A QUESTION OF NERVES.

The Dread of Noise One of the Alarming Signs of Civilization.

Although, according to certain philosophers, sound ceases when noise begins, to the world at large there is no sharp division. Thomas Hood said that the Germans, for a musical nation, were the most noisy he ever met with, and Schopenhauer quoted the opinion with approval, alleging as a cause that his countrymen do not think—"they only smoke, which is their substitute for thought." The great pessimist regarded noise as the assassin of thought, but Dr. Johnson made the same charge against music. As a nation we delight in the firecrackers of the Chinese and loathe their national music. They in turn cannot endure our scale and our system of harmony. The Bostonian who does not jump at discordant church chimes, harsh and out of tune, will fret at the street cries of a foreign city, although they are often pleasantly pitched and of rare historical interest.

The worshiper at the shrine of Brahms will stop her ears when "Maggie Murphy" issues from a new and improved hand organ, although the melody is characteristic, the rhythm of the performer is faultless and his bravura is of dazzling accuracy. There are people in Detroit to whom the factory whistles are such an annoyance that by a city ordinance workmen now go to their labor and return homeward in a depressing silence, and yet even the chromatic whistle, with its predominating color red and its ascending wail, was heard with joy at noon by women who thus knew there was a loafing spell for their men. After all, this distinction between noise and sound is in a measure a question of individuality as well as of association of ideas.

When Elizabeth ruled England manual laborers and mechanical artificers sang at their work. The merry cobbler is extinct. The tinker raises his voice in melody in Mr. De Koven's "Robin Hood," but in our daily life he gives vent to his feelings in prose. Our street cries in America are few, chiefly in the mouths of wandering hucksters of fruits and vegetables. Their calls are all too short, as though they realized that even in this respect time is money. Then, too, they know that in the summer, when windows are open, their vocal approach is feared by our nervous citizens, whereas, if we were truly civilized, it would be welcomed. It is true there should be a training school, and the work of Georges Kastner should be the text book.

Each vegetable should have its peculiar song. The butcher, the milkman, the hurler of ice, the buyer of old clo', the mender of windows or umbrellas, all other purveyors to human needs, should serve a sonorous apprenticeship. The orientals are our masters. They clothe the announcement of their merchandise in poetic phrases; they recommend a fruit as a consolation; flowers are perfumes of paradise for the present delectation of the faithful. Were we to adopt their methods, street cries might not in future be regarded as so many varieties of noise, as terrible as a neighboring and busy pile driver.

The unreasonable dread of noise is one of the most alarming symptoms of the sickly condition of our civilization. This is the age of the nerves and of nervous diseases. And yet in spite of the prevailing fear of shocks to the ear, human ingenuity adds daily to the number of disturbing causes. Familiarity with such causes acts, it is said, like a potent, stupefying drug. But we cannot all attend the concerts of a season, nor can we all live in the vicinity of a boiler factory. The growth of the flat should therefore be encouraged. The privacy in such a dwelling is tumultuous. The kitchen is close to the parlor; voices above and below assume unnatural proportions through the speaking trumpet of the elevator; the irritating electric bell is at the mercy of any flippant passer by. This discipline of a year may bring such callousness of nerve that the loneliness of an isolated farmhouse or the waste of ocean may in turn shatter the town dweller beyond repair.—Boston Transcript.

The Umbrella Is Very Valuable.

"An umbrella is one of the most useful articles that a man can carry with him," said Lamar J. Saunders, from Jackson, Miss. "One can be used in a dozen different ways. When the sun is shining hot, or when it is raining, a man without an umbrella must either remain indoors or suffer. As a weapon of defense there is nothing better. You can keep a man at his distance with one better than you could with a stick. Next to a shotgun or a pistol, there is no more dangerous weapon.

"I remember one time I was in a hotel that caught afire early in the morning. The guests were awakened by the stifling smoke and noise. My room was on the second floor, and by the time I had slipped on my pants the fire had gained such headway that all avenues of escape were closed. But there was my umbrella and a window, and the rest was easy.

"Another time I was walking through a pasture when a bull, with his eyes ablaze with fire, made for me. I kept my senses, and when he got within about fifty yards of me I ran toward him, opening and closing the umbrella as fast as I could. The bull wheeled around and ran from me faster than he ever ran before in his life.

"And for frightening dogs, I had rather have an umbrella than an arsenal."—St. Louis Republic.

The Why of It.

The Hindoo fatalist extends to the intellectual side of life. In grammar with them, as in destiny, a thing is so because it is so; fatalism kills out reason as it kills out spiritual effort and aspiration. I shall never forget trying to get an explanation from a Hindoo teacher of finding, in some of their writings, a plural substantive mated to a singular verb.

"Why does not this plural noun take a plural verb?"

"Because it takes a singular verb."

"Why?"

"Because it is right that it should do so."

"Why wouldn't it be right that it should take a plural verb?"

"Because it would be wrong."

"But I thought plural substantives always took plural verbs?"

"They do."

"Yet this one does not?"

"No; this one does not."

"What rule governs it then?"

"There is no rule. It does so because it is right that it should do so.—Boston Transcript.

Weak Eyes from Round Keys.

According to Dr. L. Webster Fox, a new cause of eye trouble has been found in typewriting machines. A patient called upon him who complained of sore eyes and a sensation as of sand under the eyelids. He examined the eyes carefully and found no organic weakness, and on questioning the patient further found that he had been using a typewriter with round keys, and that the most trouble was experienced while at work. He advised the use of a machine with a black keyboard and rectangular keys, and after a few months' trial of such a machine the patient had no more trouble.—Analyst.

Self Defense.

"Have you a book called 'Pansy Poems?'"

"Yes, sir."

"Gimme all you have."

"Certainly, sir. You must have a great admiration for the book."

"No, I haven't. It was written by my son, and I'm protecting the family name."—Harper's Bazar.

Successful Fan Painters.

The costly part of fine fans is the painting. Only a very few clever artists in Paris have attained reputation as fan painters, and many a great master in oils would not dare risk his name in such work. Detaille has painted a few fans with his characteristic military figures and one of the fans was sold in New York for a great sum. But Detaille seldom essays such work. Le Loire painted a fan that sold in New York for $6,000. Madeleine Lemaire occasionally paints a fan, but it is seldom used except for wall decoration. Her prices for such work are from $3,000 to $5,000.

There is a host of comparatively unknown artists whose work, excellent in its way, is seen on fans that cost from $10 to $150. Some of them sign assumed names to their work, and all are the hacks of the Parisian trade. The really famous fan painters of Europe are Albert, Chesseviere, Houghton, Eugene Ciceri and Lassallez. Albert is a painter of miniatures, and his training shows in his work on fans. His figures have a remarkable beauty of finish. Cheneviere is strong in costumes. He delights in depicting gay groups of Parisians. Houghton's work is noticeable for delicate finish. Ciceri is almost alone in painting Alpine scenes. He will cover the whole face of a fan with a great Alpine landscape, and one easily recognizable by those familiar with the Alps. Lassallez is peculiarly rich in coloring. Fans painted by these artists are sold for $125 to $500 each.—New York Sun.

The Growth of the Acorn.

The acorn is the fruit of the oak; the seed germ is a very small object at the pointed end of the acorn, with the future root uppermost. The acorn drops, and its contents doubtless undergo important molecular and chemical changes while it lies under winter covering of leaves or snow. In the mild warmth of spring the acorn swells, the little root elongates, emerges from the end of the shell and, no matter what the position of the acorn, turns downward. The root penetrates the soil two or three inches before the stalk begins to show itself and grow upward. The "meat" of the acorn nourishes both root and stalk, and two years may pass before its store of food is entirely exhausted.

At the end of a year the young oak has a root twelve to eighteen inches long, with numerous shorter rootlets, the stalk being from six to eight inches high. In this stage it differs from the sapling, and again the sapling differs from the tree. To watch these transformations under the lens is a fascinating occupation.—Ohio State Journal.

Forgotten Once Famous Days.

Our Independence Day casts into oblivion in this country some famous old holidays and holy days that ought not to be forgotten. Who that speaks familiarly of the "dog days" remembers that the 3d of July is the first of these famous days—the day on which Sirius, the dog star, first comes into conjunction with the sun. July 6 was the old midsummer day. It has lost that honor now, however, June 24 having received it instead, although that is St. John's Day, and only three days later than the summer solstice, which marks the scientific beginning of summer. The 7th of July is the feast day of St. Thomas a Becket, who, though a famous saint for years, is now remembered chiefly as the cause of the pilgrimage to Canterbury which Chaucer has immortalized.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Motto on the Coins.

The motto "E Pluribus Unum" has never been authorized by congress. Its first appearance on a coin was in 1786, before the establishment of a United States mint. At that time there was a private coining establishment at Newburg, N. Y., and the well known motto was first inscribed upon a coin struck at that "mint." It was a copper coin of the value of about one penny, or something near two cents. They are now very valuable, and but few coin collectors can boast of owning such rarities.—Philadelphia Press.

A Lesson in Speculation.

"Well," said a Detroit man who had gone south when the real estate craze was on, "I was down in Tennessee and Alabama for only six weeks and I came back with $25,000.

"Jerusalem!" exclaimed a speculator. "How did you get it?"

"Took it with me," was the response, and the speculator caught on to the idea that a penny saved might be a penny earned.—Detroit Free Press.

The "Imperial" Diamond.

The largest sum ever asked or offered for a single diamond is £430,000, which the nizam of Hyderabad agreed to give to Mr. Jacobs, the famous jeweler of Simla, for the "Imperial" diamond, which is considered the finest stone in the world.—Exchange.

The Tallest Lighthouse.

The tallest lighthouse tower is 189 feet from its base to the center of the lantern, at Cape Hatteras. Highest above the sea level is the one at Point Loma, at the entrance of San Diego bay, California, 462 feet above the ocean.—Boston Globe.

He Told the Truth.

Mrs. Snooper—Men make me tired.

Mrs. Swayback—What's the matter now?

Mrs. Snooper—My husband saw Mrs. Keedick yesterday, and I asked him what she had on, and he replied, "Oh, clothes!"—Exchange.

The latest experimenter on the auroral line infers that aurorae only appear at a considerable height in temperate zones, while in the auroral zone proper the phenomenon is generally produced in the lowerer atmosphere.

Our animal friends have less than we of that evil perseverance which makes a boy persist against his nature until he is able to smoke. If the dumb brute finds a thing distasteful or painful, he seldom touches it again.

Telephones in service in the United States number nearly 512,500, and the total length of line is over a quarter of a million miles.

There are 175 different pieces in the average watch, requiring in its manufacture 2,400 separate and distinct operations.

Wear and Tear of Iron Rails.

Taking the length of the permanent ways on the surface of the globe at nearly 60,000 geographical miles, with a daily average of ten trains, it is estimated that the total loss by wear and tear suffered each day by the metallic rails of the earth is about 600 tons. The 600 tons are lost in the form of a fine powder, and are carried back to the earth in the shape of soluble iron salts.—Yankee Blade.

Rich and Poor in London.

According to a writer, rather more than sixty-nine persons in every hundred in London are living in comfort, while rather more than thirty in every hundred are living in poverty. Of these twenty-two are poor and seven very poor, while not quite one person in every hundred belongs to the "lowest classes."

Fried Wasp Grubs.

Young wasp grubs fried in butter do not at first sight appear to be the most alluring dish in the world, yet they have been pronounced delicious by those hardy experimenters who have tried them. Fed as they are upon the sweetest juices drawn from fruits and flowers, they naturally possess a delicate flavor. Perhaps the best way to prepare them is to bake them in the comb.—Table.

Helping with Influence.

In a rather low and crowded basement of one of the city's shops recently a customer stood waiting for a parcel near an elevated desk, where a young woman was acting as cashier of the department. Directly over the girl hung a strong electric light. A man, evidently an attache of the establishment who looked after the lights, came along, extinguished the light, and proceeded to lower and clean it. The girl drew a breath of relief.

"I wish you wouldn't put the thing back," she said.

"Why," said the man, "is your head bad again?"

"It's always bad," complained the girl, "while that whirring glare is in my face."

The man laughed sympathetically. "Sorry, but I can't help it," he said; and a moment later the dazzling globe swung in position again and he went on to finish his rounds.

But it chanced that the woman who heard this was a benevolent and energetic one, and she was besides a rich and long standing patron of the store. She asked the girl at the desk a few questions to discover that the "bad head" described an almost permanent condition of dizziness and fullness, which, rightly or wrongly, she attributed to the electric light. The customer listened and sympathized and went straight from the basement to the manager's office, where her statement of the case and plea for a change in the situation of electric light or desk received probably more attention than it would have done from a less prominent woman. At all events, within a few days the cashier's desk in that basement was moved, and a small gas jet, shaded, supplied the extra light needed. It would be well, however, if there were more rich customers to come to the rescue of dazzled clerks, or more managers to investigate if such rescue is needed.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

A Great Natural Sounding Board.

"The queerest country I ever saw," said Simon Askins, for twenty-eight years a soldier on the American frontier, "is that immediately about Dry lake, in Lassen county. I was a sergeant there under General Wheaton during the Modoc war. Dry lake usually has no water in it at all. It is almost an arid plain, with some alkali scattered here and there over it, and its area is about 2½ by 4 miles. On one side are the Pit River mountains and on another are big pine woods, while to the west are the famous lava beds in which the Indians hid during that last great California struggle with the savages.

"Well, a winding road leads up from the valley into the curious basin. If a horse walk on this road anywhere, even two or three miles outside the border of the dry lake, he can be heard for many and many miles up in the interior. The ground all about there sends forth a hollow sound. Reverberations can be heard everywhere. Whether there are any caves or lost rivers there I cannot say, but though I have been almost everywhere on the frontier I never found anything like it. A footfall may be heard like a sound in a great cavern.

"Many a night when, as a soldier on duty, we anticipated an attack from the Indians or the arrival of couriers or supplies, I have put my ear to the ground. If a horse was moving about anywhere within miles he could at once easily be detected. This enabled us to put ourselves in an attitude of defence. It is a great gallery, a whispering gallery it may be called, where the acoustics are so perfect that anything said is published to the world. All the country about there has ears. Even the caw of a crow or the notes of a songster take on a weird sound."—San Francisco Examiner.

Hero Worship.

Men have a poor eye for the truest heroes round about them in their own day. Their hero worship is concerned chiefly with the past. Emerson said of Webster at the time of the fugitive slave law, when Garrison and Phillips and Parker and Whittier were waging their great fight, "He knows the heroes of 1776, but cannot see those of 1851 when he meets them in the street." However severe this view of Webster may be, the word is true of a thousand thousand men. It is as common today as it was in Christ's time and before Christ's time, for men who busy themselves in painting the tombs of the prophets to be just as busy in stoning the prophets sent unto their own generation.

Carlyle himself, the greatest of all our hero worshipers, whose name rushes to our lips at the very mention of heroes and heroism, had but a poor eye and ear for the heroic figures and voices of his own epoch. He never caught Mazzini's vision. He hardly understood what Mazzini was about in the world, even when he had him for his neighbor and went in and out with him day by day. There had been no considerable exhibition of heroism in England, according to his vision, for two centuries—no real body of heroes since the Puritans. It may well be doubted whether, had he been the contemporary of Cromwell or of Luther, whom he celebrated so well, he would not have been found their enemy and counted them malcontents, busybodies and disorderly fellows.—Edwin D. Mead in New England Magazine.

Malice of Old Sarah Churchill.

An electioneering squib written in the reign of William III describes the scene of the hustlings in Guildhall, when the platform was crowded by "all the folks in furs, from sables, ermines and the skins of curs." Swift has mentioned a "Ballad Full of Puns," which was produced during the Westminster election of 1710. But we have more precise records of the deeply designed stroke of electioneering policy ascribed to old Sarah, duchess of Marlborough, who, wishing to annoy George Grimstone, who was opposing the success of her nominees, had a fresh edition printed of a very stupid comedy called "Love in a Hollow Tree," which had been written by Lord Grimstone, and which, being heartily ashamed of it, he had suppressed. The implacable Sarah reprinted the silly play, and affixed to it an engraving representing an elephant dancing on a tightrope.—London Telegraph.

Wolseley's Error as to a Law Lord.

Whatever else may be said about Lord Wolseley, this at least is certain—when he speaks as he did in Dublin of the road to success in the army being paved with hard work, he is the hero of his own epic. It is perhaps the knowledge of his own career that has caused him to think the road to the woolsack is similarly constructed. Well, that of course is complimentary to the bar and the bench, but illustration is sometimes perilous when it deals with men and their lives.

For instance, Lord Wolseley took the case of the lord chancellor of Ireland, who really gained the woolsack through the houses of parliament and not through the four courts. In twenty-five years Mr. Gibson, now Lord Ashbourne, held but three briefs in the court over which he now presides.—London Broad Arrow.

A CURE FOR LOVE.

A cure for love? Ah, wise! who can insure
For this widespread disease a wholesome cure?
Of all disorders that are prevalent
Love doth the greatest suffering augment.
Some ills the bulk of mortals must endure—
Come, Dr. Cupid, with thy look demure,
Bring all the simples which thou canst procure,
And to afflicted myriads here present
A cure for love.

With protestations they will him assure
That all concern for them is premature,
And all advice ungratefully resent,
But with his remedy will be content.
Love will prescribe himself—unfailing, sure—
A cure for love.

—New Orleans Picayune.

Interrupted the Fight.

A gentleman was in the habit of shooting in a very wild and rocky section of the country. Part of the rocky ground was on the side of a very high hill, not accessible to sportsmen, and from this hill the hares and foxes, which were the chief game of the region, would at night betake themselves to the plains below. Leading from these rocks to the lower ground were two gullies made by the rains, near one of which the veracious gentleman who tells the story stationed himself and his attendant one night in the hope of bagging some hares.

Hardly had they taken up their position when they perceived a fox creeping stealthily down through the gully, followed closely by another. After they had played together for a few minutes one of the foxes went into hiding under one of the larger rocks at the end of the gully, and the other having apparently bidden him good night sneaked back up the hill again. In a moment he was back, but before him, racing down through the gully—being chased, in fact—was a hare fleeing for her life, and as the intended victim was passing the rock where the first fox lay concealed he tried to seize her by suddenly springing upon her, but his aim was bad and he missed.

The pursuing fox came up at this moment, and finding that the lack of skill of his co-conspirator had resulted in the loss his supper, he began to snap and snarl at the other in such a fashion that the spirit of the offending fox was aroused, and a rough and tumble fight resulted. They fought fiercely for several minutes, but as neither seemed to be getting the better of the other, the huntsman himself took the matter in hand and shot them.—Harper's Young People.

The Moons of Uranus.

Uranus has four little moons—Ariel, Umbriel, Titania, and Oberon—which, funnily enough, rise in the north and set in the south. A single diminutive one, belonging to Neptune, traverses the sky from southwest to northeast. Neither Mercury nor Venus has any satellites.—Providence Journal.

A Miserly Rector.

The Rev. Mr. Jones, of Blewbury, with a nest egg of £200 and a stipend amounting to fifty pounds per annum, left at death the sum of £10,000. He had been rector of his parish for forty years, and during all that time only one person had been known to sit at his festal table. No fire was ever lighted in his house nor was a servant kept. In winter he would visit his parishioners to keep himself from starving and cold rather than light a fire at the rectory.—Cassell's Journal.

Stolen Fruits Are Dearest.

Cobwigger—I once saw a large melon sell for two dollars.

Uncle Rastus—Dat's nuthin, sah. I wuz axed ten dollars fur un.

Cobwigger—You surely didn't give it?

Uncle Rastus—No, sah. I wuz bruk an tuk de ten days.—New York Evening Sun.

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Anthracite coal used exclusively, insuring cleanliness and comfort.

TIME TABLE IN EFFECT MAY 20, 1894.

Trains leave Scranton for Pittston, Wilkes-Barre, etc., at 8.20, 9.13, 11.30 a. m., 12.50, 2.00, 3.30, 5.00, 7.25, 11.05 p. m. Sundays, 9.00 a. m., 1.00, 2.15, 7.10 p. m.

For Atlantic City, 8.20 a. m.

For New York, Newark and Elizabeth, 8.20 (express) a. m., 12.50 (express with Buffet parlor car), 3.30 (express) p. m. Sunday, 2.15 p. m.

For MAUCH CHUNK, ALLENTOWN, BETHLEHEM, EASTON and PHILADELPHIA, 8.20 a. m., 12.50, 3.30, 5.00 (except Philadelphia) p. m. Sunday, 2.15 p. m.

For LONG BRANCH, OCEAN GROVE, etc., at 8.20 a. m., 12.50 p. m.

For Reading, Lebanon and Harrisburg, via Allentown, 8.20 a. m., 12.50, 5.00, p.m. Sunday, 2.15 p. m.

For Pottsville, 8.20 a. m., 12.50 p. m.

Returning, leave New York, foot of Liberty street, North river, at 9.10 (express) a. m., 1.10, 1.30, 4.30 (express with Buffet parlor car) p. m. Sunday, 4.30 a. m.

Leave Philadelphia, Reading Terminal, 9.00 a. m., 2.00 and 4.30 p. m. Sunday, 6.27 a. m.

Through tickets to all points at lowest rates may be had on application in advance to the ticket agent at the station.

H. P. BALDWIN, Gen. Pass. Agent.

J. H. OLHAUSEN, Gen. Supt.

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD

MAY 13, 1894.

Train leaves Scranton for Philadelphia and New York via D. & H. R. R. at 7.45 a.m., 12.05, 2.38 and 11.38 p. m. via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 11.20 a. m., and 1.20 p. m.

Leave Scranton for Pittston and Wilkes-Barre via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 11.20 a. m., 1.30, 3.50, 6.07, 8.50 p. m.

Leave Scranton for White Haven, Hazleton, Pottsville and all points on the Beaver Meadow and Pottsville branches, via E. & W. V., 6.40 a.m., via D. & H. R.R. at 7.45 a.m., 12.05, 2.38, 4.00 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 11.20 a.m., 1.30, 3.50 p.m.

Leave Scranton for Bethlehem, Easton, Reading, Harrisburg and all intermediate points via D. & H. R. R. 7.45 a.m., 12.05, 2.38, 11.38 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 11.20 a. m., 1.30 p.m.

Leave Scranton for Tunkhannock, Towanda, Elmira, Ithaca, Geneva and all intermediate points via D. & H. R. R., 8.45 a.m., 12.05 and 11.38 p. m., via D. L. & W. R. R., 8.08 a.m., 1.20 p. m.

Leave Scranton for Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Detroit, Chicago and all points west via D. & H. R. R., 8.45 a.m., 12.05, 9.15, 11.38 p. m., via D. L. & W. R. R. and Pittston Junction, 8.08 a.m., 1.20, 8.50 p. m., via E. & W. R. R., 2.41 p. m.

For Elmira and the west via Salamanca, via D. & H. R. R. 8.45 a.m., 12.05, 6.05 p. m., via D., L. & W. R. R., 8.08 a.m., 1.30 and 6.07 p. m.

Pullman parlor and sleeping or L. V. chair cars on all trains between L. & B. Junction or Wilkes-Barre and New York, Philadelphia, Buffalo and Suspension Bridge.

ROLLIN H. WILBUR, Gen. Supt.
CHAS. S. LEE, Gen. Pass. Ag't, Phila., Pa.
A. W. NONNEMACHER, Ass't Gen. Pass. Ag't, South Bethlehem, Pa.

DELAWARE, LACKAWANNA AND WESTERN RAILROAD.

Trains leave Scranton as follows: Express for New York and all points East, 1.40, 2.50, 5.15, 8.00 and 9.55 a. m.; 12.55 and 3.50 p. m.

Express for Easton, Trenton, Philadelphia and the South, 5.15, 8.00 and 9.55 a. m.; 12.55 and 3.50 p. m.

Washington and way stations, 3.55 p. m.

Tobyhanna accommodation, 6.10 p. m.

Express for Binghamton, Oswego, Elmira, Corning, Bath, Dansville, Mount Morris and Buffalo, 12.10, 2.15 a. m. and 1.24 p. m., making close connections at Buffalo to all points in the West, Northwest and Southwest.

Bath accommodation, 9 a. m.

Binghamton and way stations, 12.37 p. m.

Nicholson accommodation, at 4 p. m. and 6.10 p. m.

Binghamton and Elmira Express, 6.05 p. m.

Express for Cortland, Syracuse, Oswego, Utica and Richfield Springs, 2.15 a. m. and 1.24 p. m.

Ithaca, 2.15 and Bath 9 a. m. and 1.24 p. m.

For Northumberland, Pittston, Wilkes-Barre, Plymouth, Bloomsburg and Danville, making close connections at Northumberland for Williamsport, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and the South.

Northumberland and intermediate stations, 6.00, 9.55 a. m. and 1.20 and 6.07 p. m.

Nanticoke and intermediate stations, 8.03 and 11.30 a. m. Plymouth and intermediate stations, 3.50 and 8.52 p. m.

Pullman parlor and sleeping coaches on all express trains.

For detailed information, pocket time tables, etc., apply to M. L. Smith, city ticket office, 328 Lackawanna avenue, or depot ticket office.

"The D. L. & W."

DELAWARE AND HUDSON RAILROAD.

Commencing Monday, July 30, all trains will arrive and depart from the new Lackawanna avenue station as follows:

Trains will leave Scranton station for Carbondale and intermediate points at 2.20, 5.45, 7.00, 8.25 and 10.10 a.m., 12.00, 2.20, 3.55, 5.15, 6.15, 7.23, 9.10 and 11.20 p.m.

For Farview, Waymart and Honesdale at 7.00, 8.25 and 10.10 a.m., 12.00, 2.20 and 5.15 p.m.

For Albany, Saratoga, the Adirondacks and Montreal at 5.45 a.m. and 2.20 p.m.

For Wilkes-Barre and intermediate points at 7.45, 8.45, 9.38 and 10.45 a.m., 12.05, 1.20, 2.38, 4.00, 5.10, 6.05, 9.15 and 11.38 p.m.

Trains will arrive at Scranton Station from Carbondale and intermediate points at 7.40, 8.40, 9.34 and 10.40 a.m., 12.00, 1.17, 2.34, 3.40, 4.54, 5.50, 7.45, 9.11 and 11.33 p.m.

From Honesdale, Waymart and Farview at 9.34 a.m., 12.00, 1.17, 3.40, 5.50 and 7.45 p.m.

From Montreal, Saratoga, Albany, etc., at 4.54 and 11.33 p.m.

From Wilkes-Barre and intermediate points at 2.15, 8.04, 10.05 and 11.55 a.m., 1.16, 2.14, 3.39, 5.10, 6.08, 7.22, 9.03 and 11.16 p.m.

NEW YORK ONTARIO AND WESTERN RAILWAY

SCRANTON DIVISION.
In Effect June 24th, 1894.

North Bound. South Bound.

205 Local Pass	203 N Y Day Exp	201 Local Pass	Stations (Trains Daily, Except Sunday.)		202 Local Pass	204 Onta'o Day Ex	206 Local Pass
	P. M.		Arrive	Leave		A. M.	
....	7 25	....	N. Y. Franklin St.		....	7 45	....
....	7 10	....	West 42nd street		....	7 55	....
....	7 00	....	Weehawken		....	8 10	....
P. M.	P. M.		Arrive	Leave	A. M.	P. M.	
8 20	1 15	....	Hancock Junction		6 00	2 15	....
8 10	1 05	....	Hancock		6 06	2 21	....
7 55	12 50	....	Starlight		6 18	2 32	....
7 51	12 46	....	Preston Park		6 25	2 39	....
7 45	12 40	A. M.	Como		6 32	2 41	P. M.
7 38	12 25	10 10	Poyntelle		6 40	2 50	4 50
7 33	12 18	10 01	Belmont		6 45	2 58	4 55
7 22	12 03	9 52	Pleasant Mt.		6 55	3 06	5 03
7 19	f12 59	9 48	Uniondale		f6 58	3 09	5 06
7 08	11 49	9 38	Forest City		7 10	3 19	5 18
6 51	11 31	9 15	Carbondale		7 34	3 34	5 34
6 48	f11 20	9 12	White Bridge		7 37	f3 38	5 37
f6 43	....	f9 01	Mayfield		f7 32	f3 43	f5 42
6 41	11 23	9 03	Jermyn		7 34	3 45	5 4
6 35	11 18	8 57	Archbald		7 40	3 51	5 51
6 32	f11 15	8 54	Winton		7 43	3 54	5 57
6 29	11 11	8 50	Peckville		7 48	3 59	6 5
6 25	11 07	8 44	Olyphant