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THOS. A. BUCKLEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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FREELAND, PA., APRIL 20, 1896.

Common Sense and the Money Question.

The money question is at the present time confusing many people. It not only disturbs those who make a daily struggle to get it, but those who are burdened with the question of how best to invest it. The system (if our present status may be so dignified) of finances now in operation is unsatisfactory to a large number of people and certainly needs improving. It seems that the few popular theories that are offered are more or less extreme and need to be considered carefully. All theories present some facts worthy of consideration, and whoever forgets this proves himself to be out of harmony with the genius of modern government and the spirit of progress.

The article of Hon. W. H. Little, assistant postmaster of St. Louis, which appears on the fourth page, is vigorous, original, clean and able. Indeed, it is a financial theory that every statesman, economist and financier must reckon with, to say the least. The real difficulty in the way of settling the financial question is that too many men take sectional views of it. Money is for the entire people and not only for bankers and mine owners. The interest and convenience of all should be consulted, and the needs of all met in a reasonable way.

Another matter that should not be forgotten is that denunciation and bluster are not argument, and he who indulges most in ridicule and bravado unconsciously acknowledges that he is weak in argument.

There will probably be two issues in the next presidential campaign, the tariff and money. The former has been discussed so much that most attention will be given to the latter. It is eminently important that a fair hearing be given to all sides, thus enabling us to get a comparative conception of the value of theories and the possibilities of future legislation.

The situation is so serious, the need so imperative, that we ought to have a body of scientific experts—men free from the influence of partisan bias—to thoroughly investigate the causes of trade depression and to present a report, with recommendations for such changes as are necessary to overcome present difficulties. We expect to give our readers a number of able articles on this question and bespeak their serious consideration.

Anti-Tramp Convention.

The public officials of Wisconsin recently held a convention in Fond du Lac to consider the "ways and means" to decrease the number of tramps, or "hoboes," that threaten the social security of that state. Various remedies were considered to repress the evil; but, as might be expected, the causes that produce tramps received but little attention.

The chief result of the meeting was a resolution declaring "that county workhouses or some other judicious system of labor for all prisoners, including tramps, should be universally adopted."

Although little was accomplished, Wisconsin has set a good example, and anti-tramp conventions may be expected in other states.

The modern tramp is a product of our industrial conditions. Thirty years ago he was almost unknown. His genesis and prevalence is one of the great problems that will be fully considered in our "Live Questions" columns from time to time.

From the Pit to the Poorhouse.

Thomas Boyle, an aged resident of Beaver Meadow, was taken to Lanrytown almshouse on Friday morning, where he will spend the remaining days of his life. Boyle has been a resident of the old town of Beaver Meadow upwards of fifty-nine years, and in times gone by was prominent in its politics and local affairs. He worked hard in the mines until advancing age no longer permitted him to work in the gloomy depths of the pit.

He outlived his usefulness, so to speak, and like many other coal diggers had nothing to fall back on when failing health and old age were asserted. From the pit to the poorhouse is the miner's sad story.

Holt to Write on Trusts.

Next Monday's issue will contain an exceptionally interesting article from Byron W. Holt, the celebrated writer of the New York Reform Club, on "Trusts and Monopolies." Mr. Holt has probably given as much attention to this subject as any other scholar in the United States, and his contribution will be of great value to our readers.

The Tribune presents today portraits of ex-Governor James E. Campbell, of Ohio, and Governor William D. Bradley, of Kentucky, both of whom are recognized presidential possibilities.

SERVANTS' BALL IN PARIS.

A Splendid Affair in Which 6,000 Domestic Servants are Interested.

One of the great balls of Paris is that of the so-called "Bal des Gens de Maison" at the Salle Wagram, which has just been held. The "Gens de Maison" are an association comprising some 6,000 of the superior servants, the cream, in fact, and the aristocracy of the 150,000 domestics employed to wait upon the well-to-do citizens of Paris. The union is rich and eclectic, in so far as it will permit no servant to retain his or her name on the rolls who has been guilty of disgraceful conduct.

The president is M. Picard, a butler of imposing presence, who, with a broad, blue sash of office crossing his capacious white waistcoat, as the ribbon of the Legion of Honor crosses that of President Faure, received the guests at the ball with just as much dignity and stateliness as if he were the chief magistrate of the republic in person. The demeanor of the guests was impressive, and the attire of both men and women compared favorably with that of the people present at the municipal ball a couple of days previously. The men were in full evening dress, while the magnificent jewels that adorned the necks, the arms, and the coiffures of many of the women gave evidence of the fact that their mistresses had allowed them for the occasion free access to their caskets.

These gems, however, and the costly lace may be said to have constituted the sum total of the borrowed plumes, for it was manifest from the perfect fit of the gowns that they had been made for their wearers. This is by no means surprising when it is borne in mind that to the lady's maids, the valets, the butlers and the private coachmen in Paris this Bal des Gens de Maison constitutes the principal social event and festival of the entire year, the one for which they reserve all their finery and all their economies, as well as their best manners. Masters and mistresses seem to take pleasure in helping the members of their household to cut a good figure on this occasion, and many is the lady's maid who can boast of having had the finishing touches given to her toilet and the jewels fastened into her hair, around her throat and wrists and into her ears by the hands of her own mistress. The only feature of the entertainment calculated to cause a smile and to create some amusement was the precedence accorded to the servants of dukes over those of marquises, and to those of marquises over those of counts, the domestics of ordinary untitled citizens being content to follow meekly in the wake of their betters.—Paris Letter.

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S PRIDE.

Splendid Work Done for the Free Public Library System.

New Hampshire has reason to be proud of her free public library system. Splendid work has been accomplished since 1892, and of the 233 cities and towns in the state there are now more than 50 that have no free public library. There is every reason to expect that even this number will be greatly reduced by the action of the voters in these towns at the next March meeting. The value of these libraries, free to every citizen of a town, is so obvious that no one now seriously questions it, and it is a source of satisfaction to every friend of education to contemplate the results that will surely follow from their influence.

Under the law of 1895 every town must elect a board of library trustees, whether it has a free public library or not, and a small assessment is made compulsory unless the town votes that it "is inexpedient to establish a library." But this action must be taken each year, the evident purpose of the law being that the subject of a free public library shall be brought annually to the attention of every town in the state. In towns where there is no public library the assessment is to form a fund, in the care of the trustees, until such time as the library is established.

It was not intended by the law that the compulsory assessment should be a sufficient support for the library, and it is to be hoped that each town will make an additional appropriation in order that its library may be constantly increasing and be maintained at a high standard of efficiency. There can be no better investment in any town—after the schools have been provided for—than the judicious expenditure of money in the purchase of books that shall be free and in the reach of every citizen. It is a matter to be thought about and talked about and acted upon when the voters come together in town meeting.—Manchester Union.

HE GOT THE ORDER.

And Could Probably Have Sold Her Two or Three More.

The Gentlemanly Connoisseur—"Sense me, miss, but is your mother, the lady of the house, at home?"
"I am the lady of the house."
"Impose—beg your pardon, ma'am. It came so startling. So young and with such respon—pardon me again, ma'am. And now, miss—I mean ma'am—I have an article here which I am sure will appeal to all ladies of good taste. It is called the K. K. K.—the Kwickly Convertible Kombination Kostume. There, when worn in this form it is intended for the promenade. By turning up the hem it is the sloppy day ideal. Looped on these two hooks it becomes the mountain climber's pride. A loop here and a curve there and it's ready for the gymnasium. Two more hooks and a row of invisible buttons and it's a daisy on the bike. If looped on the belt in this fashion it becomes the clam digger's joy. These elastic bands prepare it for the use of lady horsebreakers, and when worn with our multiplied skirt it is the sine qua non for skirt dancers. 'Sense me, ma'am, but with your figure the K. K. K. would be a bute and a joy forever. Shall I take your order, miss—I mean ma'am? Thanks."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE ART STUDIO.

Rosa Bonheur, at 74, still paints horses.

Harry Furniss, whose political caricatures have hitherto been drawn from the conservative point of view, is now making pictures of parliament for the liberal Daily News.

Sir John Millais' first picture was purchased by Charles Reed, the English novelist. Ruskin said that it was not a failure, but a flasco, and kicked a hole in the picture.

The oldest existing statue is one of wood, admirably modeled, colored, and with eyes of crystal. It is of a man named Ra-em-ke, an Egyptian, and dating from about B. C. 4000.

Frederic Leighton's peerage was the shortest lived in the history of England. He died on the day following that upon which the patent of nobility was issued, and as he left no heir the title died with him.

Verestchagin's right hand is a freak. A leopard bit off his thumb. A rifle ball struck the middle finger during a battle, and the rest were badly smashed up in a sledge accident. The hand is stiff, but it can paint.

Harry Furniss, the English caricaturist who made a brief tour of the United States last year, is lecturing in England on "America in a Hurry," illustrating his remarks by throwing pictures from his sketch book on a screen.

The monumental group entitled "Le Triumphe de la Republique," which has been executed by M. Dalou, the sculptor, will be definitely erected on July 14 on the Palace de la Nation, Paris. The casting in bronze of this group will cost the city of Paris 200,000 francs.

HUMOROUS BRIEVITIES.

"There, there!" said Mrs. Blue-Myrrh, picking up her little boy, who had stubbed his toe. "Don't cry. Be a man. Hee-mamma."—Indianapolis Journal.

Easily Explained.—"Here, you are no kind of an office boy if you can't tell the time of day." "Please, sir, I was dedicated at a night school."—Chicago Tribune.

Enfant Terrible.—"And did they go into the ark two by two?" Mamma "Yes, dearest." Enfant Terrible.—"Well, who went with auntie?"—Pittsburgh Bulletin.

Little Billy—"What is meant by the Indian reservation, ma?" His Mother—"Their disinclination to talk, of course. Will you never learn?"—Roxbury Gazette.

Old Mr. Fussy—"Matilda, has that young man gone yet?" His Daughter—"Why, yes, papa!" Old Mr. Fussy—"If I saw you were so still I thought he was there yet!"—Truth.

Ragson Tatters—"You don't know what it is, pardner, ter'rowed down by everybody, wid no fren's nor noutin'." The Other—"Don't I? I'm a baseball empire."—Philadelphia Record.

The Mark-Down.—"Man," she bitterly exclaimed, "is dominated by the almighty dollar." "And woman," he rejoined with spirit, "by the almighty 50 cents." In the meanwhile, Destiny was wondering which it would be.—Detroit Tribune.

FOREIGNERS OF NOTE.

Mr. Soh, Korean minister at Washington, has made a good impression at the capital in spite of the fact that he has lost his queue.

Nansen is described as a type of the ideal Norseman—a fine, stalwart fellow, with ruddy face, fair hair and the limbs of a giant.

Mme. Mariani S. Gambault, of Pau, France, who is a grandchild of Commodore Paul Jones, has offered to lend some relics of the famous naval officer to the promoters of the proposed National museum in Independence hall, Philadelphia.

Anyone more simple in habits or methods than the president of the French republic, M. Faure, could not be imagined. He lives at home in the simplest style, and the other day he apologized for being late to a brilliant assemblage at his own house, giving as his excuse that so late at night the "busses were all crowded."

POPULAR SCIENCE.

The greatest depth, writes Prof. Seeley in his "Story of the Earth," at which earthquakes are known to originate is about 30 miles. It has also been calculated that a heat sufficient to melt granite might occur at about the same depth.

London barometers on January 9, 1896, showed a pressure of 30.934 inches at nine o'clock p. m. Only four times in 150 years has a height above 30.9 inches been recorded. On the same day, near Chester, the barometer reached 31.03 inches.

A recent scientific traveler in Palestine publishes as the result of his observations that the Sea of Galilee, which is 800 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, is fast becoming like the Dead sea, with dense water and salt formations on its banks. The traveler believes that the bottom of the sea is sinking, and that greater changes in it are impending.

FROM BUSY NEW ENGLAND.

Mrs. Bowman Ames, of Blanchard, Me., has shot a large deer and trapped five foxes near her home this winter without aid from anyone.

The horses which are used on the Kennebec ice fields are so accustomed to dropping through the ice that they don't seem to mind it.

A woman in South Kingston, R. I., who is just 20 years old, is the mother of six children. Two pairs of twins were born to her before she was 16.

One woman in a town near Bangor, Me., is being laughed at because she recently went to a drug store and asked for some of that "Monroe docterin'."

Several young people of Eastbrook, Me., have organized a dramatic club, and will give entertainments to raise money for a hearse, the town undertaker not having one.

PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES.



JAMES E. CAMPBELL. A PROMINENT DEMOCRAT.

Her Curious Neighbors. Agent—Can I put a burglar alarm in your house?
Lady—No, we don't need it.
Agent—But—
Lady—No, I mean it; the family across the street watches the place so closely that even a burglar couldn't get in without being seen!—Chicago Record.

The Expected Happens. He was Claude, She was Maude, They married but soon separated. She was Maude, He was Claude, A climax all anticipated.—Detroit Free Press.

Pudence. "The audience is calling for you, said the young tragedian's manager.
"Are you sure I'm the person they want?"
"Of course."
"Well, go out and study the expressions on their faces, and tell me what you think they want with me."—Washington Star.

A Good Reason for It. Castleton—I met your doctor this morning and he said he hoped you were well.
Clubberly—Strange thing for a doctor to say, wasn't it?
Castleton—I don't know. He said your last illness cost him \$50.—Demorest's Magazine.

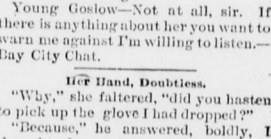
Would Heed the Warning. Old Quiverful—And so you want to take our daughter from us. You want to take her from us, suddenly, without a word of warning?
Young Goslow—Not at all, sir. If there is anything about her you want to warn me against I'll be willing to listen.—Day City Chat.

Her Hand, Doubtless. "Why," she faltered, "did you hasten to pick up the glove I had dropped?"
"Because," he answered, boldly, "I thought there might be something in it for his, some time."
And his worst anticipations were subsequently confirmed.—Detroit Tribune.

Hard on the Spinster. Miss Highmynde—Woman, doctor, will never have her rights unless she is allowed her vote!
Dr. Bluff—"If a woman who doesn't know enough to manage her husband and get his vote doesn't deserve one.—Truth.

The Course of True Love. It is a contrast too intense To strike his intellect as funny; At first he paid her compliments, And now he pays her alimony.—Judge.

HOW HE SQUARED HIMSELF.



Actress (angrily)—Did you write that criticism which said my impersonation of the "Abandoned Wife" was a miserable failure?
Critic—Yes—yes; you see, you looked so irresistibly beautiful that it was impossible to fancy that any man could abandon you.—Collier's Weekly.

No Hurry. There was a young lady of Crew Who wanted to catch the 22; Said a porter: "Don't hurry, Or scurry, or flurry, It's a minute or 2222!"—Judy.

Leap Year Episode. "Wait till next year, Clarence," suggested the elderly maiden to the youthful admirer who was pressing his suit with great ardor. "If I say yes now everybody will think I did the proposing."—Chicago Tribune.

A Comprehensive Testimonial. Papa—This preparation will remove any kind of stains or dirt, will it?
Mamma—It will remove anything! I had Tommy's clothes cleaned with it.—Puck.

A Political Definition. Tommy—What's a boss, papa?
Poremann—A boss, my dear boy, is what one party calls the leader of another.—N. Y. World.

A Great Sensation. "Did you read about that 200-pound man getting carried off?"
"Gracious no. How? Who did it?"
"Pneumonia."—Chicago Record.



WILLIAM O. BRADLEY. A PROMINENT REPUBLICAN.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER—FRANK DEPIERRO, of Freeland. Subject to the decision of the Republican county convention.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER—R. E. DONAUGHEY, of Hazleton. Subject to the decision of the Republican county convention.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE—THOMAS M. POWELL, of Hazleton. Subject to the decision of the Republican legislative convention.

G. HORACK, Baker & Confectioner. Wholesale and Retail. CENTRE STREET, FREELAND.

WANTED—AN IDEA Who can think something to do of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C. for their \$1.00 price offer.

SHERIFF'S SALE—By virtue of a writ of Lev. Fa. issued out of the court of common pleas of Luzerne county, there will be exposed to public sale on SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1896, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the arbitration room, court house, city of Wilkesbarre, Luzerne county, Pennsylvania, all the right, title and interest of the defendant in the following building and lot of ground. The said building is located on a lot of ground situated on the west side of Hayes street in the Diamond addition to the city of Hazleton, in Hazle township, Luzerne county, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point on the west side of Hayes street 640 square feet, street measure, being lot No. 8 of square No. 60 in the plan of said Diamond addition; stable or barn 10 feet wide by 24 feet long, one and one-half stories high, having one room down and one room on second story, no basement, shingle roof, etc., containing 6,400 square feet, street measure, and taken in execution at the suit of Fred May vs. Tom Visconti, owner. James Martin, sheriff. Frank Needham, attorney.

WHAT SEEMS AND IS. This Little Dialogue May Serve to Make the Stranger Less Diffident. The palaces of America are the New York hotels. The visitor from the back district enters a New York hotel office in the same spirit that he would invade St. Peter's, in Rome. There is something in the architectural grandeur, in the richness and extravagance of form and color, in the mellow light coming from vaulted ceilings and colored glass that touches the spirit with a sense of calm. And the man behind the rosewood and onyx counter! What dignity, of mien! What austerity of countenance! What Jove-like front! And the gentleman coming yonder across the marble floor. He may be the head of a great educational institution, or a statesman, high in the councils of the nation. He is followed by a black servant in livery, carrying his personal effects.

But, ah! Human nature is the same in the midst of all its impressiveness as it is in Princeville or Jackson's corners. The distinguished-looking gentleman seizes by the hand the dignitary on the other side of the counter and says: "Hello! old stockin', how are you? You look fit to run four miles!"

"Bully! bully! Charley, old man! Ain't seen you for a coon's age. How are they comin' with you?"

"Full-handed, never better, feelin' like a yearlin'. Wow! Ain't it cold! Got a good, hot room for me?"

"Fix you proper, my boy. Have to put you up pretty high this morning, but'll get you down on the second floor by noon. 'How'll that do you?"

"Have to stand it, I suppose. Can't you give me that hot room you gave me last summer? Zip! but that was a scorchin'!"

"Have a fire built up there now?"

"No, guess not—what's that? Number 41? Can't you add 44 to it? I'll go out and play it."

"Can't do it. It's beyond the limit of the house. Been to breakfast?"

"No; I'm hungry as a wolf."

"Go right in. The bacon's on the iron. Hiist! Front! Baggage to fourteen."—N. Y. Sun.

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

SOME GOODS WE ARE CLOSING OUT!

29c —will buy good men's White Shirt Linen Bosoms. There's the best you can get for the money.

45c —will buy men's good laundered White Shirts. Here's a bargain you won't get every day.

25c —will buy men's Outing Flannel Shirts, good quality and up-to-date style.

\$4 —will buy a \$9 suit of men's Clothes. I am closing them out; have about 50 suits left yet.

\$1 —will buy 20 yards of Muslin. A good material getting pressed by a large stock; must have the room it takes.

\$1 —will buy a pair of ladies' fine Shirts. A well made article in various shapes and styles.

30c —will buy one yard of Ingrain Carpet. We will give you special prices on better grades, as we are closing them out.

\$20 —will buy a Bed Room Suite, solid oak, eight pieces. A very rare bargain.

\$4 —will buy a Baby Carriage. We have 75 different styles in stock; all first-class make.

\$50 —will buy a \$65 Parlor Suit. Numerous other bargains in our Furniture department.

\$1 —will buy a fine Hat. We have the latest styles in Plug Hats; other popular shapes also.

Wall Paper.

The improving season is here. We have a larger stock of Paper than ever. Could not get any for 1c a roll, but have fine Gift Paper for 10c a double roll—numerous styles.

Dry Goods and Notions.

We have an extra large stock, which is crowding our space, so that we must get some of them away in order to get room to move around. Always lots of specialties and the lowest prices on all kinds of goods.

Groceries.

You all know where to get something good to eat—at Berner's, of course, where you always find fresh goods. We thank you for past favors; try us again.

J. C. BERNER.

THE KELLMER PIANOS

—are the only high-grade and strictly first-class Pianos sold direct from the factory to the final buyer. They are the only pianos on which you can save the dealers' profits and enormous expenses, agents' salaries and music teachers' commissions. Our Pianos are recommended by leading musicians for richness and beauty.

Kellmer Grands and Uprights, \$175 Up.

Our Pianos are guaranteed first-class and warranted for ten years. We have no stores or agents to support or protect, and sell from our factory warehouses, corner Church and Chestnut streets, Hazleton, at the actual first factory cost. Open daily till 6 o'clock, Saturday evenings from 7 to 10.

KELLMER PIANO CO.

RAILROAD TIMETABLES

THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD. Time tables in effect December 15, 1895.

Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Eckley, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Ioan and Hazleton Junction at 5:30, 6:00 a. m., 4:15 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:03 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Hazleton, Cranberry, Tomhicken and Deringer at 5:30 a. m., p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:03 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepton at 6:00 a. m., 4:15 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:03 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomhicken and Deringer at 6:35 a. m., 4:25 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:37 a. m., 4:25 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Shepton for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Onedia Junction, Hazleton, Jeddo and Drifton at 5:25, 5:40 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 9:37 a. m., 5:07 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Shepton for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5:25 p. m., daily, except Sunday; and 8:04 a. m., 5:38 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5:00, 5:47, 6:25 p. m., daily, except Sunday; and 10:08 a. m., 5:38 p. m., Sunday.

All trains connect at Hazleton Junction with electric cars for Hazleton, Jeannette, Audenried and other points on the Traction Company's line.

Trains leaving Drifton at 6:00 a. m., Hazleton Junction at 6:29 a. m., and Shepton at 7:11 a. m., connect at Onedia Junction with Lehigh Valley trains east and west.

Train leaving Drifton at 5:30 a. m. makes connection at Deringer with P. R. R. train for Wilkesbarre, Sunbury, Harrisburg and points west.

For the accommodation of passengers at way stations between Hazleton Junction and Deringer, an extra train will leave the former point at 3:50 p. m., daily, except Sunday, arriving at Deringer at 5:00 p. m.

LUTHER C. SMITH, Superintendent.

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.

November 17, 1895. Anthracite coal used exclusively, insuring cleanliness and comfort.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS. LEAVE FREELAND. 6:05, 8:25, 9:33, 10:41 a. m., 1:35, 2:27, 3:15, 4:34, 6:12, 6:58, 8:05, 8:57 p. m., for Drifton, Jeddo, Lumber Yard, Stockton and Hazleton. 6:05, 8:25, 9:33 a. m., 1:35, 2:27, 3:15, 4:34 p. m., for Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Philadelphia, Easton and New York.

6:05, 9:35, 10:41 a. m., 2:27, 4:25, 6:58 p. m., for Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Pottsville. 7:28, 9:16, 10:56 a. m., 11:54, 4:34 p. m., (via Highland Branch) for White Haven, Glen Summit, Glen Summit, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and L. and N. Junction (via Highland Branch).

SUNDAY TRAINS. 11:40 a. m. and 3:24 p. m., for Drifton, Jeddo, Lumber Yard and Hazleton. 3:24 p. m. for Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, New York and Philadelphia. ARRIVE AT FREELAND. 7:30, 9:27, 10:56, 11:54 a. m., 12:58, 2:13, 4:34, 5:38, 6:47 p. m., from Hazleton, Stockton, Lumber Yard, Jeddo and Drifton. 7:28, 9:16, 10:56 a. m., 2:13, 4:34, 6:58 p. m., from Delano, Mahanoy City and Shenandoah (via New Boston Branch). 12:58, 5:38, 8:47 p. m., from New York, Easton, Philadelphia, Bethlehem and Mauch Chunk. 9:35, 10:41 a. m., 2:27, 6:58 p. m., from White Haven, Glen Summit, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and L. and N. Junction (via Highland Branch).

Watch the date on your paper.