

# THAT GERMAN GIRL.

There was a twinkling of brown legs in the yellow dust of the chief street in the little New Jersey village, and a voice belonging to the owner of the legs shouted "Hey! Alan, who had one foot on the step of the bus that was to take him and other ardent fishermen down to the landing, whence they would sail out to Barnegat bay, stood still.

The brown legs bore down on Alan, and the boy above them thrust a telegram into his hands. Alan tore it open and read:

"Come to New York on the first train."

"What's the matter?" asked Captain Wilkins.

"My uncle wants me to come to New York," said Alan. "I can't go out today. I'll catch the 10 o'clock train up."

"Don't seem to mind getting dispatches no more'n sif they's postal cards," remarked the captain, and two or three other boys respectfully followed Alan as he hurried down the road to the hotel where he was spending the summer.

It was a little after 1 o'clock when Alan walked into his uncle's office in Wall street and found that gentleman sitting at his desk and gazing abstractedly at nothing.

"Glad to see you, my boy," said his uncle as he heard his step. "In fact I'm very glad to see you."

"What's wrong, uncle? Is it mamma?"

"No, no; your mother's all right. It's I. I'm in a lot of trouble and maybe you can help me out. At any rate that's why I sent for you."

"Failed! Of course not. Business is good enough. Why, uncle, it seems to me you are getting pretty old."

"Alan, it is one of the misfortunes of life in this age that there comes a time to every boy when he thinks he is called on to say smart things. They are not smart, but the boy thinks they are. The girl I have in mind is not the kind of girl you mean. In fact she's a Dutch girl, or a German, or something of that sort."

"Well, there are nice Dutch girls, aren't there?"

"Oh, confound it; it's that girl out of the house—your mother's girl; the servant."

"Why, what's she been doing?"

"She's been talking Dutch."

"Well, that's rather natural, isn't it?"

"It's inhuman. She talks Dutch, but doesn't understand it; at least when I talk it to her."

"But I don't see what you want of me."

"I'll tell you. You've studied German in school, haven't you?"

"Yes; one term."

"Good. This is the way it is: Your Aunt Louisa is in some sort of trouble—making jelly and it won't come, or broken her leg, or something serious. Anyway she sent for your mother in a hurry, and away she went. I told her not to worry about me. I used to know a good deal of German, and I could get along with Marie, or whatever her name is, for a couple of weeks. But I don't get along. I can't make her understand what I say, and she doesn't speak any kind of German I ever heard. We don't seem to chord, as they say in the orchestra."

"And you want me to help you talk to her and understand her?"

"That's just it."

"Well," said the boy, "we'll both try her. I'll go over to the house and spend the afternoon studying my German grammar—all about 'Haben sie meine munter gesehen?' and 'Ist das ihr Bruder?' and that sort of thing. I want some luncheon first, though."

"All right," said uncle. "We'll go up to the Rathskeller and eat frankfurters and potato salad. There's nothing like laying a good foundation, and maybe we can pick up some bits of German flying around there."

It was 7 o'clock that evening when Alan and his uncle descended to the dining room of their home. Alan carried his grammar and his uncle a dictionary in his hand. There was a troubled, even anxious, look on the uncle's face, and Alan did not appear entirely at ease. They seated themselves at the table and presently Marie appeared bearing a tureen of soup. There was a troubled look on her face, too—that is, as much of a look as ever comes to the face of a German servant girl. Subsequently Alan described it as the look of a tortured saint.

"Guten abend," said uncle with cheerful civility.

"Guten abend," answered Marie with equal cheerfulness, as she sat the tureen before him and then retreated.

"Good start, uncle," said Alan approvingly. "I am glad, though, we didn't have to say anything about soup, for I couldn't find the word for it in my grammar. You see, I came down to the kitchen this afternoon and nosed around to see what we were going to have for dinner, and I made a list of the things and then looked up as many of them as I could find in my grammar. But I couldn't find soup."

"There are two words here," said uncle, after searching the dictionary. "I can't make out what one of them is, though it looks like 'sup.'" "Ess oo ha pay," said Alan.

"But the other is 'suppe.'" There's an 'f' after it, and I suppose that means 'feminine.' Just why soup should be feminine I don't know, but then no human being ever knew the reason of the genders in German."

"There isn't any butter on the table, uncle," said Alan. "I like butter at dinner, even if it isn't good form." As he spoke he reached over and touched the bell.

"Great Scott!" said uncle, as Marie appeared. "How are you going to ask for it? Do you know the word?"

"It must be somewhere here," said Alan, hurriedly turning over the leaves of his grammar. "You look too."

There was a flutter of leaves on both sides of the table, and uncle cried "bot-tor," only it's got the unlat on the o's.

"That's it. Marie, machen sie der—"

# IT IS DIE OR DAS—MACHEN SIE DER BUTTER HERMIT.

"Ach, ja," said Marie, and uncle said cordially, "That's good."

"You 'make you' everything in German," said Alan; "but I suppose I ought to have said, 'mach du?'"

"Yes, that's so. It's always 'du' to children and inferiors."

"Or intimate friends," added Alan. "I don't suppose Marie is our intimate friend."

"I have recently come to regard her as my bitter enemy," said uncle thoughtfully, "though we seem to be getting along all right."

Alan rang the bell again, which seemed to alarm his uncle, but the boy pointed to the soup plates and they were removed. Then came a baked bluish beautiful to look upon. "There isn't any lemon with it," said uncle. "I want some lemon."

"I don't know how you are going to get it," said Alan.

"There's lemonade here in the dictionary," said uncle, consulting his book, "but lemon is probably an entirely different word, and I don't think lemonade would be very good on blue-fish, even if she knew how to make it. I'll have to go without it."

There was a ring at the basement doorbell, and Marie was heard as she walked through the hall. Then there was a colloquy in which somebody with an Irish brogue seemed to be figuring. Uncle and Alan dropped their forks and waited results. Presently the door was closed; Marie made a detour through the kitchen and appeared in the dining room. "Ein mann," she said.

"I know that," said uncle. "Who is he? What is he? What does he want?"

"Was?" asked Marie.

"Who is he? Is it a beggar, a—what's that word Alan? You know that comic opera."

"Pinafore?" asked Alan.

"Pinafore? No, what an idea! Der Bay something—Bettelstudent. Ist er ein bettelstudent—or bettel, I mean."

"Ich verstehe nicht," said Marie.

"Of course you don't," cried uncle. "You don't understand anything. That will do. Aus gehen." And uncle waved his napkin like a woman shoeing lens. Marie fled, while uncle took up the carving knife and started to carve.

"As usual," he remarked, "this knife is too dull to cut custard. She's got to sharpen it."

"Well, how on earth are you going to tell her?" asked Alan. "I don't know what 'sharpen' is."

"I'll find it," said his uncle, opening the dictionary. "Just ring that bell."

Marie appeared and waited while uncle ran over the leaves, muttering to himself. "Ah, here it is! 'Scharfen.' You tell her to 'scharfen' the knife."

"What's 'dull'? I've got to know that too."

"Dull? Let's see. It's any one of half a dozen things. Try 'abstumpfen.' That's the longest of the lot."

"Knife is 'messer,' said Alan. "I remember that, but I've forgotten whether it's masculine or feminine. I'll compromise on 'das,' which is neuter. 'Marie, das messer is—what's that word—abstumpfen—das messer ist zu abstumpfen—abstumpfen.' See? 'hacking at the roast as he spoke. 'Scharfen du?—I know that grammar is off, but starting men can't talk grammatically.—scharfen du das—das messer—scharfen—du verstehn?'"

Marie looked doubtfully from Alan to his uncle and then asked:

"Was haben sie gesagt?"

"What did I tell you?" groaned uncle.

"That's just what she says to me, and I talk the very best kind of German to her. 'Aus gehen,' and again Marie was shoed out of the room.

"Have you stopped drinking claret at dinner, uncle?" asked Alan, as he straightened out a ragged slice of beef on his plate.

"I have stopped doing everything I ever did," said uncle. "I can't dare to ask for anything, and I can't go down into the cellar for the claret, because there is a spring lock on the door, and if I shunt myself in Was-haben-sie-gesagt wouldn't know enough to let me do it. I tried to ask her for some mustard the other day and she didn't understand. Then I said it was hot—meaning of course the stuff I wanted—and she opened the window. I shook my head and said hot—or 'heiss'—over and over again and pointed to my mouth. She thought for a moment and then disappeared. I heard her banging away at the refrigerator, and pretty soon she came in with a bowl of cracked ice. I tell you, Alan, that girl will drive me crazy."

"Why wouldn't it be a good scheme for us to teach her English?"

"Teach her English! Good heavens, we can't teach her anything. I shudder at the thought of speaking to her. Say, how would you like to have some ice cream tonight?"

"Tiptop. But there isn't any in the house, and we couldn't make her understand if we tried to send her out for some."

"She'd probably bring back soap. No, when we finish this we will just sneak out—I think we can get out without her knowing it—and we'll go down to Manhattan Beach and finish our dinner there with ice cream and coffee."

"But what shall we do about breakfast? We've got to tell her about that."

"We'll stay down there all night and get breakfast there in the morning. And, by the way, I don't think it hardly fair that your vacation should be spoiled, and I think you had better go back to New Jersey tomorrow. I'll get along some way till your mother returns."

How uncle got along may be understood from this extract from the letter to Alan's mother that he wrote the next day:

"It's dreadfully hot here and Marie has been looking far from well. So I have taken the liberty of giving her two weeks' vacation with pay, and she's gone into the country to visit her married sister. She understands that she has not been discharged. I'll sleep at the house. Everything is going all right."

—Columbus Press.

# THE CHARM OF GERMAN WOMEN.

It is Only in This Country That They Receive Their Full Development.

German women come honestly by their charm. At a time when the English, French and Italian women commanded scant respect they were venerated and placed not on equality, but on a superior plane to men. He who beat a woman was punished twice as severely as if he had beaten a man. He who wronged a woman was executed, unless the woman chose to save him by becoming his wife; when she declined, not only did the wrong doer expiate his crime with his life, but the house where he lived was torn down and every living creature in it, to the very cattle, was put to death.

German girls married late—generally after rather than before twenty; and it may be inferred that their spinsterhood was dull from the fact that the German word for a wedding is hochzeit—a high old time. But they brought no dowry to their husbands, except perhaps a knife or a spear, and for three days after the wedding a sharp sword separated wife from husband in the nuptial couch. Notwithstanding the sword the marriage a present called a morgengabe, from which word the present "morganatic marriage" is derived.

The women fought in the wars by the side of their husbands, and were thus inured to exposure and fatigue. Widows never remarried; the German phrase ran, "As a woman has but one body and but one soul, so she can have but one husband." Perhaps these reminiscences of the ancient Germans may help us to understand the loyalty and beauty and charm of German women today.

It is only in this country that the modern German woman receives her full development. On her native heath she is less attractive than the English woman, or the French woman, or the American. She is so impressive an example of immaculate virtue that she oppresses other people with a consciousness of their own depravity, and they shrink out of sight of such spotless propriety. Vasili does imply that ladies of the court at Berlin sometimes condescend to despire in loco—which may be freely translated by saying that they are equal to a flirtation in a back parlor when the lights are out.

But Vasili's prejudice is notorious. According to the memoirs of Alice of Hesse, so much starch goes to the outfit of a German lady of fashion that unbending is impossible, and her views are confirmed by the statements of poor Caroline Baer in her autobiography. At Berlin they have a proverb which is equivalent to our "Be good, and you will be happy." A French scoffer reported that, from what he had seen of German happiness, he would like to try a little misery by way of a change, but then the breach between Germans and French is flagrant, and the members of one nation cannot figure as impartial judges of the other.—San Francisco Argonaut.

# Those Dreadful Freckles.

They seem to trouble nine girls out of every ten, and I am sure I do not know why. In the first place, the girl who has a freckle or two on her face announces to the world at large that she uses neither paint nor powder. Then, too, she tells that she has been living in that best of all freckles—the sunshine. But somehow the freckles trouble her; her sweetheart thinks they are rather pretty, but she does not agree with him, and she is always asking, "What will take away the freckles?" Well, my dear girl, if you got them a week ago, or a month ago, or some time during the summer, the juice of the lemon, with a teaspoonful of borax in it, dabbled on them will cause them to disappear—that is, if you apply this treatment regularly, not if you put it on tonight and forget it the three nights more to follow.

Sometimes, if they have only just come, a few drops of benzoin, put in the water until it gives it a milky look, used for a few days, will cause them to disappear. And, by the way, a very nice woman wrote and told me that she could not get benzoin at any drug shop in town. Well, just let her tell the chemists themselves that they keep a very poor stock of goods when they have not that. Five or six drops of it in a basin of water will make it look like skim milk, and make it smell like the fir or cedar trees, while it will cool a sunburned face and give what doctors call "tone" to the skin.

But, my dear girls, I do not want you to bother about the freckles. They are really not worth it. Instead, make up your mind that they are sun spots, put on your face to tell the world of the sunny disposition that you have, and of the glad spot that you make at home.

—New York Commercial Advertiser.

# GEMS IN VERSE.

Psalm of the Baldheads.

Tell me not in merry accents  
That I have an unthatched roof—  
Tis the hairy head that lacks sense—  
Baldness is of thought a proof.

Hair is vulgar, hair is useless,  
And to brush and comb a bore,  
Making life but dull and joyless;  
I need brush and comb no more.

Not for wise men matted hair is,  
Black or brown or red or fair;  
Let the savage of the prairies  
Waste his time in raising hair.

Life is short and hairs are numbered,  
And though flies are hardly borne,  
Still at night I've always slumbered  
But when the nightingale I have worn.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
Who'd be at the barber's call,  
Listening to his tiresome tattler?  
Better bare as a billiard ball.

Fear no future, baldheaded brother,  
You were bald in infant days;  
Crave not hirsute on another—  
Braid it, no, hair, that pays.

Lives of great men all remind us  
That our smooch and polished pates  
Leave all hairy heads behind us—  
Let us thank the favoring fates!

Footprints of Old Time's feet walking  
No one sees on our smooth crowns;  
Mind no more the idle talking  
Made by anxious mophead clowns.

Let us, then, O hairless brother!  
Frolic through life's pathway roll;  
We remember that dear Mother  
Earth is barren at the pole.

# WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

A right to tread so softly  
Beside the path of duty trod;  
If from the bowers of Ease they fled  
To seek affliction's humble shed;  
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,  
And home to Virtue's cot returned,  
These feet with ever wings shall vie  
And tread the palace of the sky.

A right to cheer the weary  
On the battlefields of life;  
To give the word of sympathy  
Amid the toll and strife;  
To lift the burden gently  
From sore and tired hearts,  
And never weary of the task  
Till gloomy care departs.

A right to be a woman  
In trust woman's work—  
If life should be a hard one,  
No ties with ever wings shall vie  
A right to show to others  
How strong a woman grows;  
When skies are dark and lowering,  
And life bears not a rose.

A right to love one truly  
And be loved back again;  
A right to share his fortunes  
Through sunlight and through rain;  
A right to be protected  
From life's most cruel blights  
By mainly by his love and courage—  
Sure these are woman's rights!  
—Sadie Gilliam Baird.

# OLD JOHN HENRY.

Old John's jest made o' the commonest stuff—  
Old John Henry—  
He's tough, I reckon—but none too tough—  
"Too much, though, 's better than not enough!"  
Says old John Henry,  
He does his best, and when his best's had  
He don't fret none, nor he do get sad;  
He simply 'loves it's the best he had—  
Old John Henry.

His doctor's jest o' the plainest brand—  
Old John Henry—  
"A smiling face and a hearty hand  
'S a religion 'at all folks understand!"  
Says old John Henry,  
He's stowed up some with the rheumatiz,  
And they han't no shine on their shoes o' his,  
And his hair 'an't cut, but his eye teeth is—  
Old John Henry.

He feed hisself 'when the stock's all fed—  
Old John Henry—  
And "sleeps like a babe" when he goes to bed,  
"And dreams o' heaven and homemade bread!"  
Says old John Henry,  
He an't read as he ort to be  
Nor fits the statutes of poetry,  
Nor his clothes don't fit him, but he fits me—  
Old John Henry.  
—James Whitcomb Riley.

# Hard on the Gentlemen.

Among the bylaws of the new "Pioneer club," established in London for ladies, is one that sounds extremely severe. It runs as follows: "Children, servants and gentlemen can only be admitted to the waiting room, and can on no account be allowed to enter the club-rooms." One almost suspects a touch of satiric humor in placing "gentlemen" after children and servants. Is it an intentional paraphrase of "women, children and idiots?" This view of the matter is strengthened by perusal of the names of the ladies on the general committee of the club. Lady Harberton leads, as she is entitled to do, not only by reason of her rank, but because of the well known strength of her opinions on the woman question.

# She Stopped the Train.

Fern Bluff, a prospective city on the Great Northern a few miles west of Sultan, has a heroine in the person of Miss May Peak. She is a modest school-girl about sixteen years of age and resides with her parents upon a ranch close to town.

The recent rains had caused a drain to clog which carried away the surface water from a hillside out past which the young miss walked on her way to and from school. On approaching the place she noticed that the rain of the previous night had washed out the sandy soil from beneath the rails for a distance of ten feet, leaving them suspended over a pit several feet in depth. She knew a construction train was due about that time and instead of proceeding waited to signal it.

A large number of cars of material, and having 200 men aboard, soon came in sight. The engineer looked ahead, saw the signal and stopped the train before reaching the danger point. He leaped from the cab, thanked the young lady and inquired her name. She acknowledged the thanks, but turned immediately and went her way, leaving the men to wonder and to repair the damage.

Subsequent inquiry was made by the road officials, and the modest young woman was promised a life pass over the Great Northern.—Cor. Seattle Press-Tribune.

# Fashion Makes Women Cosmopolite.

A young lady who had traveled in Finland, and who had a dear friend there, asked, out of curiosity, in a letter which she wrote to her friend last summer, what the Finnish girls were wearing, and received an answer to this effect: "The girls in Finland have a very pretty costume this year. It consists of a blue serge skirt and blazer, a silk shirt and broad brimmed sailor hat. Many, many girls wear this costume. I see them in it passing in front of the house as I write."

The American girl smiled. What a commentary on the universality of fashions at the end of the Nineteenth century! Undoubtedly the girls in the state of Washington, and the colony of British Columbia and in Honolulu and Melbourne were wearing the same blue suits and sailor hats that the girls in Helsinki and St. Petersburg were, and when they got out of a car probably they smoothed them down at the small of the back with the back of one hand in exactly the same way.

That movement, by the way, is the most universal and characteristic gesture of the present day; it is much more habitual even than sitting on the foot or putting both hands at the back of the head to see if the hair is coming down.—Boston Transcript.

# Grape Juice for Winter Use.


Grapes should be very ripe to give the fine flavor unrivaled by any other fruit. The dyspeptic will find grape juice the most delicious and cooling of all drinks, while the sick person, no matter what her ailment, will find both nourishment and coolness in this drink, particularly adapted to the needs of the fever patient. It is also delicious for minor pies and sauces. Nothing could be nicer to serve with cake at a calling reception.

The methods of preparation are: Pick grapes from stems, look over carefully and wash in cold water. Pack in 3-inch layers of white sugar. When the jar is full tie over the mouth of it a thick cloth, after which cover with paper. Place in a cool place in the cellar. When used, strain through a wire strainer. Ready for use at Christmas.

Pick and wash grapes. Cover with water in a porcelain vessel. Boil until thoroughly cooked. Strain the juice through a jelly cloth, sweeten to taste, heat again and put up in airtight glass jars.—Housewife.

# One Oldest Actresses.

The oldest living American actress are Clara Fisher Maeder, born in 1811, and Mrs. John Drew, who is seven years younger. Mrs. Drew appeared on the stage a babe of nine months and has acted ever since. Mrs. Maeder was on the stage from 1817 to 1889, and then went into retirement. Mrs. Hannah Birrell, who died in San Francisco a few days ago at the age of seventy-four, was a prominent actress in that city many years, and was Booth's first Ophe-lia in California.



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ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS, MAY 15, 1892.

LEAVE FREELAND.

6:15, 8:45, 9:40, 10:35 A. M., 12:25, 1:50, 2:45, 3:50, 5:15, 6:35, 7:40, 8:15, 10:20 A. M., 12:10, 1:45, 2:55, 4:00, 4:30, 5:40, 6:50, 8:00, 9:10, 10:30, 11:30 P. M., for Mauch 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.

7:50, 10:50 A. M., 12:10, 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 Tomhicken.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

11:40 A. M. and 2:15 P. M. for Drifton, Jeddo, Lumber Yard and Hazleton.

3:45 P. M. for Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoan, New York and Philadelphia.

ARRIVE AT FREELAND.

5:20, 6:25, 7:20, 8:15, 10:20 A. M., 12:10, 1:15, 2:35, 4:20, 6:30 and 8:37 P. M. from Hazleton, Stockton, Lumber Yard, Jeddo and Drifton.

7:20, 8:15, 10:50 A. M., 12:25, 4:30, 6:50 P. M. from Delano, Mahanoy City and Shenandoan (via New Boston Branch).

8:15 and 8:57 P. M. from New York, Easton, Philadelphia, Bethlehem, Allentown and Mauch Chunk.

9:15 and 10:50 A. M. from Easton, Philadelphia, Bethlehem and Mauch Chunk.

9:15, 10:25 A. M., 2:45, 6:35 P. M. from White Haven, Glen Summit, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and L. and B. Junction (via Highland Branch).

SUNDAY TRAINS.

11:31 A. M. and 3:31 P. M. from Hazleton, Lumber Yard, Jeddo and Drifton.

11:31 A. M. from Delano, Hazleton, Philadelphia and Easton.

3:31 P. M. from Pottsville and Delano.

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# "I wish I had one."

Some people value a pet grievance far above money or anything which money can buy. A good many years ago there lived in Washington a United States naval officer who thought himself unjustly treated by the naval retiring board and made incessant complaints about it to his brother officers.

"Well, Sam," said one of his friends, who was a little worn out by hearing the same story over and over, "why in the world do you submit to it, if it is so? There is a man here who will investigate it for twenty dollars and may correct it."

"What?" ejaculated the complaining officer, whose reasoning powers had evidently become a little confused through meditation on his wrongs. "Do you suppose for one instant that I would take twenty dollars for a grievance like this? You don't know me!"—Youth's Companion.

# Advertise in the Tribune.