... THE ... RED BADGE

OF COURAGE.

An Episode of the American Civil War.

BY STEPHEN CRANE.

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CHAPTER XIV. The youth stared at the land in front of him. Its foliages now seemed to veil powers and horrors. He was unaware of the machinery of orders that started the charge, although from the corners of his eyes he saw an officer, who looked like a boy a horseback. come galloping, waving his hat. Suddenly he felt a straining and heaving among the men. The line fell slowly forward like a toppling wall and, with a convulsive gasp that was intended for a cheer, the regiment began its journey. The youth was pushed and jostled for a moment before he understood the movement at all, but directly

he lunged ahead and began to run. He fixed his eye upon a distant and prominent clump of trees where he had concluded the enemy were to be met, and he ran toward it as toward a goal. He had believed throughout that it was a mere question of getting over an unpleasant matter as quick y as possible, and he ran desperately as if pursued for a murder. His face was drawn hard and tight with the stress of his endeavor. His eyes were fixed in a lurid glare. And with his soiled and disordered dress, his red and inflamed features surmounted by the dingy rag with its spot of blood, his wildlyswinging rifle and banging accourtements, he looked to be an insane sol-

As the regiment swung from its position out into a cleared space, the woods and thickets before it awakened. Yellow flames leaped toward it from many directions. The forest made a tremendous objection.

The line lurched straight for a moment. Then the right wing swang forward; it in turn was surpassed by the left. Afterward the center careered to the front until the regiment was a wedge-shaped mass; but an instant later the opposition of the bushes. trees and uneven places on the ground split the command and scattered it into detached clusters.

The youth, light-footed, was unconsciously in advance. His eyes still kept note of the clump of trees. From all places near it the clannish yell of the enemy could be heard. The little flames of rifles leaped from it. The song of the bullets was in the air and shells snarled from the sky. One tumbled directly into the middle of a hurrying group and exploded in crimson fury. There was an instant's spectacle of a man, almost over it, throwing up his hands to shield his eyes. Other men, punched by bullets, fell in grotesque agonies. The regiment

left a coherent trail of bodies. They had passed into a clearer atmosphere. There was an effect like a revelation in the new appearance of the landscape. Some men working and the opposing infantry's lines were defined by the gray walls and fringes

of smoke. It seemed to the youth that he saw everything. Each blade of the green grass was bold and clear. He thought he was aware of every change in the thin, transparent vapor that floated idly in sheets. The brown for gray trunks of the trees showed each roughness of their surfaces. And the men of the regiment, with their starting eyes and sweating faces, running madly or falling, as if thrown headlong, to queer, heaped up corpses, all were comprehended. His mind took a mechanical but firm impression, so that afterward everything was pictured and explained to him, save why he himself was there.

But there was a frenzy made from his furious rush. The men, pitching forward insanely, had burst into cheerings, mob-like and barbaric, but tuned in strange keys that can arouse the dullard and the stoic. It made a mad enthusiasm that, it seemed, would be incapable of checking itself before granite and brass. There was the delirium that encounters despair and death, and is heedless and blind to the odds.

Presently the straining pace ate up the energies of the men. As if by agreement the leaders began to slacken their speed. The volleys directed egainst them had had a seeming windlike effect. The regiment snorted and blew. Among some stolid trees it began to falter and hesitate. The men, staring intently, began to wait for some of the distant walls of smoke \$ move and disclose to them the scene. Since much of their strength and their breath had vanished, they returned to caution.

The youth had a vague belief that he had run miles and he thought, in a way, that he was now in some new and uhknown land.

'The moment the regiment ceased its advance the protesting splutter of musketry became a steadied roar. Long and accurate fringes of smoke spread out. From the top of a small bill came level belchings of yellow flame that caused an inhuman whistling in the air.

The men, halted, had opportunity to see some of their comrades dropping with moans and shrieks. A few lay under foot, still or wailing. And now for an instant the men stood, their rifles shek in their hands, and watched the regiment-dwindle. They appeared dazed and stupid. This spectacle seemed to paralyze them, to overcome them with a fatal fascination. They stared woodenly at the sights and, lowering their eyes, looked from face to

Then above the sounds of the outside commotion arose the roar of the lieutenant. He strode suddenly forth, his infantile features black with rage. "Come on, yeh fools," he bellowed.

"Come on. Yeh can't stay here. Yeh and impossible things. must come on." He said more, but much of it could not be understood.

He started rapidly forward with his head turned toward the men. "Come on," he was shouting. The men stared with blank and yokel-like eyes at him. He was obliged to halt and retrace his steps. He stood then with his back to roughly pushed his friend away. the enemy and delivered gigantic curses into the faces of the men. His body vibrated from the weight and a maiden who strings beads.

Lurching suddenly forward and dropping to his knees, he fired an angry shot at the persistent woods. This action awakened the men. They huch dled no more like sheep. They seemed suddenly to bethink them of their courag weapons and at once commenced firing. Belabored by their officers they began to move forward. The regiment, involved like a cart in mud and muddle, started unevenly with many jolts and jerks. The men stopped now every few paces to fire and load, and in this manner moved slowly on from trees to

The flaming opposition in their front grew with their advance until it seemed that all forward ways were barred by the thin leaping tongues and off to the right an ominous demonstration could sometimes be dimly discerned.

The command went painfully forbetween them and the lurid lines. some trees, the men clung with desperation as if threatened by a wave.

As they halted thus, the lieutenant again began to bellow profanely. Regardless of the vindictive threats of the bullets, he went about coaxing, berating and bedamning. His lips, that rearward. A scowl of mortification were habitually in a soft and child-like curve, now writhed into unholy contortions. He swore by all possible deities. Once, he grabbed the youth by the "Come on, yeh lunk-head," he arm.

across that lot. An' then-The remainder of his idea disappeared in a blue haze of curses. The youth stretched forth his arm.

if we stay here. We've only got t' go

"Crass there?" His mouth was puckered in doubt and awe. "Cer'ly. Jest 'cross th' lot. We can't

stay here," screamed the lieutenant. He poked his face close to the youth and waved his bandaged hand. "Come on." Presently he grappled with him as if for a wrestling bout. It was as if ear on to the assault.

The private felt a sudden unspeak able indignation against his officer. He wrenched flercely and shook him

"Come on yerself, then," he yelled. There was a bitter challenge in his They galloped together down the

regimental front. The friend scrambled after them. In front of the colors the three men began to bawl: "Come on! Come on!" They danced and gyrated like tortured savages.

The flag, obedient to these appeals bended its glittering form and swept toward them. The men wavered in indecision for a moment and then with long, wailful cry, the dilapidated regiment surged forward and began its new journey.

Over the field went the scurrying mass. It was a handful of men splattered into the faces of the enemy. Toward it instantly sprang the yellow tongues. A vast quantity of the blue smoke hung before them. A mighty banging made ears valueless.

The youth ran like a madman to reach the woods before a bullet could madly at a battery were plain to them | discover him. He ducked his head low like a football player. In his haste his eyes almost closed and the scene was a wild blur. Pulsating saliva stood at the corners of his mouth.

Within him, as he hurled himself him. It was a creation of beauty and invulnerability. It was a goddess, before his vision. radiant, that bended its form with an imperious gesture to him. . It was a woman, red and white, hating and loving, that called him with the voice of his hopes. Because no harm could come to it, he endowed it with power. He kept near as if it could be a saver of lives, and an imploring cry went from his mind. *

In the mad scramble he was aware that the color sergeant flinched suddenly as if struck by a bludgeon. He faltered and then became motionless, save for his quivering knees.

Then he made a spring and a clutch at the pole. At the same instant his

friend grabbed it from the other side. 135 rious, but the was dead and the corpsc 9 would not relin-

FROM THE DEAD MAN. and awful ways into men. for the possession of the flag.

der.

CHAPTER XV.

When the two youths turned with the flag they saw that much of the regiment had crambled away and the dejected remnant was going slowly back. The men, having hurled them-selves in projectile fashion, had presently expended their forces. They slowly retreated with their faces still toward the sputtering woods and their hot rifles still replying to the din. Several officers were giving orders, their voices keyed to screams.

"Where in hell yeh goin'?" the lieutenant was asking in a sareastic bowl. And a red-bearded officer, whose voice of triple brass could plainly be heard, was commanding: "Shoot into 'em! Shoot into 'em! curse their souls!" There was a melec of speeches in which the men were ordered to do conflicting

The youth and his friend had a small scuffle over the flag. "Give it t' me."
"No-let me keep it." Each felt satisfied with the other's possession of it, but each felt bound to declare, by an offer to carry the emblem, his willingness to further risk himself. The youth

The regiment fell back to the stolid trees. There it halted for a moment to blaze at some dark forms that had beforce of his imprecations. And he gun to steal upon its track. Presently could string oaths with the facility of it resumed its march again, curving

The friend of the youth aroused, the depleted regiment had again reached the first open space they were receiving a fast and merciless fire. There seemed to be mobs all about

The greater part of the men, discouraged, their spirits worn by the turmoil, acted as if stunned. They accepted the pelting of the bullets with bowed and weary heads. It was of no purpose to strive against walls. It was of no use to .batter themselves against granite. And from this consciousness that they had attempted to conquer an unconquerable thing there seemed to arise a feeling that they had been betrayed. They glowered with bent brows, but dangerously, upon some of the officers, more particularly upon the red-bearded one with the voice of triple brass.

However, the rear of the regiment was fringed with men who continued ward until an open space interposed | to shoot irritably at the advancing foes. They seemed resolved to make every Here, crouching and cowering behind trouble. The youthful lieutenant was perhaps the last man in the disordered mass. His forcetten back was toward They looked wild-eyed, and amazed at the enemy. He had been shot in the this furious disturbance they had arm. It hung straight and rigid. Ocstirred. In the storm, there was easionally he would cease to remember an ironical expression of their impor- it and be about to emphasize an oatla with a sweeping gesture. The multi-plied pain caused him to swear with incredible power.

The youth went along with slipping, uncertain feet. He kept watchful eyes and rage was upon his face. He had thought of a fine revenge upon the officer who had referred to him and to his fellows as mule drivers. But he saw that it could not come to pass. roared. "Come on. We'll all git killed His dreams had collapsed when the mule drivers, dwindling rapidly, had wavered and hesitated on the little clearing and then had recoiled. And now the retreat of the mule drivers was a march of shame to him.

A dagger-pointed gaze from without his blackened face was held toward the enemy, but his greater hatred was riveted upon the man who, not knowing him, had called him a mule driver. When he knew that he and his comrades had failed to do anything in suc cessful ways that might bring the little he planned to drag the youth by the pangs of a kind of remorse upon the officer, the youth allowed the rage of the buffled to possess him. This cold officer upon a monument who dropped epithets unconcernedly down, would be finer as a dead man, he thought.

> could never possess the secret right to taunt truly in answer. He had pictured red letters of curious revenge. "We are mule drivers, are we?" And now he was compelled to

So grievous did he think it that he

throw them away. He presently wrapped his heart in the cloak of his pride and kept the flag erect. He harangued his fellows, pushing against their chests with his free hand. To those he knew well, he made frantic appeals, beseeching them by name. Between him and the lieutenant, scolding and near to losing his mind with rage, there was felt a subtle fellowship and equality. They supported each other in all manner of hoarse, howling protests.

But the regiment was a machine run down. The two men babbled at a forceless thing. The soldiers who had heart to go slowly were continually shaken in their resolves by a knowledge that comrades were slipping with cult to think of reputation when others were thinking of skins. Wounded men were left, crying, on this black journey.

The smoke-fringes and flames blustered always. The youth, peering once through a sudden rift in a cloud, saw a forward, was born a love, a despairing | brown mass of troops interwoven and fondness for this flag which was near | magnified until they appeared to be thousands. A ficrce-hued flag flashed

Immediately, as if the uplifting of the smoke had been prearranged, the discovered troops burst into a rasping yell and a hundred flames jetted toward the retreating band. A rolling, gray cloud again interposed as the regiment doggedly replied. The youth had to depend again upon his misused ears which were trembling and buzzing from the melee of musketry and

The way seemed eternal. In the clouded haze, men became panie-stricken with the thought that the regiment had lost its path and was proceeding in a perilous direction. Once the men who headed the wild proces-They jerked at sion turned and came pushing back it, stout and fu- against their comrades screaming that they were being fired upon from points color sergeant which they had considered to be toward their own troops. A soldier who heretofore had been ambitious to make the regiment into a wise little band quish its trust. that would proceed calmly amid the For a moment huge-appearing difficulties, suddenly there was a grim sank down and buried his face in his encounter. The arms with an air of bowing to a doom. dead man, From another, a shrill lamentation swinging with rang out filled with profane allusions bended back to a general. Men ran hither and seemed to be ob- thither seeking with their eyes roads of stinately tug- escape. With screne regularity as if and ridiculous. The stolid trees, where WRENCHED THE FLAG ging in ludierous controlled by a schedule, bullets buffed much had taken place, seemed incredi-

again the corpse swayed forward with ground. He unconsciously assumed bowed head. One arm swung high and the attitude of the color-bearer in the the curved hand fell with heavy pro- fight of the preceding day. He passed test on the friend's unheeding shoul- over his brow a hand that trembled. His breath did not come freely. He was choking during this small wait for the crisis.

His friend came to him. "Well, Flem, I guess this is good-by-John." "Gh, shut up, you dammned fool," re plied the youth and he would not look at the other. The officers labored like politicians

face the menaces. The ground was uneven and torn. The men curled into depressions and fitted themselves snugly behind whatever would frustrate a bullet. The youth noted with vague sur-

mutely with his legs far apart and his sword held in the manner of a cane. The youth wondered what had happened to his vocal organs that he no more cursed. There was something curious in this little intent pause of the lieutenant He was like a babe which having wept

prise that the lieutenant was standing

its fill, raises its eyes and fixes upon a distant toy. He was engrossed in this contemplation and the soft under-lip quivered from self-whispered words. Some lazy and ignorant smoke curled slowly. The men hiding from the bullets, waited anxiously for them to lift and disclose the plight of the regiment.

The silent ranks were suddenly thrilled by the eager voice of the youthful lieutenant bawling out:

Gawd." His further words were lost themselves unawares upon his engaged in a roar of wicked thunder from the

The youth's eyes had instantly turned in the direction indicated by the awakened and agitated Heutenant, and he had seen the haze of treasbery disclosing a body of soldiers of the enemy. They were so near that he could see their features. There was a recognition as he looked at the types of faces. Also he perceived with dim amazement that their uniforms were rather gay in effect, being light gray plentifully accented with a brillianthued facing. Too, the clothes seemed

These troops had apparently been going forward, with cantion, their rifles held in readiness, when the youthful lieutenant had discovered them and their movement had been interrupted by the volley from the blue regiment. From the moment's glimpse, it was derived that they had been unaware of the proximity of their darksuited foes, or, had mistaken the direction. Almost instantly, they were shut utterly from the youth's sight by the smoke from the energetic rifles of his companions. He strained his vision to learn the accomplishment of the volley, but the smoke hung before him.

The two bodies of troops exchanged blows in the manner of a pair of boxers. The fast, angry firings went back and forth. The men in blue were intent with the despair of their circumstances, and they seized upon the revenge to be had at close range. Their thunder swelled loud and valiant. Their curving front bristled with flashes and the place resounded with the clangor of their ramrods. The youth ducked and dodged for a time, and achieved a few unsatisfactory views of the enemy. There appeared to be many of them, and they were replying swiftly. They seemed moving toward the blue regiment step by step. He seated himself gloomily on the ground with his flag between his

As he noted the vicious, wolf-like temper of his comrades he had a sweet thought that if the enemy was about to swallow the regimental broom as a large prisoner it could at least have the consolation of going down with bristles forward.

But the blows of the antagonist began to grow more weak. Fewer bullets ripped the air, and finally, when the men slackened to learn of the fight, they could see only dark, floating smoke. The regiment lay still and gazed. Presently some chance whim came to the pestering blur and it began to coil heavily away. The men saw a ground vacant of fighters. It would have been an empty stage if it were not for a few corpses that lay thrown and twisted into fantastic shapes upon the sward. At sight of this tableau many of the men in blue sprang from behind their covers and made an ungainly dance of joy. Their eyes burned and a hoarse cheer of elation broke from their dry lips.

It had begun to seem to them that events were trying to prove that they were impotent. Fate had evidently endeavored to demonstrate that the men could not fight well. When on the verge of submission to these opinions the small duel had showed them that the proportions were not impossible, and by it they had revenged speed back to the lines. It was diffi- themselves upon their misgivings and

The impetus of enthusiasm was theirs again. They gazed about them with looks of uplifted pride, feeling new trust in the grim always-confident weapons in their hands.

CHAPTER XVL

Presently they knew that no firing threatened them. All ways seemed once more opened to them. The dusty blue lines of their friends were dis closed a short distance away. In the distance there were many colossal noises, but in all this part of the field there was a sudden stillness.

They perceived that they were free. The depleted band draw a long breath of relief and gathered itself into a bunch to complete its trip.

In this last length of journey, the men began to show strange emotions. They hurried with nervous fear. Some who had been dark and unfaltering in the grimest moments now could not conceal an anxiety that made them frantic. It was, perhaps, that they dreaded to be killed in insignificant ways after the time for proper military deaths had passed. Or, perhaps, they thought it would be too ironical to get killed at the portals of safety. With backward looks of perturbation they hastened.

They turned, when they arrived at their old position, to regard the ground over which they had charged.

The youth, in this contemplation, was smitten with a large autonishment. He discovered that the distances, as compared with the brilliant measurings of his mind, were trivial bly near. The time, too, now that he 'The youth walked stolidly into the reflected, he saw to have been short. It was past in an instant of time. midst of the mob and, with his flag in He wondered at the number of emotions They wrenched the flag furiously from his hands, took a stand as if he ex- and events that had been crowded into the dead man, and as they turned pected an attempt to push him to the such little spaces. Elfin thoughts must have exaggerated and enlarged everything, he said.

The men were gulping at their canteens, fierce to wring every mite of water from them. And they polished at their swollen and watery features with cont sleeves and bunches of grass. However, to the youth there was a considable joy in musing upon his performances during the charge. He had had very little time, previously, in which to appreciate himself, so that there was now much satisfaction in quietly thinkto beat the mass into a proper circle to | ing of his actions. He recalled bits of color that in the flurry had stamped

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senses.

Several men came hurrying up. Their faces expressed a bringing of great "Oh, Flem, yeh jest oughta heard,"

eried one, eagerly.
"Heard what?" said the youth. "Yeh jest oughta heard," repeated

the other, as he arranged himself to tell his tidings. The others made an excited circle. "Well, sir, th' colonel met your lieutenant right by us-it was the derndest thing I ever heard-an' he ses: 'Ahem,' ses he, 'Mr. Hasbronek,' he ses, 'by th' way, who was that lad what carried th' flag,' he ses. There, Flem,

SEVERAL MEN CAME, what do yeh think a that? 'Who was the lad what carried th' flag?' he ses, an' the lieutenant, he speaks up right away. That's Flemin', an' he's a Jimhickey, he ses. Th' lieutenant, he ses: 'He's a Jimhiekey,' and the colonel, he ses: Ahem, he is indeed a very good man t' have. He kep' th' flag way t' th' front, I saw 'im. He's a good 'un,' ses the colonel. 'You bet,' ses the lieutenant, 'he an' a feller named Wilson was at th' head a th' charge, an' howlin' like Indians, all the time,' he ses. 'Head a the charge all the time,' he ses. 'A feller named Wilson,' he ses. There, Wilson, m' boy, put that in a letter an' send it hum t' yer mother, hey? 'A feller named Wilson,' he ses. An' the colonel, he ses: 'Were they indeed? Ahem, ahem. My sakes,' he ses. 'At th' head o' th' reg'ment?' he ses. 'They were,' ses the lieutenant. 'My sakes,' ses the colonel. He ses: 'Well, well, well,' he ses, 'those two babies?' 'They were, ses the lieutenant. 'Well, well,' ses the colonel, 'they deserve t' be major generals,' he ses. 'They deserve t' be ma-jor generals.'"

The youth and his friend said: "Huh." "Yer lyin', Thompson." "Oh, go to blazes." "He never said it." "Oh, what a lie." "Huh." But despite these youthful scoffings and embarrassments they knew that their faces were deeply flushing from thrills of pleasure. They exchanged a secret clance of joy and congratulation.

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Gen. Pass, Agent. J. H. OLHAUSEN, Gen. Supt.



In Effect Sept. 16th, 1894. North Bound. South Bound.

6641 69 05 Mayfield f7 82 63 43 65 44 64 5 46 64 5 11 88 65 Archibald 7 40 3 51 55 63 51 18 8 857 Archibald 7 40 3 51 55 53 15 55 63 27 6115 8 51 Winton 7 40 3 54 55 65 25 11 67 8 44 60 19 phant 7 52 4 04 6 60 62 11 05 8 41 Dickson 7 53 4 07 6 07 60 6 07 <t< th=""><th>Nor</th><th colspan="3">n ground. Se</th><th colspan="3">uth Bound.</th></t<>	Nor	n ground. Se			uth Bound.		
7 25 N Y Frankin St 7 40 Vest 42nd St 7 55 Vest 5 V	INTERCEMENT	5	Local Passa Passa	(Trains Daily,	Local 5	55 To \$40.	Local E
8 10 1 00 Hancock 6 06 2 11 1 7 68 12 56 Startight 6 18 2 22 1 7 45 12 40 Preston Park 6 25 2 31 7 45 12 40 Como 6 52 2 41 25 25 Prystelle 6 40 2 25 25 25 Pleasant Mt, 6 58 3 00 7 19 f1129 Uniondale ft 58 3 00 7 19 f1129 Uniondale ft 58 3 00 7 10 f1129 Uniondale ft 58 3 00 7 10 f1129 Uniondale ft 58 3 00 7 10 f1129 10 f12 White Bridge ft 72 f3 33 4 5 34 6 45 6 45 6 11 18 3 9 08 25 25 25 11 18 8 57 Architald ft 7 41 3 31 5 54 6 25 11 18 8 50 Peckville ft 7 48 3 50 5 56 6 25 11 18 8 50 Peckville ft 7 8 4 00 fyhant 7 52 4 04 6 04 6 11 11 03 8 41 Dickson 7 54 4 07 6 07 6 11 11 03 8 80 Throop. 7 56 4 10 6 10 6 14 11 00 8 86 Poyddance 8 800 4 14 6 14	P M	7 25 7 10 7 00		N Y Franklin St West 42nd St Weehawken	А М	7 55 8 10	
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All trains run daily except Sunday. Secure rates via Ontario & Western before purchasing tickets and save money. Day and Night Express to the West. J. C. Anderson, Gen. Pass. Agt. T. Filtereft, Div. Pass. Agt., Scranton, Pa.



DELAWARE AND HUDSON RAIL-

Commencies Monday, day, July 30, all trains will arrive at new Lack-ewanna evenue station as follows:
Trains will leave Scranstation for Carbondale and indicate points at 2.20, 5.45, 7.00, 8.25 and 5 a.m., 12.00, 2.20, 3.55, 5.15, 6.15, 7.25, 9.10 11.20 p.m. ton station for at 7.00, 8.25 and 10.10 a.m., 12.00, 2.29 and 5.15 at 7.00, 8.25 and 10.10 a.m., 12.00, 2.27 and 3.25 p.m.

Per Albany, Sarataga, the Adirondacks and Montreal at 5.45 a.m. and 2.20 p.m.

For Wilkes-Barre and intermediate into at 7.45, 8.45, 9.35 and 19.45 a.m., 12.05, 120, 2.38, 4.00, 5.10, 6.05, 9.15 and 11.33 p.m.

Trains will arrive at Scranton station from Carbondalo and Intermediate points at 7.40, 8.40, 8.34 and 10.40 a.m., 12.00, 1.17, 2.34, 2.50, 4.54, 5.55, 7.45, 9.11 and 11.33 p.m.

From Honesdale, Waymart and Faryview at 9.34 a.m., 12.00, 1.17, 3.40, 5.55 and 7.45 p.m.

7.45 p.m.
From Montreal, Saratoga, Albany, etc., at 4.54 and 11.33 p.m.
From Wilken-Barro and Intermediate points at 2.15, 8.04, 10.05 and 11.55 a.m., 1.16, 2.14, 3.59, 5.19, 6.05, 7.20, 9.03 and 11.15 p.m.

Nov. 18, 1894.

Train leaves Scranton for Philadelphia and New York via D. & H. R. R. at 7.45 a.m., 12.65, 2.38 and 11.38 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 11.20 am., and 1.39 p.m.
Leave Scranton for Pittsion and Wilker-Barre, via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 11.20 a.m., 2.50, 6.57, 8.59 p.m.
Leave Scranton for White Haven, Hazieton, Pottsville and all points on the Beaver Meadow and Pottsville branches, via El. & W. V. R. R., 6.40 a.m., via D. & H. R. at 7.45 a.m., 12.05, 2.38, 4.00 p.m., via D. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, II.20 a.m., 120, 2.50 p.m. 2.69 p.m.
Leave Scranton for Bethlehem, Easton, Roading, Harrisburg and all intermediate points via D. & H. R. R., 7.45 s.m., 12.65, 2.35, 4.00, 11.38 p.m., via D. L. & W. R. R., 6.09, 8.08, 11.29 a.m., 1.39 p.m.
Leave Scranton for Tunkhannock, Towarda, Elmira, Ithaca, Geneva and all intermediate points via D. & H. R. R., 8.45 a.m., 12.65 and 11.35 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R., 8.08, 9.55 a.m., 1.39 p.m.
Leave Scranton for Rochester, Buffaio, Niagara Fails, Detroit, Chicago and all points west via D. & H. R. R., 8.45 a.m., 12.65, 9.15, il.38 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R. and Pittiston Junction, 8.08, 9.55 a.m., 1.30, 5.90 p.m., via E. & W. V. R. R., 3.41 p.m.
For Elmira and the west via Salamanca, via D. & H. R. R., 8.45 a.m., 12.05, and 6.67 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, Buffaio, and Suspension Bridge. 150 p.m. Leave Scranton for Bethlehem, Easton,

Del., Lack. and Western. Trains leave Scranton as follows: Ex-press for New York and all points East, 1.49, 2.50, 5.15, 8.00 and 9.55 a.m.; 12.56 and 3.50 Express for Easton, Tranton, Philadelphia and the south, 5.15, 8.00 and 9.55 a.m., 12.55 and 3.59 p.m.

Washington and way stations, 3.55 p.m.
Tolyhanna 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. and Southwest.

Bath accommodation, 9 a.m.

Binghamton and way stations, 12.37 p.m.

Nicholson accommodation, at 5.15 p.m.

Binghamton and Elmira Express, 6.6

ROLLIN H. WILBUR, Gen. Supt. CHAS, S. LEE, Gen. Pays. Agt., Phila., Fa. A. W. NONNEMACHER, Asst. Gen. Paes. Agt., South Bethlehem, Pa.

Binghamton and Elmira Express, on m.

Express for Cortland, Syracuse, Oswerd Utlea and Richfield Springs, 2.35 a.m. and 1.24 p.m.

1thaca, 2.35 and Bath 9 a.m. and 1.24 p.m.

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

Northumberland and intermediate stations, 6.00, 3.55 a.m. and 1.30 and 6.07 p.m.

Nanticoke and intermediate stations, 8.08 and 11.20 a.m. Plymouth and intermediate stations, 3.50 and 8.52 p.m.

Pullman parlor and sleeping coaches on all express trains Puliman partor and sleeping conches 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,

Eric and Wyoming Valley. Trains leave Scranton for New York and intermediate points on the Eric raliroad at 6.35 a.m. and 324 p.m. Also for
Honesdale, Hawley and local points at
5.35 9.65 a.m., and 3.24 p.m.
All the above are through trains to and
from Honesdale.

Trains leave for Wilkes-Barre at 6.40 a.m., and 3.41 p.m.