Toxin

By OUIDA.

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CHAPTER II.

Veronica Laranigra was charmed to find her necklace; she was still more charmed to find an adventure through it.

This beautiful youth with his starry eyes, soft with admiration, who had brought her back the opals, looked like a knight out of fairyland. She was young; she was weary of the seclusion of her widowhood; she was kept in close constraint by those who had authority over her; she was ready to reenter life in its enjoyments, its amusements, its affections, its desires. The tragic end of her husband had impressed and saddened her, but she had recovered from its shock. The marriage had been arranged by their respective families, and the hearts of neither had been consulted. Laranigra, however, had become much in love with her, and had left her all which it was in his power to leave, and that had been much.

"How clever it was of you to see my opals under the grass and the sand!" she said, a few minutes later, as Andreis presented Damer in the long, dim room hung with tapestries and rich in bronzes, marbles, pictures and mosaics.

She was like a picture of Caterina Cornaro as she stood on the balcony of her house; her gold hair was enclosed in a pearl-sown net, and her cloak of red satin, lined with sables, lay on her shoulders and fell to her feet like the robes of a Dagaressa; for her dead lord she had felt no regret. The balcony was filled with spiraea, whose white blossoms were like snow about her in

They Sang Together.

the starlight and lamplight as the gondola which brought Andreis and his companion to her palace paused below at the water-stairs. She threw her cloak on a couch as she spoke; she was dressed in black, but the gauze sleeves of the gown showed her fair arms, and the bodice was slightly open on her bosom; her face was bright like a rose above the deep shadow of the gown; her hair had been a little ruffled by the wind of the evening as she had stood on the balcony.

"Madam," said Damer, as he bowed to her with a strange and unwelcome sense of embarrassment, "Prince Andreis should not have told you that I had such good fortune. I am no fit squire of dames; he is."

She did not catch his meaning. She turned from him a little impatiently, and addressed Andreis.

She spoke of music. Andreis was accomplished in that art; there was a mandolin lying on the grand piano; he took it up and sang to it a Sicilian love song; she took it from him and sang Venetian barcarolle and starnelli; then they sang together, and their clear, youthful voices blent harmoniously. People passing on the canal stopped their gondolas under the balcony to listen; some Venetian professional musicians in a boat applauded. Damer sat in the shadow and listened, and looked at them. Music said little or nothing to him; he had scarcely any comprehension of it; but something in the sound of those blended voices touched a chord in his nature—made him feel vaguely sad, restlessly desirous, foolishly irritated. The light fell on the handsome head of Andreis, on the carnations at the lady's throat, on the rings on their hands which touched as they took the mandolin one from the other; behind them was the open casement, the balcony with its white spiraea; the lighted frontage of a palace on the opposite side of the canal. As they ceased to sing the people below on the water applauded again, and cried: "Brava! brava! brava!"

"Prince Andreis is a poet," said Damer, with a harsh tone in his voice.

"Who never wrote a verse," said Andreis, as he handed a cup of coffee to his hostess.

Through the closed windows the sounds of a chorus sung by the strolling singers below came faintly and muffled into the room; the lamplight shone on the white spray of the spiraea, which looked like a crystal of snow.

"If I had found the opals I should have been inspired by them," he added. "As it is, I am dumb and unhappy."

Veronica Laranigra smiled.

"If you are dumb, so was Orpheus."

"And if you are unhappy," added Damer, "you are only so out of wantonness because the gods have given you too many gifts."

"Or because he has stolen a piece of spiraea," said Veronica.

"I may keep my theft?" asked Andreis.

"Yes. For you brought back the opals, though you did not find them."

Soon after they took their leave of her and went down to the waiting gondola. The boatload of musicians had drifted upward toward Rialto, the colors of their paper lanthorns glowing through the dark. There was no moon. They did not speak to each other in the few minutes which carried them to their hotel. When they reached it they parted with a brief good night. Neither asked the other what his impressions of the evening had been.

When the young Sicilian prince, Lionello Andreis, head of an ancient Hispano Italian family, had met with a hunting accident and the tusks of an old boar had brought him near to death, an English surgeon, by name Frederic Damer, who was then in Palmermo, did for him what none of the Italian surgeons dared to do, and, so far as the phrase can ever be correct of human action, saved his life. A year had passed since then; the splendid vitality of the Sicilian had returned to all its natural vigor; he was only 24 years of age and naturally strong as a young oak in the woods of Etna. But he had a mother who loved him, and was anxious; she begged the Englishman to remain awhile near him; the Sicilian laughed but submitted; he and Damer had traveled together during several months, and were about in another month to part company; the Sicilian to return to his own people, the Englishman to occupy a chair of physiology in a town of northern Europe. Their lives had been briefly united by accident and would have parted in peace; a collar of opals was by chance washed up amongst the flags and burdocks of Torcello and the shape of their fate was altered.

Damer was the son of a country physician, but his father had been poor, the family numerous, and he, a third son, had been sent out into the world with only his education as his capital. He practiced surgery to live; he practiced physiology to reach through it that power and celebrity for which his nature craved and his mental capacity fitted him. But at every step his narrow means galled and fretted him, and he had been a demonstrator, an assistant, a professor in schools, when his vast ability and relentless will fitted him for the position of a Helmholtz or a Virchow in that new priesthood which had arisen to claim the rule of mankind, and sacrifices to itself all sentient races.

In Andreis he saw all the powers of youth and wealth concentrated in one who merely used them for a careless enjoyment and a thoughtless good nature which seemed to himself as senseless as the dance in the sun of an amorous negro. Andreis and the whole of his family had shown him the utmost gratitude, liberality and consideration, and the young prince bore from him good-humoredly sarcasms and satires which he would not have suffered from an emperor; but Damer in his turn felt for the Sicilian and his people nothing but the contempt of the great intellect for the uncultured mind, the irritation of the wise man who sees a child gayly making a kite to divert itself out of the parchments of a treatise in an unknown tongue which, studied, might have yielded up to the student the secret of perished creeds and of lost nations. There is no pride so arrogant, no supremacy so unbending, as those of the intellect. It may stand, like Belisarius, a beggar at the gate; but, like Belisarius, it deems itself the superior of all the crowds who drop their alms to it, and while it stretches out its hand to them its lips curse them.

"I wish I had lived when this collar was new," Veronica Laranigra said, when her jewelers returned to her the opals restored to their pristine brilliancy. "Life in Venice was one long festa then. I have read of it. It was all masque and serenade and courtship and magnificence. People were not philosophical about life then; they lived—Mina Laranigra was a beautiful woman. They have her portrait in the Belle Arte. It is by Lucchi. She holds a rose to her lips and laughs. She was killed by her husband for an amour. She had these opals on her throat when he drove the stiletto through it. At least so Carlo used to tell me. But perhaps it was not true."

"Do not wear them," said Andreis, to whom she was speaking. "Do not wear them if they are blood-stained. You know they are pierres de matheur."

She laughed.

"You Sicilians are superstitious. We northerners are not. I like to wear them for that very reason of their tragedy."

She took up the necklace and clasped it round her throat; some tendrils of her hair caught in the clasp; she gave

"I Like to Wear Them for the Reason of the Tragedy."

an involuntary little cry of pain; Andreis hastened to release her hair from the clasp. His hand trembled; their eyes met, and said much to each other. Damer, who was near, drew nearer. She was silent, looking at him with that mixture of curiosity, interest and vague apprehension which he always aroused in her. She was not very in-

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telligent, but she had quick susceptibilities; there was that in him which alarmed them and yet fascinated them.

"He awes me," she said later in the day to Andries. "So often one cannot follow his meaning, but one always feels his reserve of power."

It was a grave speech for a light-hearted lover of pleasure. Andreis heard it with vexation, but he was loyal to the man who had saved his life.

"He is a person of great intellect," he answered; "we are pigmies beside him. But—"

"But what?"

"He used his brains to save my body. So I must not dispute the virtue of his use of them. But sometimes I fancy that he has no heart. I think all the forces in him have only nourished his mind, which is immense. But his heart, perhaps, has withered away, getting no nourishment. He would say I talk nonsense; but I think you will understand what I mean."

"I think I understand," said Veronica, thoughtfully.

She had thought very little in her careless young life. She had begun to think more since these two men had come into it.

"Andreis merits more than you give him," said her duenna to her. "How long will you keep him in suspense? You ought to remember 'what hell it is in waiting to abide.'"

"A hell?" said Veronica, with the color in her face. "You mean a paradise."

"A fool's paradise, I fear," replied the elder woman. "And what does that other man do here? He told me he was due at some university in Germany."

"How can I tell you why either of them stays?" said Veronica, disingenuously, as her conscience told her. "Venice allures many people, especially in her spring season."

"So does a woman in her spring," said the elder lady, dryly, with an impatient gesture.

"You are angry with me."

"No, my dear. It is as useless to be angry with you as to be angry with a young cat because in its gambols it breaks a vase of which it knows nothing of the preciousness."

Veronica Laranigra did not resent or reply. She knew the vase was precious. She did not mean to break it; but she wanted to be free awhile longer. Mutual love was sweet, but it was not freedom. And what she felt ashamed of was a certain reluctance which she felt to allow Damer to see or know that she loved a man of so little intellectual force as Andreis, a man who had nothing but his physical beauty and his gay, glad temper and kind heart.

"Do you want nothing more than these?" the gaze of Damer seemed in her imagination to say to her.

Andreis was delightful to her; his beauty, his gayety, and his homage were all sympathetic to her. She knew that he loved her, but she prevented him telling her so; she liked her lately acquired liberty; she did not want a declaration which would force her to decide in one way or another what to do with her future. And she was affected without being aware of it by the scarcely disguised contempt which his companion had for him. It was seldom outspoken, but it was visible in every word of Damer, in every glance.

"He is beautiful, yes," he said once to her. "So is an animal."

"Do you like animals?"

"I do not like or dislike them. The geologist does not like or dislike the stones he breaks up, the metallurgist does not like or dislike the ore he fuses."

"You are what they call a physiologist?" she said once, suddenly.

"I am," replied Damer.

She looked at him under her long silky lashes as a child looks at what it fears in the dusk of a fading day. He attracted her and repelled her, as when she had herself been a child she had been at once charmed and frightened by the great ghostly figures on the tapestries, and the white and gray busts of gods and sages on the grand winged staircase of her father's house in the Trentino. She would have liked to ask him many things, which of mystery and of horror, but she was afraid. After all, how much better were the sea, the sunshine, the dog rose, the barcarolle, the laughter, the lute!

[To Be Continued.]

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GOSSIP FOR WHEELMEN.

Germany has captured the "world's" championship races this year. The meeting will be held in Cologne.

San Francisco is to have a Chinese cycling race meet, but the prizes will not be silver mounted washboards.

Du Maurier's "Trilby" has at last worked itself into the cycling world. The latest wheel out is named after the great novel.

The bicycle track in St. Louis proved to be a great failure, as it has been on most grounds, and will probably be done away with this year.

Zimmerman and Wheeler deny that they intend asking for permission to enter class B. Having turned professionals, they are content with their lot.

Bliss may possibly be seen on the stage as a performer on the bicycle after the manner of the horse race in the "County Fair" and other like shows.

In Austria the manufacture of cycles is making enomous progress. One Vienna manufacturer, who produced in 1888 only 700 machines, turned out in 1894 nearly 10,000.

Arrangements are being made by the governing body of French cyclists to arrange a grand prix velocipedique, the prize to be worth $4,000. The event is to be run in the fall.

V. J. Kelley, the Philadelphia professional, who left the amateur ranks to ride in the cash prize league, has filed an application for reinstatement with the League of American Wheelmen racing board.

According to the report of Albert L. Mott, of the committee on transportation, the railroads of this country carried 432,000 wheels last year. At 25 cents a wheel this gave a revenue of $108,000.

The American wheelmen will apply for dates in the national circuit as soon as the new racing board chairman is appointed, for their annual good roads tournament, which, last year, was one of the most successful racing meetings.

The Mexican party of class Bs will return to northern climes much sooner than at first expected. The high altitude of Mexico is working havoc with the riders, and the opinion of Frank Lyman, the trainer, is that the men will do much better to come home as soon as possible.

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OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

It takes a snail exactly fourteen days and five hours to travel a mile.

At a Japanese banquet it is a compliment to ask to exchange cups with a friend.

The Swiss government made a profit of about $1,000,000 last year on its monopoly in spirits.

There are 165 bureaus or branch post-offices in Paris, all of which, with one exception, are equipped with pneumatic tubes.

Actual, unthinkable, and unfeelable cold is made by physicist and chemist, not by nature. In the laboratory 424 degrees below zero have been reached.

A surgeon on an Atlantic steamship line says that in his wide experience he has found women on the whole cooler and more self-possessed than men in cases of disaster at sea.

Architecture of the Olden Days

It Is Again Coming Into Style in the Fashionable West.

ADOBE BUILDING IN FAVOR

Bricks Made of Mud and Straw by Secret Process of Mexicans Becoming Popular in the West—Advantages of the Material.

Colorado Springs, Col., March 24.—The adobe house is becoming fashionable in Colorado. This is an architectural fad of unusual suggestiveness and interest. Mysterious, indeed, are the tricks of fashion. Who could have foreseen that even here in Colorado, where the rarefied air stimulates the imagination to strange tricks and fancies, the immemorial mud house, bequeathed to us through the Pueblos and Mexicans by the pre-historic races of the canons, would be taken up to afford an outlet for the esthetic craving for novelty and individuality that besets every American house builder? Yet so it is, and who knows but that if the abode rage spreads it may ultimately rest with Colorado to claim the honor of having originated a true national school of architecture?

Everybody who has ever seen a picture of a cliff dwellers' town or of a Pueblo village knows what an adobe house is. The adobe brick is made of a peculiar sticky mud and is always sun dried. The bricks vary in size, and are generally about 4 inches deep, 6 inches wide and 16 inches in length, while the outer walls of the adobe building proper vary from two to four feet in thickness. One old mission in New Mexico boasts an outer wall six feet in thickness.

Curiously enough, writes a correspondent of the Chicago Herald, the exact receipt for mixing this adobe mud is held as a secret by the Mexicans and half-breeds. Not even have they disclosed the necessary amount of hay or straw to make up a perfect adobe brick. Mayhap the Egyptian told it to the Aztec and this wonderful race to the ancestors of the present.

The building of an adobe house must necessarily be confined to the months between May and August, at least in Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico, for frost is death to the unbaked brick. The adobe is prepared in the old-fashioned way—that of treading—and when the mud is worked to a proper consistency by the nervous feet of the Mexican it is placed in molds of the required size. The mortar is also of mud, but dries quickly, and is as solid as modern cement.

Missions Built of Adobe.

All of the old California missions are built of adobe, and also the famous one of San Miguel, in Sante Fe, which is generally supposed to be the oldest building in the United States. All through New Mexico these adobe buildings are the only habitations known.

Just why the craze should have been caught and matured in that individualized settlement, sarcastically but apty termed by Governor Davis Waite "Little London," but known to the outside, unprejudiced world as Colorado Springs, is a mystery. But here the craze did come, and is now in full sway—to the tune of a score of "mud houses," planned and under construction. Fashion may be smiling in her sleeve, but her right bower, "style," has issued a proclamation.

Advantages of Adobe.

The greatest argument used in favor of adobe houses is that in summer nothing is cooler and in winter nothing is warmer. It is rather a clinching argument, and undoubtedly true.

In Santa Fe almost all of the dwellings are made of adobe, except the quarters where the United States troops are stationed. The old Spanish governor's palace, where General Lew Wallace wrote "Ben Hur," and in which he lived while territorial governor, is a single story adobe of the most pronounced type. All the rear rooms open out into a court, in which grow vines and trees, and around the outer border of this court is a wide promenade. Another old adobe in Santa Fe is Jake Gold's shop, which corners on the remarkable Burro alley. This place is almost as old as the governor's palace. But this is disgression. Yet it illustrates the remarkable age of these buildings built of "bricks with straw."

Perhaps some enterprising easterner may anticipate the craze and find in Lancaster county or in that picturesque section of Philadelphia long ago known as "The Neck" an adaptable clay. Then a syndicate could easily be formed, which would pay a liberal sum for the secret to successfully mix it, and then the east would have, after these long years, Spanish missions and adobe houses both "up to" and yet far out of date.

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Feminine Politics.

Detroit Tribune.

"Have you been able to catch the speaker's eye?" asked the first lady legislator.

"Have I?" rejoined the second legislator. "Well, rather. I wore my navy blue bengaline with the heliotrope sleeves and the Speaker couldn't keep his eyes off me."

Upon the call of the House they separated.

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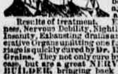

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RAILROAD TIME-TABLES

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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 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.

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, 2.35 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.

"The D&H"

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, 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, 5.55, 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.

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.

Erie and Wyoming Valley.

Trains leave Scranton for New York and intermediate points on the Erie railroad at 6.35 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 leave for Wilkes-Barre at 6.40 a. m. and 3.41 p.m.

NEW YORK ONTARIO AND WESTERN RAILWAY.

SCRANTON DIVISION.
In Effect Sept. 16th, 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 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 09	....	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 24	3 34	5 34
6 48	f11 30	9 12	White Bridge	7 27	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 04	6 04
6 21	11 05	8 41	Dickson	7 54	4 07	6 07
6 19	11 03	8 39	Throop	7 56	4 10	6 10
6 14	11 00	8 35	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

All trains run daily except Sunday.

f. signifies that trains stop on signal for passengers.

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. Flitcroft, Div. Pass. Agt., Scranton, Pa.