

### TENNYSON.

"Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me;  
And may there be no moaning of the bar  
When I put out to sea."  
There was no moaning of the bar,  
Oh, singer lost from sight,  
When out beyond our evening star,  
Death drifted these to light.  
Black was the pilot at the helm;  
Dark gloomed the latter shore;  
But never wave could overwhelm,  
The land that gloomed before.  
Beyond these voices there is peace!  
Life fills thy cup today!  
From pain and weariness succor  
They find who pass this way!  
Oh, laureate at the head and feet!  
We cannot call thee dead!  
Our hearts repeat thy music sweet,  
And we are comforted.  
—Margaret E. Sangster in Harper's Bazar.

### A FAMILY FEUD.

Those two rival families repeated on a small scale the discords of the Montagues and Capulets, only, with due regard to the civilization of the times, instead of spilling blood, they spilled money. Instead of dead relatives, there had been many lawsuits, long and entangled; they went to law for spite, for resentment, for anger; they kept at law with that obstinate delight in litigation which is one of the joys of provincial life. As usual it was a question of trifles—a stream of water that had taken a wrong direction; an unruly goat that had leaped from the field of one into the field of the other; some obscure and stupid potatoes which, spreading themselves underground, had disregarded the boundaries.

Upon this showered legal documents. The lawyers led to write in that style of theirs—the last relic of barbarous invasions; judgments were multiplied; lawsuits grew complicated. The two advocates rubbed their hands for joy, and from the aspect of things were sure of transmitting, as a valuable inheritance, those quarrels to their sons. How the enmity between Pasquali and the Dericca families had been caused could not be clearly learned; affirmation varied on one and the other side. But it was a deep and declared enmity.

Being neighbors in town and in the country they frequently met, looking askance at each other; the women heard mass in two different churches; if the Dericca girls were blue gowns the Pasquali girls at once put on pink ones; in the municipal council the Pasquali were always conservative and the Dericca, naturally, radical; that which one did the other would not do for a thousand scudi; where one went the other did not appear. And then gossip, evil speaking, complaints, eagerness for scandal, malignity in short, all that outfit of pleasing things which take place in provincial towns between two rival families. On the top of all this Carlo, the eldest son of the Pasquali, and Maria, the second daughter of the Dericca, thought it best to fall in love with each other.

Love in a small town has not much variety. Usually it begins in childhood, continues amid games of blindman's buff, is apt to manifest itself in social dancing parties and round games and is always ratified by the parish priest and the mayor. These loves are recognized, superintended, established, registered in the household comings and goings; protected by grumbling grandfathers and by priestly uncles; loves without nerves, without tears, without tenderness and fancies; something extremely calm and slow—the crystallization of love. But Carlo Pasquali had had the incomparable fortune to pass, once, a fortnight at Naples, which made him look with scorn upon provincial customs; and Maria Dericca, at night, by feeble lamp, had wept over the hapless heroines of Mastriani, and had envied them in their fantastic passions; therefore for these two was required an exceptional love. First it was a furtive glance; a softly murmured word, yet heard with singular perception by her who should hear it; a carnation pink fallen from a balcony by reason of the wind of course; a sudden pallor of his, a sudden blush of hers; then, by the armed intervention of a rogue of a fifteen-year-old girl who came with a flatiron to smooth Maria's linen and the course of true love at the same time—a note and a brief reply; a little letter, a long letter, and finally those voluminous epistles of eight or ten sheets of note paper which mark the highest point of the folly of love.

Alas! The joy of the young people was brief, and sorrow rapidly arrived to destroy it. They were seen, spied, the news reached their respective papas, and all the thunderbolts of paternal wrath, imbibed by eleven lawsuits, fell upon the heads of the poor lovers. The balcony windows were closed, the bolts were fastened on the terrace doors, the carnation pinks on the bush were counted, walks were forbidden, or at least made without previous notice, the hour of going to mass varied each Sunday—but those two continued to love each other.

Rebuffs, exhortations, prohibitions, difficulties availed only to inflame their love. At night, in the winter, Maria arose, dressed herself, wrapped herself in a shawl, and in slippers, with bated breath, trembling for fear, descended the stairs to a window of the first floor; the young friend was in the street, leaning against the wall. So they talked for two or three hours without caring for the cold, the rain or the loss of sleep; they talked without seeing each other, from a distance of five meters of altitude, becoming silent at every sound of a passer, then cautiously resuming their discourse, with the continual fear that Maria's parents might arouse and find her in that aerial colloquy.

But what did it all matter to them? They had within their hearts sunshine, light, springtime, courage, enthusiasm. If the kin had come they would not have moved. Instead, the brother of Maria, one night when he could not sleep, arose from his bed and found the door ajar, went down the stairs, heard a murmur, and caught his sister in the act. He ceremoniously barred the

shutters in the face of Carlo, gave Maria a resounding box on the ear, and brought her to her room. Next morning the small window on the first floor was walled up.

Oh, all ye faithful lovers, who grieve amid the pains of thwarted love, imagine the despair of those two! Their letters were no longer legible, for tears blotted the words; roves of exclamation points, that looked like Prussian soldiers under arms, followed the daily imprecations against fortune, destiny, fate and other impersonal beings incapable of resenting them; a thousand fantastic plans were created and then rejected. Carlo would have liked to elope with Maria, but his father allowed him no money, and it would have been difficult to put together the nine lire and fifty centesimi for two tickets for the journey to Naples; they thought for a moment of suicide, but found that it would not solve the difficulty. Then, in the long run, their love became systematic, the imprecations were always the same, and they could not go to their beds without having "poured forth upon the faithful paper the fullness of their grief."

In the town nothing was talked of but their unshakable love and their torments; they were the objects of general interest; if a Neapolitan arrived, the townsfolk took him to see the ruins of the amphitheater, and related the case of Carlo and Maria. Therefore the young people, flattered in their amour propre, assumed the behavior fitting to the circumstances—Maria was always pale, with a melancholy air, never smiling, always talking to her girl friends about her joyless days, refusing to amuse herself, content to resemble in all respects one of Mastriani's heroines.

Carlo took lonely walks, was always deeply depressed; at balls, he never moved out of a corner, content that they murmured around him, "Poor young man; that unfortunate love affair saddens his life!" In society, at small festivities, in visits, with the unwary monotony of the province, the discourse always returned upon the subject of the two lovers. Carlo and Maria bore with dignity the burden of their popularity.

Finally, after I don't know how many years—four or five, it seems to me—of this continual struggle, of daily weeping, of long love maintained alive by dissensions, the aspect of things changed. There was a worthy person—there still are such—who with many efforts of eloquence persuaded the parents that by the lawsuits they were losing property and much of it, as witness the two advocates who had grown rich at the expense of their clients; that those two young people were pining and would go into a decline because of that thwarted love; the houses were side by side and the estates contiguous; Christ forgave, and they must forgive if they wished to find forgiveness. He said so much and so many other persons, moved by the example, interposed that the questions came to a compromise which had as its first chapter the marriage of Carlo and Maria.

Here, surely, every one will suppose that the young people were greatly consoled, and will suppose truly—but my obligation as a sincere story teller constrains me to say that in their first free colloquy reigned a great embarrassment. They were accustomed to see each other at a distance by stealth; to speak from a first floor window down to the street in the darkness, disguising or smothering their voices; they found themselves quite different, perhaps a little ridiculous; they had no subjects of conversation; they were often silent, hastening in their thoughts the hour when they should quit each other.

There were no more imprecations and tears to be mingled with the ink; they no longer wrote to each other. Every thing was free, smooth, easy for their affection; they were not obliged to think of subtleties by which to evade the vigilance of their elders; they took no more pleasure in murmuring a few words in secret; they made no more daring projects for the future. They would be married prosaically, without obstacles, like so many other silly couples. The townsfolk no longer took thought of them; the wonder and the comments on the marriage once over, Carlo and Maria no longer awoke attention, were no longer talked about; their behavior was noted no more; they ceased to be pointed out as an example of fidelity. Now all eyes were fixed on the eyes of the pretor, who was accused of too great partiality for the vice attorney—a serious piece of business.

The two lovers felt themselves forsaken—a great coolness arose between them. Carlo found that the virtues of his fiancée, those virtues which shone in her letters, were dimmed by the atmosphere of home. Maria frequently thought that Carlo was rather commonplace in his tastes, and to that end, with a stupid marriage, so tempestuous a love was unworthy a reader of Mastriani. A few lively remarks passed between them in regard to "illusions contradicted by the reality," about "mirages," "optical delusions" and similar pin pricks; a quarrel ensued, then two, then they became a daily occurrence. One evening Maria said with an irritated tone: "Carlo, let us leave it off."

"Let us," he replied without hesitation. And the next day he set off on a journey for the improvement of his mind; Maria went to Naples, to the house of a cousin, to fish for a heroic husband. The families had a new falling out; Maria's father had an opening made for a window which overlooked his neighbor's house; the latter, in order to annoy him, built a dove cote of which the doves ran about everywhere; immediately there was a summons, a second, a third, the lawsuits began again, and this time, the advocates said, smiling, without hope of any compromise. Translated from the Italian of Matilde Serao by E. Cavazza for Short Stories.

Didn't Dare Do Otherwise.  
Clara—How did you come to accept Mr. Saphead?  
Dora—I had to. He proposed to me in a boat when out rowing, and he got so agitated I was afraid we'd upset.  
Tit-Bits.

### WORK OF A DEVOTED WOMAN.

How Miss Mance Founded the Famous Hotel Dieu in 1641.

The following romantic story was told by Dr. W. H. Kingston, of Montreal, in addressing the international medical congress:

When Jacques Cartier returned to France after his discovery of Canada the news of his exploit traveled over France as quickly as was then possible.

A French girl, young and beautiful, became impressed with the thought that the newly found country should be the scene of her labors. She succeeded after a time in fitting out a small bark with money furnished by a M. de Bullion, and with twelve sailors crossed the Atlantic in the spring of 1641.

The sea voyage to Quebec occupied three months. It can now be accomplished in one-fifth of that time. The journey from Quebec to Montreal by the St. Lawrence, which can now be performed in a night, then occupied eight days. Miss Mance's bark came to an anchor at a projecting point of the Island of Montreal, then called Hochelaga. Hochelaga was at that time the chief of the warlike Hurons. They looked with amazement at the advent of pale-faced men and one pale-faced woman—for she was alone of her sex. They soon recovered from their surprise, however, and it was necessary for the colonists to throw up for their protection, as quickly as possible, wooden palisades on the land or rear approach; the big canoes, as the bark was styled, was a sufficiently imposing defense in front. If a colonist ventured beyond the palisades to gather fruit or berries, or to cut wood, he ran the risk of being pierced with arrows.

Half of the first colonists perished in this manner, and Miss Mance was obliged to return to France in 1649, bringing back with her other recruits, and again in 1658, leaving France with twenty male and female recruits, half of whom died on the voyage of a form of plague. In their attacks on this small force some of the red men were wounded in return, and when deserted by their comrades they were brought within the palisades to what they and their tribe considered certain death—according to their own custom in warfare.

They soon found the hospital to be a place of woman's tenderest solicitude. When the red man's wounds were healed a repast of dog's meat was prepared for him, and he was permitted to rejoin his tribe to tell what the pale faced maiden had done for him. It need not surprise us to be told that, in the presence of such devotion, the warlike Huron soon forgot his ferocity.

A few years later it was necessary for the small colony to move a few hundred yards inland. Word went throughout the Huron camp, and before the hour of departure the aborigines had strewn the ground with leaves and the branches of trees and with wild flowers, saying the earth was not fit to receive the tread of these women.

In this way our first hospital was established, and in this way the light of Christianity was brought to the Island of Montreal. Here is how the hospital has been sustained. Miss Mance had obtained from the French king a deed of gift in perpetuity of the small piece of land where she landed, which at that time was valueless. It became, however, in the course of years the center of the village of Montreal, and eventually the commercial city clustered around it.

A century and a third ago, when Canada passed from the rule of France to that of Great Britain, respect was paid by the conqueror to the rights originally conferred by the French king, and the hospital, which at first had but the aborigines for inmates, continued to receive within its walls, as colonization went on, persons of every succeeding nationality. For upward of 150 years after its foundation it alone afforded asylum to the sick and wounded of Montreal and westward.

How many from these shores when sick and disabled have there received maternal care! How many of your children, in that then faroff land, had the pillow of death smoothed for them there, and without fee or pecuniary reward! And the same continues to this day, for the property preserved to those religious ladies by a wise conqueror has, without municipal aid or government patronage, but with economy, sufficed for the wants of the institution.—British Medical Journal.

Queen Victoria's Cows.  
Not a gentleman farmer in England is fonder of taking prizes at county fairs than is Queen Victoria. Of late years this has been her majesty's chief source of pleasure, and she treasures the medals won by her butter and cheese and the premiums carried off by her cattle above the gorgeous tributes of her eastern subjects or her German royal relations. When she is at Balmoral on a day passes that she does not personally inspect the home farm, as it is called, and now and then advise as to the butter and cheese making, in which she is especially interested. Her dairies are almost Dutch in their exquisite cleanliness, the box stalls being tiled in blue and white china, and the milking done by maids.

It is said that the produce of these model farms is sold in London, and that her thrifty majesty turns many an honest penny in this way. Well, if she does, what matter? It adds to the interest of farming no doubt to make it profitable, and she is to be congratulated upon her success. At Windsor a herd of American buffaloes is kept, and recently an attempt was made to cross them with some Scotch cattle.—Jenness Miller Monthly.

Fem. Bishops.  
Feminine bishops are a possibility which Sir Wilfred Lawson, of conservative England, suggests for why not, since there is no fighting to be done? "It is an intellectual, spiritual and theological affair, and surely women are as good in these things as men," he adds, and hopes to live to see the woman bishop consecrated, as she may do more good than the men.

### Luck Came at Last.

Among the arrivals by the Oregon and California train from the north were Charles D. Brewer and G. Gordon, two young men who have been for seven and five years, respectively, isolated on the ice at faraway Point Barrow, the most northerly tip of the United States possessions.

They went up originally for the Pacific Steam Whaling company, but soon after their arrival set out to hunt whalebone for themselves. They had a precarious time of it for several years, and rough usage in a region so stern that the thermometer went down in several instances to 72 degrees below zero.

Whales were not plentiful, and often-times they thought of abandoning their pursuit and trying to get a ride out on some one of the occasional vessels to civilization. They stuck to it, however, subsisting on polar bear and reindeer meat, and clad in double suits of doekskin clothes.

Now they are glad they stayed over till this year, for they captured four whales, secured the bone, and on the arrival of the St. Paul, which they shipped it, will realize about \$25,000 from the catch. They came down themselves on the St. Paul to Nainaimo, and thence overland.

One of the young men lives in New Jersey and the other in New York, and in a few days they will leave to visit their friends. "It seemed like a good while when we were up there," said Mr. Brewer, "but now the seven years seem like a very little time."—San Francisco Examiner.

Curious Home for a Mouse.  
There is a mouse which has made its abode in a down town house in such a strange place and it has such regular and peculiar habits that its vagaries are perhaps worth recording. The ceiling of the liquor shop is neatly painted, and to protect it from flies muslin was stretched across the roof of the room. On one side of the room are heavy pillars with Corinthian capitals. The muslin passes just below these capitals, and it is in one of them that the mouse has made its home. How it ever got there is a mystery, and how it has managed to live through the summer without anything to drink is a marvel, but that it has done so is a fact. Its food supply has been a curious one.

At 8 o'clock every evening the mouse leaves its sleeping place, and then running about the muslin catches such flies as have found means of getting between the ceiling and the muslin, and as these are fairly numerous the little creature makes a hearty meal every evening. But flies are evidently not fattening, for the mouse is one of the thinnest of its kind, and though a young one has hardly grown at all throughout the summer, and as flies are now happily getting scarce the animal will probably be a stunted specimen to the end of its days.—New York Tribune.

The Derby Hat.  
If the derby hat is to be crowded out by the easier and softer styles of headgear, there won't be much regret over its going. In spite of its advantages as a cross between the silk hat and the slouch, it has never had the merits of either of those styles. It has always had the discomforts of the silk hat, without having its dash or beauty, and it has not been much dresier than a neat soft hat, although it has always been more uncomfortable.

It is a bad thing for a hot day, and it isn't much for a cold spell, and heaven help the man who wears it the morning after a banquet. The tendency now is to easy hats, and it ought to be encouraged. Men have laughed a great deal at women's slavery to fashion, but they have never been able to point to a more forcible illustration of that slavery than their own adherence to the derby hat supplied.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Lord Crewe's Hat.  
Lord Crewe, who is in his eighty-first year, was up to last season a frequent and picturesque figure in London drawing rooms. He was notable, among other reasons, for the pertinacity with which he stuck to his hat. The crush hat had not been invented when he first began to go out, and when it appeared on the scene he felt himself too old to fall in with the new custom. Accordingly he sticks to the unyielding cylindrical head covering, sometimes known as a "topper." When the crush was great every one knew exactly whereabouts Lord Crewe was by observing an uncompromising top hat held above the heads of the throng.—Manchester (England) Times.

The Crown Claimed the Money.  
A lawyer named Hemmings was engaged with others in pulling down a barn upon Steele's farm, Ashmansworth, Hampshire, early this month, when he found a bag of gold coins dated between 1817 and 1835. He got them changed at a bank at Andover into notes and current coin to the amount of £74 10s. Then Hemmings presented each clerk with a 7s. gold piece, dated between 1797 and 1809. This led to an inquiry, and, as is the custom in such cases in England, the coroner held an inquest, which resulted in a verdict for the crown.—London Public Opinion.

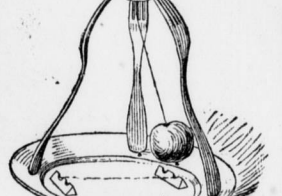
A Hard Winter.  
Wife—I don't see what we are going to do.  
Husband—What's wrong?  
"The iceman won't stop leaving ice until his bill is paid, and the coal man won't bring any coal unless he has the money in advance."  
"Um—well, I still have credit at the drug store. Get some phosphorus and put it on the ice."—New York Weekly.

A Queer Suit.  
A Newton county (Mo.) woman has sued the Splitlog railroad, based on the following claim: "She was a passenger on the road, and was accidentally carried beyond her destination some distance, when the train stopped and she alighted. While returning she was chased by a bull, and in outrunning him impaired her health."—Philadelphia Ledger.

### FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

The Apple Pendulum.  
At dessert it is possible by means of an apple or an orange to repeat the Foucault pendulum experiment, which was executed under the dome of the Pantheon in 1851.

Pass a match through an orange and allow the ends to protrude on each side, and to one of these ends attach a thread.



Attach the other extremity of the thread to the head of a pin inserted in a cork and support the latter by means of three forks, the handles of which rest upon the edge of a plate. Now cause the pendulum to swing after so regulating the length of the thread that the lower point of the match shall come very near the bottom of the plate and mark its passage in two small circular piles of powdered sugar, designed to represent the circle of sand that Foucault arranged upon the ground all around his pendulum.

The plate represents the earth. As long as it remains stationary the match, at every oscillation, will pass exactly through the furrow that it has made in the two piles of sugar.

If, in order to represent the rotary motion of the earth we gently revolve the plate, and consequently the forks and cork, we find that that has no influence upon the pendulum, which continues to oscillate in the same plane as before, and we have a proof of this in seeing the match at every oscillation make a small furrow distinct from the preceding.

We can thus demonstrate in a simple and practical manner the principle of the invariability of the plane of oscillation of the pendulum, upon which was based the celebrated experiment of the French scientist.—Electrical Age.

Story of a Brave Youth.  
Little Ensign Jackson, of the navy, has just been ordered to report for duty on the torpedo boat Cushing, now at the Brooklyn navy yard. There is a story about this youngster which gives his personality more than ordinary interest.

In the great cyclone at Samoa of March, 1889, in which the flagship Trenton, the Vandalla and the Nipise were wrecked, Jackson bravely led the Trenton's crew into the ship's executive officer, called for volunteers to go up the shrouds and form themselves into a sail to save the vessel from going broadside upon a reef. The situation was one of great peril, and the Alabama cadet's act was exceptional for gallantry and intrepidity. The quick resource of the executive and the prompt execution of his order saved the noble old ship for six hours and enabled the crew to get ashore. Had she gone upon the reef when this improvised human sail saved her, not only would the vessel have been lost, but beyond doubt every man of the 400 souls aboard would have perished.

When the final examinations came off at Annapolis young Jackson passed, but as there was no vacancy for him in the service he was dropped with a year's pay. Senators Morgan and Pugh were proud of their constituent's valor, and thought he should be rewarded for it as an example to other men of the service. A bill was introduced creating an additional number in the ensigns' list and providing that Jackson should be given the commission. Both houses passed the bill unanimously, and on the 1st of July, 1890, he became a full fledged officer of the navy, and in addition he has a distinction held by only two or three living officers of the service, in that he has the privilege of the floor of both branches of congress by reason of his name having been mentioned in commendatory legislation.—New York Press.

A Perfect Success.  
Jimmy went to the fair grounds and saw a balloon inflated with gas. Upon his return home his experiment upon Samuel (the youngest) was a perfect success.—Brooklyn Life.

Little Tom's Grandpa.  
Little Tom's grandfather was a candidate for governor and was unfortunately defeated. The day after election Tom, who is always full of the news of the day, came beaming into the kindergarten, saying: "Good morning, Miss Brown. My grandpa was elected all of pieces!"—Exchange.

Gertrude's Feelings.  
"Come, Gertrude," said mamma, "you had better go to bed; you know you were half asleep before supper." "Oh, I don't want to go to bed," said the little girl. "I am dreadfully unsleepy now, mamma!"—Exchange.

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ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS. NOV. 15, 1892.

LEAVE FREELAND.

6:10, 8:35, 9:40, 10:41 A. M., 12:25, 1:50, 2:43, 3:50, 4:53, 5:41, 7:12, 8:47 P. M.	for Drifton, Jeddo, Lumber Yard, Stockton and Hazleton.
6:10, 9:40 A. M., 1:50, 3:50 P. M.	for Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Philadelphia and New York. (6:35 has no connection for New York.)
8:35 A. M.	for Bethlehem, Easton and Philadelphia.
7:30, 10:56 A. M., 12:16, 4:50 P. M.	(via Highland Branch) for White Haven, Glen Summit, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and L. and H. Junction.

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, Shenandoah, New York and Philadelphia.

ARRIVE AT FREELAND.

5:50, 7:09, 7:59, 9:18, 10:56 A. M., 12:16, 1:15, 2:33, 4:53, 5:43 and 5:57 P. M.	from Hazleton, Stockton, Lumber Yard, Jeddo and Drifton.
7:29, 9:18, 10:56 A. M., 12:16, 2:33, 4:53, 7:03 P. M.	from Delano, Mahanoy City and Shenandoah (via New Boston Branch).
1:15 and 5:37 P. M.	from New York, Easton, Philadelphia, Bethlehem, Allentown and Mauch Chunk.
9:18 and 10:56 A. M.	from Easton, Philadelphia, Bethlehem and Mauch Chunk.
9:18, 10:41 A. M., 2:43, 6:41 P. M.	from White Haven, Glen Summit, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and L. and H. Junction (via Highland Branch).

SUNDAY TRAINS.

11:31 A. M. and 3:41 P. M.	from Hazleton, Lumber Yard, Jeddo and Drifton.
1:31 A. M.	from Delano, Hazleton, Philadelphia and Easton.
3:31 P. M.	from Pottsville and Delano.

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