

THE CLAGETT LAWSUIT.

A Famous Case That Ended in a Romance.



HE tide had just turned at Barstow Cliff, and the beach lay wet and glistening, under the level rays of the afternoon's sun, with ridges of seaweed, pebbles and little gray shells heaped up here and there.

Mrs. Barstow was brown and healthy looking, with blue eyes sparkling behind her spectacle glasses and smooth bands of silver-streaked hair.

"I wonder, now," said Mrs. Barstow, on hospitable thoughts intent, "what you'd like for supper, Miss Dady?"

"Well, Marthy'll see that we get something nice!" said Mrs. Barstow. "That's her boat now—praps you can see it out by the Point, like a little black speck dancin' on the water!"

"She must be quite a sailor," said the city boarder, listlessly.

"I've always said she'd ought to be a man. She don't take no interest in



the housework, and she's perfectly happy on the water. And that's one reason I've tried my best to get the lighthouse."

Miss Dady sat there, listening dreamily to this old woman's chattering, cheerful talk. She herself had been so near the end of all things that all else seemed of little interest to her.

"Mother, what do you think?" cheerily cried out Marthy. "They've got a boarder at the lighthouse!"

"La, me!" cried Mrs. Barstow, with her knitting needles suspended in mid-air. "Who'd want to board at the lighthouse? Out there in the middle of the sea, with nothin' but seafoam and gulls to look at!"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Marthy Barstow. "But he was a settlin' there on the iron top gallery, a-lookin' through a spyglass, when I drew up alongside of the landin' place."

"How did he look?" said Mrs. Barstow, who possessed all the curiosity in regard to detail that generally actuates people in her walk of life.

"Tall and thin and yellow faced," said Marthy. "Like the pictures of Don Quixote in the big book on Squire Seelye's parlor table."

Miss Dady rose at this point and went slowly into the house. "I think I'll lie down a little while," said she.

Martha came out to the cool, green shadow of the hop vines again.

"Mother," said she, "Miss Dady ain't a-gettin' much better."

"No," said Mrs. Barstow, "I don't think she is, poor creature."

"Do you suppose she is very poor, mother?"

"Wal, I don't reckon she's got much means," said the old woman, "else she'd ha' gone to Watch Hill or Bar Harbor, or some of them high-priced places instead of conin' to a cheap corner like this. But she's a nice, pleasant-spoken woman, and I'm proper sorry for her. But ain't it queer, though, about the lighthouse people havin' a boarder?"

"Miss Mortimer was sayin', mother," said Marthy, as she broke off a little green curl from the end of the hop vine, "that he'd lost a great lawsuit and was very poor, and that his health had suffered. That was the reason he wanted sea air, and that was the reason, too, that he didn't care to go where there were lots of folks."

Up at Cliff house, where they had "two sorts of butcher's meat every day, and ice cream of Sundays," a grizzle-headed little attorney was talking to his friend, the legal luminary of the village, after very much the same strain.

"The longer I live," said he, "the more I become convinced of the oddity of human kind. Now, there's Mortimer Clagett—you know about the law-

suit of Clagett versus Clagett, don't you?"

"I have heard of it, yes." "Well, he's just gained it." "No—has he?" "And the strangest thing of all is, now that he's got it he won't take it. For twelve years he has been contesting the thing—and the Gleason Clagett has been fighting him tooth and nail; and now that the courts have decided in his favor, he throws the whole affair up and clears out."

"In the name of justice and common sense, why?" asked Lemuel Starbuck. "That's what I'd like to know myself," said the New York attorney, scratching his shock of gray hair. "I can't account for it any way in the world, unless—"

"Well?" "Gleason Clagett's niece is the only surviving representative on that side since the old man died—his wife's niece, rather. And Mortimer Clagett used to be fond of Edith before this tormenting business of the lawsuit commenced. They haven't spoken to each other for years, now, I believe. He won't take the property, and she has hidden herself away somewhere. It's a come-down, I tell you, from six thousand a year to nothing at all. No woman would be apt to like it."

It was on the edge of twilight; the tide was coming in again. Miss Dady sat rocking idly to and fro in Martha Barstow's boat, with the white kitten coiled at her feet, and a book in her lap. Every now and then the breeze lifted one of the light-brown locks of hair from her forehead, and dallied with it, as if in sport; a faint flush of color had risen to her cheek as she turned the pages of her book.

All of a sudden she felt a peculiar sensation, as if she were moving; she looked up. The boat had slipped its moorings, and she was already some distance out to sea. The kitten was peering over the edge of the boat and mewing uncomfortably. The red stain of the sunset seemed turning all the waves to blood, while off in the distance the lighthouse rose up like a shaft of ebony against the ruddy sky.

She uttered a little shriek—but there were only the sea-gulls and the plaining kitten to hear her. She looked instinctively for oars, but there were no oars in the row-locks.

"I am drifting out to sea," she told herself; and then, with a sudden idea, she tied the scarlet-silk handkerchief, which encircled her neck, to the handle of her parasol, and waved it wildly toward the lighthouse.

Further into the red glow of the sunset—further out across the heaving plain of waves rocked the little boat with its solitary occupant and her fluttering scrap of scarlet silk, until it drifted nearer and nearer the lighthouse. "There are rocks and reefs there," she thought. "I have often heard Martha Barstow say how difficult it was to land at the lighthouse. If one of those sharp, jagged ledges should saw its way through the bottom of my boat, then good-by to the red sunset and the sweet salt air, and the evening star that shines over yonder like the point of a silver spear! But I can do nothing—I can only wait."

Even while these disjointed reflections passed through her mind, a little boat had put off from the circular stone foundations stairs of the lighthouse, and was pulling steadily toward her. In its bow sat a tall, sallow-complexioned man, with a face like the pictured prince of "Don Quixote."

"It isn't a little girl," he said aloud, as he neared the drifting boat. "It is a woman—it is Edith Dady!"

And she, looking intently at the man, who was coming with long, even ear-strokes to rescue her, called to herself and murmured:

"It is Mortimer Clagett."

So they met, these parted lovers, the last representatives of the rival sides of the famous law-suit of "Clagett vs. Clagett."

"There is no use trying to run away from me," Edith, he said. "Run the elements conspire against you."

"So you are the Don Quixote of this lonely tower," said Edith, with a smile

that had somewhat of its old sparkle. "But you will have to take your own fortune, for I will touch no more of it."

"On one condition," said Mortimer Clagett, "I will accept it all—that you are to be mine also. Edith, I am speaking from the bottom of my heart. I mean it all."

"If saving my life counts for anything," said Edith, with a quiver in her voice, "you have earned all that you ask. Dear Mortimer, fate itself has taught us that we ought not to continue this old feud any longer."

So they sailed out of the purple sunset glow back to the peaceful shore once more—back to hope, back to peace, back to infinite happiness.

"And," said Mrs. Barstow, exultant, "if anyone doubts this 'ere sea air is good for weak lungs let 'em just look at the way Miss Dady's picked up since she came to Barstow's Cliff."

But Marthy smiled. She was more keen-sighted than her mother. She knew that although sea air was a good tonic, love was a better one still.

—Amy Randolph, in N. Y. Ledger.

FAMILY SUGGESTIONS.

Nothing will give such a polish to glass, even the finest, as slightly moist newspaper to wash it and dry newspaper to give the finishing touches.

Blankets and counterpanes should not be included in the general washing. To give these articles the care they require a special day should be set aside for them.

A raw egg swallowed immediately will generally carry a fish bone down that cannot be removed from the throat by the utmost exertion and has got out of the reach of the fingers.

There ought not to be a dark room in any human habitation. To have too much sunlight for health is not possible. Its intensity under exceptional circumstances can always be moderated as occasion may require.

Escalloped tomatoes put a layer of tomatoes in an earthen dish; then one of bread crumbs, with a little sugar, butter, pepper and salt; another of tomatoes, another of bread, until the dish is full. Bake three-quarters of an hour.

The gorgeous lamp shades of scarlet, pink, blue and yellow, an eye specialist is credited with saying, should be confined to rooms where no reading or sewing is done. The lamp for night work should be shaded by porcelain globes, preferably of white.

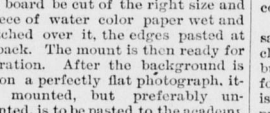
To cleanse glass bottles that have held oil, place ashes in each bottle and immerse in cold water, then heat the water gradually until it boils; after boiling an hour, let them remain till cold. Then wash the bottles in soap-suds and rinse in clear water.

TO MOUNT PHOTOGRAPHS.

A New Plan Suggested Which Should Prove Very Popular.

Those who have skill in painting flowers, either in oil or water colors, can find a chance for the exercise of their skill in mounting a photograph, according to the plan suggested in the accompanying illustration. If oil colors are to be used, let a piece of "academy board" be selected, upon which a background is to be painted in bold strokes, but little blended together. The one from which the illustration is taken shades from a rich brown in the lower left hand corner to a light golden brown in the upper right hand corner.

The morning glories, or other flowers, if preferred, should be painted from nature, if possible, using only the colors that will harmonize well together and with the background. If water colors are to be used, let a piece of pulp board be cut of the right size and a piece of water color paper wet and stretched over it, the edges pasted at the back. The mount is then ready for decoration. After the background is laid on a perfectly flat photograph, itself mounted, but preferably unmounted, is to be pasted to the academy



AN ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPH MOUNT.

board or the water color mount, in the position indicated in the cut. Photographs of friends may be thus treated, but it is better to use photographs of some great paintings, which are now to be had at a trifling cost.—American Agriculturist.

The Sofa Gives Up.

The Kentucky Democrat tells the following of a Cattelburg gentleman who has five daughters who are of marriageable age, who sent his sofa to be renovated, and the following is a partial list of the articles which had slipped between the back and cushion, as counted and recorded: Forty-seven hairpins, three mustache combs, nineteen suspender buttons, thirteen needles, thirty-five cigarettes, eight photographs, two hundred and seventeen pins, seventy-six grains of coffee, forty-seven cloves, twenty-seven cuff buttons, six pocket knives, fifteen poker chips, a vial of homeopathic medicine, thirty-four lumps of chewing gum, fifty-nine toothpicks, twenty-eight matches, thirty-nine collar buttons, eleven neckties, two love letters, a few pieces of candy, two dimes, three quarters and one nickel, eight buckles, five pencils, one pen and four buttonhooks.

Jeweler's Remarkable Drilling.

E. A. Williams, a New York watchmaker, recently accomplished a remarkable mechanical feat—that of drilling a hole through the entire length of a common pin, from head to point, the opening being just large enough to admit of the passage of a fine hair. Mr. Williams is the mechanic who two years ago cut a sewing needle in two lengthwise and then drilled holes and fastened it together so nicely that the split could not be seen with the naked eye.

To Test the Heat of the Oven.

The French method of testing the heat of an oven is a very simple one. It is done with a piece of white paper. If the oven is too hot the paper will blacken or blaze up; if it becomes a light brown the oven is right for pastry; if it turns a dark yellow the temperature is proper for baking bread and the heavier kinds of cake; if light yellow it is just fit for sponge cakes and the lighter desserts.

When You Fill Your Cellar.

To determine how much a coal bin will hold calculate 37 1/2 cubic feet to every ton of 2,000 pounds. This rule applies substantially to either soft or hard coal.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

How Casimir-Perier was Persuaded to Accept the French Presidency.

M. Casimir-Perier, the new president of the French republic, whose portrait we give, had shown himself, in his public career, very little covetous of official honors. More than once he had sought to avoid public employment; but his character, his ability, his discretion and the moderation of his opinions marked him out for the succession to M. Carnot in the emergency in which the late president's assassination left the republic.

But the friends of several other men were pressing them for the great place, and were, to forward their chances, making personal attacks upon M. Casimir-Perier. He declared, therefore, when the chiefs of the various republican groups waited upon him and asked him to accept the presidency at the hands of the national assembly, that he was not a candidate, and could not accept the honor.

He was pressed to change his determination, but remained steadfast. It is one of the few places in the world where cribb holding from fourteen to sixteen miles of humanity, ranging from a few hours to ten days in age, can be seen, and certainly about the only one where so many babies are to be seen asleep at the same moment.

A correspondent of the Kansas City Star saw one crib in which there were nine little strangers, their faces all turned in the same direction, sleeping soundly with nine pair of little fists tightly clinched after the manner of infants.

These Sloane hospital babies are lucky so far as scientific attention to their needs is concerned. From the moment of their birth, in the white, clean room, where the greatest mystery in nature is revealed, they are watched and cared for with a scientific regard and precision that is marvelous.

While the white-faced mother lies on her cot, with an anxious surger and gentle-faced nurse on either side to give her every attention, another nurse has taken the babe, and on a pair of scales has noted its weight; with a simple little appliance has marked its height, or length, rather, and with a tape has taken the measurement of its chest, its head and other dimensions.

The baby's life, from that moment until he leaves the hospital, is as methodical as can be imagined. He is taken to the nursery, where he is dressed in clothing provided for him, and that his identity may not become lost, the name of the mother is sewn on the sleeve of his dress, so that it is an easy matter to avoid the predicament of "Battercup," who "mixed those babies up" with such disastrous results.

The infants are not allowed to remain with the mothers in the wards, but every two hours is mealtime in the nursery, and the mothers are then carried out and placed in the hands of their "mammies," as the nurses say, for nourishment. They are always returned punctually, and tucked away in their little cribs, where they fall into a dose. Such a thing as a crying baby at the hospital is a rarity. One of the most wonderful features of the institution is the submission to discipline on the part of the little strangers. Promptly at the expiration of two hours, however, the visitor, if he watches, may see a long row of baby eyes open all most simultaneously. It is lunch time again, and they are the first to know it. "I can never understand," said the head nurse, "how those little fellows count the hours, but they seem to know how to do it."

"And just think," added the lady visitor, who was deep in the mysteries of infant management by this time, "those babies are tucked away at eleven o'clock every night, and until five o'clock in the morning are not allowed to disturb their mothers." She seemed to regard it as marvelous, and probably other mothers will agree with her. The babies, however, if they grow restless through hunger during the night, are fed some preparation of infant food by the ever-watchful nurses.

The hospital is fulfilling a mission of mercy the extent of which can never be realized. It admits married women preferably, but those who need its care are never turned away.

As soon as the expectant mother is admitted, which is sometimes a number of days before her little one comes, she is explicitly instructed how to act, dress and conduct herself generally, and is looked after as carefully as the trained skill of the physicians and nurses render possible.

"How long do the patients remain?" repeated the nurse, in answer to a question. "Well, from twelve to fourteen days after the birth of their babies. That does not seem long, but you must remember that these women have the best treatment in the world, and as they are usually strong and healthy, they are well able to be around that length of time. We hate to see the babies go, and I am afraid the little things do not have the attention afterward that we give them here. The poor, poor babies," continued the kind-hearted nurse, "little wrecks on the sand of life, may God pity them. Their mothers are too often victims of perfolly and their own trustfulness and love. My heart aches for them. It is not for us to judge their lives, which must be hard enough after they face the world again, at the best."

THE POPE'S HEALTH.

His Physician Corrects Alarming Reports Recently Published.

The numerous reports regarding the ill-health of the pope which have been in circulation recently have induced Dr. Lippart to make the following statements regarding the condition of his holiness:

"The health of Leo XIII.," says the doctor, "is excellent. Contrary to reports, his nourishment remains the same as formerly, and his appetite never fails him. At eight o'clock in the morning he takes a cup of chocolate and a bit of bread. At two o'clock p. m. his luncheon is served. It consists of soup, one or two courses of meat, fruit, and a glass of Bordeaux. In the evening at nine o'clock Leo XIII. again eats soup, meat, fruit and wine. His stomach acts with marvelous regularity. His sleep is long and quiet. He cannot be said to be losing his powers. The pope has as great powers of resistance as he ever had. During the great heat of the summer he has, of course, been affected somewhat."

"To give an idea of the strength preserved by this old man of eighty-four



POPE LEO XIII.

years, let me say that Leo XIII. takes pleasure in going in search of great books in the library, some of them weighing as much as ten pounds, and carrying them to his working desk. To those who say that the pope cannot hold himself erect and is obliged to allow himself to be carried in a litter, we can simply reply that, like all his predecessors, Leo XIII. allows himself to be carried in a litter when he goes to the garden. He gets into the litter in his office. But that is simple a rule of etiquette. Every day, after once reaching the garden, he walks for hours at a time, supported by his cane. He walks more easily than a number of persons of his suite. In short, Leo XIII. walks, or at least stands up, for four or five hours a day. Only recently he confirmed thirty persons without feeling the least fatigue."

War's Terrible Desolation.

Over 1,000,000 French women were made widows and over 3,000,000 children were made fatherless by Napoleon's campaign.

BABIES BY HUNDREDS.

Visit to the Sloane Maternity Hospital at New York.

More Babies Are Born There Every Day Than in Any Other Spot in the World—The Noblest Charity in America.

Of all the numberless charities and institutions for the care of the unfortunate in the United States, the big Sloane Maternity hospital in New York holds a position at once unique and exclusively its own. More babies see the first light of day here than are born in the average sized town in the same length of time year by year. Yet so quietly is the institution managed that its very existence is shrouded in something of mystery. It owes its establishment to the generosity of Mrs. Sloane, sister of Cornelius Vanderbilt, and is supported and maintained by her.

A visit to this magnificent charity is an experience never to be forgotten. It is one of the few places in the world where cribb holding from fourteen to sixteen miles of humanity, ranging from a few hours to ten days in age, can be seen, and certainly about the only one where so many babies are to be seen asleep at the same moment.

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FREELAND OPERA HOUSE.

JOHN J. WELSH, Manager. ONE NIGHT ONLY.

The Musical Comedy, Our Irish Visitors.

FRIDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 12, 1894.

A Company of Famous Stars! New Songs! New Dances! Catchy Music!

Prices: 25, 35 and 50 Cents. Reserved seats three days in advance at Christy's store.

Dr. N. MALEY, DENTIST.

Located permanently in Birkbeck's building, rooms 4 and 5, second floor. Special attention paid to all branches of dentistry.

ALL OPERATIONS PERFORMED WITH CARE. All work guaranteed. Office hours: 8 to 12 A. M.; 1 to 5 P. M.; 7 to 9 P. M.

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151 Centre street. EXCELLENT LIQUORS, BEER, PORTER, ALE, CIGARS, Etc. All kinds of TEMPERANCE DRINKS.

GEORGE FISHER, dealer in FRESH BEEF, PORK, VEAL, MUTTON, BOLOGNA, SMOKED MEATS, ETC., ETC.

Call at No. 6 Walnut street, Freeland, or wait for the delivery wagons.

VERY LOWEST PRICES.

IN THE COURT OF QUARTER SESSIONS of Luzerne county, No. 48, September sessions, 1894. In re-additional election districts in Freeland borough.

Notice is hereby given that the report of the commissioners in the above stated case has been filed with the clerk of the court of quarter sessions, and was confirmed by the court on September 23, 1894, and that said report will be confirmed absolutely by the court, unless exceptions thereto are filed within twenty days from the presentation of the report to the court.

Clerk of the court of quarter sessions.

WANTED.—To rent a building on Centre street; suitable for business place and residence; must have at least three rooms on first floor. Apply at this office.

WANTED.—A first-class (smith and sheet-iron worker. M. J. Moran, Freeland.

How It Took in New York.

From the New York World. A comedy entitled "Our Irish Visitors," delighted a large audience at the Windsor theatre last night. It is bright, lively, has a good plot, which is well told, and should be a success with lovers of farcical comedies. A number of specialties are introduced during the action of the play. W. J. Mason, as "Col. Gihlooly," was very amusing.

Incapacitated Him.

Haverly—Then your son didn't go through his college course with flying honors?

Austen—No, unfortunately he lamed his right knee about the middle of the term.—N. Y. World.

Delicate.

Briggs—I saw you in the barber's shop yesterday.

Griggs—Why didn't you speak?

Briggs—I didn't like to interrupt the barber.—N. Y. World.

THE SERVANT GIRL PROBLEM.



Husband—And how is our new girl getting along?

Wife—First rate. She seems to be particularly neat and pleasant.

"But, my dear, that isn't the girl I saw night before last when I went away."

"Of course not. You inquired about the new girl.—Flegende Blätterer.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss. LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & 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 CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1894.

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.



Anthracite coal used exclusively, insuring cleanliness and comfort.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS. MAY 15, 1894.

LEAVE FREELAND. 6:05, 8:25, 9:35, 10:41 a. m., 1:55, 2:27, 3:40, 4:55, 6:05, 6:28, 7:12, 8:57, 10:40 p. m. for Drifton, Jeddo, Lumber Yard, Shenandoah and Hazleton. 6:05, 8:25, 9:35 a. m., 1:55, 3:40, 4:55 p. m. for Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Pottsville and New York.

6:05, 9:05, 10:41 a. m., 2:27, 4:55, 6:58 p. m. for Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Pottsville. 7:25, 10:50 a. m., 11:50, 1:54, 3:40, 4:55 p. m. for White Haven, Glen Summit, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and L. and B. Junction.

SUNDAY TRAINS. 11:40 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. for Drifton, Jeddo, Lumber Yard and Hazleton. 9:45 p. m. for Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, New York and Philadelphia.

ARRIVE AT FREELAND. 5:50, 7:18, 7:28, 9:27, 10:56, 11:20 a. m., 12:18, 1:13, 4:24, 6:05, 8:47, 10:32 p. m. from Hazleton, Stockton, Lumber Yard, Jeddo and Drifton. 7:25, 9:15, 10:50 a. m., 2:15, 4:04, 4:55, 10:22 p. m. from Delano, Mahanoy City and Shenandoah (via New Boston