The Lessons of "Unser Fritz" Case.

The greatest doctors in Europe don't know what ails "Unser Fritz."

Thus are the Garfield and Grant episodes repeated, and public confidence in "expert" medical knowledge is again shaken.

The effect is a revulsion.

Since the fatal days of 1883, many of the doctrines of the schoolmen concerning extensive medication have been abandoned, and all schools of practice are more and more relying upon old fashioned simple root and herb preparations and careful nursing,—the only reliances known to our ancestors.

These methods and reliances are illustrated to-day in a series of old-fashioned roots and herbs preparations recently given to the world by the well-known proprietors of Warner's safe cure—preparations made from formulæ possessed by many of our oldest families, and rescued for popular use, and issued under the happy designation of Warner's Log Cabin Remedies.

"My son," exclaimed a venerable woman to the writer when he was a boy, "my son, you'r yeller and pale and weak like lookin', you'r needin' a good shaking up with some sas'parill'."

A jug of spring sarsaparilla was just as necessary in the "winter supplies" of fifty years ago as was a barrel of pork, and a famous medical authority says that the very general prevalence of the use of such a preparation as Log Cabin Sarsaparilla explains the rugged health of our ancestors.

While Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla is an excellent remedy for all seasons of the year, it is particularly valuable in the spring, when the system is full of sluggish blood and requires a natural constitutional tonic and invigorator to resist cold and pneumonia, and the effects of a long winter. Philo M. Parsons, clerk of the City Hotel of Hartford, Conn., was prostrated with a cold which, he says, "seemed to settle through my body. I neglected it and the result was my blood became impoverished and poisoned, indicated by inflamed eyes. I was treated but my eyes grew worse. I was obliged to wear a shade over them. I feared that I would be obliged to give up work."

"Under the operation of Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla and Liver Pills," he says, "The sore and inflamed eyes disappeared. My blood, I know is in a healthier condition than it has been for years. I have a much better appetite. I shall take several more bottles for safety's sake. Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla is a great blood purifier and I most heartily recommend it."

A few bottles of Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla used in the family now will save many a week of sickness and many a dollar of bills. Use no other. This is the oldest, most thoroughly tested, and the best, is put up in the largest sarsaparilla bottle on the market, containing 120 doses. There is no other preparation of similar name that can equal it. The name of its manufacturers is a guarantee of its superior worth.

While the great doctors wrangle over the technicalities of an advanced medical science that can not cure disease, such simple preparations yearly snatch millions from untimely graves.

PATHOS IN RAGS.

QUAINT AND PICTURESQUE FIGURES AMONG THE UNFORTUNATES OF A GREAT CITY.

Less than ten years ago no man in San Francisco was better known than—few as well as—the so-called Emperor Norton. I have forgotten his story. I believe, however, that he had once been a prosperous merchant and from some cause had failed. With his money had gone his wits, and for years he lived a pensioner on the readily accorded bounty of certain bankers, brokers and merchants. He wore disposed about his ragged garments, a sufficient quantity of tawdry gold lace to give him the air suited in his mind to his supposed rank. He collected his little sums of money as rightfully his tribute, but otherwise comported himself modestly enough.

How he lived few knew and not many cared. What his story was still fewer knew. He was accepted as "Emperor Norton" and pointed out to visitors just as the Cliff House and the sea lions were. It did not matter as to the habits of the sea lions, whence they came whither they went; so with Emperor Norton.

Mere wretchedness or misery is for the most part lost in a great city, but occasionally an example, made in some way unique, is for that reason thrust into prominence and becomes an Emperor Norton. The wretched outcast is shuddered at and shunned at first, but becoming in time a familiar object is accepted and even counted on as a sort of curiosity. The sense of responsibility which naturally, though generally unconsciously, comes with the first shock of seeing, is dissipated by familiarity, and the habituated spectator is easy in his mind.

Such an one was the little woman with the black leather reticule, who, haggard of face, restless of eye and shabby of clothing, appeared one morning many years ago by the railing of the old City Hall Park of New York, and there lingered, pitifully searching in the careless streams of passers for some evidently expected face; and when the two hands of the old clock came together at noon she heaved a little sigh, turned slowly about and walked reluctantly away.

The next morning with the briskness of renewed hope she came again to keep her tryst and again went sadly away. Day after day rolled by, winds blew, rain and snow fell, the sun shone and still the little woman kept her tryst. Years passed and still she was faithful—every day hopeful, every day disappointed. Boys passed her day by day and grew into manhood never knowing her story, caring little for it and yet looking for her as they looked for the City Hall clock.

One day she did not come, one day the faded blue eyes, grown dim with years of longing search, failed to greet the throngs of Park Row with wistful, eager glance. It was as if the clock had stopped. People looked, missed the shabby figure, shrugged their shoulders philosophically and passed on. She and her story with all its pathetic possibilities had faded out of sight.

Then there was the Count Johannes. Everybody knew him, and his name alone was enough to cause a smile, while his deeds kept the city in laughter for many a day. And yet the story—the pathos of his wrecked life—was known to a few interested friends.

To-day there is a poor creature in New York, as widely known as any of those, who owes her notoriety to an exhibition of wretchedness so unique that in that great city, at least, it has no parallel. What her name is no one seems to know. Half clad in tattered, filthy garments, that hang as by a miracle about her emaciated form, she haunts the wharves where the tropical fruit steamers land their freight. She carries an old basket, and into it puts the partially or wholly rotten oranges which are thrown out in discharging cargo. Finally, having obtained a basketfull, she shambles off, bending painfully under her unwholesome load, traversing block after block, sitting frequently in the gutter to rest and ever unheedful alike of the jeers of boys and the shuddering avoidance of even the least fastidious. A loathsome, hideous spectacle, she.

And her story? I had the curiosity once to seek it out. One bright autumn day a room in a respectable tenement house was rented to a young couple, who paid for a month in advance, furnished the room simply, and took possession with charming embarrassment and sublime confidence.

She was a dainty creature, with bright eyes, rosy cheeks, red lips, white teeth and ravishing dimples. He handsome, less from good features than from his manly, self-reliant air. Everybody in the house knew well enough that they did not belong in one room of a tenement house; not that they betrayed the fact by any seeming disdain of their present quarters—not they. But, bless you! hadn't Mrs. O'Hagan lived with the quality once, and didn't she know a lady—a real lady—when she saw one? From the country, no doubt; but a genuine lady. And Frank! She used to lean so prettily over the rickety balusters of a morning and, quite unconscious of listeners, call out: "Frank, dear, did you kiss me?" And he, laughing the while, would run back and kiss her there as she stood, as if he had not already done it a round dozen of times since breakfast—that is, when they had had any breakfast. But as I was going to say, Mrs. O'Hagan knew Frank was a gentleman because he always lifted his hat to her.

They didn't always have breakfast and sometimes no dinner, and once in a while they lived for twenty-four hours on love. Poor food for two such hearty mortals, you may say, and so it was; but one can starve on love with great cheerfulness, let me tell you. And so they did starve and shiver, too, as winter came on, but they laughed and loved as cheerily and heartily as ever. One day said Frank:

"Kitty, dear, I can't bear to see you suffer so."

"I suffer!" as if she had never heard anything so surprising before.

"Yes, you! Why, your cheeks are pale, your lips are blue and there are hollows under your eyes."

"Now don't worry about me, dear; I don't mind it at all so long as I have you."

"Yes, I know," said he huskily, "you are a brave little woman, but I can't stand it, Kitty, dear, I can't; so I've taken a situation as—"

He stopped and she, who had been watching him, cried out with a frightened look in her eyes:

"As what, Frank? Please tell me."

"As a—" his voice was low and unsteady—"as a purser on a fruit steamer running to Cuba."

"Oh, Frank, and leave me alone!" She clung to him with positive terror.

"But I can't see you starve, Kitty. And it'll only be for a month, and the firm will pay you thirty dollars the day the steamer sails."

"When will it sail?" she whispered.

"To-morrow."

"Oh, Frank!"

Well, she was, as Frank had said, a brave little woman, and the steamer went away the next day with her dear love on board. She received the thirty dollars and to please Frank did the best she could to get back her roses and cherry lips. And she succeeded, so that when, in three weeks, she went to the fruit firm to ask about the steamer, the gruff old clerk did her beauty homage by being very gracious. He told her they had no news of the steamer except that she had arrived safely and that she was due in a week. And he asked her to come again as often as she liked, since it was no trouble at all to answer her questions.

She did not go to the office again for several days, but she went every day to the wharf where the steamer was to land and looked lovingly at it as if it had some share in the happiness that was coming to her so soon now.

The steamer did not come in at the end of the week, but the gruff clerk smiled and said it would surely be in the next day. But it was not; nor the next, nor the next. And now she went from the office to the wharf and waited desperately in the freezing wind; each day waiting a longer time. One day she went into the office, and the gruff clerk rushed away from his desk to the back part of the store. She waited, but as he did not return she timidly went back into the store and touched him on the arm, for his back was turned to her. He turned and looked down into the eyes so full of eager questioning.

"Go 'way; go 'way from me," he cried, harshly; "ask somebody else; I'm busy."

He hurried from her. She followed him with distended eyes. She had not noticed his roughness—only the pity that was under it. Half staggering she caught up to him and clung to his coat.

"Oh, sir! tell me, tell me. You are hiding something."

"For God's sake don't ask me," he said.

One little hand clutched him convulsively, the other went fluttering vaguely to her head, while the wide-open eyes, filled with a horrible fear, caught his pitiful, wavering glance and held it.

"What is it?" the dry lips whispered.

"Poor little thing!" murmured the man.

"Dead?" The lips she had coaxed into redness for his sake could only form the word.

"Steamer burned. All lost," was the low response.

She stared at him a moment more and then, with a soft meaning laugh, loosed her hold and went staggering out of the store.

One day, months after this time, a richly dressed woman knocked at Mrs. O'Hagan's door and, with a supercilious lift of the eye-brows, asked if a Mr. Lawrence lived in the house. Mrs. O'Hagan couldn't lift her eyebrows, but she could put her soapy arms akimbo, and she did with instinctive pugnacity.

"He did, but he doesn't," she answered.

"Can you direct me to his abode?"

"Why should I?"

"I am his mother."

"His mother, is it?"

Mrs. O'Hagan's little blue eyes swept the richly dressed woman from her arrogant face to her carefully upheld skirts, and then with a swift glance at the little clock on her mantel, exclaimed fiercely:

"Stand here by th' dure with me."

She led the wondering woman to the street door, and with impatient gesture stilled her questions, and detained her there until a haggard creature, clad in filthy rags, came scuffling along bearing on her hip a great basket of decayed oranges.

"Your son," cried Mrs. O'Hagan, "is dead, but there is his wife. Bad luck t' ye."

The woman stared in horror at the loathsome spectacle, and then with a little cry fled to her carriage and was driven away.—*Phila. Times.*

The End of the World.

OHIO ADVENTISTS EXPECT IT SOON AND ARE GETTING READY FOR IT.

CINCINNATI, March 17.—There is beginning to be unusual, almost unprecedented, activity among the Adventists, both of the First Day and Seventh Day classes. Both believe that 1888 will wind up time, the difference being that the First Day Adventists fixed the date, whereas the Seventh Dayers simply say the end is not far off. Among the First Day Adventists tradesmen have sent their bills out. They have as nearly as possible balanced all accounts, and among them all is ready for the ascension.

Richwood, O., is a stronghold of Adventists. They have just completed a beautiful college there. Asked why they should build a college when eternity is so near at hand, Elder Andrew replied: "It is possible they may be wrong in their conclusions. Some Adventists," said he, "are not confident that the end is upon us. I, for one, am not, through I do not think it will be long until the end, for the three great signs have come to pass. 'The sun shall be darkened,' says the Bible. The sun was darkened in 1780. At 10 o'clock in the morning it was as dark as midnight. No eclipse was expected—none was due. Science has failed to account for the phenomenon. 'The moon shall not give light,' says the Bible. This occurred the day of the great darkness. That night was the blackest ever known. 'The stars shall fall from heaven,' says another, and the third prophecy. Nov. 13, 1833, the mightiest meteoric shower ever known occurred. I do not know, I do not say this is the last year of time. I simply believe the end is near."

At Nevada, O., the biggest church in the town is the Adventist church, of which Elder Dunlap is the pastor. Elder Dunlap thinks much as does Elder Watson, but many of his parishioners believe they have but a few more months, at best, to live, and many of them, notably Capt. Eldridge and family, are even now "all ready." Mrs. Eldridge has disposed of her jewelry, as have many other ladies of the congregation, because they believe in simplicity of dress.

Another elder living in Nevada, O., is Mr. Walker, a highly educated gentleman. His wife is exceptionally accomplished. Mr. Walker, when asked if the end is here, replied: "Truly I have not a doubt of it. 'Babylon is fallen,' says Holy Writ. Now, what is Babylon? The Church. Oh! how the Church has fallen! Notice the last number of any of your church papers, and what do you find but accounts of the defiling of the temples by auction sales, lotteries, socials called grab-bag, necktie, soap-bubble, popcorn and all too many others? Yes, Babylon is fallen. But there are other reasons for my faith. I think the decline of the Ottoman Empire plainly foretells the end. The Sultan of Turkey is the Apollyon of Revelations. To those who have closely studied the Scriptures his fall is convincing. When the Sultan is driven from Turkey then will the end of time hasten on."

Dr. Jerome Oatley, of Richwood, a gallant soldier in the civil war and for years Post Commander of Livingston Post, G. A. R., No, 425, of that place, is an Adventist. "Remember," says the doctor, "that all the Old Testament prophecies where fulfilled. Isaiah told of the coming of Christ. Micah prophesied his birthplace. Jeremiah foretold Herod's massacre. Isaiah anticipated the coming of John the Baptist. The prophecies of the first Advent came true. So will those of the second Advent."

Elder E. McCullough, a scholarly Bostonian, is now preaching throughout Northwest Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, as is Mrs. E. G. White, window of the denomination. All over these sections the lamps of the Adventists have glimmered steadily all this year, and few evenings pass that are not spent in devotional service at church or at home, waiting for the second coming of Christ.

The Adventists believe that the present dead only sleep and that they, with the living, will be arraigned for judgment at the last day, when the wicked will be utterly consumed, the fires purifying this earth, which will then be converted into heaven, where not only the souls, but the bodies of the righteous will live immortal.

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their express and postoffice address. Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y (25nov6m.

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Precious Stones.

Reprint from The Connoisseur for March.

With the artistic advance which this country has made during the past ten years, and with the wider distribution of wealth, men and women have become more critical and exacting in their tastes, and a much higher art standard now prevails. In nothing is this more noticeable than in the matter of personal adornment, in which precious stones play so prominent a part. Sharp contrasts in the arrangement of colors are seldom seen, and instead of incongruous and lavish decoration there are shown a love of harmony and an art in arrangement which satisfy the eye and are in keeping with the principles of beauty.

In the list of precious stones, the diamond, the ruby, the emerald, and the sapphire may be said to hold an equal place in public estimation. The American people are not only the most critical judges of fine gems, but are also the largest purchasers. So far as diamonds are concerned, they buy more perfect stones than do the people of any country of Europe. European purchasers are more inclined to be satisfied with the good general effect of a precious stone, not demanding that perfection required here by the same class of buyers. Twenty years ago $25,000 would have been considered a large sum for any family in this country to have invested in diamonds, while to-day more than one family holds gems valued at $500,000. In 1867 the value of diamonds and other stones imported into the United States was $1,318,617, in 1875 it rose to $3,478,757, in 1884 it was $9 139,460, and in 1886 it reached $8,259,747. From 1867 to 1886, inclusive, the total value of imported diamonds and other stones can be set down in rough numbers at $85,000,000. That fine diamonds hold their value well has been evidenced by sales of collections of gems which were appraised for inventory more than a century ago, when stones, bought by dealers to be sold at a profit, brought astonishingly high prices. Regarded simply as a profitable investment, diamonds are a safe purchase. They are not affected by political changes or social disturbance, as many securities are; and, although in times of financial stringency the owners of valuable stones may often have been compelled to dispose of them at a great sacrifice, this has been generally due to special circumstances, rather than to any depreciation in the value of the gems themselves.

In spite of the enormous number of diamonds which have been thrown upon the market by the opening of the South African mines, there never was a time when fine diamonds were rarer or when the prices of perfect gems were stiffening more perceptibly; and people who own this class of stones may feel assured that they have made advantageous purchases. To a great extent, of course, the laws of supply and demand regulate the price of diamonds just as they do that of any other commodity. Still, as with all other luxuries, the prices are largely a matter of fancy and are not governed by any commercial schedule or wrong rule. A great deal has been said as to the immense number of diamonds which have been thrown upon the market from the mines of South Africa, and as to the means which have been adopted by the owners of these mines to restrict the output within the bounds of legitimate demand, so that something like a standard value might be established, while at the same time measures would be taken to prevent the products of the mines from reaching the market through illicit channels. It should be remembered, however, that thousands of these stones are of an inferior grade. The output of really fine stones is very limited. The South African mines are the chief source of the world's supply, and a fluctuation in or lowering of values of fine gems need not be feared.

There is nothing the proper purchase of which calls for more care or judgment than that of diamonds. There must, of necessity, be implicit confidence between the dealer and the buyer, for few people who are not experts can detect all the minute differences which go to make up the flawless or the imperfect diamond. American buyers run great risks by purchasing stones in Europe, as these, when examined afterwards, are likely to show some defect which had not before been noticed by the purchaser.

New cuttings have been lately introduced, the proportions of each part being based upon scientific principles, and bringing out a brilliancy and beauty of which the same stones would not have been thought capable ten years ago. The final effectiveness of a true gem is a work of art to which expert knowledge and skilled manicraft contribute in no less important degree than the original stone. By the latest improved cutting there is a great gain, a diamond being given about one-fifth more brilliancy than by the old methods, due to a more exact compliance with the laws governing reflection and refraction, in proportioning the "spread" of the stone to the depth below the girdle to the height above it, and to the facetting. Even the polish is a matter of careful scrutiny,—unless perfectly done marring to some extent the beauty of the cutting and its resultant brilliancy. Attention of this character is, however, bestowed only upon stones of the highest grade. The business in really fine gems in this country is confined to a few houses, although there are many dealers in inferior stones.

The combinations of diamonds with other gems largely need an eye for effect in arrangement, so as to give the appearance of rounded harmony and completeness. Several American houses that have devoted themselves to work of this character have been able to produce combinations which in harmony and delicacy are equal to any that have come from the famous workshops of Europe. Emeralds are now sought after, as, in fact, are all colored stones,—rubies and sapphires especially. Rubies which come from Burmah are scarce, while prices are phenomenal; and a really blue diamond is unusually rare and of great value. What is believed to be the most perfect blue diamond in this country is owned by the large diamond importing house of Bailey, Banks & Biddle, Philadelphia, who have one of the finest collections of precious stones in this country.

In the United States although government reports place the estimated production of precious stones as follows 1883, $74,050; 1884, $82,975; 1885, $73,450; yet this is made up of semi-precious gems; or, if any of the real precious stones be included, they are of such poor quality as to be of no practical use for the fine purposes of the jeweller. In Maine and North Carolina systematic mining has been carried on to some extent, but without profitable result. The geological formation of Elliott county, Kentucky, is singularly analogous to that of the South African diamond district; but search there has not proved fruitful. Many semi precious stones, are however, found in the United States,—beryls, aequamarines, and hiddenites in North Carolina, topazes and agates in Colorado, and in Arizona, Montana, and New Mexico the finest garnets in the world.

Yet, notwithstanding the encouragement that some writers find in these facts, and in the general mineral wealth of the country, for indulging the patriotic hope that the United States will become an important contributor to the world's supply of precious stones, the few competent American experts generally see no substantial basis at present for such expectations. This view is shared by Mr. Joseph T. Bailey, who is not only one of the best judges of gems, but who has also made himself thoroughly familiar with those sections of the United States that show any signs of being the natural abiding place of gem stones.

It is sometimes suggested that much might be accomplished were the State and national governments to offer encouragement to systematic prospecting for precious stones in certain promising localities; but the universal experience is that such development is best committed to private enterprise and, unfortunately, there has been little to induce the investment of money or time in it as a business.

JOHN V. HOOD.

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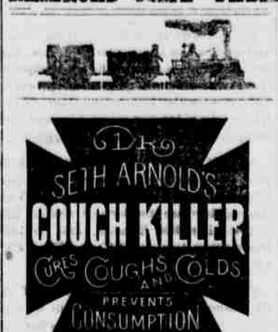
novl1-87-1y.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE



All Druggists, 25c., 50c., and $1.00. Prepared only by Dr. Seth Arnold, Med. Curo., Woonsocket, R. I. c2818 tem

DELAWARE, LACKAWANNA AND WESTERN RAILROAD.

BLOOMSBURG DIVISION.

STATIONS.	P M	P M	NORTH. A. M.	A. M
NORTHUMBERLAND	5 40	1 45	10 10	6 15
Cameron	5 50	....	10 25	6 30
Chulasky	6 00	....	10 29	6 34
Danville	6 08	1 58	10 36	6 40
Catawissa	6 25	2 14	10 53	6 58
Rupert	6 30	2 19	11 00	7 05
Bloomsburg	6 36	2 24	11 07	7 12
Espy	6 42	2 29	11 15	7 20
Lime Ridge	6 50	....	11 22	7 27
Willow Grove	6 54	....	11 26	7 31
Briarcreek	6 58	....	11 30	7 35
Berwick	7 05	2 48	11 37	7 42
Beach Haven	7 11	2 54	11 44	7 49
Hick's Ferry	7 18	2 59	11 48	55
Shickshinny	7 30	3 09	11 58	8 06
Hunlock's	7 43	3 19	12 08	8 17
Nanticoke	7 50	3 26	12 16	8 29
Avondale	7 54	....	12 20	8 38
Plymouth	7 59	3 35	12 25	8 33
Plymouth Junction	8 03	3 39	12 30	8 38
Kingston	8 08	3 43	12 37	8 45
Bennett	8 12	....	12 41	8 49
Maltby	8 17	....	12 45	8 53
Wyoming	8 22	3 52	12 50	8 58
West Pittston	8 27	3 56	12 55	9 03
Pittston	8 33	4 01	1 03	9 09
Lackawanna	8 40	....	1 11	9 17
Taylorville	8 48	....	1 19	9 25
Bellevue	8 54	....	1 25	9 30
SCRANTON	9 00	4 22	1 30	9 35
	P M	P M	P M	A M

STATIONS.	A M	A M	SOUTH. P M	P M
SCRANTON	6 10	9 50	2 05	6 20
Bellevue	6 18	9 55	....	6 25
Taylorville	6 20	10 00	2 14	6 30
Lackawanna	6 23	10 08	2 21	6 37
Pittston	6 36	10 16	2 28	6 45
West Pittston	6 42	10 22	2 34	6 50
Wyoming	6 47	10 27	2 39	6 55
Maltby	6 51	10 30	....	6 59
Bennett	6 55	10 34	2 47	7 03
Kingston	6 58	10 38	2 50	7 07
Plymouth Junction	7 05	10 42	2 54	7 12
Plymouth	7 10	10 47	2 59	7 16
Avondale	7 14	10 51	3 03	7 21
Nanticoke	7 19	10 55	3 06	7 25
Hunlock's	7 26	11 02	3 19	7 43
Shickshinny	7 47	11 12	3 29	7 5[illegible]
Hick's Ferry	7 53	11 22	3 39	8 07
Beach Haven	8 01	11 28	3 45	8 13
Berwick	8 07	11 37	3 51	8 20
Briarcreek	8 13	....	3 57	8 27
Willow Grove	8 16	11 48	4 01	8 31
Lime Ridge	8 20	11 52	4 05	8 35
Espy	8 26	11 59	4 12	8 41
Bloomsburg	8 32	12 05	4 18	8 47
Rupert	8 37	12 10	4 24	8 52
Catawissa	8 42	12 15	4 29	8 57
Danville	8 57	12 30	4 46	9 15
Chulasky	9 03	....	4 54	9 23
Cameron	9 07	12 40	5 00	9 28
NORTHUMBERLAND	9 22	12 55	5 15	9 45
	A M	P M	P M	P M

Connections at Rupert with Philadelphia & Reading Railroad for Tamanend, Tamaqua, Williamsport, Sunbury, Pottsville, etc. At Northumberland with P. & E. Div. P. R. R. for Harrisburg, Lock Haven, Emporium, Warren, Corry and Erie.

W. F. HALSTEAD, Gen. Man.,

Scranton, Pa

Pennsylvania Railroad.

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

TIME TABLE.

In effect FEB. 8, 1888. 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, 5.50 p. m.; Baltimore, 4.40 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.—Renovo Accommodation (daily for Harrisburg and all intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4.25 a. m.; New York 7.10 a. m. Baltimore, 5.15 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 Williamsport 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, 11.5. a. m.; Baltimore 6.15 a. m.; Washington, 8.30 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 and 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.

12.52 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.

5.30 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.

9.30 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 9.55. a. m.

Niagara Express leaves Philadelphia, 7.40 a. m.; Baltimore 7.50 a. m. (daily except Sunday arriving at Sunbury, 12.52 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 5.10 a. m., with through Pullman Sleeping cars from Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia.

SUNBURY, HAZ