

# IN CLOSE CORNERS.



THE WEALTHY mine owners, ranchmen and politicians of the far west go to New York to spend their summer vacations.

Crowds of them may be found every evening during the summer in the Hoffman house cafe. There they meet Buffalo Bill and his friend and host of the Hoffman, Ed Stokes.

Five men who have grown up with the far west from the days of the pioneers were seated around a table in the Hoffman cafe telling stories of their adventures in the days when they fought Indians and grizzlies at every step they advanced toward the Golden Gate.

"I had some pretty close calls in the old days fighting Indians and bears single-handed," said Col. Burrows, of Montana, "but once I was cornered by a grizzly, a centipede and a Crow Indian, and getting out of that corner I had the closest shave of my life, I guess. I was prospecting along the foot of the Rockies, one summer away back in the days when all the Indians that were not on the warpath were ready to scalp any white man who fell into their hands. There were plenty of bears around, too, and as a rule none of the men in our party went very far from camp alone.

"One morning I started out to follow up a small ravine that I had discovered the day before and along the banks of which were some scant outcroppings of silver. I got so interested in examining specimens of rock that I pushed on, quite forgetful of time and distance until a feeling of emptiness of my stomach warned me that it was noon. Then I made a note of my surroundings, and found that I was fully ten miles from camp. I was on the bank of the ravine which was more than one hundred feet deep at that point. All around there was a sort of stunted half-grown forest with plenty of rocks and small caves—splendid hiding places for bears and Indians. I looked around very carefully and, seeing no sign of an enemy, I decided to eat the cold dinner I had brought with me before starting back to camp.

"It was a hot day, and when I had finished my dinner I was sleepy. I lay down in the shade of a tree to take a short nap, knowing that I would wake up in less than an hour which would give me plenty of time to get to camp before dark. I took off my coat and put it under my head, rolled up the sleeves of my flannel shirt and made myself as comfortable as possible. I had been asleep probably fifteen minutes when a peculiar tickling sensation on my right arm caused me to awake suddenly. Fortunately for me, I did not spring up with a start.

"Opening my eyes, I looked first at my arm where I had felt the tickling. As I did so my heart stopped beating for a minute, it seemed to me, and I felt a cold sweat starting out at every pore. Half-way up my arm I saw a full-grown centipede crawling around on the bare flesh. He was very wide awake, and it was evident that he was there for business. The slightest move on my part would be the signing of my death warrant.

"I could see the venomous insect without even turning my eyeballs, and I lay perfectly still. How I did it I don't know. It seemed to me that there was a ton of weight on my chest as I leaped aside and faced about I caught sight of the painted face of a murderous-looking Crow Indian who stood, rifle in hand, not less than thirty yards away. The Indian was evidently not aware of my presence until I had his rifle raised for a shot at the bear. He was so startled by my sudden appearance that he lowered his rifle, and instead of taking a shot at me, ran away as fast as he could go.

"I gave a sigh of relief now that I had only one enemy to fight instead of three. But I was not yet out of danger by any means. The pain of his wound made the bear frantic. Growling furiously, he turned and made another rush for me. He was now between me and my rifle, and my only weapon was a long hunting knife which I carried in my belt. Glancing back over my shoulder for a second, I discovered another and serious danger. I was within twenty feet of the bank of the ravine, which was directly behind me. A stumble or slip of the foot would carry me over the brink, which meant a fall of one hundred feet, to strike on a mass of rock below.

"As the bear rushed at me the second time I again sprang to one side and escaped him by only a few inches. I had drawn my knife, but I knew that if I had closed with him he could tear me to pieces before I could reach a vital spot with such a weapon.

"As I dodged about a plan of escape suddenly occurred to me. It was a desperate chance, but my situation was desperate, and by this time it was plain that the bullet from the gun of the Indian had not reached a vital spot, and the bear was good for hours of hard fighting yet.

"As I dodged about to avoid the savage rushes of the animal I kept getting nearer the brink of the ravine. Finally I stood on the very edge of it, with the bear facing me, twenty feet away. Again he rose on his hind feet and came to me with a vicious growl. I stood still until I could almost feel his hot breath in my face. Then ducking to avoid his outstretched forelegs I sprang quickly to one side.

"My plan of escape was a success. The momentum of the big brute was such that he could not stop in time and he plunged headlong over the bank and went tumbling to the bottom of the ravine. I heard him strike the rocks a hundred feet below with a thud, and then as I realized that I was safe I dropped to the ground as limp as a wet rag. I was as weak as a baby from the effects of the strain on my nerves, and it was nearly an hour before I was strong enough to pick up my rifle and start back to camp.

around on the under side of my arm and stopped. Every instant I expected to feel the sharp sting of the insect, and I was trying to nerve myself up and let the bear finish me in short order, rather than suffer the torture of the slower death.

"But the bear looked me over, pushed my arms and legs about and licked my face: still the centipede did not move. The bear stood there for several minutes, it seemed to me, but at last appeared to make up his mind that I was dead and he would leave me to the coyotes. Then he turned and lumbered off in the same direction from which he had come.

"But the deadly centipede was still on my arm, and by this time I was so weak as to be in danger of rolling over in utter collapse. Then a sudden warning of a new danger gave my nerves another shock.

"The bear had gone less than fifty feet away when I heard the sharp crack of a rifle on the other side of me, heard the hiss of a bullet as it flew over me and saw a bunch of fur fly from the side of the bear. The animal had been hit just back of the left shoulder, but the bullet did not even knock him down. With a groan of rage the big shaggy monster turned and came toward me with a rush.

"I was certain that the shot had been fired by an Indian, and if there was any faint hope of escape lingering in my breast before, it rapidly vanished. The centipede had been startled by the shot and was now running down my bare arm. There I was, with the deadly insect on my bare flesh, an enraged and wounded bear coming at me from one side, and an Indian on the other side of me ready to shoot me down the moment I raised my head.

"I quickly made up my mind that if my time had come I had rather be shot by the Indian or torn to pieces by the bear than to be stung to death by the centipede. With a bound I sprang to my feet, and to my intense relief the centipede dropped from my arm to the ground without stinging me. But I



I HAD DRAWN MY KNIFE. forgot to grab my gun as I rose, and when I got on my feet the bear was so close I did not have time to stoop and get it. In fact, it was only by a quick leap to one side that I escaped the clutch of the grizzly as he rose on his hind feet and made a lunge at me with paws outstretched and mouth wide open.

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"With two of my companions to help me I went up the ravine the next day and secured the hide of the bear."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## PIGS AND SHEEP.

White pigs has baby, ten. For each little pig is a toe; Five on this foot, five on that, All drawn up in a row; Eight white pigs are dainty and small, And the two big toes are the parents of all.



White sheep has baby, ten, And each little finger's a sheep; How the shepherd folds his lambs When baby's sound asleep; Eight white sheep are dainty and small, And the two great thumbs are the parents of all. —R. W. Lowrie, in Our Little Ones.

## THE GRIZZLY'S PLUCK.

He Can Do Plenty of Damage When He Is "Nominally Dead."

Personally I have more respect for his majesty, the grizzly bear, than for any other animal I ever trailed, the tiger not excepted, writes W. T. Hornaday in an article on the bears of North America in St. Nicholas. It is quite true that many an abed-died grizzly is caught napping and killed "dead easy," as the baseball language says, but so are big tigers also, for that matter.

In fact, I know of one large tiger weighing within five pounds of five hundred, who was promptly laid low by two bullets from a mere pop-gun of a rifle, and there was no fuss about it, either.

It is easy enough to kill a grizzly at a good safe distance of a hundred yards or so, which allows the hunter to fire from three to six shots by the time the teeth and claws get dangerously near. But to attack a fully-grown and wide-awake Ursus horribilis in brushy ground at twenty or thirty yards' distance is no child's play. As an old hunter once quaintly expressed it to me: "A grizzly bar'll git up an' come at ye with blood in his eye after he's nominally dead!" The point of it is, this bear is so big, and so enveloped in long, shaggy hair, his head is so wedge-like, his strength and tenacity of life so great, and his rage when wounded so furious that at that short range he is hard to kill quickly, and kill so dead that he cannot get a blow at the hunter.

The strength in a grizzly's arm is tremendous, and when the blow comes accompanied with claws five or six inches long, like so many hooks of steel on a sledge-hammer, it tears to shreds what it fails to crush. There are many authentic instances on record of hunters and trappers who have been killed by grizzly bears, and I believe it could be proved that this animal has killed more men than all the other wild animals in North America combined, excepting the skunks and their rabies.

In the days of the early pioneers, the only rifles used were the muzzle-loading, hair-trigger squirrel-rifles of small caliber, and they were no match for the burly grizzly, either in speed or strength. As a result, bruin had the best of it, and in time brought about a



A FAMILY OF GRIZZLIES.

perfect reign of terror among the frontiersmen who trespassed upon his domain. For my part, I certainly would not want to attack a big grizzly at short range with my father's old Kentucky rifle of 32 caliber, unless I had my rifle made, and all my earthly affairs in shape to be left for a long period. But with the rise of the breech-loader the tables turned, and, like all the other dangerous animals, the grizzly soon found that the odds were against him. To be sure, he kills his hunter now and then, sometimes by one awful stroke of his paw, and sometimes by biting his victim to death. But he has almost ceased to attack men wilfully and without cause, as he once did. Unless he is wounded or cornered, or thinks he is cornered and about to be attacked, he will generally run whenever he discovers a man. But when he is attacked, and especially if wounded, he gets mad and clean through. Then he will fight anything, even a circular saw, so it is said, and give it five turns the start.

**In a Slander Case.** Counsel for Defendant—True, your honor, my client did call the defendant a donkey, but at the present high market rate of those valuable animals is this not rather a complimentary than otherwise?—Flegende Blatter.

**What It Was.** Customer—That's a queer-shaped piece of pie. Looks something like a turnover. Waiter—No, sir, it's a left-over.—Good News.

**A Simple Plan.** She—How can B manage to live on such a small salary? He—Very simply. He lives simply, dresses simply, and simply—doesn't pay.—Truth.

**Mutually Deceived.** "Two souls with but a single thought, Two hearts which beat as one." I wed for money—so did she And each of us had none.—Truth.

## He Stood the Preacher Off.

Up in one of Michigan's thriving counties lives a man who is about as regardful of a dollar or two as a man can well be and be decent. He is a farmer in comfortable circumstances, and, being thrifty, honest, industrious and a bachelor, he was considered quite the catch of the neighborhood, notwithstanding his painful exactness in money matters. He finally married a widow worth in her own right ten thousand dollars, and shortly afterwards a friend met him.

"Allow me," he said, "to congratulate you. That marriage was worth a clean ten thousand dollars to you."

"No," he replied, "not quite that much."

"Indeed?" I thought there was every cent of ten thousand in it."

"Oh, no," and he sighed a little: "I had to pay a dollar for the marriage license."—Detroit Free Press.

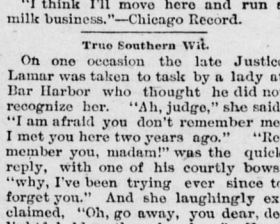
**'Twould Make No Difference.** A bright youth undergoing examination for admission to one of the departments at Washington found himself confronted with the question:

"What is the distance from the earth to the sun?"

Not having the exact number of miles which he wrote in reply:

"I am unable to state accurately, but I don't think the sun is near enough to interfere with a proper performance of my duties if I get this clerkship." He got it.—Alex. Sweet, in Texas Siftings.

## HIS FIRST TRIP TO NIAGARA.



"I think I'll move here and run a milk business."—Chicago Record.

**True Southern Wit.** On one occasion the late Justice Lamar was taken to task by a lady at Bar Harbor who thought he did not recognize her. "Ah, judge," she said, "I am afraid you don't remember me. I met you here two years ago." "Remember you, madam?" was the quick reply, with one of his courtly bows.

"Why, I've been trying ever since to forget you." And she laughingly exclaimed, "Oh, go away, you dear, delightful old southern humbug."—Harper's Weekly.

**He'd Remember It.** Bobby—I forgot to say my prayers last night.

**Fond Parent—That was very wrong, Bobby.** Supposing I should forget your breakfast some morning? Bobby (cheerfully)—'Twouldn't make much difference. I shouldn't forget about it.—Harper's Bazar.

**No Practical Difference.** Hostess (at evening party)—How dull everybody seems. I think I had better ask Miss Poundaway to play something.

**Host—Oh, Matilda! She's such an exorable performer, you know.** Hostess—What difference does that make? It will start the conversation all the same.—Truth.

**Not An Unmixed Evil.** "Willie has taken to smoking cigarettes," said Mrs. Closegrin to her lord and master when he came home from the office. "All right," growled the old man, "let him smoke 'em if he wants to. Cigarettes are cheap, and he won't be outgrowing his clothes so fast."—Indianapolis Journal.

**The Monkey's Descent.** "Papa, do men descend from monkeys?" asked the thoughtful little boy of his father.

"Yes, my boy."

"And what about the monkeys?" And the puzzled father replied: "The monkeys descend, my boy—that is— they descend from trees!"—Vogue.

**Intolerable Compatibility.** First Chorus Girl—Why did Mm. Hynote get divorced from her husband? Second Chorus Girl—She couldn't stand it any longer. He never got up a single quarrel with her that any newspaper would think important enough to print.—Chicago Record.

**A Creature of the Imagination.** The Author's Wife—There is one character in your play that is simply absurd. The Author—Which one? The Author's Wife—The old servant who has been with the family twenty years.—Puck.

## PETTY RHYMES.

**The Cricket.** When summer wanes and fading leaves Drop listlessly o'er amber shrubs, A minstrel in a dusky suit Trills to the night a shrill salute, That summer only half believes.

**Right merrily his music weaves** A mystic mesh that well achieves The motive of his timely lute, When summer wanes.

**Thro' longer nights and cooler eves** This clever soloist deceives The heedless world till some acute Observer notes the leon pursuit. With which Jack Frost his power retrieves When summer wanes.

—George E. Bowen, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

**Cupidity.** To share with me my poor abode In matrimonial bliss, My fond proposal I bestowed Upon a Miss, amiss.

**Her sordid love of money bound** My heart upon the rack, When in my meagre purse she found Of gold a lack, a lack!

**If I to fortune sought to attain,** The hope I once enjoyed Might vanish my lone breast again, My heart avoid a void.

**But some rich man, I sadly fear,** Across her path will pass, And with the willing maiden, ere I can amass a mass.

—John Ludlow, in Puck.

**Little Pauline.** Eyes as blue as the azure, Silken hair lighted with gold; Pride of the home and fireside Her pet, just one year old.

**Dimpled hands soft and chubby,** Her face as fair as a queen, Lighted with blushes of Heaven Our baby, our little Pauline.

**Little voice learning to prattle;** Little hands trying to play; Little feet learning to toddle, Stumble and fall on the way.

**May success attend you, darling,** Climbing the stairway of life; May Heavenly Love defending, Soften the pain and strife.

**And when a child no longer,** As birthdays come and go, May you be a noble woman, Ever blessing those you know.

—VIRGINIA PRICE PLUMMER.

**And We'll Be Happy Then.** When it rains because we want it— Gets warm because we like it; When we order all our blizzards— Tell the lightning where to strike!

**The world will be a jolly world** To all the maids and men; With life a song the whole day long, And we'll be happy then!

**When crops grow of their own accord,** Within a plot or bed; When bill collectors cease to bring The lengthy bills we owe:

**The world will be a jolly world** To all the maids and men; And birds will sing and cash will ring, And we'll be happy then! —Atlanta Constitution.

**"Them's My Sentiments."** Though o'er the pathway of my life some adverse winds may blow, Let me call this world a howling wilderness of woe.

**But turn my back upon the storm, and look** With thankful eyes To the beauty of the landscape, and the glory of the skies.

**Should melancholy's coffin-face come gibbering** To my door, I'll stare him out of countenance, and set him in a roar.

**Till the sound of merry laughter fills the sur-** rounding air, And joy's sweet roses blossom from the barren grave of care.

**If from the swamps of selfishness a chilling mist** is sent, Fraught with the dread malaria of chronic discontent,

**I'll climb the airy heights of love to labor** there awhile, And scatter the infection with the sunshine of a smile.

**And when life's evening shadows fall, if I can** only know That I have carved one smile upon the pallid lips of woe.

**I'll thank the merry gods of mirth, and with** expiring breath, Wait the world my good-night kisses while I shake the hand of death. —L. F. Hillis, in Atlanta Constitution.

**The Fun That Adam Missed.** That Adam was a lonely man I'm ready to believe, Although his many days were blessed With nature's fairest Eve; By men and angels and cousins fair The man was never kissed, And thus I often think about The fun that Adam missed.

**It seems to me his life was like** An oft-repeated dream; He never treated girls and paid Three dollars for tea cream; He never, when a little boy, By grown-up girls was kissed; And when he died he never knew What fun that he had missed.

**He never went security** And had the note to pay; He never saw his bank's cashier Steal gracefully away; In all his life he never by A mother-in-law was kissed; But why go on and enumerate The fun that Adam missed?

**Perhaps, if he were living now—** But then you specify— He'd be too old and not inclined To play with fickle fate. For centuries the wanton winds His unknown grave have blessed; Perhaps he sleeps the better for The fun that he has missed. —Philadelphia Item.

**In Moonlight.** The fairy moonlight robes the sea, Its molten silver floods the sea, And pearls bars of shimmering light Bedeck the brow of jeweled night.

**I gaze afar on sea and shore.** The fairy bark glides on before, And all the waves and all the vales Are kissed with silver from his sails.

**Oh! soft, calm light, my spirit fill!** His rising passions quick be still, My throbbing pulses soothe and calm, And waltz my thoughts on wings of rain.

**The better soul create a new.** Life's purpose bathed with heavenly dew, And silver dip each worthy thought, And crown with light each action wrought. —The Home.

**At Night.** When we are weary with the world we go Unto the quiet of our homes; and when The night is still—and lamps are burning low, We do remember all the day's work then!

**And comes a wish, before the tired lids close—** Before we sink into the arms of sleep— To kneel to Him, who every sorrow knows And closer to the heart of Him to creep!

**The children will come home—the play all** o'er— The school tasks ended, in the twilight chill; And with soft, clinging arms of love adore The sheltering bosom of the mother still. —Atlanta Constitution.

# What We Are Now Doing for You!

Selling dress gingham at 5c per yard. Plaid dress goods, 5c per yard. Sterling calicoes, 4c per yard. Remnant outing flannels, 4c per yard. Remnant linings, 4c per yard. White cambric, 8c per yard. Homespun blankets, 75c per pair. Gray blankets, 68c per pair. All-wool blankets, \$2.00 per pair. Horse blankets, \$1.25 per pair. Sheeting, two and one-half yards wide, 17c per yard. Good muslin, 5c per yard; twenty-one yards, \$1.00. Good quilts, 50c each. Boys' suits, \$1.00.

## Underwear Very Cheap.

Men's fine calf shoes, \$1.75; worth \$3.00. Ladies' shoes, from \$1.00 up. Boys' overcoats, five to thirteen years, \$1.25. The best bargain of all! Selling fifty-cent dress goods for 25c for the balance of this month. Good double shawls, \$2.50. Beaver shawls, \$3.25. Lace curtains, 40c yard. Children's grain shoes, numbers ten to two, \$1.00.

Wall paper very cheap. All colors of window shades, 25c. Furniture and carpets. Look at this! A good couch, \$4.00; better, \$4.50 up to \$15.00. A large oak bedroom suit, eight pieces, \$25.00. Large center tables, solid oak, \$1.25 to \$3.50.

**We carry complete lines of all kinds of furniture, and will give ten per cent off to cash buyers.**

Did you see our \$10.75 oak side boards? Carpets, from 25c a yard up.

## Groceries and Provisions.

Six bars Lenox soap, 25c. Six pounds oat meal, 25c. Five pounds ginger cakes, 25c. Two cans salmon, 25c. Five cans corned beef, \$1.00. Good colong tea, 25c; five pounds, \$1.00. Four pounds good raisins, 25c. Three pounds mixed cakes, 25c. Four pounds oyster biscuits, 25c. Soda biscuits, by the barrel, 41c.

**Yours truly,**

## J. C. BERNER.

**Harness!**

**Light Carriage Harness,** \$5.50, \$7, \$9 and \$10.50.

**Heavy Express Harness,** \$16.50, \$19, \$20 and \$22.

**Heavy Team Harness,** double, \$25, \$28 and \$30.

**GEO. WISE,** Jeddo and Freeland, Pa.

A new stock of blankets, lap robes, buffalo robes, etc., just arrived, are selling cheap.

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REGAINS AND MAINTAINS THE VITAL POWERS.

Cures NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOSS OF VIGOR, INSOMNIA and GENERAL DEBILITY. Caused by IMPRUDENT HABITS, EXCESSES or OVERWORK.

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**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.**

## LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS. MAY 13, 1894.

**LEAVE FREELAND.** 6:05, 8:25, 9:53, 10:41 a. m., 1:35, 2:27, 3:40, 4:55, 5:50, 6:58, 7:12, 8:57, 10:40 p. m. for Drifton, Jeddo, Lumber Yard, Stockton and Hazleton.

6:05, 8:25, 9:53 a. m., 1:35, 3:40, 4:55 p. m. for Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Pottsville, Easton and New York. 6:05, 9:53, 10:41 a. m., 2:27, 4:55, 6:58 p. m. for Mahanoy, Shenandoah and Pottsville. 7:25, 10:55 a. m., 11:30, 4:34 p. m. (via Hickland Branch) for White Haven, Glen Summit, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and L. and E. 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, 7:28, 9:27, 10:50, 11:59 a. m., 12:58, 2:13, 4:34, 6:58, 8:47, 10:32 p. m. from Hazleton, Stockton, Lumber Yard, Jeddo and Drifton. 7:25, 9:19, 10:50 a. m., 2:13, 4:34, 6:58, 10:32 p. m. from Delano, Mahanoy City and Shenandoah (via New Boston Branch). 12:58, 5:40, 8:47, 10:32 p. m. from New York, Easton, Philadelphia, Bethlehem, Allentown and Mauch Chunk. 9:27, 10:50 a. m., 12:58, 5:40, 6:58, 8:47, 10:32 p. m. from Easton, Phila., Bethlehem and Mauch Chunk. 9:53, 10:41 a. m., 2:27, 6:58 p. m. from White Haven, Glen Summit, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and L. and E. Junction (via Hickland Branch).

**SUNDAY TRAINS.** 11:31 a. m. and 3:51 p. m. from Hazleton, Lumber Yard, Jeddo and Drifton. 11:31 a. m. from Delano, Hazleton, Philadelphia and Easton. 3:51 p. m. from Delano and Mahanoy region.