TALMAGE ON STORMS.

His Brindisi Sermon Deals With Paul on the Mediterranean,

ILLUSTRATED BY HIS OWN PERILS

In a Former Voyage Through an Atlantic Cyclone of Furies.

HIS MOST THRILLING WORD PICTURE

[SPECIAL TO THE DISPATCH.]

BRINDISI, November 17.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached in this Italian port to-day. His subject was "A Mediterranean Voyage," and he took for his text Acts xxvii, 44: "And so it came to pass that they all escaped to land." Dr. Talmage said:

Having visited your historical city, which we desired to see because it was the terminus of the most famous road of the ages, the Roman Appian Way, and for its mighty fortress overshadowing a city which even Hannibal's hosts could not thunder down, we must to-morrow morning leave your harbor, and after touching at Athens and Corinth, voyage about the Mediterranean to Alexandria, Egypt. I have been reading this morning in my New Testament of a Mediterranean voyage in an Alexandrian ship. It was this very month of November. The vessel was lying in a port not very far from here. On board that vessel were two distinguished passengers; one, Josephus, the historian, as we have strong reasons to believe; the other, a convict, one Paul by name, who was going to prison for upsetting things, or, as they termed it, "turning the world upside down." This convict had gained the confidence of the captain. Indeed, I think that Paul knew almost as much about the sea as did the captain. He had been shipwrecked three times already; he had dwelt much of his life amidst capstans, and yardarms, and cables, and storms; and he knew what he was talking about. Seeing the equinoctial storm was coming, and perhaps noticing something unseaworthy in the vessel, he advised the captain to stay in the harbor. But I hear the captain and the first mate talking together. They say: "We cannot afford to take the advice of this landsman, and he a minister. He may be able to preach very well, but I don't believe he knows a marlinespike from a luff tackle. All aboard! Cast off! Shift the helm for headway! Who fears the Mediterranean?"

PAUL WAS RIGHT.

They had gone only a little way out when a whirlwind, called Euroclydon, made the torn sail its turban, shook the mast as you would brandish a spear, and tossed the hulk into the heavens. Overboard with the cargo! It is all washed with salt water and worthless now; and there are no marine insurance companies. All hands ahoy, and out with the anchors!

Great consternation comes on crew and passengers. The sea monsters snort in the foam, and the billows clap their hands in glee of destruction. In a lull of the storm I hear a chain clank. It is the chain of the great apostle as he walks the deck or holds fast to the rigging amid the lurching of the ship—the spray dripping from his long beard as he cries out to the crew: "Now, I exhort you to be of good cheer; for there shall be no loss of any man's life among you, but of the ship. For there stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve, saying, Fear not, Paul, thou must be brought before Cæsar, and lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee."

Fourteen days have passed, and there is no abatement of the storm. It is midnight. Standing on the lookout, the man peers into the darkness, and, by a flash of lightning, sees the long white line of the breakers, and knows they must be coming near to some country, and fears that in a few moments the vessel will be shivered on the rocks. The ship flies like chaff in the tornado. They drop the sounding line, and by the light of the lantern they see it is 20 fathoms. Speeding along a little further, they drop the line again, and by the light of the lantern they see it is 15 fathoms. Two hundred and seventy-six souls within a few feet of awful shipwreck!

HE SAW THEIR SUBTERFUGE.

The managers of the vessel, pretending they want to look over the side of the ship and undergird it, get into the small boat, expecting in it to escape; but Paul sees through the sham, and he tells them that if they go off in the boat it will be the death of them. The vessel strikes; The planks spring! The timbers crack! The vessel parts in the thundering surge! Oh, what wild struggling for life! Here they leap from plank to plank. Here they go under as if they would never rise, but, catching hold of a timber, come floating and panting on it to the beach. Here strong swimmers spread their arms through the waves until their chins plow the sand, and they rise up and wring out their wet locks on the beach. When the roll of the ship is called, 276 people answer to their names. "And so," says my text, "it came to pass that they escaped all safe to land."

I learn from this subject:

First, that those who get us into trouble will not stay to help us out. These shipmen got Paul out of Fair Havens into the storm; but as soon as the tempest dropped upon them, they wanted to get off in the small boat, caring nothing for what became of Paul and the passengers. Ah me! human nature is the same in all ages. They who get us into trouble never stop to help us out. They who tempt that young man into a life of dissipation will be the first to laugh at his imbecility, and to drop him out of decent society. Gamblers always make fun of the losses of gamblers. They who tempt you into the contest with Rum, saying, "I will back you," will be the first to run. Look over all the predicaments of your life, and count the names of those who have got you into these predicaments, and tell me the name of one who ever helped you out.

THEY AID YOU IN A WRONG WAY.

They were glad enough to get you out from Fair Havens, but when, with damaged rigging, you tried to get into harbor, did they hold for you a plank or throw you a rope? Not one. Satan has got thousands of men into trouble, but he never got one out. He led them into theft, but he would not hide the goods or bail out the defendant. The spider shows the fly the way over the gossamer bridge into the cobweb; but it never shows the fly the way out of the cobweb over the gossamer bridge. I think that there were plenty of fast young men to help the prodigal spend his money; but when he had wasted his substance in riotous living, they let him go into the swine pastures, while they betook themselves to some other new comer. They who take Paul out of Fair Havens will be of no help to him when he gets into the breakers of Melita.

I remark again, as a lesson learned from the text, that it is dangerous to refuse the counsel of competent advisers. Paul told them not to go out with that ship. They thought he knew nothing about it. They said: "He is only a minister!" They went, and the ship was destroyed. There are a great many people who now say of ministers: "They know nothing about the world. They cannot talk to us!" Ah, my friends, it is not necessary to have the Asiatic cholera before you can give it medical treatment in others. It is not necessary to have your own arm broken before you can know how to splinter a fracture. And we who stand in the pulpit, and in the office of a Christian teacher, know that there are certain styles of belief and certain kinds of behavior that will lead to destruction as certainly as Paul knew that if that ship went out of Fair Havens it would go to destruction.

ONE THING TO BE SURE OF.

"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; but know now that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." We may not know much, but we know that.

Young people refuse the advice of parents. They say: "Father is over-suspicious, and mother is getting old." But those parents have been on the sea of life. They know where the storms sleep, and during their voyage have seen a thousand battered hulks marking the place where beauty burned, and intellect foundered, and morality sank. They are old sailors, having answered many a signal of distress, and endured great stress of weather, and gone scudding under bare poles; and the old folks know what they are talking about. Look at that man—in his cheek the glow of internal fires. His eye flashes not as once with thought, but with low passion. His brain is a sewer through which impurity floats, and his heart the trough in which lust wallows and drinks. Men shudder as the leper passes, and parents cry, "Wolf! wolf!" Yet he once said the Lord's Prayer at his mother's knee, and against that iniquitous brew once pressed a pure mother's lip. But he refused her counsel. He went where euroclydons have their lair. He foundered on the sea, while all hell echoed at the roar of the wreck: Lost Pacifics! Lost Pacifics!

Another lesson from the subject is that Christians are always safe.

There did not seem to be much chance for Paul getting out of that shipwreck, did there? They had not, in those days, rockets with which to throw ropes over foundering vessels. Their lifeboats were of but little worth.

ONE CLASS CERTAIN TO ESCAPE.

And yet, notwithstanding all the danger, my text says that Paul escaped safe to land. And so it will always be with God's children. They may be plunged into darkness and trouble, but by the throne of the eternal God, I assert it, "they shall all escape safe to land."

Sometimes there comes a storm of commercial disaster. The cables break. The masts fall. The cargoes are scattered over the sea. Oh! what struggling and leaping on kegs and hogsheads and cornbins and store shelves! And yet, though they may have it so very hard in commercial circles, the good, trusting in God, all come safe to land.

Wreckers go out on the ocean's beach and find the shattered hulks of vessels; and on the streets of our great cities there is many a wreck. Mainsail split with banker's pen. Hulks ahead's end on insurance counters. Vast credits sinking, having suddenly sprung a leak. Yet all of them who are God's children shall at last, through His goodness and mercy, escape to land. The Scandinavian warriors used to drink wine out of the skulls of the enemies they had slain. Even so God will help us, out of the conquered ills and disasters of life, to drink sweetness and strength for our souls.

You have, my friends, had illustrations, in your own life, of how God delivers His people. I have had illustrations in my own life of the same truth. I was once in what on your Mediterranean you call a Euroclydon, but what on the Atlantic we call a cyclone, but the same storm. The steamer Greece of the National Line, swung out into the river Mersey at Liverpool, bound for New York. We had on board 700, crew and passengers. We came together strangers—Italians, Irishmen, Englishmen, Swedes, Norwegians, Americans. Two flags floated from the masts—British and American ensigns. We had a new vessel, or one so thoroughly remodeled that the voyage had around it all the uncertainties of a trial trip.

AN HOUR OR TWO OF PERIL.

The great steamer felt its way cautiously out into the sea. The pilot was discharged; and, committing ourselves to the care of Him who holdeth the winds in His fist, we were fairly started on our voyage of 3,000 miles. It was rough nearly all the way—the sea with strong buffeting disputing our path. But one night, at 11 o'clock, after the lights had been put out, a cyclone—a wind just made to tear ships to pieces—caught us in its clutches. It came down so suddenly that we had not time to take in the sails or to fasten the hatches. You may know that the bottom of the Atlantic is strewn with the ghastly work of cyclones. Oh! they are cruel winds. They have hot breath, as though they came up from infernal furnaces. Their merriment is the cry of affrighted passengers. Their play is the foundering of steamers. And, when a ship goes down, they laugh until both continents hear them. They go in circles, or, as I describe them with my hand—rolling on! rolling on! with finger of terror writing on the white sheet of the wave this sentence of doom: "Let all that come within this circle perish! Brigantines, go down! Clippers, go down! Steamships, go down!" And the vessel, hearing the terrible voice, crouches in the surf, and as the waters gurgle through the hatches and port holes, it lowers away, thousands of feet down, farther and farther, until at last it strikes the bottom; and all is peace, for they have landed. Helmsman, dead at the wheel! Engineer, dead amid the extinguished furnaces! Captain, dead in the gangway! Passengers, dead in the cabin! Buried in the great cemetery of dead steamers, beside the City of Boston, the Lexington, the President, the Cambria—waiting for the archangel's trumpet to split up the decks, and wrench open the cabin door and unfasten the hatches.

MANY STORMS CONCENTRATED.

I thought that I had seen storms on the sea before; but all of them together might have come under one wing of that cyclone. We were only 800 or 900 miles from home, and in high expectation of soon seeing our friends, for there was no one on board so poor as not to have a friend. But it seemed as if we were to be disappointed. The most of us expected then and there to die. There were none who made light of the peril, save two. One was an Englishman, and he was drunk, and the other was an American, and he was a fool! Oh! what a time it was! A night to make one's hair turn white. We came out of the berths and stood in the gangway, and looked into the steerage, and sat in the cabin. While seated there we heard overhead something like minute guns. It was the bursting of the sails. We held on with both hands to keep our places. Those who attempted to cross the floor came back bruised and gashed. Cups and glasses were dashed to fragments; pieces of the table getting loose, swung across the saloon. It seemed as if the hurricane took that great ship of thousands of tons and stood it on end, and said: "Shall I sink it, or let it go this once?" And then it came down with such force that the billows trampled over it, each mounted on a fury. We felt that everything depended on the propelling screw. If that stopped for an instant we knew the vessel would fall off into the trough of the sea and sink, and so we prayed that the screw, which three times since leaving Liverpool had already stopped, might not stop now. Oh, how anxiously we listened for the regular thump of the machinery, upon which our lives seemed to depend. After a while some one said "The screw is stopped!" No; its sound had only been overpowered by the uproar of the tempest, and we breathed easier again when we heard the regular pulsations of the overtasked machinery going thump, thump, thump.

WATER IN THE CABIN.

At 3 o'clock in the morning the water covered the ship from prow to stern, and the skylights gave way! The deluge rushed in, and we felt that one or two more waves like that must swamp us forever. As the water rolled back and forward in the cabins, and dashed against the wall, it sprang half way up to the ceiling. Rushing though the skylights as it came in with such terrific roar, there went up from the cabin a shriek of horror which I pray God I may never hear again. I have dreamed the whole scene over again, but God has mercifully kept me from hearing that one cry. Into it seemed to be compressed the agony of expected shipwreck. It seemed to say: "I shall never get home again! My children shall be orphaned, and my wife shall be widowed! I am launching now into eternity! In two minutes I shall meet my God!"

There were about 550 passengers in the steerage, and as the water rushed in and touched the furnaces, and began violently to hiss, the poor creatures in the steerage imagined that the boilers were giving way. Those passengers writhed in the water and in the mud, some praying, some crying, all terrified. They made a rush for the deck. An officer stood on deck and beat them back with blow after blow. It was necessary. They could not have stood an instant on the deck. Oh! how they begged to get out of the hold of the ship! One woman, with a child in her arms, rushed up and caught hold of one of the officers and cried: "Do let me out! I will help you! Do let me out! I cannot die here!" Some got down and prayed to the Virgin Mary, saying: "O, blessed mother! keep us! Have mercy on us!"

ALL WERE IN EARNEST.

Some stood with white lips and fixed gaze, silent in their terror. Some wrung their hands and cried out: "O God! what shall I do? What shall I do?" The time came when the crew could no longer stay on the deck, and the cry of the officers was: "Below! all hands below!" Our brave and sympathetic Captain Andrews—whose praise I shall not cease to speak while I live—had been swept by the hurricane from his bridge and had escaped very narrowly with his life. The cyclone seemed to stand on the deck, waving its wing, crying: "This ship is mine! I have captured it! Ha! ha! I will command it! If God will permit, I will sink it here and now! By a thousand shipwrecks, I swear the doom of this vessel!"

There was a lull in the storm; but only that it might gain additional fury. Crash! went the lifeboat on one side. Crash! went the lifeboat on the other side. The great booms got loose, and, as with the heft of a thunderbolt, pounded the deck and beat the mast—the jib-boom, studding sail boom, and square sail boom, with their strong arms, beating time to the awful march and music of the hurricane.

Meanwhile the ocean became phosphorescent. The whole scene looked like fire. The water dripping from the rigging, there were ropes of fire; and there were masts of fire; and there was a deck of fire. A ship of fire, sailing on a sea of fire, through a night of fire. May I never see anything like it again!

Everybody prayed. A lad of 12 years of age got down and prayed for his mother. "If I should give up," he said, "I do not know what would become of mother." There were men who, I think, had not prayed for 30 years, who then got down on their knees.

NO HESITANCY ABOUT IT.

When a man who has neglected God all his life feels that he has come to his last time, it makes a very busy night. All of our sins and shortcomings pass through our minds. My own life seemed utterly unsatisfactory. I could only say, "Here Lord, take me as I am. I cannot mend matters now. Lord Jesus, thou didst die for the chief of sinners. That's me! It seems, Lord, as if my work is done, and poorly done, and upon Thy infinite mercy I cast myself, and in this hour of shipwreck and darkness commit myself and her whom I hold by the hand to Thee, O Lord Jesus! praying that it may be a short struggle in the water, and that at the same instant we may both arrive in glory!"

Oh! I tell you a man prays straight to the mark when he has a cyclone above him, an ocean beneath him, and eternity so close to him that he can feel its breath on his cheek.

The night was long. At last we saw the dawn looking through the port holes. As in the olden time, in the fourth watch of the night, Jesus came walking on the sea, from wave cliff to wave cliff; and when He puts his foot upon a billow, though it may be tossed up with might it goes down. He cried to the winds, hush! They knew His voice. The waves knew His voice. The waves knew His foot. They died away. And in the shining track of his feet I read these letters on scrolls of foam and fire, "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of God as the waters cover the sea." The ocean calmed. The path of the steamer became more and more mild; until, on the last morning out, the sun threw round about us a glory such as I never witnessed before. God made a pavement of mosaic, reaching from horizon to horizon, for all the splendors of earth and heaven to walk upon—a pavement bright enough for the foot of a seraph—bright enough for the wheels of the archangel's chariot. As a parent embraces a child, and kisses away its grief, so over that sea, that had been writhing in agony in the tempest, the morning threw its arms of beauty and of benediction, and the lips of earth and heaven met.

As I came on deck—it was very early, and we were nearing the shore—I saw a few sails against the sky. They seemed like the spirits of the night walking the billows. I leaned over the taffrail of the vessel, and said, "Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters."

AFTER THE STORM.

It grew lighter. The clouds were hung in purple clusters along the sky; and, as if those purple clusters were pressed into red wine and poured out upon the sea, every wave turned into crimson. Yonder, fire cleft stood opposite to fire cleft; and here, a cloud, rent and tinged with light, seemed like a palace, with flames bursting from the windows. The whole scene lighted up until it seemed as if the angels of God were ascending and descending upon stairs of fire, and the wave crests, changed into jasper, and crystal and amethyst, as they were flung toward the beach, made me think of the crowns of heaven cast before the throne of the great Jehovah. I leaned over the taffrail again, and said, with more emotion than before: "Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters!"

So, I thought, will be the going off of the storm and night of the Christian's life. The darkness will fold its tents and away! The golden feet of the rising morn will come skipping upon the mountains, and all the wrathful billows of the world's woe break into the splendor of eternal joy. And so we come into the harbor. The cyclone behind us. Our friends before us. God, who is always good, all around us. And if the roll of the crew and the passengers had been called, 700 souls would have answered to their names. "And so it came to pass that we all escaped safe to land." And may God grant that, when all our Sabbaths on earth are ended, we may find that, through the rich mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, we all have weathered the gale!

Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
Home at last!
Softly we drift on the bright silver tide,
Home at last!
Glory to God! All our dangers are o'er;
We stand secure on the glorified shore.
Glory to God! we will shout evermore.
Home at last!
Home at last!

Sneezing Catarrh.

The distressing sneeze, sneeze, sneeze, the acrid, watery discharges from the eyes and nose, the painful inflammation extending to the throat, the swelling of the mucous lining, causing choking sensations, cough, ringing noises in the head and splitting headaches—how familiar these symptoms are to thousands who suffer periodically from head colds or influenza, and who live in ignorance of the fact that a single application of SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE FOR CATARRH will afford instantaneous relief.

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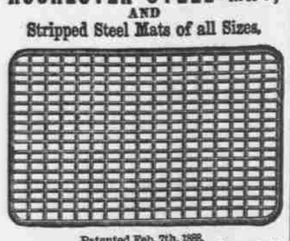

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A SAD HOME.

The Vain Regrets of a Sorrowful Husband Over the Needless Loss of His Wife, and the Warning it Conveys to Others.

Probably the saddest, most unhappy man in New York City to-day is Mr. G. V. Remington, who resides on East 35th street. A few weeks ago he had a beautiful wife and a happy home; now his ears are pained by the cries of his motherless children. Mrs. Remington passed through the Summer in good health and spirits, but the first change in the weather chilled her, caused her to cough, quickened her pulse and brought on a general feeling of weariness. Mr. Remington thought it was only a cold, and so neglected it.

"Oh! Why didn't I do something before it was too late?" he exclaimed bitterly. "I knew she was weakened by the heat of the Summer, all the pores of the skin were open and she was an easy victim to disease, but I might have saved her if I had only assisted Nature in time, instead of waiting, and then sending for the doctor when it was too late."

Nearly every man or woman who has passed through the Summer months is specially liable to the attack of this same demon, Pneumonia, which comes so quickly, so unexpectedly and often ends so fatally. Immediate assistance to nature of a strong stimulant is the only way by which it can be avoided, and it is for this very purpose that Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey has achieved such a national reputation and become so popular. The dangerous, often fatal, diseases which attack the system when it is specially weak can be quickly thrown off by this pure stimulating whiskey. The highest testimony of the leading physicians of the land amply prove this, and the thousands who have been saved from untimely graves also attest it. Great care should be exercised to secure only the genuine, as it is the only preparation on the market which has the power to cure and which does so invariably.

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Sold by Grocers everywhere.

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ANOTHER MONEY SAVING, BUSINESS PRODUCING WEEK AT

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100 only—Ladies' Elegantly Beautiful Striped Cloth Newmarkets, that were meant to be a bargain at $5 00, we've secured to sell at $3 75 each—come early for choice.

We'll show you the prettiest collection of Ladies' Cloth Newmarkets, embracing all the latest novelties, in plain, stripe and plaid weaves, at $5 00, $7 00 and $10 00 and on up; you'll save from $1 00 to $3 00 by selecting from this range.

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We've got an exceeding excellent range, Ladies' English Seal Plush Jackets, marked to sell at $8 75, $10 00, $12 00 up to finest, from $1 75 to $5 00 less than usual prices.

A most superb exhibit Ladies' English Seal Plush Sacques at $16 50, $18 50, $20 00 up to best made, at our figures, they're from $2 50 to $5 00 less than you'd expect them to be.

Note Please—A truly excellent assortment, best makes, London Dye, Seal Skin Sacques, at prices that'll save you from $25 00 to $50 00 a garment.

AND ALSO REMEMBER

An abundant supply of all the latest novelties, in Ladies' Stylish Jackets and Newmarkets, in Plush and Velvet Sleeves, etc., etc. Misses' and Children's Wraps, Cloaks, etc. Thousands to select from. All at our well known

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GRANDEST VARIETY! LOWEST PRICES!
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Schurr's Patent Shoe Sole Protectors

are an absolute protection for the soles of shoes for men working in mines, mills, foundries, steel works, blast furnaces, etc.

ASK YOUR SHOE DEALER FOR THEM.

Dealers supplied by Pittsburg Shoe Finding Houses. oc7-29-MTh

RAILROADS.

PITTSBURG AND LAKE ERIE RAILROAD COMPANY. Schedule in effect November 17, 1889. Central time. DEPART—For Cleveland, 8:00 a. m., *1:35, *4:20, *9:30 p. m. For Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis, 8:00 a. m., *1:35, *9:30 p. m. For Buffalo, 8:00 a. m., 4:20, *9:30 p. m. For Salamanca, *8:00 a. m., 4:20 p. m. For Youngstown and Newcastle, 8:00, *3:00, 10:15 a. m., *1:35, *4:20, *9:30 p. m. For Beaver Falls, 8:00, 7:30, *9:00, 10:15 a. m., *1:35, 3:30, *4:20, 5:30, *9:30 p. m. For Chartiers, 6:00, *6:30 a. m., 3:35, *3:55, 7:15, 7:30, 8:05, 8:20, *9:30, 10:15 a. m., 12:05, 12:35, ¶12:45, 1:40, 3:30, 5:30, ¶6:20, 8:05, 8:25, *9:10, *10:30 p. m.

ARRIVE—From Cleveland, *9:25 a. m., *12:30, 5:40, *7:55 p. m. From Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis, *12:30, *7:55 p. m. From Buffalo, *9:25 a. m., *12:30, 10 p. m. From Salamanca, *12:30, *7:55 p. m. From Youngstown and New Castle, *9:25, *9:30 a. m., *12:30, 5:40, *7:55, 10 p. m. From Beaver Falls, 8:25, *8:25, 7:20, *9:30 a. m., *12:30, 1:20, 5:40, *7:55, 10 p. m.

P., C. & Y. trains for Mansfield, 8:30 a. m., 3:30, 5:05 p. m. For Essen and Beechmont, 8:30 a. m., 3:30 p. m.

P., C. & Y. trains from Mansfield, Essen and Beechmont, 7:05 a. m., 11:50 a. m.

P., McK. & Y. R. R.—DEPART—For New Haven, †*9:30 a. m., *3:30 p. m. For West Newton, †*9:30, 9:30 a. m., *3:30, 5:20 p. m.

ARRIVE—From New Haven, †*8:20 a. m., *5:15 p. m. From West Newton, 6:15, †*8:20 a. m., 1:25, *5:15 p. m.

For McKeesport, Elizabeth, Monongahela City and Belle Vernon, 6:30, ¶7:30, 11:15 a. m., ‡3:30, *5:50 p. m.

From Belle Vernon, Monongahela City, Elizabeth and McKeesport, 7:45 a. m., ¶9:20, 12:30, 5:00, *5:15 p. m.

*Daily. ¶Sundays only. ‡Will run one hour late on Sunday. ‖Will run two hours late on Sunday.

City Ticket Office, 639 Smithfield Street.

PITTSBURG AND WESTERN RAILWAY Trains (Cen'l Stan d'time)	Leave.	Arrive.
Day Ex., Akron, Toledo, Kane	6:40 a m	7:37 p m
Butler Accommodation.....	9:00 a m	5:00 p m
Chicago Express (daily).....	12:40 p m	11:20 a m
New Castle Accommodation.....	4:20 p m	7:00 p m
Butler and Foxburg Ac.....	5:30 p m	9:30 a m

First class fare to Chicago, $10 50. Second class, $9 50. Pullman Buffet sleeping car to Chicago daily.

RAILROADS.

From Pittsburg Union Station.

Pennsylvania Lines.

Trains Run by Central Time.

SOUTHWEST SYSTEM—PANHANDLE ROUTE. Leave for Cincinnati and St. Louis, d 1:15 a. m., d 7:30 a. m., d 9:00 and d 11:18 p. m. Dennison, 2:45 p. m. Chicago, d 1:15 a. m. and 12:05 p. m. Wheeling, 7:30 a. m., 12:05, 6:00 p. m. Steubenville, 5:35 a. m. Washington, 5:05, 8:35 a. m., 1:05, 3:35, 4:45, 4:55 p. m. Bulger, 10:10 a. m. Burgettstown, 8 11:35 a. m., 3:25 p. m. Mansfield, 7:15, 9:35, 11:00 a. m., 1:05, 3:05, d 8:00, 9:00 p. m. McDonalds, d 4 15, d 10:45 p. m.

TRAINS ARRIVE from the West, d 2:10, d 6:00 a. m., 3:05, d 5:55 p. m. Dennison, 9:30 a. m. Steubenville, 3:05 p. m. Wheeling, 2:10, 8:45 a. m., 3:05, 5:55 p. m. Burgettstown, 7:15 a. m., 8 9:05 a. m. Washington, 6:55, 7:50, 8:45, 10:25 a. m., 2:35, 6:25 p. m. Mansfield, 6:55, 8:50, 11:00 a. m., 12:45, 3:55, 9:40 and 8 9:20 p. m. Bulger, 1:40 p. m. McDonalds, d 6:35 a. m., d 9:00 p. m.

NORTHWEST SYSTEM—ST. WAYNE ROUTE.—Leave for Chicago, d 7:25 a. m., d 12:30, d 1:00, d 8:45, except Saturday 11:20 p. m.; Toledo, 7:25 a. m., d 12:30, d 1:00, and except Saturday 11:20 p. m.; Crestline, 8:40 a. m., Cleveland, 6:10, 12:45 d 11:05 p. m., and 7:35 a. m., via P., Ft. W. & C. Ry.; New Castle and Youngstown, 7:35 a. m., 12:30, 8:45 p. m.; Youngstown and Niles, d 12:30 p. m.; Mansfield, Erie and Ashtabula, 7:35 a. m., 12:30 p. m.; Niles and Jamestown, 3:45 p. m.; Massillon, 4:10 p. m.; Wheeling and Bellaire, 6:10 a. m., 12:45, 3: