

T WAS in the Alvarez circus that two Ger-mans, dressed mans, dressed as Chinese,

The artists in the Alvarez circus were man and wife—she, with a serene smile on her lips, her long, fair hair hanging loosely over her shoulders, her deep, blue eyes directed fearlessly and full of confidence towards her comrade; he, firm and cool, with an expression of supreme indifference to the danger his wife so boldly and unflinchingly faced. The couple seemed to mock death, playing with him as with a tame tigercat.

playing with him as with a tame tiger-cat.

But, however bloodcurding the sang froid of this couple might be, they were dwarfed into insignificance in comparison with an incident dating from my strolling days, which comes all the more vividly before my mind's eye, the remoter it is from that adven-turous, precarious time when I, a gypsy among gypsies, strode in front of the green caravan, which, slowly followed by street curs barking furiously at its



SEEM TO MOCK DEATH.

inmates, rumbled along in the evening, with the last rays of the dying sun glinting on the gnarled window panes. Brigantina!
Oh! how distinctly I see that dark gypsy girl with the supple, panther-like form, the "attraction of the strolling circus of Belli," who, at the time of this story was "doing" the southern provinces of Holland.

Her equestrian feats were the most striking. Why she remained with the small circus proprietor for the paltry salary she was receiving, when she might have had splendid remunerative engagements in the largest and most renowned circuses, was a mystery to me at first.

But then I saw later on that Brigan.

me at first.

But then I saw later on that Brigan tina cherished a desire to become Mine

me at 1184.
But then I saw later on that Brigantian cherished a desire to become Mme. Belli.
Belli was a young man of not more than the and twenty years of age, having inherited the circus not long before this from his parents, who had both died suddenly one after the other.
The circus was composed of half a dozen green caravans and a couple of dozen of tolerably good horses.
The pride of the circus, however, was a really well-trained elephant, "Moffa," which was brought into the ring by Belli and Brigantina in turns.
The proprietor, with his Roman nose, coal-black mustache and athletic, well-built figure, was a prototype of a brutal, masculine beau of the annual fair—a highway Apollo, self-conceited and overbearing in his treatment with his subordinates.
Brigantina always rode in Indian dress—a short skirt, edged with feathers and shells, with a string of coral beads around her acek, and at her side a blue silk pouch, containing small, glided juggling balls.
With one leap she vaulted on to the bare back of her gray horse, and with est-like agrility bent forward, pitching the balls high up into the air, eatching them as they fell, and once more sending them flying into space, the meanwhile posing herself gracefully, and with the atmost adroitness, on her horse's back while he continued to galiop round and round the ring.

After this performance a thick board was placed in the middle of the ring, appon which a small circle of not more than one foot in diameter had been described, and then Brigantina was placed in the middle of the ring, appon which a small circle of not more than one foot in diameter had been described, and then Brigantina was landed half a dozen small, glistening, sharp-edged hatchets, which flow from her hands like arrows from a bow, one after, the other, without touching over failing to enter the circle.

During this exhibition of skill the rudience held its breath and gave a sigh of relief as Brigantina dismounted and the board with the axes sticking in it was removed.

them as they fell, and once more sending them glying into space, the mean while poising herself gracefully, and with the atmost advoitness, on her horse's back while he continued to galpop round and round the ring.

After this performance a thick board was placed in the middle of the ring, upon which a small circle of not more than one foot in diameter had been described, and then Brigantina was handed half a dozen small, glistening, sharp-edged hatchets, which flew from her hands like arrows from a bow, one after, the other, without touching or ever failing to enter the circle.

During this exhibition of skill the rudience held its breath and gave a sigh of relief as Brigantina dismounted and the board with the axes sticking in it was removed.

They then chalked the girl's show roles and away she went again to the role into a mad gallop. She flew it wilder played the music, and ever more daring became her postures, more verence her urging of the steed, untince the wind.

We held the barriers—on, two, three, free barriers—over which she went perched on the smooth back of her luries. With upraised arms, pressing with, her dainty feet, she incited the horse to still greater efforts, shouting all the time. "Heldone! En avant! Caesar! Animol Animo!"

Her switch whisked through the att, her cyes flashed, her long, blue-black is the strict of the price of the river.

The there were to marry Jean-butto. "Will sught and no longer a child!" "Swear, Alessandro, swear." "Go t. the ——!"

Got the —!"

Weisear Alessandro, swear." "Got the ——!"

Guick as lightning Brigantina sprang to one side, and selzed hold of an ax. "Swear, or by Heaven—"

And the tigress threw the reflection of the glistening blade on the torn cansafe fitted with the string to the ring of the steed of the glistening blade on the torn cansafe fitted with the string to the fitted of the graph of the steed of the graph of the test of the glistening blade on the torn cansafe fitted with the string to the fitted of the graph of the steed of the graph of

we would not a mad gallop. She flew I've like this wind.
I've held the barriers—on, two, three, five barriers—over which she went perched on the smooth back of her horse. With upraised arms, pressing with her dainty feet, she incited the chorse to still greater efforts, shouting all the time: "Heldone! En avant! Caesart Animo! Animo!"
Her switch whisked through the air, her eyes flashed, her long, blue-black thair touched the tent-poles as she carreered past. Swift as an arrow the maddened beast rushed past with his daring rider holding on by the toes of pole foot

The cool evening air blew softly in through the curtains of the caravan in which Belli sat with Brigantina, whose small hands he held tenderly in his own. She gazed up at him, as if under the influence of some spell, with beaming eyes and a dreamy look. All was quiet. The night air gently caressed the leaves of the lindens, whose sweet seent, mingled with the fresh sea breeze, penetrated through the windows of the caravan, intoxicating the lovers with its sweet incense.

"Your wife, Alessandro, your wife at last!" she lisped softly, as if speaking in a dream.

"Certainly, Brigantina, in a few days you'll be my wife," answered the circus proprietor. "And then you'll be mine—mine alone." The cool evening air blew softly in hrough the curtains of the caravan in

proprietor. "And then you'll be mine—mine alone."

He drew a ring from his finger.

"And I herewith pledge myself and my life, darling; this ring shall bind us together, never to be severed, whatever our fates may be—yea, unto death!"

Brigantina glanced hastily at the ring, and fervently pressed it to her lips. Then suddenly, with an almost imperceptible movement, she plucked a tiny dagger from her belt, and pricking her left arm with its sharp point pressed the wound passionately to the mouth of her beloved. He kissed the wound and endeavored to stanch it, but she held her arm out of his reach, allowing the blood to flow freely, and exclaimed in a voice quivering with emotion:

"Thine, Alessandro, for ever! For

emotion:

"Thine, Alessandro, for ever! For thee I am ready to shed my life's blood!"

Alessandro Belli had engaged a second equestrienne a golden-haired beauty, a proud, intriguing woman.

Jeannette was born in an old, celebrated, professional family, who had acquired considerable wealth in the pursuit of their calling. A great portion of her parents' money fell to Jeannette's share, whose talents, however, were of too mean an order to gain her admission into the higher branches of her profession, and she was too fond of a roving life to settle down quietly and live a happy and contented life.

After the arrival of this beauty Belli underwent a change. He neglected Brigantina, and began to make advances to Jeannette.

This gypsy was a born speculator,

underwent a change. He neglected Brigantina, and began to make advances to Jeannette. This gypsy was a born speculator, who scenting lucre desires to possess it with the least possible trouble.

I often observed the dark threatening glances of Brigantina, as she dug deep into her lips with her white teeth. "When shall we get married, Alessandro?" she asked Belli, one afternoon. "I have reconsidered the matter, Brigantina," replied he, coldly. "I am too young to marry yet. I will strive to earn more money, and you could also do much better if you were to accept an important engagement. Go, and come back rich, and help me to make a big company out of this gypsy band." She turned pale. "You want me to go in order to free yourself of your vow to me. I must make way for this red-haired beast because you covet her riches. Have you forgotten your oath, Alessandro? Do you want to break your solemn vow?" "Don't be tiresome, Brigantina, but go to where you belong!" rejoined Belli, imperiously.

The woman laughed scornfully.
"Ah! that's the way you talk to me. is

imperiously.

The woman laughed scornfully.

"Ah! that's the way you talk to me, is
it? Take care. Alessandro— I see
through you. You want to be rid of
me to marry your Jeannette!"

"You dream, girl—I do not even think
of such a thing. I am, however, only a



KISSED THE WOUND.

poor director, who must see to how he can earn his living best. With the company as it is there-is nothing to be done, and that you know right well." "I'll go and earn money, Alessandro; but swear to me never to marry Jean-

had aimed well.
It was her last cast.
The next day we drew her lifeless body out of the river.
Only a few of the company followed her coffin to the wall near the church-yard, where her remains were laid without chant or song of any kind,

IN WOMAN'S BEHALF.

SMART BUSINESS WOMAN. Definess and Tact Fit Many for Confidential Positions.

Somebody who makes it her business to study such things says that a century ago there were but a dozen employments open to women, counting all housework as one, and now there are over three hundred. It is the fashion to credit all this to the increasing liberality of thought and the long agitation for so-called "woman's rights." Perhaps some of it is due thereto, but surely most of it is the natural result of that industrial and commercial development which has created so many employments in which deftness, refined taste and delicacy of touch are of farmore value than mere physical strength. If you doubt it, consider this contrast: France, in which the Salie law prevails from throne to cross roads post office, and the political rights of women are not even so much as mentioned, employs more women in clerical and industrially technical ways than any other country, while those new states, in which political distinctions are almost or quite abolished, employ few or none. The more advanced the civilization the less advantage has mere muscle and the more have quickness of thought and delicacy of touch. France makes her money by producing articles of taste and beauty. Wyoming, Washington, etc., make theirs ly felling trees and digging ores, by ranching and rearing earlie.

With good men pay is the determining factor in grading employment. With women the neatness of the work and the opportunity to maintain a good personal appearance are at least equally potent. In stenography all three conditions are satisfied. The pay is fair, the work is clean, the finest costume is not too good for it, the eyes and complexion are not injured. It is pre-eminently a womanly work.

Amid a deal of intellect may be put into it. But it is there that we hear the usual complaint. A woman stenographer, we are told, studies until she gets a position and can fill it fairly well, and thereafter it is all routine with her. She does not strive to acquire general information which would greatly increase her value to an author or editor. She does

tion.

One of the objections oftenest urged against her was that she looked too young for the place, which is a very nice saying indeed to a lady in society, but a trifle hard on a stenographer. After doing odd pieces of work her first engagement of any length was to sasist Ollie Summer Teall in a political ampaign. She then opened an office of fier own and finally became private secretary, as aforesaid, to Commissioner Anthony Grady. She loses no opportunity to add to her general information and is a graduate of the Women's Law school, an institution where most of the teaching is done by evening lectures. She is now a sort of assistant commissioner, and has a stenographer to whom she dictates letters, attending thus to much business she formerly took in dictation from Mr. Grady.

Commissioner Hans Reattie also had. One of the objections oftenest urged

formerly took in dictation from Mr. Grady.

Commissioner Hans Beattie also had a lady for private secretary when he was at the head of the New York street cleaning department. Miss Cynthia Westover made quite a reputation in that position and is often quoted as a fine example of what such a semi-official should be. In truth, the office of private secretary requires a happy union of many qualities, most of which we have been taught to consider peeularly feminine. One must have a deal of tact, ability to catch an idea without requiring too many words in setting it forth, and especially if there are many callers must the secretary have the talent to say something to all and yet leave none with any phrase that may afterward be quoted against the principal. Commissioner Hans Beattie also had a lady for private secretary when he was at the head of the New York street cleaning department. Miss Cynthia westover made quite a reputation in that position and is often quoted as a fine example of what such a semi-official should be. In truth, the office of private secretary requires a happy union of many qualities, most of which we have been taught to consider peeularly feminine. One must have a deal of tact, ability to catch an idea with-put requiring too many words in setting it forth, and especially if there are many callers must the secretary have the talent to say something to all and yet leave none with any phrase that may afterward be quoted against the principal.

Mrs. John A. Logan is credited with having trained her own private secretary for several years, and as she had a good subject to start on the result is admirable. In her home there is a very retired but comfortable and well-lighted room where Mrs. Logan does her work, and the ornament and pride of that room is Miss Edith Marshall.

Miss Marshall is a rather slender and timid-looking Pennsylvania girl, who had worked her way steadily into a position in Washington city when Mrs.

Logan me ther and found her assistance of value. "She has my perfect

sition in Washington city when Mrs. Logan met her and found her assistance of value. "She has my perfect ance of value. "She has my perfect confidence," says that lady, 'and has charge of all my mail, the details of my business affairs, draws checks for the payment of all my bills and is my other self when I am absent." Mrs. Logan has an immense amount of work to do. Her mail is seldom less than one hundred letters a day. She is president of the Garfield hospital, editor of a magazine, contributor to other periodicals, collaborator of army literature and has much private business besides. And in all this Miss Marshall is not only secretary but trusted agent, and sometimes adviser and friend.

During her four years in Washington

Mrs. Levi P. Morton had for a pri ate secretary a Miss Hunt, of Louisicra, whose life is so very retired that even her given name is not generally known. Yet she is a secion of-one of the older to official families, and her father was minister to Russia at one time. She was also companion to Mrs. Morton and assisted at her receptions, holding a place in Washington society by her own right. Among those who knew her well Miss Hunt is considered exceptionally clever and even brilliant, and as a private secretary Mrs. Morton thought her a jewel. Mrs. Cleveland has a happy faculty of avoiding literary responsibilities, and during her husband's first term she employed one of his secretaries when necessary, but there has lately been a vague rumor that a young southern lady was to be her special secretary for this term. Miss A. B. Sanger is a typewriter at the White House.

Mrs. Eliza Boardman Burns, of New York, is the veteran of her sex in stenography and is the author of "Burnz' Fonie Shorthand." She was born October 31, 1823, has long been retired, of course, from active work, but is so much in love with common sense in

York, is the veteran of her sex in stemography and is the author of "Burnz'
Fonic Shorthand." She was born October 31, 1823, has long been retired, of
course, from active work, but is so
much in love with common sense in
spelling that she will not even allow an
s to be used in her name where the
sound is that of z. Miss Preston ranks
as an official court reporter at Denver,
and so do Misses Flora B. Haddox and
Ozella Beman in Iowa, Miss Mamie A.
Stockett in Louisiana, Miss Annie
White and Sadie M. Swift in Massachusetts, Miss Jennie Gage in Michigan
and a few others in other states.
Perhaps the best position in this line,
at any rate a very good one indeed, is
that held by Miss Laura Hayes as private secretary to the renowned Mrs.
Potter Palmer, of Chicago generally
and of the World's fair particularly. If
any one has written to Mrs. Palmerand received a prompt reply, though the
papers may have just reported her as
in New York or Europe, said writer
may hereby learn that said prompt
answer came from Miss Hayes, who is
in every truth Mrs. Palmer's alter ego.
She is the ideal private secretary, and
has a stenographer to do the actual
work. To Miss Hayes go all the newpaper men who want information of
Mrs. Palmer's doings, and from her
come promptly all decisions on matters
which do not absolutely require Mrs.
Palmer's personal attention.

Miss Hayes is a native of Chicago
Her father was one of its pioneer business men and at the time of the great
fire was quite wealthy. He died when
she was but an infant, and she has developed her talents under the stimulus
of necessity. Her family is of old
Massachusetts revolutionary stock, the
same from which President Hayes was
Jescended. and her relatives on the
mother's side were warriors in other
and somewhet later days. Miss Hayes
there is a lady of many accomplishments and has won distinction in other
tines than her present one.

It is, however, as a private secretary
that she has no superior. Mrs. Palmer
sauly goes through her mail very
rapidly in the

By Women Writers

By Women Writers.

The English women sent six hundred books to be a part of their exhibit at Laieago. They are all by women writers and perhaps the most interesting are the old and rare volumes. One of these, written by Mary Astell, two hundrel years ago, is a somewhat belieose "Defense of the Female Sex." The earliest of all the volumes is Dame Juliana Berner's treatise on "Hawking. Hunting, and Cote Armour," entitled "The Boike of St. Albans." She also wrote a "Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth In Angle" (1486). The manuscripts in the collection are interesting. Every one notices the great resemblance between the handwritings of George Eliot, Charlotte Bronte, and Fanny Burney. Some of the manuscript pages of "Robert Eismere" are there, mostly written on sheets of notepaper size. A valuable MSS, is one written in Erdu by an Indian Begum, and another is the first story written by an Indian woman in English.—N. Y. Sun.

WOMEN AT WORK.

FALL VERSE.

The Chimes.

Hark, O bark' how soft and clear
Bells are chiming on my ear,
Bells of even tide, they tell
Day is over-all is well.
Risting, failing, on the cerRisting, failing, on the cerDay is over-toll is done.
Rest comes with the sinking sun.

Sweeter, sweeter, still they ring And a benediction fling— Ol forever I shall hear In my heart those volces dear, Like some soft, sweet tullaby, Heard in days long since gone by, When pressed to a bosom white, Mother's singing hushed us quite.

So, I drop my weary head, Care and trouble both are fled, And on sounds as sweet as those Drift t'ward islands of repose, Rising, failing thought doth go On those accents to and fro; Bells of slumber, bells of sleep, I am sinking in the deep,

I am sinking in the week

Still I hear you—o'er and o'er—
And shall hear for evermore,
Through my brain your accents float,
Each soft penetrating note
Farther, fainter, fainter still,
Sinking, rising, sinking, tillight,
All my soul, thrilled with delight,
Dreams of music through the night.
—Inter Oct

Indian Summer. Warm sun rays sift Through filmy mist And every leaf is color-kissed.

An incense rare Drifts thro' the air Swung from October's A soothing sense Of joy intense Luils us to dreamy indolence

Over the land, With lavish hand, Autumn has waved her color

With every breeze
The frost-stained leaves
Drift from their moorage in the trees

The ivy dips Hor finger tips In summer's blood, and drips, and drips O shade and shine! Your nectared wine Stirs us like some old vintage fine

O rythmic rune, Alas! How soon Will discord mar your perfect tune

With fancy's car
I seem to hear
The requiem of the dying year.
—Detroit Free Press.

A Summer Day.

Far-flashing in the bright guif of the sky
The unavailing clouds float, and the air
Burns quivering in the steady flame-fleroe
glare,
Own-beating, from the sun's throne, on the dry
Thirst-fevered fields, and on the roads that lie
Choiced in the hot dust, while, only here and
there.
High in the glistening sycamores, or where
The willows are, a larguid breath goes by.

But no touch stirs the river's quiet deeps: Therefrom the wooded hill looms, green and

dense; Therein its huge inverted image sleeps; The locust's whizzing music, shrill and tense, Sounds from the dusky elm, whose shadow

creeps
Across that wide and glassy indolence.

—Robert B. Wilson, in Harper's Magaz The Walcome Man.
Of men and lovers, brothers—all—
He is the welcome one!
Whenever he may choose to call
I gladly rise, and run
To meet and greet him with a smile
And eager-beating heart, the while.

At morn if I am not "in trim" And other fellows come
I cleverly retreat. To him
I always am at home—
With bangs in crimp, I boldly stand
And willingly extend my hand.

And yet his presence sometimes bring Regret, and pain, and blame, And other aggravating things— No matter! Just the same I fly to ope the door and see If he a letter have for me! Madeline S. Bridges, in Ladies' Home Jo

Two Turnings.
I came to a turn in my fate,
And my love stood by:
I went to his side with a heart clate,
And "Little I care," said I,
"Little care I how rough the weather,
While thou and I are safe together!"

I came to a turn in my fate.
But my love was gone:
There came no word through the silent gate.
Though I watched and prayed till dawn;
And "Little care I how fair the weather,
Since love and I are no more together!"
—Florence E. Pratt, in Lippincotts.

Compensation.

If at first you don't succeed
Try, try agin,
For porseverance overcomes
All things of mortal len,
And if you do not get the girl
You want, or think you do,
You're safe in betting you will get
The girl that's wanting you.

—Detroit Free Pre

An Excusable Omission.
I hadn't an eye for the groom that day,
Though I pitted him awfully,
With everyone loooking right his way—
That is, everyone but me.

But, of course, 'twas the bride they were look-ing at,
For who wouldn't have looked at her,
When to even a fellow as blind as a bat
Her beauty would have to occur?

Her beauty wouls nave to occur?
But she was composed, and she wasn't affright:
She knew she was charming to see;
But the groom anybody would venture to
slight,
And I couldn't have looked at—me!
—Roe L. Hendrick, in Puck.

—Roe L Hendrick, in Puck.

Mountain of the Holy Cross, Colorado.

Engraven on the mountain side,
Where storm winds blow and cloud wreaths
By snow engrained, by the retained,
Stands, Heaven impressed, "The Holy Cross."
In by-gone days the Indian eye
Beheld from far the wondrous sign,
And through the dark, one tiny spark,
Faint gleam of immortality,
Showed the Great Spirit's hand divine.

THURSDAY, Dec. 7.

'The Burglar,

BUSINESS BRIEFS.

Go to McDonald's for furniture. Parties supplied with ice cream, cakes, tc., by Laubach at reasonable rates.

Don't suffer with indigestion, use Bax-ter's Mandrake Bitters. Sold by Dr. Schilcher.

"Orange Blossom" is a painless cure for all diseases peculiar to women. Sold fresh by Amandus Oswald.

The reason why Arnica & Oil Liniment is so popular with the ladies is because it not only is very healing and soothing but its odor is not at all offensive. Sold by Dr. Schilcher.

Cannibal King—"I don't see why I shouldn't eat you."
Missionary—"I don't agree with you."
Medicine Man—"Take a dose of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills after the meal, sire."

the meal, sire."

Prof. Barrett, of St. Lawrence county, N. Y., speaking of pulmonary diseases, says: Not one death occurs now where twenty died before Downs' Elixir was known. Over fifty years of constant success places Downs' Elixir at the head of the long list of cough remedies. Sold by Dr. Schilcher.

LUCAS COUNTY,
FRANK J. CHENRY MAKES oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J.
CHENRY & Co., doing business in the City
of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrit hat cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRIT CURE. FRANK J. CHENRY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON,

Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A Story Full of Human Interest.

A Story Full of Human Interest.

From the Bradford, Pa., Era.

"The Burglar" was presented last night at the Wagner opera house by Scammon's company of players, and it proved to be a dramatic treat. Each character in the cast was in able hands and a smoother or more effective rendition of the piece could not be desired. Little Lottie Briscoe, the child actress, surprised and delighted the audience by her aptness and precocity. She sang three songs that were remarkably well rendered for a six-year-old, and her high kicking was the quaintest bit of comedy imaginable.

The action of the piece tells a story full of human interest and one that has a moral to adorn the tale. Mr. Scammon's company in a play of this kind will always be welcome in Bradford.

"Anthony Kent."

"Anthony Kent."

The story called "Anthony Kent," by Charles Stockee Wayne, and contained in the December number of "Tales From Town Topics," is particularly bright, lively and dramatic, with a variety of character and incident that holds the reader's attention from start to finish. Its opening chapter introduces to us the hero of the tale, a happy-go-lucky man of the world who, while strolling through a street in Venice, is attracted by a pair of skirts, and by means of a startling piece of effrontery forms the acquaintance of a very beautiful and mysterions woman.

character and incident that holds the reader's attention from start to finish. Its opening chapter introduces to ust the hero of the tale, a happy-go-lenky man of the world whe, while strolling through a street in Venice, is attracted by a pair of skirts, and by means of a startling piece of effroniery forms the acquaintage of the world when while strolling through a street in Venice, is attracted by a pair of skirts, and by means of a startling piece of effroniery forms the acquaintage of a street in Venice, is attracted by a pair of skirts, and by means of a startling and turns out, this incident is the turning point in the young man's career. The woman that Anthony Kent meets in Venice plays a very important part in his life. She is an adventures who has a past. She loyes Kent, and devotes her life to him. He is happy with her until, in America, he meets a young girl whose innocence appeals to his somewhat sin-hardened nature, and to this one his heart goes out. And when he has learned to love her he finds that she is the daughter of his mistress, the deserted child of whom he has aften heard.

Naturally enough this complicated and romantic condition of affairs is interesting, and as the author has treated his subject with great lacidity and directness, the novel is one of decided force. The descriptive scenes in Venice and Monte Carlo are particularly vivid, and altogether Wayne can be credited with the production of a strong piece of narrative work. Town Topics Publishing Co., 2! West 23d street, New York city. 50 cents.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she became Miss, she clumg to Castoria. When she became Miss, she clumg to Castoria. When she back Child, she cried for Castoria. When she back Miss, she clumg to Castoria. When she back Child, she cried for Castoria. Whe

OPERA HOUSE. 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.

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?

Can you afford to miss all this?
Tollet chamber sets, worth \$4, for \$2.50.
Cheaper than any ever offered in the county.
NOTIONS and HOLLDAY 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 Orvigsburg shoes for children; every pair guaranteed; call and see them.

GROCERIES

PROVISIONS.

Shoulders, 11c; Cheese, 14c; Butter, 28c
Lard, 12½c; Salt herring, 5e lb; Salt haddeck, 5e 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, 10e
lb; Mixed candy, 10e lb; Sitek candy,
10e lb; 5 cans sardines, 25c; 2 cans salmon, 25c; 3 qts beans, 25c; 3 qts peas, 25c;
2 lbs dry corn, 25c; 5 lbs currants, 25c;
3 lbs raisins, blue, 25c; 5 lbs raisins, 25c;
Bonny flour, \$1.85.

LEAVE FREELAND. 6 05, 8 40, 9 33, 10 41 a m, 1 20, 2 27, 3 45, 4 55, 58, 7 12, 8 47 p m, for Drifton, Jeddo, Lumer Yard, Stockton and Hazleton.
6 05, 8 40 a m, 1 20, 3 45 p m, for Mauch Chunk, tllentown, Bethlehem, Phila, Easton and New

ber Yard, Stockton and Hazleton.

60, 840 an. 120, 345 pm. for Mauch Chunk, 400, 800 an. 120, 345 pm. for Mauch Chunk, 400, 400 an. 120, 345 pm. for Bethlehem, Easton and New 1940 an. 455 pm for Bethlehem, Easton and Phila.

10 50 a. m. 123, 43 pm. (via Highland Tranch) for White Hayen, Glen Shmmit, Wilkesbarre, Pittston and L. and B. Junetion.

SUNDAY THAINS.

II 40 a m and 3 45 pm for Drifton, Jeddo, Lumer Yard and Hazleton.

SUNDAY THAINS.

II 40 a m and 3 45 pm for Drifton, Jeddo, Lumber Yard, Jeddo Albanov, City, Shenandoah, New York and Philadelphia.

ARRIVE AT FREELAND.

550, 718, 728, 919, 10 56 a. m., 1233, 213, 434, 658 pm. from Delano, Mahanov, City and Shenandoah (via 50 and 53 pm. from Mew York, Easton, Philadelphia, Bethlehem, Allentown and Mauch Chunk.

Philadesphia, bethieten and Mauch Chunk. 9 19 and 10 56 a m. 2 13, 6 58 and 8 37 p m from 9 19 and 10 56 a m. 2 13, 6 58 pm from White Hunk. 9 53, 10 41 a m. 2 37, 6 58 pm from White Hunk. 6 6 m Summit, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and L. and B. Junction (via Highland Branch). SYNDAY TRAINS.

ber Yard, dean from Delano, Hazleton, Philadelphia and Easton.

331 pm from Delano and Mahanoy region.
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TEN PER CENT. OFF ON ALL BLANKETS.

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Anthracite coal used exclusively, insuring cleanliness and comfort.

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.

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DANIEL COXE, Superintendent E. B. COXE,

Our 65c Ingrain, all wool filled Carpet, for 55c.
Our 50c Ingrain for 42½c.
Our 40c Ingrain for 32c.
Our 32c Ingrain for

For the balance of this month we will give

J. C. BERNER.

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