up in their blankets resting, unsuspicious of danger.

Five deaths occurred last year from this cause, one of them near Albuquerque. Lieutenant Britton Davis, of Chihuahua, Mexico, on Saturday informed the writer of three fresh cases, one the son of a bishop. Of the other two the lieutenant had just been informed by one of the victims in person, who had been bitten when asleep at the hacienda of Corralitos. They were two brothers, one having died of the effects of a bite in the head, the remaining one having arrived in person in El Paso (Tex.) Bullion.

He Used to Be a Dentst.

Michael Cohn is a barber and he used

Jumped into a hack, commanding the driver, "Union depot, triple fare."

As he had surmised, Henshall was driving the same way and just as fast in another conveyance.

He did not know if his ideal woman had already stated for Chicago or not, but he was bound to go there and find her.

He rushed into the depot and bought a ticket, and was told that a train would leave in two minutes.

He jumped aboard and rushed hastily through the cars.

At last his heart gave a great jump and then nearly stopped beating.

He saw her in a forward car, her shapely head resting in a pathetic way on one little gloved hand.

Then indeed Henshall lost his reason, and knew that the woman before him was the woman he truly loved.

Forgetful alike of prudence and common sense he walked rapidly toward him and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Pardon me, Miss heville. If you knew how much I want to talk to you, how much I have to say to you! I know you are in danger!"

The last word he whispered, as there were others about.

The girl could not see his face distinctly.

She feared all strangers, so she arose and sand said icily: "Please go away. I do and said icily: "Please go away. I

GEMS IN VERSE.

And in pressure shall all abolic."

And a message came in legal lore,
"He is dead and his wealth is thine."
He signed the papers and got the gold,
And in velvet sat at his wine;
The winds without howled shrill and cold.
In rags and tatters a woman old
Came begging, for bunger had made her bold,
And he spurned her from his door.

—Lou J. Beauchamp.

—Lou J. Beaucham

Ambition.

The German emperor and I
Within the self same year were bornBeneath the self same say,
Upon the self same morn:
A kaiser he, of high estate,
And I the usual chance of fate.

His father was a prince, and mine— Why, just a farmer—that is all. Stars still are stars, although some shine, And some roll hid in midnight's pall; But argue, cavil all you can, My sire was just as good a man. The German emperor and I
Eat, drink and sleep the self same way.
For breat is bread and pie is pie,
And kings can eat but thrice a day,
And sleep will only come to those
Whose mouths and atomachs are not foes.

Whose mouths and soline is a soline.

I rise at six and go to work,
And he at five, and does the same.

We bith have cares we cannot shirk,
Mine are for loved ones; his for fame
He may live best, I cannot tell;
Pm sure I wish the kaiser well.

I'm sure I wish the kaiser well.

I have a wife, and so has he;
And yet, if pictures no not err,
As far as human sight can see
Mine is by long odds twice as fair,
Say, would I trade those eyes, dark brown!
Not for an empress and her crown.
And so the emperor and I
On this one point could no'er agree:
Moreover, we ill it near try.
His frau suits him and mine suuts me,
And though his sons one day may rule,
And though his sons one day may rule,
Mine stand AI in the public school.

Mine stand AI in the public school.

So let the kaiser have his sway,
Bid kings and nations tumble down,
I have my freedom and my say,
And fear no ruler and his rown:
For I, unknown to fame or war,
Live where each man is emperor,
—Fred Warner Shirley

The Good Old Times.

What easy times our fathers had: they lived a natural way.

foearn a half a dollar then they had the whole long day.

Some fourteen hours did they have this meager any to with the same to w

sum to win,

The whole long, blessed day to earn a half a
dollar in.

dollar in.

How light their lot compared with ours: we have to spurt and spin,

We who are granted but six hours to earn twelve dollars in.

Two hundred dollars in a year was all they had to earn, she thousand—will those old days no'er return?

any neer return?

And they had twelve months to earn it, fourteen hours to the day;

But we have to have vacations which steal

We'von't then away;

We'von't may away;

the day and eight

months in the year.

In which to earn five thousand—ah, too great

the strain, I fear!

the strain, I fear!
They had so long to earn so little, but our hard
life is such
That we have little time to work in order to
earn much.
How rich our fathers were—in time—how prodigal and rash!
What vast amounts of time they gave for
small amounts in cash.

And how we sigh for those old days of moder ate events, ate events.
When one had fourteen hours in which to earn
his fifty cents;
But now we work like galley slaves, and wreck
and waste our powers
For sixty cents in sixty seconds—ah, what a life
is ours!
—S. W. Foss.

ixty cents in sixty seed our sis oursi

-S. W. Foss.
The first bringer of unwelcome news
Thath but a losing office.
-Shakespeare.

—Shakespeare.

Today and Tomorrow.

If Fortune with a smiling face
Strew roses on our way,
When shall we stoop to pick them up?
Today, my love, today.
But should she frown with face of care,
And talk of coming sorrow.
When shall we girleve—fig Pielev we must?
Tomorrow, love, temorrow.

Tomorrow, love, tomorrow.

If these who wronged us own their fault And kindly pity, pray:
When shall will be the shall be

It those to whom we owe a debt And harmedunless we pay, When shall we struggle to be just? Today, my love, today. But if our debtor fail on a hope. And plead his ruin thorough, When shall we weigh his breach of faith Tomorrow, love, tomorrow.

Tomorrow, love, tomorrow.

If Love, estranged, should once again
His genial smile display,
When shall we kiss his proffered lips?
Today, my love, today.
But if he would indulge regret
Or dwell with bygone sorrow,
When shall we weep—if weep we must
Tomorrow, love, tomorrow.

Tomorrow, love, tomorrow.

For virtuous acts and harmless joys
The minutes will not stay;
We've always time to welcome them
Today, my love, today.
But care, resentment, angry words
And unavalling sorrow
Come far too soon if they appear
Tomorrow, love, tomorrow,
—Charles Mackay

-Charles Mackay

Flow on, Swift Stream.
Flow on and tance with joy.
And tell with the flowers with joy.
And tell with the stream of the stream

As young and Dright as ever.
Unchanged it seems, yet who can stay
The water's ceaseless motion?
The little waves of yesterday
Today have reached the ocean;
Unmarked, unmissed, they swiftly fly;
Unmarked, unmissed, we, too, must die
And leave the mighty river,
Where youth and joy and love and strife
And all the various modes of life,
Flow on unchanged forever.
Flow on unchanged forever.

Weteron.

Weteron.

Given the document the wealth bestow'd on camps and courts

Given to redeem the human mind from error.

There weron need of arsenals nor forts.

The warrior's hame would be a name abborr'd And every nation that should lift again its hand against a brother, on its forehead

Should wear forevernmer the curse of Cain.

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New York City,

Late Pastor Eleomingdale Reformed Church.

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Jeddo, and No. 35 Centre St.

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