

WOMAN'S WORLD.

PRaise EARNED AND GIVEN SOME WOMEN OF SYRACUSE.

The Author of "We Two"—She Was Not Insane—A Book Club in Chicago—For Chopped Hands and Faces—Glossy Hair and Nightcaps—Women as Librarians.

It is due to the ladies of Syracuse that their untiring efforts in preparing for and carrying on the New York state convention should be given public recognition. Although impossible to mention by name the many ladies who contributed to make the convention the unquestioned success that we who attended knew it to be, their services are distinctly remembered. For weeks beforehand they sold tickets from house to house, solicited entertainment for guests and visited newspaper offices. When the time arrived they prepared the stage, acted as ushers, received and entertained visitors, etc.

Leading them all with her fine executive mind was Mrs. Mary E. Bagge, the president of the Political Equality club. Mrs. Bagge appointed committees and gave to each full written instructions; assisted her daughter in the preparation of press notices, opened her house as headquarters for the committees, and, in fact, lived for the convention. Mr. Bagge, who might have objected to this singleness of purpose in his wife, gave instead the kindest co-operation.

The entire responsibility of the financial part was carried by Miss Julie Jenney, a bright young lawyer, who managed so well that after the close of the meetings the club found itself with money in the bank.

A worker to whom special gratitude is due from the guests of the convention was Mrs. Dr. Pease, chairman of the entertainment committee. Mrs. Pease's position was for many reasons peculiarly difficult but, aided by her committee, she mastered all obstacles, as the courtesy with which guests were received testified. The half has not been told, but so much must in justice be said.—Isabel Howland in Woman's Journal.

The Author of "We Two."—Edna Lyall is now pale and worn with an illness that has quite suspended any literary work since the publication of "A Hardy Norseman," writes Frederick Dolman in an interesting sketch of the home life and personality of Ada Ellen Bayley. "The eyes have lost a little of their luster and the cheeks the color they once possessed. The slight form is somewhat thinner, and the hand that clasps yours instinctively tells of much suffering."

"But a bright smile is coupled with the assurance of convalescence, and the voice, at first weak and low, gathers intonation and quiet force when the talk is on some stirring topic. Like Charlotte Bronte's heroine, Ada Ellen Bayley (the pseudonym, you see, is only a transposition of some of the letters in her baptismal name) has no beauty beyond that intellectual beauty to which Shelley wrote his well known hymn.

"The face is small and of uneven formation, the broad forehead having a suggestion of the masculine that is scouted by the sweet and sympathetic expression of the eyes. The brown hair would be beautiful were it not cut short and arranged with an almost severe simplicity. She usually dresses in a close fitting garment of some plain material. Edna Lyall owes really all her charm to her sympathetic presence, if I may be pardoned the expression, her spiritual earnestness and tender feeling. Pity is one of her predominant qualities; there always seems to be an undercurrent of sadness in her character at the misery and woe in the world around her."

She Was Not Insane.—One cold day last week a small crowd collected along the walk in front of the Coleman House—a neighborhood where a crowd is very easily collected—and appeared to be interested in the florist's windows. As usual in such cases, every newcomer stopped and stared in turn, although in perfect ignorance as to the cause. I happened to be among these later arrivals. Walking up to the big policeman who ornaments that section I asked what the row was.

"They ain't no row as I know of," said he. "It's merely a question of sanity or insanity. Now, there's that freak there looking in the window—the one with the parasol. I suppose I ought to arrest her for drawing a mob, but I hate to do it. She looks as if she ought to know better too."

The object of all this was a lady of middle age or a little past—I give her the benefit of the doubt—who was just then engaged in the innocent amusement of gazing at the lovely flowers banked up within the window. She carried one of those small silk sunshades, about eighteen inches in diameter, affected by certain fashionable women. As the mercury was down to about 35 degrees, this sunshade struck the crowd as rather humorous and the policeman as an evidence of insanity. As a matter of fact, the small shade, carried in winter is for the protection of weak eyes, and is considered less objectionable than green or blue goggles.—New York Herald.

A Book Club in Chicago.—One of the latest, if not the latest, women's clubs formed in Chicago. It is called the Foreign Book club, and meets fortnightly at members' houses for luncheon and discussion of some fresh foreign publication. In turn the members select the book to be discussed, keeping its identity from the rest of the club, save the president. This committee of one reads extracts, and the club discusses extempore.

This is perhaps the nearest approach to the "social club" which American women have got. English women smile and do not quite understand our fondness for these clubs of ours, organized for mutual improvement or for the avowed purpose of helping to bear the burdens and lessen the ills of life. At those of the first sort, days of preparation crystallize into more or less elaborate treatises at the appointed time, with notes

for argument, debate, and every phase of consideration. At those of the other sort, the great problem of living is studied with equal exhaustiveness of preparation and effort. A club for pure social enjoyment, without premeditated effort, without system, without committees, without routine, without anything but the companionship of congenial minds—such a one does not much appeal to the American woman. The Chicago club lunches and discusses almost without formality and practically without preparation, and may be a pioneer of a more extended movement in the way of such coteries, rather than our classes of sometimes appalling study and theory.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

For Chopped Hands and Faces.—These are the days when chopped hands, rough faces and cracked lips actually cry out for treatment such as will protect them from the eagerness of the nipping winds and the blasts of driving sleet and storm which winter is sure to bring. The basis of "cold cream" is mutton tallow always. You can obtain this at the butcher's, and if you tell him what it is for he will select some very fine white tallow, which will be exactly what you want. Cut the tallow into bits and put it into a saucpan without any water.

Set the saucpan in a jar of boiling water and let all remain until the fat is thoroughly "fried" out of the tallow. Strain through a fine sieve, and while still warm stir in a teaspoonful of the essence of camphor in the proportion of one teaspoonful of camphor to every cup of the tallow. Next a tablespoonful of your favorite perfume, and stir until all is a sweet smelling liquid. Before it has had time to cool pour into a little toilet jar and set upon the ice over night. It will keep indefinitely and will be found one of the best remedies in the world for the skin that gets rough and "winter sore."—New York Telegram.

Glossy Hair and Nightcaps.—It is rumored that glossy hair is to become the fashion, and that the sheeny locks seen upon the heads of our grandmothers are coming in again with the adoption of silk nightcaps. These caps, it is claimed, absorb the perspiration that weakens the roots of the hair, and protect the head from drafts and chills that make the hair come out. The caps, however, by no means the only agent in making the hair soft and shining. Constant brushing has quite as much to do with it, as well as keeping the scalp clean by an occasional washing with castile soap and soft water or the white of an egg.

One of the best hair tonics is made from rum and quinine. The object of brushing the hair is not only to stimulate the scalp and keep it free from dandruff, but to keep it free from every particle of dust its entire length. For the latter purpose a brush with closely set bristles is necessary.—New York Post.

Recent Women in Libraries.—A southern letter in the Arkansas Woman's Chronicle points out that in nearly every southern state a woman is state librarian. The legislature of Mississippi has elected a woman to that position for the past twenty years. In Kentucky and Tennessee, for almost as many years, women have held the office at handsome salaries. The secretary of state of Tennessee, in whose office the librarian works, says in a private letter, "Since we have had women in the office they have not only given satisfaction in the work, but have rendered the office where the work is done far more comfortable and attractive." South Carolina pays its librarian, a woman, \$2,100 a year. West Virginia has a woman as assistant custodian of all public buildings, property, etc., and in that capacity she has charge of the state library.

Dress Reform and Other Topics.—The national council of women in session in Chicago agitated the accomplishment of three reforms—divorce, equal wages for men and women doing the same work and a more sensible street dress for women. The two first mentioned reforms, although of greater importance than the last, were completely overshadowed by the animated interest in the less profound and serious subject. The chief feature of the new costume is that its skirt reaches only midway between the knee and the top of the shoe. The public will be spared the exhibition of this advanced garb until the fair opens. Mrs. Potter Palmer has granted the council space on the ground for the members to appear in the new skirt and to demonstrate its superiority over the more modest dress of conventionality.—Chicago Letter.

A Vexed Question of Calls.—The vexed question of the cabinet ladies calling upon the senators' wives is still of interest. For years the matter was discussed with far more feeling than any outsider would think the subject merited. At last several years ago a settlement was finally reached, the decision being in favor of the senators' wives, upon whom the ladies of the cabinet have since made the first calls each winter.

The dissatisfaction on this score felt by the cabinet ladies had not died out with time. They urge with good reason that as the law of presidential succession passed during the last administration descends through the cabinet, the senators' wives should recognize this by making the first calls.—Kate Field's Washington.

Mrs. Stowe's Biography.—Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is reported to be critically ill. Her biography will appear shortly from the pen of a noted writer. It will contain a love letter from the late Professor Stowe to his wife, whom he adored as an angel. Here is a quotation: "There is no woman like you in this wide world. Who else has so much talent with so little conceit; so much reputation with so little affectation; so much literature with so little nonsense; so much enterprise with so little extravagance; so much tongue with so little scold; so much sweetness with so little softness; so much of so many

things and so little of so many things?" All husbands who wish to win the everlasting gratitude of their wives should write such letters they have to write after this fashion.—New York Advertiser.

Muffs Hung by Gold Chains.—The latest fancy is the elegant one of suspending our muffs about our necks with the long gold chains with which our grandmothers, and our grandfathers, too, used to attach their watches. Of course it is only the wise woman who has treasured up these discarded chains instead of cutting them into short lengths or exchanging them at the jeweler's for more modern trinkets. The muffs will naturally be large in size to appear old world, too, and the whim has the merit of utility to recommend it to favor, for it is a comfortable and convenient way of wearing the muff, particularly to the careless women who are always leaving theirs in shops and theaters.—New York Letter.

The Injustice of Suffrage.—During the lecture of Miss Kate Field in this city one could not help commenting upon the absurdity of our suffrage when he stopped to think that the Sicilian bandit, the Russian dynamiter or the Bohemian beggar could in a few years after getting through the ports obtain privileges and assume rights that are denied to this brilliant woman by reason of her sex. What a monumental exhibition of folly it is to deny to pure, educated, brainy American women, wives, sisters and daughters, the right that we fully extend to the sweepings of European prisons and almshouses.—Lowell (Mass.) Arena.

A Queen Who Walks Much.—Even the majesty which doth wait about a queen is powerless to ward off the attacks of the archenemy of woman's beauty which half of the world of womankind are fasting and praying to be delivered from. The beautiful and beloved queen of Italy has developed a fatal tendency to what, since she is a queen, is delicately pronounced embonpoint, which can only be kept down by constant exercise. Fortunately she is a vigorous walker and fond of Alpine climbing, which form of diversion she practices daily for weeks at a time in her pretty mountain home at Gressoney.—New York Sun.

The Hair and the Costume.—Parting the hair in the middle and waving it back on either side may be becoming to the few, but it is certainly trying to the majority of faces. The severely classical style is much too trying to be generally adopted, although there has been a distinct effort to introduce it of late. "Do you not think Miss S. beautiful?" was asked of a gentleman the other day. "Just the head to stamp on a coin," was the answer, "but those heavy waves of hair rather spoil her for a ball dress made in the fashion. She ought to wear nothing but Greek drapery."—New York Tribune.

Journalism and Woman.—Miss Lillian Whiting, in answer to the question, "Is journalism a good profession for women?" says: "The journalist must be born as well as the poet, though he is not so rare. It requires a degree of creative power to be an acceptable press writer. Therefore women who ask only 'Does it pay?' will find many questions more immediately important before it will pay them. Like all literary work, journalism must to a considerable degree choose her votaries rather than be chosen by them."

An Interesting Bit of Carpet.—Princess Margaret of Prussia will be married standing on an interesting bit of carpet. It was wrought by her mother, the Empress Frederick, and upon it knelt all the children of the household when they were confirmed. The emperor, his brother, Prince Henry, and the three older princesses of the family were all married standing upon the now cherished piece of carpet, which served a sadder purpose when it—the coffin of the late emperor rested upon it.—Berlin Letter.

Miss Foster Decorates China.—Miss Foster, daughter of the secretary of the treasury, has great ability as a decorator of china, in which branch of art she has attained such proficiency as to warrant the building of a kiln at her own home in Ohio. Miss Foster is an enthusiast in her work and attends to every detail of firing each piece as it is finished, never seeming to tire of even the most uninteresting or laborious details.—Kate Field's Washington.

Belgium is agitated over an invasion of political women under the name of the Belgian League for the Rights of Women. The Italian minister is a great champion of women's rights, and is present at the meetings of the society.

The condition of the Paris shopgirls is described as one of great hardship. They have to be in the shop from thirteen to fourteen hours a day, receive very small pay and are expected to dress well.

The new Russian silver in solid turquoise blue enamel is the novelty of the season. It is used chiefly for perfume bottles, boxes and other articles for the toilet table.

Mrs. Dougherty, widow of the late Daniel Dougherty, has leased her Philadelphia residence and with her family will pass the winter in Mexico.

A London woman has tried the experiment of a boy of sixteen to do her general housework and has found it, briefly at least, satisfying.

Glass in oven doors, which enables cooks to watch the food without opening the door, is a late contrivance.

Mrs. Sarah Balch Braham, of Georgetown, Mass., celebrated her 102d birthday on Dec. 21.

The women employees of the Chicago telephone companies are to be attired in black uniforms.

They Met at Last.—The lamp with its garniture of prismatic crystal shed a subtle and insidious odor that permeated the entire apartment.

Incidentally it shed a dim, mellow light upon the girl who sat on one side of the center table and the fellow who tarried opposite.

She appeared to be suffering with an unsatisfied ambition. "You were speaking"—"Of old adages." "Oh, yes, I think"—"She raised her hand to protect her face from the scathing heat of the coal stove."—"Many trite sayings are without truth. For instance?"

She shot a coy glance across the table. "The one which says distance lends enchantment."

When another hour had elapsed the lamp was still emitting its perfume, but the center table was no longer between the fellow and the girl.—Detroit Tribune.



Hard Pushed.—"I wonder if that master of mine thinks I am another Nancy Hanks?"—Jubilee Life.

How He Slept.—The hotel clerk was talking to the drummer.

"You see a good many funny things in your travels," he said, "and occasionally I see one or two and stay at home. Day before yesterday we had a country dude stopping with us over night. He had on store clothes and a blue necktie, and what he didn't know wasn't worth knowing. When he started up to his room at night I told him there was a folding bed in it, and if he wished the bell boy would show him how it worked. But not much; he didn't want to be shown anything. He knew a thing or two about the city, he did, even if he did live in the country. So I let him go, and next morning he paid his bill without a word and went away."

"About noon I happened to be on that floor, and a chambermaid called me to take a look in his room. And what a sight met my eyes! The bottom drawer of the bureau was pulled out as far as it would come, and in it were all the rugs in the room, with a towel spread over one end for a pillow. Evidently he had tried to sleep there, for pinned up on the glass was a sarcastic little legend reading: "God dern yore foldin beds! Why don't you make 'em longer and put more kivers onto um? Mebbe you expect a man to stand up and sleep in your durned old cubberd!"

The drummer laughed. "The 'durned old cubberd,'" resumed the clerk, "was one of our best wardrobe folding beds." And then they both laughed.—Detroit Free Press.

A Pariah.—The Court—Prisoner, have you any friends?

The Prisoner—No, your honor. I have contracted the habit of giving advice to every one I meet.

The Court—No wonder you are charged with vagrancy. Ninety days.—Chicago News-Record.

A Sprinkle of Spice.—"There's the most imaginative man I ever heard of."

"How so?" "He can ride in a Buffalo street car and think he's warm."—Buffalo Express.

Just What He Wanted.—"Suppose Columbus hadn't discovered America, Willie, would you have liked that?"

"You bet? It would 'a' cut jography down one-half."—Harper's Bazar.

Susceptible.—Parker—Nesbit is awfully credulous, it seems to me.

Duston—What makes you think so? Parker—"Why, even his pictures flatter him.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Not Far Off.—The boy who quoted in his composition, "Sweat are the uses of adversity," was not so far out of the way. Poverty and perspiration are frequent companions.—Lowell Courier.

Naming the Baby.—We searched the list from first to last To find a name appropriate To crown our curly headed boy.

We wanted something strong and great. First Leonard struck us bonlike—A goodly name! alas! and when The owner reaches man's estate, He'll thunder down old time as Len.

Philander troubled us awhile—For man should love his fellowman; But 'tis so easy to behold—To common Phil, we never can. Now Roderic is rich in name, And Sol is easy cut from Saul; It seemed a name we'd never strike.

My wife perused the novels through, While aunts and cousins entered in The list with names that should belong; Of course each claim could never win. The baby grew and found his tongue, And set our fancies to his will, And yelled one night, with boyish din, "Come off the roof and call me Bill!"

—Harper's Bazar.

THE JEWEL CASKET.

Marquise rings prevail. Crochet needles of silver and gold! Pearls of different colors are popular in combination.

A brooch called the "sunburst" is made of pearls—black, white, cream, brown, pink, yellow.

Silver knitting balls, silver knitting needles and silver knitting needle cases are for the industrious.

In watches old styles are reproduced. They are little flat timepieces, with rings of pearls and enameled pictures on one side. The other is an open face.

A new chateaine pin is an enameled sword with a jeweled hilt, which passes through the dress. From the sword chain hangs on, which swings the watch.

The bonbon spoon in perforated silver and silver gilt has grown into a great shovellike ladle for serving nuts and raisins at dessert. These are wonderfully decorated.

Jeweled and enameled swords and daggers of gold representing the weapons of all nations, flowers in natural colors with or without gemmed centers, are designs for hatpins.

Louis Quatorze combs and brushes are preferred. These have a tray in keeping with their style. To these are added brushes for clothes, hats, nails and teeth, manureure sets, powder box, with cut glass body and silver mounted puff.—Jewelers' Circular.

Electric Sparks.—An Englishman has invented a new system of electric mains whereby one wire of the present three wire system can be saved.

According to the price lists of manufacturers of electrical apparatus in England, there are on the market over 235 different sizes and types of direct current dynamos.

The united capacity of all the plants now in operation in the world for refining copper by electrolysis amounts to nearly 100 tons of copper deposited per day of twenty-four hours.

Since the decision of the courts giving one company a monopoly in the manufacture of the present style of incandescent lamps inventors have been busily at work trying to devise some new form of filament and connections which would come without the scope of the original Edison patents.

Electric light baths are among the latest inventions. The bath is a cabinet which will inclose the entire body except the head, and fifty electric lamps of 110 volts are arranged about the body in groups. The light is thrown on a section at a time, making the patient frisky and browning the skin like an ocean bath.

Who Is to Blame? Shall I raise the broken vessel— Emblem of my light, my love— Now despoiled by man's mad passion Like a soiled and wounded dove?

Shall I touch the hand polluted By the libertine's foul shame? Shall I hurl my curses on her— Crush her with the guilt and blame?

Shall I join the mob's wild fury And her faults the louder swell? Shall I blast the flickering hope Trembling on the verge of hell?

Oh, what conflicts rage within me— Fires that tears cannot abate; Wounds that cry revenge, revenge; Wrongs that know no law but hate!

Phantoms damned and jealous furies Rack my brain while justice sleeps; Reason now is slave to passion; Manhood groans, and pity weeps.

I know not how she was tempted, How she struggled to maintain All her sacred vows and honor From the tempter's gilded stain.

I was blind to her entreaties; I was dumb to sighs and tears; I was cold and proud and haughty— Filled her heart with doubts and fears.

I can see how she has hungered For the love of former days, How she tried to draw me to her By a thousand whimsical ways.

Have I been as kind and gentle As a husband ought to be? Have I been as true and faithful As my wife has been to me?

Have I shielded her from danger— Guarded her from honeyed sin? Did I not unbar the gateway Where the wof found entrance in?

Is my guilt free from sinning? Is the recoil on her alone? Shall I play the righteous judge And cast forth the killing stone?

See her cringing, kneeling, weeping, From the curse that I should spare! Hear her pleading and beseeching For the love that she should share!

Dry thine eyes. The scales have fallen And revealed our sinful life! Pardon grant! The fault was mine! Rise and be my trusted wife.

—J. M. Munyon.

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6:30, 8:35, 9:40, 10:41 A. M., 12:25, 1:50, 2:43, 3:50, 4:50, 7:43 and 8:47 P. M. from Hazleton, Stockton, Lumber Yard, Stockton and Jeddo.
6:30, 8:40 A. M., 1:50, 3:50 P. M. for Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Phila., Easton and New York.
8:55 A. M. for Bethlehem, Easton and Philadelphia.
7:30, 10:50 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.
8:45 P. M. for Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, New York and Philadelphia.

ARRIVE AT FREELAND.

5:50, 7:09, 7:30, 9:15, 10:50 A. M., 12:16, 1:15, 2:33, 4:50, 7:43 and 8:47 P. M. from Hazleton, Stockton, Lumber Yard, Jeddo and Drifton.
7:30, 9:15, 10:50 A. M., 12:16, 3:53, 4:50, 7:03 P. M. from Delano, Mahanoy City and Shenandoah (via New Boston Branch).
1:15 and 3:37 P. M. from New York, Easton, Philadelphia, Bethlehem, Allentown and Mauch Chunk.
9:15 and 10:50 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. and B. Junction (via Highland Branch).

SUNDAY TRAINS.

11:31 A. M. and 3:31 P. M. from Hazleton, Lumber Yard, Jeddo and Drifton.
1:23 A. M. from Delano, Hazleton, Philadelphia and Easton.
3:31 P. M. from Pottsville and Delano.

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