

THE TREE OF LIFE.

In his mother's sacred eyes,
Lit from God's own altar place,
Earth grows heaven, and gray time dies
In this infant's smiling face.
From the shroud of withered years
Love and hope come young again,
And the heart awakened hears
Songs that make the life of men.
Children's lightsome laughter rings,
Dull, waste places hark their tread,
And the gleam of gracious wings
Lights old clouds of the dead.
All bright shapes of memory,
All glad dreams of youth and love,
Meet about the Christmas tree,
Underneath the Mystic Dove.
Time and fate are babbling words,
Vain vibrations of the tongue,
Since the song God's singing birds
O'er the Babe of Bethlehem sang,
Child of death that was to be,
Child of love and life with men,
Round the holy Christmas tree
Make us children, too, again.
Eyes that are love's deathless shrine
Where our holiest prayers arise,
Blest and blessing, dear, divine
Little children's happy eyes,
Your light the dark years change,
From your light all foul things flee,
And all sweet hopes soar and range
Round the Christ Child's Christmas tree.
—New York Sun.

PUNISHED.

The lake of Kirknitz, or of Lamentation, is situated in Carniola, Austria. There is not much beauty in its scenery, but it has the peculiarity of at one time being a sheet of water and at another a field.
The limestone, of which the bed of this curious lake is formed, is deep with fissures, some of them as deep as fifty feet, into which trunks of trees and fishermen's boats have at times been drawn.
Many years ago a maiden who lived near Lake Kirknitz, poor as a church mouse, but proud as a queen, refused all lovers who sought her hand or companionship.
Lovers, poor, but honorable, sought her far and near, but she dismissed them with a frown and a toss of the head, bidding them seek wives elsewhere.
She had one day met the lord of a neighboring castle while out hunting, and the young and handsome noble had accosted her while she stood on the bank of the lake, and in a few well chosen words had flattered her beauty and vanity.
From that moment she had resolved to become the mistress of the castle and look down with disdain upon her former companions.
She soon saw that the first impression she had made upon him was but an evanescent one, and anger and jealousy now mingled with the love with which his handsome form and gentle speech had imbued her.
One day she met him and his servants upon the spot of their first meeting.
Hilda, for such was the name of the girl, flung herself in his path, and with a smile on her face and a longing look in her eyes bade him good morning.
The young lord, who was neither so sober nor in so good a temper as when he had before accosted her, ordered her out of his path.
His words and tones were enough to crush the hopes of the aspiring peasant girl, but the loud laughter and insulting jeers of the companions and attendants of the young lord infuriated her, and shaking her clenched hand at the noble she cried:
"My time will come!"
The others laughed in mingled amusement and derision.
"How say you, Carl?" asked one. "Is the peasant wench mad or have you given her cause to fancy that one day she might be the recipient of your favors?"
"I was foolish enough once to notice her, I believe, but what is she to me more than the rest of the horde who fill the fields? By my soul, Herbert, it were folly for a noble to look kindly on these low bred hinds, for if you do so they take it for granted that you intend some favor to them, and persistently dog your footsteps."
"Then you have met before?"
"Many times, but I never spoke to the girl but once. It was a foolish thing to do, but I confess that I was so struck with her beauty I could not resist the temptation to address a few words to her."
"And on this concession she has presumed?"
"Yes. Go forth when I will she throws herself in my path."
"She should prove an easy conquest, then," laughed Herbert.
"I never thought of that," said Carl, stroking his mustache.
"She flings herself at your feet."
"Granted; but—"
"But what, Carl?"
"Such conduct only excites my pity, if not my disgust."
His friend laughed.
"Herbert," said Carl, "you are—"
"Your friend," interrupted the other.
"Say rather my tempter. You put thoughts into my head that never before entered there."
His friend laughed again.
"Well, well, if you love the girl"—
"Nonsense, Herbert; you know that I am affianced to the Lady Gertrude. How then can I love a lowly born maiden?"
Herbert shrugged his shoulders.
"Let us on," said Carl shortly. "The midday meal awaits, and we shall be late if we hurry not back to the castle."
They hastened on, and as they did so a figure rose on the edge of the lake and gazed after them.
It was a strange being, half fisherman, half hunter in attire. He was tall of stature and strong of limb.
"Virtue, villainy and ambition have stood today on the borders of my realm," he said, "and from my cave in the lake's bed I have seen and heard all."
"Ho, ho! there are fresh victims for the Cave King to lure to his caverns under the rolling flood, but one must escape me, for I have no power over firmness and honor."
And diving into the lake he disappeared.
Night had come. Carl had sunk to

sleep on a couch in the hall of his castle and his friend Herbert, heated with wine and troubled with thoughts of the lovely peasant girl, had strolled on to the ramparts, where the moonlight shined the lake beneath him like a silver mirror.
Suddenly a figure stood before him, and the young man, with his hand upon his sword, started back.
"Who are you?" he said.
"One who would serve you."
"How?"
"You are charmed with the beauty of Hilda, the peasant girl, who vainly loves your friend Carl."
"How know you that?"
"I have the power to read men's thoughts and see the workings of a woman's heart."
"You? Who are you then?"
"The Cave King of the Lake of Kirknitz."
"What would you with me?" asked the youth tremulously.
"I come to serve you. A vain, ambitious girl will await one whom she hopes to meet on the bank of the lake, but who cares not for her."
"What pity for such a she! She seeks her doom. Steal from the castle when the bell booms forth the midnight hour and meet her on the spot where today your friend treated her with such contempt."
"But of what avail would be that?"
"Assume the form of your friend and win the love she is so anxious to bestow on one so far above her."
"How can I do that?"
"By my aid."
"And what do you ask in return?"
"Simply that, having impressed the girl with the belief that you are him she so madly loves, you will embark with her on the lake on a boat you will find moored to the shore."
"It is but a simple request, I admit."
"Then take the form of your friend which I have the power to bestow upon you."
The Cave King touched the shoulder of the young man, and in an instant he was changed not only in features, but in dress as well.
He gazed at himself in wonder and then looked up as if about to speak to the strange visitor.
But the latter was gone, and Herbert stood alone upon the ramparts.
"Am I dreaming?" he asked himself.
A retainer approached and said respectfully:
"My lord, a messenger has just arrived at the castle gate, and he bade me give this message into your hands unseen by any one."
The young man opened the letter and by the light of the moon read:
"My Lord—I know that I aspire far beyond my station in presuming to love one so high and noble as yourself, but I feel that I cannot live without you. You can save me from ending my life if you will meet me and speak one word of hope and love to me on the banks of the lake tonight at the spot where we met this morning."
"Very good," said Herbert. "I will wander forth for a short time; I can enter the castle by the postern."
The man bowed and retired.
"Now for this peasant beauty," muttered the libertine. "Pride must have its fall, and if her fall is a deep one she will have no one but herself to blame for it."
He left the castle by the postern and made his way to the spot where he had seen Hilda in the morning.
The girl stood on the edge of the lake gazing down on the moonlit waters when his footfall struck upon her ears.
She turned and saw him as the boom of the convent bell struck the midnight air.
"Hilda!" he cried, and went toward her with outstretched arms.
"Carl—my lord!" she exclaimed.
"Thank heaven that you have come! If my love for you is unaimedly remember that the workings of my heart are guided by a higher power than mine. From the first moment I gazed upon you I felt that I could love none other and that I must win your love or die."
She threw herself on the bosom of the man she believed to be the one who had enshrined his image in her heart.
"Let us sail out upon the lake," said the supposed Carl. "There in the moonlight, and with none to hear us but the waters that dance so merrily in the silver beams we will talk of that love you have for me and that which I have so long felt for you, but never yet acknowledged."
"You do love me, then, dear Carl?"
"Can you doubt it?"
"I did; but with your arms around me and your eyes shining into mine I can doubt no longer."
He unmoored the boat, and seating her in it followed and pushed out from the shore.
In an instant, without the aid of an oar or sail, the boat dashed madly across the waters, then turned around and around with fearful rapidity.
"What is this?" he gasped.
The girl turned her despairing eyes over the lake.
"Mercy!" she cried; "the waters are sinking—the shores are rising around us like mountains. We are in a whirlpool! We are lost—we are lost!"
As she spoke the boat rose on its end, was spun around and around like a top for a moment, and then disappeared in the whirlpool in which it had been caught.
When the waters of the lake had run out, and the peasants came to plant their wheat upon its bed, they discovered a boat wedged in one of the funnel-like holes with which it is perforated, and in it the two dead bodies, and there arose many stories as to how they came there.
—Chicago Post.

An Egg Story.
The ancient Finns believed that a mystic bird laid an egg on the lap of Vainamon, who was to hatch it in his bosom. But he let it fall, and it broke, the lower portion of the shell forming the earth, the upper the sky. The liquid white became the moon and the yolk the sun, while the little fragments of broken shell were transformed into stars.—Philadelphia Press.

WHO SHALL HOLD THE PURSE?

Are Not Women More to Blame Than Men in the Matter of Money?
"Talk about German women being oppressed and downtrodden!" said a spirited daughter of that nation, "we may black our husbands' shoes now and then if there is no servant to do it, but in one thing, if I have been informed rightly, we have greatly the advantage of American women. It is taken for granted with us that the wife must have the spending of the main part of the income for all the family needs. That is her part of the work."
"This view has been always held so far as I know, and I assure you that tyrannical husbands find some other way of making their power felt than by holding back the money for daily necessities."
"Why, the bills must be met; the family must live in the style decided on as proportioned to the income. Why haggles about it?"
"But I am told that in America wives rarely hold the family purse, and unless a woman has money in her own right she must ask, often beg, for every penny she has. Why, a German woman would feel degraded with that sort of treatment. Besides, how can she wisely plan unless she can know how much money she has to use during the month or the quarter. What one can afford is all a matter of comparison and proportion. It is the most common thing in our lower and middle classes for the wife to draw the pay, keep the bankbook and order the expenditure of every penny of the income, even to buying the husband's clothes."
The reason why the married woman in our country does not have as a matter of course more power over the income seems to be partly her own fault. Does she start out right in the very first year? Is she imbued with the idea that she and her husband are founding a family whose prosperity and whose standing in the community is their common interest? Does she feel that in this matter there is no mean and term; that all plans and sacrifices must be made together? There are plenty of cases where a selfish or thoughtless young man has been brought to this view of things by a clever wife, and therefore they were equal partners with equal rights. But let a woman once begin that childish teasing for a new gown or new furniture, and suspicions are aroused in the mind of the money earner that it will be hard to allay. If he is a man of any character he will feel that he must protect his family as to the essentials—a safe surplus in the bank account and a growing fund for old age or emergencies.
He begins to prefer paying bills whose items he can scan to giving ready money into the hands of his wife. She will make mistakes now and then, but if instead of owning them up and taking counsel as to better ways she deceives and conceals she is sealing her fate. He feels if he does not know this concealment, and now and then he will know it, and the painful result is well enough known to us. It would be interesting to hear from every woman who finds herself in middle life lacking the confidence of her husband in money matters whether the fault is entirely his or if she does not in looking back find grave mistakes on her own side.—Mary H. Abel in St. Louis Republic.

After Sixteen Years of Service.
Mrs. Virginia T. Smith, who has been city missionary at Hartford since 1876, has resigned her position because of a determination of the society by which she was employed to restrict the work to local charities. As city missionary and as member of the state board of charities Mrs. Smith has been instrumental in carrying on various agencies for the relief of the poor and the prevention of pauperism. The rescue of children from degradation Mrs. Smith regards as the most important phase of philanthropic work, and it was largely through her suggestion and effort that the free kindergarten became a part of the public school system of Connecticut, and that the law was enacted which provides a temporary home for destitute and abused children in every county of the state.—Woman's Journal.

A New Grave in Arlington.
Among the soldiers' graves in Arlington cemetery a new mound has been made with a woman's name on the slab at the head. The woman who sleeps beneath was buried like a warrior, with the stars and stripes for a winding sheet. At the battle of Fort Donelson, when the regiment under Captain Cutler were fighting with their colors, the captain's wife suddenly rushed through the smoke with the flag in one hand and a sword in the other.
As the rain of lead thickened, and she was ordered to retire to a transport on the river, she raised the stars and stripes again and remained in the pilothouse in defiance of the captain's orders. Since the war Mrs. Cutler has devoted her life to the care of veterans and their families.—New York Sun.

A Law That Injures the Mother.
A Miss C— went from Brooklyn eleven years ago, married and was left a widow with two children. The children's paternal uncle in Canada, whom the mother had never seen, was by their father's will appointed their guardian with absolute authority to take them from their mother and send them to a school in Quebec, where they would be under religious and social instructions utterly repugnant to her. Visiting in Brooklyn a short time ago, she said in the writer's hearing, with burning check and tears in her eyes: "I used to laugh at the idea of woman suffrage when I was a girl in this city, but I have learned since what a mother loses by having no voice in the law. Grief has been my teacher. Now I know."—Eleanor Kirk's Idea.

A Wealthy Woman's Request.
Mrs. Elizabeth Osby-Hunter, an eccentric old woman, who recently died in London, bequeathed \$2,500 per year to be held in trust for her parrot. In a codicil \$2,500 was added with which to buy the parrot a new cage.

The Sorrows of One Administration.

Sorrows have accumulated upon this administration to an extent greater perhaps than any other in the history of the country. The little son of President Pierce was killed in a railway accident on the trip from New Hampshire to the inauguration. Mr. Lincoln lost a son while he was president, and was assassinated at the beginning of his second term, and the same fate befell President Garfield. A number of distinguished people, including one or more cabinet officers, were killed by an explosion of a cannon on board a ship on the Potomac during Mr. Tyler's administration.
No administration, however, has had so many sad surroundings as the present one. It will be recalled that the house of Secretary Tracy was destroyed by fire and his wife and daughter were burned to death in the ruins. After a long illness the wife of Mr. Helford, the president's private secretary, died. While Mr. Blaine was secretary of state, his favorite son, Walker, was stricken down and never recovered, and soon after his retirement from the cabinet, within a week or two another son, Emmons Blaine, died almost without a moment's warning. His daughter, Mrs. Coppinger, also died while he was a member of the cabinet, and one of his sisters, Secretary Windom, of the treasury department, while in New York to make a speech at a banquet, died at the table. The chief usher at the executive mansion, Mr. Dinsmore, has died within a year.

In the president's own household sorrows come thick and fast. A sister of his wife has died within the past year or two. Mrs. Harrison, after patient suffering, breathed her last in the White House and was followed a few days after by her venerable father.—Washington Cor. Montgomery Advertiser.

Visitors to the Great Fair.
According to present indications there will be large transfers of population between New York and Chicago next summer. The Chicago women who are not identified with the various movements that their sex are undertaking are beginning to anticipate with dismay the hospitalities the great show will entail. These propose to let their houses in Chicago for the summer months, and take lodgings in this city or occupy cottages at the seaside. When these opportunities have been made known such of the New York people as expect to visit the fair have availed themselves of the chance of escaping the crowds at the hotels and the chances of boarding houses, and engaged these vacated houses. A group of people divide the time among them, succeeding one another in such installments as they may arrange, and with their own servants live as comfortably as if at home. Many New Yorkers would gladly avail themselves of such opportunities if they could be made known. If some convenient exchange of properties could be established it would be mutually beneficial.—New York Evening Sun.

Pronunciation of Two Names.
It may seem like trying to gild refined gold or paint the lily to suggest the possibility of an improvement in the pronunciation of proper names adopted by Mr. Daly's company of players, but I have always imagined that the heroine in "As You Like It" was Rosalind, with the accent on the first syllable, and that Shakespeare made a humorous point in the stretching of the pronunciation in Orlando's love verses. This point is entirely lost by pronouncing the name Rosalind, with long "i," and equal stress on first and last syllables, all through the play. The first intimation that the melancholy Jacques was a ruralized prototype of the Chatham street character also comes from Mr. Daly. George Clark is addressed in his "As You Like It" role as Jaddies. Is there any authority for either of these novelties?—Cor. New York Advertiser.

A Great Bald Eagle Killed.
The largest bald eagle ever killed in this vicinity was shot in the town of Concord, a few miles west of Oconomowoc, Wis., recently by Richard Yates. It measured 7 feet 3 inches from tip to tip, and weighed eleven pounds. The talons, measured along the convex surfaces, are nearly two inches in length and very strong. It was perched upon a lofty elm, when Mr. Yates discharged both barrels of his shotgun at it simultaneously, after which the bird flew a few hundred feet and suddenly fell to the ground dead.
A golden eagle, measuring nine feet from tip to tip, was captured by Johnnie Spahnauer, a sixteen-year-old boy, a few miles south of West Bend, Wis., on the same day.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Rather Liked It.
Aunt—Where are you going now, pet?
Little Pet—Down to the dentist's.
"Dear me! Don't you hate it?"
"No, I go twice a week with the governess. I like it."
"But doesn't the dentist hurt you?"
"No, 'Tisn't my teeth he fixes; it's the governess."—Good News.

To Make a Double Star.
With a piece of cardboard showing two black stars, two candles and a goblet of water, all arranged as seen in the cut, a beautiful double star may be cast upon a wall canvas.

An Exchange.
Two little maidens engaged in trade, And a wonderful bargain each one made; A baby sister with dimpling smile Was exchanged for a doll of the latest style; They played for an hour—then mamma came to borrow Her baby and told them to bargain tomorrow.—Youth's Companion.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Hard to Bear.
"I'm very drowsy," said the bear; "I think it's anything but fair That just about the Christmas season, Without a sign of rhyme or reason, I get so tired I have to creep Into a cave and fall asleep."



"I take a nap, and—to my surprise—I find, when I wake and rub my eyes, That winter's gone, and I've slept away Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's day."
"I believe that I'm not given to croaking. But you'll admit that it's provoking!"
—Tudor-Jenks in St. Nicholas.

A Sumptuous Ceremony.
The infant daughter of the emperor and empress was arrayed with surpassing magnificence on the occasion of her christening. She wore a mantle of the richest pure velvet, profusely trimmed with ermine, under which was a christening robe of white satin and lace, embroidered with gold crowns. During the service the princess was placed upon a silver cushion with deep silver fringe. The vessels were a superbly chased basin and a jug of solid gold, which were manufactured on the occasion of the christening of the Emperor Frederick. The ceremony took place in the Jasper gallery of the palace, a splendid saloon, with walls of marble and jasper and numerous mirrors inclosed in gold frames.
The temporary altar was covered with gold, and the various ornaments were all of pure gold. A picture by Raphael, which usually hangs in the gallery at San Souci, had been brought to hang over the altar. The empress was dressed in white satin, with huge sleeves, and a lace cap, but no jewels whatever.—Berlin Letter.

A Wee Philadelphia Girl.
There lives in Philadelphia a tiny little girl named Katie Campbell Bryan. She was a year old last week, and, though perfectly well, and as pretty as the prettiest French doll you ever saw, she weighs a little less than eleven pounds. When ten days old she weighed only a pound and three-quarters, and the clothes which were selected for her to wear were some that belonged to her sister's tiny wax doll.
Even now she is not as big as a good sized French doll, and, though she can speak and say distinctly two or three words, and walk so fast that you would have trouble to catch her if she should run away, she could easily be carried on one of your hands. Her feet are only two inches long—no longer than your longest finger—and her hands are very, very tiny.
She has a few teeth, which are very cunning and pretty, and all her toys, as you may imagine, have to be made especially for her.—Kansas City Times.

A Queer Cat.
Did you ever see a cat play with a doll? Our pussy has one, and when she is tired of playing with it she carries it to her basket under the kitchen table, lays it in carefully, and pats it down with her paws.
Every night she goes to sleep with her dollly between her paws, and every morning she washes its china face as clean as can be.
One day a dog caught the doll from the basket and ran into the garden with it. Puss came in and missed her baby the first thing. She hunted around, and at last she saw the dog shaking the doll in the garden. Oh, what a fight they had; but puss rescued her doll baby and brought it into the kitchen, and mamma made a new dress for it while puss washed it clean.
Then puss was determined to have it in the bedroom, so that the dog could not get it again, and mamma had to move her basket for her before she was easy about it.—Youth's Companion.

How was that?
"I gibs you my w'rd, sah, a great fat plump chicking done flewed into de winder o' my home do day befo' Chris'mus, sah, and I was arrested on Chris'mus day, sah, for habin dat chicking in my possession, sah. Said I stole her fum Majah Yancy, sah; 'd jecs because I couldn't prove what dey calls a yallerboy when Mos Thompson said he seed me at de coop de night befo' dey fined me fo' dollars, sah."—Harper's Bazar.

A Gift to Gladstone.
There has been forwarded to Mr. Gladstone from Barnmouth an album mounted in gold plate in commemoration of his visit to Snowdon and Barnmouth. Engraved upon the large gold plate is a shield bearing the arms of Merioneth and the Welsh leek, and around the edge of the plate are the words, "Maid of Welsh gold from Clogau mines, Barnmouth, North Wales."—New York Press.

Voice of a Philosopher.
The man, he be editor or reader, who imagines that the public feels the faintest degree of interest in his envious, jealous, complaints, grumblings or quarrels is an idiot.—Pascagoula (Miss.) Magnet.

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ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS. DEC. 4, 1892.

LEAVE FREELAND.

6:10, 8:35, 9:40, 10:41 A. M., 12:25, 1:50, 2:43, 3:50, 4:55, 6:41, 7:25, 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, Pottsville, Easton and New York.
8:35 A. M.	for Bethlehem, Easton and Philadelphia.
7:28, 10:56 A. M., 12:16, 4:50 P. M.	(via Highland Branch) for White Haven, Glen Summit, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and L. & 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 Delano, 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, 4:50, 7:43 and 8:57 P. M.	from Hazleton, Stockton, Lumber Yard, Drifton and Drifton.
7:28, 9:18, 10:56 A. M., 12:16, 2:33, 4:50, 7:03 P. M.	from Delano, Mahanoy City and Shenandoah (via New York Branch).
1:15 and 3:37 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.
9:15, 10:41 A. M., 2:43, 6:41 P. M.	from White Haven, Glen Summit, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and L. & B. Junction (via Highland Branch).

SUNDAY TRAINS.

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

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