

RAILROAD TIMETABLES

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.
 June 15, 1897.
 ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.
 LEAVE FRELAND.
 6:05, 8:45, 9:55 a. m., 1:40, 2:34, 3:20, 5:25, 6:10, 7:00 p. m., for Drifton, Jeddo, Foundry, Hazle Brook and Lumber Yard.
 6:05, 8:45, 9:55 a. m., 1:40, 3:20, 5:25 p. m., Black Diamond for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Easton, Philadelphia and New York.
 7:07 p. m. for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Easton and intermediate stations.
 6:05, 9:55 a. m., 2:34, 5:25, 7:00 p. m., for Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Ashland, Mt. Carmel, Shamokin and Pottsville.
 7:28, 10:51, 11:54 a. m., 5:55 p. m., for Sandy Run, White Haven and Wilkesbarre.

SUNDAY TRAINS.
 8:38, 10:50 a. m. for Sandy Run, White Haven and Wilkesbarre.
 10:50 a. m. and 1:48 p. m. for Jeddo, Foundry, Hazle Brook, Stockton and Hazleton.
 10:50 a. m. for Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Mt. Carmel, Shamokin and Pottsville.
 1:38 p. m. for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Easton, Philadelphia and New York.

ARRIVE AT FRELAND.
 5:50, 7:28, 9:20, 10:51, 11:54 a. m., 12:58, 2:30, 3:56, 5:35, 6:41, 7:07 p. m., from Lumber Yard, Hazle Brook, Foundry, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Easton, Philadelphia, New York, Philadelphia, New York, Easton, Allentown, Mauch Chunk and Weatherly.
 7:07 p. m. from Weatherly, Mauch Chunk and Weatherly.
 9:35 a. m., 2:34, 7:07 p. m., from Wilkesbarre, White Haven and Sandy Run.
 7:28, 9:20, 10:51 a. m., 5:55 p. m., from Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Ashland, Mt. Carmel, Shamokin and Pottsville.

SUNDAY TRAINS.
 8:38, 10:50 a. m. and 12:55 p. m., from Hazleton, Stockton, Lumber Yard, Hazle Brook, Foundry, Jeddo and Drifton.
 10:50 a. m., 12:55 p. m., from Philadelphia, New York, Easton, Allentown and Mauch Chunk.
 10:50 a. m. from Pottsville, Shamokin, Mt. Carmel, Ashland, Shenandoah, Mahanoy City and Delano.
 10:50 a. m. from Wilkesbarre, White Haven and Sandy Run.
 For further information inquire of Ticket Agents.

CHAS. S. LEE, Gen'l. Pass. Agent,
 ROLLIN H. WILBUR, Gen. Supt. East. Div.,
 A. W. NONNEMACHER, Ass't G. P. A.,
 South Bethlehem, Pa.

THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD.

Time table in effect April 18, 1897.
 Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Eckley, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Roan and Hazleton Junction at 5:30, 6:00 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:05 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday.
 Trains leave Drifton for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomhicken and Deringer at 5:30, 6:00 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:05 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., daily except Sunday; and 7:05 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday.
 Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomhicken and Deringer at 6:30 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 8:55 a. m., 4:22 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepton at 7:30 a. m., 4:40 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:30 a. m., 3:11 p. m., Sunday.
 Trains leave Deringer for Tomhicken, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazleton Junction and Roan at 8:25, 9:30 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 9:37 a. m., 9:07 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Shepton for Beaver Meadow Road, Drifton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Stockton at 5:22 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 8:11 a. m., 3:44 p. m., Sunday.
 Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5:25, 6:28 p. m., daily, except Sunday; and 10:10 a. m., 5:40 p. m., Sunday.

All trains connect at Hazleton Junction with electric cars for Hazleton, Jeannette, Audintown and other points on the Traction Company's line.
 Trains leaving Drifton at 5:30, 6:00 a. m. make connection at Deringer with P. R. R. trains for Wilkesbarre, Sunbury, Harrisburg and points west.

For the accommodation of passengers at way stations between Hazleton Junction and Deringer, a train will leave the former point at 3:50 p. m., daily, except Sunday, arriving at Deringer at 5:10 p. m.

LUTHER C. SMITH, Superintendent.

P. F. McNULTY, Funeral Director and Embalmer.



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THE ADVENT OF PROSPERITY.

From the Philadelphia Record.
 Since the new tariff went into operation announcements have been made in various quarters of the opening of new factories and of the enlargement of old ones. The protectionists, who promised the country a restoration of prosperity on their accession to power, point to these facts as signs of the dawn of a new era. The speculations in the money markets, the rise in the value of stocks, the reports of mercantile travelers, all corroborate the evidence of an industrial revival.

It would be strange, indeed, if after a long period of reaction, in which there were few gleams of sunshine, trade should not revive with the removal of doubt and anxiety concerning tariff legislation. There have been good times under the worst of tariffs; and they have been temporary depressions under the most liberal of tariffs. Even under the exorbitant McKinley tariff, with its grievous obstructions to trade, there was a brief year of prosperity; and the recuperative energies of the American people cannot be checked by a second edition of the McKinley act.

Tariffs can neither make nor permanently mar prosperity. The sad error is in superstitiously attributing to this fetich of legislation the sunshine and the rain and the harvest. While the reports of this year's crops in the country continue extraordinarily favorable, reports from Europe are quite as unfavorable. Even the latest accounts indicate that Russia will have little wheat for export. With all due deference to the tariff worshippers, in these facts lie the best hopes of reviving prosperity, and in them alone.

To come down from generalities to particulars, it would be well if the protectionists should indicate the chief hopes of prosperity to be arising. Does prosperity lurk in the sugar schedule, with its heavy increase in the rate of tax on a prime article of necessity? While this sugar duty will yield a large revenue to the government, we have yet to learn that an increased fiscal tax is a factor of industrial or commercial prosperity. Is the revival to be predicted upon the great iron and steel schedule? And, if so, upon what changes in that schedule? Does prosperity lie behind the removal of wool, hides, lumber, salt and other industrial materials from the free list, or behind the enormous increase in the taxes on clothing and other articles of necessity?

If the protectionists themselves cannot answer these essential questions of detail, a free trader may well be pardoned for his skepticism concerning the magic power of the tariff to create and perpetuate a reign of prosperity. Still, there are all around us the cheering signs of a great revival of trade, after a long night of depression and gloom. It would be hard—nay, impossible—for the most stupid and perverse tariff legislation to fetter the giant limbs of an industrious nation like this.

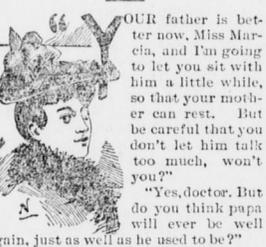
The Republican auxiliary organs of the state, under the leadership of the Philadelphia Times, are very solicitous for the welfare of the Democratic party in Pennsylvania this year. They are booming Dr. Swallow for a place on the ticket with an intensity that is amusing, coming, as it does, from a clique that did all in its power to destroy the organization last fall. These organs still claim allegiance to the gold platform of the masqueraders who call themselves National Democrats, and their say on what the Democrats of Pennsylvania should do ought to be limited. Swallow may be all right, and the Democrats might do worse than to nominate him for state treasurer, but if he goes to the convention endorsed by nothing of more importance than the Times and its "mottoes" he ought to be turned down. A party which in 1896 increased its vote in Pennsylvania over 100,000 by accepting the Chicago platform cannot afford to desert its principles for the sake of securing the support of a few renegade newspapers in the coming campaign.

HEREAFTER.

Day by day and year by year We are growing old, my dear. Drifting toward the shoreless sea Bounded by eternity.
 In the far-off by and by When the dawn shall gild the sky Yet our eyes shall still behold Midnight miracles of gold.
 When the city of the dead And the dark, clay-curtained bed Hold our dust, in some glad way I shall know you as to-day.
 I shall see your smile and hear Words like honey to my ear. I shall know your heart is filled With the joy that mine has thrilled.
 We have woven all our years, In a wreath of smiles and tears, And the heaven were a hell Where but one of us might dwell.
 Better that our souls should sleep With our dust where roots shall creep And within the rose combine Color from your heart and mine.
 —Nixon Waterman, in L. A. W. Bulletin

A GIRL WORTH HAVING.

BY AUNT HOPE.



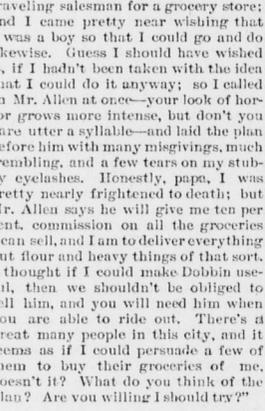
"OUR father is better now, Miss Marcia, and I'm going to let you sit with him a little while, so that your mother can rest. But be careful that you don't let him talk too much, won't you?"
 "Yes, doctor. But do you think papa will ever be well again, just as well as he used to be?"
 "It will be a long time before he will be, and he may never be, but I hope he may be quite strong, and able to get much enjoyment out of life, even if he must spend the rest of his days as a cripple."
 Marcia winced a little at that word, and the tears filled her eyes, but she bravely forced them back. She did not intend that the doctor should see her crying; she was afraid he would think she was not womanly enough to help take care of her father.
 "It will be hard for him to be a cripple, and hard for you to see him helpless, but it is so much better than for us not to have him at all, that I can't feel any other way than thankful about it." Even as Marcia spoke, her voice trembled with suppressed feeling, but her lips smiled as pleasantly as usual, and that was very pleasant.
 "Papa," she said, cheerily, a minute later, "I've beaten them all; they just had to let me take care of you. They couldn't hatch up another excuse to prevent it. That's what comes of persistence. The doctor said you mustn't talk, but he didn't say I mustn't; neither did he forbid my kissing you, just once. There!"
 "She'll do," said the doctor to himself, as she started off. He had been playing covesdropper, to find out if it were really safe to leave a 16-year-old girl in charge of his very sick patient. Marcia had only seen her father once before, since he had fallen from the high building on which he was helping to build a chimney, and she had been hastily summoned from school, because they thought he was dying. The old doctor had feared that she would "make a scene," when she did see him. But the wife was tired, the sick man would have no strange nurse, and he had been calling for Marcia, so it had been thought best to try her.

"If that bright-eyed girl had only been a boy, there would be a little brighter outlook for poor Morris," mused the doctor, as he rode towards the next patient's house, "for then there would be a prospect of help at some future time; but now it certainly looks very dark for him."
 It surely did look dark, and the sick man, in spite of the repeated injunction not to worry, could not help wondering over and over again what was to become of them all, and how they were to keep out of the poorhouse. A workingman, with a family to feed and clothe and educate, and who has only his own hands to depend on, can generally manage to lay up a little for the proverbial "rainy day." But when the rainy day has not only put in its appearance, but has rendered the head of the house forever unfit for labor, the outlook is far from pleasant. The Morris family were fortunate in having their little home all paid for, and enough money to help them through the first weeks of their great trouble; but, in the eyes of their neighbors, they were unfortunate in having no boys in the family. "If Marcia had only been a boy, and could go to work!" had been said in her presence over and over again, when sympathetic friends had dropped in with well-meant advice and suggestions as to the best way for the troubled family to earn their daily bread.
 "Why can't I work, if I'm not a boy?" lamented Marcia.
 "Why, you can, of course," was the answer, "but what will it amount to? Girls get so little for their work; but with a boy it is different. A boy of 16 is capable of earning very good wages."
 "Never mind, girls," Marcia would say, turning to her three younger sisters, "we won't cry because we're girls; we're very sure that girls are no good, will we? I believe we can help papa and mamma just as much as if we were boys."
 "So do I," answered each one of the sisters, who always believed everything Marcia did.
 But let us go back to the sick room and see how Marcia is getting along in her new role of nurse.
 "As I said before, papa, you mustn't talk, but there is no reason why you shouldn't listen. At least the doctor didn't say you shouldn't. I've been thinking of something for two or three days, and now my mind is made up to try it, if you are willing. That is one reason why I was so determined to take care of you all by myself. I haven't

said a word about it to mamma yet, for she is so perfectly distracted that she can't think of anything else but just you. But I'm more heartless, thank fortune! I speculated on what you were thinking about, and was sure it was money. You've been worrying about how we were going to live, haven't you? Wink your eyes fast, this way, if I've guessed right. There, I knew it all the time. Are you tired? Just shake your head, but don't speak. Oh, papa, don't laugh! don't, for anything! for that will excite you, and then I'll get scolded, and they won't let me see you again!"
 "You're most too careful," said the sick man. "I have been allowed to talk a little all along, and I guess it won't hurt me to say yes and no now."
 "Oh, won't it?" I'm awfully glad, for it was almost too much for my gravity to see you lying there, blinking like a sleepy owl. But I know you mustn't talk much, or the doctor wouldn't have laid such fearful commands on me. Well, what I wanted to say is this: I believe I've thought of something I can do to help support the family. I'm going to be traveling salesman for a grocery store."
 Mr. Morris looked at his daughter in amazement and opened his mouth to echo her last remarkable statement, but a plump hand instantly covered it and a merry laugh sounded in his ear.
 "Oh, papa, don't speak, please don't! I suspect I have spoiled everything by giggling out in that way, but you did look so funny! Actually, papa, you did look too horrified for anything. Do you suppose anyone heard me laughing? I hope not, for I haven't got half through with you yet. Now be patient, and I'll explain. I was thinking how easily Mr. Bailey made a living. You know he is traveling salesman for a grocery store; and I came pretty near wishing that I was a boy so that I could go and do likewise. Guess I should have wished it, if I hadn't been taken with the idea that I could do it anyway; so I called on Mr. Allen at once—your look of horror grows more intense, but don't you dare utter a syllable, and I laid the plan before him with many misgivings, much trembling, and a few tears on my stubby eyelashes. Honestly, papa, I was pretty nearly frightened to death; but Mr. Allen says he will give me ten per cent. commission on all the groceries I can sell, and I am to deliver everything but flour and heavy things of that sort. I thought if I could make Dobbin useful, then we shouldn't be obliged to sell him, and you will need him when you are able to ride out. There's a great many people in this city, and it seems as if I could persuade a few of them to buy their groceries of me, doesn't it? What do you think of the plan? Are you willing I should try?"

trouble. In an open space two bull elephants were fighting. One of them was a leader of the herd, the other an old warrior bull tramp who had lost a tusk. "It is the rogue Ilunga," whispered Keema, "and he will kill the other beauty—no use to try to stop him."
 "The hunters watched for a chance to fire as the brutes drew back a little and sprang together with lowered heads and big ears outspread, the skulls coming together with stunning force. On recovering they came together again, rising on their hind legs and striking down with their tusks as with a sword, shrieking with rage, and using their trunks like whip lashes. The men came from the tree and drew near to the fight through the bushes.
 "Shoot the leader," said Keema. "It is no use to try for the other."
 "Then it dawned on Robard that the savage deemed the wanderer an evil spirit not to be tried for, since it possessed magic powers. The man came into sight of the leader of the herd behind Ilunga, as the native called him, and the beast drew back startled at the sight of a deadlier enemy than the wandering bull. The shrinking of the leader gave the tramp a chance, and like a fencer he gave a sharp thrust with his tusk. The leader staggered, but a shot behind Ilunga's ear killed the other elephant. The leader rushed forward as if to attack Robard, who had fired, but Keema was just behind the elephant, and with a keen, heavy knife hamstringed the beast with a single blow, disabling it. A bullet above the eye finished the creature."

CASTORIA.
 The fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* is on every wrapper.



"YOU ARE MOST TOO CAREFUL."
 Mr. Morris nodded assent. There was no need this time for his daughter to warn him not to speak, for he couldn't have said a word had he tried.
 "All right, papa," answered Marcia, "I'll begin to-morrow, and oh, how I do hope I shall succeed! I might go out as a child-nurse or housework girl, but I couldn't earn much, and I don't want to go away from home. I want to earn just as much money as a boy would, and stay at home, too. And, you see, if I can work up in this, Gertie can help me after awhile."
 Marcia came in just then, and was informed that papa was much better, for he had been receiving treatment from an excellent mind-cure physician, whose services he wouldn't exchange for a dozen Mr. Wilsons.
 Marcia went at her new work energetically, just as she did everything else. She found many disagreeable things about it, and met many impolite people, and experienced not a few discouragements, but she would not give up, and she finally succeeded in earning a very good living for her family. Every forenoon is spent in taking orders for groceries; every afternoon in delivering them. She is prompt, businesslike and pleasant, and is welcomed in many homes where a man would not be tolerated. As fast as she got regular customers whose patronage she was sure of, she put them on her list to be visited on certain days of the week, and gradually Gertie was brought to his of use in taking their orders, while Marcia went into new quarters to "drum up new trade," as she delighted in calling it.
 Mr. Morris is not able to work, and never will be again, but their pretty little home has not been mortgaged, as the neighbors said it would have to be; the horse and buggy have not been sold; the family is not in debt, nor do they depend on their neighbors for help, and everyone is obliged to confess that they get along quite as well as they could have done had Marcia been a boy.
 —Minneapolis Spectator.

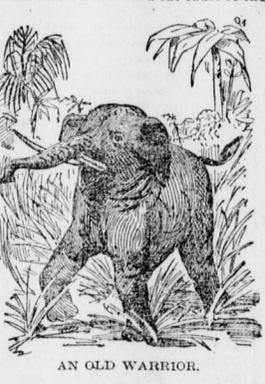
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ELEPHANTINE DUEL.

Hearing sounds that indicated serious trouble in a herd of wild elephants on the Upper Congo river, a native hunter named Keema and a sportsman named Robard hurried precipitately to a sturdy tree near by. What happened after that is told in Outing:
 "They had scarcely reached their perches when a second division of the herd came rushing down the path which the men had just left, shrieking and trumpeting in anger and fear. The tree shook as the tornado of brutes swept by. On the left the shrieking was varied with cracking and lashing as of ropes against a mast. Keema climbed higher in his tree, and through a break in the forest discovered the cause of the



AN OLD WARRIOR.

trouble. In an open space two bull elephants were fighting. One of them was a leader of the herd, the other an old warrior bull tramp who had lost a tusk. "It is the rogue Ilunga," whispered Keema, "and he will kill the other beauty—no use to try to stop him."
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AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.
 I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* on every wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," which has been used in the homes of the Mothers of America for over thirty years. LOOK CAREFULLY at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought and has the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.
 March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

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