IN SUNNY ITALY.

CRAWFORD'S NOTES OF A TRIP ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

Snow and Cold Instead of Balmy Sunshine — Discomforts of Continental Travel—Government Railroad Control in Italy—An Interesting Sight.

Before leaving England I had been given the most extravagant descriptions of the beautiful spring to be found in sunny Italy. I have now been away from London a week and have found no place where the climate was as mild and even as in the city of London itself. The further south I have gone the more snow and cold have I found. When I reached the border of sunny Italy, where my imagination had pictured an atmosphere of tropical warmth, I was confronted with a tremendous snow storm, which blocked the trains, made me miss my connections, and I lost twenty-four hours en route.

The trains from Paris south are run with great rapidity. The Paris-Lyons and Mediterranean express really merits the name of being a rapid train. It makes no stops for eating, and on the line of the route taken by me, via Modane, there was nothing offered during this long journey at any of the stations by any hawkers, in spite of the fact that the train was crowded from end to end with people nearly as famished as wolves, who would have been ready to pay almost any price for something to eat. The hideous discomfort of night travel on the Continental trains is something beyond description. It needs to be actually experienced in order to be fully realized. If I had not been warned by a friend of some of the possibilities in taking a trip south at this time of year, I should undoubtedly have suffered much more than I did. But following his instructions I had made nearly the same preparations that I would if I had been going to join an Arctic expedition. I had a thick woolen rug, a cardigan jacket over my waistcoat, and over all a heavy English box coat, a much heavier coat than I have ever found necessary to wear in any climate in the United States. With all of this bundling up I have just managed to keep warm in my visit to sunny Italy up to the present time, when the weather has shown some sign of moderating.

It was not until the Alpine country was reached that I really saw snow. Everything before that was a mere play in comparison. In the neighborhood of the Mont Cenis tunnel the snow fell in great white feathery masses, piling up in the most fantastic way. In some places the snow was at least thirty or forty feet deep on the heights. The trees were shrouded as if in blankets. The mountain chalets were covered with enough weight to almost break in the roofs. Yet it was considerably warmer in the mountains in the midst of this tremendous pile of snow than in Paris, as the air was much dryer. The track had been cleared that morning, but the train proceeded very slowly through the mountains, although it ran with great rapidity through the famous Mont Cenis tunnel. I have heard this tunnel designated as one of perfect horror, so far as the discomforts of passing through it are concerned. Imaginative travelers have described it as a place where passengers run almost the risk of suffocation. The train passed through this tunnel in thirty-five minutes. At no time was there the slightest discomfort in breathing. The air was much better than on the underground railroad in the city in London. The only disagreeable feature connected with the passage was the intense cold, which came into the loosely built cars, giving one the sensation for the time of being confined in an ice chest. The little foot warmers filled with hot water which were put into the carriage from time to time made but little impression in contending with the cold, which constantly sifted in through the loose joints of the cars.

The Italian government controls the railroads of this country. Slower and more maddening trains it would be hard to find in any country in the world. I took a local train from Turin to Milan in order to make a connection for Venice, and I was over five hours going a distance of sixty miles. The train always started out with great reluctance and began stopping as soon as the station was remotely visible, slowing down so gradually in order not to jar the nerves of this never hurrying people that you could hardly tell when the train came to a stop. The most irritating part of the travel was the long wait at each station. The guards would visit with the officials at the various stations and walk up and down and gossip until they felt inclined to start the train once more on its headlong career toward another station about half a mile away. I do not think that the train ever made a run of more than two miles without a stop.

The starting of a train in Italy is a very interesting sight to a stranger. The guards wear military uniforms. Their caps are round with a low visor. Red bands encircle these caps. Their great coats are black, with cowl like capes hanging down their backs. These coats are ornamented with brass buttons. When the train stops the guards rush up and down calling out in the most sonorous and musical of voices the name of the stazione. This sounds exactly as if they were chanting. When the train stops the facchinos or porters, in blue blouses, come running up to assist passengers to alight and to carry their baggage for them. No matter how small your package you are not permitted to carry it. You must employ a facchino or fight. Imposing looking gendarmes, with the same cocked hats worn by similar French officials and muffled up in a long black cloaks, stand about exactly as upon a stage scene in an opera. No one ever saw them do anything except pose.

Men in gray cloaks and huge fur collars stalk about talking, chattering, smoking. News venders, with the Italian papers, run up and down outside of the train calling their wares under the windows. Many of these news venders are women. They carry books, novels and newspapers in a tray in front of them, and in little leather satchels upon their hips, for the private reading of travelers, lively little books which Mr. Comstock would not permit to be sold in New York. Finally, after an endless amount of singsong chanting, uproar and moving to and fro, a solemn looking official comes out from the station and blows a penny fish horn, such as we hear in the United States on Christmas day from the small boy in the streets. This is the signal for the train to depart; but you are not to be suddenly moved. There is a further wait of five minutes to prepare you for the shock of departure, and then the engine gives a responsive screech, the doors of the coaches are banged, and at last you are off for a fifteen or twenty minutes' crawl to another station.—T. C. Crawford in New York World.

Opoponax is the name of a new perfume that has suddenly became very popular in Paris. It is said to be made chiefly from carrots, and has what may be termed a modified smell of that vegetable.—Chicago News.

For Seasickness.

Three grammes daily of antipyrin for three days before embarking and the same dose for three days following, is said by a French scientist to be a sure preventive of seasickness.—New York Tribune.

A Horrible Inheritance.

The transmission of the fearful effects of contagious blood poison is the most horrible inheritance which any man can leave to his innocent posterity; but it can be certainly mitigated and in the majority of cases, prevented by the use of the antidote which Nature furnishes, and which is found in the remedy known all over the world as Swift's Specific—commonly called "S. S. S."

Mr. J. H. Brown, of Hornellsville, N. Y., writes: "Three years I suffered with this horrible disease. Swift's Specific cured me completely."

Prof. Edwin Baar, 234 E 22nd st., N. Y., writes: "Swift's Specific cured me of a fearful case of Blood Poison."

Dr. B. F. Wingfield, of the Soldier's Home, Richmond, Va., writes: "Swift's Specific cured me of a severe case of Blood Poison."

D. W. K. Briggs, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "I was a perfect wreck from Blood Poison. Swift's Specific restored health and hope, and I am well to-day."

C. W. Langhill, Savannah, Ga.: I suffered long with Blood Poison. I tried Swift's Specific and am perfectly well.

A. W. Buell, of Power's Hotel, Rochester, N. Y., writes: "It is the best blood remedy on earth. I cured myself with it. I recommended it to a friend and it made him well."

Mr. F. L. Stanton, of the Smithville, (Ga.) News, writes that a friend was afflicted with a case of Blood Poison, and two bottles of S. S. S. effected a complete cure.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

LIFE IN A FLAT.

Trials and Tribulations of People Who Live in Big Apartment Houses.

Beyond, however, the merely constructive faults lie the real causes for dissatisfaction with life in a flat. They have no resources. Tax them ever so little, they cannot respond. Friends cannot be entertained in them with any satisfaction; to be sick in a flat intensifies every ache and pain; there is not a cheerful room in the suite when the parlor is shut off and one must lie in the small, not too airy bed room, with all the varied sounds of not only one's own household but also of that above and below, distinctly and severally audible to the weakened nerves and tired or feverish brain. And if a flat is no place to be sick, still less is it a place to die. Grief there has neither privacy nor sympathy. The mourning pennant must flutter from the common entrance door through which strangers to the beloved dead indifferently pass; all the paraphernalia of death, the coming and going of the undertaker, the visits of condoling friends, and finally the last sad bearing away, must be carried on under the curious if half concealed scrutiny of the fellow tenants. A flat should be like heaven—there should be neither sickness nor death, neither marrying nor giving in marriage, neither births, feasts nor funerals, nor any sorrow nor pain—not one, indeed, of the emergencies of life should be encountered under its mongrel roof!

There, too, are the children in flats, "the pity of it, Iago," there are the children. It is a matter of interesting speculation to reflect what sort of a race be developed from a few generations of flat children. Physically the child of a flat is subjected to all sorts of restraint; the janitor exercises a stern control over his exuberance; his toys and litter can be really nowhere in the cramped quarters which his family occupy; his play ground is the streets. Nor are his manners and morals subjected to the right sort of influence. Said a lady in the writer's hearing not long ago: "In the course of a search lately for a flat, I entered an apartment house in a desirable location uptown. The entrance was attractive, almost imposing, and the neat, polite hall boy added to the pleasant impression which I received. After looking at the flat to let, I detained the boy a moment in the hall for some further details, when our conversation was interrupted by a noisy clatter of some one descending from an upper story. When the person came into view I saw a large, slouchily dressed woman, coarse and forbidding in feature, who, ignoring my presence, advanced upon the hall boy and began to upbraid him with harsh vehemence for some duty unperformed.

"It would be impossible for a gentlewoman in any station of life to reprove a servant for whatsoever offense, in the manner and language which she employed, and I hurried away feeling that nothing would induce me to place my young children in a position to possibly assist as witnesses to future similar affairs." And such neighbors must be encountered more or less in sharing with them the privilege of a common entrance.—Margaret H. Welch in The Epoch.

Politeness Not Died Out.

Politeness has not quite died out, although a man has to be full to rise to that height of dignified grandiose chivalry which used to be quoted as elegant wit. He is an Irishman, and he had been having a delightful evening. The poetry had begun to bubble out of him and he had reached a state of emotional politeness. They had been together a great many hours. They had met a hundred times before, but the Irishman had no recollection of it at that period of the morning. They were parting.

"Sor," said the Irishman, "it has given me the complatest deloight to mate you this evening."

"The same to you."

"Yes, sor; I am a man of deep sympathies and sincere loyalty, and I like you. You are, sor, one of the most charming men I ever met. You are, indade."

"Thank you."

"Besides, sor," and the Irishman took off his hat and made a profound bow, "I always pay respect, sor, to a handsome man."

"That, major, is self-respect," said the other, with an equally profound salutation. Then they each went off in the wrong direction.—San Francisco Chronicle "Undertones."

What Made the Tailor Mad.

A Wabash avenue tailor was telling me the other day of a certain Chicago man, a born rich aristocrat, who returned from Europe not long since with 125 suits of clothes, all made in London. Of course the Chicago tailor didn' like this, and had several unpleasant remarks to make about the codfishness of a man who would buy 125 suits of clothes at once, and was particularly severe upon the un-American, unpatriotic purchase of them in a foreign city. I was more interested in knowing what a man could do with 125 suits of clothes, and how long they would last him. "Well," said the tailor, "he will wear on an average three suits a day. None of them will be care to wear more than ten or fifteen times, and so I reckon that his present outfit will last him till he can make another trip to Europe, perhaps this summer, or at the latest next year. Even in Chicago the London tailor craze has taken from us some of our most profitable trade, and in New York the tailors are finding London competition to be quite a serious matter."—Chicago Herald.

A Valuable Man.

"So you think you can dress a show window so that the ladies will all stop and look at it, do you?" asked the manager of a dry goods store of an applicant for work.

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Well, sir, what is the first thing you would do?"

"I'd put a big mirror in the window and"——

"That's enough, young man; we don't want you as an employe. We'll take you in as a partner."—Chicago Times.

Depreciated in Value.

Old Lady (in bird store)—Can that beautiful parrot talk?

Bird Fancier—Yes, indeed.

Old Lady—How much?

Bird Fancier—One dollar, madam.

Old Lady—So cheap!

Bird Fancier—Yes, madam. He was a good bird, but he's gone off in value. His last mistress taught him volapuk.—Tid Bits.

One of the Lost Arts.

To shoot buffalo successfully one must ride upon the right side and shoot with a large caliber rifle and send the bullet quartering through the lungs. The animal will not drop at the shot, but in a few jumps the blood will run from his mouth and nose, and as his life ebbs away he will stagger from side to side like a ship in a storm, and then with a mighty last effort he springs forward. It is the last jump he takes. He falls headlong on the prairie, dead.—Dr. W. F. Carter in San Francisco Examiner.

Butterflies' Wings.

Fixed electrical currents have been discovered to exist in the wings of butterflies, their detection requiring an exceedingly sensitive galvanometer. These currents have been thought to bear a very strong relationship to the disposition of the coloring pigments of the wings, for by the aid of electric currents marked changes can be brought about in their color and mode of arrangement.—Globe-Democrat.

If you want to know what a sliding scale is try to handle a wet fish.

JESUS IN GETHSEMANE.

LESSON VIII, SECOND QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, MAY 20.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. xxvi, 36-46. Golden Text, Heb. v. 8—Memorize Verses 36-39—Comments by Rev. H. S. Hoffman.

[Condensed from Lesson Helper Quarterly, by permission of H. S. Hoffman, Philadelphia, publisher.]

Notes.—V. 36. Then cometh, that is, after the institution of the supper. Gethsemane, which signifies "olive press," a place across the brook Kedron, on the lower slope of the Mount of Olives. V. 37. Very heavy means pressed down with great anguish, produced by foresight of his great sufferings. V. 38. Even unto death, the sense of death was felt; our sins upon him was the cause of all his agony. V. 39. Fell on his face, the usual posture in times of great earnestness. Numbers xvi, 22; II Chron. xx, 18; Neh. viii, 6. If possible, if the world can otherwise be redeemed. Cup often denotes suffering. Matt. xx, 22. V. 45. Sleep on now. Most interpreters think this should be translated as a question, rather a command: "Do you sleep now and take your rest?" Is this a time, amid so much danger and so many enemies, to sleep? This construction is favored by Luke xxii, 46, where the expression, "Why sleep ye?" refers to the same point of time—the hour is at hand—the time of betrayal and death is near. Sinners, Judas, Roman soldiers and Jews. V. 46. Let us be going, wheresoever my captors shall lead me. There was no time now for escape; none for repose.

In the last lesson we saw the signs of coming sorrow for our Lord; in this lesson we behold him in agony the most intense. The clouds that had long been gathering now burst in fury upon him. He knew from the first what he would have to meet. He did not bow to the inevitable. He was no Prometheus fettered by necessity. His human nature may have made him shrink back for a time from his passion, but the higher motive of God's glory and man's salvation made him welcome the agony of Gethsemane.

V. 36. After the institution of the Lord's Supper, perhaps near midnight, our Lord, with his disciples, left Jerusalem, and on their way to Gethsemane crossed the perfumed waters of the Black brook, tinged and darkened by the blood of the temple sacrifices, fit symbol of how his own sacrificial blood should soon flow, making forever after needless the offering of bloody sacrifices for sin. The name Gethsemane, meaning olive press, seems to be significant as emblematic of his own agony and distress. "There," says Matthew Henry, "our Lord Jesus trod alone the wine press of the Father's wrath." "In this oil press, like the olives were crushed and bruised, Christ was bruised for our sins, that oil might flow from his wounds to heal our souls."—Dr. Wordsworth.

V. 37. Peter, James and John seemed to constitute a holy triumvirate. On other occasions these three disciples had been favored by our Lord to see his power and glory as was not accorded the others. They alone beheld the brightness of his glory on the Mount, and now the depth of his agony in Gethsemane. They alone were permitted to see the first manifestations of his resurrection power. And yet, of these three favorites, to John our Saviour was most attached. Jesus has sanctioned and sanctified by his example individual friendships as not conflicting with the exercises of a universal love. We also learn that they who live nearest to him and imbibe most of his spirit are rewarded by views of his power and glory such as other men never receive.

V. 38. He acquaints the disciples with his condition. It gives some comfort to unbosom one's heart's sorrow to a friend. The seat of his sorrow was the soul, showing us that Christ possessed a true human soul. His sufferings were not predominately corporeal, but mental.

V. 39. The center of heaven's glory and the object of the angels' worship is now prostrated upon the earth in earnest prayer. Thick as the cloud was, he could still see God as his father. In deep sorrow we should each claim God as "my father." Whither shall the child go, but unto the father?

He begs of the father that if man can be redeemed and God glorified, if the divine plans can be carried out, that he be spared the further drinking of the cup of suffering. His aversion to pain shows that he was truly man. But though this human nature made him shrink back an instant from the anguish, yet beneath there lay, millions of fathoms deep, unmoved and immovable, the intense desire that his Father's wish and will should be done.

This prayer of Christ sanctions our going to God when in great affliction and asking deliverance, but conditioned upon his will.

The third petition in the Lord's Prayer, and our Lord's words here, teach the same, submission to the will of God. "Two wills in the universe break up its harmony; there can be in a harmonic universe but one will, and that is God."—Parker. The cup that God puts into our hands, be it ever so bitter, though nature struggle, grace makes us submit.

V. 40. As if a deadly vapor from the bottomless pit had steeped their spirits, both groups of disciples were stupefied with sleep. And yet it was not a want of interest in the Saviour's passion that made them sleep. Luke, as a physician, tells us that from sorrow they slept.

Our Lord singled out Peter because he had been foremost in promising and boasting how faithful he would be.

V. 41. Jay says, "Prayer without watching is hypocrisy, and watching without prayer is presumption." Some watch without prayer and pray without watching. The two must go hand in hand.

V. 42. His prayer is not now that the cup may pass from him, but that he might be enabled to fulfill the divine will in sacrificing himself. The continuance of the trial he regards as God's answer to his first prayer. When God does not deliver us from our sufferings he will certainly give us greater strength to bear them.

V. 43. The craving for human sympathy caused him again to go to his disciples. Impotent as all human means are, we still in the hour of deep sorrow wish the sympathetic touch and word of those near us. How disappointing to our Lord in this respect were the disciples. Though they continued dull and sleepy, he did not further rebuke them for it. It seems by the expression, "their eyes were heavy," that they made some attempt to drive away the dull sloth, and hence Jesus looked upon them with some compassion. Carnal security when it once gets hold is not easily expelled.

V. 44. He prayed the third time. The threefold prayer reminds us of the threefold victory over Satan, when he tempted Jesus.

V. 45, 46. The time for sympathy and vigilance is past. In the distance issuing from the grove were to be seen the lanterns of the Roman soldiers, led by Judas, coming to arrest Jesus. The hour of his enemies and the hour of darkness had now come, further watching was needless. "Rise, let us be going," not to escape, but to confront the traitor and his band. What sublime heroism! How victory rings in his voice! Man was defeated in a garden, and the man triumphed in a garden!

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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
Rick's Ferry	7 18	2 59	11 48	7 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 22
Avondale	7 54	....	12 20	8 26
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
Bennetts	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
STATIONS.	PM	PM	SOUTH. PM	PM
SCRANTON	6 10	9 50	2 05	6 30
Bellevue	6 18	9 55	....	6 25
Taylorville	6 20	10 00	2 14	6 30
Lackawanna	6 25	10 06	2 21	6 37
Pittston	6 36	10 16	2 28	6 47
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 55
Hick's Ferry	7 55	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
	AM	PM	PM	PM

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.

V. F. HALSTEAD, Gen. Man.,
Scranton, Pa

Pennsylvania Railroad.

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

TIME TABLE.

In effect MAY 13, 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, 6.50 p. m.; Baltimore, 4.45 p. m.; Washington, 5.55 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 6.40 p. m.; Washington, 7.35 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 6.25 a. m.; Pullman sleeping car 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, 11.30 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 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 station.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR SUNBURY FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

Sunday mail leaves Philadelphia 4.30 a. m Harrisburg 7.40 arriving at Sunbury 9.30 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 7.30 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 6.00 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, HAZLETON & WILKESBARRE RAILROAD AND NORTH AND WEST BRANCH RAILWAY.

(Daily except sunday.)

Wilkesbarre Mail leaves Sunbury 9.55 a. m. arriving at Bloom Ferry 10.46 a. m., Wilkes-barre 12.15 p. m.

Express East leaves Sunbury 5.35 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 6.26 p. m., Wilkes-barre 7.55 p. m

Sunbury Mail leaves Wilkesbarre 10.20 a. m. arriving at Bloom Ferry 11.44 a. m., Sunbury 12.35 p m

Express West leaves Wilkes-barre 2.55 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 4.19 p. m., Sunbury 5.10p.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, 6.39 p. m., sunbury, 7.30 p. m.

CHAS. E. PUGH, Gen. Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen. Passenger Agent.

GET YOUR JOB PRINTING DONE AT THE COLUMBIAN OFFICE.