

WOMAN'S WORLD.

COLUMBIAN UNIVERSITY'S DECISION TO NOT ADMIT WOMEN.

Life at Vassar College—A Girl's Brave Deed—Matinee Girls at the Food Show. Broke the Deadlock—Miss North's Romance—Timely Notes About Women.

The old discussion concerning the advisability of women's acquiring the art of Galen and Hippocrates, of Aspasia and Bucca, has been reopened by the recent decision of the Columbian university at Washington to no longer admit women to its medical department. An offer, financially backed by Gardner Hubbard, to put up a fine physiological laboratory and give it to the college on condition that the decision be withdrawn has been flatly declined.

The argument advanced by the faculty that the teaching of men and women together in medical classes is demoralizing to both is rather weakened by the fact that at all clinics women nurses are present and assist at operations of every kind, imparting an atmosphere of refinement and seriousness quite perceptible immediately on their appearance.

The other theory, that women do not possess a quality of intelligence that fits them for study with men, has been refuted by the higher average of women in examinations and the greater number of honors secured by them, due to the fact that they are exceptional women, inspired by serious ambition and interest, contending with the ordinary run of men—at least, so claim the men.

Consequently the faculty has fallen back upon the old excuse that the admission of women to the classes keeps men away from the college, and that the step was taken because it was not desirable to turn that institution into a "female seminary."

However, this defeat is one which can be well endured, considering the great advance of the educational movement for women along all lines, and particularly in the study of medicine. New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati and Chicago have medical schools exclusively for women; the medical department of Johns Hopkins is open to them; nearly all the western colleges admit them, and two other Washington colleges receive them on equal terms with men. Paris offers every facility to women. Germany admits them to her institutions, though not allowing them to sign their own prescriptions.

It is an interesting and pertinent fact that though men students now treat women with a fair degree of consideration medical instructors the world over, and particularly in Germany, are still hostile to the so-called invaders, presenting all subjects of a delicate nature in the coarse and revolting manner most liable to embarrass and disgust the women, who have accepted the treatment with a heroic dignity, ignoring those things which they could neither tolerate nor condone.—New York Sun.

Life at Vassar College.

Social life at Vassar presents many interesting phases to the 130 new students who have this year entered its freshman class and are being initiated in the various clubs and societies of the students.

Politics is paramount in interest at present, and the students are arrayed in opposing factions, supporting Democratic or Republican platforms. Mass meetings are called, clubs organized, committees appointed and constitutions formulated, and party spirit runs high in this little world of women. Contrary to the time honored customs of hazing and "rushes," the students at Vassar welcome all newcomers with most cordial hospitality, each girl cavalierly inviting and escorting one or more of the new girls to the first reception given in their honor not long after the opening of the term. The three dramatic chapters at the college gave on Saturday evening a succession of farces, followed by a supper, to the newcomers. To these historic revels only members and invited guests have admittance.

The new buildings on the campus are now rapidly progressing toward completion. The laboratory appointments have been increased by two large rooms, one entirely free from iron for electrical work, and by individual apparatus for each student. A new scholarship of \$6,000 has been founded by Mr. Spring, of Chicago, in memory of his daughter, a former student.

The interest in athletic sports is attested by the enlargement of the skating rink to three times its former size, by new tennis courts, and by the increased number of wheels and their enthusiastic riders. Altogether this, the first of our women's colleges, is in a most encouraging state of general activity, prophetic of a successful year.—Vassar Letter.

A Girl's Brave Deed.

The daughter of the late W. J. Kinsey performed an act of cool bravery in Denver the other night. She saved her pet, the family horse, from burning to death. The scene of the fire was the stable adjoining the costly residence at Eleventh avenue and Pearl street, belonging to the Kinsey estate, where live the son and daughter with a housekeeper and coachman. Miss Nettie Kinsey returned from a few days' visit to Manitou. She was accompanied home by two young friends, and at 8:45, when they reached the house, they found it locked. The young ladies were afraid to attempt to enter the house by a window, and Miss Kinsey concluded to wake the coachman, Arthur George, whose sleeping room was in the barn. When she approached the window she was apprised by the smell of smoke and the heat that the barn was on fire.

Quickly the young lady recognized the gravity of the situation. She thought of the family horse—a valuable animal, and one to which she was much attached—standing in his stall crunched with fright, while the smoke and flames were nearly enveloping him. Giving the alarm to her friends, the brave little lady broke the window with her umbrella and climbed in regardless of

wounded and bleeding fingers. She rushed through the blinding smoke to the door, which she unbarred. Then stripping off her jacket, she blindfolded the frightened horse and led him to the open air. By this time the screams of the young ladies had brought a crowd to the scene, and some one had turned in an alarm. The fire department quickly responded, and the flames were subdued before the building was wholly destroyed.—Denver Republican.

Matinee Girls at a Food Show.

Matinee girls reigned supreme Saturday afternoon at the food exposition in Madison Square garden. The quaintly attired maids in attendance on the various booths, the demure country damsels rounding out the festivities of the week by a visit to the food show, and the society dames in their swell costumes, all looked their prettiest and smiled their sweetest, but the matinee girls outdid them all. They swarmed into the garden boiling over with the pent up enthusiasm aroused by the great parades and pageants of the past week, and for four or five hours they made the afternoon the liveliest which the gayly decorated amphitheater had known since the opening of the food exposition.

They poured into the lecture hall and listened with suppressed giggles and an occasional show of intense interest to Miss Parlova's dissertations on scalloped oysters, potato soup and maraschino ice cream. They supplied themselves plentifully with candies on entering the garden and then proceeded to overwhelm the attendants at the ice cream soda fountain.

Having nearly exhausted the supply of their favorite beverage they began the round of all the dainty samples supplied by the various exhibits. They sipped chocolate, they tasted soups and they nunched pickles. From pickles they went to tomato catchup, from catchup to cocoa, and so on through the entire list, winding up with appetizing slices of smoked beef. When they had been all through the garden they were a tired but happy medley of girls. They had had a great time and they knew it.—New York Times.

She Broke the Deadlock.

Fortunate Josiah Hicks! At Bedford, Pa., Mr. Hicks has just been named for congress. This was not done hurriedly; on the contrary, Mr. Hicks was nominated on the 21st ballot. There had been practically a deadlock, which the tricks and cunning of the shrewdest political workers had been unable to break. Mrs. Hicks, who had been quietly staying at home attending to her duties, began to wonder why Josiah did not come home. Pretty soon she made it her business to inquire. When she heard of the deadlock, in which the Hicks' aspirations were involved, she packed her bag, put on her bonnet and took the train for Bedford. There she determined to find out who it was that was opposing her husband's nomination, and why.

This she did so successfully that a Philadelphia paper, relating the details of Hicks' nomination, says that the credit of breaking the deadlock, which might have continued for weeks to come, is due to the able manner in which Mrs. Josiah Hicks championed her husband's cause. Her pleasant, dignified manner and convincing arguments were able to accomplish what no effort of politicians could effect. Mr. Hicks was subsequently nominated by acclamation.

Miss North's Romance.

A pretty love story where love stories are least expected is revealed in the announcement of the engagement of Miss North, the nitrate king's daughter. Miss North is young, very handsome and has been an unquestioned success in the great world. It has been generally believed that such young women when they are posed advantageously against the background of a great fortune, as is Miss North, are produced through subtle and indirect processes by nature for the purpose of renewing the blood and replenishing the coffers of noblemen.

Miss North has been regarded so widely to be the bride ultimately of certainly a duke that the announcement of her engagement to George Crocker, who is not only without title, but is a Liverpool business man, has been a nine days' wonder. It appears that Miss North for four years has desired to marry Mr. Crocker, but her father, Colonel North, who doubtless felt that strawberry leaves were somewhere to be found in his shrubbery, refused his consent. But love has found a way; the father has yielded, and now everybody is chirping as if love had just been born into the world.

Not Ashamed of Her Age.

Mrs. Lavina Fillmore, a resident of Clarence, N. Y., widow of Rev. Glezen Fillmore and a cousin of Millard Fillmore, was 105 years old on Aug. 15. Mrs. Fillmore was living when George Washington was inaugurated president of the United States. She was born in Waterbury, Conn., in 1787, and moved to New York when very young. She was living with her husband in Buffalo when that city was burned by the British in 1812. Mrs. Fillmore has resided on her farm at Clarence since her husband's death in 1875.

She has never ridden on a railroad train, has never seen the telegraph or telephone in operation, and has evinced no curiosity in regard to these fruits of science, preferring to live her last days amid the peaceful surroundings of her quiet home. She is not ignorant, however, of the improvements made in the world, for she had been a constant reader of the newspapers. Her Bible has been read and reread until she nearly knows it all by heart. So well preserved comparatively is she that her neighbors think she will live for many years.—Chicago Post.

Standing Up for the Sex.

The inability of the average woman to understand was again demonstrated in a Fulton street shoe store one day last week. A rather nice appearing woman came in, and after seating herself on one

of the broad leather sofas, asked the salesman to show her a certain kind of shoe. "We don't keep ladies' shoes here," said the salesman, politely. The woman's eyes snapped as she exclaimed: "Don't keep ladies' shoes? Why don't you keep them?"

The salesman explained that the firm only manufactured gentlemen's shoes, and only sold that kind. "Oh," said the woman rising, "I think women are just as good as men; but it is very evident that you don't think so." With these indignant words the woman walked hurriedly out of the store. After catching his breath the salesman had a good laugh all to himself.—Brooklyn Standard-Union.

Friends of Sir Walter Scott.

By the death of Mrs. Carruthers, of Inverness, there has passed away one of the last of those intimately connected with the family and household of Sir Walter Scott. Mrs. Carruthers was the youngest daughter of the great novelist's faithful friend and amanuensis, William Laidlaw, of Kesside, Abbotsoford, and author of "Lucy's Flittin." The deceased lady's husband, Mr. Robert Carruthers, the younger son, was a son of the well known editor and biographer of Pope, who was also proprietor and editor of the Inverness Courier for nearly half a century. There still survives another daughter of William Laidlaw, who resides at Inverness, and has in her possession the desk in which the "Waverley" manuscript was found, and which was given to her father by Sir Walter Scott.

A Summer Experience.

A kind mistress who not only respects a girl's rights, but to some degree her tastes and feelings, is occasionally rewarded in ways she did not dream of. This fall a girl who had been promised half pay for the months of July and August to return, astonished the household by declaring, as she dropped her bundle in a kitchen chair, "she didn't want a cent, for she was only too glad to get back where things looked like home." It seemed she had been at a seaside resort near the city, where she had been asked to do the work for twelve, and had then gone to a house alive with all kinds of bugs through negligence in properly clearing out the closets and refrigerator on leaving. She had never realized before how different these things could be in other places.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Triplets Sixty-nine Years Old.

Monday evening, at the residence of Mr. Alden T. Brown, Waltham, a reception was tendered to three of Mrs. Brown's aunts, who are triplets and sixty-nine years of age, the anniversary of their birth occurring on the 20th of last June. Mr. Brown's mother, a sister of the triplets and herself a twin, was present. These four ladies were born in Union, Me., and are the survivors of a family of thirteen children, seven of them being twins and triplets. The triplets, when young girls, all worked in the cotton mills with General N. P. Banks when he was bobbin boy there.—Boston Herald.

The Gracious Carina.

English papers are bubbling over with praise of the graciousness of the czarina in kissing a hospital nurse who had been in the midst of cholera infection—an impulsive womanly way of showing her admiration for the nurse's bravery and self sacrifice. How much greater the bravery of Queen Margaret of Italy, who during the plague walked herself both wards and patients with her presence and earnest sympathy, while the poor victims pressed their lips to the hand she gave them, and died as contented as if in the presence of one of their beloved saints.

Yale and Coeducation.

As long ago as 1778 a certificate was granted by President Ezra Stiles, of Yale college, to a young woman who had passed the examinations necessary to enter the college, but was debarred on account of her sex. Now after 114 years Yale is ready to offer post graduate study to women. It is not, however, ready for coeducation. It is as far from it as 11 o'clock is from 12 o'clock.—Woman's Journal.

American Women Abroad.

It is estimated that 60,000 Americans have crossed the ocean since May, and of these the great majority are women. Estimating that half these women had \$1,000 to invest in bric-a-brac, gowns, gowns and bonnets, and that a great many had several times as much, it is easy to understand why American women are accounted the best customers of the European shops.

One of the best known woman farmers in Great Britain, Miss Hope-Johnstone, of Marchbankwood, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, died the other day. She had a large sheep farm in Eskdale, which she superintended herself, and she was an excellent authority on all agricultural matters.

Princess Marie of Edinburgh, the betrothed of Prince Ferdinand of Romania, is a beautiful and clever woman, and has already won a warm place in the heart of the queen of Romania (Carmen Sylva).

The new Duchess of Sutherland, one of the youngest women to wear the ducal coronet in England, is a member of the Writers' club, and a contributor to the literature of the day.

At a recent marriage feast the wedding cake of the bride's mother was served. It had been kept for that purpose, wrapped in brandied paper in a tin box.

Fur promises to be even more popular as a trimming for evening gowns than it was last season, and white satin a favorite material for the fur to adorn.

In the Hotel Beatrice, the women's dormitory at the Chicago university, with accommodations for 100, nearly every room is engaged.

Beware the Deadly Corset String.

One of Cumberland's most busy thoroughfares came near being the scene of a tragedy yesterday evening of a most sensational and distressing character. A young lady, radiant in all the loveliness that usually attends sweet seventeen, traveled three entire blocks literally on fire, and yet gave no sign nor did she betray her distress to any one, although passersby who happened to be possessed of keen olfactory organs may have detected the odor of burning woollens and flannels.

It is related by those who know the particulars that the young lady was engaged in the mysteries of her toilet preparatory to a street promenade. A corset string refused to be cut bias or something of that sort, and was subjected to the discipline of a lighted lamp in order to shorten it. Burning the string in two pieces was a success for the time, and the young lady completed her make up and hastily started down town. She was more than a quarter of a mile from home when the horrible fact was discovered that her underclothing was on fire in an inaccessible region. The material, however, was all wool and there was a great deal more smoke and offensive odor than fire.

Still, no young lady approves of being on fire in the street or anywhere else, and so she hastened as rapidly as possible to the shelter of the house of a friend, and reached a harbor of safety just before the flames broke out, but it is said she was smoking like a limekiln when the friendly door closed behind her. Strange to say, her person was not even scorched, although she is now the owner of a very dilapidated outfit of woollen underwear.—Cumberland News.

A New Boston Fad.

I have found a family where all the members are devoting themselves to the principles of "repose through relaxation." Since their conversion to this creed of physical culture they are a complete entertainment in themselves. To find this relaxation they flop about in the most wonderful manner; the host has forsaken his sitting room couch and drops a limp heap on the rug near the open grate; his good spouse allows her head to droop like a wilted lily and amazes her breathing apparatus by peculiar gasps and convulsive heaving. The daughters throw back the shoulders by placing their thoughts under their several chins, and holding themselves up by imaginary handles there implanted. I repeat the words, the meaning of which I do not attempt to construe.

The art is a trifle beyond me. After we dined the other evening the entire family even to Rob, the ten-year-old hopeful, went through a drill in being about repose; when the prize was gained the family looked quite as if a hurricane had whirled them about in mad glee until all the bones in their bodies were broken into inch sections and every section pulverized into powdery bits. One of the main rules of this new system is to rest mind and body by imagining that the legs are heavy.—Cor. Roxbury News.

Newspaper Men Like New York.

New York is just now filled with newspaper correspondents from most of the cities in the country. They come from all states in the Union to watch the national politicians. They have been accustomed to the sights in Washington, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, New Orleans and San Francisco. They were dazzled, though, by the preparations in New York for the Columbian festivities. The triumphal arches on Fifth avenue, the miles of bunting used to decorate the city hall, the subterranean, the great banking buildings, and the hotels, and the great stands for the people erected all along the route impressed them with the possibilities of this town. They gathered at the Lotus club the other night and unanimously voted that when New York got up on its hind legs and yawned over a great event it was the most triumphant cry and the most successful of any city in the nation.—New York Sun.

An Indian's Last Hunt.

Postmaster Peacock tells us that a son of Indian Billy Jewell, better known as Billy Key West, a young man twenty-one years old, met his death in a singular manner while hunting last week in the Indian hunting grounds in Dade county. Billy, who was a good hunter, went out and shot a large buck. Thinking him dead, he stooped down on coming up to him to cut his throat. The buck in his last agonies made for him and drove his horns into the abdomen of the Indian, ripping it open. After three days, Billy not returning, a party was made up, and, attracted by the buzzards, both hunter and hunted were found dead together—the Indian still impaled on the horns of the buck.—Key West (Fla.) Equator.

The Grand Prix de Paris.

The grand prize of Paris is run at Longchamps, in the Bois de Boulogne, just outside the fortifications, about the middle of June. It is now worth about \$40,000 to the winner. Between 100,000 and 150,000 persons witness this international contest, and on the field there is space for about a couple of thousand vehicles and 100,000 visitors, who can gain admittance by the payment of one franc, or twenty cents. Including the present year the grand prize of Paris has been fought out twenty-nine times. Seventeen years stand to the credit of French horses, nine times has victory gone to England and once each to the American, Russian and Hungarian.—Chicago Tribune.

A Snake in a Church Organ.

While the organist of the Bremen (Ind.) German Lutheran church was playing last Sunday he was startled at seeing a snake crawl out of the pipe organ. He motioned to a man to come to the organ, who, taking his handkerchief, seized the reptile and threw it to the floor. The snake was a milk snake and was about two feet in length.—Exchange.

GEMS IN VERSE.

In Hidden Ways.

Strange is it that the sweetest thing
Frover is the shiest;
The sweeter song, the swifter wing,
Ere thou the singer spiest.
The more the fragrance in the rose,
The more it hides a-dishing;
And when with love a maiden glows,
The more her face is flushing.
In depths of night, in gloomy mine,
In wildwood streams—in stories
Of lovely lives, unaging—there shine
The world's divinest glories.
As low arbutus blossoms rest
In modesty unbidden,
So man and nature hide their best,
And God himself is hidden.
—C. H. Crandall.

Overworked.

Up with the birds in the early morning—
The dewdrop glistens like a precious gem:
Beautiful tints in the sky are dawning,
But she's never a moment to look at them.
The men are waiting their breakfast early:
She must not linger, she must not wait,
For words that are sharp and looks that are surly
Are what the men give when meals are late.

Oh, glorious colors the clouds are turning,
If she would but look over hills and trees!
But here are the dishes and there is the churning—
Those things must always yield to these.
The world is filled with the wind of beauty,
If she would but pause and drink it in:
But pleasure, she says, must wait for duty—
Neglected work is committed sin.

The day grows hot and her hands grow weary;
Oh, for an hour to cool her head!
Out with the birds and the winds so cheery!
But she must get dinner and make her bread.
If they say her sitting with the hands,
Would think her lazy and call her shirking,
And she never could make them understand!

They do not know that the heart within her
Hungers for beauty and things sublime;
They only know that they want their dinner—
Plenty of it and just "on time."
And after the sweeping and churning and baking,
And dinner dishes are all put by,
She sits and sews, though her head is aching,
Till time for supper and "chores" draws nigh.

Her boys at school must look like others,
She says, as she patches their frocks and hose.
For the world is quick to censure mothers,
For the least neglect of their children's
clothes.
Her husband comes from the field of labor:
He gives no praise to his weary wife,
His done no more than has her neighbor:
'Tis the lot of all in country life.

But after the strife and weary toils,
When life is done and she lies at rest,
The nation's brain and heart and muscle—
Her sons and daughters—shall call her best.
And I think the sweetest joy of heaven,
The rarest bliss of eternal life,
And the fairest crown of all will be given
Unto the way worn farmer's wife.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The Early Owl.

An owl once lived in a hollow tree,
And he was as wise as wise could be.
The branch of learning he didn't know
Could scarce be on the tree of knowledge grow.
He knew the tree from branch to root,
And an owl like that can afford to loo.
And he hoisted—until, alas, one day,
He chanced to hear, in a casual way,
An insignificant little bird,
Make use of a term he had never heard.
He was flying to bed in the dawn light
When he heard her singing with all her
might,
"Hurray! hurray for the early worm!"
"Dear me," said the owl, "what a singular
term!"
I would look it up if it weren't so late.
I must rise at dusk to investigate.
Early to bed and early to rise
Makes an owl healthy and stealthy and wise!"

So he slept like an honest owl all day,
And rose in the early twilight gray,
And went to work in the dusky light,
To look for the early worm all night.
He searched the country for miles around,
But the early worm was not to be found;
So he went to bed in the dawn light
And looked for the "worm" again next night.
And again and again and again
He sought and he sought, but all in vain,
Till he must have looked for a year and a day
For the early worm in the twilight gray.

At last in despair he gave up the search,
And was heard to remark as he sat on his
perch
By the side of his nest in the hollow tree,
"The thing is as plain as night to me—
Nothing can shake my conviction firm,
There's no such thing as the early worm."
—Oliver Herford.

Regret.

When I remember something which I had,
But which is gone and I must do without,
I sometimes wonder how I can be glad
Even in cowslip time, when hedges sprout.
It makes me sigh to think on it, but yet
My days will not be better days should I
forget.

When I remember something promised me.

But which I never had nor can have now,
Because the promiser was no more see
In countries that accord with mortal vows:
When I remember this I mourn, but yet
My happier days are not the days when I
forget.
—Jean Ingelow.

The Unequal Artist—Time.

He softens off his brows to gray;
He makes his red a trifle fairer;
He gives his white a yellow haze;
This restless, tasteless, tactless painter,
He touches here, he touches there,
And changes upon changes follow,
He gives the head a thoughtless hair;
He makes the cheek a shade more hollow.

He seems to think it picturesque

To trace a complicated tangle
Of tiny scrollwork arabesque
Just at the eye's outer angle—
Until at last he brings from you,
As faith in him begins to waver,
The cry: "What! You a painter! Pooh!
You're nothing but a line engraver!"

And ere you get the world to see

How frightful Time's contrived to make
you,
And how unskillful he must be,
That great effluvier, Death, will take you
Perhaps at just your highest pitch
Of artistic imperfection,
And with your face—and frame—enrich
His vast but valueless collection.
—H. D. Traill.

Judge Not.

Judge not; the working of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see:
What looks to thee dim eyes a stain
In God's pure light may only be
A scar brought from some well fought field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air that frets thy sight

May be a token that deadly
The soul has closed in boundly fight
With some ignominious foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling
grace
And cast those shuddering on thy face.
—Adeleide A. Procter.

Thus, born alike, from virtue first began

The difference that distinguished man from
man;
He claimed no title from descent of blood,
But he which made him noble made him
good.
—Dryden

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LEAVE FREELAND.

6:15, 8:45, 9:40, 10:35 A. M., 12:25, 1:50, 2:43, 3:50, 4:15, 6:25, 7:40, 8:45 P. M., For Drifton, Jeddo, Lumber Yard, Stockton and Hazleton.
6:15, 9:40 A. M., 1:50, 3:50 P. M., For Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Philadelphia, Easton and New York. (8:45 has no connection for New York.)
8:45 A. M. for Bethlehem, Easton and Philadelphia.
7:30, 10:56 A. M., 12:16, 4:39 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 Tomchee.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

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

ARRIVE AT FREELAND.

5:50, 6:52, 7:26, 9:15, 10:56 A. M., 12:16, 1:15, 2:33, 4:28, 6:56 and 8:27 P. M. from Hazleton, Stockton, Lumber Yard, Stockton and Hazleton.
7:26, 9:15, 10:56 A. M., 12:16, 2:33, 4:28, 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 Mauch Chunk.
9:15 and 10:56 A. M. from Easton, Philadelphia, Bethlehem and Mauch Chunk.
9:15, 10:25 A. M., 2:43, 6:25 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.
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