

# FREELAND TRIBUNE.

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FREELAND, PA., JUNE 19, 1903.



## Commencement Program.

Below will be found the program for commencement week at East Stroudsburg normal school, where several young people of this section are studying:

Saturday, June 20—9 a. m.—Annual picnic given by Normal trustees, probably up the Delaware.

Sunday, June 21—8 p. m.—Baccalaureate sermon to graduating class by Prof. E. L. Kemp, A. M., principal.

Monday, June 22—8 p. m.—Music recital by pupils of the music department.

Tuesday, June 23—2 p. m.—Class day exercises by senior class in Normal chapel. Music by Oppenheim's orchestra, of Wilkesbarre.

Tuesday, June 23—7 p. m.—Concert by Normal Choral Society, assisted by Miss Rebecca MacKenzie, soprano, of New York, and Oppenheim's orchestra.

Tuesday, June 23—9.30 p. m.—Alumni reunion in Normal gymnasium.

Tuesday, June 23—11 p. m.—Alumni banquet in Normal dining room. Oppenheim orchestra.

Wednesday, June 24—9 a. m.—Commencement exercises in Normal chapel. Address by Hon. Horace Heydt, of Lehigh. Dedication of new recitation hall, music by Miss MacKenzie and Oppenheim orchestra.

## Threat Carried Out.

Preston colliery at Girardville, is now only a memory. The machinery was removed some week ago and the razing of the building is now in progress. The abandonment of this colliery is an effect of the 1902 strike. The mine was flooded and a young man fell into it and was drowned. For a while during the strike the pumps were kept going to recover the water, the Reading Company spending \$100,000 on the work, and the mine was just about dry when the engineers and pumpmen quit. It rapidly filled again and the company's threat to abandon it has been carried out.

## Do You Enjoy What You Eat?

If you don't your food does not do you any good. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is the remedy that every one should take when there is anything wrong with the stomach. There is no way to maintain the health and strength of mind and body except the nourishment. There is no way to nourish except through the stomach. The stomach must be kept healthy, pure and sweet or the strength will let down and disease will set up. No appetite, losses of strength, nervousness, headache, constipation, bad breath, sour risings, rifting, indigestion, dyspepsia and all stomach troubles are quickly cured by the use of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. Sold by Grover's City Drug store.

## Depth in Planting.

At the Michigan station tests were made by planting seeds of wheat, oats, flax, corn, barley, clover, peas and buckwheat at different depths ranging from half an inch to a foot. The highest percentage of germination for wheat, flax, corn and clover was at a depth of an inch; for oats, two inches; for peas, four inches; for barley, half an inch, and for wheat, two inches. Clover entirely failed when the depth was greater than two inches. Some plants of oats, corn and peas appeared above ground when the depth of planting was eight inches or more.

## Alfalfa in Texas.

The success of alfalfa in Texas is easily measured by attention given to it in the general press. It is growing to be quite popular with the politico-agricultural newspapers of Texas. These have "caught on." Trust the wily city editor with a nose for politics to indorse what the people have endorsed. Some newspapers prefer to ride the alfalfa colt when broken rather than to lend a hand in the breaking. So also of other issues. Yes, alfalfa, farmers' institutes, hogs and dairying are now popular issues among the people.—Farm and Ranch.

## Setting Strawberry Plants.

The sooner you set your strawberry plants the better and the sooner you cultivate them after they are set the better, for more reasons than one. Weeds and the small fruits are incompatible.

# THE WINDOW PICTURE

By ELIZA ARCHARD CONNER.

Copyright, 1903, by Eliza Archard Conner.

THE managing editor gave me this photograph and said to me: "Miss Daggetty, write something around that picture. Fake up something. I don't much care what."

My name is not Daggetty, though the managing editor calls me that. It is Emily Dalgetty, which is a pretty name, but I never hear it here. The office boy calls me "Dag" behind my back. I heard him one day. So does the religious editor, a young snip who is killing himself with cigarettes.

I can't think of anything to write around that horrid old picture yet, so I just let my typewriting machine rest and take a pencil and scribble by hand any nonsense that comes into my head. That is a good way to tap the flow and get started, I find, and that's why I let myself write this foolishness. I wish I could get hold of a beginning about that photograph. It's merely a snapshot of a gone to pieces old man with a long beard and a bald head. He leans, with folded arms, upon the window sill of a log cabin which has the window taken out, if there ever was any in.

Oh, you old image! Why can't I get started on you? But no! All I can think of this morning is Ned Ball. I've not thought of much else for ten years. I believe, and I'm twenty-five now. I can't remember when we were not sweethearts, Ned and I. I can hardly remember when we were not engaged.

"I'll have time this afternoon to finish off that old ogre for the Sunday paper. I can't finish him at all. I can't begin him, unless something comes into my head about him. I shall just write one of Ned and me till I tap the supply. I wonder where it is, anyhow, that it won't come when you call for it?"

Ned, dear, I think I will write this just as though I were going to send it to you for a letter, though I know your eyes will never see it. I wouldn't dare let you know how I long for the sight of your face, even pale and withered with pain as it is, for the touch of your hand, even though you could not rise from your couch to meet me. Forty prying, vulgar eyes would be upon us, too, there! That ward of the charity hospital where you have lain six years, despair eating your heart hollow. To this day I cannot make it seem real, dear, you with your shining yellow hair and pink cheeks and broad shoulders, the strongest, straightest, quickest, handsomest fellow in the university, the captain of the football team.

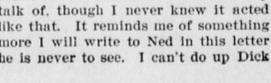
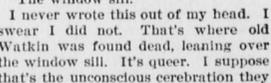
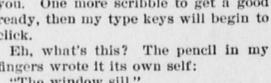
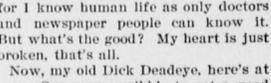
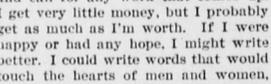
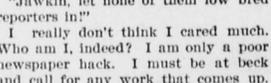
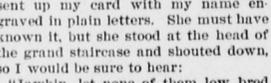
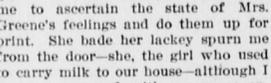
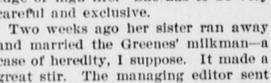
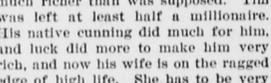
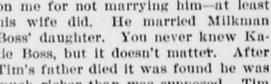
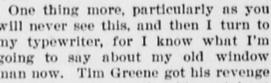
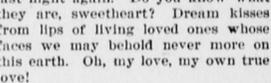
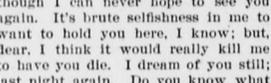
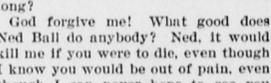
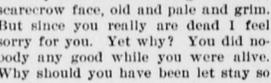
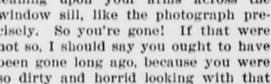
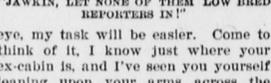
We thought we should meet in a year when you went away. I was going to Princeton college, so it would not seem so long. But father died in a week after you went, and I had to work for my living. I did not mind the work, though, Ned. I was glad of a way to put in the time and keep from grieving for father and from wishing for you so constantly. I knew it would only last till I married you, and then I should have plenty to do to put in the time. I never told you, Ned, but Tim Greene wanted me to marry him. You remember him—a sawed off, chuffy little fellow, with bad teeth. I laughed in his face. I couldn't help it. Tim Greene to aspire to Ned Ball's sweetheart!

And then—and then—Ned, only a few months more, and you were struck down in a football game. In half a minute the athlete of the university became a cripple for life, the lower part of his body paralyzed. If you had money—oh, if I had money! I know you would take it from me, dear, for it would be like taking it from your self. Then you could be wheeled in a rolling chair into the air, the sunshine, could have a home and me to take care of you. But no, no again!

This demishin picture! Old man, why can't you start me yourself? Now I look at you I see you're only one eye, and that glares at me as though it was a real live orb and not merely the photograph's dead fish eye. Ah!

Here's something at the back of you. What is it?  
"This is a snap shot of old John Watkin, the hermit of Snole's mountain. He lived thirty years in a wretched cabin in the edge of the woods and in all that time was never known to speak to a woman. It was supposed an unhappy love affair soured him in his youth, but nobody knows. Some said, too, that he had money, but none was found in the cabin or anywhere around it, though gold hunters dug into the earth all about the hut. He used often to be seen leaning upon the window sill, just as he is in the photograph. He actually died at last in that position, and his body was found thus one morning, with the dew wet upon his beard."

So he's dead, is he? Rest his soul! That's the managing editor's writing. I wonder why he couldn't have told me to look at the back of the photograph and get my clew from what was written there. Now, my old Dick Deadey!



Deadey till I record it. It is a thing I never told anybody. Five years ago—five this very month—I went to a fashionable lady's house to report a lecture on occultism. The speaker was a dark, graceful oriental. Azra they called him, and the women fell in love with him and raved over him after their kind. I have a contempt for women who make fools of themselves over a man, particularly a dark man. Azra said we could have anything we wanted, no matter what—anything thinkable, that is—if we simply kept our minds and wills fixed on it in steady demand. He told us he would stake his life and hope of the future on the truth of this statement. Because of the truth of it, he said, we should be very careful not to set our hearts on anything that was wrong lest it come back to us and bring disaster instead of good.

Will and demand, will and demand, persistently, intelligently and earnestly—that is all. Take a certain hour of the day when you are least disturbed. Make a mental picture of the object you desire, hold it in your mind steadily for as many minutes as you can spare. What is more, do not think of it as coming to you; think of it as already yours. That is like what the Bible says, "Whatever ye desire when ye pray believe it is yours, and ye shall receive it." Don't plan and contrive how your wish is to come. Leave that to the universal power, said Azra. Just see it in your mind always as yours and never give up.

Ned, I wanted money, for money would give me everything else. It would bring you to me or me to you. It would cure you if there was any way to restore power to that crippled spine. Ned, I willed that I had \$20,000, willed it with all my might. Azra said if we wanted money to make a mental picture of the exact amount, like the piles of gold and paper in a bank window, and hold fast to it. We should imagine to see it in a green light. That is the light belonging to money.

Ned, I made a picture of a pile of gold, shining eagles and double eagles, and I've held to that as mine for five years. Azra said paper money would do as well as gold. So it would, Ned, for all the result my occult practice ever brought.

I have kept at that practice, not letting go the thought a day. What good? What good is anything? What good is life itself? How will it end? Will it ever end?

I throw away this page. Now I must imagine a biography for old Dick Deadey.

What's this? That strange writing again! Ah, it is not mine. I see my hand write, but my brain has nothing to do with it. Oh, am I crazy?

Under the window sill. Look under the window sill, Emily Dalgetty. It is loose. Lift it up. The log underneath it is hollowed out into a hole. A canvas bag is there with \$20,000 in gold in it. The gold is yours. Your mother was the woman I loved, and your father, Archie Dalgetty, won her away from me while I was a soldier during the civil war. I cursed them both and went away, but it is wrong to curse anybody. I have found that out.

God forgive me! What good does Ned Ball do anybody? Ned, it would kill me if you were to die, even though I know you would be out of pain, even though I can never hope to see you again. It's brute selfishness in me to want to hold you here, I know; but, dear, I think it would really kill me to have you die. I dream of you still; last night again. Do you know what they are, sweetheart? Dream kisses from lips of living loved ones whose faces may be beyond never more on this earth. Oh, my love, my own true love!

One thing more, particularly as you will never see this, and then I turn to my typewriter, for I know what I'm going to say about my old window man now. Tim Greene got his revenge on me for not marrying him—at least his wife did. He married Milkman Boss' daughter. You never knew Katie Boss, but it doesn't matter. After Tim's father died it was found he was much richer than was supposed. Tim was left at least half a millionaire. His native cunning did much for him, and luck did more to make him very rich, and now his wife is on the ragged edge of high life. She has to be very careful and exclusive.

Two weeks ago her sister ran away and married the Greenes' milkman—a case of heredity, I suppose. It made a great stir. The managing editor sent me to ascertain the state of Mrs. Greene's feelings and do them up for print. She bade her lackey spurn me from the door—she, the girl who used to carry milk to our house—although I sent up my card with my name engraved in plain letters. She must have known it, but she stood at the head of the grand staircase and shouted down, so I would be sure to hear:

"Jawkin, let none of them low bred reporters in!"

I really don't think I cared much. Who am I, indeed? I am only a poor newspaper hack. I must be at beck and call for any work that comes up. I get very little money, but I probably get as much as I'm worth. If I were happy or had any hope, I might write better. I could write words that would touch the hearts of men and women, for I know human life as only doctors and newspaper people can know it. But what's the good? My heart is just broken, that's all.

Now, my old Dick Deadey, here's at you. One more scribble to get a good ready, then my type keys will begin to click.

Eh, what's this? The pencil in my fingers wrote it its own self. I swear I did not. That's where old Watkin was found dead, leaning over the window sill. It's queer. I suppose that's the unconscious cerebration they talk of, though I never knew it acted like that. It reminds me of something more I will write to Ned in this letter he is never to see. I can't do up Dick

# TO SNUFF VOLCANOES.

## Starting Discovery Made by an Australian.

Volcanoes can easily be extinguished, says the New York Herald. A New Zealand man claims (and there are many who agree with him) to have discovered a liquid by means of which volcanoes may be extinguished quickly whether active or threatening.

Many diseases of the human body act in the same manner as volcanoes. Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Disorders, Female Diseases and many others all begin with a slight rumble of pain and distress, and if not treated in time will burst forth in all their fury, causing all who are so afflicted the most intense suffering and making life a complete burden.

That a liquid has been discovered that will extinguish these volcanic eruptions of disease, whether active or threatening, is not only certain but a material fact.

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY is this liquid discovery. THE WONDERFUL CURATIVE powers of this famous remedy have cut a new path through the field of medicine, sweeping with it a startling record of tremendous success.

Druggists sell it in **New 50 Cent Size** and the regular \$1.00 size bottles. Sample bottle, enough for trial, free by mail. Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rondout, N. Y.

Dr. David Kennedy's Mazi Eye Salve for all Diseases or Inflammations of the Eye. 25c.

## PLEASURE.

June 20.—Base ball, Hazleton All-Colligians vs. Freeland Tigers at the Tigre park. Admission, 15 cents.

June 22 and 23.—Annual entertainment of the pupils of St. Ann's Parochial School at the Grand opera house. Admission, 15, 25 and 35 cents.

June 25.—Commencement exercises of Freeland High school at the Grand opera house. Tickets, 10 and 15 cents.

July 1.—Picnic of Good Wills Social Club at the Public park.

July 4.—Parade and picnic under the auspices of the Citizens' Hose Company at the Public park.

## Our Diamond Fields.

From seven diamonds, weighing from two to twenty-one carats, that have been picked up in Wisconsin and adjoining states Professor William H. Hobbs traces the diamond fields of North America to the volcanic region of the Canadian wilderness south of Hudson bay. The only known matrix of the diamond is the black shale, or "blue ground," around the necks of burned out volcanoes. The loose stones found seem to have been transported by glaciers, and on following up the probable courses of these ancient ice rivers the lines converge in the barren territory stated.

Kodol Gives Strength by enabling the digestive organs to digest, assimilate and transform ALL of the wholesome food that may be eaten into the kind of blood that nourishes the nerves, feeds the tissues, hardens the muscles and recuperates the organs of the entire body. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure cures Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Catarrh of the Stomach and all stomach disorders. Sold by Grover's City drug store.

Beautiful hammocks at Birkbeck's.

## Do You Enjoy What You Eat?

You can eat whatever and whenever you like if you take Kodol. By the use of this remedy disordered digestion and diseased stomachs are so completely restored to health, and the full performance of their functions naturally, that such foods as would tie one into a double-bow-knot are eaten without even a "rumbling" and with a positive pleasure and enjoyment. And what is more—these foods are assimilated and transformed into the kind of nutriment that is appropriated by the blood and tissues.

Kodol is the only digestant or combination of digestants that will digest all classes of food. In addition to this fact, it contains, in assimilable form, the greatest known tonic and reconstructive properties.

Kodol cures indigestion, dyspepsia and all disorders arising therefrom.

## Kodol Digests What You Eat

Makes the Stomach Sweet. Bottles only. Regular size, \$1.00, holding 2 1/2 times the trial size, which sells for 50 cents. Prepared by E. O. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Grover's City Drug Store.

## STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, EAST STROUDSBURG, PA.

Regular State Normal Courses, and Special Departments of Music, Elocution, Art, Drawing, Stenography and Typewriting; strong College Preparatory Department.

Free Tuition. Boarding expenses \$3.50 per week. Pupils admitted at any time. Fall Term opens Sept. 7th. Write for new catalogue.

E. L. KEMP, A. M., Prin.

## We Can Sell Your Farm.

Factory, Business or Residence. No matter where located. We have sold hundreds of others. Why not yours? We have the original method which enables us to sell at a discount and price and we will explain how \$10,000.00 to loan on Good Mortgages. Offices in all principal cities. Highest rates. A. A. ROTTNER & CO., 810 Res Estate Bldg., Phila., Pa. Established 1863.

## Wm. Wehrman, WATCHMAKER

Centre street, Freeland. REPAIRING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

## PISO'S CURE FOR CURS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

# RAILROAD TIMETABLES

## LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD, May 17, 1903.

### ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

**LEAVE FREELAND.**  
6 12 a m for Jedd, Lumber Yard, Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, New York, Buffalo and the West.  
8 15 a m for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, New York, Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Mt. Carmel, Buffalo and the West.  
9 12 a m for Sandy Hook.  
11 45 a m for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, New York, Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Mt. Carmel, Buffalo and the West.  
5 45 p m for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, New York, Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Mt. Carmel, Buffalo and the West.

### ARRIVE AT FREELAND.

7 20 a m from Hazleton and Lumber Yard.  
9 12 a m from New York, Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Weatherly, Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Mt. Carmel.  
1 00 p m from New York, Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Weatherly, Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, and Mt. Carmel.  
6 33 p m from New York, Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Weatherly, Mt. Carmel, Shenandoah, Mahanoy City, Delano and Hazleton.

For further information consult Ticket Agents.

## THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD.

Time table in effect May 19, 1903.

Trains leave Drifton for Onondia Junction, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, and Hazleton Junction at 6 00 a m, daily except Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomhicken and Deringer at 6 00 a m, daily except Sunday; and 7 07 a m, 2 38 p m, Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Onondia Junction, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, and Hazleton Junction at 6 00 a m, daily except Sunday; and 7 07 a m, 2 38 p m, Sunday.

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