I heard her song
Low in the night
From out her casement steal away.
Nor thought it wrong
To steal a sight
Of her—and lo! she knelt to pray.

I heard her say:
"Forgive him, Lord!
Such as le seems he cannot be."
I furned away,
Myself abhorred—
Sheprayed—and lo! she prayed for me.
—T. W. Hall in Munsey's Magazine.

NERVE.

While Murat was in Madrid he was anxious to communicate with Junot in Portugal, but all the roads to Lisbon swarmed with guerrillas and with the troops composing Castanos' army.

He asked Krasinski, the commandant of the lancers, to find him a brave and intelligent young man. Two days afterward the commandant brought the prince a young man of his corps for

prince a young man of his corps, for whom he pledged his life. His name was Leckinski, and he was but eighteen

was Leckinski, and ne was years old.

Murat was moved at seeing so young a man court so imminent a danger, for if he were detected his doom was sealed.

Murat could not help remarking to the Pole the risk he was about to run. The

"Let your imperial highness give me my instructions," answered he respect-fully, "and I will give a good account of the mission I have been honored

The young prince augured favorably

The young prince augured favorably from the young man's modest resolution. The Russian embassador gave him his dispatches; he put on a Russian uniform and set out for Portugal.

The first two days passed over quietly, but on the afternoon of the third Leckinski was surrounded by a body of Spaniards, who disarmed him and dragged him before their commanding officer. Luckily for the gallant youth it was Castanos himself.

Leckinski was aware that he was lost if he were discovered to be a Frenchman; consequently he determined on the instant not to let a single word of French escape him, and to speak but Russian and German, which he spoke with equal fluency. The cries of rage of his captors amounced the fate which awaited him, and the horrible murder of George Power of the captor of the control or ms captors announced the fate which awaited him, and the horrible murder of General Rene, who had perished in the most dreadful tortures but a few weeks before as he was going to join Junot, was sufficient to freeze the very blood.

Who are you?" said Castanos in nch, which language he spoke per-dy well, having been educated in

France.

Leckinski looked at the questioner, made a sign and answered in German, "I do not understand you."

Castanos spoke German, but he did not wish to appear personally in the matter and summoned one of the officers of his staff, who went on with the examination. The young Pole answered in Russian or German, but never let a single syllable of Freuch escape him. He might, however, easily have forgotten himself, surrounded as he was by a ten himself, surrounded as he was by crowd eager for his blood, and wh

crowd eager for his blood, and whe waited with savage impatience to have him declared guilty—that is, a Frenchman—to fall upon him and murder him. But their fury was raised to a height which the general himself could not control, by an incident which seemed to cut off the unhappy prisoner from every hope of escape. One of Castanos' aids decamp, one of the fanatically patriotic who were so numerous in this war, and who from the first had denounced Leckinski as a French sny, burst in the room. who from the first had denounced Leck-inski as a French spy, burst in the room, dragging with him a man wearing the brown jacket, tall hat and red plume of

mish peasant.
e officer confronted him with the
and said:

'Look at this man, and then say if it "Look at this man, and then say if it is true that he is a German or a Russian. He is a spy, I swear by my soul,"
The peasant meanwhile was cying the prisoner closely. Presently his dark eye lighted up with the fire of harred.

lighted up with the fire of hatred.

"Es Frances, he is a Frenchman!" exclaimed he, clapping his hands. And
he stated that having been in Madrid a
few weeks before he had been put in
requisition to carry forage to the French
barrack, and, said he, "I recollect that
this is the man who took my load of
forage and gave me a receipt. I was
near him an hour and recollect him.
When we canght him I told my comrade
this is the French officer I delivered my
forage to."

This was correct. Custanos probably
discovered the true state of the case, but
he was a generous foe. He proposed to

not be made to understand a word of French. But the moment he ventured a hint of the kind, a thousand threatena hint of the kind, a thousand threaten-ing voices were raised against him and he saw that clemency was impossible. "But," said he, "will you then risk a quarrel with Russia, whose neutrality we are so anxiously asking for?" "No," said the officer, "but let us try

this man."

Leckinski understood all, for he was acquainted with Spanish. He was removed and thrown into a room worthy to have been one of the dungeons of the leading to the state of the dungeons of the spatial state.

when the Spaniards took him prisoner he had eaten nothing since the previous evening, and when his dungeon door was closed on him he had fasted for eighteen hours. No wonder then what with exhaustion, fatigue, anxiety, and the agony of he are readful situation, that the unhappy prisoner fell almost senseless on his hard couch. Night son closed in and left him to realize in its gloom the full horror of his hopeless situation. He was brave, of course, but to die at eighteen—'tis sudden. But youth and fatigue finally yielded to the approach of sleep and he was soon buried in profound slumber.

He had slept perhaps two hours when the door of his dungeon opened slowly and some one entered with cautious steps, hiding with his hand the light of a lamp. The visitor bent over the pris-

oner's couch, the hand that shaded the WILL ALL CLUBS BE OPEN TO WOMEN?

accent, not a gesture or look betrayed him.

Leckinski, when taken back to his prison, hailed it with a sort of joy. For twelve hours he had had nothing but gibbets and death in its most horrid forms before his eyes—exhibited to him by men with the looks and the passions of demons. He slept, however, after the harrassing excitement of the day, and soundly, too, when in the midst of his deep and deathlike slumbers the door opened gently, some one drew near his couch, and the same voice whispered in his ear:

"Arise and cover with."

tate of the case.

The next morning early four men came to take him before a sort of court martial, composed of officers of Castanos' staff. During the walk they uttered the

staff. During the walk they uttered the most horrible threats against him, but true to his determination he pretended not to understand them.

When he came before his judges he seemed to gather what was going on from the arrangements of the tribunal and not from what he heard said around him, and he asked in German where his interpreter was? He was sent for, and the examination commenced.

It turned at first upon the motive of his journey from Madrid to Lfsbon. He answered by showing his dispatches to Admiral Siniavin and his passport. Spite of the presence and the vehement assertions of the peasant, he persisted in the same story and did not contradict himself once.

"Ask him," said the presiding officer "Ask him," said the presiding officer

the same story and dark not consider the himself once.

"Ask him," said the presiding officer at last, "if he loves the Spaniards, as he is not a Frenchman?

"Certainly," said Leckinski, "I like the Spanish nation, and I esteem it for its noble character. I wish our two nations were friends."

the Spanish nation, and I esteem it for its noble character. I wish our two nations were friends."

"Colonel," said the interpreter to the president, "the prisoner says that he hates us because we make war like banditti; that he despises us, and that his only regret is that he cannot unite the whole nation in one man, to end this odious war at a single blow."

While he was saying this, the eyes of the whole tribunal were attentively watching the slightest movement of the prisoner's countenance, in order to see what effect the interpreter's treachery would have upon him. But Leckinski had expected to be put to the test in some way, and was determined to baffle all their attempts.

"Gentlemen," said Castanos, "it seems to me that this young man cannot be suspected; the peasant must be deceived. The prisoner may pursue his journey, and when he reflects on the hazard of our position he will find the severity we have been obliged to use excusable."

Leckinski's arms and dispatches were returned, he received a free pass, and thus this noble youth came victorious out of the severest trial that the human spirit can be put to.—H. K. in New York News.

Peculiarities of Nervous Women.

Says a physician who is a specialist in nervous diseases: "The vagaries of nervous women would fill a volume. I have, however, a profound respect for their sincerity and a deep sympathy with their victims. One of my patients, a fine looking woman, with a splendid physique, is reduced to a condition bordering on insanity by a high wind. If she is out in it her misery is heightened. She says she has a dazed, confused feeling that amounts to bewilderment, and she feels as if any moment she would

she feels as if any moment she would lose her hold on reason and sense. "Another of my patients cannot endure to hear toast crunched between the teeth of another person. She can eat it her-self, but has to leave the table if another does, so great is her distress. In other respects she is a woman of strong char-acter. It would be interesting to trace the origin of such apparently causeless conditions."—New York Times,

The Zither.

The zither is a stringed instrument which has not as yet a very great following in New York. It has the sweetness of the guitar and mandolin, with the depth and richness of the harp. In the hands of an expert performer, who thoroughly understands the scope of the instrument, no music can be more delicious. It is somewhat difficult to learn, is played with both hands, a shield being worn on the thumb of the right have

ling with his hand the light of The visitor bent over the prisfence near the spot."—Texas Siftings.

oner's couch, the hand that shaded the lamp touched him on the shoulder, and a sweet and silvery voice—a woman's voice—asked him. "Do you want eat?"

The young Pole, awakened suddenly by the glare of the lamp, by the touch and wards of the female, rose up on his couch and with eyes only half opened said in German. "What do you want?"

"Give the man something to eat at once," said Castanos, when he heard the result of the first experiment, "and let him go. He is not a Frenchman. How could he have been so far master of him self? The thing is impossible."

But though Leckinski was supplied with food he was detained a prisoner. The next morning he was taken to a spot where he could see the mutilated corpes of the Frenchman, who had been cruel ly massacred by the peasantry of Truxillo, and he was threatened with the same death. But the noble youth had promised not to fail, and not a word, not an accent, not a gesture or look betrayed him.

Leckinski, when taken back to his prison, hailed it with a sort of joy. For twelve hours he had had nothing but gibbets and death in its most horrid forms before his eyes—exhibited to him by men with the looks and the passions of demons. He slept, however, after the

groupets and death in its most horrid forms before his eyes—exhibited to him by men with the looks and the passions of demons. He slept, however, after the harrassing excitement of the day, and soundly, too, when in the midst of his deep and deathlike slumbers the door opened gently, some one drew near his couch, and the same voice whispered in his ear:

"Arise and come with me. We wish to save your life. Your horse is ready."

And the brave young man, hastily awakened by the words, "We wish to save your life. come," answered still in German, "What do you want?"

Castanos, when he heard of this experiment and its result, said the Russian was a noble young man; he saw the true state of the case.

The next morning early four men came to take him before a sort of court watti for an invitation to dinner, and in the lower larger than the read of the case.

in that way. No one does that now. If I want to make a family call now I must wait for an invitation to dinner, and in my turn I invite to dinner those whom my wife and I are desirous of seeing. After dinner we spend that hour or two with our friends which we once enjoyed with them by calling upon them after a dinner at our own homes.

"There is a good reason for this change. It may happen that if I call at your house you are going out, or you are not in the mood for my call. Perhaps our moods do not tally, and the visit is a bore. But I cannot get up and bolt. I must stay a reasonable time, as good breeding requires. At a club it is very different. I can go out when I like. I see Jones, and I talk with him as long as I please; then I move over to Smith and try him. Perhaps we don't agree as well as at other times, and I move over to a third man or I get my hat and cout and on somewhere after the states. try him. Perhaps we don't agree as well as at other times, and I more over to a third man or I get my hat and coat and go somewhere else. The advantages of these conditions appeal to the ladies equally. In time it will be understood that on certain nights we may meet all the women of our circle and their husbands in the ladies' parlors of our club. The women will see one another and will chat together as at a reception or ball, and we men will move from one woman or couple to another, paying our calls and free to bow ourselves bored or inharmonious with the moods of those we know.

"The women will like it. Whenever it is tried it will be adopted. It will give the ladies a chance to don their evening gowns and jewels for the inspection of their friends, to meet all their friends of both sexes, to mingle in a bright scene, to sip an ice or partake of a light supper, and to pay off loads of social debts with little trouble and under charming conditions."—New York Sun.

Women and Legal Knowledge.

The growing interest among women for legal knowledge enough to protect themselves is a step in the progress of the sex. A woman's club—doubtless there are more than this one—will have several legal meetings during the winter to be addressed by representative women in the profession on practical, everyday legal points. In the matter of servants, for instance, a woman often finds her ignorance of the laws governing mistress and maid extremely annoying mistress and maid extremely annoying and costly. Police sergeants and justices will tell any one who chooses to make inquiry that there are plenty of unprincipled servants everywhere who make a fair living with little work, constantly taking places for a stated period and within the first forty-eight hours making themselves so obnoxious that their discharge is provoked, when they claim and can legally get wages for full contracted time. This is but one of a number of legal points upon which women need enlightenment for their own sakes.—Philadelphia Press. ing mistress and maid extremely ann

A Maiden's Name.

Surely if Shakespeare could have looked forward a few centuries he would never have asked, "What's in a name?" The daughter of the Archduke Stephen was baptized in the Lemberg cathedral was baptized in the Lemberg cathedral a few days ago, and there was considerable in her name. She was christened Marie Immaculata Caroline Margarethe Blanca Leopoldine Beatrix Anna Josefine Rafaela Michaela Stanislaus Ignaz Hieronymus Camiro Catherina Petra Cecilia—eighteen names in all. One cannot help wondering what she will be called "for short,"—Chicago Times.

The Czar Is Like Many Other Men. Men seem to be very much alike the world over. Whenever the czar has a spasm of economy he always begins to

spasm of economy ne aiways begins to cut down expenses first in his wife's al-lowance. The last time his majesty had an attack of thriftiness he reduced the amount of his wife's spending money. This time it is a journey she proposed to take in the Caucasus that has been abandoned on account of the expense attendant upon her traveling with her suite.—

Mme. Patti's will is said to contain a clause providing for a monster aviary, full of nightingales and other song birds, to be placed near her tomb, and to pay for a person to feed and care for them.

Mrs. George M. Pullman.

Mrs. Pullman is well supplied with every luxury that life 'ean give and is the happy mother of two beautiful daughters — Elorence, a tall, graceful and dignified brunette about twenty-two years old, and Harriet, a bright, vivacious belie about twenty. Both daughters were educated in New York and Paris and made their appearance in society two years ago. Desides the two daughters Mrs. Fullman is possessed of twin sons—George M., Jr., and Sanger, sixteen years old.

The daughters as well as the mother are continually engaged in charitable work. Mrs. Pullman is vice president of the Hospital for Women and Children and is a member of the executive board of both the Old Ladies' home and Woman's hospital. Florence has lately fermished a large ward in St. Luke's hospital, which is popularly known as the "Florence ward." Harriet is the leading spirit in one of the most practical works in Chicago, has a supplied to the most practical works in Chicago, he will be the supplied to the most practical works in Chicago, he will be the supplied to the supplied to the most practical works in Chicago, he will be supplied to the most practical works in Chicago, he will be supplied to the supplied to the supplied to the most practical works in Chicago, he will be supplied to the suppli

leading spirit in one of the tical works in Chicago, kno Wildwood club—an organiz Wildwood club—an organization composed of the most prominent women in the city, formed for the purpose of building and equipping a house and grounds where self supporting women and girls may go and take a needed rest, free from restraint and intrusion, at a very meager cost.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Her Slipper at Eighteen Pollars. Modern Cinderellas do not lose their slippers coming down castle staircases. Instead they give them away, delivering them into the hands of him who takes slippers coming down castle staircases. Instead they give them away, delivering them into the hands of him who takes the place of the prince or sending them to his rooms by messenger boy. The slippers thus presented are the same that have graced a shapely foot during many a gay short hour of frolic and dancing, and in memory of which they are kept as souvenirs, while in some cases there is still more romantic episode connected with this trifle of satin and feather. For instance, a half hour in the conservatory and a question asked and answered They are really the same, although they look quite different, having passed through the hands of the chemist and silversmith in order to make them suitable for a mantel decoration.

As they stand in all their bravery amid the hundred other furnishings of the fortunate one's own room they glitter as brightly as though cout after cont of black lead had not been administered before it was safe to dip them in the silver fluid. Eighteen dollars for one slipper is the price paid for this embalming warranted to render everlasting a thing of perishable fabric.—Boston Globe.

The Wife of Mr. Blaine.

The Wife of Mr. Blaine.

Mrs. Blaine has been a most devoted mother to her children, receiving from them the most extravagant devotion in return for her years of unselfish care. She is a most brilliant and charming hostess and delightful conversationist, with fine command of words and graphic power of description.

In appearance Mrs. Blaine is pleasing. She is rather tall and in figure is inclined tostoutness. Her hair is changing rapidly from gray to white, and is all ways well and tastefully arranged. Her eyes are a blue gray: her taste in dress is quiet, but elegant.

Unconsciousness, unworldliness, un-

quiet, but elegant.
Unconsciousness, unworldliness, unselfishness and truthfulness, a power to make those who know her enthusiastically devoted to her, an industry almost limitless in its accomplishment, cheerfulness which never fails in the darkest of crises, and frankness—these are the characteristics of the woman who, though so little known in her own personality, has reflected in her husband's brilliant successes the strength and no bility of her life.—Exchange.

Few Female Musical Compos

Few Female Musical Composers.
The reason why women have done so
little good work in the field of musical
composition is found in their lack of
mental discipline.
Such work requires thinking powers
of no ordinary degree. It presumes an
amount of intellectual discipline which
men in general have always had, but
which women were deprived of until
lately.

lately.
Yet in spite of hereditary impediments Yet in spite of hereditary impediments and social prejudies the amount of work done by women in the field of musical composition has been considerable. What it will be when a sound intellectual training and other indispensable conditions will enable her to compete with man qualitatively the future will show.

—A. Ende in Belford's Magazine.

—A. Ende in Belford's Magazine.

Good Morse and Plucky Rider.

The greatest feat in riding ever performed by a woman has recently been accomplished by an English girl, Miss Thomasson, who rode on an untrained horse over 251 miles in 62½ hours through the mountains of the Tyrol. On the first day she went from Innsbruck over the Brenner pass to Bozen, 77½ miles; on the second, from Bozen, by Meran. Vintschgau and the Malser Heide, to St Valantin, fifty-six miles; on the third, by Hochunstermunz and Landeck, back to Innsbruck, this being eighty-eight miles. Rider and horse are in perfect health, though the tour was a novel experience to both.—Chicago Tribune.

In the Pursuit of Pleasure.

Mrs. Langtry is now forty years old, but her energy in the pursuit of pleasure is still untiring. Last season her whim was for racing and race horses, and havwas for facing and face foreses, and having made a success on the turf, as she usually does in all her business enterprises, she is going in for yachting, and has purchased the steam yacht Lady Mabel at the modest figure of \$125,000 for an extended cruise through the south seas.—Exchange.

The Demand for Woman Suffrage.

We used to ask for suffrage because women needed it as the means to larger opportunities. But the aspect of the woman question has changed. Women are now saying, as in the days of the war, "The country needs us." Women need to stand by the public schools as they stood by the nation—without much fighting, or pristling, entitle but offi. fighting or bristling, quietly, but ciently.—Mary A. Livermore.

GEMS IN VERSE.

Two Pictures from Life.

Great God, when these that crouch and the shockes shivering rules that crouch and cover in open doorways, suffering by the hour The bitterest terrors of this wintry day, My heart swells (hild anger, and I pray of the ship of the ship

demn,
But leave untouched the ills that bear on them.

snug couches

Some homeless waif upon thy doorstep crouches. -Liverpool Mercury.

crouches. — Liverpool Mercur

The Song of Work.

Work! Work! Work!

With brain, with heart and hand,

Work! Work! Work!

Till plenty fills the land,

For every stroke which labor gives
Increases that whereon it lives.

All wealth is made by labor's power.

Labor's the root and wealth the flower.

Work! Work! Work!
And be a nobleman.
Work! Work! Work!
As long as e'er you can.
The man who works enjoys his food;
And that he eats, it does him good.
With plenty food and little toil
Muscles will rot and brain will spoil.

Work! Work! Work!
On that which yields return,
Work! Work! Work! Work!
No honest labor spurn.
It matters not what you may do—
To make a nation or a shoe—
For he who works an fionest thing
In God's pure sight ranks as a king.

Work! Work! Work!
The planets in their spheres
Work! Work! Work! Work!
Through days and months and yea
They never stop, but onward go—
A lesson of steady work they show.
The hand that made them never tires
Replenishing their inward fires.

Replenishing their inward nres.

Work! Work! Work!
And never idle stand.

Work! Work! Work!
Be one of Nature's band.
She always works that things may grow.
Sometimes fast and sometimes slow.
Her work is never done in haste.
She works all up and leaves no waste,
—John Parnell.

Her Name.

"I'm losted! Could you find me, please?"
Poor little frightened baby!
The wind had tossed her golden fleece;
The stone had tossed her golden fleece;
The stone had scratched her dimpled knee!
I stooped and lifted her with ease
I stooped and lifted her with ease
I showly whispered, "Maybe."

"Tell me your name, my little maid: I can't find you without it." 'My name is Shiny Eyes," she said. "Yes, but your last?" She shook her head. "Up to my house 'ey never said A single fing about it."

"But, dear," I said, "what is your name?"
"Why, didn't you hear me tell you?
Dust Shiny Eyes." A bright thought came:
"Yes, when you're good, but when they
blame
You, little one-it's just the same—
When mamma has to scold you?"

"My mamma neber scolds," she means,
A little blushing ensuing,
"Cept when I've been a-t-trowing stones,
And then she says," the culprit owns,
"Mehetable Sapphira Jones,"
What has you been a-doing,"

—Anna F. Burnham.

One day my bookish zeal led me to look
Through the rough pages of a dog's cared book
That lay with many others on a stand
Where musty volumes posed as secondhand.
A friend, a fellow of the nicest taste,
Was with me and entreated me to haste.
Yet ere he snatched me from the tome I caught
From its stained leaves the kernel of a thought.

That thought I took away, and when night came I mused: "How small is friendship and how

Next day once more I passed the bookstall by. Again the musty volume caught my eye. My friend was not in sight. With furtive joy I took it up as children clutch a toy, And then I saw, half stricken out with age, His name engraved upon the title page.

—Tom Masson.

I will not learn to doubt my kind.
If bread is poison, what is food?
If man is evil, what is good?
Pil cultivate a friendly mind.

I see not far, but this I see—
If man is false, then naught is true;
If faith is not the golden clew
To life, then all is mystery.

I know not much, but this I know— That not in hermit's calm retreat, But in the thronged and busy street, The angels most do come and go.

Who to the Infinite would rise Should know this one thing ere he starts— That all its steps are human hearts; To love mankind is to be wise.

I will not learn to doubt my kind.
If man is faise, then false am I;
If on myself I can't rely,
Then where shall faith a foothold find?
—Christian Register.

When Love Goes By.

When love goes by what can woman do? Is there no prayer to pray, no suit to sue? Though he be fled beyond the wintry sea, Will not his errant steps come back to me? Will he not answer to my hearc's low cry, Though he goes by?

Nay, sweet, upon thy yearning lips command
The seal of silence. Reach no asking hand
To love once flown. Go on thy lonely ways:
Turn thee a face of smiles to the world's gaze
Turn thee a face of smiles to the world's gaze
Or else sink down upon life's thorns and die
When love goes by.

-Kate Feld's Washington.

True Valor.

wrongs
His outsides—to wear them like his raiment And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger. —Shakespeare.

True Friendship.

His is the truest friendship, whose high caim Hath reined his first flerce pity and upborne by his strong presence thine own weariness. Then after silence and the soothing balm of blessed tears, he best with thee may mour Who hath well learned how only tears can bles who hath well learned how only tears can be set who hath well learned how only tears can be set when the set when

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Anthracite coal used exclu-sively, insuring cleanliness and comfort. ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS

DEC. 4, 1892. LEAVE FREELAND.

6.10, 8.35, 9.60, 10.41 A. M., 12.25, 1.50, 2.43, 3.50, 4.55, 6.41, 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, Alletrown, Bethlehem, Phila, Easton 18.55 A. M. or Bethlehem, Easton and Philadelphia. M. for Bethlehem, Easton and Philadelphia. a. 10.56 A. M., 12.16, 4.50 P. M. (via Highland h) for White Haven, Glen Summit, s-Barre, Pittston and L. and B. Junction.

Whice-Barre, Pittston and L. and B. Juncuon. SUNDAY THAINS. 11.40 A. M. and 3.45 P. M. for Drifton, Jeddo, Lumber Yard and Huzleton. 3.45 P. M. for Delano, Mahanoy City, Shen-andoah, New York and Philadelphia.

ARRIVE AT FREELAND. ARRIVE AT FREELAND.

5.50, 7.09, 7.08, 0.18, 10.55 A.M., 12.16, 115, 2.38, 4.39, 7.69 and 337 P. M. from Hazleton, Stockton, Lumber Yard, Jeddo and Driffon.

7.20, 5.18, 10.56 A.M., 12.56, 2.38, 4.09, 7.69 P. M. 7.28, 5.18, 10.56 A.M., 12.56, 2.38, 4.09, 7.69 P. M. Fordon, 10.50 A.M. 1

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