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There is no doubt that the mare was spent, but still it is true that I might have galloped on through Senlis and reached the country where I should have had no enemy between me and Paris. But what hussar can ride past a fight and never draw rein? It is to ask too much of him. Besides I thought that if Violette had an hour of rest I might be three hours the better at the other end. Then on the top of it came those heads at the windows with their sheepskin hats and their barbarous cries. I sprang from my saddle, threw Violette's bridle over a nail post and ran into the house with the rest. It is true that I was too late to be of service, and that I was nearly wounded by a lance-thrust from one of these dying savages. Still it is a pity to miss even the smallest affair, for one never knows what opportunity for advancement may present itself. I have seen more soldierly work in outpost skirmishes and little gallop-and-hack affairs of the kind than in any of the emperor's big battles.

When the house was cleared I took a bucket of water out for Violette, and our peasant guide showed me where the good mayor kept his fodder. My faith, but the little sweetheart was ready for it. Then I sponged down her legs and leaving her still tethered, I went back into the house to find a mouthful for myself, so that I should not need to halt again until I was in Paris.

And now I come to the part of my story which may seem singular to you, although I could tell you at least ten things every bit as queer which have happened to me in my lifetime. You can understand that to a man who spends his life in scouting and vedette duties on the bloody ground which lies between two great armies there are many chances of strange experiences. I'll tell you, however, exactly what occurred.

Old Bouvet was waiting in the passage when I entered, and he asked me whether we might not crack a bottle of wine together. "My faith, we must not be long," said he. "There are 10,000 of Theilmann's Prussians in the woods up yonder."

"Where is the wine?" I asked.

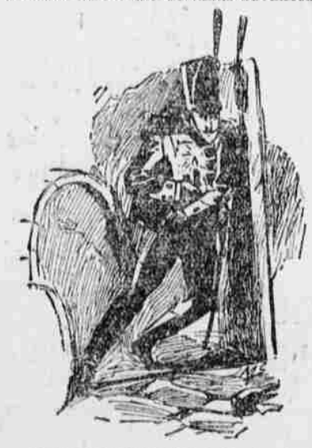
"Ah! you may trust two hussars to find where the wine is,'" said, and, taking a candle in his hand, he led the way down the stone stairs which led to the kitchen.

When we got there we found another door which opened onto a winding stair with the cellar at the botton. The Cossacks had been there before us, as was easily seen by the broken bottles littered all over it. However, the mayor was a bon vivant, and I do not wish to have a better set of bins to pick from. Chambertin, Graves, Alicant, white wine and red, sparkling and still, they lay in pyramids peeping coyly out of the sawdust. Old Bouvet stood with his candle, looking here and peeping there, purring in his throat like a cat before a milkpail. He had picked upon a Burgundy at last, and had his hand outstretched to the bottle, when there came a roar of musketry from above us, a rush of feet, and such a yelping and a screaming as I have never listened to. The Prussians were upon us.

Bouvet is a brave man—I will say that for him. He flashed out his sword, and away he clattered up the stone steps, his spurs clinking as he ran. I followed him, but just as we came out into the kitchen passage a tremendous shout told us that the house had been recaptured.

"It is all over," I cried, grasping at Bouvet's sleeve.

"There is one more to die," he shouted, and away he went like a madman up the second stair. In effect I should have gone to my death also had I been in his place, for he had done very wrong in not throwing out his scouts to warn him if the Germans advanced



I Put My Feet Against a Hogshead.

upon him. For an instant I was about to rush up with him, and then I bethought myself that, after all, I had my own mission to think of, and that if I were taken the important letter of the Emperor would be sacrificed. I let Bouvet die alone, therefore, and I went down into the cellar again, closing the door behind me.

Well, it was not a very rosy prospect down there, either. Bouvet had dropped the candle when the alarm came, and I, pawing about in the darkness, could find nothing but broken bottles. At last I came upon the candle, which had rolled under the curve of a cask, but try as I would with my tinder box I could not light it. The reason was that the wick had been wet in a puddle of wine, so suspecting that this might be the case, I cut the end off with my sword. Then I found that it lighted easily enough. But what to do I could not imagine. The scoundrels upstairs were shouting themselves hoarse, several hundred of them from the sound, and it was clear that some of them would soon want to moisten their throats. There would be an end of a dashing soldier and of the mission and of the medal. I thought of my mother and I thought of the emperor. It made me weep to think that the one would lose so excellent a son and the other the best light cavalry officer he ever had since La Salle's time. But presently I dashed the tears from my eyes. "Courage!" I cried, striking myself upon the chest. "Courage, my brave boy! Is it possible that one who has come safely from Moscow without so much as a frost bite will die in a French wine cellar?" At the thought I was up on my feet, and clutching at the letter in my tunic, for the crackle of it gave me courage.

My first plan was to set fire to the house, in the hope of escaping in the confusion. My second to get into an empty wine cask. I was looking round to see if I could find one, when suddenly in the corner I espied a little, low door, painted of the same gray color as the wall, so that it was only a man with a quick sight who would have noticed it. I pushed against it and at first I imagined that it was locked. Presently, however, it gave a little, and then I understood that it was held by the pressure of something upon the other side. I put my feet against a hogshead of wine and gave such a push that the door flew open and I came down with a crash upon my back, the candle flying out of my hands, so that I found myself in darkness once more. I picked myself up and stared through the black archway into the gloom beyond.

There was a slight ray of light coming from some slit or grating. The dawn had broken outside and I could dimly see the long, curving sides of several huge casks, which made me think that perhaps this was where the mayor kept his reserves of wine, while they were maturing. At any rate, it seemed to be a safer hiding place than the outer cellar, so, gathering up my candle, I was just closing the door behind me when I suddenly saw something which filled me with amazement, and even, I confess, with the smallest little touch of fear.

I have said that at the further end of the cellar there was a dim, gray fan of light, striking downward from somewhere near the roof. Well, as I peered through the darkness, I suddenly saw a great, tall man skip into this belt of daylight, and then out again into the blackness at the further end. My word, I gave such a start that my busby nearly broke its chin strap. It was but a glance, but none the less I had time to see that the fellow had a hairy Cossack cap on his head, and that he was a great, long legged, broad shouldered brigand, with a saber at his waist. My faith, even Etienne Gerard was a little staggered at being left alone with such a creature in the dark.

But only for a moment. "Courage," I thought. "Am I not a hussar, a brigadier, too, at the age of 31, and the chosen messenger of the emperor?" After all, this skulker had more cause to be afraid of me than I of him. And then suddenly I understood that he was afraid—horribly afraid. I could read it from his quick steps and his bent shoulders, as he ran among the barrels, like a rat making for its hole. And, of course, it must have been he who had held the door against me, and not some packing case or wine cask, as I had imagined. He was the pursued then, and I the pursuer. Aha, I felt my whiskers bristle as I advanced upon him through the darkness! He would find that he had no chicken to deal with, this robber from the north. For the moment I was magnificent.

At first I had feared to light my candle, lest I should make a mark of myself, but now, after cracking my shin over a box and catching my spurs in some canvas, I thought the bolder course the wiser. I lit it, therefore, and then advanced. "Come out, you rascal," I cried. "Nothing can save you. You will at last meet with your deserts."

I held my candle high, and presently I caught a glimpse of the man's head, staring at me over a barrel. He had a gold chevron on his black cap, and the expression of his face told me in an instant that he was an officer and a man of refinement.

"Monsieur," he cried, in excellent French, "I surrender myself upon the promise of quarter. But if I do not have your promise I will then sell my life as dearly as I can."

"Sir," said I, "a Frenchman knows how to treat an unfortunate enemy. Your life is safe!" With that he handed the sword over the top of the barrel, and I bowed, with the candle upon my heart. "Whom have I the honor of capturing?" I asked.

"I am the Count Boutkine of the emperor's own Don Cossacks," said he. "I came out with my troop to reconoiter Senlis, and, as we found no sign of your people, we determined to spend the night here."

"And would it be an indiscretion," I asked, "if I were to inquire how you came into the back cellar?"

"Nothing more simple," said he. "It was our intention to start at early dawn. Feeling chilled after dressing, I thought that a cup of wine would do me no harm, so I came down to see what I could find. As I was rummaging about, the house was suddenly carried by assault so rapidly that by the time I had climbed the stairs it was all over. It only remained for me to save myself, so I came down here and hid myself in the back cellar where you have found me."

I thought of how old Bouvet had behaved under the same conditions, and the tears sprang to my eyes as I contemplated the glory of France. Then I had to consider what I should do next. It was clear that this Russian count, being in the back cellar, while we were in the front one, had not heard the sounds which would have told him that the house was once again in the hands of his own allies. If he should once understand this, the tables would be turned and I should be his prisoner instead of he being mine. What was I to do? I was at my wits' end, when suddenly there came to me an idea so brilliant that I could not but be amazed at my own invention.

"Count Boutkine," said I, "I find myself in a most difficult position."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because I have promised you your life."

His jaw dropped a little. "You would not withdraw your promise?" he replied.

"If the worst comes to the worst, I can die in your defense," said I, "but the difficulties are great."

"What is it, then?" he asked.

"I will be frank with you," said I. "You must know that our fellows, especially the Poles, are so incensed against the Cossacks that the mere fact of the uniform drives them mad! They precipitate themselves instantly upon the wearer, and tear him limb from limb. Even their officers cannot restrain them."

The Russian grew pale at my words and the way in which I said them.

"But this is terrible!" said he.

"Horrible!" said I. "If we were to go up together at his moment I cannot promise how far I could protect you."

"I am in your hands," he cried; "what would you suggest that we should do? Would it not be best that I should remain here?"

"That worst of all."

"And why?"

"Because our fellows will ransack the house presntly, and then you would be cut to pieces. No, no, I must go up and break it to them. But even then, when once they see that accursed uniform, I do not know what may happen."

"Should I then take the uniform off."

"Excellent! Excellent!" I cried. "Hold! We have it! You will take your uniform off and put on mine. That will make you sacred to every French soldier."

"It is not the French that I fear so much as the Poles."

"But my uniform will be a safeguard against either."

"How can I thank you?" he cried. "But you—what are you to wear?"

"I will wear yours."

"And perhaps fall a victim to your generosity."

"It is my duty to take the risk," I answered. "But I have no fears. I will ascend in your uniform. A hundred swords will be turned upon me. 'Hold!' I will shout. 'I am Brigadier Gerard.' Then they will see my face. They will know me, and I will tell them about you. Under the shield of these clothes you will be sacred."

"His fingers trembled with eagerness as he tore off his tunic. His boots and breeches were much like my own, so there was no need to change them, but I gave him my hussar jacket, my dolman, my busby and sword belt and my saber sash, while I took in exchange his high sheepskin hat, with the gold chevron, his fur trimmed coat and his crooked sword. Be it well understood that in changing the tunics I did not forget to change my thrice precious letter also from my old one to my new.

[To Be Continued.]

Burdock Blood Bitters CURES HEADACHE. CURES HEADACHE. CURES HEADACHE.

Restores Lost Health,

MISS LOTTIE CARSON, of Savanac, Mich., writes: "I have been troubled with a terrible headache for about two years and could not get anything to help me, but at last a friend advised me to take your BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS, which I did, and after taking two bottles, I have not had the headache since."

A GRATEFUL PATIENT
TESTIFIES TO
DR. HACKER'S
TREATMENT OF
NERVOUS DISEASES OF YOUNG MEN

AS I WAS. AS I AM.

I give the following statement unasked. I have been a sufferer for so long a time and have spent so much money with so-called specialists and each time have been disappointed and misled, that it was with a good deal of doubt that I called on DR. HACKER. But knowing of some of the cures he made in this city four years ago, and the confidence of the people of Scranton in him then, I resolved to try him. It was a lucky move for me. I was troubled with dizziness, spots floating before my eyes, bad dreams, melancholy, easily startled when spoken to, no desire to exert myself and tired on the least exertion, especially in the morning; had no pleasure in company; very nervous and altogether was a complete wreck. But thanks to DR. HACKER, I am today a well man. I would advise all young men suffering as I did to call immediately; in 45 days I gained in flesh 18 pounds. For obvious reasons I prefer to withhold my name, but if any who suffer will call on DR. HACKER at the Lackawanna Medical Institute, he will furnish my name and address.

NO CURE, NO PAY.

EXAMINATION FREE and conducted in German, Welsh or English.

Send for "Our Book" on nervous diseases of men. Office, 327 Spruce street, Scranton.

OFFICE HOURS—8 a. m. to 8 p. m. Sunday, 10 a. m. to 2 p. m.

Third National Bank
OF SCRANTON.

CAPITAL - - - $200,000
SURPLUS - - - $260,000
UNDIVIDED PROFITS - $50,000

WILLIAM CONNELL, President.
GEO. H. CATLIN, Vice-President.
WILLIAM H. PECK, Cashier.

DIRECTORS:

William Connell, James Archbald, Alfred Hand, George H. Catlin, Henry Belin, Jr., William T. Smith, Luther Keller.

The management of this bank points with pride to its record during the panic of 1893, and previous panics, when special facilities were extended to its business accounts.

Atlantic Refining Co

Manufacturers and Dealers in

ILLUMINATING AND LUBRICATING

OILS

Linseed Oil, Napthas and Gasolines of all grades. Axle Grease, Pinion Grease and Colliery Compound; also a large line of Paraffine Wax Candles.

We also handle the Famous CROWN ACME OIL, the only family safety burning oil in the market.

Wm. Mason, Manager.

Office: Coal Exchange, Wyoming Ave. Works at Pine Brook.

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Have you Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper-Colored Spots, Aches, Old Sores, Ulcers in Mouth, Hair Falling? Write Cook Remedy Co., 307 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill., for proofs of cures. Capital $500,000. Patients cured nine years ago today sound and well. 100-page book free.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is safe, reliable and effectual because of the stimulating action which it exerts over the nerves and vital powers of the body, adding tone to the one and inciting to renewed and increased vigor the slumbering vitality of the physical structure, and through this healthful stimulation and increased action the cause of PAIN is driven away and a natural condition restored. It is thus that the READY RELIEF is so admirably adapted for the CURE OF PAIN and without the risk of injury which is sure to result from the use of many of the so-called pain remedies of the day.

It Is Highly Important That Every Family Keep a Supply of

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Always in the house. Its use will prove beneficial on all occasions of pain or sickness. There is nothing in the world that will stop pain or arrest the progress of disease as quick as the READY RELIEF.

CURES AND PREVENTS
Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Influenza Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, Difficult Breathing.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. NOT ONE HOUR after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

Internally—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Flatulency and all internal pains.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Price 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

Always Reliable. Purely Vegetable.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Dizziness, Vertigo, Costiveness, Piles,

SICK HEADACHE, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION AND ALL DISORDERS OF THE LIVER.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness of weight of the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price 25c. per box. Sold by Druggists or sent by mail.

Send to DR. RADWAY & CO., Lock Box 365, New York, for Book of Advice.

WEARINESS

in women, that nervous, aching, worn-out feeling, comes to an end with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It restores your strength; it puts new life into you; it brings you back into the world again.

It is a powerful general, as well as uterine, tonic and nervine, especially adapted to woman's delicate wants. It regulates and promotes all the natural functions, and builds up, invigorates, and cures.

Creston, Iowa.

DR. R. V. PIERCE: Sir—My wife improved in health gradually from the time she commenced taking "Favorite Prescription" until now. She has been doing her own housework for the past four months. When she began taking it, she was scarcely able to be on her feet, she suffered so from uterine debility.

I can heartily recommend it for such cases.

H. H. Snyder

"WELL, SIR"

"Spectacles!" Yes sir! We have a specialist here to fit you who does nothing else. Sit right down and have your eyes fitted in a scientific manner.

LLOYD, JEWELER,
423 LACKAWANNA AVENUE.

RAILROAD TIME-TABLES

Central Railroad of New Jersey.
(Lehigh and Susquehanna Division)

Anthracite coal used exclusively, insuring cleanliness and comfort.

TIME TABLE IN EFFECT NOV. 18, 1894.

Trains leave Scranton for Pittston, Wilkes-Barre, etc., at 8.20, 9.15, 11.30 a.m., 12.45, 2.00, 3.05, 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., 12.45 (express with Buffet parlor car), 3.05 (express) p.m. Sunday, 2.15 p.m.

For Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton and Philadelphia, 8.20 a.m., 12.45, 3.05, 5.00 (except Philadelphia) p.m. Sunday, 2.15 p.m.

For Long Branch, Ocean Grove, etc., at 8.20 a.m., 12.45 p.m.

For Reading, Lebanon and Harrisburg, via Allentown, 8.20 a.m., 12.45, 5.00 p.m. Sunday, 2.15 p.m.

For Pottsville, 8.20 a.m., 12.45 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.

PICTURESQUE LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD

Nov. 18, 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 am., and 1.30 p.m.

Leave Scranton for Pittston and Wilkes-Barre, via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 11.20 a.m., 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. R. R., 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, 4.00, 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 11.35 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R., 8.08, 9.55 a.m., 1.30 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, 9.55 a.m., 1.30, 8.50 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, 6.05 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R., 8.08, 9.55 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. Agt., Phila., Pa.
A. W. NONNEMACHER, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., South Bethlehem, Pa.

"The D. L. & W."

DELAWARE AND HUDSON RAILROAD.

Commencing Monday, day, July 30, all trains will arrive at 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, 7.25, 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, 8.15 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, 5.55, 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, 5.55 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, 7.20, 9.03 and 11.16 p.m.

Del., Lack. and Western.

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, 2.35 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 5.15 p.m.

Binghamton and Elmira Express, 6.05 p.m.

Express for Cortland, Syracuse, Oswego Utica and Richfield Springs, 2.25 a.m. and 1.24 p.m.

Ithaca, 2.35 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 1.30 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.

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

NEW YORK ONTARIO AND WESTERN RAILWAY

SCRANTON DIVISION.
In Effect Sept. 16th, 1894.

North Bound.				South Bound.		
205 Local Pass	203 NY Exp	201 Local Pass	Stations (Trains Daily, Except Sunday)	202 Local Pass	204 Ontario Day Ex	206 Local Pass
	P M		Arrive Leave		A M	
....	7 25	....	N Y Franklin St	....	7 40	....
....	7 10	....	West 42nd St	....	7 55	....
....	7 00	....	Weehawken	....	8 10	....
P M	P M		Arrive Leave	A M	P M	
8 20	1 15	....	Hancock Junc.	6 00	2 05	....
8 10	1 00	....	Hancock	6 06	2 11	....
7 58	12 56	..	Starlight	6 18	2 22	....
7 51	12 46	....	Preston Park	6 25	2 31	....
7 45	12 40	....	Como	6 32	2 41	....
7 38	12 25	....	Poyntelle	6 40	2 50	....
7 33	12 18	....	Belmont	6 45	2 58	....
7 22	12 03	....	Pleasant Mt.	6 55	3 06	....
7 19	f11 59	....	Uniondale	f6 58	3 09	....
7 08	11 49	A M	Forest City	7 10	3 19	P M
6 51	11 34	9 15	Carbondale	7 34	3 34	5 34
6 48	f11 30	9 12	White Bridge	7 37	f3 38	5 37
f6 43	.....	f9 06	Mayfield	f7 32	f3 43	f5 42
6 41	11 23	9 03	Jermyn	7 34	3 45	5 45
6 35	11 18	8 57	Archibald	7 40	3 51	5 51
6 32	f11 15	8 54	Winton	7 43	3 54	5 54
6 29	11 11	8 50	Peckville	7 48	3 59	5 59
6 25	11 07	8 44	Olyphant	7 52	4 01	6 04
6 21	11 03	8 41	Dickson	7 54	4 07	6 07
6 19	11 00	8 39	Throop	7 56	4 10	6 10
6 14	11 00	8 36	Providence	8 00	4 14	6 14
f6 13	f10 57	8 33	Park Place	8 02	f4 17	6 16
6 10	10 55	8 30	Scranton	8 05	4 20	6 20
P M	A M	A M	Leave Arrive	A M	P M	P M

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f. signifies that trains stop on signal for passengers.

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