

(These short serial stories are copy righted by Bacheller, Johnson & Bachel ler, and are printed in The Tribune by special arrangement, simultaneous with their appearance in the leading daily journals of the large cities).

Dramatis Personae-Henry Holt (a blind veteran of the civil war).

Maria (his wife). Molly (their daughter; a child).

A Lady (name unknown).

People in the street. Time-The afternoon of a bleak De cember day.

Scene-The main shopping thoroughfare of an American city. A crowd block the side walk in front of a large drygoods store in whose windows glit ters a splendid holiday display. A wax dummy enveloped in brocade and ermine confronts another in evening dress of white satin and rose chiffon Gorgeous fabrics of silk and velvet drape the sides of the window. These

are all akin in tint: the colors of the window resemble a cluster of roses, shading from bride to plush and jacueminot. In the rear is seen the interior of a luxuriously appointed little room; it is labeled: "A boudoir," and is arranged to advertise the prevailing fashions of furniture and upholstery. The room is furnished in rose and silver. Its dressing-table is covered łady's toilet, costly in value and dainty in design. Tall candles of pink wax the long mirror. The draperies of rich lace are carefully looped back from the

candles. The mirror reflects the street. A lady, plainly dressed in black, is trying to push her way through the crowd, but is blockaded by the women who are studying the show window. She casts a quick glance between the ermine and the chiffon dummies, across the splendors of the rose and silver decorations. Her eyes rest upon the rails you? mirror, and an expression of trouble crosses her countenance. In the glass | Oh, it's the words you said! It's the

head. Woman in the Crowd-Now, there's an air about that brocade.

First Woman-I'll tell my husband he shan't have any peace till he fits me up a room like that yonder. He' goin' to begin with the silver hairbrush come

Second Woman (sighing)-But then

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea With a glory in His bosom That transfigures you and me."

(Lady with sighs of emotion stops in front of the street musician, and silentobserves him). Henry plays:

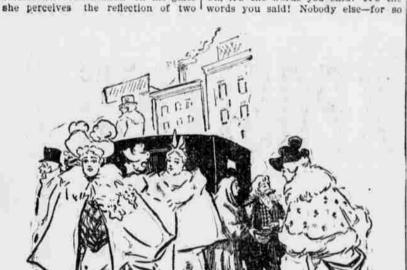
"Since he died to make men holy, Let us die to make men free.

Lady (to herself)-I can't stand this! suppose the Conglomerate Anti-Pauper Mission would disown me forever, but I cannot stand it! (Empties her purse of its silver into the musician's cap.) As she does so, she withdraws a nickel coin and says apologetically: "You see I'm a suburban, and I must keep a car fare to get to the station. I'm late to my train now. It's too bad with the elegant conveniences of a there is no more. Oh, I'm sorry for von!"

The lady hurries away. Maria Holt burn in silver sconces at the sides of looks after her wistfully, as she deftly turns the silver from the cap into Henry's pocket.

Her eyes fill. Henry plays and sings: "Let us die to make men free!

Lady. (unexpectedly returning)-Never mind my train. I've given it up. I can't bear this! I must know something about you-why, what's the matter? Why, you poor woman! What



wretched figures. These are a man | long-and we have had such a hard woman holds the man's arm; both are thinly dressed and are seen-in the mirror-to shiver. The man is pale and undersized: he has a consumptive look; his hands are cold and blue; he raises a flute to his lips, then puts it down, and tries to warm his fingers.

The woman has a delicate face; she holds out a cap, somewhat timidly or proudly, as if she shrank from the act Now and then a passer drops a nickel or a penny into the cap. The woman removes her other hand from the man's arm, and wraps his fingers in her shawl to warm them.

The Man-Cold, Maria? Wife-Not so very, Henry.

Husband-Tired, girl. Wife-Standing hurts me a little But I don't mind.

Husband-It is pretty cold. It comes hard-draggin' you out. If I could come by myself! Oh, Lord, if I could get about alone!

Wife-Now, Henry! Dear Henry! Why you know I don't mind it-much. I like to come along with you. I think it does me good to get the air. Only the stormy days-and you ain't fit to play when it storms, yourself. You will have to give it up this winter, I'm

Husband-I'll take Molly next time. You're beat out, Maria, Molly-she can take me in tow like a little lady.

She's the smartest of the blood. Molly is. I'd feel bad if we shouldn't make out a Christmas for 'em, this year, Maria. Somebody may send a turkey -but that don't go into little stockin's. Wife-If I get another dress to make

over we can manage. Don't you feel anxious, Henry? That fat customer I know. She don't understand. Madam! had wears out dreadfully on her side seams. I calculate she'll need another cheap wrapper soon.

Husband (more cheerfully)-Yes. That's one thing about it. You can always sew when you can get the job. And Molly can tend to me. I guess we'll manage.

Wife-We always have, dear-most

Husband-That's so, most always But we can't afford to talk. Time to talk is for rich folks. You'v warmed my fingers up nicely in your shawl,

I'll go at once. The street musician plays. "How can I bear to leave thee? One parting kiss I'll give thee, And then what e'er befalls me I'll go where duty calls me."

Lady blockaded in front of the shopwindow starts and stirs. The musician, reflected in the mirror,

plays on:

"Farewell, farewell, my own true love. Farewell-Fare-well."

candles is obscured. The dummy in ermine and the dummy in rose chiffon exchange' haughty glances over her

Second Woman-Give me the chiffon! It's the fashionable shade.

the children clutter and muss so! Do you think it would pay for the bother? I'd rather have that real ermine opera cloak. It's marked four hundred dol-

Henry Holt plays:

glass, to avoid contact with the flaming

Maria Holt (bursting into tears)-



"Oh. I'm So Sorry for You!"

of myself! I don't know whenever he's heard me cry before-have you, Henry? But it's the words you said! Lady (much moved)-The words I

said? Oh-that! Such a little common human-oh, you poor woman! Henry Holt puts down his flute. His pinched face works pathetically. He rolls his eyes helplessly toward Maria. Then, with the most exquisite motion

by which knight or gentleman could express reverence or tenderness for women, the street musician gropes for the cheek of his wife, and strokes it with the palm of his blue hand. A crowd has begun to thicken around

Henry, Maria and the lady; but neither of the three appears aware of it. The man caresses his wife as ingenuously as if she and he were alone in the world He shows no consciousness

of the presence of observers Lady-Tell me all about it! Tell me how it happens. Why are you like this? You are Americans-

Henry (interrupting)-New England, born and bred. Lady-You don't look as if you ought

to be doing this. You look above begging on the street. Henry-Ma'am? Maria-Oh, madam! Don't you see!

Henry, she don't understand. She didn't mean it. She ain't that kind of lady. Madam-Henry-Begging?

His face flushes from white to purple. His flute drops to the pavement. His wife picks it up and wipes it with her shawl. She speaks in a crooning

Maria-There, there, dear! She don't my husband is a musician. He is not a beggar. He works hard for a living. Try it and see-all weathers.

Maria Holt raises herself with dignity and with a trembling forefinger points at her husband's eyes.

Lady-Blind?

Maria nods silently.

Lady (overcome)-Oh, I beg your par don. Oh, you poor people! I beg your pardon with all my heart.

The Street Musician (bowing with a fine grace)-Madam, you have it from Lady-Tell me how it came about-

this great misfortune. Do you mind telling me? I will try not to hurt your feelings so stupidly again.

Henry Holt (drawing himself erect)-Yes, ma'am, I will tell you. It happened thirty years ago, but it don't need thirty words to tell it. Seems to me, ma'am (smiling) if you'll excuse me, you're the one that don't see of us

The street musician lifts his purple Lady turns her back on the show fingers to his sightless eyes and then,

with a superb gesture, points in silence to a faded decoration pinned upon his shrunken breast. It is the badge of the Grand Army of the Republic.

The crowd about the group has slowly increased. Sliver begins to fall into the street-player's cap. There is a gap among the women at the show window. Maria Holt tooks through this gap, Her wan eyes raise themselves to the ermine opera cloak with instinctive feminine attention; she glances at the pink and silver room. The blind man's pale face turns blankly in the same direction. To him alone of all the people before the window its luxurious display appeals without arousing interest. The dummy in ermine and the the crowd toward the man and the dummy in chiffon regard him scorn-

The First Woman in the Crowd-It's street-players. The light of the pink a hand organ, I guess. Isn't there a monkey? I dote on monkeys.

Second Woman-It isn't a monkey It's only a little man with a flute. Let's move on to the millinery window. First Woman-Wait, I've got ten cents.

Second Woman-I've spent every cent I've got in the world on that ostrich plume and my jet trimmin's. I've got to borrow of you to get home. I feel kind of ashamed, too-seems so mean. Let's move along, and they'll think we didn't see him.

Lady-Did you lose your eyesight in the army?

Henry Holt (cheerily playing Yankee Doodle. Finishes the strain conscientiously before he speaks)-Excuse me, ma'am, it seems to be silver that's coming in. I know it by the note it strikes. I want to earn what I take. I don't beg. I am a musician. I used to play in bands. I've always been fond of music. Yes, ma'am. I lost my eyes in the war; one of 'em.

Maria Holt-The other followed. come five years. That was when we was first married, so I know. I was young then, a slip of a girl. It came dreadful hard on us.

Lady-Is he quite blind? Henry-I am quite blind. One eye don't look it, they say. Some folks think I'm shamming, but they're folks that don't know anything. I got a piece of a shell at Antietam.

Lady-But the United States does not leave its blind soldiers to be-play on the streets-on public sympathy-for a living. What is your pension? Henry (smiling)-I don't get the pen-

sion for serious disability. What I get just about pays our rent. It don't clothe nor feed us. I don't get a blin'l man's pension. But we get along sometimes quite well. It depends some on whether my wife can get a job and then there's the weather. I ain't so strong as I was before the war. I don't stand bad weather. I have the pneumonia-and that's expensive. There's a hitch about my pension, you see. I used to think it would come round. But we've given up bothering, haven't we, Maria?

Maria (apahetically)-Yes, it only riles you up and disappoints you. Nothing comes of it

Lady-Weren't you honorably discharged? Veteran (proudly)-Madam? Lady-Well-of course-but I mean-

Wife-It's something about a surgeon. He died. Henry (recovering himself and smiling)-So he doesn't find it convenient to testify. His testimony is lacking. Lady-Ah! A flaw in your pension

papers? Veteran-That's about the size of it. Lady (gently)-Hard! Veteran-Well, yes. But we're kind of used to it. It is hard, though-some-

times. Lady-How many children have you? Henry (eagerly)-There's Molly! Maria-And the two little ones. We had two older boys. They died. The drainage was bad where we live. We tried to save on rent those days. We

don't-since. Lady-Do you make a living? Do you suffer? Have you clothes? A fire? Food enough? How many battles did you serve in? Now give me your street and number. I must look into this

matter. How many battles, did you Veteran (putting his flute down from his mouth and counting on the stops with his cold fingers)-Fair Oaks, Mal-

vern Hill, Bull Run, Antietam. It was at Antietam I got the shell. Lady-This is pitiful! It is not right.

The country-patriotic people ought to do something! Veteran-Oh, folks are kind enough

I get a turkey most every Christmas. and a woman. They stand upon the pull!—Oh, don't mind me! Oh, I am curbstone huddling together; the ashamed—Henry, Henry, I'm ashamed fixings.

(sotto voce)-He gives youth. his manhood, his health, his eyesight for his country, and gets a turkey and cranberry sauce on Christ-

Veteran-Ma'am, ther? was thirty-five thousand of us the last time I inquired. I'm only one of the delayed list. Don't take it to heart so. We're kinder used to it. Some weeks we get on very well. It depends so much on the

weather! Man from the Crowd-How do you know that he ain't one of the fraudulent claims? There's been a good sight more than thirty-five thousand of

Lady-I don't know, but I don't believe it; and I can look him up.

Gentleman from the crowd-I'll spare you the trouble. I know the man. I'm a neighbor of his, in a way. I teach in his ward. His children come to my school. I know about the family. They are honest people, It is all lust as he says.

Lady-I will see you again. You shall hear from me. I will remember -and the children! The holidays are coming along.

Maria-Yes. We do mind it when we can't make Christmas for the child-That's the hardest. Now, he ren. talks about Molly. I don't see how I can let that child go on the street with him. Her little winter sack's worn to rags; it's past mending, and I've cut over all the flannels I've got. It's no place for Molly, anyhow, but I ain't very strong. Madam-(she whispered). Lady-Oh! (She wrings the woman's

hand). Henry (mechanically counting on the stops of the flute)-Fair Oaks, Malvern Hill, Bull Run, Antietam-

Lady (extending her hand, for which

the street player gropes)-So, good-by, now. I shan't forget you. Your country hasn't forgotten you, either. don't believe it! Veteran (smiling slightly)-Don't

you, ma'am? Lady-Well, I don't blame you for looking that way! Maria-Ma'am, he sings, too. You

ought to hear him sing before you go. My husband s a born musician. He gives his money's worth. You ought to know about that. Henry (flattered)-Now, madam! My wife is so foolish about me. Women are, you know. (Plays and sings):

> My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty! Of thee I sing.

from the singer and disappeares in the

(To Be Continued).

Tribulations of the Armenians

They Are Detailed by King Miller, Who Was Born in That Country.

CRUELTY OF THE TURKS TO THEM

Life of a Christian Armenian No More Sacred in the Eyes of a Mussulman Than Would Be That of a Dog.

The recent massacre of Armenian Christians in Turkey caused a thrill of horrorall over the civilized world and compelled Christian governments to turn their attention to the deplorable condition of the Armenian people, who are subjects of the Sultan of Turkey,

King Miller, the Spruce street tailor who is the only Armenian in the city yesterday related to a Tribune reporter the condition of his countrymen under Turkish rule. The Armenians believe that they are the most ancient race in existence and

that they are descendants of Japeth. Their home has been about the foot of Mount Ararat from time immemorial and it is their firm conviction that their language is the one God used when addressing Adam and Eve. Most of the Armenians are Apostolic Catholics and their forms of worship are very similar to those of the Roman Catholic church to which they originally belonged.

There are about 7,000,000 Armenians In the country that was formerly Armenians in the country that was formerly Armenia, and in the territory adjacent to it, who are governed by Russia, Persia and Turkey. In Russia they are dies of the day. Persia and Turkey. In Russia they are well treated, but in Turkey and Persia It Is Highly Important That Every the reverse is the rule. Those residing in Turksih territory fare the worst.

Should Be Wiped Out. Christianity will never make any advances in the east until Turkey as a nation is a thing of the past," said Mr. Miller yesterday. "The Turkish gov-ernment is the undying foe of Chris-It is impossible for Christian missionaries to get among the Turks to preach the gospel of Christ on account of the attitude of government and people

toward them. "The Turkish people have no capacity for business, most of which is in the hands of the Armenians who have to colonize in every city where they locate for mutual protection. Even in Constantinople the age and a second colonized for mutual protection. Even in Constantinople the age and the second colonized for mutual protection. stantinople the 200,000 Armenians have to remain together in one part of the city to protect their persons and prop-

"A cardinal point in the education of the lower class of Turks is the instilling of a violent hatred for Christians, and they believe that it is no greater offense to kill one of them than it would be to slay a dog. This accounts in a great measure for the freedom with which Christians are slaughtered on the slightest provocation.

They are Constantly Recurring.

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They Are Constantly Recurring.

"At least once in every ten years an itbreak occurs similar to that which is recently been recorded. I was in outbreak occurs similar to that which has recently been recorded. I was in Constantinople when the war between druggists. Turkey and Russia was being fought. Duraing that struggle the Turks found opportunity to put to death hundreds of thousands of Bulgarian Catholies

and many Armenians met a like fate

Could all the details be made clear the

world would stand aghast at the seem-

ingly incredible deeds of cruelty these blood-thirsty and fanatical mussulmans have perpetrated. "Besides the regular Turkish army there is a body of religious fanatics known as the 'Bashi-Bazouks,' who follow in the wake of the soldiers who are engaged in battle. The Christian who escapes the regular soldiers is put to the sword by the 'Bazouks,' who believe they are engaged in a high and

the entire Christian people if they "The Turkish prisons are full of Armenians who are incarcerated on the slightest provocation. They have no redress and are frequently allowed to

holy service. They would exterminate

remain there and die.

Arrested in Constantinople. "I went to Constantinople seven years ago to visit friends and was at once thrown into prison, and had not some influential men been interested in my case there is no telling how long I would have been compelled to remain there. The fact that a man is an American citizen affords him no protection in Turkey. He would be consigned to

prison for as trivial a reason as being an Armenian. "The latter are not allowed to carry weapons of any kind, and their homes are rigidly searched at intervals for evidence that any are stored. The Turks go armed at all times and thus have the Armenians at their mercy, for

the latter has nothing with which to defend himself in case of an attack. "Taxes of all kinds are imposed on the Armenian. A father has to pay a tax of \$1.50 a year for each son, and a further tax of \$4 for every \$100 that he is worth. Many of the poorer classes are unable to pay the sums required by the government, and to prevent outbreaks the wealthy Armenians subscribe sums to pay the taxes of those too poor to

The Pending Investigation "The investigation that is about to be made into the latest outrages will, I think, amount to very little, for the Turkish government will take every opportunity to keep the real facts from coming to the attention of the commissioners. More exact information would be obtained by sending men into the country who know the language and customs of the people and who would gather facts by actual conversation and contact with those who have

been made to suffer so deeply. "It is time that Christian people everywhere awake to the terrible condition of affairs that exists in the east. and by united action exterminate a government that calmly allows its subjects to murder the minister of God on the altar, the father while protecting his family, and who condemn the flower of the womanhood of a people to a fate worse than death."

The End of Vacation. He has had his last waltz; his last dip in the sea; He has spooned his last spoon with his charming Marie; He has vowed his last vow; he has kissed his last kiss;
He has drained his last dregs of a fort-

night's brief bliss.
The landlord has taken his last dollar in, The waiters surround him with many a As he sadly distributes his last dimes to And leaves for the city at 5:02 p. m.

> The Touching Farewell. The succulent oyster accosted The maid as he left ocean's side, He whispered, "Adleu;" But she thought of the stew; "Ah, no; au revoir," she replied. -Detroit Tribune.



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For Atlantic City, 8.20 a.m.
For Atlantic City, 8.20 a.m.
For Atlantic City, 8.20 a.m.
For Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton and Philadelphia, 8.20 a.m.,
12,45 a.05, 5.00 (except Philadelphia) 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 Reading, Lebanon and Harrisburg,
via Allentown, 8.20 a.m., 12,45, 5.00 p.m.
Sunday, 2.15 p.m.
For Pottsville, 8.39 a.m., 12,45, 5.00 p.m.
Sunday, 2.15 p.m.
For Pottsville, 8.39 a.m., 12,45 p.m.
Returning, leave New York, foot of Liberty street, North-river, at 2.10 (express)
a.m., 1.10, 1.30, 4.39 (express) with Buffet
parlor car) p.m. Sunday, 4.39 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

g.o. a.m., 2.0 and 4.30 p.m. Sunday 6.37 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.

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 a.m., and i.30 p.m.

Leave Scranton for Pittston and Wilken-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., 12.06, 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. D., L. & W. R. R., 5.00, 5.08, 11.20 a.m., 1.39, 3.50 p.m.

Leave Scranton for Hethlehem, 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., 12.06 and 11.35 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R., 8.08, 9.55 a.m., 1.20 p.m.

Loave Scranton for Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Detroit, Chicago and all points west via D. & H. R. R., 8.45 a.m., 12.06, 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., 12.06, 6.05 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R., 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. Del., Lack. and Western.

Trains leave Scranton as follows: Ex-press 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, Philadel-phia 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, El-mira, Corning, Bath, Dansville, Mount Marris and Burdal, 12.10, 2.35 a.m. and 1.24

mira, Corning, Bath, Dansville, Mount Morris and Buffalo, 12:10, 2:35 a.m. and 1:24 p.m., making close connections at Buf-falo 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

1.24 p.m.

Ithaca, 2.35 and Bath 9 a.m. and 1.24 p.m.
For Northumberland, Pitiston, Wilkes-Barre, Plymouth, Bloomsburg and Danville, making close connections at Northumberland for Williamsport, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and the South. Northumberland and intermediate sta-PITCHER, ATTORNEY-ATmmonwealth building, ScranManticoke and intermediate stations,
8.08 and 11.20 a.m. Plymouth and intermediate stations,
8.08 and 11.20 a.m. Plymouth and intermediate stations,
8.08 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, 22 Lackawanna avenue, or depot ticket office.

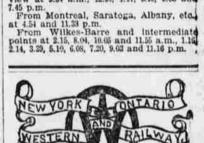


Commencing Monday, day, July 20, all trains will arrive at new Lackawanna avenue station as follows:
Trains will leave Scranton station for Carbondale and intermediate points at 2.20, 5.45, 7.00, 8.25 and 10.10 a.m., 12.00, 2.20, 3.55, 5.15, 6.15, 7.25, 9.10 and 11.20 p.m. and 11.20 p.m.
For Farview, Waymart and Honesdale at 7.00, 8.25 and 10.19 a.m., 12.00, 2.20 and 5.15 For Albany, Saratoga, the Adirondacks and Montreal at 5.45 a.m. and 2.20 p.m.

For Wilkes-Barre and intermediate ints at 7.45, 8.46, 9.38 and 19.45 a.m., 12.06, 1.20, 2.28, 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, 8.49, 9.34 and 19.40 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., 12.30, 1.17, 3.40, 5.55 and 7.45 p.m.



All trains run daily except Sunday. f. signifies that trains stop on signal for page sengers.

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. Filteroft, Div. Pass. Agt., Scranton, Pa.

Eric and Wyoming Valley. Trains leave Scranton for New York and intermediate points on the Erie railroad at 6.55 a.m. and 324 p.m. Also for Honesdale, Hawley and local points at 6.35 9.45 a.m. and 3.24 p.m. All the above are through trains to and from Honesdale.

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

For Delicacy,

For purity, and for improvement of the con plexion, nothing equals Pozzoni's Powder

Hotels and Restaurants.