THE CRITIC'S REVIEW.

An Interesting Bundle of Books Concerning the Wild West.

SOME EXCELLENT MODERN VERSE.

Mrs. Custer's Latest Production and Some Mormon History.

OTHER VOLUMES WORTHY OF MENTION

A bundle of books about the Wild West. These are the titles of them: "The Round Trip, From the Hub to the Golden Gate," (Lee & Shepard, $1) by Susie C. Clark; "Mr. Dide, His Vacation in Colorado," (Bromfield & Co.) by L. B. France; "The Marvelous Country, or Three Years in Arizona and New Mexico," by Samuel W. Cozzens, (Lee & Shepard, $2); "The Prophet of Palmyra," (John B. Alden, $1); "Campaigning With Crook," (Harpers) by Captain Charles King; "Following the Guidon," (Harpers) by Mrs. Custer, and "A Little Book of Western Verse," (Scribners) by Eugene Field. These books are all on sale at J. R. Weldin & Co.'s, Wood street.

I.

Out of this last, here is a bit of verse. The title of it is:

IN FLANDERS.

Through the sleet and fogs to the saline bogs,
Where the herring fish meanders,
An army sped, and then, 'tis said,
Swore terribly in Flanders:
"—— —— —— ——!
"—— —— —— ——!"
A hideous store of oaths they swore,
Did the army over in Flanders!

At this distant day we're unable to say
What so aroused their danders;
But it's doubtless the case, to their lasting disgrace,
That the army swore in Flanders:
"—— —— —— ——!"
"—— —— —— ——!"
And many more such oaths they swore,
Did that impious horde in Flanders!

Some folks contend that these oaths without end
Began among the commanders,
That, taking this cue, the subordinates, too,
Swore terribly in Flanders:
"Twas "—— —— ——!"
"—— —— —— ——!"
Why, the air was blue with the hullabalioo
Of those wicked men in Flanders.

But some suppose that the trouble arose
With a certain Corporal Sanders,
Who sought to abuse the wooden shoes
That the natives wore in Flanders.
"Saying, "—— ——!"
"—— ——!"
This is the kind of talk you'll find
If ever you go to Flanders.

How wretched is he, whoever he be,
That unto this habit panders!
And how glad am I that my interests lie
In Chicago, and not in Flanders.
"—— —— ——!"
"—— —— ——!"
Would never go down in this circumspect town,
However it might in Flanders.

Perhaps not. Perhaps they do keep some of the commandments better in Chicago than they do in Flanders. Let us hope so, any way.

There can be no mistake, however, about the excellence and the charm of this "Little Book of Western Verse." It was written in the West, but it ranges over all space and time. Side by side with poems in such modern and Western American as "Casey's Table d' Hote" and "Mr. Dana, of the New York *Sun*," are verses in the oldest of old English, as old as the days when every man was wont to spell as it seemed good in his own eyes, such as "Madge, ye Hoyden, and "A Proper Trewe Idyll of Canelot." Here are echoes of Horace, and Beranger, and Heise, and Uhland. Here—and these are best of all—are cradle songs from many lands, from old England, from the islands of Orkney and the coasts of Cornwall, from Sicily and Holland and Japan. I would like to quote a delightful half-dozen of them. But you must give yourself the pleasure of reading them in the book. A book with a singular and winning charm about it, witty, pathetic, always most graceful, always true, uplifting—genuine poetry, such as is a happiness to read.

It is from Boston, rather than from Chicago, that we are accustomed to look for books like Mr. Field's. It was from Boston that the writer of "The Round Trip" started, passing through Chicago, with her face turned still further westward. Miss Clark stopped in Chicago only long enough to visit Lincoln Park, where she thought the sea lions rather unpleasant creatures, and noticed the statue of De La Salle, "a discoverer of hardly less note than Columbus, for did he not discover Chicago?" "The Round Trip" followed that beaten path which is every month getting wider and better worn, which touches Santa Fe and Pasadena, Los Angeles and Santa Barbara and Riverside, and returns by the way of the Yosemite and Salt Lake City. The journey did not extend even to Alaska, where an increasing number of tourists are making explorations nowadays. Nobody will read the book for adventures or discoveries. It is just a simple, bright and cheerful journal of a pleasant summer journey, taken by a woman's sprightly and gossiping fashion, readable thoughout, good to have in your bag if you purpose making the same trip next summer, and excellent as a refutation of the assertion quoted on its initial page: "If you wish to be uncomfortable—*travel!*"

The story of "Mr. Dide's Vacation" begins with the thermometer 20 degrees below zero and the snow two feet deep upon the ground in the valley of the Platte. It ends with a great coasting trip, whisking around the sharp corners of Pike's Peak. The most important part of the book is the background. The figures of Mr. Dide and the others are sketched in like the little groups in Claude's pictures, to give a touch of human life, perhaps, to the scene. But you see at once that the trees and hills, the ravines and rivers are what you are really meant to look at. The young woman who talks Darwin and wears glasses and waits on the restaurant table, and says: "Roast-beef-boiled-mutton-caper-sauce-pork-and-beans," as if she had never heard of the doctrine of evolution, and Mr. Dide himself, whose anglicized dialect was never really spoken anywhere, and the deacon and the rest of the party do not greatly mar the Colorado scenery, of which Mr. France gives us here a series of most graphic pictures.

Arizona, it seems, means the "land of silver." It was toward Arizona that poor King Montezuma pointed when Cortez asked him where he got his gold and silver. And Cortez sent an expedition out in that direction to find that store of treasure and bring it back with them—but they never brought back so much as a nugget, for they never came back themselves. They were never heard of afterward. It was into Arizona that good Father Kine journeyed, a Jesuit priest from the Spanish colony, and found a wonderful people dwelling in that land, a people living in stout houses with the front walls written over with pictures, manufacturers of cotton cloth, users of paper, cultivators of corn, beans, chocolate and sugar, possessors of a remarkable plant which served them with abundant supplies of pins, needles, paper, rope, cloth, thatch for their dwellings, meat and drink! They guarded upon their altar a fire which was never extinguished, and upon the continuance of whose flame they based their national prosperity. That was 400 years ago. After all, there is some ancient history in America, and most interesting history, too, if one could but read it. And we have our ruins as well as the older world, though men of armor never played at tournament in their courts. The flame has long ago died out upon the Arizona altars. The Apaches put it out and pulled down the altars after it. But the broken walls have even to-day an old, pathetic, tragic story to tell, as interesting as any romance of the days of chivalry. After we get the fierce Apaches tamed, somebody may read the story from the beginning. This is the land which is described in "The Marvelous Country," and described most graphically. The book is heavy in the hand and not easy to hold, and the illustrations are not particularly good. The title page is about a hundred years out of fashion, and the table of contents does not offer an attractive bill of fare. But the book itself is both interesting and valuable.

The soldiers who fought the Apaches of Arizona twenty or thirty years ago were led by the brave General Crook. And his campaign against the Sioux is told by Captain King, who fought with him, in a narrative—a good while ago privately printed, and now put within reach of everybody's reading and reinforced with several tales of army life—called "Campaigning with Crook." We hardly appreciate at this distance the work for civilization which has been done and is still being done, by the Indian fighter on the great plains and along the wild valleys of the West. General Crook and General Custer and men like them have made a way for the settler. They have set the arts of peace in lands which were governed by the axes and arrows of savage people. "Sitting Bull," and "Crazy Horse," and "Spotted Eagle" are the leaders of the enemy in this story of war, and the ranges of the Black Hills and Big Horn, and the prairies of Nebraska and Wyoming, are the scenes of battle. Captain King has no love for Indians. He comments after this fashion upon the Indian protectionists: "It is in New England, the land of the Pequots and the Iroquois, that the most violent partisans of the peace policy are to be found to-day. There is method in their cultured mania, for the farther removed the citizen finds himself from the Indian the better he likes him. Year after year, with the westward march of civilization, the Indian has found himself, in the poetical and allegorical language ascribed to him by Cooper and others, who never heard him use it, 'Thrust farther toward the fiery bosom of the setting sun.' Each State in turn has elbowed him toward the Mississippi, and by the time the struggling aborigine was at the safe distance of two or three States away, was virtually ready to preach fierce denunciation of the people who simply did as it had done. It is comical to-day to hear Mr. Congor, of Michigan, assailing Mr. Bedford, of Colorado, because the latter considers it time for the Utes to move on or become amenable to the laws of the land, and when we look back and remember how the whole movement was inaugurated by the Pilgrim Fathers, is it not edifying to read the Bostonian tirades against the settlers—the pilgrims and pioneers of the far West?"

There is a good deal about Indians and not much about fighting, and most of all about camp life in the Indian frontier, in Mr. Custer's "Following the Guidon." Anybody who wants to know how our soldiers live in that wild country, and how the camp looks, and what the men do, will find out in these entertaining pages. There is only one important fight narrated, and that is the Battle of the Wachita, told largely in General Custer's own words in his letters. But the flag which is kept in sight is not the battle flag but the "guidon," the flag which fixes the stations of the camp. The chapters are headed with the music of the bugle calls. The incidents of the book are hunting buffaloes, and army housekeeping, and pets of of the camp, and Indian trails and prisoners. There are floods and rattlesnake and vinegar pies and mule races and Indian babies. You are taken into camp, and made delightfully at home there, amidst all the interesting hardships and invigorating dangers and the cheerful companionships of the place. A bright, graphic, interesting book, worth reading from cover to cover.

IV.

And finally we come back, in the conventional course, by way of Salt Lake City. Mr. Thomas Gregg, who published the second newspaper printed West of the Mississippi, and who lived next door to the Mormon movement in Illinois, has his opinion of that whole business, and has no hesitation in expressing it. That "long-legged, tow-headed boy who spent most of his time fishing in the mill pond at Durlee's grist mill, on Mud creek," and was known among the neighbors as Joe Smith, was an idle fellow from the start, Mr. Gregg says. Everybody in Palmyra knew Joe Smith, and when he took to digging for hidden treasure in the hills about the town nobody was surprised. That was like Smith. He was always wanting to get rich without earning any money. Then when he declared that he had seen an angel, and that the angel had showed him certain gold plates, "each plate six inches wide and eight inches long, and not quite so thick as common tin filled with engravings in Egyptian characters, and bound together in a volume as the leaves of a book, with three rings running through the whole"—when Joe Smith was now grown to manhood, six feet high, long-legged and with big feet, his hair turned from tow color to light auburn, with large eyes of bluish gray, a prominent nose and queer mouth—when this Palmyra idler revealed this marvelous vision, nobody paid attention to him. It was just Joe Smith.

Nevertheless, Joe Smith became the "Prophet of Palmyra," and founded a religion which is one of the annoyments and anomolies of the present century.

It seems that Pittsburg had some share in that extraordinary achievement. A good man, a minister in the Presbyterian Church, named Solomon Spalding, came here to live about the year 1814. Spalding had written a singular story called the "The Manuscript Found"—the manuscript of which, contradicting its title, has now these many years been totally lost. This wild romance, written in Biblical language and describing prehistoric happenings in this country, appears to have been the basis of the "Book of Mormon." The inventor of "Mormon" was this good Mr. Spalding, of Pittsburg. There was then living in this city, in charge of the First Baptist Church, the Rev. Sidney Rigdon, with whom Mr. Spalding formed acquaintance, and in whose hands he placed the written sheets of his queer story, hoping that it might find a publisher. The Rev. Sidney Rigdon, Baptist minister of Pittsburg, knew Joseph Smith. And he fixed up the manuscript romance, so Mr. Gregg says, at Smith's request, in the shape in which it stands to-day in the "Book of Mormon."

The "Book of Mormon," then, was written here in Pittsburg—a bit of history which will perhaps be as new to many Pittsburgers as it is to THE CRITIC.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER NOVEMBER

A LEADING attraction in this number is an article, entitled "Our Italy," by CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER—the first of a short series of richly illustrated papers on Southern California. THEODORE CHILD continues his articles on South America, describing in his usual brilliant style the results of his recent observations in "Urban and Commercial Chili." This paper, like those which preceded it, is fully illustrated with drawings by leading American artists. An interesting description of "Der Meistertrunk: the Festival Play of Rothenburg," with illustrations from drawings by OTTO WALTER BECK, is contributed by E.W. MEALEY. LAFCADIO HEARN relates, in his characteristic manner, the narrative of "A Winter Journey to Japan." Professor W. M. SLOANE contributes an article on "Princeton University;" and S. H. M. BYERS one on "Switzerland and the Swiss." The fiction of the number includes "A Halloween Wraith," by WILLIAM BLACK, illustrated by W. SMALL; "Madrilène; or, the Festival of the Dead," by GRACE KING; and other short stories. The concluding instalment appears of DAUDET'S "Port Tarascon: The Last Adventures of the Illustrious Tartarin," with the usual number of illustrations by distinguished French artists. A poem, entitled "The Quaker Lady," is contributed by Dr. S. WEIR MITCHELL, with numerous illustrations by HOWARD PYLE. Among the short poems are "Too Late," by JULIAN HAWTHORNE; "In November," by ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN; "The World Runs On," by ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP; "On Waking from a Dreamless Sleep," by ANNIE FIELDS. The usual Editorial Departments conducted by GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, and CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

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THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY FOR NOVEMBER.

THE ORIGIN OF MUSIC. An article by HERBERT SPENCER, in which he discusses the opposing views of Darwin and others.

THE RELATIONS OF MEN OF SCIENCE TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC. Presidential address at this year's meeting of the American Association. The author points out the ways by which scientific men may become more useful and better appreciated. By Prof. T. C. MENDENHALL.

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES.

THE ROOT-TIP. By FREDERICK LE ROY SARGENT.

MY CLASS IN GEOMETRY. By GEORGE ILES.

HABITS OF THE BOX TORTOISE. By A. G. MAYER, M. E.

THE LOGIC OF FREE TRADE AND PROTECTION. By ARTHUR KITSON.

The History of a Star, by Prof. J. Norman Lockyer. Some Lessons From Barbarism, by Elaine Goodale. The Use of Alcohol in Medicine, by A. G. Bartley, M. D. Human Selection, by Alfred Russel Wallace. School Life in Relation to Growth and Health, by Prof. A. Key.

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"In that year my father and his family first came to Pittsburg. I was not quite 9 years old." The speaker was Mr. R. M. Anderson, whom every one in and around the Sheriff's office knows and esteems.

"Scott's Hill, over which Grant street now runs," continued Mr. Anderson, "was then a vast orchard. My father's place of business occupied the corner where the Monongahela House now stands.

Mr. R. M. Anderson, Haysville, Allegheny County, Pa.

"In 1830 we moved to Haysville, about 12 miles out of Pittsburg, where my home has been ever since. Forty years of my life was spent on the river packets both as captain and engineer. I traveled all the river waters from Pittsburg to St. Louis and New Orleans to St. Paul. It is because of a trouble brought on during that time from exposure to the fogs and damp, heavy weather in the swamps that brings me to cite this short history.

"It was at first like a cold. But soon my head and nose were stopped on one side or the other all the time. At times very severe headaches in the back of my head and around my left ear. A constant buzzing or roaring noise in my ears. My hearing then became dulled. There was a continual dropping of matter back into my throat that kept me hawking and raising to clear it, and would often almost choke me.

"A dry, hacking cough set in, sharp, shooting pains would take me in the chest and region of the heart. My appetite became affected. What I ate caused me a distress and nausea at the stomach. My sleep was restless and broken. I would arise in the morning even more tired than the night before. I continued in this condition for years, unable to find relief. I had made up my mind almost that I was past being cured. But after reading so much of Drs. Copeland and Blair and their very notable success I decided to try once more.

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"I am a well man—as well as any one could be at my age, 73. I feel better than I have in long years, and will gladly verify this statement to anyone. Drs. Copeland and Blair are the only people to treat such troubles and be positive of the result."

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$10 will buy any of our merchant tailor made Suits that were originally made up for $20 to $60.

$12 $15 $20 $25 will buy any of our merchant tailor made Overcoats that were originally made up from $20 to $40. Some very fetching top garments among them. $10 $12 $15 $18 $20

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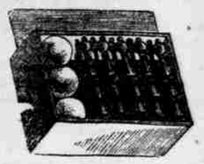

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Our Spectacles and Eye Glasses without frames lead in style. We are the only grinders of Prescription Glasses west of Philadelphia. Any combination lens made in 24 hours.

FOX OPTICAL CO., Manufacturing Opticians, 624 Penn ave., Pittsburg. ROBERT BRUCE WALLACE, Gen. Man., 461 Main st., Buffalo. Seventeenth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia. au25-TTS

ATTENTION, REPUBLICANS!

HON. JOHN SHERMAN

(Senator from Ohio)

Will address a Republican mass meeting to be held in

OLD CITY HALL,

Saturday Even'g, Oct. 25.

EVERYBODY INVITED.

W. D. PORTER, Chairman Republican Executive Committee. oc23-39

KORNBLUM'S Optical Establishment, NO. 50 FIFTH AVE., Telephone No. 1686. Pittsburg. de28-8

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IN ALL THE WORLD THERE IS BUT ONE CURE. DR. HAINES' GOLDEN SPECIFIC.

It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea, or in articles of food, without the knowledge of the patient, if necessary. It is absolutely harmless and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. IT NEVER FAILS. It operates so quietly and with such certainty that the patient undergoes no inconvenience, and ere he is aware, his complete reformation is effected. 48 page book free. To be had of

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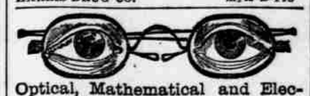

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RAILROADS.

ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAILROAD—Trains leave Union station (Eastern Standard time): Foxburg Ac., 6:55 a. m.; Niagara Ex., daily, 8:30 a. m. (Arriving at Buffalo at 8:50 P. M.); Kittanning Ac., 9:00 a. m.; Hulton Ac., 10:10 a. m.; Valley Camp Ac., 12:05 p. m.; Oil City and DuBois Express, 1:25 p. m.; Hulton Ac., 3:00 p. m.; Kittanning Ac., 3:55 p. m.; Valley Camp Ex., 4:50 p. m.; Kittanning Ac., 5:20 p. m.; Braeburn Ac., 6:20 p. m.; Hulton Ac., 7:50 p. m.; Buffalo Ex., daily, 8:45 p. m. (Arriving at Buffalo 7:20 A. M.); Hulton Ac., 9:40 p. m.; Braeburn Ac., 11:30 p. m. Church trains—Braeburn, 12:40 p. m. and 9:40 p. m. Pullman Parlor Cars on day trains and Sleeping Car on night trains between Pittsburg and Buffalo. JAS. P. ANDERSON, G. T. Agt.; DAVID MCCARGO, Gen. Supt.

PITTSBURG AND CASTLE SHANNON R. R. Summer Time Table. On and after March 30, 1890, until further notice, trains will run as follows on every day, except Sunday. Eastern standard time: Leaving Pittsburg—6:20 a. m., 7:10 a. m., 8:00 a. m., 9:30 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 1:40 p. m., 3:40 p. m., 5:10 p. m., 5:50 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 11:30 p. m. Arlington—5:40 a. m., 6:30 a. m., 7:15 a. m., 8:00 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 1:00 p. m., 2:40 p. m., 4:20 p. m., 5:10 p. m., 5:50 p. m., 7:10 p. m., 10:30 p. m. Sunday trains, leaving Pittsburg—9 a. m., 12:00 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 4:0 p. m., 7:15 p. m., 9:30 p. m. Arlington—9:10 a. m., 10 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 4:20 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m. JOHN JAHN, Supt.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

KAUFMANNS'

GREAT GIFTS TO-DAY!

A LARGE MAGIC LANTERN WILL BE GIVEN GRATIS TO-DAY!

With every Boy's Suit or Overcoat costing not less than $5—Boys, with one of these lanterns, you'll have no end of fun. They will furnish you and your friends with many evenings of amusement.

We will also offer to-day a fresh line of those Boys' Combination All-Wool Plaid Cassimere Suits, worth $5, at only

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And an extra pair of pants and stylish hat to match suit,

FREE!

To every buyer.

What a Big Time There'll be To-Day at Our

GREAT OVERCOAT SALE!

Every man needing an overcoat, and wishing to make his $10 bill go as far as $15 or $18 will go at any other place in this city, should inspect our great $10 line, consisting of extra quality Meltons, Chinchillas, Kersey, Beavers, etc., cut in Prince Charles, Fly Front and English Box styles—the last named just the right garments for stylish young men.

A BIG LOT OF MEN'S OVERCOATS AT $7 50—the identical qualities advertised as bargains by other houses at $12.

A MAGNIFICENT LINE OF MEN'S OVERCOATS AT $12—It'll take eighteen big dollars to match 'em elsewhere.

COME TO-DAY! BE WISE! BE SHREWD! COME TO-DAY!

KAUFMANNS

Fifth Ave. and Smithfield St.

From Pittsburg Union Station.

Pennsylvania Lines.

Trains Run by Central Time.

SOUTHWEST SYSTEM—PAN HANDLE ROUTE. Leave for Cincinnati and St. Louis, d 1:15 a. m., d 7:10 a. m., d 8:55 and d 11:15 p. m. Dennison, 2:45 p. m. Chicago, d 1:15 a. m. and 12:05 p. m. Wheeling, 7:10 a. m., 12:05, 6:10 p. m. Steubenville, 5:55 a. m. Washington, 6:15, 8:35 a. m., 1:55, 3:30, 4:45, 4:55 p. m. Bulger, 10:10 a. m. Burgettstown, 8 11:35 a. m., 5:25 p. m. Mansfield, 7:15, 9:30 11.00 a. m., 1:05, 6:30, d 8:35. Bridgeville, 10:10 p. m. McDonalds, d 4:15, 10:45 p. m., S 10:00 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, 5:05 p. m. Wheeling, 2:10, 8:45 a. m., 3:05, 5:55 p. m. Burgettstown, 7:15 a. m., S 9:05 a. m. Washington, 6:45, 7:50, 8:40, 10:25 a. m., 2:35, 6:25 p. m. Mansfield, 5:30, 5:53, 8:30, 11:40 a. m., 12:45, 3:55, 10:00 and S 6:20 p. m. Bulger, 1:40 p. m. McDonalds, d 6:35 a. m., d 9:00 p. m.

NORTHWEST SYSTEM—FT. WAYNE ROUTE.—Leave for Chicago, d 7:10 a. m., d 12:20, d 1:00, d 8:00, except Saturday 11:20 p. m.; Toledo, 7:10 a. m., d 12:20, d 1:00, and except Saturday 11:20 p. m.; Crestline, 5:45 a. m., Cleveland, 6:10 a. m.; 12:45 d 11:35 p. m., and 7:10 a. m., via P., Ft. W. & C. Ry.; New Castle and Youngstown, 7:20 a. m., 12:20, 3:00 p. m.; Youngstown and Niles, d 12:20 p. m.; Akron, Akronville, Erie and Ashtabula, 7:20 a. m., 12:20 p. m.; Niles and Jamestown, 3:35 p. m.; Alliance, 4:10 p. m.; Wheeling and Bellaire, 6:10 a. m., 12:45, 3:45 p. m.; Beaver Falls, 8:00 p. m.; Leetsdale, 5:30 a. m.

DEPART FROM ALLEGHENY—Rochester, 6:30 a. m.; Beaver Falls, 8:15, 11:00 a. m., 5:15 p. m., d 4:30 p. m.; Enon, 3:00 p. m.; Leetsdale, 5:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:45 a. m.; 1:15, 2:00, 4:30, 4:45, 5:30, 6:15, 7:30, 9:00 and S 8:30 p. m.; Conway, 10:30 p. m.; Fair Oaks S 11:00 a. m.

TRAINS ARRIVE Union station from Chicago, except Monday, 1:50, d 6:00, d 6:35 a. m., d 5:55 and d 9:50 p. m.; Toledo, except Monday, 1:50, d 6:35 a. m., 5:55 and 9:50 p. m.; Crestline, 12:30 p. m.; Youngstown and New Castle, 9:10 a. m., 1:25, 6:50, 10:15 p. m.; Niles and Youngstown, d 8:30 p. m.; Cle