DENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL R. R. The time of the arrival and departure of the trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad, at Lancaster, has been changed, as follows:

READING RAILROAD, SUMMER ARRANGEMENT, MONDAY, APRIL 96, 1869.

Great Trunk Line from the North and North-west for Philadelphia, New York, Read-ing, Potteville, Tamaqua, Ashland, Sha-mokin, Lebanon, Allensown, Easton, Ephrata, Littis, Lancaster, Ochumbia, de.

rata, Lititi, Lancaster, Columbia, &c.

Trains leave Harrisburg for New York as follows: Ab \$250, \$40, \$10, \$10 a.m., 12.5 mech, 2.60 and 10.50 p.m., competing with similar trains on the Pennsylvania Raliross, and arriving at New York at \$4.5 a.m., \$1.45 a.m., \$1.45 a.50, \$30 p.m., and 6.00 a. m. respectively. Sidening Cars accompany the \$25, \$25 m. in the 10.55 m. frains the state of the 10.55 m. frains the 10.55 m. frain

Soluvikili Haven and Aubuin, via Schuyikili and Busquehanna Railroad, icave Harrisburg at 3.30 p. m.

Returning: Leave New York at 9.00 a. m., 12.00 noon, 5.05 and 5.00 p. m., Philadelphia at 8.15 a. m. and 3.30 p. m.; sleeping cars accompany the 9.00 a. m., 5.05 and 8.00 p. m. trains from New York, without change.

Way Passenger Train isaves Philadelphia at 7.30 a. m.; connecting with similar train on East Penna. Relifecad, returning, from Reading at 6.30 p. m., stopping at all stations; leave Pottsville at 7.30, 8.45 a. m., and 2.45 p. m.; Shamokin at 5.25 and 10.35 a.m.; Ashland at 7.60 a.m., and 12.50 noon, Tamaque at 8.30 a.m.; and 2.30 p. m., for Philadelphia and New York.

Leave Pottsville, via Schuyikill and Susquehanna Railroad at 7.00 a. m. for Harrisburg, and 11.30 a. m. for Fine Grove and Tremont.

Reading at 7.30 a. m., returning leaves Philadelphia at 5.15 p. m.

Pottstown Accommodation Train: Leaves Pottstown Accommodation Train: Leaves Pottstown at 6.25 a. m.; returning, leaves Philadelphia at 5.15 p. m.

Columbia Railroad Trains leave Reading at 7.00 a. m. and 6.15 p. m. for Ephrats, Littiz, Lancaster, Columbia & q.

Perkiomen Railroad Trains leave Perkiomen Junction at 9.00 a. m. and 6.00 p. m.; returning, leave Skippack at 8.15 a. m. and 6.10 p. m.; connecting with similar trains on Reading Railroad.

On Sundays: Leave New York at 8.60 p. m.,

neoring with similar trains on Reading Railroad.

On Sundays: Leave New York at 8.00 p.m., Philadelphia at 8.00 a.m. and 3.15 p.m., the 8.00 a.m. train running only to Reading; Pottsville 8.00 s.m., Harrisburg 5.20 a.m., 4.10 and 10.55 p.m., and Reading at 12.55, midnight, 2.54 and 7.05 a.m. for New York; and at 9.40 a.m. and 4.25 p.m. for Philadelphia.

Commutation, Mileage, Sesson, School and Excursion Tickets, to and from all points, at educed rates.

Baggage checked through; 100 pounds allowed each l'assenger.

G. A. NICOLLS, General Superintendent. Reading, Pa., April 25,1868. [april 39-itd & w READING AND COLUMBIA R. B.

ON AND AFTER THURSDAY, APRIL 15th, 1869,

PASSENGER TRAIRS WILL BE BUN ON THIS ROAD, AS FOLLOWS:

RETURNING:

RETURNING:

LEAVE.

Reading ... 7:00 a; m. Laneaster ... 9:15 a; m. ... 9:15 p; m. ... 9:25 a; m

TORTHERN CHNTRAL RA.

Trains heavy Nork for Firightaville and lumbia, at \$20 and 1140 a. m. and 120 p.m.

Leave Wrightaville for Yolk at 120 a. m.

Leave York for maintanbore at 546 and ?

Leave York for Harrisburg, st. 120, 648 and ?

Leave York for Harrisburg, st. 120, 648 and ?

At 218 11A V HA RETHURG.

Softing nowire.

At 2181 11A V HA RETHURG.

At 344 and \$125 a, m., and 1250 and 1046 p.

Musical Instruments, &c. J. B. KEVINSKY

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And Musical Instruments Generally. Sole Agent for STEINWAY & SONS'

WORLD BENOWNED PIANOS.

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GOOK AMOHL DOH!

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No. 8 NORD PRINCE STREET, LANCASTER. N. B. For a first raty gooty Geig, odder an Accordeon, odder a Tswerrich-Pell, odder en-nich onners musical inshtromest, kies odder gross, ahtept yusht ni ons Kewiaski's, No. 3 Rord Prince Shtrose, Laronater. (no204)

ATTORNEY AT LAW, MILITARY AND NAVAL CLAIM AGENT, No. 56 East King-st., Lancaster, Pa. Being duly licensed as a Claim Agent, and having a large experience, prompt attention will be given to the following classes of claims: BOUNTY and PAY due discharged Soldiers and

BOUNTY and PAY due discharged Soldiers and Sailors.
BOUNTY (additional) to Soldiers who enlisted for not less than 2 or 3 years, or were honorably discharged for wounds received.
BOUNTY (additional) to Widows, Children, or Patrats of Soldiers, who died from wounds received or discase contracted in said service.
PENSIONS for invalid Soldiers and Sailors, or to their widows or children.
PENSIONS for fathers and mothers, brothers or sisters of deceased soldiers, upon whom they were dependent.
PENSIONS and GRATUITIES for Soldiers or their Widows from Pounsylvania, in the War of 1812.
PAX due Teamsters, Artificers and Civil emof 1812. PAY due Teamsters, Artificers and Civil em-ployees of the Government. PAY due for aprese lost in the United States service.
CHARGES.—Fees fair and moderate, and in case will charges be made until the money is collected.
[4ec.25]yr*

Insurance.

THE DESIGNATION OF THE PARTY AND THE PARTY A LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF PHILADELPHIA.

ACCUMULATED CAPITAL, \$2,000,000, After paying Losses to the amount of \$1,120,000. CHARTER PERPETUAL.

All the Surplus Dividend amongst the Policy Holders every year.
THE ONLY TRULY MUTUAL COMPANY IN THE CITY OR STATE.

For further information apply to JOHN J. COCHRAN, Agent, From "Father Abraham" Office, Lancaster, Pa.

Dentistry.

LANCASTER, June 25th, 1868. EDITORS EXPRESS, Dr. Wm. M. Whiteside, the enterprising Dentits, has purchased from me a large stock of teeth and all the fixtures, the instruments formerly belonging to me, and also those used by my father, Dr. Parry, in his practice. In the purchased, the doctor has provided himself with some of the most valuable and expensive matruments used in dental practice, and has beyond, doubt oue of the best and largest collections of teeth and instruments in the State. Persons visiting the communicaus offices of Dr. Whiteside, cannot fail to be fully accommodated. The Doctor loses no opportunity of furnishing himself with every lare scientific improvement in his line of business.

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BAIR & SHENK, BANKERS,

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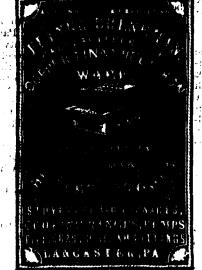
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JOB PRINTING.



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POSTERS. PROGRAMMES. HAND-BILLS, CARDS,

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NOTES, &C.

Will find it to their interest to give us a call.

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NEWSPAPER, BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS, LANCASTER, PA.

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1868. SHULTZ & BROTHER,

HATTERS,

NO. 20 NORTH QUEEN STREET LARCASTER, PENNA.

Latest style Fall and Winter HATS and CAPS in all qualities and colors.

LADIES' FANCY FURS, We are now opening the largest and most complete assortment of Ladies and Children's FANCY FURS ever offered in this market at

very low prises, A dusta was a large ROBES! BORES!! ROBES!!! Buffalo Robes, lined and trained; Hudson Bay, Wolf, Prairie Wolf, Fox, Coon, &c.

BLANKETS AND LAP RUGS, Of all qualifies, to which we would particularly invite the attention of all persons in want of articles in that line.

GLOVES, GAUNTLETS and MITTS

OTTUR, BEAVER, NUTHIA, BUCKSKIN, ER, KID, &c., &c.

Ladies' Fine Fur Trimmed Gloves, Gauntlets Mitts and Hoods. PULSE WARMERS and EAR MITTS. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

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HEADQUARTERS UNDERCLOTHING, STOCKINGS, GLOVES, COLLARS, CUFFS, SLEEVE BUTTONS, al Cent's ware generally, at

Erisman's. No.11% NORTH QUEEN ST., Lancaster. Ani yver ous grosser shtock goods—suitable or Krishdogs, Nei-Yohrs un onnery Presents so we Hola Dicher, Schnup Dicher, Collare, Hem-armal K'nen g'ahtickte Hemmar-fronts, Poeket Bicher, Perfumery, Hohr-Ehl, Cigar Case, un onnery Euroy articles on E. J. ERISMAN'S,
(IM North Queen Street, Lancaster.
(Om sign fum grees Shtrendeh Hem.) [non-ly WIN AND WEAR.

There's no novel road to greatness Men must ever climb to fame;
All the wealth in miser's coffers
Wouldn't buy a deathless name.
Is a noble goal before you?
Would you great achievements dare?
Brother, then be up and doing—
Brother! you must "Win and Wear."

Toil and labor—never atopping,
Till you make the prize your own,
For, you know 'tis "constant dropping "Wears away the hardest stone." Never slack sublime endeavor, Nor mid cheerless toll despair;

If you'd rise above your fellows, Brother! you must "Win and Wear." All throughout her wide domain;
And the text from which the preaches Is "that labor leads to gain." Moral worth and honest merit-

Brighter crowns their monarchs bear These you never can inherit— Brother! these you!" Win to Wear."

Miscelluncous.

"First person I love, second person thou lovest, third person he loves," drawled the head boy in the class. The next, a little girl, took it up promptly: "Plural— First person we love, second person you

A TALE TOLD OUT OF SCHOOL

love, third person they love." "And we all love."

The interruption came in a whisper, loud enough to be heard all over the room, causing the older boys to smile and giggle; and the teacher, Miss Olive Burnett, looked up quickly, glancing along the row of large scholars on the back seat young men and women—for this was a country school, and in the winter. She had come to look for trouble from that quarter. Every day some fresh aggravation, some new infringement of the rules and offense against the discipline, made it hard work for her, a girl of eighteen, to maintain her authority over those forty turbulent spirits, constantly incited to inaubordination by the example of their acknowledged leader, Scott Goldrick. He sat there, at the further end of the

bench, quite in the corner, a good-looking young man of twenty, with curly chestnut hair and mutiaque curve of the lip, with head bent low over his slate, and fingers busy in figuring out some difficult problem in arithmetic. But Miss Burnett was not deceived by the apparently studious air. and there was an undertone of resolute determination in her voice as ahe said, looking over the forty faces before her:

"These interruptions must come to an end at once." There is a point where for bearance ceases to be a virtue, and I think

it has been passed. From this time out I shall enforce every rule of the school. The penalty for the next interruption of this kind will be twelve strokes of the ruler." carelessly balancing the strip of cherry.

wood in her fingers.

The clear, bright face in the corner was lifted for a moment; the dark, hazel eye looked steadily into Miss Burnett's blue eyes; only a moment, the space of a breath; then the hand went on again steadily with that endless maze of figures—Miss Burnett went on with her work.

Hard work it was, especially hard work to-day. All day long the vivid scarlet that burned in her cheeks, making her passing lovely, while her temples throbbed with pain, and one of the children, feeling her faverish touch, wondered "what made Miss Burnett's hand so hot." She must not give up though. There was too much depending on her for that. A helpless mother and two little sisters, hardly more than babies yet, all dependent for the brad they are upon the overworked young tellier. Truly, failure here would be disaster.

But she must not fail. Would those interminable lessons never be finished? She wanted to go home and reat.

Two hours of tolerable order and quies.

and the day's work was nearly ended, when in the midst of the last registion came again that interrupting whisper, plainly heard all over the room,

For an instant Olive Burnett's heart

For an instant Office Burnett's heart failed then. Could also muster courage enough to ferule Scott fieldrick, the oldest and largest boy in the school? The thought came at once that it was unmanly in him to try her so. But, right or wrong, her word was passed and must be keptt her authority was assailed and must hept; her authority was satisfied and must be maintained now or lost altogether. To falter now was to give up all. So, calling up all her nerve, though her head throbed dizzily, she closed her book quietly, dismissed the class; and faced the school as she said, slowly:

"The scholar who whispered that i ist time will platte step forward."

There was a dead silence for an instant, then Scott Goldrick left his seat and walked up to where the young teacher stood.

then Scott Goldrick left his seat and walked up to where the young teacher stood. No boyish mischief in his manner now; so mocking deference; no shade of defiance; but, instead, a quiet manliness that was harder to meet than any brayado would have been.

"You can understand, Mr. Goldrick, that this is not a pleasant duty to me," her voice steady, but lower than usual, so low that some who were listening, did not catch the words at all. "You can understand that it is not pleasant for me to do this, but my rule must be respected."

this, but my rule must be respected."

For an answer he bowed and held out his hand. They were counted out faithfully—twelve strokes, no more, no less.—
Did he know how every one hurt her?—

Perhaps he did, for his eyes were on her face all the while, and when the last one

amazement. They had expected high words and open defiance at the least. This new gentleness was not fear; they knew that well. Fear and Scott Goldrick's name never went together. If it was vol-untary submission to discipline, why they might as well all yield too.

Miss Burnett heard him talking to some

No. 38.

of the older scholars outside the door after the roll was called and the school dismissed. "What! resist a lady? You'll never see me do that : Basides, I, deserved the feruling for breaking the rules. I didn't mean to interrupt you the last time though. I'm going away to-morrow to my uncle's counting-house in C——." Then the door closed, and Miss Burnett heard no

Going away! She said the words over and over to herself, sitting there with her head laid down on the table before her. Going away! What would she do, missing day by day the bright face in the corner, and the voice that, spite of aggravations without number, was still the pleasantest who in the world to her. What should

The great pile of copy-books there on the table were still untouched, when half an hour later some one opened the door and ame in; some one whose step she knew so vell. Scott Goldrick had come back for his books and slate. But she did not lift her head. He stood before her presently with the books on his arm and his hat in hand.

"I am going away, Miss Burnett, to stay. Will you bid me good-bye?" Still she did not look up or speak. He persisted, gently. "Have I offended you beyond all hope

of forgiveness?" She gave him her hand at that.

'No. but----' "But you are sick, Miss Burnett?" he said, as he saw her face plainly, "You are really sick. What can I do for you?"

She tried to smile. "It is only a headache-I have had it all day-and a touch of fever with it, per-

haps, nothing more."
"You have been sick all day, and I have been aggravating the life out of you," he said, remorsely, in his earnestness down on one knee beside her chair, with a halfbold, half-shy grace. "I have made you trouble constantly, not to-day only, but ever since you came here to teach. What ever since you came here to teach. What a brute you must think me! It was unmanly and cowardly to act as I did. No, you must let me make fail confession now," kissing the hand she laid over his mouth to stop him. "But, Miss Burnett, you are very ill," seriously alarmed now at the sight of her white face and closed eyes; for the self-control maintained by main force all day, and up to this moment, had given away suddenly, and weaker than a child she sat there, her breath coming in little

short gaspsi ... Unused to woman's moods and "ways," he was at a loss what to do. He had an idea, though, that when a lady fainted, cold water was the thing, so he sprinkled her face with the cup standing on the table within reach of his hand, and, manlike, he drew her head down upon his shoulder.

She was not altogether unconscious, for she made a weak movement to withdraw herself from his arm, but he whispered, "Trust me and lie still, will you net, till you are better?" conscious the while of an odd, pleasant thrill at his heart, as her face lay so near his own that he could have touched it with his lips.

chacks, but there wer just the legat, bit of boyish timidity yet about him; an I besides he could not forget that he had been the cause of this very limess, and his heart smote him regretterly every time he locked

She sent him away by and by as soon as she was able to at up without awpper. She would not let him go home without her, either, though he begged her to let him do so, she would do betas by hemelf she said. But saing the troubled look in his eyes as he turned away, she relented so far as to say:

say:

16 I trust we part friends.

19 I trust we part friends.

11 He came back to her at this, saying earn-

neather what you be my friend after what you have known of me the past two months?"

"I can be—I am sincerely your friend."

"Thank you for that: Knowing it, I

science away with me. h. Ah! he never guessed that, instead of a troubled conscience, he was carrying Olive Burnett's heart away with him. It was seven years before they looked upon each other's faces again. Such a long, long interval. Those seven years had changed Scott Goldrick into a successful business man, steadily amassing his thousands, and alive to the brilliant, courted

young widow, Mrs. Logan.
She had grown heart-sick of teaching, and one day in a desperate mood gave it up and married Faul Logan, the rich land owner. Scott Goldrick, hearing of it in the distant city where he was living, said, "Such a pity! She was a woman out of a

thousand, and deserved a better man than

Well, Paul Logan was a better man than Scott Goldrick's words would seem to imply; and, better still, his gold brought all comforts to the helpless mother until she died, and a home and all the advantages of wealth to the little sisters. And now, with her husband two years in his grave, Mrs.

Logan went freely into society again.
"Such a loving woman," men always said when speaking of her. And Scott Goldrick endorsed the verdict when he met her at a reception one evening, and the CASH RATES OF ADVERTISING IN FATHER ABRAHAM.

Ten lines of Nonpareil constitute a Square. 1 week... \$ 75 \$ 1 40 \$ 2 10 \$ 3 50 \$ 6 00 \$ 11 50 2 weeks... 1 20 1 80 2 70 4 50 8 00 14 00 3 weeks... 1 50 2 20 3 30 6 00 10 00 17 00 1 menth... 1 75 2 60 3 90 7 00 12 00 20 00 2 months... 2 75 4 00 6 00 10 00 20 00 38 50 3 months... 4 00 6 00 9 00 15 00 30 00 55 00 6 months... 7 00 11 00 46 50 25 00 40 00 70 00 1 year... 12 00 30 00 30 00 40 00 00 00 120 00 Excentors Notice...

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SPECIAL NOTICES—Ten cents a line for the first insertion, and Seven cents a line for each subsequent insertion.

REAL ESTATE advertisements, Ten cents a line for the first insertion, and Five cents a line for each additional insertion.

hostess, supposing them to be unacquainted presented him.

It was the Olive Burnett of seven years ago who smiled up at him, as she said to Mrs. Lake, "Mr. Goldrick and I are very old friends."

You remember me, then," he said, as he led her a way. "I never forget," was the sweetly grave

But somehow, even with this flattering beginning, they did not seem to make much progress in the renewal of their old acquaintanceship. Meeting often as they did, at party and ball receptions, at cancert and theatre and ones, there was always an undefinable something, a distance between; and it was quite at the close of the winter that calling one morning on Mrs. Logan to make his adieu before leaving fown, Scott Goldrick lingered a moment, as he bowed over her hand at parting, to say half jestingly, but yet in earnest, too:

"Do you be not have the educated belonger?"

"Yes, I remember. I am going out there on purpose to see it this coming summer."
"Intelliged Awho knows but what we shall meet?"

It was in the midst of August heats that Mrs. Legan, paying a flying visit to Rye-field, procured the key of the old schoolhouse—empty now for summer vacation—and walked down there alone one afternoon to look at it.

The door swung rustily on its hinges as she entered and looked curiously about. It was not the cleanest place in the world, for a coat of dust, raised by the last sweeping, had settled over everything; but the rough-coated walls looked as familiar as ever, and the glazed maps hanging there, and the un-painted benches. It was in that corner that Scott Goldrick used to sit—and remembering, a tide of recollections rushed over her, and she sat down in the low-backed chair and laid her head down upon the pine table, just as she had done that evening more than seven years before.

Sitting there buried in thought, she did not liber the footstep that crossed the threshhold—that paused there at the door, and then came to her, while a voice said

"Miss Burnett, I am going away. Will you bid me good-bye?"
She looked up with a little cry—to meet a pair of clear, hazel eyes, to see before her a bright handsome face, and heavy waves of chestnut bair.

"You really here, Mr. Goldrick! I could almost believe that the old days had come back again."
"You used to call me Scott, then," he said significantly, coming round and kneeling on one knee beside her chair. "You

are not pale now, so I shall not sprinkle

your face with water," glancing at the ampty cup standing there on the table, "but I should like to have your head on my shoulder again." She made a movement to rise, but he de-

tained her. "Don't be offended, Olive," he said earnestly. "I made confessions of my sins that night; let me make another confession now. I think I began to love you that evening, but I was a boy; I know now that I love you. Your face has always been before me as the sweetest and finest in the world. You sent me away from you then.
Don't be so cruel again. I want to stay with you always, Olive. I want to be your husband. May I?"

For answer she put up her white hand and drew his head down upon her shoulder.

And the brown walls must have opened eyes of astonishment, if eyes they had, to see Scott Goldrick kissing the blushing little woman. You see when a man falls in love for the first time at twenty-seven

he is apt to be desperately in earnest.

And in the gathering gloom of twilight they locked the door of the schoolhouse behind them and turned their steps homeward, not teacher and pupil now, but plighted husband and wife.

SOLVING A DIFFICULTY.

A grandson of the Governor of Virginia, a child of four or five summers, was on a visit to his maternal grandfather, who is a landholder in Chio. One day after making his first wisit to a Sabbath School, and being duly impressed with the religious lessons taught there, he took his grandfather down on the farm to show and gather the fruit of a large walnut tree. On the way the little follow, with the philesophy which 'reads sermons from atones," said:
'Grandpa, who do all these woods and fields belong to ?"

"Who ?" said the master of factogentle-

man, "to me."
"No, sir," emphatically responded the child, "flier belong to God."

The grandfather said nothing till they reached the richly laden tree, when he

Well, my boy, whom does this tree belong to ?" This was a poser, and for a moment the boy hesitated; but casting a longing look upon the nuts, he replied:

"Well, grandps, the tree belongs to God but the nuts are ours."

FAN FLIRTATIONS.

Fan fast. I am independent. Fan slow. I am engaged. Fan with right hand in front of face. Come on.

Fan with left hand in front of your face. Leave me. Open and shut. Kiss me.

Open wide. Love. Open half. Friendship.

Shut. Hate.
Swinging the fan. Can I see you home?
Fan by right cheek. Yes.
Fan by left cheek. No.
To carry in the left hand. Desirous of

getting acquainted.
Carry with handle to lips, I will flirt with you.

Also, Agent for Rooft aw im Hotels. S. HOTEL. OPPOSITE PHNNA. B. R. DEPOT,



THE BEST AND CHEAPEST PLACE