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FREELAND, PA., DECEMBER 24, 1902.



SORROWS OF SANTA

CHANCED into Santa Claus' home one day, and these are the words I heard him say:
"Ah, me, the times, the manners, the men! It used to be all so different when
"I was a young man in the long ago And sped with my reindeer over the snow,
"Then every home in every land Gave unto me always a welcome hand,
"And chimneys then in the days gone by Were not oversmall and not overhigh,
"And the stockings they used were the old fashioned kind, All hung in a row and so easy to find,
"Then the gifts were so simple and all in good taste, From the gingerbread man to the doll made of paste,
"But now it's so different. Helgho, hear me sigh! I mourn for the days in the Land of Goneyby,
"For now I'm kept busy from early till late In my earnest endeavors to be up to date,
"I've trimmed my old beard in the new Vandyke style, And instead of a laugh I've a simpering smile,
"To the girls fin de siecle, and as for the boys, They're no use at all for my old fashioned toys,
"And the houses have changed. In those things called a flat I'm kept busy guessing just where I am at,
"Excuse me now, please, if I speak very low; I've come to my last and my cruellest blow,
"Tis the worst, though what I have told you is bad; My wife has acquired the new woman tad!
"And those were the words I heard him say When I chanced in Santa Claus' home one day."
—Detroit News-Tribune.



"I NEVER SAW ANYTHING SO LOVELY," colonel and his wife, the oldest daughter, a girl of fifteen, and the colonel's private secretary, William Winter.
"This is the window they got in at the first night," said Winter, pointing to a bay window on the ground floor leading out of the dining room. "And this is the one they got in at the other nights," pointing to another bay window that was in the staircase hall alongside the front door.
"Why didn't they always enter at the same window?" I asked carelessly.
"That's what bothers me," said Winter, "but you can go see for yourself that they didn't," pointing to tramped places under both of the windows.
"You see it was this way," said the colonel. "We were greatly alarmed the first night when the silver was taken, and we set a watch over the things. From that night to the present this house has been steadily guarded from the inside every night, from dark until daylight. And yet we have had three robberies during that time. It is the strangest thing I ever saw, and I'd give \$500 to catch the burglars."
"Are they operating anywhere else in Ridgewood?"
"Yes," said Winter promptly, "they tried to steal some things out of the church last night, and a week ago they broke into the office of the gas company."
"Are you familiar there?" I asked.
"Yes," said Winter.
"One thing more, colonel, before I go," I said. "Will you tell me the name of the person who was on guard in your house the last three nights?"
"I was the person," said Winter.
"All right, colonel," I said. "I am going back to the city today to stay about a week, but I will be back Christmas eve, and then I will look up your thief for you. And, by the way, you might get ready for your Christmas tree, for I expect to give you all your things back in time for your Christmas celebration."
The colonel looked skeptical and Winter shook his head sadly.
"Don't you think you had better stay here if you are going to look for him?" asked the colonel.
"No," I said. "It isn't necessary. Good day, you can look for me Christmas eve."
I said goodby, but I didn't leave Ridgewood after all. I only went away far enough to hide myself in a certain little hotel in the little town, and there I waited and watched—did as slick detective work as I ever did in my life, even in a big city on the biggest robbery I ever had.
Christmas eve found me, not in the colonel's home, but out in the cold, frosty air, looking into the window of a little cottage. The cottage was the end one in a row of wooden houses, each with a grass plot around it. It belonged to William Winter, private secretary to Colonel Payne; and in the cottage lived Winter and his wife and Winter's wife's mother; also six little

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A CHRISTMAS CRIME

A Yuletide Tale of Two Homes

RIDGEWOOD had a thief! When I, Detective Martinet of the metropolitan secret service, was called out there, I found the town in a state of excitement over the robberies. The principal ones had taken place in the mansion of Colonel Payne, the richest man in Ridgewood.

There had been four burglaries at the Payne mansion. The first night silver was taken—small pieces consisting of spoons, forks, after dinner coffees and knives.
The second night a small rocking chair disappeared and several velvet covered footstools and nice little articles of bric-a-brac designed for Christmas gifts. The third night all the children's Christmas toys that had been carefully stored away in a Santa Claus cupboard by Colonel Payne and his wife, ready for Christmas eve, disappeared, and the fourth night the cellar was pillaged of its wine and fruits.

"Looks as if it was somebody inside the house," said the colonel after we had been over the ground pretty well.
"Not exactly," said I, "or why would they take a rocking chair?"
The party that accompanied me through the house consisted of the



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Winters varying in age all the way from four to twelve years.
"I never saw anything so lovely in all my life, papa," the oldest Winter girl was saying as I pressed my nose against the glass and peered in through the narrow strip between the window sash and the casement.
There inside of the room stood a little Christmas tree upon a big box, and upon the tree and all around the foot of it stood dozens of beautiful Christmas gifts. Such a Christmas tree you never saw! There were little things in silver—spoons, forks, after dinner coffees and knives, and there was a rocking chair, also several little footstools and little articles of bric-a-brac, all newly covered with cheap chintz. And there were toys. Oh, so many toys! And upon the table at the side of the tree stood the best of wines and Christmas fruits.
"How sweet of you, Will!" Winter's pretty wife said as she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. "How did you ever guess that I wanted all those silver things for the table?"
"And did any one ever see such a son-in-law?" cried the old lady as her eyes fell upon the table with the wine and fruits.
"I have got the goodest papa in the world," yelled the six year old, while the others chimed in "Yeth" as they made a dive for the toys.
"I could sit in this rocking chair for a week!" intoned Winter's wife, rocking herself back and forth with her foot on the gayly covered footstool, "if it wasn't that I felt as if I wanted to get up and kiss you again," she said to Winter for the twentieth time as she looked around.
"Now go to bed, all of you," cried Winter, "and something extra for the one who starts first. Don't let me hear a word from you again until tomorrow morning at breakfast, and then we'll have Christmas all day."
He hustled them out of the room, and when I tapped on the door there was no one left downstairs to open it but he.
"Well, what are you going to do about it?" I asked, stepping into the room and pointing to all the Christmas things.
"I don't know," said he, dropping down by the table and hiding his face in his hands. "I don't know, I am sure. It will kill her if you tell her."
"What made you take them?" I asked.
"Because he's got so much he doesn't know what to do with it," said Winter. "So I took them all easy like and thought it would blow over in a few days. You see, we have so many babies in our family," he added, "that there wasn't much left this year for Christmas, and the children have been talking about it every day for the last three months. It broke my heart to think I'd have to disappoint them, so I did the best I could for them."
"You watched the house all night for the colonel, did you?"
"Yes, except for about an hour; long enough to slip over here with an armful."
"Well, what are you going to do about it?"
"God knows; I don't," he repeated. "It will kill her if you tell her."
"Do you want me to arrest you tonight, or will you wait until morning?"
"Christmas day!" he exclaimed, breaking down and beginning to cry like a baby. "I know I'm a wretch. Only kill me—do anything; but don't tell her."
It might have been that the spirit of Christmas was in the air. Perhaps the thought of those six little children and that sweet faced wife had a stronger influence than they should have had over a detective's heart. But I said to him, "Well, bundle up the things and come along with me, and we'll see what we can do about it."
We looked like two Santa Clauses ourselves as we slipped along the streets, choosing bylanes and cross paths to the Payne residence.
We got into the triangular lawn by a rear path and stole softly up to the house. There was the dining room brilliantly lighted and in the middle stood a tree all bare and waiting for gifts, just as I told the colonel to arrange it.
There was no one in the room, and after I had pried up the sash we stole in together. There was only just time to drop our packages on the floor at the foot of the tree and to rush away again before the colonel's daughter came in.
"Oh, papa," she cried, "here are some presents for us."
But I heard no more just then, for I was busy helping poor Winter get away. An hour later I rang the colonel's front door bell. He opened the door himself.
"Come right in," said he. "I guess you are a wizard tonight. Just after we got the Christmas tree set up and while we were upstairs getting our presents together to hang on the tree the thief came back and left the Christmas presents."
"Everything there?" I asked.
"Everything," said he, "down to the last teaspoon. We have counted them all. Poor fellow, he must have had a guilty conscience, and when it came Christmas eve he squared it with himself by sending back all he had stolen."
"Strange!" said I.
"Very strange," said the colonel. "I'd like, if I knew who the thief was, to send him something for a Christmas present, just as a reward for his conscience. As it is I ask you, detective, not to look him up. He has evidently turned over a new leaf this Christmas eve."
"Evidently," said I.
"Now, detective," said the colonel, "I am going to ask you to stay with us over Christmas and enjoy a nice holiday. And so that we can all have an extra fine day I am going to send one of the boys over to Winter's house tonight with these things so that he can have a merry Christmas as well as the rest of us."—Minneapolis Tribune.

JOYS OF CHRISTMAS

Festival Should Be One of Gladness, Said the Late Dr. T. De Witt Talmage

SONGS greeted the birth of our Saviour. Angelic tongues with living fire sang the incarnation as they hovered over the hills of Judea. The music was resonant with joy. From the hour that the Virgin laid her Babe on pillow of straw in the manger all Christendom has since that time made the anniversary of this natal day a season of gladness, a season of unbounded joy.

Wreath the laurel, twine the bay, Christ was born on Christmas day.
There were special reasons for these heavenly songs being sung by the celestial chorus, for there was joy in God's great heart, joy among the first-born sons of light, joy thrilling all the heavenly empire, joy that is yet to be put in the new song sung by redeemed millions around the throne of "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world."

It was the music of liberty. When these heavenly hosts sang the "Gloria In Excelsis," the whole world was resting under galling yokes of oppression. Slavery was universal. Taskmasters were everywhere severe to those in servitude. Greece, Rome and Palestine heard daily the groans of those in bondage. The world was in chains. But the song of the angels rang the deathknell of bondage. The Babe was God's emancipation. His distinctive mission was to set at liberty the captives and proclaim deliverance to the bruised and crushed sons of toil. Under the mild and genial influence of our holy Christianity fetters fall off everywhere, until now in this morning of our new century there are few nations to be found that hold serfs. Glorious freedom! Triumphant achievement of the cross! Wherever it is lifted chains are broken and spiritual emancipation is proclaimed.

It was the music of hope. Until Jesus appeared all the ancient religions had offered only a message of despair. No light fell upon the grave or illumined the vast beyond. Darkness reigned in supreme, sullen majesty, and not a single star of hope glided the future. The grave was an eternal prison. But the songs sung by the heavenly choristers on that eventful night heralded hope to a lost world. Into the soul of sinning humanity came the sweet rays of joy and peace and blessedness, and, looking down into the grave, all fear had vanished, for sin, the sting of death, was gone and canceled by a glorious Christ the Lord. They looked and beheld—

On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending, And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.
And this is our Christmas joy that Jesus has lifted into immortal hope the graves of all our beloved friends who sleep in him.
It was the music of victory. When Jesus came, the great mass of humanity was in serfdom, and the dignity of labor was not comprehended. Toil was regarded as a degradation. Laborers were despised and all forms of manual industry held to be a disgrace. But the Son of Mary and Joseph came to teach the world a new philosophy, and by honorable industry he proclaimed the dignity of labor and taught that—

The honest man, tho' ere sae poor, Is king of men for a' that.
Jesus counts the beads of sweat upon the brow of every son of toil. He notes all injustice done the laboring classes, and only as his spirit prevails among men will the great conflict between labor and capital cease. But that day is coming ere long—the glad Christmas of ages—
When man to man the wide world o'er Shall brothers be and a' that.
—Christian Herald.

MEXICAN CUSTOMS.
Visiting and Giving Presents the Features of Yuletide.
A series of festivities beginning nine days before Christmas and ending on Christmas eve marks the Yuletide celebration in Mexico. In a circle of friends it is arranged that nine visits shall be paid to nine different houses. Each evening's gaiety begins with prayer and the lighting of candles. These are followed by the presentation of a gift from each guest to the host or hostess of the evening. The first evening's gift is of small worth, but the value of the offering increases with every succeeding evening. That there may be nothing unfair in the distribution, the recipient of the first evening's offering one year becomes the last the following year. After the presentation there are dancing and supper. At midnight the candles are extinguished.
No two evenings' entertainments are exactly alike save in the offering of prayers, the lighting of candles and the presenting of gifts. On Christmas eve, a few minutes before midnight, all proceed to church to hear the midnight mass, and this ends the Christmas celebration for the year.—New York Tribune.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE.
The Christmas tree was first heard of in England about 1444. A tree was then set up in the middle of a pavement and decked with ivy as well as with other greens. From this use it was finally taken within the home, decorated with candles and eventually with anything which glistened and enhanced its brightness.

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RAILROAD TIMETABLES

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.
November 16, 1902.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS. LEAVE FREELAND.
6 12 a m for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia and New York.
7 29 a m for Sandy Run, White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and Scranton.
8 15 a m for Hazleton, Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, New York, Delano and Pottsville.
9 58 a m for Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Mt. Carmel.
11 32 a m for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, New York, Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Mt. Carmel.
11 41 a m for White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and the West.
4 44 p m for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, New York, Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Mt. Carmel and Pottsville.
6 33 p m for Sandy Run, White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and all points West.
7 29 p m for Hazleton.

ARRIVE AT FREELAND.
7 29 a m from Pottsville, Delano and Hazleton.
9 12 a m from New York, Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Weatherly, Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Mt. Carmel.
9 58 a m from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and White Haven.
11 32 a m from Pottsville, Mt. Carmel, Shenandoah, Mahanoy City, Delano and Hazleton.
12 35 p m from New York, Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk and Weatherly.
4 44 p m from New York, Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Weatherly, Mt. Carmel, Shenandoah, Mahanoy City, Delano and Hazleton.
7 29 p m from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and White Haven.

For further information inquire of Ticket Agents.
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THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD.
Time table in effect May 19, 1901.
Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Eckley, Hazleton, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Road and Hazleton Junction at 6:00 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:07 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday.
Trains leave Drifton for Hazleton, Stockton, Pottsville and Deringer at 6:00 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:07 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepton at 6:30 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:07 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday.
Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Harwood Road, Stockton, Onedia Junction, Hazleton Junction and Road at 7:11 a. m., 12:40, 5:26 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 8:11 a. m., 3:44 p. m., Sunday.
Trains leave Shepton for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 6:49 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, Jeannville, Audenried and other points on the Traction Company's line.
Train leaving Drifton at 6:00 a. m. makes connection at Drifton with P. H. R. trains for Wilkes-Barre, Scranton, Harrisburg and points west.

LEWIS C. SMITH, Superintendent.

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The Year 1903

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