

A GRIEVOUS COMPLAINT.

"It's hard on a fellow, I do declare!"
Said Tommy one day, with a pout;
"In every one of the suits I wear
The pockets are 'most worn out.
They're 'bout as big as the ear of a mole,
And I never have more than three;
And there's always coming a mean little hole
That loses my knife for me."
"I can't make 'em hold but a few little things—
Some cookies, an apple or two,
A knife and pencil and bunch of strings,
Some nails and maybe a screw,
And marbles, of course, and a top and ball,
And shells and pebbles and such,
And some odds and ends—yes, honest, that's all!
You can see for yourself 'tisn't much."
"I'd like a suit of some patent kind,
With pockets made wide and long;
Above and below and before and behind,
Sewed extra heavy and strong.
I'd want about a dozen or so,
All easy and quick to get at;
And I should be perfectly happy, I know,
With a handy rig like that."
—Eudora S. Burnsted in St. Nicholas.

My heart is firm;
There's naught within the compass of hu-
manity
But I would dare to do. —Sir A. Hunt.

HIS FLEETING IDEAL.

The Great Composite Novel.

XII.—CONCLUSION.

By **BILL NYE**, Illustrated by **W. H. SPRAGUE**.

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Across the peaceful bosom of the great plains no sound disturbed the night save now and then when at long intervals the shadowy figure of a coyote crossed an aisle in the sage brush, and opening his snapping, drooping jaws gave forth that justly celebrated dietician scale of his which is so well calculated to call out the goose pimples even on the death mask of Methuselah.

Even the wind trod softly over the scorched and withered grass, and the well lubricated moon stole in and out among the clouds without a creak, with the exception of Bitter creek, of course, which laved its alkali shores in the eternal solitudes, and bleached still whiter, as the years went by, the snowy bones of those who once had sought to invade this great undertaking establishment of nature—this petrified hush of centuries.

But what sound is this that gently beats upon the tense drum of the listener's ear?
The distant jar and gentle palpitations of a coming train from the west!
Scarcely do we hear this and catch the yellow twinkle of a headlight when another muffled roar from the east and a little crawling light growing rapidly out of the dusk and distance swallow the intervening miles, and in a flash the two screaming, snorting, panting monsters have met like mail clad giants in a mighty tournament.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother when she feels
For the first time her first born's breath;
Come when the blessed sound
Which elms the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wait its stroke.
Come in Consumption's ghastly form;
The earthquake's shock, the ocean's storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm
With banquet, song and dance and wine,
And thou art terrible, the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know or dream or fear,
Of agony art thine.

But to the heart, where love is dead,
And hope is kneeling o'er its bier,
Thy face with joy is overspread,
And so lights out with bounding tread
The soul that only sorrowed here.
When Lena awoke with this dull pain
In her head she felt certain that she was
dead, and was almost tickled to death to
think that her sad heart would sorrow
no more and that Harry was free; but
almost at once came the smell of hot
varnish and the slight suspicion of an
overdone porter who ought to be turned
over.

"Great Gawd," she said, as her breath
came in brief pants, "the car is on fire.
I must go away."
To a spectator who might have seen
the collision it would have seemed im-
possible that a living thing could come
out of this terrible wreck and holocaust;
but ere long a venerable apple worm
crawled out of the cool side of a nice
eating apple, and seeing that he could
be of no further use on board the train,
came out of the car and slunk away in
the darkness.

Soon the cheerful car stove begins to
get in its work, and the chaos of broken
woodwork begins to burn, at first slowly,
then, as the swift winds of the
plains catch it, the red blaze leaps out
and greets the frightened night with a
cackling laugh.

To go back to Mr. Crawford, at Chi-
cago, with the author is but the work of
an instant.



DR. WATSON.

When Dr. Watson returned after send-
ing his lying telegram to Edna he found
the house empty and the door locked,
the shutters drawn and everything des-
erted. The reader will ask how he
knew that every one was gone when the
door was locked and he could not get in,
but we must remember that he was in
the hypnotism business, and could do
things that other people might consider
difficult. Many a time as a boy he had
hypnotized a watermelon dog and then
helped himself to the luscious fruit.

He soon learned that Mr. Crawford
had taken his whole household, and with
luggage had fled to the depot. He
followed rapidly, and fortunately caught
up with the carriage containing the
party, for they were "bridged," and had
been for nearly an hour. He tried to



MR. CRAWFORD.

hypnotize Mr. Crawford, but the old man
had shrewdly had himself vaccinated,
and so he was safe.

There was nothing for the doctor to do
but to follow the procession, for Craw-
ford had evidently heard that his
daughter was in California, and had
resolved to go to her.

For some time the doctor argued with
the old man, but without avail. He then
tried to hypnotize the ticket office into
giving him a lower berth, but the agent
had been exposed when he was young,
and so wasn't afraid of getting it now.

Therefore Dr. Watson had to jump
hurriedly on the rear platform as the
train pulled out and sleep in the smoking
car with his front teeth resting heavily
on his knees all the livelong night.

In the drawing room of a pleasant and
airy sleeping car supplied with electric
bells and a thermometer was a buffet,
the sandwiches in which smelled like
lower eight, while lower eight got even
by smelling like a corned beef sandwich,
and here sat Mr. Crawford and Miss
Brown. Below is given a picture of Miss
Brown. Her name was Celia Brown, but
her friends called her Celia and Brown
with an air of badinage which brought a
rosy flush and sweet bright smiles to her
fair face.

The artist has happily caught this
smile with his little catch-as-catch-can
camera.
The picture was originally a full length
figure, but owing to the pressure on our
advertising space and a note just re-
ceived from the chief of police we have
decided to condense the portrait as much
as possible.



MISS BROWN.

Briefly but truthfully and tearfully
Miss Brown made a clean breast of her
sorrowful slavery to Dr. Watson, the
hypnotist, and on her knees she prom-
ised the old man that never again would
she give him an opportunity to wield his
ghoulish and disagreeable influence over
her.

As the fair head of the beautiful girl
rested on his knee, and with trembling
fingers he screwed up her Psyche knot a
little tighter, so that it could not get
muddy as the spirited roadster sped
along the track, he thought he had never
saw so fair a being, taken all around, as
she was. [Mr. Crawford always used the
choicest English in his conversation, but
occasionally his thoughts were ungram-
matical.]

"I also have a confession to make, dear
one," he said. "Prepare for a piece of
information which you can hardly cred-
it, save that I, who am, or is, or are, as
the case may be, the criminal, tell it to
you myself."

"Would you believe that I, who am
your comrade on this journey, whose
face is so refined, so spirituelle, could
have taken the life of Dr. Cronin?"

"Could you believe that I, a professor
of religion and a worthy inside guard for
two terms in the Little Bethel Inde-
pendent Order of Good Templars, No.
38,792, could have gone under the cover
of darkness and with a bright new clasp
knife cut into the nice warm vitals of a
neighbor, and then, with his hot blood
spurting up my sleeve, hacked the dying
man to pieces, put him in a saw strap
and carried him away to a sewer trap
and concealed his dishevelled remains so
that the police could not get on to my
spoor?"

"And yet for months this terrible se-
cret has been preying upon my soul.
Yesterday while Dr. Watson was up-
town it occurred to me that possibly I
did not kill Cronin, and so, picking up a
paper, I read that another man did it.
Following up this germ of thought, I
soon also discovered that I was abroad
all the year of the Cronin murder. I am
now wondering if Dr. Watson has not
been wielding an unholy influence over
me which the delightful climate of Cali-
fornia and some light stimulant like rye
whisky and opium may overcome."

A quick sob came from the bowed
form before him. "Oh, Ephraim, thank
God. You may be able to prove your-
self innocent after all." She
said. She had never called him
Ephraim before.

He stooped and whispered a few
low, passionate words in her ear.
HENRY HENSHALL.
Her head bent lower and a quick flush
of shrimp pink bathed face, neck and
shoulders.

It was but the work of a moment for
Ephraim to call up a sleepy but clerical
looking man in slip five, also in paja-
mas, who quietly slid down into the
drawing room and in the presence of the
sleeping car conductor and porter made
the two man and wife.

And what of Henry Henshall, the
hero and artistic ass of this story?
Leaving his art to shirk to itself, and
forgetting that he had promised on that
very day to paint two large barns for a
party in Oakland, he fought madly for a
place on the train in order to follow an
unknown farsen haired fiddler, who
did not care a cent for him or his art.

Henry Henshall was not a bad man, but
he needed some great calamity or severe
convulsion to jolt a little sense into him.
That was all. Life had been too smooth
with him. He had painted several
portraits of Beatrice Cenci, which had
been accepted by the family and paid
for, yet after all he needed something
that would almost kill him, but not
quite. This would, the doctor thought,
knock the talents out of him, and give
him an ambition to do as he agreed and
pay his debts.

Such an episode was in store for him.
For, by a strange fatality, this train he
rode upon a few nights later (although
Mr. Barnum, by a slight oversight,
which is perfectly pardonable in a man



AFTER THE WRECK.

who has a large amount of stock to
feed and water and bed down and take
care of nights, places the accident on the
first night 'nt) crashed into the train
which brought Mr. Crawford west in
search of his child.

On that fatal night Edna placed her
violin in her berth, where it could not
get overheated by the steam pipes, and
then, letting down her angelic hair till
it fell about her slight figure like a halo
of molasses candy, she looked so sweet
that the porter thoughtlessly swallowed
a pillow which he was holding in his
teeth as he watched her skin up the
steep ladder and plunge into her couch
with a glad cry.

She soon struck her head down into
Mrs. Henshall's berth, however, and said
tenderly:

"My dear friend, I do not know why,
but I think I am going to die," and she
thoughtlessly quoted some lines from the
deathbed scene in which Little Eva gen-
tly glides up the flume at 82 a week in an
"Uncle Tom's Cabin" company.

"I have saved quite a little fortune
from my popular appearances before the
public, and I wish you would give it to
my father if I die."

A quick sob came from the lower
berth occupied by Mrs. Henshall.

It was hers. She made it herself.
"Nay, nay, my dear," she said, "if
either die, let it be I—or me, if that
sounds better. Oh, let me die!"

With that she moaned piteously, like
a person who does not feel well.

"Yes, dear lady," said Edna, handing
her a crocheted purse containing \$8.
"This will lift the mortgage on the
old farm and wipe out the personal
indebtedness of my father. I am a poor,
persecuted girl, followed at all
times by either a wild eyed hypo-
notizer who is out
of a job, or else a
spitz whiskered artist who barely earns
enough by kalmsoning to follow me
about like a nutton headed Nemesias all
the while. I shall die content, dear
lady. Good night."

I cannot go on to any great length to
describe that horrible night. It was a
wonder that one human being came forth



MRS. HENSHALL.

alive from the terrible wreck—and awful
hell, I was going to say.

Henry Henshall was struck on the head
by a fresh train flig, and for a time lay
unconscious, but the smell of his burning
trousers aroused him, and he got up and
went out of the car.

Strangest of all, the blow had cleared
his intellect and knocked the laudable
pus out of his mind, as it were, and
"Lena" was the first word on his lips.
The awful picture seemed to bewilder
him a moment, and then he set to work.
From the window of a burning car a
white and beautiful arm extended
through the broken window. On the
hand, though spatted with bright scarlet

splotches, he recognized his wife's wed-
ding ring.

With a cry of agony he dashed into
the crushed and burning wreck, and
just as the flames were beginning to
creep upon her he jumped from the hun-
gry flames with his fainting but happy
wife in his arms. Again and again he
blessed the happy blow on his head
which had cleared his vision and made
him see how near he came to losing a
good, true and desirable wife.

Lena's hair turned snowy white, and
is so yet, but she makes a beautiful
matron, a kind mother, and a good wife
to the cashier of her father's bank, Mr.
Henry Henshall, who has a signature
now worth \$250,000 in his own indi-
vidual right.

Edna was never fully recovered. Aside
from the hinges of her violin case, her
remains were never found. I hated to
write this, but I am not here to be senti-
mental. I must be truthful. Her money
was used, or a portion of it at least, to
relieve her father's indebtedness, and
with the balance was founded a conserv-
atory of music in Boston.

Dr. Watson was pinned to the wreck
by the car and slowly scalded to death.
Before he died he said he was sorry for
what he had done, but yet with his last
breath he tried to bite a preacher who
was praying for him. He was a low
creature. He was a disagreeable person,
and his death utterly failed to cast
a gloom over the community.

Mr. Crawford and his bride returned
to Chicago and remained there quite
awhile.

They were very, very happy indeed.
Mrs. Dr. Watson went on the stage
and did well. She receives good wages,
and also got \$85,000 insurance on her
husband, whose life she had insured the
year before. With this money she
bought two beautiful dresses, which she
now wears on the stage and which make
a great hit.

Mr. and Mrs. Henshall are real happy
all the time. Henry is a good provider
and Lena can construct a cake which
will make one's hair curl. They have a
good deal of company come to see them,
and almost without exception each one
says on going away, "We have had a
real good time."



Something for Old Maids.

Undoubtedly marriage is the natural
and appropriate condition of woman.
She wants and needs a husband to love,
and children to love, and a home to be
attached to, as a female bird requires a
nest full of eggs or of young, and a
prond and faithful mate on a contin-
gious branch of a tree to render her com-
pletely happy.

Nor can it be denied that many old
maids are sour—sour is their disposition,
as pickles fresh from the strongest vine-
gar.
Probably it is because they have so
little to do—rather, we should say,
owing to the want of sufficient duties on
which to expend all their vigor and
force. They do seem, and it may as
well be admitted, to take to scandal
somewhat as ducks take to water, yet
we look upon that as a minor point in
considering their character and utility.

We do doubt very much whether the
world would be as well off if there were
not old maids in it. In their bosoms
dwell some of the most benevolent hearts
in the world.

Was not Florence Nightingale an old
maid? What married woman ever did
as much, not only for the good of the
soldiers of England, but for the im-
provement of the world, as she?

And yet, if she had had a stalwart
husband, a luxurious home and a house
full of babies, who would ever have
heard of her outside of the walls of her
own home, or, at most, the limits of her
own visiting circle?—New York Ledger

Water an Aid to Hard Woods.
"I notice one thing," says an observant
manufacturer, "and that is that hard
wood logs, especially oak, that have been
placed in the water immediately after
cutting and allowed to thoroughly soak,
make brighter lumber, with less tenc-
gity to sap stain, than that from logs
that are left on the ground for several
months. I find, also, that in green logs,
if saved immediately after cutting, and
the lumber is thoroughly steamed pre-
paratory to placing it in the dry kiln,
the same results will be obtained, great-
ly enhancing the value of the lumber for
fine finishing purposes.—New Or-
leans Picayune.

Semi-Respectable.
Friend—Why don't you give up this
business for something that is semi-re-
spectable?

Bunco Man—I'm going to. I intend
to study law as soon as I get a little
money laid by.—New York Ledger.

He Was Cruel.
She (thinking of ante-matrimonial
days)—What does this coffee remind
you of?

He (tasting it critically)—It reminds
me of coffee, but that is all.—West
Shore.

GEMS IN VERSE.

Failure.
To one who learns, there comes no greater
strength
Than that which comes through failure. This
I know—
That while success forever proves our loss,
Failure has pointed with unerring hand
To some still grander failure. Thus my soul
Has had no chance to fold its weary wings
And rest in apathetic victory.

And still the purpose of an earnest mind
Does reach fruition every day and hour.
Rother, it makes fruition as it goes.
It fails, but counts its failures as success,
And in a world on fire, on fire itself,
Still feels the breathing of a deep content.
—Helen Williams.

The Lamp-post.
From my library window I see, day by day,
A red iron letter box over the way,
And once in awhile, when I've nothing to do,
I number its callers—and here are a few:
The first is a maiden with cheeks all ablush,
I know her feet set in a dainty thrush,
That half hundred paces she's come have
seemed "blocks."
Ere she drops her first love letter into the
box.

A young husband next, with his face lit with
joy,
Which tells quite plainly that "it is a boy,"
He dashed off a letter, with lines all aslant,
To tell sister Jennie that now she's an aunt.

And next, a maidservant with apron and cap,
Who looks as though sadly in need of a nap;
Poor soul she's been weeping; and now, as she
nears,
A black bordered missive shows cause for her
tears.

Another now comes to the red iron box,
Of taste rather "loud" in the matter of frocks.
"Quite pretty," you'd say, but true beauty
never sets in a dainty thrush?
The sort that's enmeshed in its mystical toils.

Bent, haggard, untidy—who now totters near.
You'd say she's set in a dainty thrush?
A note to his lawyer—the sneaking old vice—
To "foreclose that mortgage and buy at half
price."

And last comes the postman, who whisks out
his key,
Unfastens the padlock, and nodding to me
With a jerk that explains that there's no time
to lag,
Walks off with the letters all safe in his bag.

ENVOY.
Come one and come all—there is plenty of
room
In the red iron box for your joy and your
gloom,
Your sin and your sorrow, your hopes and your
fears,
That will all have down—where? in a hundred
of years!
—C. H. Luders.

Blind Love.
Two lovers 'neath your poplar tree—
She's sixty-five, he seventy;
But still he is to her the beau
Who wooed her fifty years ago;
For wrinkled brow and trembling knee
Disturb not her serenity;
Nor faded cheek nor whitened curl
Can ever steal from him the girl
Whom 'neath your ancient poplar tree
He wooed and won in forty-three.
—Kate Whiting.

Not Without Care.
You may build you an elegant mansion
And fence it around with gold,
Set it all with diamonds and rubies;
You may keep out the wind and the cold,
You may banish from it all intruders,
Have music and levity there;
You may shut out discord and envy,
But you cannot shut out care.

You may build a lowly cottage,
You may paint it all in white,
Grow vines and shade trees about it,
Let in only sunshine and light;
You may keep out the envy and malice
That wrinkle the faces we wear;
You may keep love inside and contentment,
But you cannot keep out care.

You may sing with the voice of an angel,
You may dance with a fairy's feet,
You may laugh till your laughter makes
music
For every one that you meet;
You may dance till your feet seem twin-
kling,
Till the roses fade in your hair,
You may dance till the world dies of envy,
But you cannot drive away care.

You may smile in the faces of women
Who envy your very life,
As you hide from their eyes all the burdens
The weariness, heartaches and strife;
You may live the life that the world calls fair;
You may let love be conquered by duty,
But you cannot live without care.
—Waverley Magazine.

The Martyr.
Every age on him who strays,
From its broad and beaten ways,
Pours its sevenfold vial.
Happy he whose inward ear
Angel comfortings can hear
O'er the rabble's laughter;
And while hatred's faggots burn,
Glimpses through the smoke discern
Of the good hereafter.—Whittier

Bobolink Philosophy.
I know a deep philosopher who's far too wise
to think,
That bubbling, breezy blatherskite, the bolster-
ous bobolink.
So drunk is he with wine of joy, so music mad
with mirth,
His tipsy carols of content rejuvenate the
earth.
We feel the orient joy of life with which our
world began,
Tis summer in the earth and air, and in the
heart of man.
From what deep fount of flowing joy this boister-
ous bobolink drink,
This bubbling, breezy blatherskite, this bolster-
ous bobolink?
From rounded apple blossom cups where wild
bees browse and bloom;
From tiger lily beakers and from chalices of
bloom;
From strawberry goblets filled with dew, the
increase of the night,
Caught from the sky's inverted urn embossed
with starry light;
Forth from his blossom bed he leaps, and
laughingly and strong,
All up and down the ringing earth he weaves
his web of song,
And preaches boldly to the sad the folly of de-
spair.
And tells to whom it may concern that that
world is fair,
And to my heart his wisdom finds a surer wel-
come home

Than some that has been sanctioned by the
sages of old Rome.
That bubbling, breezy blatherskite, the bolster-
ous bobolink,
Is such a deep philosopher he's far too wise
to think.
—S. W. Foss.

Angelic Symptoms.
"This oughter be called angel cake,"
Said Teddy with a grin,
Examining a chunk that had
"Suspicious raisins in."

"Why?" queried Sister Kate, a glance
Of doubting in her eyes,
"Because," said Ted, "it looks as if
It had some wings and flies."
—Boston Courier.

Arnica & Oil Liniment is the best
remedy known for stiff joints. Sold by
Dr. Schlicher.

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HORSEMEN
ALL KNOW THAT

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Is still here and doing business on the same old principle of good goods and low prices.

READING RAILROAD SYSTEM.
LEHIGH VALLEY DIVISION.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS, MAY 15, 1892.

LEAVE FREELAND.
6:15, 8:45, 9:40, 10:35 A. M., 12:25, 1:50, 2:43, 3:50, 5:15, 6:55, 7:50, 8:47 P. M., for Drifton, Jeddo, Lumber Yard, Stockton and Hazleton.
8:15, 9:40 A. M., 1:30, 3:50 P. M., for Manch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Phila., Easton and New York. (8:45 has no connection for New York.)
8:45 A. M. for Bethlehem, Easton and Philadelphia.
9:25, 10:56 A. M., 12:16, 4:30 P. M. (via Highland Branch) for White Haven, Glen Summit, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and L. and B. Junction.
6:15 A. M. for Black Ridge and Tomiokin.

SUNDAY TRAINS.
11:40 A. M. and 3:45 P. M. for Drifton, Jeddo, Lumber Yard and Hazleton.
8:45 P. M. for Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, New York and Philadelphia.

ARRIVE AT FREELAND.
5:50, 6:52, 7:30, 9:15, 10:56 A. M., 12:16, 1:15, 2:23, 4:29, 6:36 and 8:37 P. M. from Hazleton, Stockton, Lumber Yard, Jeddo and Drifton.
7:30, 9:15, 10:56 A. M., 12:16, 2:33, 4:29, 6:56 P. M. from Delano, Mahanoy City and Shenandoah (via New Boston Branch).
1:15 and 3:37 P. M. from New York, Easton, Philadelphia, Bethlehem, Allentown and Manch Chunk.
9:15 and 10:56 A. M. from Easton, Philadelphia, Bethlehem and Manch Chunk.
9:15, 10:35 A. M., 2:43, 6:35 P. M. from White Haven, Glen Summit, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and L. and B. Junction (via Highland Branch).
6:35 P. M. from Pottsville and Delano.

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