

# FREELAND TRIBUNE.

PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY AND THURSDAY.

THOS. A. BUCKLEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE: MAIN STREET ABOVE CENTRE.

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One Year.....\$1 50  
Six Months..... 75  
Four Months..... 50  
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FREELAND, PA., JANUARY 25, 1894.

## DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

Congressman-at-Large,  
James D. Hancock.....Venango  
Poor Director,  
Cornelius Gildea.....Lansford  
Poor Auditor,  
J. E. Altmaier.....Hazleton

Carnegie now admits that he can make steel rails and undersell all the foreign competitors in this market, tariff or no tariff. Free traders knew that long ago.

In times of war deserters are shot. In the civil combats which are fought in the halls of congress it remains for the constituents of deserters to shoot them out of public life at the next succeeding election. Let us indulge the hope that the work will be done most effectually.

The Baltimore *Sun* very truly says: "The Democratic party will either pass the Wilson bill or it will go into the congressional campaign so heavily handicapped that it cannot escape defeat." This fact should be reflected on by those Democratic congressmen who aided to delay this necessary legislation.

That which the worker produces by his own exertions, whether physical or mentally, justly belongs to the worker, and not one iota of it should be taken by another person or even by the government. To do so is to commit robbery, and to call it taxes or revenue does not lessen the theft. That which the community as a whole produces, such as land values, clearly and justly belongs to the community, and the government should take it all. Put that doctrine into practice and give every one his own.

Every man arrested for vagrancy now-a-days is not a tramp, says the Wilkes-Barre *News-Leader*. Some twenty men arrested recently at Reading, charged with being vagrants, proved to be workmen and were discharged. In some cities the police are too officious and make arrests when they are uncalled for. The professional tramp, of course, cannot be watched too closely, but there is no need of taking into custody every stranger who comes into a town, and holding him up to public view as a desperado. Nine-tenths of the "tramps" are nothing more than the involuntary victims of McKinleyism. They are willing to work, but so-called protection has throttled their freedom and taken away their opportunities to labor.

The British postoffice department runs the telegraph system of that country, but private capital has been trying to get hold, partially at least, of the telephone lines. The postmaster general having been inveigled into making some concessions of rights to the National Telephone Company, a great outcry has been raised by the people against his course and the dispatches state that he has promised to recede from his position. The municipality of Glasgow, which is deep in socialistic experiments, has headed the protest, and organized the cities of Great Britain into an anti-monopoly league, to resist all attempts of private capitalists to get hold of the telephone system. This is pretty good testimony to what the British people think of public management of communication, after trying it for twenty years in the case of the telegraph.

If the people owned and operated the railroads, as they do the postoffices, would all the lawyers and city, county, state and national officials and editors be given passes? Do they get postage stamps free? Would the people pay the lawyers \$14,000,000 a year? Would it be necessary to collect ten million a year from the people to spend in advertising? Would the people need the services of ten thousand freight and passenger agents to pull and haul the people to get them to use the roads that pay them? Does the postoffice department hire men to travel over the country and solicit men to send their letters over this or that route? All these non-producers and many more can be dispensed with or put into some vocation where they will do some good. These are the elements that hoodwink the people in the interest of the railroads because they are paid for it.

## BUSINESS BRIEFS.

See McDonald's cheap shoes. Use Pillsbury's Best XXX Flour. Go to McDonald's for good furniture. Parties supplied with ice cream, cakes, etc., by Laubach at reasonable rates.

Fackler has the finest and largest assortment of fine candies and ornamented cakes for all occasions.

"Orange Blossom," the common-sense female remedy, draws out pain and soreness. Sold by W. W. Grover.

Every family should have a box of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, the use of which will cure most of our ailments.

In case of hard cold nothing will relieve the breathing so quickly as to rub Arnica and Oil Liniment on the chest. Sold by Dr. Schilcher.

Wall paper will be hung at 20c. per double roll from now until March 1. Also all paper reduced from 2 to 10c. per roll at A. A. Bachman's.

All those who have used Baxter's Mandrake Bitters will surely praise it. Twenty-five cents per bottle. Sold by Dr. Schilcher.

The name of N. H. Downs still lives, although he has been dead many years. His Elixir for the cure of coughs and colds has already outlived him a quarter of a century, and is still growing in favor with the public. Sold by Dr. Schilcher.

## Beware of Ointments.

Beware of ointments for catarrh that contain mercury, as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescription from a reputable physician, as the damage they will do is ten-fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by all druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

## Not to Blame.

Tenant—See here! That house you rented me is infested with rats. Every night we are waked up by the racket.

Agent—That's very strange. The last tenant never said a word about rats.

"Well, then, of course you are not to blame."

"No. The people who lived there before never complained of anything except ghosts."—N. Y. Weekly.

## A Perfect Brute.

"Henry, dear, have you had a hard day? You look tired. There are your slippers right by the fire."

"Maria, please don't let this go any further. I can't afford so much devotion this year. Collections are slow and you simply can't have that—"

"Brute!"

"That's better. I think I can live up to that title without going bankrupt."—N. Y. Recorder.

## Some Pride Left.

Chicago Police Justice—Your face seems familiar. Don't I know you?

Greasy Old Bum—I don't think you do, your honor; I'm a little pertickler about the compny I keep.—Chicago Tribune.

## He Was Willing.

Miss Keedick (after his proposal)—I'll be a sister to you.

Mr. Dolley—That's right. Every true wife ought to be assister to her husband.—Truth.

## Not a Flatterer.

She—All of which only convinces me that you married me for my money.

He—Well, it may not seem probable, but I honestly loved you.—Life.

## SHE WOULD MAKE AN EFFORT.



"Now, Neddie, learn your lessons and mamma will love you."

"Will you love me as much as you do the pug?"

"I'll try to, dear."—Demorest's Magazine.

## Amending the Motion.

He was a small man, the conductor of an electric car, and she was a large, powerful-looking woman.

"I want you to put me off at Dundas street," said she.

He viewed her majestic figure for a moment and replied:

"Madam, I will stop the car and let you get off."—Toronto Empire.

## A Firm Foundation.

The lady had implied a doubt as to the statement of the dairyman.

"Madam," he said, indignantly, "my reputation rests upon my butter."

"Well," she replied, "you needn't get ugly about it. The foundation is strong enough to keep it up forever."—Detroit Free Press.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

## BILLY AND THE BOY.

The Story of a Horse Who Could Take Care of Himself.

Billy was a veteran among horses. He had lived twenty-nine years and six months when I knew him, and all that time he had been learning how to take care of himself without troubling others to look after him. His reputation had never been good, though the older he grew the worse he grew, according to his master's statement. For my part I always thought the horse was justified in his treatment of those who ill-treated him.

Perhaps if he had been better tempered he might have been turned out to grass in his old age and had little or nothing to do. As it was no one was fond of him, and since he was able to draw moderately heavy loads he was harnessed regularly and made to work. He had been known to bite, to kick, to run away, though no one believed that he had really been frightened.

"It is just ugliness, wanting to show what he could do to be hateful," said his master, one day, when the hired man came home with the news that Billy had shied at a bicycle, had run into a wagon and broken it and the one to which he was harnessed into "slivers," as the man expressed it.

This "fright," if it really was one, cost his master fifty dollars, and Billy forthwith had blinders put on him. He never shied again, but the blinders did not improve his temper.

One day when he was just about finishing a meal which he was taking out of a pal set in front of him on the ground, a small boy came past with a long wisp of straw in his hand. He



MARCHED DOWN THE STREET WITH HIM.

did not know him, but he knew small boys when he saw them, and had no love for any of them.

The boy stopped and Billy kept on eating. The boy went nearer and nearer the curb, and at last reached over and tickled Billy's nose with the straw.

Billy made believe at first that he did not feel it, and the boy became bolder and bolder and tickled harder. Billy finished eating, and then had time to attend to him. Suddenly he tossed his head, caught the boy by the back of his jacket, lifted him off his feet and marched down the street with him. The boy screamed, but no one was near enough to seize him.

They did not go far, and before any one interfered Billy stopped and shook that boy exactly as a man might have shaken him for punishment, then dropped him, turned and walked back home.

No small boy dared to meddle with Billy after that, and, although the lad was not hurt, he had one of the worst scares of his life.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## SAVED BY A BUFFALO.

How a Pugnacious Bull Put a Savage Tiger to Flight.

The forest land of southern India possesses a breed of buffaloes vastly superior to the bare-skinned, ungrainly creatures common to the plains of India. They are shaggy-haired, massive and short-jointed, with short, thick, symmetrically-curved horns. They are trained as beasts of burden and possess immense strength. A bull of this breed is a match for a tiger.

A herd of buffaloes was grazing on the outskirts of the forest at Soopah, with the herder on guard a short distance away. A tiger came out of the forest and tried by roaring to stampede the herd.

The herdsman manifested great bravery. He shouted, beat his heavy quarter-staff on the ground, and tried to scare the brute off, not thinking of his own danger, but of that of his herd. Suddenly the tiger rushed forward, sprang upon the man, knocked him down and stood over him growling.

The bull of the herd, a pugnacious creature, now charged savagely upon the tiger, and rolled him over and over. The bull was so quick in his motions that the tiger, taken unawares, was at a disadvantage. He neither bit nor scratched the bull, but gathered himself up and galloped off into the forest. The bull shook himself, bellowed, pursued his enemy a few yards and then went quietly to feeding as if vanquishing a tiger were an everyday occurrence.

The herdsman was not injured by the tiger, but received a wound in the leg from the bull's sharp horn, inflicted when the buffalo knocked over the tiger.

## As Good as a Dog.

In South America, a boy who wants to own a pet animal gets a monkey instead of a dog. Sometimes he can buy a monkey already trained, and if he can do so he is a very happy boy, because wild monkeys are ugly little fellows and it takes a long time to teach them how to live with civilized people.

A South American boy has to pet a monkey because there are not enough dogs in South America. But with the South American boy a nice tame monkey with soft fur hair and snapping black eyes is very highly prized, and he becomes attached to it, just as an American boy becomes attached to his collie or his Newfoundland; so he does not feel the need of a good dog.

## ALMOST FORGOTTEN.

The Mysterious Relic of a Prehistoric People.

On the shores of Brittany there is a mysterious relic of forgotten ages which escapes the attention of most travelers. Far out in the Moriban sea—across which legend tells us Arthur sailed with his knights in pursuit of the dragon—rises a little island. It can be reached in a boat from the coast only in a calm sea. A Breton shepherd has a solitary hut upon it and feeds a few sheep.

Crossing the grassy slope off which they browse, the traveler finds himself at the foot of the hill, in the face of which has been excavated a great tunnel or cave, floored, walled and roofed by huge flat rocks.

Some archeologists say that this cavern was the work of the worshippers of the serpent god of Hoo—a race that has passed into oblivion.

The learned traveler knows only that the mysterious cavern antedates all history; that the rocks of which it is built came from the mainland, a distance of more than one hundred miles inland. No rocks like them make any part of the geological formation of the island.

Even with our modern engineering knowledge and machinery it would require vast labor and skill to bring these enormous blocks of stone and place them so securely as to defy the wear and friction of ages.

How were they brought here by men who had, perhaps, few mechanical appliances—nothing but the strength of their bodies and their faith in a strange god?

The race who built the temple are dust. Even their names ages ago perished from the earth. Their religion is vanished. These stones are the monuments of their indomitable resolution. That defies the flight of years.

## EVER THE SAME.

Egypt Not Much Different Than It Was Centuries Ago.

The characters in "The Thousand and One Nights" may be almost imagined to step out of their setting of words and to take form and glow with the generous warmth of life before one's very eyes. The natives still drink the same coffee and out of the same cups; they smoke the same pipes; they wear generally the same dress; they play the same primitive instruments that whisper the same strange and plaintive tones; the funeral processions wend their way along the streets as of old; the popular festivals or moolids are still observed with the same untiring capacity for enjoyment; the public reciters still practice their profession before admiring crowds; the water carriers still carry their burdens so welcome to thirsty lips; except in the houses of the rich and thoroughly Europeanized food is still eaten with the fingers and in the same manner, and the hands are washed with the same basins and ewers; the mosque of El-Azhar still, says the Gentleman's Magazine, attracts its crowds of students.

Even the old wooden locks and keys are still in use, and the water jars are still kept cool in the lattice work of the overhanging mushrabiyyeh window frames. Instances of this sort might be multiplied a hundred fold. It is indeed a wonderful change and contrast that is presented to the eye when you leave the European and enter the native quarter. And the mind and feelings turn in unison and become attuned to the changed scene.

The sense of taking part in a new and different life steals over you, and you temporarily throw off your affinity with the west and the nineteenth century. The clock of time is for the moment put back for you.

## Orphans in Australia.

According to the Medical Times of Philadelphia Australia is a country without an orphan asylum. Everywhere local committees keep record of families with which a destitute child may be placed, and the children's committee of the destitute board selects a home suitable for each child that comes under its care. On an average one dollar and twenty-five cents a week is allowed for board and clothing, but in no case are foster parents selected who are so poor that the adopted child will suffer hardship. It must be sent to school regularly until the age of fourteen years, when it is put to work.

The local committee watches over each adopted child and sees that the conditions are all fulfilled. The earnings of boys that exceed from fourteen to eighteen are put in the postal savings bank, and at the latter age he can begin his career with a little ready money. As a result the state has raised a citizen at a cost of seventy dollars a year and saved no end of outlay for courts, prisons and reformatories.

## Large Foreign Cities.

Of cities with more than one hundred thousand population England has thirty, Germany twenty-four, France and Russia each twelve, Italy ten, Austria-Hungary six, Spain five, Belgium, the Scandinavian states, Roumania and the Balkan islands each four, the Netherlands three, Portugal two; the total in Europe being one hundred and sixteen great cities. Asia has one hundred and five, China having fifty-three and British India thirty. In Africa there are seven, in America forty, of which the United States is twenty-six; South America nine. Australia has only two large cities.

## Risky Business.

A Maine farmer who recently visited Boston tells how he got the better of the deadly trolley-car: "I stood," he says, "right on the track when one of them dummed skypole cars came a-buzzing along, and I thought I'd just see if they'd run over me. They hollered and yelled for me to get off the track, but I didn't budge an inch, for I had as much right there as they had, and they just hauled the thing up stock-still afore they got ter me. All a man's got ter do is stand up for his rights, and them Boston fellers dassn't run over him."

## Child Carried Off by an Eagle.

The body of a three-year-old child of Henry Smith (colored) of Selma, Ala., was searched for by a party of searchers. The child had been left alone, and an older child, on returning, saw an eagle with what appeared to be a child in its talons. The body was recognized by bits of clothing, the flesh being eaten from the bones.

## UNPLEASANT ENCOUNTER.

A Butterfly Hunter Runs Across an Immense Python.

I never had any kind of hankering after entomological pursuits, but force of circumstances—I. e., the want of something better to do—drove me to become a collector of butterflies, when I was at Sierra Leone some years back. So enthusiastic did I become that I actually made an expedition of three days to the top of some wooded mountains, where previously, on a deer hunt, I had happened to come across several specimens not to be found in the plains, putting up at a house which had been built by a former resident and was kept in repair by the government and used as a sanitarium.

One day, I had been led a long chase into the woods by a "flutter-bug" of unusual size and brilliancy, which looked as though cut out of mother-of-pearl, and shining under the sun's rays which occasionally penetrated the dense foliage, with all colors of the rainbow. He had escaped me a dozen times or more, but at length I had him secure enough and in perfect condition.

I had just pinned him in my specimen-box, and was examining his beauties with the pride of possession swelling in my bosom, when an undefinable feeling of dread seized upon me—a kind of prescience of coming danger, which I could not account for, but which I certainly experienced—causing me to shiver slightly as I raised my eyes from the butterfly and to turn my gaze upward to the branches of the tree above me.

What was my horror to see the head of a gigantic snake within a few feet of my own, his black eyes following my every movement and his huge coils slowly loosening from the branch round which he was twined, preparatory to inclosing me in their deadly folds and crushing the life out of me.

Several people had been lost in these woods and never heard of again, and, like a flash, the solution of the mystery occurred to me, and here was I myself within an ace of meeting with a similar fate.

With a yell of terror, I sprang back a yard or two, dropping my net and box under the tree; but, having done so, I seemed to have become paralyzed, and remained gazing spellbound at the monster, which had now ceased its movements and contented itself with watching mine.

For a moment or two the spell lasted, but my mind rapidly reasserted itself, and warned me to put a safer distance between myself and the serpent; and the idea no sooner entered my head than I started on a wild run homeward.

I didn't go very far, however, before I felt ashamed of my precipitate flight, remembering, of course, that I had nothing to apprehend so long as I was out of the python's reach; and as calmer reflection succeeded, I deter-

mined to go home and get my gun and pay him back for the scare he had given me. Besides, I had no intention of losing the property I had dropped on catching sight of him.

I reached home breathless and excited, filled both my coat-pockets with buckshot cartridges, shouldered my gun and started back as though my life depended on my haste.

Sure enough, the snake was still there, his head resting on the branch, and his eyes just as restless and alert as ever.

I approached as near as I dared, and let fly, with both barrels at once, straight for his cranium. I had no sooner done so than the whole tree seemed to quiver with the convulsive struggles of the monster, as he writhed in his agony, and wound and unwound himself from the branch of the tree, that stretched like a giant's arm overhead. The leaves and twigs fell in showers, while moths and other insects were disturbed by the myriads.

Presently, however, all was still, and the forepart of the snake's body hung lifeless from the branch with the head almost blown entirely off.

I then recovered my box and net, with the butterfly that had caused me so much trouble, and was gazing at the snake, now hanging limply on the tree, and wondering if I could possibly secure him, when I perceived a motion higher up in the tree, and, to my horror, saw another, equally large, slowly descending. But I had had enough of snakes for one day, and declined the contest, and hastily gathering up my paraphernalia I started homeward at a brisk pace.

I do not, of course, know what size this particular reptile was which I encountered, but the natives assert that they grow to a length of thirty-three feet or over, and I should say that this one was fully as long.

I have called it the story of a "python," that being the local term, but I believe the snake in question belonged to the species called royal rock snakes.—A. Taylor, in Golden Days.

## Child Carried Off by an Eagle.

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## Look for bargains at J. C. Berner's.

Will close out lots of goods.

Come and see them go at half price.

Come and see our Furniture.

Just unloaded 5 cars. Also 1 car of Carpets, Rugs, etc., etc.

Yours,

JOHN C. BERNER.

## LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.

Anthracite coal used exclusively, insuring cleanliness and comfort.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS. JAN. 1, 1894.

LEAVE FREELAND.  
6:05, 8:40, 9:35, 10:41 a. m., 1:20, 2:27, 3:45, 4:55, 6:35, 7:12, 8:30 p. m., for Drifton, Jeddo, Lumber Yard, Stockton and Hazleton.

6:05, 8:40 a. m., 1:20, 3:45 p. m., for Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Phila., Easton and New York.  
9:40 a. m., 4:55 p. m. for Bethlehem, Easton and Phila.

7:25, 10:56 a. m., 12:33, 4:34 p. m., (via Highland ranch) 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.

3:45 p. m. for Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, New York and Philadelphia.

ARRIVE AT FREELAND.  
5:50, 7:18, 7:30, 9:19, 10:56 a. m., 12:33, 2:13, 4:34, 6:58 and 8:37 p. m., from Hazleton, Stockton, Lumber Yard, Jeddo and Drifton.

7:30, 9:19, 10:56 a. m., 2:13, 4:34, 6:58 p. m. from Delano, Mahanoy City and Shenandoah (via New Boston Branch).

9:19 and 10:56 a. m., 2:13, 6:58 and 8:37 p. m. from Easton, Phila., Bethlehem and Mauch Chunk.  
9:35, 10:41 a. m., 2:27, 3:45 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.

11:31 a. m. from Delano, Hazleton, 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, Phila., Pa.  
R. H. WILBUR, Gen. Supt. East. Div., A. W. NONNEMACHER, Ass't G. P. A., South Bethlehem, Pa.

## THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCHUYLER RAILROAD.

Time table in effect September 3, 1893.

Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Eckley, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Ronan and Hazleton Junction at 6:00, 6:10 a. m., 12:10, 1:00 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:05 a. m., 3:38 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomhicken and Deringer at 6:00 a. m., 12:10 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:05 a. m., 3:38 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Onedia Junction, Harwood, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepton at 6:10 a. m., 12:10, 4:00 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:05 a. m., 3:38 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomhicken and Deringer at 6:35 a. m., 1:40 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 8:45 a. m., 4:18 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepton at 6:45, 9:10 a. m., 12:40, 4:30 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:40 a. m., 3:08 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Deringer for Tomhicken, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazleton Junction, Ronan, Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 2:40, 6:07 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 9:37 a. m., 5:07 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Shepton for Onedia, Humboldt Road, Harwood Road, Onedia Junction, Hazleton Junction a-d Ronan at 7:52, 10:16 a. m., 1:15, 3:25 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 8:14 a. m., 3:45 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Shepton for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 10:38 a. m., 3:11, 5:47, 6:38 p. m., daily, except Sunday; and 10:08 a. m., 5:38 p. m., Sunday.

All trains connect at Hazleton Junction with cars for Hazleton, Jenneville, Audenried and other points on Lehigh Traction Co's R. R.

Trains leaving Drifton at 6:10 a. m., Hazleton Junction at 9:10 a. m., and Shepton at 7:52 a. m., 1:15 p. m., connect at Onedia Junction with L. V. R. R. trains east and west.

Trains leaving Drifton at 6:00 a. m., makes connection at Deringer with P. R. R