

**THE BLESSINGS THAT COME UNAWARES.**

Well knowing what's won by pursuing  
But adds to the sum of our cares.

From morning to morning we labor,  
The task we would do is not done,  
And the things that seem great in the distance  
Are nothing when once they are won.

No one thing is worthy our worship,  
And all things when clasped in the hand  
Are naught but the signs of the music,  
The sympathy only is grand.

The manna that falls in the desert,  
The dry, dusty desert of strife,  
Is sweeter than fruit to whose growing  
We've given the years of our life.

The joy is in building the temple,  
The substance is less than the dream,  
And the song that we sing but the echo  
Of the perfect one heard in the stream.

In vain through the volumes of wisdom  
We seek for the blissful, and lo!  
The soft hissing accents of childhood  
Set all of God's kingdom aglow.

Youth, manhood, seek ever the jewel  
Of freedom with hope-kindled eyes,  
Age finds it to laugh at its lustre,  
And resign it, a comfortless prize.

The bud that escapes us when searching  
The bush for its promises sweet  
Goes straight to the heart with its blooming,  
And the instant is all but complete.

Those things that are won by pursuing  
But add to the sum of our cares:  
We thank Thee, O Father of Mercy,  
For the blessings that come unawares.

CHARLES EUGENE BANKS.

**COUPLING PINS. A STORY OF THANKSGIVING.**

THE wind had changed, and driven the little gray clouds into an ominous, leaden mass. Miss Emerson, the teacher, now "boarding round" at the Starr farm, looked at the first flakes as she would have looked at any other personal enemies, had they come floating down to darken the clear skies of her promised day of delight.

It was seldom Miss Emerson gave herself pleasure; and now that she had bargained with haggling Mr. Starr for a little turkey, nicely roasted, a mince pie, a glass of plum jam and a loaf of bread to donate to the benevolent institution, yelped "The Widows' Rest," on this Thanksgiving day, she wished the little gray clouds had kept to their first inclination to scatter before the shining sun.

Augusta King was going. She was a cousin-in-law who kept, and enjoyed keeping, the stalwart Starr boys in a state of feud. She was big, beautiful, vain, and something of an heiress.

Miss Emerson had, with amusement, not unmixed with indignation, silently watched this little comedy-pastoral, "The Rivals." Her quick sympathies went out to Giles Starr, the elder brother, a tall, splendid youth, with the torso of a gladiator that held the heart of a woman. For the daring, lawless, handsome younger brother she instinctively reserved her dislike, turning on the faucet of the fountain of worded disfavor at every aggressive attention offered her by Valentine Starr.

Augusta's basket had been officiously carried by both brothers to the snowy platform, where, when it was properly signalled, the "local accommodation" to Sharsburgh, which lay thirty miles to the north, stopped to take on passengers. The railroad officials had prepared for the day's extra traffic by adding four passenger coaches to the usual complement that, once a day, plied between Madison and Sharsburgh on the rather rusty little narrow-gauge.

It chanced that when, at Val's signal, the train stopped, the engineer, put at fault by the unusual length of his following, slowed up only as the last—and empty—car drew alongside the platform. With a gray laugh at their utter isolation, Augusta, when aboard, began talking to Val, who sat beside her, in low, confidential tones, and laughing in loud, maddening roulades, the better to incense poor Giles, who, worm of the dust that he was, turned, at last, and began a conversational attack upon Miss Emerson. He even sat down opposite her, with his back to his brother and Augusta, and made a successful pretense of having forgotten their existence.

Miss Emerson's pity for the worm, whose squirming she alone saw, drove her headlong into channels of argumentative harangue, where the waves were strong and the waters frightfully deep. To her gratification and surprise, Giles plunged after her and swam as a swimmer does who knows his strength and joys in the exhilarating sport.

She had never talked to him in just this way, and to hold her own in the under-tow through which his masculine mind buffeted its way with mastery ease brought the pink to her cheeks and the light to her eyes.

Again the train stopped, and Mrs. Bassett and her daughter, Matilda, lumbered into the second coach ahead. Augusta, observing her, and wishing to summarily punish Giles for his daring insubordination, loudly declared her intention of going to Matilda. Bidding Val follow with her basket, Miss King, with a sharp glance of snapping black eyes that was lost upon Giles, flooned up the aisle and out of the coach.

From the Bassett farm to the next probable stopping place was a stretch of nearly ten miles; beyond this farms and villages began to thicken, and showing up would be the order of the day.

As if ignorant of Augusta's desertion, Giles took up the thread of conversation where it had dropped, and began so brave a winding of it upon so manifestly pitiable a reel of good intention, that Miss Emerson figuratively reached forth and took it from him.

In her kindly hands, and in the light of her sparkling, generous mood, the gossamer thread shone and glistened and changed color. He listened with ears deafening themselves to the sarcasm of a strident voice, and looked at her with eyes from whose lenses faded the image of a saucy, buxom beauty.

Miss Emerson wound on and on. Once over Giles' square shoulder she saw Val's face peering in at them from the outside platform. A demoniac grin warped his handsome features, which disappeared an instant later, and then—

It was not noticeable at first. Giles' sweet responsibility, his gentle willingness to be consoled and entertained by her, shut out all lesser sensations. It was only when, feeling the train slacken in speed, she lifted her eyes and peered over Giles' shoulder, that she discovered it. With a bound she was upon her feet, her hand grasping the arm of a man before her.

"What is it, Miss Emerson?" asked Giles, unable to read between the frowning lines at the meeting of her delicate brows.

"What is it?" she echoed—"Valentine Starr!" and she looked toward the place where his dark, bright, unreluctant face last shadowed the frosty pane. Giles followed her glance with his own and cried out in astonishment. The coach, in which they were being slowly brought to a standstill, had been uncoupled, the rope detached and themselves left to do what they might under the exasperating circumstances.

"Well, I'll be—"

"No, you'll not! You shan't be anything I can't be—and I won't be that!"

laughed Miss Emerson, a bit hysterical. "Oh, Giles, I'm so sorry—for you!"

"Sorry for me? Say, don't you be that now. I haven't heard a word you've been saying for the last half hour!"

Miss Emerson may be excused for wincing slightly at this stunningly honest confession—"I've been doing better 'n listening. I've been making up my mind. All the while your soft, bright voice was seeming to blow little rainbow bubbles through the air I was building scales out of my heart and soul to weigh two women in."

Giles stopped and looked dreamily out at the floating flakes that swirled, and danced, and shot up again in the wind, as though settling with their fellows on the soft, purevels below were the last of their intentions.

The snowstorm shut the two occupants of the coach into a little world of their own. No landmarks were discernible—their whereabouts a mystery neither of them was in a hurry to solve.

"And you weighed them—with mental, moral, physical or spiritual weights, Giles—which?"

"You're laughing at me!" cried the young man, turning to face a countenance wreathed in smiles; but what he dreaded he did not find. He met, instead, a pair of the sweetest humid blue eyes in the world, their long lashes moist, their dark pupils dilating.

"Laughing at you? Can't you see I'm—I'm crying at you? O Giles!"

"You've grieved it, then? You—"

"Giles, don't accredit me with that much wisdom. I teach school—but only the primary grades; and as for higher mathematics, I couldn't solve the problem of any man's heart—not even if he gave me for the unknown quantity. Oh, dear—"

"What?"

"The widows—"

"Confound the widows!"

"I'll do nothing of the sort. And I consider it heartless of you to ask it of me."

"Oh, bother the widows, then! Miss Emerson?"

"Well?"

The red-headed children were crying for bread, and so the editor took them out and seated them on the fence posts. In the hope that the red-headed woodpeckers would be struck by the family resemblance and feed them.

During the absence of the editor a large man, dressed in a beetling frown and a huge aquatic-elm club, strode into the office. The bore's head was still immersed in the barrel of exchanges, and, as all men look much alike in that attitude, the visitor naturally mistook the bore for the editor and fell upon him with the club just mentioned.

It is sufficient to say that the large man pounded the bore down into the barrel well high to the bottom, tamped him in firmly and departed whistling a merry lay. When the editor returned and had broken open the barrel and gazed upon the quivering carcass of the bore, he lifted his hands on high and cried:

"I am thankful from the bottom of my soul for what I didn't get!"

**HE WAS PERFECTLY SAFE.**

"I used all the weights you mentioned, I reckon."

"Well?"

"Physically, some one I've been a dumb fool about got it; but other ways—"

"Yes?"

"It balanced in favor of a mite of a woman with blue eyes, who blows rainbow bubbles—"

"Giles!"

"You did that sum pretty quick, Miss Emerson. I should think higher mathematics wouldn't be any trouble to you whatever."

"Now, you're laughing at me, Giles Starr! Well, laugh, then! But remember you have yet your own problem to solve."

"I've solved—and proved it," and Giles' voice grew tender and serious.

"Proved it by such kindness as I never received before; proved it by your sweet sympathy and your tears—O, Miss Emerson—"

"I think, Giles," breaks in a soft, happy voice, "if you are so sure of the correctness of your solution, that 'Mary' would be much more appropriate than—"

"Mary—my darling!"

For three cold, halcyon hours they watched for a sign of rescue, hoping for its delay. Mary told Giles the simple story of her life, of its ambitions, of its loneliness. At noon they opened the donation basket, and ate their Thanksgiving dinner as mortals might eat who are permitted to dine with the gods.

And when, at last, an engine snorted importantly toward them through the shimmering obscurity of snow, they asked to be taken back to the farm, and not on to Sharsburgh, where a baffled beauty had passed the day in giving anything but thanks.

EVA BENT.

**THE EDITOR'S THANKSGIVING**  
BY TOM P. MORGAN.

"What have I to be thankful for?" mused the able editor of the Hawville Clarion, one Thanksgiving day.

The bore—for every country editor's sanctum has its bore, just as much as every dog has a tail, and, in reality, more so. If a dog is deprived of his tail he will never, never get another, but if a newspaper office loses its bore his place is soon filled by a successor.

The particular bore that infested the Clarion office was like the bore that infests every other country newspaper office. He came day after day, and sat and gabbled and blabbed and spat and blew where he listed. Upon this occasion he was engaged in the arduous task of overhauling the editor's barrel of exchanges. Whatever it was that he wanted to find, it was always at the bottom of the barrel. When he dug down in the barrel and turned the bottom part of its contents up to the top, the particular periodical that he yearned for was still at the bottom.

Meanwhile, the editor, grown callous to the presence of the bore, mused sadly:

"Man wants but little here below—and generally gets it. What have I to be thankful for?"

Times had gone hardly with him during the past summer and autumn. The pawpaw crop had been a total failure, and he had not seen a complimentary ticket to a circus in many moons. He had not received a dollar on subscription all the week, nor a peck of country produce since early in the month. "Vox Populi," his trusted correspondent, had risen against him two or three times recently and unblushingly advanced theories dimetrically anti-galling, so to speak, to the political policy of the editorial side of the paper. This had lost him subscribers.

Things had gone from bad to worse till now he was down to zero in finances and feelings. Recently the wife of his bosom had eloped with a man who owed him eighteen dollars, leaving the editor with three small red-headed children on his hands.

And now, as if fate, having gotten him down, was desirous of dancing on

his neck, only last night a delegation of the reform committee had broken into the office and embezzled the residue of his ink and used it in tar and feathering a superfluous citizen who was not a subscriber.

The red-headed children were crying for bread, and so the editor took them out and seated them on the fence posts. In the hope that the red-headed woodpeckers would be struck by the family resemblance and feed them.

During the absence of the editor a large man, dressed in a beetling frown and a huge aquatic-elm club, strode into the office. The bore's head was still immersed in the barrel of exchanges, and, as all men look much alike in that attitude, the visitor naturally mistook the bore for the editor and fell upon him with the club just mentioned.

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"I am thankful from the bottom of my soul for what I didn't get!"



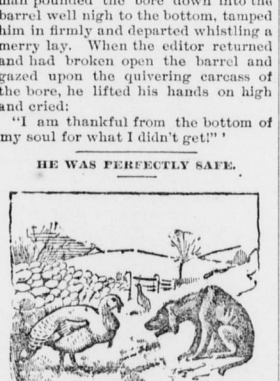
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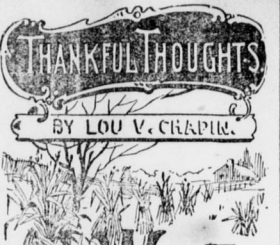
"I am thankful from the bottom of my soul for what I didn't get!"



**Thanksgiving.**  
The fruits of the mow—its music is o'er—  
The fruits of the harvest are gathered in store.  
Abundant reward for a season of toil  
The earth has returned from her generous soil  
And now, with the autumn leaves o'er her breast,  
She turns to the sleep of renewal and rest.  
While we, with her bounties heaped high on the board,  
Pass round the good fare and the jubilant word  
With thankless laughter, with merriest cheer,  
And share with each other the gifts of the year.  
—Mrs. George Archibald, in Judge.

**And Was Detained.**  
Mme. Gobbler—My children, I have sad news for you.  
The Little Gobbler—What?  
Mme. Gobbler (breaking into sobs)—  
Your poor, dear father attended a Thanksgiving dinner yesterday—Chicago Record.

**Cause for Thankfulness.**  
Shanghai—Everyone has something to be thankful for, if he only stops to think.  
Gosling—What have we, pray?  
Shanghai—That Thanksgiving comes but once a year.—Brooklyn Life.



**THANKFUL THOUGHTS**  
BY LOU V. CHAPIN.

HEN the fields, where once waved the ripened grain, lie yellow and bare under the waning light of the year, it is fitting that we would muse upon the past, and, remembering the promise of spring, the beauty of summer and the fulfillment of autumn, should draw therefrom hope and inspiration for the future. Verily, the life of man is as that of the "grass which perisheth," and the life of nations is the aggregate of the existence of its individuals, and all have within their death the germ of the after-existing. Not a root of endeavor and longing sinks down into eternity, drops its lower and seed and is forgotten of earth, but has its resurrection, and there is not a storm that bows the head nor a lightning flash that rends the soul with pain but carry on their wings radiance for the flower and vigor for the seed.

The year over which now the ashes of remembrance are scattered has been to one nation a time of travail. From the heartstones of the artisan have gone up the wail of hungry childhood and the prayer of destitute mothers. The hammer and the anvil have been covered with rust. The heart-beats of commerce have been so faint and feeble that timid souls, grazing from afar upon our afflicted nation, have cried that she was upon the verge of dissolution, that her proud edifices of Fraternal Love and Domestic Content were crumbling to the dust. The seasons have frowned upon the husbandman, and there has been distress east and west, north and south; fire and famine, flood and insurrection have touched the land, and yet the patriot people of our country, though still thrilling with the memory of recent grief, can look up to Heaven and thank God for what the year has brought. It is not in the sun-light of prosperity that the soul realizes to the full its blessings, but only when it has just emerged from the shadow of calamity is it able to comprehend the chastening love that "wounds to heal."

Again has that lesson of the immutability of the law of progressive creation—the "survival of the fittest"—been read by those who see in the events of each passing day the details of the scheme by which the world is to be lifted to grander planes of thought and action. The triumph were barren were its teachings unheeded. The winds, sighing above the graves of those who perished in their madness, or fell victims to the inexplicable frenzy of wanton force, bear to us not only the sound of weeping, they are fraught with whispers of promise. Liberty, our mother, our goddess, our best beloved, smiles while the tear-drops are yet wet upon her cheeks. Law, our savior for a moment by the gathering clouds, still stands in untarnished glory and dignity, her scepter touching the eastern and western seas, her garments brightening the whole land, as the light from the sacred veil, behind which was God, glorified the temple in days of old.

Bowing our faces to the dust we offer up our thanks, and as we listen to the sweet-toned bells ringing out the familiar strains: "Praise the Lord, all ye people, worship Him in the beauty of holiness," our souls echo the sounds. Our harvest may be scanty, the gleaners may not have returned with singling, but the breast of earth and of futurity will yield to us measure all the plenty for the present hoarding; gladder because we have learned our lesson aright; sweeter, for the fruit will have been ripened by the storm as well as the sun. We take our little ones by the hand and leading them forth, point to the barren fields and say: "Remember, oh, my son, the chastening of the Lord; be wise, oh, my daughter, with the wisdom of sorrow, and forget not the thank-offering that is more grateful to deity than the wealth laid on golden altars. High resolves for the future; repentance for the mistakes of the past; loyalty to the teachings of our fathers who sealed their faith in our country's destiny with their blood; the cherishing of the ideals that have raised men from primordial chaos and will elevate them to ideal excellence; these, oh, my children, be thy offerings." Gratitude, which has within it no commendation of self, no striving after secular virtue as far as it lies within human power, no soul dedication, is as barren as the fallow fields, as unfruitful as the thorns and thistles.

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Selling dress gingham at 5c per yard.  
Paid dress goods, 5c per yard.  
Sterling calicoes, 4c per yard.  
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Remnant linings, 4c per yard.

White cambric, 8c per yard.  
Womens' blankets, 75c per pair.  
Gray blankets, 80c 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.

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Mens' 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.  
Lace shawls, \$1.25.  
Lace curtains, 49c; worth 75c.  
Children's grain shoes, numbers ten to two, \$1.00.  
Wall paper very cheap.  
All colors of window shades, 25c.  
Curtain poles, 25c each.  
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.

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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 meal, 25c.  
Five pounds ginger cakes, 25c.  
Two cans salmon, 25c.  
Five cans corned beef, \$1.00.  
Good cooking 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, 44c.

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ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.  
NOV. 18, 1894.

**LEAVE FREELAND.**  
6:05, 8:25, 9:53, 10:41 a. m., 1:35, 2:27, 3:40, 4:25, 6:12, 8:58, 9:05, 9:57 p. m. for Drifton, Jeddo, Lumber Yard, Stockton and Hazleton.  
6:05, 8:25, 9:53 a. m., 1:35, 2:27, 3:40, 4:25 p. m. for Easton and New York.  
6:05, 9:53, 10:41 a. m., 2:27, 4:25, 6:58 p. m. for Mahanoy City, Stroudsburg, Pottsville, Reading, Philadelphia and New York.  
7:25, 10:56 a. m., 11:43, 4:34 p. m. via Highland Branch for White Haven, Glen Summit, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and L. and B. Junction.

**SUNDAY TRAINS.**  
11:40 a. m. and 3:45 p. m. for Drifton, Jeddo, Lumber Yard and Hazleton.  
3:45 p. m. for Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, New York and Philadelphia.

**ARRIVE AT FREELAND.**  
7:26, 9:27, 10:56, 11:54 a. m., 12:38, 2:18, 4:34, 5:23, 6:58, 8:47 p. m. from Hazleton, Stockton, Lumber Yard, Jeddo and Drifton.  
7:26, 9:27, 10:56 a. m., 2:18, 4:34, 4:58 p. m. from Delano, Mahanoy City and Shenandoah (via New Boston Branch).  
12:38, 3:53, 8:47 p. m. from New York, Easton, Philadelphia, Bethlehem, Allentown and Mauch Chunk.  
9:27, 10:56 a. m., 12:38, 5:33, 6:58, 8:47 p. m. from Easton, Phila., Bethlehem and Mauch Chunk.  
9:33, 10:41 a. m., 2:27, 6:58 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, Easton, Philadelphia and Easton.  
3:31 p. m. from Delano and Mahanoy region.

For further information inquire of Ticket Agents.  
CHAS. S. LEE, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Philadelphia, Pa.  
ROLLIN H. WILBUR, Gen. Supt. East. Dist., A. W. NONNEMACHER, Asst. G. P. A., South Bethlehem, Pa.

**THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD.**  
Time table in effect June 17, 1894.

**Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Borkley, Hazleton, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Roon and Hazleton Junction at 6:40, 6:10 a. m., 12:00, 4:00 p. m., daily except Sunday, and 7:03 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday.**

**Trains leave Drifton for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomhicken and Drifter at 6:00 a. m., 12:00 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:03 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday.**

**Trains leave Drifton for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Hazleton, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepton at 6:40, 6:10 a. m., 12:00 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:03 a. m., 3:08 p. m., 4:18 p. m., Sunday.**

**Trains leave Drifton for Tomhicken, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazleton Junction, Roon, Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 6:40, 6:10 a. m., 12:00 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:03 a. m., 5:07 p. m., Sunday.**

**Trains leave Shepton for Onedia, Humboldt Road, Harwood Road, Onedia Junction, Hazleton Junction and Roon at 8:41, 10:16 a. m., 1:15, 2:50 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 8:14 a. m., 4:35 p. m., Sunday.**

**Trains leave Shepton for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 10:16 a. m., 5:25 p. m., daily, except Sunday; and 8:14 a. m., 3:46 p. m., Sunday.**

**Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 6:00 a. m., 12:00 p. m., daily, except Sunday; and 7:03 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday.**

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

**Trains leaving Drifton at 6:10 a. m., and Shepton at 8:41 a. m., and 1:15 p. m., connect at Onedia Junction and Drifton at 2:34, 6:07 p. m.**

**Train leaving Drifton at 6:09 a. m. makes connection at Drifter with P. R. R. train for Wilkes-Barre, Sunbury, Harrisburg, etc.**

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