Persian Barbers.

In Persia the barber shaves the heads of his customers, dyes their beards, pulls their teeth, cups and bleeds them when ailing, sets their broken bones and shampoos their bodies. Dr. Willis, an English physician, who resided in Persia for many years, being attached to the overland telegraph, was invited by Hassan, his barber, to visit his shop and see him work. He went, against the remonstrance of his servant, Malek, who insisted that the barber would say that the English physician had called to learn of him how to practice surgery and medicine.

The shop was a little square room with one side open to the street. In the center was a tiny bed of flowers sunk in the floor, from the middle of which rose an octagonal stone column a yard high. The capital of the column formed a receptacle for the water in which the barber dipped his hand as he shaved his customer's scalp; in Persia they do not lather.

On the earthen platform, outside of the shop, sat a burly man, whose long beard was being dyed an orange color. It was full of yellow mud (the henna in a paste), and bound up with cabbage leaves to prevent too rapid evaporation.

The shop was very clean. On two recesses were displayed four vases filled with flowers, and the implements of the barber's art, scissors, razors, lancets, hand-mirrors, large pincers to extract teeth, branding irons to cauterize the arteries in amputating the limbs, strong combs; but not a hair-brush, for that implement is never used by Persians.

From the barber's girdle hung a round copper water-bottle, his strap, and a pouch to hold his instruments. In his bosom was a small mirror, the presentation of which to his customer is a sign that the job is finished and that the barber waits for his pay.

Customers came to submit their heads to the barber's hands, and to have their paralyzed arms shampooed. When served, they remained to smoke and gossip.

Others called to be bled; they were taken outside so that the blood might flow into the gutter. One man, suffering from the toothache, was operated upon for fifteen or twenty minutes. After three pulls, a large piece of the tooth came away.

"Ah!" exclaimed the barber, "that's the piece in which the pain was!"

A sufferer from rheumatism appeared. The barber heated a small iron, the patient lay down, and after invoking Mahommed and the saints was burnt three times on the loins.

When the English physician, having seen all that was to be seen, reached home, Malek upbraided him.

"Sahib! I said it! I knew it! That dog, may the graves of seven generations of his ancestors be defiled! There he stands, explaining to the two merchants, your patients, that you have come to him at your own request to take a new lesson in tooth drawing!"

An Indian Disarmed.

HOW A SPIRITED WHITE WOMAN AROUSED A HIDEOUS APACHE'S ADMIRATION.

In the following good story, which Harriet Phillips relates in the Philadelphia *News*, we must leave it to our readers to judge what it was which proved too much for the Apache. Was it the teacher's hospitality or her courage which won his heart? Something of both perhaps. One thing, at all events, we feel sure of; stolid as he may have been, he must have felt both surprise and admiration at the white woman's spirit:

"An Apache, in full war-paint, stalked into an Indian school at Albuquerque, N. M., one day. The children were immediately terrified, and trembling told us he was a 'bad Indian.' They said an uncle of our boys had killed his brother, and they feared he had come for revenge. As it was dinner-time, I saw nothing better to do than to have the children marched into the dining room, as usual. We keep open house to Indians at all times, and treat them as distinguished guests, so I motioned to our Apache to take a seat at the table. He sat down, terrible in his war-paint, and laid two loaded revolvers, before him. The children began to tremble.

"I summoned all my courage and said: 'Put those revolvers on the window.'

"The Apache never moved. The cook placed before him a cup of coffee and a bowl of soup.

"'Take away that coffee and soup,' I commanded, with my heart in my mouth, adding to the Indian: 'You shall not have them until you put those revolvers on the window.'

"Trembling for her life the cook obeyed. When the Apache saw his dinner removed he deliberately rose, picked up his revolvers and—shall I ever forget that terrible moment?—quietly laid them on the window. His dinner was restored to him; he ate it in silence, and then, taking up his property, walked out without a word.

"I did not see him again for years. But this last time, on my way home, as I was waiting in the train at Santa Fe, my terrible Apache, in all his feathers and war-paint, got into the car and walked its whole length, as if looking for some one. My blood ran cold. He then left the car and returned with a dozen other braves, as horrible as himself. He introduced them all, and all must shake hands."

A Philosophical Tramp.

A stupid looking tramp knocked at one of the finest residences in Austin and was received by the lady of the house.

"What do you want?"

"Please'm give me a dime to buy a glass of bread; 'scuse me, I mean a loaf of beer."

"I haven't got any money."

"Haven't got no money? Then, madam, modest as this cottage is, I would suggest your moving into a cheaper house; you are living beyond your means. Economy is wealth. Economize in the way of clothes and house rent. Cut your expenses, and then, perhaps, some day you will have a dime to spare—a dime, madam, that may be the means of preventing a hungry and thirsty fellow-mortal from committing suicide; or it may be a quarter—a coin of the value of 25 cents—that will upholster the dark clouds of the horizon of his despairing soul with a silver-plated lining and fill his stomach with bock beer. Good day, fair lady."—*Texas Siftings.*

A farmer sent one dollar for a lightning potato-bug killer, which he saw advertised in a paper, and received by return mail two blocks of wood, with directions printed on as follows: "Take this block, which is No. 1, in the right hand, place the bug on No. 2, and press them together. Remove the bug and proceed as before."

A Briton's Plaint.

HE HAS A PRONOUNCED ACCENT AND IS DERIDED BY AMERICANS.

"I am subject to one form of persecution in this country," said an Englishman to me the other day, "which I find quite intolerable, though I can't in the least blame my persecutors. You know I speak quite like an Englishman, naturally, and conduct myself quite like one, as a matter of course. Really, inasmuch as I've been on this side only a month, would hardly be worth my while to attempt to master the accent and the manners of the country, don't you know. Now, I'm not in the least unwilling to be taken for an Englishman; that I am rather proud of, in fact. But I'm not taken for an Englishman, and there's the disagreeable feature of the thing. I'm constantly taken, don't you see, for an Anglomaniac Yankee, a beastly cad whose native country isn't good enough for him, and who caricatures as in a wild attempt to imitate us. To be taken for an Irish dynamiter or a Russian Nihilist would be a comparative compliment. The other day I called on a friend in the city to whom I had a letter, and as he wasn't in I fell into a little parley with the young men of the outer office about his return, and the like. Then I sat down in the inner office to wait a bit for him. Presently I heard, over the half-partition one of the young men say softly to his companions, with an imitation of my own accent: 'Bah jove! not bad, don't you know! Is it natural or acquired?' 'Painfully acquiahed, deah boy—painfully acquiahed,' said the other, in the same tone. 'Cahn't be done in a day, deah boy,' he went on; 'there's Beverly Cadley, don't you know, who comes in here sometimes to boah the governor; took him one-and-twenty months—yaas, three-and-twenty months, to acquiah his accent. This hasn't been carried to the supehb perfection that Cadley's has, not at all, my boy, but he'l mahster it in a yeah or two, don't you know, with perseverance.' All this with an indescribable clipping of consonants and vowels made with the teeth—really very clever, you know. Then I heard a maddening chuckle from the two. This is very much the sort of treatment that I get everywhere. Sometimes men look as if they were going to kick me, until they learn that I'm really an Englishman and then they're the best and most cordial fellows in the world. Really, it's very natural to treat me so, but it's deuced unpleasant to be made odious in a strange land by a set of cads, don't you know!"—*Traverner.*

Women at the Play.

A FEW OF THE PECULIAR CHARACTERISTICS OF THEIR EMOTIONAL CRITICISM.

I like the female criticism, observes a writer in the San Francisco *Chronicle*. It is always honest and frank, utterly free from any dread of disclosing ignorance, and it is full of those new views that are sometimes so valuable. When a man looks at a play he always wants to be the hero if the leading lady is handsome. If there's any kissing going on, any hugging or embracing, he wants to be the man engaged in the business. But a woman will get carried away by her emotions and actually want to be the old woman in a story sometimes for a minute, to work her will on the villain. To men the stage figures are always stage figures. To women they are more real men and women, and they compare the actions of the heroine with what they'd do themselves under similar circumstances. It was at "Othello," and she got very excited over the Iago business of the handkerchief. I suppose if it had been a book, or anything without sex or of male denomination, she would not have been so impressed. But it was a handkerchief, a woman's handkerchief, which must have been a lovely thing if it answered Othello's description. She only felt that if she had only got hold of that handkerchief, like Emelia, no Iago could have taken it away from her, not because it was Desdemona's and was to be used to stir up Othello, but because it must have been such a beauty. That is what I surmised. She gave a kind of gasp when Iago got it away from Emelia.

"Well!" she said, "I just see myself giving it him! That's all."

It was so dainty, so thoroughly, so modernly womanly of her! It was Shakespeare, and all the pomp of circumstance, of glorious war supposed to be floating around the quay at Cyprus on the Baldwin stage. There were the spider-legged dudes of Cyprus and the curled darlings of the Venetian troops, and all sorts of fascinations, and Cassia was paying those graceful devoirs to his General's wife, just as it might happen, well, at the Presidio, or at Angel Island, or thereabouts. Iago stood on the corner muttering.

"Just see that Cassio!" she said. "Look at him. Just see how he's flirting with Desdemona!"

Can it be that this young and guileless thing has found a new idea in Shakespeare's well-studied play, and there was some truth after all in that scandal about those two? Great Scot! If Iago shouldn't have been lying at all!

With Her It Was a Tragedy.

The church which Mr. and Mrs. Topnoody attend is getting up an entertainment to raise funds, and Topnoody was on the Committee of Arrangements. The committee met the other night, and when he came home his wife was anxious to know what had been done.

"Well," she said, "did you do anything?"

"O yes, my dear, we outlined a program," he said, with an air of business.

"What's it like?"

"Well, the chief feature is to be a play."

"What play?"

"Just the thing for amateurs, my dear; the pretty, little, three-act comedy, 'Married Life.'"

"A comedy, Topnoody?"

"Of course; and you are to be Mrs. Samuel Coddle, my dear."

"No, I ain't, Topnoody," she said, firing up, till her cheeks looked like a pair of autumn leaves. "Amateur theatricals are bad enough, any way you fix them, but when the amateurs are so raw that they call married life a comedy you may count me out. I'm a professional in the married-life business, and I think I know comedy from tragedy when the curtains go up. You hear my orchestra, Topnoody, and your committee may scratch my name off the list. A comedy? And with my experience? Great Heavens!"

Topnoody went to bed without giving further details of the committee's work.

A Brooklyn blind boy takes dictation on the type-writer faster than any known expert in the possession of good eyesight.

Humorous.

Jawkins—That was a rather sudden death of old Skinflint's. What was the matter with him? Hawkins—Economy. The two undertakers are running each other, and funerals are away down in price. Old Skinflint never missed a bargain in his life.—*Lowell Citizen.*

They were standing on the deck of a Cunarder that runs to the Hub. "And what is that shining so?" she asked. "That is the dome of the State house. I was born right in its shadow." "You don't say? And this is really America, then?" "O, dear no, this is Boston."—*New Haven News.*

SHE BOUGHT IT.

Young woman (timidly to clerk)—I would like to look at some false hair, please.

Clerk (experienced)—Yes, ma'am. What color does your friend want?

Sale effected.—*Life.*

TIME—3 A. M.

Mrs Jollyboy: "Where on earth have you been?"

Mr. J.: "I cannot tell a lie; Iv'e been to m'offish."

Mrs. J.: "That's where we differ. I can tell a lie—when I hear one. [Cruel silence, during which something is heard to drop.]—*Harvard Lampoon.*

CHANGED IT.

Mr. Brown recently brought home his second wife. A lady who had known the first quite intimately came to make a call. As she looked about the room she remarked: "How familiar everything is to me here; I used to be here so much; there is a picture, however—pointing it out—which I do not recognize." "Oh!" said the bride, "that's the first Mrs. Brown. My husband thought it might not please me to have it hanging there as it was; so he took it to an artist and had a Gainsborough hat put on, and changed the color of the hair and eyes, and we call it a fancy piece."—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

IT WAS THE LAST STRAW.

"Gentlemen," said the hard-looking man with the inflamed nose, as he picked himself up from the sidewalk, replaced his battered hat on his head, drew his coat-sleeve across his nose and looked around with great dignity, "I have been treated with outrage and insult. The barkeeper just now called me an old thief and a fraud. He emptied a sawdust spittoon on my head drove his fist into my eye and kicked me out of the saloon. All this I bore patiently, because my personal honor was not attacked. But I see him in there now erasing my account from his slate as if it were worthless. I regard that as an imputation on my integrity, and there is but one thing for me to do. I shall withdraw. It is useless to ask me to do otherwise. I shall never patronize that saloon again." And he withdrew with the air of a deeply injured but consciously upright man. He had saved his honor.—*Chicago Tribune.*

An Indefatigable Liar.

As an illustration of the 'colossal liars' of the West, General McCook relates the following: He was traveling among the Rocky Mountains, and straying out one morning from the trail, stood for a moment entranced by the magnificent landscape spread out before him, when he was aroused from his meditations by the footsteps of one of the guides, who had followed him, lest he should lose his way.

'Is not this magnificent, Bill?' exclaimed the General, anxious to show his delight.

'It's mighty purty, General,' said the guide, 'but I kin show you bigger sights nor this. Why one time Kansas Jim and me had been trampin' three days and nights, and we came to a plain, and right in the midst of it was a forest all turned to solid stun!'

'The General smiled and remarked: 'I have heard of petrified trees before Bill.'

The guide expectorated without changing countenance and continued: 'But that warn't all, General. Thar war a buffalo on that plain, and he war petrified on the clean jump, and his huffs had kicked up a bit of sod, and I'm blamed ef that warn' petrified in the air!'

The General turned an amused countenance on the narrator and said: 'Why, Bill, the sod would have fallen to the ground by the force or gravity.' Without any hesitation Bill answered: 'Well, by——, General, the gravity war petrified too!'

A Car Driver's Fate.

"You fellah," he exclaimed, as he followed a street car down to Jefferson avenue and shook his fist at the driver.

"What ails you?" was the gruff query.

"Behold me! See this collah—this shirt-bosom—these pawnts!"

"I see. You have been splashed with mud."

"And you did it, sah—you are the fellah! I was crossing the street back heah and was about to meet a pwety gurl—a pwety gurl, sah, and she would have returned my bwow, sah—my bwow, when you came along with your old canary colored vehicle and dashed this mud over me—over me, sah!"

"And you didn't get to bow to the girl?"

"No, sah, of course not! How could I, sah, when I was made widiculous in her eyes? And it was you, sah—you are the fellah!"

"Well, what of it?"

"Nothing sah—nothing except that I shall never recognize you as a gentleman, sah—nevah, sah! I shall give you the cold cut—the direct cold cut, sah!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Curious French Clock.

A correspondent of the *New Church Messenger* describes a clock recently patented in France in imitation of a tambourine, on the parchment of which is painted a circle of flowers, corresponding to the hour figures of ordinary dials. On examination, two bees, the one large and the other small, are discovered crawling among the flowers. The small bee runs rapidly from one flower to another, completing the circle in an hour, while the large one takes twelve hours to finish the circuit. The parchment surface is unbroken, and the bees simply laid upon it, but two magnets, connected with the clock-work inside the tambourine, move just under the membrane, and the insects, which are of iron, follow them.

Several Georgia farmers are seriously considering the question of employing Chinese in place of negroes on their plantations.

The Russian minister at Washington is allowed $25,000 a year by his government for the purpose of giving entertainments.

It is estimated that 1,310,556,512 cigarettes were consumed by the smokers in this country last year.

The French government costs the tax payers $90,000 every hour.

A Cat's Dizzy Ride.

A cat got upon the rim of a high fly-wheel which runs in a pit at an electric light station in Brooklyn. The wheel was soon making twenty revolutions a minute. It was impossible to rescue the cat from its perilous position without stopping the engine, and putting out all lights dependent upon the dynamos in the station; so the unfortunate animal had to ride on until the engine was stopped at the usual hour for putting out the lights. The cat then dropped exhausted from the wheel, but soon revived, and was none the worse for its strange experience. It is estimated that in the seven hours which the animal spent on the wheel near the rim it traveled more than 300 miles.

Bill Nye, the humorist, is to work for the New York *World*. Bill expects a great deal from his last book. "It is a larger, thicker book than any I ever published before. What the public wants is a big book—one that can be used to prop up the lounge when a leg is broken. Such a one is invaluable in a household. It can be put in a chair to bring baby's head on a level with the table; it can—well, it can be put to a thousand uses. I have considered this matter very deeply, and the result is that the next book I publish I intend to make fully a foot and a half thick. This will make a success. Why, look at the most successful books of to-day—those that have the widest circulation. What are they? The dictionary and the family Bible, and yet neither of them has any plot. I don't take any stock in this realism theory of Howell's. No, sir; the coming book is the big book."

A farmer near Winona, Miss., claims to have raised 140 bushels of corn from one acre of ground last season.

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Mrs. J. Lawson, 141 Bergen street, Brooklyn, was cured of malaria and nervous dyspepsia of many years standing by Kaskine, the quinine treatment having wholly failed.
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RAILROAD TIME TABLE

DELAWARE, LACKAWANNA AND WESTERN RAILROAD.
BLOOMSBURG DIVISION.

NORTH. p.m.	NORTH. p.m.	NORTH. a.m.	STATIONS.	SOUTH. a.m.	SOUTH. a.m.	SOUTH. p.m.
9 00	12 30	8 30	.....Scranton.....	6 10	9 15	2 05
8 54	12 26	8 26	.....Bellevue.....	6 15	9 20	2 10
8 48	12 22	8 22	....Taylorville....	6 20	9 26	2 15
8 40	12 15	8 16	..Lackawanna....	6 27	9 34	2 22
8 33	12 08	8 10	.....Pittston.....	6 34	9 41	2 33
8 27	12 03	8 03	..West Pittston..	6 40	9 47	2 36
8 22	11 58	7 58	.....Wyoming.....	6 45	9 52	2 41
8 17	11 54	7 54	.....Maltby.....	6 49	9 56	2 44
8 12	11 50	7 50	.....Bennett.....	6 53	10 00	2 47
8 08	11 47	7 47	.....Kingston.....	6 56	10 05	2 50
8 08	11 47	7 47	.....Kingston.....	6 58	10 05	2 50
8 03	11 42	7 42	Plymouth Junc	7 02	10 10	2 55
7 59	11 38	7 38	....Plymouth.....	7 06	10 15	3 00
7 54	11 34	7 34	.....Avondale.....	7 12	10 20	3 05
7 50	11 30	7 30	.....Nanticoke.....	7 15	10 25	3 10
7 43	11 23	7 23	Hunlock's Creek	7 23	10 32	3 27
7 30	11 12	7 12	..Shickshinny....	7 37	10 44	3 39
7 18	11 00	7 00	...Hick's Ferry...	7 50	11 11	3 52
7 11	10 54	6 54	..Beach Haven..	7 57	11 06	3 58
7 05	10 47	6 47	.....Berwick.....	8 04	11 13	4 12
6 58	10 41	6 41	....Briar Creek....	8 10	11 20	4 05
6 54	10 38	6 38	....Willow Grove..	8 14	11 23	4 16
6 50	10 34	6 34	...Lime Ridge....	8 18	11 29	4 20
6 42	10 27	6 27	.....Espy.....	8 25	11 36	4 27
6 36	10 21	6 21	....Bloomsburg...	8 30	11 44	4 34
6 30	10 16	6 16	.....Rupert.....	8 36	11 50	4 40
6 25	10 11	6 11	Catawi'a Bridge	8 41	11 55	4 46
6 08	9 56	5 56	.....Danville.....	8 58	12 13	5 04
6 00	9 49	5 49	....Chulasky.....	9 05	12 20	5 12
5 53	9 45	5 45	.....Cameron.....	9 08	12 25	5 17
5 40	9 32	5 32	Northumberland	9 25	12 40	5 35
p.m.	am.	a.m.		a.m.	a.m.	p.m

W. F. HALSTEAD, Supt.
Superintendent's office, Scranton, Feb.1st, 182

Pennsylvania Railroad.

Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Division, and Northern Central Railway.

TIME TABLE.

In effect Jan. 30, 1887. Trains leave Sunbury.

EASTWARD.

9.40 a. m., Sea Shore Express (daily except Sunday), for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 3.15 p. m.; New York, 6.50 p. m.; Baltimore, 3.10 p. m.; Washington, 5.50 p. m., connecting at Philadelphia for all Sea Shore points. Through passenger coach to Philadelphia.

1.43 p. m.—Day express daily except Sunday), for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6.50 p. m.; New York, 9.35 p. m.; Baltimore 6.45 p. m.; Washington, 7.45 p. m. Parlor car through to Philadelphia and passenger coaches through to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

7.45 p. m.—Hempfield Accommodation (daily for Harrisburg and all intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4.25 a. m.; New York 7.10 a. m. Baltimore, 4.55 a. m.; Washington 6.05 a. m.; Sleeping car accommodations can be secured at Harrisburg for Philadelphia and New York. On Sundays a through sleeping car will be run; on this train from Williamsp't to Philadelphia. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7 a. m.

2.50 a. m.—Erie Mail (daily except Monday, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 8.25 a. m.; New York, 11.30 a. m.; Baltimore 8.15 a. m.; Washington, 9.30 a. m. Through Pullman sleeping cars are run on this train to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and through passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

WESTWARD.

5.10 a. m.—Erie Mail (daily except Sunday), for Erie at 1 all intermediate stations and Canandaigua and intermediate stations, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through Pullman Palace cars and passenger coaches to Erie and Rochester.

9.55—News Express (daily except Sunday) for Lock Haven and intermediate stations.

12.50 p. m.—Niagara Express (daily except Sunday) for Kane and intermediate stations and Canandaigua and principal intermediate stations, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls with through passenger coaches to Kane and Rochester and Parlor car to Williamsport.

3.30 p. m. Fast Line (daily except Sunday) for Renovo and intermediate stations, and Elmira, Watkins and intermediate stations, with through passenger coaches to Renovo and Watkins.

9.20 a. m.—Sunday mail for Renovo and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR SUNBURY FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

Sunday mail leaves Philadelphia 4.30 a. m Harrisburg 7.40 arriving at Sunbury 9.20 a. m. with through sleeping car from Philadelphia to Williamsport.

News Express leaves Philadelphia 4.30 a. m. Harrisburg, 8.10 a. m. daily except Sunday arriving at Sunbury 9.53. a. m.

Niagara Express leaves Philadelphia, 7.40 a. m.; Baltimore 7.30 a. m. (daily except Sunday arriving at Sunbury, 12.59 p. m., with through Parlor car from Philadelphia and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Fast Line leaves New York 9.00 a. m.; Philadelphia, 11.50 a. m.; Washington, 9.50 a. m.; Baltimore, 10.45 a. m., (daily except Sunday) arriving at Sunbury, 5.30 p. m., with through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Erie Mail leaves New York 8.00 p. m.; Philadelphia, 11.25 p. m.; Washington, 10.00 p. m.; Baltimore, 11.20 p. m., (daily except Saturday) arriving at Sunbury 3.10 a. m., with through Pullman Sleeping cars from Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia.

SUNBURY, HAZLETON & WILKESBARRE RAILROAD AND NORTH AND WEST BRANCH RAILWAY.

(Daily except Sunday.)

Wilkesbarre Mail leaves Sunbury 9.35 a. m. arriving at Bloom Ferry 10.46 a. m., Wilkes-barre 12.15 p. m.

Express East leaves Sunbury 5.25 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 6.26 p. m., Wilkes-barre 7.55 p. m

Sunbury Mail leaves Wilkesbarre 10.35 a. m. arriving at Bloom Ferry 11.54 a. m., Sunbury 12.45 p. m

Express West leaves Wilkes-barre 2.50 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 4.19 p. m., Sunbury 5.10 p. m

SUNDAY ONLY.

Sunday mail leaves Sunbury 9.25 a. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 10.16 a. m., Wilkes-Barre 11.45 a.m.

Sunday accommodation leaves Wilkes-Barre 5.10 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry, 6.59 p. m., Sunbury, 7.30 p. m.

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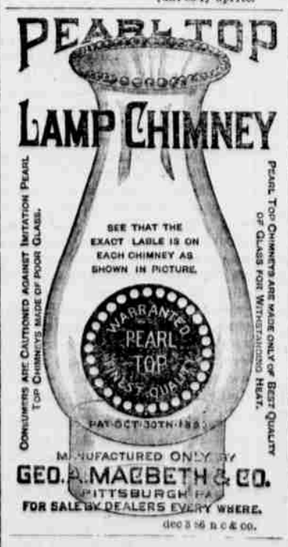

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