

New Year's, '93

GREETING TO THE NEW YEAR.
Your hand, New Year, since we must com-
mence be
Through the strange circles of the seasons four
Flooding in lonely paths 'mid drifting snows
When days are dark and whirling tempests
Howl
Will your strong guiding arm be round me
pressed?
And when the ice bars melt and warm blue
streams
Laugh in the sun and leap toward the sea,
Will you then share my happy springtime
dreams?
The waking songs that birds and poets know
And when red roses burn on bearded aspens
And lovers roam through shadowy woodland
ways
Will you keep kindly pace? And last, when
brown
lie the sweet fields, and faded leaves come
down,
And we are tired both and faint to rest,
Will you be friends with me, still true and
near?
Preen take my hand and heart, dear comrade
year.
—Chicago Leader and Herald.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

"Jane Eliza," said Jeremiah to me—a going
home from the horticultural show, where,
though I say it this side, 'n' that, our
wins and our Golden Majesty pinks
showed out superior to all others and
fetched a prize—"Jane Eliza, it is time you
spoke up and told the facts in the case.
Misrepresentation should not be permitted
by perfessors."
"Jeremiah, my dear," says I, "your words
express the thoughts that air in my mind
I'll up and do it."
We were a speaking of the Baldwin's nor
the Golden Majesty's, as you may suppose—
the case being, as you may suppose, and
Rosy Wood that was in our minds. How
it may be in New York I do not pretend to
know. I should suppose folks' minds
was too well occupied in them haunts of vice
and terror with savin themselves from
bein run or electrocuted to death by
blasted light wires, or bein smashed by new
houses coming down on 'em, or bein
unconsciously by which is, according to
the papers, the regular thing, or on account
of builders trying to save in mortar, or
being pickpocketed or snatched in the
streets, or murdered by burglars into their
beds, to care enough about scandal to say
it up twenty years ago it happened," says I
again with alterations. "I hope they do
it anyway, but they do in villages like
Soapstone, where everything goes on reg-
ular and even for the most part, and the
majority lives till eighty and dies because
they air tired of havin to get up and put
on their shoes and stockings only to take
em off again at night." "Twenty years ago it
happened," says I to Jeremiah. "It wasn't sensible of Rosy
but she was a gal then, and it was New
Year's time."
Now that again may not be understand-
able by city folks, but in Soapstone New
Year's day is the day for doin all sorts of
queer things, playin all sorts of tricks—a
kind of April Fool's Day coming on the first
of January. And anybody that is tricked
at that time is bound to be forgiving, and
it didn't seem to me to be fair for old Mrs.
Perket and Maria Beckworth and Miss
Maberly, all of 'em to speak to strangers of
Rosy Wood as "the person that proposed to
the Rev. Tobias Starch in her younger
days and was rejected." Rosy hadn't ever
married, and a spinsterhood of thirty-seven
feels such staiders kinder heavy. An old
lady could laugh it off, but when a person
ain't neither young or old it's harder for
'em to bear. Mrs. Wood had said she
couldn't stand to see Rosy so out, and
there seemed no plain facts, unless I up
and proved 'em, and proved 'em before all
Soapstone, too, in a kind of public way.
"It had ought," said Jeremiah, "to be
written down and read as a paper. Jane
Eliza, you air talented and hev the pen of a
ready writer, then why not give it in a
literary form?"
"Jeremiah," says I, "I will, you inspire
me. I will write it, and I will read it, at
the minister's donation party of I am
spared. Only, Jeremiah, you must go to
the store and fetch him a bottle of ink, six
pens and a quire of paper."
"I said this in such a solemn manner that
Jeremiah replied:
"Amen, quite unconscious, instead of
saying 'I will,' as he ought.
Bright and early he got the literary fix-
n's, includin a wafer, for we had re-
marked that legal affidavits always had
wafers on 'em, likewise postage stamps,
and day and night I sat before the sec-
retary into the best parlor while things
went to rack and ruin. The turkeys ran
away, Jeremiah's stockings got holes in
'em, and Jeremiah's buttons came off, and
were not sewed on ag'in. I began my la-
bors in the latter end of October. Novem-
ber passed, December came in, and still I
writ, fur what with wishing fur to have a
good style, and hevvin considerable to say,
and remarks of my own to add, and poetry
to quote, and getting it chopped off neat,
and hevvin to refer to Webster's Un-
bridged Continual, the work was slow,
and every few days Jeremiah had to buy
me another quire of paper and more ink.
However, it was finished at last, and the
appropriate time for readin it—the New
Year's eve donation party—had 'em a most
arrest when I put my MS. into Jeremiah's
hands and said:
"Jeremiah, my work air accomplished.
I return to my proper spear, and never will
I leave it again, for writin one konsize
statement is more labor than housecleanin
kept up remittis fur a year. If this had
not been my duty as a perfesser, I should
hev fallen by the way. Read it loud, so
that I shall know how it sounds before
I read it myself." I says, sinkin into the
largest rockin chair and foldin my weary
hands.
Jeremiah took the passel and reviewed
it with a kinder sublime expression onto
his countenance.
"Jane Eliza," says he, "when I view this
here noble work, I feel proud of you. Your
thoughts and feelin's must hev poured
from your brain like a fountain. But,
Jane Eliza, I hev read papers before
he public and you hev not. Ten minutes
is considered considerable time for a paper,
and fifteen is the limit of patience, unless
it air a lecture with tickets paid for and
people anxious for the worth of their
money, when circumstances alter cases.
This noble work, if you was to begin to
read it at the donation party at about 8
o'clock, would take you until that evenin
next week, allowin time fur meals. It
would be profitable fur them to hear it
there ain't no doubts. But do you think
the mass of the population of Soapstone is
capable of rivetin their attention on any-
thing fur that length of time?"
Jeremiah's words was uttered with a
solemnitude that proved they were true.
I looked at him speechless a minute, and
says I:
"Land sakes alive! I see it all! My

mental powers has got ahead of my com-
mon sense. What be I to do?"
"Before I speak you'll hev thought it
out, Jane Eliza. Reduce it to fax. Read
them to the donation party, and publish
the rest on't in the shape of a book here-
after."
"Parlour of my life!" sez I. "A woman
that has no husband to ask advice of is a
poor, forlorn critter. I will expunge the
ideas and confine myself to the fax, and
read them to the meetin."
But Jeremiah saved me the toil of this
ruthen mental labor by gettin a copybook
and expunging the facts into that in his
best handwriting, while I washed up some
bunnels, and on New Year's eve I took my
pronction in a neat, compact form to the
party.
It takes a lot of time for folks to get to-
gether and say their how-d'ye-do's and get
their hats off, and the appropriate time
didn't come for me to read until it was
half past 9, then I riz up. I was glad
Rosy Wood was there, and I was glad so
many folks were out, but I was kinder
sorry to see a stranger—a middlin aged
man, pretty bald out—apparently some
one visitin our dominie, but it couldn't be
helped, and everybody was lookin at me,
and I was obliged to start.
"Brethren and sistern," sez I, "I hev
sowth this here I wish to read to you. It
is a statement of the facts of the case be-
twixt Tobias Starch and Miss Rosy Wood.
You may say inwardly, 'Why rake 'em up
after twenty years of silence?' Brethren
and sistern, it was others that raked 'em
up and gave 'em a wrong coloring. I stand
here to state the truth on my solemn
Bible oath, with a wafer and a stamp at
bottom, and the names of witnesses at-
tached. Some on 'em is dead and buried,
but I wrote 'em down all the same. It is
triny me to stand here as I do, but the
martyrs died for the truth, and I'm ready
to suffer for it!"
Here the strange gentleman with the
bald head said: "Good! Good! Right!"
and gave me courage, and I began to read:
"My friends," sez I, "New Year's day, as
we all know, is a day here for fun and
frolics and trick playin. They do say
that Soapstone was first settled by folks
from Sweden, and that they had them
habits and customs and handed 'em down
to their ancestors. Perhaps it is so. Any-
way, that's the way it is here, more twenty
years ago, when those of us that was born
as yet younger than what be this New
Year's eve. At that time Miss Rosy
Wood, a lady we all know well, was just
seventeen, and full of fun as an egg is of
meat, and being her ma had departed this
life, and she didn't get on with her stepma,
who is now in glory, she boarded to my
house for a spell.
"At that time there was a young man
that was studyin for the ministry
a-boardin with me. Most of you remember
him. His name was Tobias Starch. He
was just twenty, but stiffer than a poker.
Laugh was not in him, nor was he ever
seen to smile, and he had been told by his
ma that girls always set their caps for
young ministers, and that he must beware.
Therefore he was always bewarin plain to
behold, and the one he bewared of most
was Rosy Wood. She was a girl that
laughed considerable, and she had a way
of touchin folks on the arm when she
spoke to 'em, and she had a little hand,
and all this scared Tobias Starch and he
think she wanted to marry him when she
wouldn't hev done it if he'd groveled
into his bended knees before her. How-
ever, Tobias went around tellin the other
students how hard it was for him to get
rid of her attentions, and they came and
wept, and he was kinder rix, and she
vowed and declared that come New Year's
eve she would play him such a trick as
would stop his braggin about bein made
love to by the gals for good and all. Kin
you blame her?"
"It served him right, ma'am," says the
strange gentleman in a loud voice, and
everybody else said, "So it doos!"
"Such is the power of popular opinion."
"Rosy Wood said this," I read on, "and
what is more, she meant it, and when New
Year's eve came she was ready. Mr. Starch
always shut himself into his room to study
after tea, and he never heard the little
knocks on the door and the little zigzags
under the door, and he did it for twenty
years, and as they came they set down on
chairs placed as for a meetin and kept
mum as mice. Lights was all ready to light,
but none was lit. Pretty soon the hull
twenty we'd asked was present, and then
Rosy Wood came in, whispered, 'All keep
quiet,' and knocked on Tobias Starch's
door.
"Well," says Tobias from inside.
"Tobias," says Rosy from outside the
door, "are you very busy?"
"Yes," said Tobias.
"Too busy to come and spark a little?"
said Rosy. "Just a little, I'll have a lamp
in the front parlor, and just you and me.
Won't it be lovely, Toby, dear?"
"I beg to be excused," says Tobias.
"I've got so on it," says Rosy, whimper-
ing.
"Kindly go away," says Tobias from in-
side.
"You are very cruel, Toby," says Rosy.
"When you know how fond I be of you,
Toby, darling."
"Miss Wood," says Tobias Starch, "I
have never given you the privilege to call
me Toby. Stop doing it. Go away!"
"Toby, you can't mean it," says Rosy.
"I mean it!" called Tobias, very snap
pish.
"Tobias," says Rosy, as nat'ral as ever
you heard, "while we all choked ourselves
with our han'kerchiefs, Tobias, I hev
cooled my feelin's very keeful, but they
can't be retained no more. Hear me, cruel
being!"
"I will not," says Tobias. "Go away, or
I'll tell everybody. I know how ought
to behave, and I'm always particular. I
promised ma I would be. Go away!"
"Then Rosy Wood did go to war. My
cheeks mantles with blushes as I read this
here, but she was wild with fun and hear-
ing us giggle and choke all about her.
"Tobias," says she, "my intentions is
honorable, I offer marriage. On my bended
knees, Tobias, I beg you to be mine. Surely
you will not refuse me."
"I am obliged to decline your offer,
ma'am," says Tobias Starch. "I should
choose more retiring and proper behaved
person. Go away!"
"As soon as he said them words Rosy be-
gan to weep. She wept and sobbed and
got highstrikes in a most nat'ral way.
Finally she says faintly:
"Then she made a great noise fallin onto
the floor, and Tobias opened the door.
There warn't no light in our room, and his
shaded lamp didn't reveal nothin.
"Where are you, poor girl?" says he.
"Here," says Rosy. "Embrace me once
before I die."
"No," says Tobias Starch, "I will not
embrace you. You air not dyin; your
hands air warm; but I am very sorry for
you. You will get over this ill fated at-
tachment in time, and take a lesson from
this affair, and remember that boldness in
a lady is abhorrent to a man of princinle.

Go to your room, Miss Wood, and pray to
be comforted. I will pray for you."
"Assist me to rise," says Rosy.
"There was kind of bumping sound,
and we knowed it was time to light up.
In a minute a blaze of brilliance from half
a dozen kerysine ile lamps and as many
taller candles flooded the room, and Mr.
Tobias Starch, settin onto the floor, looked
around and saw the company, and heard
'em, too, for we laughed until we had to
stop for breath. At last Jeremiah riz up,
and says he:
"Come, Mr. Starch, don't feel mad.
Rosy heard tell how you said she was
settin her cap for you, and this is only tit
for tat."
"But Tobias Starch never smiled. He
riz up on the floor, walked into his room,
and out with his bag in his hand, and his
hat on and walked out of the house, and
next week left Soapstone for good.
"That night we just larked over our nuts
and gingerbread and cider; but forty soon
it got to be no laughin matter for Rosy
Wood. Some wicked critter spread the
report that she had accitly proposed to Mr.
Starch, meanin it, and she was worried
by it.
"That," says I, closin my book, "was
twenty years ago; but only this October
the report was riz again, and spiteful
things has been said in my hearin ag'in
a lady that does not deserve it. So, un-
customed as I am to public speakin, I hev
riz up to tell the truth on my Bible oath
over a seal and postage stamp, and let
everybody ever hold their tongue."
"There was a kinder solemn silence. I
dunno what may hev come in, but just
then up riz the strange gentleman with the
bald head and gives me a beamin smile
and says he:
"I should like to add my testimony, I
that of the sister that has just finished. I
am a witness she has forgotten. I am To-
bias Starch himself, grown considerably
older, and I solemnly attest to the state-
ment you have just heard. I was a little
prig in those days, brothers and sistern,
very conceited and very anxious to do
right, too solemn and pakey, and not able
to see a joke, and spoiled at home by my
dear old mother, who spoils me still; but I
was not bad enough to tell a falsehood. I
never misrepresented Miss Wood, whose
New Year's eve joke gave me a good les-
son. I regret others have done it. I think
I see Miss Wood yonder. Will she shake
hands with me?"
I remember his very words, and how
noble he looked standin there, and Rosy
Wood came out of her corner, laughing
and blushing and holding out her hand.
"I'm glad to ask your forgiveness, Mr.
Starch," says she. "I was young and too
full of fun in those old days. I've certainly
got to travel over the first of those things
anyhow."
"And my conceit has dropped away with
my hair," says he.
But they didn't look either old or ugly
for all, as they stood there shakin hands,
first with each other and then with me,
and I felt proud of what I'd vent and did.
That evening Mr. Starch devoted his at-
tention most petickler to Rosy Wood, and
she didn't seem to hev no objections. He
took her down to supper and pulled snap
crackers with her, and gave her mottoes,
and eat a philopene with her, and he beamed
her hum. He was a bachelor and had been
gone west, and it seemed kinder providen-
tial that he should be in church and school
dominie that New Year's eve, when I
made up my mind to give the facts of Rosy
Wood's case and stop the slander. And it
seemed more so just a few days before the
next New Year's case round, when Rosy,
with her eyes gleaming and her cheeks as
red as lady slippers, put her arm through
mine, and her sweet kiss, and she said:
"Auntie, Tobias Starch and I are going
to be married New Year's eve, and I am
going with him on his mission. This time
he proposed!"—Mary Kyle Dallas in Fire
side Companion.

CHILDREN'S DAY IN PARIS.
The French Santa Claus Comes at New
Year's—Dancing the Farandole.
New Year's day is in Paris what Christ-
mas day is in England—the children's day.
Paris is adorable to her children, but never
shows herself a kinder mother than then.
Just as on waking on Christmas day
the English child wonders what the morn-
ing shall surely bring forth in acquired
possessions, so does the Parisian little one
on opening his eyes look round for those
long luxuriant tresses that have formed the
subject of his dreams for days and
nights past. It is on the bed itself, or else
on the table of the nursery, that the
French Santa Claus displays his guardians,
And Mars shows us such a scene, where
waking, a little girl sees what a dear
visitor has come in the night.
From the highest to the lowest the Pa-
risians make a point on this day of render-
ing the reveille of their little ones a happy
one. I can remember how grand old Vic-
tor Hugo, when Jeanne and George were
still miles, was busy most of New Year's
eve in laying out the surprises of the mor-
row. It was my good fortune to spend one
such eve with him, during which the bitter
satirist showed me how it was that the
same pen that penned "Les Châtiments"
could also have written "L'Art d'Être
Grandpère." But I have seen the same
enthusiasm everywhere, even in those on
whom the veneer of Parisian cynicism is
most thickly laid.
One might call New Year's day in Paris
the children's day, for on this day it is
certainly the little ones who are most con-
sidered. Mars gives us several scenes that
may be witnessed on such a day, and in
each scene it will be noticed the little ones
play the foremost parts. Here it is the
visit paid by the poor mother to her
friend, where little Roger or Pauline is taken
out in his best attire to wish with his pre-
titled lisp the good and happy year to his
mother's old schoolmate. There it is the
visit to the boulevard fair which the
children would not miss, poor though the
show is. Yet the long lines of booths, sur-
rounded by animated crowds, are on a fine
afternoon a pretty sight enough—a sight
at any rate which delights children, even
where their parents buy them nothing.
I have seen pilgrimages of little ragged
ones from Belleville and Montrouge de-
scending like a flock of tattered sparrows
on the unfamiliar boulevards on such a
day, for the pleasure of seeing. And
doubleless tops the little ones in the open
air—indeed the whole unconventionality of
it all—appeal to that instinct of bohémian-
ism which is in the nature of all little
children till the schoolroom and long
years of discipline have destroyed it. Here
we have the children, surfeited with pres-
ents from their parents, showing gratitude
and filial affection, besides other virtues,
which they have been taught to admire, in
their turn affording their parents an
agreeable surprise. What a pretty com-
edy the parents will play when the little
ones come in, each with his "compliment"
in his hand, fairly copied out and bound
with yellow ribbon.
Then, as handin over these letters patent
of affection, the little ones draw forth with
blushing hesitations the lines of the verse
they have learned, the affected pleasure of
the parents must be to really felt.
How well Jeanne speaks her lines; what
pretty gestures Jean has got! In the even-
ing, in most Parisian houses, after the din-
ner at which all members of the family
have been present, a children's party is
held. In some houses, in the houses of the
rich and the fashionable, may be the far-
dole will be danced by the little ones, as
Mars shows us. But where even the name
of the farandole was never known there
the little ones, besides other virtues,
And it cannot be denied that a French
begin a new year of life amid the joyous
laughter and merry games of its little
ones makes no such bad beginning.—R. H.
Sherard in London Graphic.

NEW YEAR'S IN 1864.
INCIDENTS IN THE ESCAPE OF NORTH-
ERN SOLDIERS FROM PRISON.
How Patriotic Will Denny Sang "The
Star Spangled Banner" on the Tennes-
see Mountains—Weird Music from the
Echoes in the Valley.
In the early part of 1863 three Federal
soldiers found themselves in captivity in
Columbia, S. C., in the stockaded prison
best known as "Camp Sorghum." A long
course of raw cornmeal and sorghum mo-
lasses, without salt or any means of cook-
ing, had made the men desperate, and
they resolved at all risks to break away
and start for the north. James Dean and
John Brady were from the Third Indiana
infantry, while Francis Charcot was lieu-
tenant in the First Tennessee. At this
time there was a well understood route to
freedom known to the prisoners, crossing
the Saluda and Broad rivers into western
North Carolina, and once in the Alleghanies
it was not difficult to find guides and
friends. So on the night of Nov. 8
the attempt was made. Charcot and
Brady succeeded in crossing the dead line
safely, but poor Dean was shot dead.
The survivors once started on a run
through the open pine woods. They did
their best, for the cry of the dogs kept to
pursue runaways from the stockade was
plainly heard, but they finally baffled them
by walking about 200 yards down a small
stream, and in the early morning they saw
the men and dogs hunting their lost trail.
Another start was made, and a long
weary walk through the rain, when they
saw a small cabin ahead. Cautiously re-
connoitering, an old negro came to the
door, and at once asked them in. "I've
heard of ye; de boss told me to keep my
eye open and give an alarm." And the old
fellow gave a hearty chuckle.
A hard noon and corn bread made the
party a hearty supper, and a long and re-
freshing sleep followed.
And now for thirty-two weary days they
kept on to the north, the face of the coun-
try becoming more and more mountainous,
for they had reached the foothills of the
Alleghanies.
Late at night they reached the home of
"Shooting John Rogers," to whom they
were directed. Carefully looking through
the chinks, they saw one man sitting in
front of the fire, while a tall woman was
moving about the loom that took up half
the room. A low whistle and the man
sprung to his feet.
"Come on," said Charcot, "we're two to
one and it's all right," and they entered.
The man said at once:
"Prisoners, where from? Why, I'm from
Florence myself, and I've been forty days
on the road."
Mrs. Rogers was reserved, but friendly,
and the new companion was found to be a
Vermont farmer named Denny, who was taken
at Chattanooga, out of an Ohio regiment.
He was certainly a character, as will ap-
pear further on. "Shooting John" was
away, but expected home. After a supper
of chicken and corn bread all hands lay
on the floor and slept until midnight, when
they were rudely awakened and found the
room full of men in blue uniform, and
well armed, and their leader was a tall
captain of the home guard, and inclined to be
jolly. He asked for our adventures and
placed them under arrest, at which he
laughed heartily. Guards were set, and
all went to sleep again, and in the morning
the fugitives found all the Confederates
gone, but three men, who were supposed to
guard the prisoners, which they Rogers
very easy going manner, leaving their guns
in the chimney while they went outside to
divide a pint of applejack. With a rush
the guns were taken, and bidding the as-
tonished "rebs" goodby, the "Yanks"
marched up the road. The guards were
only raw country boys and were, in fact,
badly scared.
The fugitives soon learned that the rebel
authorities wanted "Shooting John" badly
and he was now in hiding in the mountains,
so that it was not until Christmas day
that they met him, being fed in the mean
time at a stillhouse kept by a man named
Bean.
From Rogers they learned that a party
of thirteen prisoners and refugees was to
start north, each of the soldiers to pay fifty
dollars on reaching the Federal outposts.
Early in the day, guided by Cissy Heady,
a stout mountain lass, who were wanderers
started for the rendezvous to meet Rogers.
After making their way through the lands
by a cattle track, they turned a high rock.
The effect was startling. Before them lay
seventy miles of the valley of east Ten-
nessee; the air clear, the blue mountains
were seen until lost on the horizon, the sun
glistening on the snowy ridges. Leaning
against the face of the rock was a log
shanty. No one was there save an old
negro, who said that the others would come
before morning.
The party started for home, and the rest
of the girl made themselves comfortable.
They had plenty of food, and Bean had
given Denny a half gallon jug of very good
applejack, so New Year's eve was spent
blissfully. The night was lovely, the
moon near the full, pouring a flood of sil-
very light on the snow decked peaks. As
the night wore away Denny grew demon-
strative and intensely patriotic, and rose
with the remark that he was "going to the
top of the mountain to sing the 'Star Spang-
led Banner.'" The others remonstrated.
The negro was white with terror.
"Whoop!" There was no stopping him,
and in a moment he had gained the sum-
mit of the rock above the cabin. He was a
large man, but his outline form against
the sky seemed gigantic—it was near morn-
ing—and striking an attitude he roared in
a powerful tone:
Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's early
light—
"We were all startled by what followed.
The position he had taken was evidently a
place of echoes, as from the valley below
palisaded with pines, came thunderous re-
verberations. "By the dawn's early light"
rolled westward until lost in faint
melody in the recesses of the hills, but it
so it went on. It was very grand, but it
might bring the enemy. Yet Denny was
beside himself with excitement, and it was
only after a repetition of the chorus that
he came down, "The land of the free and
the home of the brave" dying away in soft
bucolic notes.
When Rogers came in the morning he
was told, and said: "Darn the man, he
keel let's get away," and so we started
New Year's, 1864, and after seventy miles
of tramp through a primitive wilderness
reached the Union lines at Loudon. Of all
the adventures that befell the wanderers
in their escape nothing will be, while life
lasts, so well remembered as Will Denny's
music on that eventful New Year's day.
—P. D. Haywood in Philadelphia Press.

He and Sorrow.
Why does his step with sorrow lag?
And why his eye o'ercast with grief?
Hasn't getting o'er an Amos Jag?
And turning over a new leaf.
—Brandop Bucksaw.

CASTORIA

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"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTIN, D. D., New York City.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARDEE, M. D., "The Winthrop," 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

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Our stock is bound to go. There is nothing like slim figures to put it in motion. We have laid in a very large stock of reasonable goods. WE BOUGHT CHEAP—WE SELL CHEAP. A lot of goods turned quick at close margin is good enough for us. Now is the time to buy

A No. 1 Goods—None Better on Earth

At Very Close to Manufacturing Prices.

We do business to live. We live to do business, and the way to do it is to offer the very best grade of goods at prices that will make them jump. An extra large line of ladies' and gents' underwear just arrived. Call and see us. Thanking you for past favors, we remain, yours truly,

Geo. Chestnut, 93 Centre Street, Freeland.

YOU WILL FIND US AT THE TOP

IN THE CLOTHING LINE.

With more fresh styles, low priced attractions and serviceable goods than ever. The big chance and the best chance to buy your fall clothing is now offered. Our enormous stock of fashionable styles is open and now ready. Such qualities and such prices have never before been offered in Freeland. A thoroughly first-class stock, combining quality and elegance with prices strictly fair. Come in at once and see the latest styles and most serviceable goods of the season in

MEN'S, BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS AND FURNISHING GOODS.

The newest ideas, the best goods made, the greatest variety and the fairest figures. Everybody is delighted with our display of goods and you will be. Special bargains in overcoats. Remember, we stand at the top in style, quality and variety.

JOHN SMITH, BIRKBECK BRICK, FREELAND.

H. M. BRISLIN, GO TO

UNDERTAKER Fisher Bros. Livery Stable

AND EMBALMER.



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



ALL KNOW THAT

HORSE : GOODS.

Blankets, Buffalo Robes, Harness, and in fact everything needed by Horsemen.

Good workmanship and low prices is my motto.

GEO. WISE, Jeddo, and No. 35 Centre St.

Advertise in the Tribune.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS. DEC. 4, 1892.

LEAVE FREELAND.

6:10, 8:35, 9:40, 10:41 A. M., 12:25, 1:50, 2:45, 3:50, 4:55, 6:41, 7:12, 8:47 P. M., for Drifton, Jeddo, Lumber Yard, Stockton and Hazleton.

6:01, 8:40 A. M., 1:30, 3:50 P. M., for Easton, Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Philadelphia and New York.

8:35 A. M. for Bethlehem, Easton and Philadelphia.

10:35 A. M., 12:16, 4:50 P. M. (via Highland Branch) for White Haven, Glen Summit, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and L. and B. Junction.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

11:40 A. M. and 3:45 P. M. for Drifton, Jeddo, Lumber Yard and Hazleton.

3:45 P. M. for White Haven, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, New York and Philadelphia.

ARRIVE AT FREELAND.

5:50, 7:09, 7:28, 9:18, 10:56 A. M., 12:16, 1:15, 2:33, 4:54, 7:40 and 8:47 P. M. from Hazleton, Stockton, Lumber Yard, Jeddo and Drifton.

7:30, 9:18, 10:56 A. M., 12:16, 2:33, 4:50, 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., 2:45, 6:41 P. M. from White Haven, Glen Summit, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and L. and B. Junction (via Highland Branch).

For further information inquire of Ticket Agents.

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.

For further information inquire of Ticket Agents.

I. A. SVEGARD, Gen. Mgr., Philadelphia, Pa.

C. G. HANCOCK, Gen. Pass. Agt., Philadelphia, Pa.

A. W. NONNEMACHER, Ass't G. P. A., South Bethlehem, Pa.