



GIVE THANKS
 Give thanks! Hear the bells ringing!
 Give thanks! Hear the choir singing!
 While some souls are crying out:
 "What shall I give thanks about?"
 "My child is gone!" "My wife is dead!"
 "My fortune's lost!" "I'll curse instead!"
 "Cease, ye bells a ringing! hush the choir singing!"
 "Wee my soul is stinging; heart in anguish ringing."
 No place hath pain, within me here,
 But all is anger, pain and fear."
 Hold ye! Hold ye! List the promise given!
 Bless shall they be, who, in sorrow driven,
 Pass beneath the chast'ning rod,
 Loving ever, trusting God,
 Be stronger; fall not, bend low the head,
 So, in sweet peace, shall ye be led,
 Ever in the joyful singing: "To the cross I'm clinging."
 Angels' round thee winging, while the bells are ringing;
 "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise Him all creatures here below."
 Amen.
 WILL VISSCHER.



A Thanksgiving Experience.
 BY WILLIAM ARMSTRONG.

They were a very young couple; that accounted for it largely, and while the affair was certainly ludicrous it was not without a touch of pathos. They both declare that they have better sense now, and that the like, with them at least, shall never occur again, so there can scarcely be any harm in telling all about it.

When they went to housekeeping in a modest way in a fashionable street in the national capital rents were not so high as they are now. They had many friends, some of them very wealthy ones, and as her entire life had been spent in Washington, she felt that a change from single to double blessedness would not alter things materially.

While the streets and her friends remained unchanged there was a certain indefinable something that shaped itself presently—she could not entertain as she had been used to in her father's house; neither on such a scale, nor with such lavish hospitality.

She fretted a little, at first quietly, then she confided her woes to her husband, for she told him everything, and he, good fellow, took it very much to heart.

Being a lawyer without any considerable practice, for he was a young man in his profession, he did not see his way out of it in that direction. But the idea suddenly struck him that he would try to get some kind of an official position. They had influential friends in the political world, and it appeared quite clear sailing.

The plan met with his wife's prompt approval and she concluded on the spot to begin the siege by giving a Thanksgiving dinner. Some people might have thought it wiser to first get the desired position and then give thanks, but she looked upon it differently, from the point of view of the almanac as it were.

A presidential candidate had just been elected and would take his seat the following March. The minister of the church they attended was also the pastor and intimate friend of his excellency-elect, and it seemed very fitting and auspicious that he, together with his wife, should be honored guests. There was, also, a certain distant cousin of the successful candidate, a very pompous old lady with a terrible predilection for her neighbor's affairs, whom it was considered wise to ask, and to entertain her there was young Mr. de Post, who led cotillions and gossip with equal facility.

While Mrs. Grimm had very pretty glass and china, in keeping with the rest of her modest establishment, it did not seem grand enough for such a

distinguished and critical company, so she borrowed her mother's service, from the silver soup tureen to the nut crackers.

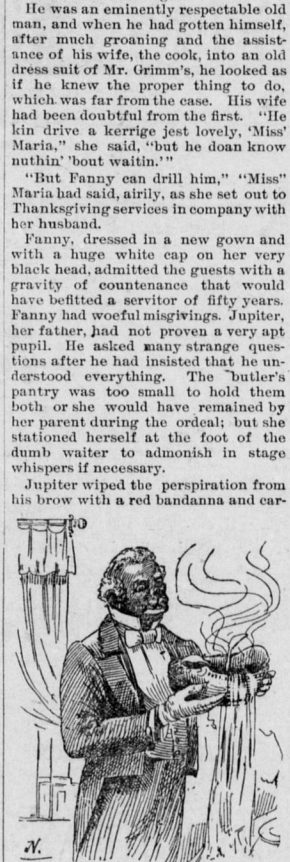
This plan was readily feasible, as her parents took dinner with an elder sister upon that day. No sooner was this arrangement completed than it seemed very out of place to let Fanny, the colored maid, wait at table with such accompanying magnificence—they ought to have a butler. They got one in the person of Fanny's father, who had come up from Manassas Junction to spend the day with his family, and that was where the trouble began.

He was an eminently respectable old man, and when he had gotten himself, after much groaning and the assistance of his wife, the cook, into an old dress suit of Mr. Grimm's, he looked as if he knew the proper thing to do, which was far from the case. His wife had been doubtful from the first. "He kin drive a kerridge just lovely," Miss Maria," she said, "but he doan know nuthin' 'bout waitin'."

"But Fanny can drill him," Miss Maria had said, airily, as she set out to Thanksgiving services in company with her husband.

Fanny, dressed in a new gown and with a huge white cap on her very black head, admitted the guests with a gravity of countenance that would have befitted a servant of fifty years. Fanny had woeful misgivings. Jupiter, her father, had not proven a very apt pupil. He asked many strange questions after he had insisted that he understood everything. The butler's pantry was too small to hold them both or she would have remained by her parent during the ordeal; but she stationed herself at the foot of the dumb waiter to admonish in stage whispers if necessary.

Jupiter wiped the perspiration from his brow with a red bandanna and car-



ried the silver tureen. With the exception that he put his thumb in Mr. de Post's soup and then wiped it dry with his bandanna, that portion of the banquet progressed favorably. But when the raw oysters were served he took a plate of macaroons from the sideboard, and, doubtless mistaking them for a new variety of crackers, gravely offered them. The hostess flushed violently and tried to distract attention from her husband who, though he said only a few words to Jupiter, had looked such unutterable things as to cause him to drop the dish on the sideboard with a bang. Presently he barely grazed the minister's head with the turkey platter. Feeling that energy might compensate for the vacuity existing in his mind, Jupiter proceeded to ply every one with the dishes on the table. Salted almonds and bonbons careered about the board with lightning rapidity. He even grasped the macaroons again, but a sudden mistrust seemed to seize him and he dropped the dish. He was breathing heavily and each moment his unwonted apparel seemed to grow smaller for him.

The hostess strove bravely to appear as if this was a daily occurrence in every well regulated household, and that a stream of gravy extending across the cloth and down a breadth of her best gown was merely an adjunct of Thanksgiving. The host forgot all the speeches he had intended to make in praise of the president-elect and all the subtle antennae of diplomacy that he was going to put forth to the minister by way of starting affairs. He could only feel rather than see, for he scarce dared look up. That Mr. de Post and the executive-elect's cousin were storing a fund of anecdote that would regale many a dinner table—he had caught sufficient of their exchange of glances to rest assured of.

As for the minister, his kindness of heart was as proverbial as his sense of humor. If he laughed rather

more heartily at his own stories than was his wont both host and hostess were thankful to him for diverting some small degree of attention from Jupiter's aimless and comical gyrations. "Jupiter, you have not served the tomatoes," said Mrs. Grimm. Mr. Grimm felt the perspiration start out on the back of his neck; he was wondering what new catastrophe was in store. As for Jupiter, he smiled blandly. Here at least was something he could engineer. "Tomattuses," he ordered of Fanny. A great whispering ensued, then came a pounding on the dumb-



waiter that set all the glasses and crockery on the pantry shelves to jingling in unison.

A family altercation was in energetic progress. The guests looked at each other and the hostess tried to chatter it down. But no one human throat was powerful enough for that.

"Send up them tomattuses."
 "I tell you they ain't none."
 "They is, Miss Maria says they is."
 "I tell you they ain't, you ole black fool you," the voice was that of the cook. "I dun forgot to open 'em, I dun tell you. If you doan b'lieve me use your own eyes, you ole country nigger in Maw's Jawn's party close, a lookin' like a scarecrow in a cawn field. Now look!"

The waiter came up with a bang. All was still. Jupiter was doubtless "looking." Presently the guests looked too. He appeared upon the scene with an unopened can, glowing with a gorgeous label, in either hand. "Beg pawdion, Miss Maria, but that ole—" He got no further. There had been a swish of skirts on the stairs. Fanny darted across the room, pushed her surprised parent into the pantry and turned the key. With an air of elaborate indifference as though nothing had happened to mar the occasion, she removed the plates and the dinner progressed. From the depths of the pantry could be heard the wailing of Jupiter: "If I kin't wait I'm pow'ful at drivin', an' it ain't no ertly use a tryin' to appeah what you ain't. Ole Miss dun say—" There was a peremptory command from below to "come down this miment," a great creaking of the waiter and Jupiter had descended on the vehicle of his woe.

Mr. Grimm looked at his wife and she in turn looked at him. Between them extended a massive epergne of silver weighted with fruit and flowers; tall candelabras and dainty bon-bon dishes, strangely out of keeping with the furniture and the tiny dining-room. Hence, Thanksgiving comes with redolent memories of past joys, blended into the best and purest moments of American life, its homes and its hearts.

Let fair summer's robes pale and die, and the frosted leaves rustle beneath the tread. What cares Thanksgiving day for winter's stern heralds? In fact, we welcome a good November day that life could without may form a contrast for the warmth within.

It would disturb the eternal fitness of things to eat the time-honored bird and the national pie in the long, bright days of leafy June.

Not! The wise gobbler may contemplate a perch upon the crescent of the moon if he thinks fit, but he must needs die, and, flanked by cranberry sauce and the constant pumpkin pie, present himself to our view on the last Thursday in November, and not a day earlier please.

Then, as we cluster around the fire and bid defiance to the elements, let us remember to make Thanksgiving the home-day, where all the dear ones will gather, and eyes look love to eyes which speak again.

It must also be a happy day to everybody, from grandmother in the corner to the cat slumbering at her feet. A day for devout worship, joyous festivity, kindly deeds, old friends healed up, new friendships made; in short, a glorious, old-fashioned Thanksgiving.



THANKSGIVING.
 REJOICE, O, ye poor, that an occasional day in the year hath significance sufficient to temper the thoughts of the rich to your nakedness.

Rejoice, O, ye rich, that the spirit of charity is still alive in your hearts that ye may enjoy the pleasures of giving.

Thanksgiving day is indeed a peacemaker. In a few short hours it sweeps away the barriers that months of pride, selfishness and cruelty on the one hand, and imprudence, dissipation, neglect and want on the other, have been building between classes. It is one in the long list of holidays that expands with age because it is one of the few founded on religion. Secular holidays come and go with the sentiments from which they sprung. But Sabbath and Christmas and Easter and Thanksgiving are not of this number.

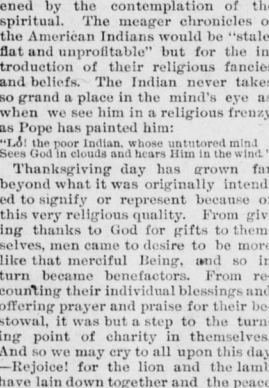
The history of the religion of a people is the history of that lives. Josephus' scholarly chronicles of the Jews are read not at all, while the Bible is in every library and upon almost every center-table in the land. Homer is read alike by old and young because the machinery of Heaven is there. "Plutarch's Lives" hold as much fascination for the readers of to-day as for the ancient English scholars, because the gods are in every battle, control every triumph and bless every festival. The human mind revels in the ideas awakened by the contemplation of the spiritual. The meager chronicles of the American Indians would be "stale, flat and unprofitable" but for the introduction of their religious fancies and beliefs. The Indian never takes so grand a place in the mind's eye as when we see him in a religious frenzy as Pope has painted him:

"Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind Sees God in clouds and hears Him in the wind."

Thanksgiving day has grown far beyond what it was originally intended to signify or represent because of this very religious quality. From giving thanks to God for gifts to themselves, men came to desire to be more like that merciful Being, and so in turn became benefactors. From recognizing their individual blessings and offering prayer and praise for their bestowal, it was but a step to the turning point of charity in themselves. And so we may cry to all upon this day—Rejoice! for the lion and the lamb have lain down together and the peace of the Savior's spirit is over all. The cry of want is heard by ears that before were deaf to the voice of pleading, and eyes that saw not misery except it were afar off are now dimmed with tears of pity for those about their feet.

Thanksgiving! The word has come to have a glorious meaning. It is the softening influence of such seasons, albeit all too brief, that keep intact the under current, the real harmony of the world, even though its surface be always troubled by discord.

CHARLES EDGEE BANKS.



SUM OF ALL HOLIDAYS.
 That is Why Thanksgiving Should Be the Happiest of All.

We could not ask a more suggestive title or one which makes sweeter music in an American's ear. This occasion, says the New York Ledger, is different from all other national holidays, since it gathers them all up into one, and with them unites every mercy of the dying year, the bounties of its harvests, the manifold gifts of white-winged commerce; the preservation of peace and prosperity; and recognizes each and every one in a gratitude overflowing with festivity and mirth.

Thanksgiving! A word with which to conjure happiness into the most dismal and dejected spirit. The personal associations of this festival are, perhaps its greatest source of attraction. The father and the mother, expecting John from the city and Mary from the school, will recall the dear old days when they, too, came home to roast apples before the blazing logs, and watch the ruddy glow glinting across the polished mahogany, while "Ha! hidden in a quiet nook, serene of look and heart, Talking the old times over, the parents sat apart."

And what times they were, famous for corn huskings unknown to this degenerate age, for moonlight straw rides across the glistening snow and hoary ghost legends of Hessian troopers. Hence, Thanksgiving comes with redolent memories of past joys, blended into the best and purest moments of American life, its homes and its hearts.

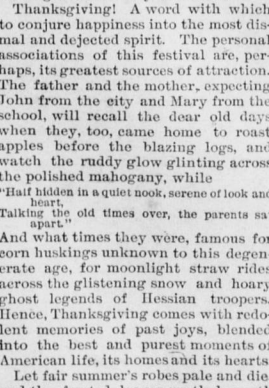
Let fair summer's robes pale and die, and the frosted leaves rustle beneath the tread. What cares Thanksgiving day for winter's stern heralds? In fact, we welcome a good November day that life could without may form a contrast for the warmth within.

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THANKSGIVING NIGHT.
 Hungry Hyslop—"Can't you help me a bit, boss? I hain't had nothin' to be thankful for to-day."
 Mr. Delmonico Savarin (who has dined too well)—"Be thankful that you haven't an indigestion!"—Puck.

If Any Are Alive.
 "I heard little Johnny say that Thanksgiving day would be here soon," said a young turkey to its mamma.
 "Do turkeys have Thanksgiving days, ma?"
 "Yes, my dear," replied the mamma-turkey. "We will hold ours after the folks at the house have had theirs—if we live."—Judge.

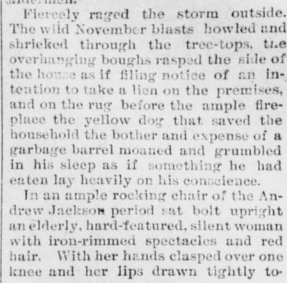
Where He Worships.
 Bloo-bumper—"I suppose you will repair to your place of worship on Thanksgiving day, as the president recommends in his proclamation."
 Spatts—"Yes, I expect to eat my dinner on that day at my best girl's house."

THAT SPECKLED HEN.
 A Trilling Account of Mrs. Pancsley's Thanksgiving Dinner.

Time, Thanksgiving day, eighteen hundred and what not, indifferently. Place, the sitting room of a snug little dwelling in an inferior village far enough from the madding crowd to be free from gas bills, anarchists and aldermen.

Fiercely raged the storm outside. The wild November blasts howled and shrieked through the tree-tops, the overlapping boughs rasped the side of the house as if Bing notice of an intention to take a lien on the premises, and on the rug before the ample fireplace the yellow dog that saved the household the bother and expense of a garbage barrel moaned and grumbled in his sleep as if something he had eaten lay heavily on his conscience.

In an ample rocking chair of the Andrew Jackson period sat bolt upright an elderly, hard-featured, silent woman with iron-rimmed spectacles and red hair. With her hands clasped over one knee and her lips drawn tightly to-



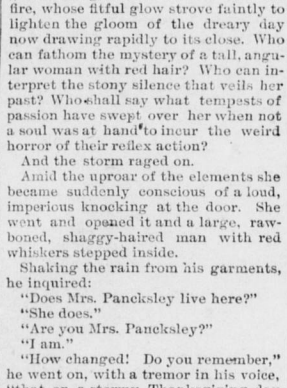
gether she gazed motionless into the fire, whose fitful glow strove faintly to lighten the gloom of the dreary day now drawing rapidly to its close. Who can fathom the mystery of a tall, angular woman with red hair? Who can interpret the stony silence that veils her past? Who shall say what tempests of passion have swept over her when not a soul was at hand to incur the weird horror of their reflex action?

And the storm raged on.

Amid the uproar of the elements she became suddenly conscious of a loud, imperious knocking at the door. She went and opened it and a large, raven-haired, shaggy-haired man with red whiskers stepped inside.

Shaking the rain from his garments, he inquired:
 "Does Mrs. Pancksley live here?"
 "She does."
 "Are you Mrs. Pancksley?"
 "I am."

"How changed! Do you remember," he went on, with a tremor in his voice, "that on a stormy Thanksgiving day twelve years ago you sent a little boy out to kill a speckled hen for dinner?"
 "Yes! But my boy, is it—"
 "Wait a minute. Did you tell him that if he didn't find that hen and chop her head off in five minutes you would skin him alive?"
 "Perhaps I did. But—"
 "He didn't come back, did he?"
 "No! No!"
 "Well, he's come back now. * * *



CAUSE FOR THANKSGIVING.
 Mr. Brady (surveying the scanty repast)—"Tis devilish little dinner we have to be thankful for this day, Nora!"
 Mrs. Brady—Whist, Mork! Yez do be forgettin' that we should be thankful there do be no more here to ate it!—Puck.

No Names Mentioned.
 She—Isn't it a pity that they don't have mistletoe on Thanksgiving, as they do at Christmas?
 He—Do you think, Miss Maude, that it is always—or ahem—necessary?
 She—It seems to be for some men.

DANGER IN PLUMPNESS.
 "Children, don't get gay nowadays and eat too much! The lean turkey is the only one who is truly happy about this time of the year."—Chicago Mail.

A Previous Thanksgiving.
 You can hear Thanksgiving comin' with the jolliest kind of sound;
 You can hear the turkey holler for a mile or two around;
 For he knows that he is in it, as he has been in the past;
 An' he thinks that every minute is jess' sure to be his last!
 You can hear Thanksgiving comin' with a rush an' with a roar,
 An' the knives an' forks a-hummin' as we pass the plate for more!
 O, it's jolly every minute, in the north an' in the south,
 For the turkey-gobbler's in it, an' we're waterin' in at the mouth!
 —Atlanta Constitution.

IN THE POULTRY YARD.
 "What have I to be thankful for?"
 A Thanksgiving Cuck.
 We pulled the wishbone, Sue and I—
 "I wish to kiss you!" my heart's sigh—
 She won, but I've scarce understood
 That she was wishing that I would!
 —Puck.



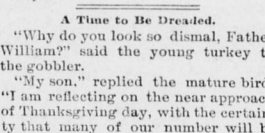
A Thankful Doll.
 I suppose you know, Virginia dear, Thanksgiving day is almost here. And now I hope you will not think 'bout what you'll have to eat and drink, because it isn't right at all, 'to be a selfish, greedy doll.

First place, you should be very glad for all the blessings you have had. Your pleasant home, your kind mamma, And what a lucky doll you are!

You know she lets you have your way About a dozen times a day? She's very, very generous, too, And always shares a treat with you.

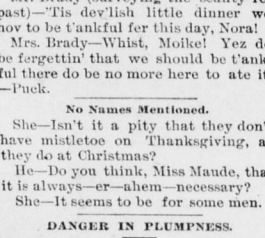
And here you should be thankful, dear, That turkeys are so good this year. And sweet potatoes too, of course, And lovely crimson cranberry sauce! And squash, and little saucer-pies, They're always such a great surprise, Ice-cream and nuts and raisins, too! Oh! I'm so glad I am not you, Because, you see, you dearest sweet, You cannot really, truly eat, And so the thank'fest thing is this, I'll never know what fun you mist!

—Mary Fletcher Stevens in Harper's Young People.



A Time to Be Dressed.
 "Why do you look so dismal, Father William?" said the young turkey to the gobbler.
 "My son," replied the mature bird, "I am reflecting on the near approach of Thanksgiving day, with the certainty that many of our number will be knocked into the middle of necks 'tweak."—Judge.

Mr. Brady (surveying the scanty repast)—"Tis devilish little dinner we have to be thankful for this day, Nora!"
 Mrs. Brady—Whist, Mork! Yez do be forgettin' that we should be thankful there do be no more here to ate it!—Puck.



LEAVE FREELAND.
 6:05, 8:40, 9:25, 10:41 a. m., 1:30, 2:27, 3:45, 4:55, 6:25, 12:45, 8:47 p. m. for Jeddito, Lumber Yard, Stockton and Hazelton.
 6:05, 8:40 a. m., 1:30, 3:45 p. m. for Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Philadelphia, Easton and New York.
 9:40 a. m., 4:55 p. m. for Bethlehem, Easton and Philadelphia.
 7:30, 10:50 a. m., 12:35, 4:34 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, Jeddito, Lumber Yard and Hazelton.
 3:45 p. m. for Jeddito, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, New York and Philadelphia.
 ARRIVE AT FREELAND.
 5:50, 7:18, 7:26, 9:19, 10:56 a. m., 12:33, 2:13, 4:54, 6:58 and 8:37 p. m. from Hazelton, Stockton, Lumber Yard, Jeddito and Drifton.
 7:30, 9:19, 10:56 a. m., 2:13, 4:54, 6:58 p. m. from Delano, Mahanoy City and Shenandoah (via New Boston Branch).
 2:13, 6:58 and 8:37 p. m. from New York, Easton, Philadelphia, Bethlehem, Allentown and Mauch Chunk.
 9:19 and 10:56 a. m., 2:13, 6:58 and 8:37 p. m. from Easton, Philadelphia, Bethlehem and Mauch Chunk.
 9:58, 10:11 a. m., 2:27, 3:58 p. m. from 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 Hazelton, Lumber Yard, Jeddito and Drifton.
 11:31 a. m. from Delano, Hazelton, Philadelphia and Easton.
 3:31 p. m. from Delano and Mahanoy region.
 For further information inquire of Ticket Agents.
 CHAS. S. LEE, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Philadelphia, Pa.
 R. H. WILBERT, Gen. Supt., Ass't. Div. Phila., Pa.
 A. W. NONNEMACHER, Ass't. G. P. A., South Bethlehem, Pa.

THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD.
 Time table in effect September 3, 1893.
 Trains leave Drifton for Jeddito, Eckley, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Hazle Brook and Hazelton Junction at 7:05, 9:10 a. m., 12:40, 4:00 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:05 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday.
 Trains leave Drifton for Harwood, Cranberry, Tombleton and Deringer at 6:00 a. m., 12:10 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:05 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday.
 Trains leave Drifton for Oneida Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Oneida and Shepton at 6:15, 9:10 a. m., 12:40, 4:30 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 6:15 a. m., 3:45 p. m., Sunday.
 Trains leave Hazelton Junction for Oneida Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Oneida and Shepton at 6:45, 9:10 a. m., 12:40, 4:30 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 6:45 a. m., 3:45 p. m., Sunday.
 Trains leave Deringer for Tombleton, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazelton Junction, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Hazelton Junction, Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddito and Drifton at 7:05, 9:10 a. m., 12:40, 4:00 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:05 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday.
 Trains leave Shepton for Oneida, Humboldt Road, Harwood Road, Oneida Junction, Hazelton Junction and Hazle Brook at 6:35, 9:10 a. m., 1:15, 2:25 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 6:35 a. m., 3:45 p. m., Sunday.
 Trains leave Shepton for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddito and Drifton at 10:38 a. m., 3:11, 5:47, 6:38 p. m., daily, except Sunday; and 10:38 a. m., 3:45 p. m., Sunday.
 All trains connect at Hazelton Junction with electric cars for Hazelton, Jeannetteville, Audenried and other points on Lehigh Traction Co's. R. R.
 Trains leaving Drifton at 6:10 a. m., Hazelton Junction at 9:10 a. m., and Shepton at 7:32 a. m., L. V. R. R. trains east and west.
 Train leaving Drifton at 6:00 a. m., makes connection at Deringer with P. E. R. train for Wilkes-Barre, Sunbury, Harrisburg, etc.
 E. B. COXIE, DANIEL COXE, President, Superintendent.

RICH FRUITS AT THE ROOTS.

Just as sure as the rivers run to the sea so the tide of trade runs to the counters of the merchant who advertises. Look at this:

FURNITURE and CARPETS SLAUGHTERED.
 From the 15th last until January 1st I will sell you
 Our 65c Ingrain, all wool filled Carpet, for 55c.
 Our 50c Ingrain for 42c.
 Our 40c Ingrain for 33c.
 Our 35c Ingrain for 28c.
 Our \$1.25 Brussels for \$1.05.
 Our \$1.15 Brussels for 97c.
 Our \$1.00 Brussels for 85c.
 Our 85c Brussels for 75c.
 Our 75c Brussels for 65c.
 Our 95c Brussels for 55c.
 A \$75.00 combination bedroom suit, \$60.
 A 50.00 walnut bedroom suit, \$40.00.
 A 40.00 antique oak suit, \$32.00.
 A 35.00 antique oak suit, 29.00.
 A 30.00 antique oak suit, 25.00.
 A 25.00 antique oak suit, 22.00.
 A 21.50 antique oak suit, 18.50.
 A 65.00 parlor suit, rug, 55.00.
 A 45.00 parlor suit, black hair, \$35.00.
 A 45.00 parlor suit, crushed plush, \$35.
 A 50.00 parlor suit, wool plush, \$40.00.

Side boards, centre tables, extension tables and thousands of other useful articles in the furniture line.

For the balance of this month we will give you
TEN PER CENT. OFF ON ALL BLANKETS.
 and 50 per cent. off on all coats left from last year. This means
 A \$10.00 ladies' coat for \$5.00.

Can you afford to miss all this?
 Toilet chamber sets, worth \$4, for \$2.50.
 Cheaper than any ever offered in the county.
 NOTIONS and HOLIDAY GOODS we are aiming to have just what you want far cheaper than you dreamed of—considering quality. We have a large stock of shoes to select from; the Orvisburg shoes for children; every pair guaranteed; call and see them.

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS.
 Shoulders, 11c; Cheese, 14c; Butter, 28c
 Lard, 12c; Salt herring, 5c lb; Salt haddock, 3c lb; 3 lb Bologna, 25c; 3 lbs mixed cakes, 25c; 5 lbs rice, 25c; 5 lbs barley, 25c; 3 lbs ginger cakes, 25c; 4 lbs soda biscuits, 25c; Mint lozengers, 10c lb; Mixed candy, 10c lb; Stick candy, 10c lb; 5 cans sardines, 25c; 2 cans salmon, 25c; 3 qts beans, 25c; 2 lbs dry corn, 25c; 5 lbs peas, 25c; 3 lbs raisins, blue, 25c; 5 lbs raisins, 25c; Bonny flour, \$1.50.

J. C. BERNER.

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.

Anthracite coal used exclusively, insuring cleanliness and comfort.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS. NOV. 19, 1893.

LEAVE FREELAND.
 6:05, 8:40, 9:25, 10:41 a. m., 1:30, 2:27, 3:45, 4:55, 6:25, 12:45, 8:47 p. m. for Jeddito, Lumber Yard, Stockton and Hazelton.
 6:05, 8:40 a. m., 1:30, 3:45 p. m. for Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Philadelphia, Easton and New York.
 9:40 a. m., 4:55 p. m. for Bethlehem, Easton and Philadelphia.
 7:30, 10:50 a. m., 12:35, 4:34 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, Jeddito, Lumber Yard and Hazelton.
 3:45 p. m. for Jeddito, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, New York and Philadelphia.
 ARRIVE AT FREELAND.
 5:50, 7:18, 7:26, 9:19, 10:56 a. m., 12:33, 2:13, 4:54, 6:58 and 8:37 p. m. from Hazelton, Stockton, Lumber Yard, Jeddito and Drifton.
 7:30, 9:19, 10:56 a. m., 2:13, 4:54, 6:58 p. m. from Delano, Mahanoy City and Shenandoah (via New Boston Branch).
 2:13, 6:58 and 8:37 p. m. from New York, Easton, Philadelphia, Bethlehem, Allentown and Mauch Chunk.
 9:19 and 10:56 a. m., 2:13, 6:58 and 8:37 p. m. from Easton, Philadelphia, Bethlehem and Mauch Chunk.
 9:58, 10:11 a. m., 2:27, 3:58 p. m. from 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 Hazelton, Lumber Yard, Jeddito and Drifton.
 11:31 a. m. from Delano, Hazelton, Philadelphia and Easton.
 3:31 p. m. from Delano and Mahanoy region.
 For further information inquire of Ticket Agents.
 CHAS. S. LEE, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Philadelphia, Pa.
 R. H. WILBERT, Gen. Supt., Ass't. Div. Phila., Pa.
 A. W. NONNEMACHER, Ass't. G. P. A., South Bethlehem, Pa.