

COLERIDGE.
See thee pine like her in golden story
Who, in her prison, woke and saw one day
The gates through open—saw the sunbeams
play,
With only a web 'twixt her and summer's
story.
Who, when that web—so frail, so transient,
It broke before her breath—had fallen away,
Saw other webs and others rise for aye
Which kept her prisoned till her hair was
hoary.
These songs half sung that yet were all di-
vine—
That woke Romance, the queen, to reign
afresh—
Had been but preludes from that lyre of thine,
Could thy rare spirit's wings have pierced
the mesh
Spun by the wizard who compels the flesh,
But lets the poet see how heav'n can shine.
—Theodore Watts in London Athenaeum.

A SACRIFICE.

Like Rasselas, the Abyssinian, we
Lived the balmy days "only to know the
soft vicissitudes of pleasure and repose."
We wandered "in gardens of fragrance
and slept in fortresses of security," but
like all pleasure seekers, we were now
weary of the monotonous round of un-
eventful days, and former delights grew
stale. Gentle Mrs. Gray and Miss Har-
land, the invalid whose thin, scarlet
cheeks and bright eyes told too plainly
the presence of the destroyer, the quiet
nurse and the somewhat pompous
major, with his little blond wife, made
up our party.
"Some one tell a story, please," cooed
the pretty blond, tossing aside "Hero
Worship." "Who ever knew a live
hero?" she laughingly asked.
"I," promptly answered Mrs. Gray.
"How delightful! Do tell us about
him; who was he?"
"The only true heroism that ever came
under my immediate notice," said the
little woman, "was displayed by a hero
of whom I was a strong young Hercules,
who, though rough and untaught, pos-
sessed a grand nature."
"Yes," assented the sentimental ma-
jor, "often among the humblest fol-
lows we find the rarest odors."
"And," resumed Mrs. Gray, "among
the busy workers, with hardened hands
and toll stained faces, we find great
hearts. During the late war," she con-
tinued, "my father and brother were in
the army, and the overseer being drafted
into service my mother, my sister and
myself were compelled to leave our
beautiful home in the city and go up
the river to the plantation to manage
as best we could the affairs of that place.
"Our people were trustworthy and
kind, so we had but little trouble. A
few weeks after our arrival at the plan-
tation our hearts were saddened by the
death of a much loved servant. Rachel
was her name. She had nursed my
mother's older children, and we were all
very much attached to her. Rachel
died suddenly, of heart trouble, the phy-
sician said, and her little children were
cared for by a good old granny. Albert,
the husband of Rachel, was a field-
hand and a reliable man."
"Of what time do you speak?"
"This was in the spring of 1864. The
transmississippi department was under
the command of the Confederate General
E. Kirby Smith. The struggle east of
the Mississippi river had drawn from us
the chivalry of the great southeast; the
sons of Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana
and Texas were scattered from Gettys-
burg to Vicksburg, and a diminished
force composed of the fathers and hus-
bands was left to meet the gathering foe
that threatened, with General Steele at
Little Rock, and General Banks at Alex-
andria, La. The conscript bureau had
cleared the fields of the last of the
"bearded grain," and nothing was left
but the flowers that grew between—the
boys too young to go.
"Then a new order came, and the
men slaves were impressed and sent to
the shops as laborers and teamsters in
the various departments, to fill such
places as they could, in order that for
every slave so employed a soldier could
be relieved and go to the front. The
burden of feeding and clothing the army
devolved upon the women of the south.
Cheerfully and with untold sacrifices,
did they do their part. Our people did
not escape the impressment law."
"Excuse me, but whom do you mean
by 'our people?'" chirped the beauty
from the hammock.
"We called our slaves 'our people,'" re-
sponded Mrs. Gray with a smile.
"They were impressed into service and
sent to Shreveport, La., to work. Among
the men was one who had been married
only a year; he objected to leaving his
wife and baby. Jake was his name.
While they were discussing the ques-
tion among themselves, Albert presented
himself at the dining room door.
"Good mornin', mistis, he said, dof-
fing his hat, 'an skuse me fo' 'turbin
yer brekfus, but I've axin a favor dis
mornin'."
"All right, Albert. What is it?"
asked my mother.
"Yer see, mistis, as how Jake is
'pressed along wid tudder niggers an
Jake he got a likely wife an mighty
antic boy."
"Well?"
"Albert hesitated and scratched his
woolly pate.
"I know," my mother said sym-
pathetically. "I know all the circum-
stances, but an powerless."
"I ain't blamin yer, mistis; de Lawd
knows I ain't er blamin nobody, but I'd
rather go in Jake's place an let him
stay wid hees wife an boy."
"Why, Albert? exclaimed my moth-
er. "You can't mean it! How should I
get along without you? Think of the
number of women and children to be
provided for; the men left behind are
too old and the boys too young to be
dependent."
"I've recomembin all dat, mistis,
but I knows what it is for a man a wife
to be sippared. Oh, mistis, de days all
lonesome and de nights a year long.
Tain't no sunshine for Albert here nor
nowher. Hit's all a dark shadder an do
moonshine don't nigh tech Albert. No,
mistis, hit's all trials an tribberlshins.
Limme go, please, mistis. Let Jake stay
wid hees wife," pleaded the earnest voice,
half choked by sobs.

"Unk Albert," called my little sister,
going to his side, "would you really go
away to save Jake from going?"
"Yes, honey," he replied, his sorrow-
ful eyes lighting up with a pleasant ex-
pression, as with his great black hand
he stroked her sunny curls. "Yes,
honey, Unk Albert ain't got nuffin t'
stay here for. Jake got hees wife,
Honey, ax yer mudder t' let old Albert go."
"Use your own pleasure, Albert," at
last consented my mother.
"De Lawd bress mistis!" he cried as
he hastened to the quarters.
"De Lawd sabo mistis!" echoed
Uncle Gabe, waving his hat as he leaned
on his crutch.
"They left us that afternoon, 100
tall, strong sons of Ham, of varying
ages, from twenty to forty-five years.
"Albert," said my mother, "I must
tell you before you go that in Shreve-
port men die at the rate of fifty a day.
Often the death rate is greater. The
fever is terrible."
"She looked up into his face, hoping by
this last appeal to discourage his going.
"Kain' he'p it, mistis; I spec' hit's
'bout as nigh a route to hebbin by
Shreveport as lit air by dis plantashin.
Albert ain't keerin, mistis, kaze de big
white gates up yander's wide open
waitin for Albert; an, Lawd, Rachel's er
standin jes' inside."
"Boys!" he cried, turning to the
multitude assembled under the oaks on
the lawn. "Boys, mind mistis an do
right an be bidden. Be hones, boys.
Don't go to cuttin up no disrepyardable
capers and pranks. Jes' witi in an up
an make de crap for mistis. Nebber
mine de cotton, but ten de cawn. Flow
deep, boys, an don't let de grass git de
upper hand o' de crap."
"Move on ther! Move on, boys,"
commanded their leader.
"Goodby, mistis. Fur well, chillen!"
cried Albert. "Gawd bress mistis!"
"Gawd bress mistis!" cried a chorus
of a hundred voices as they marched
away.
"In those turbulent times there were
no established mail routes in our coun-
try; indeed the receipt of a letter was
quite an event. For two months we
heard nothing of our men; then one ran
away from Shreveport and came home
more dead than alive. Of the hundred
who had gone from our plantation twen-
ty-two had died. Albert had been de-
tailed on hospital duty, and before an-
other month had passed he, too, had
given up the burden of life. Good,
faithful Albert! Though he lives neither
in song nor story, his was as grand a
heroism as was ever recorded; his Rachel
waited just within the big, white gates,
and waited not in vain." Mrs. Gray
had "tears in her voice" as she con-
cluded her pathetic story.
"We brush the skirts of martyrs and
read the path with heroes, and are all
unmindful; but God noeth all, and will
reward as surely as the day followeth
the dark night," reverently spake the
white haired rector as we sat silent and
thoughtful.
"And it's just as near heaven by way
of Silvanale as home," murmured the
invalid, folding her light wrap closer
about her.—Mrs. C. C. Scott in Rom-
ance.

Primitive Justice.
I heard Bill Stone plead his first case.
It was a good many years ago—more
than twenty anyway. I do not remem-
ber the name of the judge, but a notori-
ous horse thief was up for trial on a
charge of stealing cattle. As he had no
counsel the court appointed Bill Stone
to defend the case. Stone took his man
over to a window and talked to him for
a few minutes, then announced that he
was ready for trial. "We plead guilty,
your honor, to the charge against us,"
announced the young lawyer. The court
waited no time in giving a verdict, for
horse stealing was a heinous offense in
those days in this part of the country,
and condemned the man to fifteen years
in the penitentiary.
"But, judge, we plead guilty!" yelled
Stone, expressions of amazement and
disappointment alternating on his face.
"Fifteen years," repeated the judge.
"But, judge, we plead guilty!" re-
peated Bill Stone, raising his long arms
like windmills. But the judge was ob-
durate.
"If that is the case," said Stone, "we
will argue the case," and he forthwith
started in upon the defense. For thirty
minutes he argued and pleaded with that
eloquence that is characteristic of him,
and at the end of his harangue he sat
down and watched the effect of his
words. The judge smiled and made the
sentence five years. Bill Stone had won
his first case.—Kansas City Times.

Punching Steel and Iron.
According to a paper read before the
Engineers' club, of Philadelphia, on the
proper limit of thickness to steel which
may be punched, the statement is made
that the thicker the steel the greater the
damage caused by such an operation.
Recent tests made to determine this
matter are declared to indicate that
punching injures steel less than iron up
to, say, three-quarters of an inch in
thickness, at which point the two ma-
terials are about equal in this respect,
and beyond this point the value of steel
after punching decreases quite rapidly
as the thickness increases; in iron the
percentage seems to be much more con-
stant.
The character of the fracture after
punching is also found to be materially
affected by the thickness of the mate-
rial. In view of these circumstances, it
is proposed to limit to one-half inch the
thickness of the metal subjected to
punching, excepting in the cases of
girders of more than fifty feet in length,
when it may be nine-sixteenths of an
inch; in top cords and end posts, five-
eighths of an inch, and in shoes, pedes-
tals and bed plates, three-quarters of
an inch.—New York Sun.

How He Knew the Breed.
Jimmy—I was walking in the woods,
when all at once I came on the biggest
kind of a rattlesnake.
Pa—How do you know it was a rattle-
snake, Jimmy?
Jimmy—By the way my teeth rattled
as soon as I saw him.—Texas Sittings.

AFTER FIFTY YEARS.

A Woman's Chance Receipt of Tidings of
Her Kin in Kamchatka.
More than half a century ago William
Tolman sailed on a whaling ship bound
for the northern seas. The ship was dis-
abled and put into Kamchatka for re-
pairs. Mr. Tolman was a master me-
chanic, and so well pleased were the
inhabitants with his work of repairing
the disabled ship that the authorities of
the place induced him to stay. A few
years after he married a Russian girl,
by whom he had a daughter and two
sons. When the daughter was eleven
years old her father sent her to America
on a whaler in charge of the captain.
The ship put into the port of New Lon-
don, Conn., and the captain sent word
to the girl's relatives in western New
York, who came to New London by
team and took her to their home. After-
ward she, with relatives, came to Michi-
gan.

The girl grew to womanhood, married
an Episcopal clergyman named Dunn,
and settled down in Lawrence, Kan.
For fifty years Mrs. Dunn never heard a
word from her parents in faraway
Kamchatka. One day about a year
ago she chance to speak to a Russian
in the streets of Lawrence, and was sur-
prised when the subject of the czar said
he once knew William Tolman, her
father, and two brothers. He said that
Mr. Tolman was dead, but that the sons
were alive, but very poor. One of them,
he told her, was a trapper.

The Russian gave Mrs. Dunn their
address and she wrote to them, sending
them clothing and many useful pres-
ents. In due time she got a letter from
one brother, the first for over fifty years.
The letter was passed around among the
relatives. Yesterday W. T. Hess,
of this city, got a letter, written in Rus-
sian, from one of the Tolman brothers
in Kamchatka. Not being a Russian
scholar he went out of his store to find
some one to translate it. He espied a
street fakir, and he asked him if he
could read the letter. The fakir looked
at it and replied, "Yes, sir; it is Rus-
sian and from Kamchatka." He trans-
lated the letter for Mr. Hess.

"Here is the funny part of the whole
thing," said Mr. Hess. "Mrs. Dunn
learned of her relatives through a Rus-
sian on the street in Lawrence, Kan.,
and I had one of her brother's letters
translated by a Russian found on the
street in Grand Rapids. The William
Tolman who sailed on the whaler was
my uncle, for whom I was named. Fun-
ny how we get news from relatives
sometimes."—Grand Rapids Democrat.

Her Only Thought.

It was one of the days when the wind
blows suddenly and sharply around the
corners, when the dust whirls in clouds
and the air has a hard, cold dampness
which goes straight through any coat
except a fur one. Away up town on
one of the western avenues where cheap
shops are kept on the ground floor of
cheap flat houses a woman stood by a
window with a baby in her arms. Her
dress was shabby and so thin that the
wind went through it as through a sieve.
The baby had a woolen frock and a
worsted coat and cap, and seemed to be
warm enough as he burrowed upon the
woman's shoulder and dug his sprawl-
ing little fingers into her eyes.

In the shop window were displayed
two kinds of garments. On one side
were women's woolen petticoats and all
kinds of heavy cotton underclothing,
which looked warm and comfortable.
But this woman did not see them, for
she was looking on the other side of the
window, where were shown little knitted
hoods and tippets of white, flossy stuff,
and babies' mittens and babies' shoes
and babies' fancy caps, with ribbons in
them.—New York Times.

Large Electric Locomotives.

The most powerful electric loco-
motives yet used are two of the London
Underground railway. Each loco-
motive, according to a description of Mr.
Alexander Siemens, carries two motors,
and the use of all gearing is obviated by
winding the armatures of the motors on
the axles of the locomotive wheels.
Tests of the four motors before they
were fitted to their places gave from
forty to fifty horsepower each for three
of them—the other being much more
powerful—and efficiencies of about 90 to
94 per cent.

Each locomotive fully equipped weighs
13 1/2 tons, and its unloaded train weighs
twenty-one tons, a full load being ninety-
six passengers. The average power of
each locomotive requires a current of
not more than fifty amperes, although
in starting as much as 140 amperes must
be had.—Ohio State Journal.

Four Methods of Preserving.

Of the four principal manners of pre-
serving food in use today drying and
curing (the latter term including salting,
smoking and antiseptic processes) are not
modern, while tinning and freezing are
entirely new. Tinning dates nominally
from 1804, when Appert made the first
attempts at inclosing food in hermetical-
ly closed boxes, but a long course of
trials and improvements had to be gone
through before the excellence of today
was obtained. Dried vegetables were
introduced by Chollet in 1845, but the
products of that period were miserable
in comparison with those turned out
now.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Figures About Snuff.

It seems surprising to learn that twenty
years ago 4,000,000 pounds of snuff per
annum were consumed in this country.
Much more astonishing is this circum-
stance that during the fiscal year ended
July 1, 1892, 10,000,000 pounds of snuff
were used in the United States. Yet
how rarely is it that one sees a pinch of
snuff taken!—Cincinnati Commercial
Gazette.

Catering to the Public.

Friend—Why do you dump all that
dirt into your soap kettles?
Soap Manufacturer—If folks don't find
the water dirty after washin they think
the soap is no good.—New York Weekly.

THE DEATH OF TOMMY.

Virginia Hospitality Could Not Be Dis-
regarded Too Lightly.

The south has always been known for
its hospitality, and nowhere has this
quality been more religiously main-
tained than in Virginia. Unfortunately
the war made sad havoc with the Vir-
ginian's resources, but his old time open
heartedness has never altered.

Some years ago a friend of mine trav-
eling in the lower portion of that state
stopped for a few hours with old ac-
quaintances and remained for tea. An
occasion of this kind in Virginia calls
invariably for the favorite dish of the
south—fried chicken.

Alas! there was but one young chicken
on the place, and that one a pet. It had
been left an orphan by its mother at a
very early age, and, like Pip in Charles
Dickens' "Great Expectations," had been
brought up by hand. The children
called it Tommy, and were very fond of
it, while Tommy in turn was attached to
the children.

The matter was a very serious one,
and a family consultation was held.
Virginia hospitality could not be lightly
disregarded, and it was decided that
poor Tommy must become the sacrifice.
My friend of course knew nothing of
the tragedy that was being enacted for
his comfort, and when tea was served
regarded the plate of nicely browned
chicken with contemplative joy.

Soon, however, he became aware that
something was amiss. An air of silent
sorrow pervaded the little family group
usually so gay, and the children took
nothing on their plates. The chicken
was passed, but with the exception of my
friend no one partook. Selecting a
juicy looking drumstick, he fixed it
with his fork, and cutting off a choice
bit conveyed it to his mouth.

At this there was a sudden and heart
breaking howl from one of the little
boys, "Oh, mamma, mamma, he's eating
up our Tommy!"

Thereupon the other children mingled
their voices in a wild wailing, and the
older members burst into uncontrollable
laughter in which, as the truth dawned
upon him, my friend joined.

Then there came explanations, more
laughter and tears, and adjustments all
around.

Poor Tommy could not be restored to
life, but he was buried under a big apple
tree with appropriate ceremonies.—Al-
bert B. Paine in Harper's Young People.

A Ball of Fire Makes a Visit.

A very singular story is told concern-
ing the vagaries of one mass of globe
lightning. A tailor in the Rue St.
Jacques, in the neighborhood of the Val
de Grace, was getting his dinner one
day during a thunderstorm when he
heard a loud clap, and soon the chimney
board fell down, and a globe of fire as
big as a child's head came out quietly
and moved slowly about the room at a
small height above the floor. The spec-
tator, in conversation afterward with
M. Dabbinet, of the Academic des
Sciences, said it looked like a good sized
kitten rolled up into a ball and moving
without showing its paws. It was bright
and shining, yet he felt no sensation of
heat. The globe came near his feet, but
by moving them gently made he avoided
the contact.

After trying several excursions in dif-
ferent directions it rose vertically to the
height of his head—which he threw
back to prevent it touching him—
steered toward a hole in the chimney
above the mantelpiece, and made its
way into the flue. Shortly afterward—
"when he supposed it had had time to
reach the top," the tailor said—there
was a dreadful explosion, which de-
stroyed the upper part of the chimney
and threw the fragments on to the roofs
of some adjoining buildings, which they
broke through.—Chambers' Journal.

A Theory About Man's Beard.

There is a theory favored by the dis-
ciples of Darwin that the beard is merely
the survival of a primitive decoration.
Man, according to this view, was origi-
nally as hairy as the opossum itself, but
as he rolled down the ages he wore the
hair off in patches by sleeping on his
sides and sitting against a tree. Of
course the hair of the dog is not worn off
in this way, but a great theory is not to
be set aside by an objection so trifling.
By and by our ancestors "awoke to the
consciousness that they were patchy and
spotty," and resolving to "live down"
all hair that was not ornamental they
have fixed on the eyebrows, the must-
ache and—unfortunately, as the self
scrappers moody think—the beard as
being all that was worth preserving of the
primitive covering.—English Illustrated
Magazine.

Snap Shots at Royalty.

King George is to Aix what the Prince
of Wales is to Homburg. He is remark-
able for extreme assurance, tempered
with reserve, and wears his hat slightly
on the side of his head as he strides
along the streets, looking straight at
people as if to invite them to get out of
his way. He is an habitue of the casino
and the cardrooms. On alighting from
his carriage yesterday a number of pho-
tographers ran up to take snap shots at
him.
Seeing this the king good naturedly
stopped and "stood fire," turning his
face toward them. On returning to his
carriage when the visit was over he did
the same, saying aloud when he thought
they ought to have done, "Ca y est" (It's
all right, is it not?)—a remark that elicited
great laughter.—London News.

Three Views of Mars.

M. Flammarion, the French astron-
omer, regards it as very probable that the
dark areas of Mars are water and the
bright ones land. Professor Schaeberle's
observations with the greatest tele-
scope in the world (the Lick) under the
best possible conditions, lead him to pre-
cisely opposite conclusions. Mr. Brett
(the English artist astronomer) doubts if
land and water exist on Mars at all, and
gives good reasons for deciding that the
planet is in a heated state—as we sup-
pose Jupiter to be, for example.—Pro-
fessor R. S. Holden in Forum.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

DELAWARE LACKAWANNA &
WESTERN RAILROAD.

BLOOMSBURG DIVISION.

STATIONS.	NORTH.	SOUTH.
NORTHUMBERLAND.....	6:20 1:00	
Camden.....	6:35	11:15
Chesney.....	6:45	11:25
Darbyville.....	6:55	11:35
Calawissa.....	7:05	11:45
Rupert.....	7:15	11:55
Hoomsburg.....	7:25	12:05
Esby.....	7:35	12:15
Line Ridge.....	7:45	12:25
Willow Grove.....	7:55	12:35
Hartsville.....	8:05	12:45
Berwick.....	8:15	12:55
Beach Haven.....	8:25	1:05
Hick's Ferry.....	8:35	1:15
Shick's Ferry.....	8:45	1:25
Hunock's.....	8:55	1:35
Nanticoke.....	9:05	1:45
Wondell.....	9:15	1:55
Plymouth.....	9:25	2:05
Plymouth Junction.....	9:35	2:15
Kingston.....	9:45	2:25
Richwood.....	9:55	2:35
Maitly.....	10:05	2:45
Wyoming.....	10:15	2:55
West Pittston.....	10:25	3:05
Hickory.....	10:35	3:15
Durys.....	10:45	3:25
Lackawanna.....	10:55	3:35
Theraville.....	11:05	3:45
Bellevue.....	11:15	3:55
Scranton.....	11:25	4:05

STATIONS.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Scranton.....	6:00	5:00	1:35
Bellevue.....	6:05	5:05	
Theraville.....	6:10	5:10	
Lackawanna.....	6:15	5:15	1:40
Durys.....	6:20	5:20	1:45
Hickory.....	6:25	5:25	1:50
Hickory Junction.....	6:30	5:30	1:55
Wyoming.....	6:35	5:35	2:00
Maitly.....	6:40	5:40	2:05
Pennett.....	6:45	5:45	2:10
Richwood.....	6:50	5:50	2:15
Plymouth Junction.....	6:55	5:55	2:20
Plymouth.....	7:00	6:00	2:25
Avoidale.....	7:05	6:05	2:30
Hunock's.....	7:10	6:10	2:35
Shick's Ferry.....	7:15	6:15	2:40
Hick's Ferry.....	7:20	6:20	2:45
Berwick.....	7:25	6:25	2:50
Hartsville.....	7:30	6:30	2:55
Line Ridge.....	7:35	6:35	3:00
Hoomsburg.....	7:40	6:40	3:05
Esby.....	7:45	6:45	3:10
Camden.....	7:50	6:50	3:15
Chesney.....	7:55	6:55	3:20
NORTHUMBERLAND.....	8:00	7:00	3:25

Connections at Rupert with Philadelphia &
Reading Railroad for Tamaqua, Tamaqua,
Wilkes-Barre, Sunbury, Pottsville, etc., at
Northumberland with P. & E. Div. P. R. R. for
Harrisburg, Lock Haven, Emporium, Warren,
Corry and Erie.
W. F. HALLSTEAD, Gen. Man.
Scranton, Pa.

Pennsylvania Railroad.

P. & E. R. R. DIV. AND N. C. R. Y.

In effect May 22, 1892. Trains leave Sun-
day.

9:45 a. m. Train 14 (Daily except Sunday) for
Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving
at Philadelphia 3:30 p. m.; New York 6:30 p. m.
Harrisburg 8:10 p. m. Washington 10:30 p. m.
Connecting at Philadelphia for all sea shore
points. Passenger coaches to Philadelphia
Philadelphia and Harrisburg. Harrisburg and
intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia
1:55 p. m. Train 8 (Daily except Sunday) for
Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving
at Philadelphia at 6:30 p. m.; New York, 9:35 p. m.
Harrisburg 6:35 p. m.; Washington 9:05 p. m.
Parlor cars to Philadelphia and passenger
coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.
6:25 p. m. Train 12 (Daily except Sunday) for
Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving
at Philadelphia at 10:55 p. m.; Baltimore 10:40 p. m.
Passenger coach to Philadelphia.
8:25 p. m. Train 6 (Daily) for Harrisburg and
all intermediate stations, arriving at Philadel-
phia 4:25 a. m.; New York 7:30 a. m. Pullman
sleeping car from Harrisburg to Philadelphia
and New York. Philadelphia passenger coaches can
remain in sleeper undisturbed until 10:30 p. m.
1:50 a. m. (Daily) for Harrisburg and inter-
mediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:30 a.
m.; Baltimore 6:30 a. m.; Washington 9:00 a. m.
Washington 7:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping car
to Philadelphia and passenger coaches to Philadel-
phia and Baltimore.
4:30 a. m. (Daily) for Harrisburg and inter-
mediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 10:40 a. m.
and Washington 10:40 a. m. and
Pullman sleeping cars to Baltimore, Washing-
ton, and passenger coaches to Baltimore.
WESTWARD.
10:45 a. m. Train 9 (Daily except Sunday) for
Chester, Lancaster, Buffalo and Niagara Falls,
with Pullman sleeping cars and passenger
coaches to Rochester.
8:30 a. m. Train 3 (Daily) for Erie, Cananota,
Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with
through passenger coaches to Erie and Rochester
and Parlor car to Rochester.
6:30 p. m. Train 1 (Daily except Sunday)
for Erie, Cananota, Buffalo and Niagara Falls,
with Pullman sleeping cars and passenger
coaches to Erie and Rochester.
9:05 p. m. Train 21 (Daily) for Williamsport,
and intermediate stations.
THROUGH TRAINS FOR SUNBURY FROM
THE EAST AND SOUTH.
Train 15—Leaves New York, 12:15 night, Philadel-
phia 4:30 a. m., Baltimore 4:40 a. m., Harris-
burg, 8:10 a. m., daily arriving at Sunbury 9:55
a. m.
Train 11—Leaves Philadelphia 8:50 a. m.,
Washington 7:50 a. m., Baltimore 8:45 a. m.,
daily arriving at Sunbury 10:30 a. m.
Train 10—Leaves Philadelphia 10:30 a. m., Philadel-
phia 11:45 a. m., Washington 12:45 p. m., Bal-
timore 1:45 a. m., (daily except Sunday) arriving
at Sunbury 2:30 p. m. with passenger coaches
from Philadelphia and Baltimore.
Train 9—Leaves New York 8:30 p. m., Philadel-
phia 4:30 p. m., Washington 3:30 p. m., Balti-
more 4:30 p. m. (Daily) arriving at Sunbury 9:05 p. m.
"Through Parlor car from Philadelphia, week
days.
Train 8—Leaves New York 6:30 p. m., Philadel-
phia 2:30 p. m., Washington 7:10 p. m., Balti-
more 8:10 p. m. (Daily except Sunday) arriv-
ing at Sunbury 2:04 a. m. with Pullman sleeping
cars and passenger coaches from Washington
and Baltimore.
Train 7—Leaves New York 8:00 p. m., Philadel-
phia 11:20 p. m., Washington 10:40 p. m., Balti-
more 11:20 p. m. (Daily) arriving at Sunbury
1:40 a. m. with Pullman sleeping cars from
Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore, and
passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Balti-
more.
SUNBURY HAZLETON, & WILKESBARRE
RAILROAD, AND NORTH AND WEST
BRANCH RAILWAY.
(Daily except Sunday)
Train 7 leaves Sunbury 6:00 a. m., arriving at
Bloom Ferry 10:45 a. m., Wilkes Barre 12:10 p. m.,
Hazleton 12:15 p. m., Pottsville 1:25 p. m.
Train 11 leaves Sunbury 8:25 p. m., arriving at
Bloom Ferry 6:35 p. m., Wilkes Barre 7:50 p. m.,
Hazleton 7:55 p. m., Pottsville 9:05 p. m.
Train 8 leaves Wilkes Barre 7:25 a. m., Potts-
ville 8:35 a. m., Hazleton 8:40 a. m., arriving at
Bloom Ferry 8:47 a. m., Sunbury 9:50 a. m.
Train 10 leaves Pottsville 1:20 p. m., Hazleton
2:30 p. m., Wilkes Barre 3:15 p. m., arriving at
Bloom Ferry 4:30 p. m., Sunbury 5:35 p. m.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

Train 7 leaves Sunbury 10:00 a. m., arriving at
Bloom Ferry 10:45 a. m., Wilkes Barre 12:10 p. m.,
Hazleton 12:15 p. m., Pottsville 1:25 p. m.
Train 11 leaves Wilkes