THE BUTTON BY OUIDA.

MARCHE BOSON

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ing to science.

CHAPTER III.

She turned to Andreis, who at that moment came along the sands of the beach his hands filled with spoils from the blossoming hedges-turned to him as when, a little child on the stabrease in the dusk, she had run to reach the shelter of a warmed and lighted room. He was of her own country, her own age, her own tem- him financially to do so; but he had perament; he carried about him a sense of gladness, an atmosphere of youth; he was of her own rank; he was as rich as she and richer. There was no leaven of self-seeking in the love he bore her; the passion she had roused in him was pure of any alloy; it was the love of the poets and the singers. If she accepted it, her path, from youth to age, would be like one of those flowering meadows of his own Sleily, which fill the cloudless day with

She knew that; her foot was ready to tread the narcissus-filled grass, but by an unnecountable indecision and enprice she would not let him invite



She Turned to Andreis.

her thither. She continually evaded or cluded the final words which would have united them or parted them.

Have you given up your appointment?" he asked once, directly, Damer merely answered: "No." He did not effer any explanation; but he continued to stay on in Venice, though he had removed from the fine apartments occupied by his friend to a house on the Fondamente Nuovi, where he

had hired two chambers. Andreis, who was very generous and had always a grateful and uneasy sense of unrepaid obligation, vainly urged him to remain at his hotel. But Damer,

somewhat rudely, refused, "I cannot pursue any studies there,"

The house he had chosen was obscure and uninviting, standing amidst the clang of coppersmiths' hammers and the stench of iron foundries in what was once the most patrician and beautiful garden-quarter of Venice, and which is now befouled, blackened, filled with smoke, and clamour, and vlieness, where once the rose terraces and the elematis-covered pergole ran down to the lagoon and the marble

of the middle age would have feared to which it is they use in Venice." ask a magician what he did with his horror and fear. alembics and his spheres. Although the eyes of lovers are

proverbially washed by the collyrium can jest blind to the passion which Damer, like and power of self-restraint in Damer were extreme, and served to screen his my own end to be as fruitful." cret from the not very discerning mind of his companion. Moreover, the pride of race which was born and bred Andrels rendered it impossible for him to suspect that he possessed a rival in one who was, however mentalsuperior, so far socially inferior, to himself and to the woman he loved. That a man who was going to receive

patrician and conservative tenets, He mover noticed the fires which slurnbered in the cold, wide-open eyes of his friend and monitor. He never observed how frequently Damer watched him and her when they were together, listened from afar to their conversation and invariably interrupted them at any moment when their words verged on more tender or familiar thomes. He was himself tenderly, passionately, remintically enumbred; his temper was full of a romance to which he could not aften give adequate expression; his love for her had the timidity of all sincore nuscent passion; he was pained and chafed by the manner in which she avoided the definite declaration of it. but he did not for a moment trace it to its right cause—the magnetic influence which Damer had upon her, the hesitation which was given her by vague hypnotic suggestion. If any looker-on had warned him he would have laughed

and said that days of magic were past Damer read the young man's heart like an open book and he knew that it physical beauty, or for kindliness and existed. So would she. sweetness and simplicity of character. Such qualities were not in tune with

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him; they were no more to him than the soft, thick fur of the cat in his laboratory, which he stripped off her body that he might lay bare her spinal cord; the pretty, warm skin was noth-

He had saved the life of Andreis because it had interested him and recompensed him to do so; he had traveled with him for a year because it suited never liked him, he had never been touched by any one of the many generous and delicate acts of the young man, nor by the trust which the mother of Andreis continually expressed in her letters to himself. Where jealousy sits on the threshold of the soul, good-

ness and kindness and faith knock in vain for admittance. Envy is hatred in embryo and only waits in the womb of time for birth. One day Veronica asked him to go and see an old servant of the Laranigra

household who was very III and in hospital; they had begged him not to go to the hospital, but he had wished to do so, and had been allowed to fulfill his wish. Damer went to see him, He found the man at death's door with cancer of the food and air passages. If he be not operated on he will die

in a week," said Damer. None of the hospital surgeons dared perform such an operation.

"I will operate if you consent," said

The surgeons acquiesced.

Will Blancon recover " asked Vernica, when he returned and told her on what they had decided. 'In his present state he cannot live a

week," replied Damer, evasively, "Does he wish for the operation?" "He can be no judge. He cannot know his own condition."

"But it will be frightful suffering."

"He will be under anesthetics." "But will be recover?" Madame, I am not the master of

"But what is probable?"

"What is certain is that the man will

die if left as he is." He performed the operation next day. The man ceased to breathe as it was ness of anyone's, "Anyhow, I am led ended; the shock to the nervous system had killed him. When Veronica

"Oh! why, oh, why she said passion-ately to Damer, later in the day, "if Damer, without saying where he was

him in his last moments?" differently, "Anyhow he would never

have survived the operation more than said Andreis, half angrily, half jestinga few weeks." Why did you torture him with it services

then " said Veronica, indignantly. "It was a rare and almost unique on- vices." portunity. I have solved by it a doubt which has never been solved before your poverty? You have intellect; that

human subject." She shrank from him in horror. Damer, with that bri-f, dull smile "You are a wicked man" she said, which always depressed and troubled She shrank from him in horror.

"He would most certainly have died." man at sixty is not an especially value to pursue his way to a coppersmith's able thing, and I belive he did noth- workshop, when a weak, infantine cry what do you do there. Veromen ing all his life except polish your pals smote on their ents, echoed by other was clear as the light of early morning. are floors with beeswax or oil; I forget shriller childish voices.

of Jeanousy, those of Andreis were killed him," replied Damer, with calm caught each other in mimic wrestling himself, had conceived. The reserve indifference, "And his end has been a source of knowledge. I should wish

She shuddered, and motioned to him

to leave her. "Co away, go away, you have no heart, and no conscience, Damer smiled slightly.

is good as a moral one, and does better

Andreis began to desire the exile of n stinend as a teacher in a German uni- his companion, though his loyalty withversity could lift his eyes to Veronica held him from trying to obtain it by at what had befallen them, gathered Laranigra would have seemed wholly may unfair means or unjust attack. impossible to one who had been reared. He began to perceive that Damer had



"But You Have killed Him!"

an influence on Countess Veronica which was contrary to his own, and adverse to his interests. He did not atwas wholly filled with the image of tach importance to it, because he saw Veronica. He had never liked Andreis; that it was purely intellectual; but he he had no fiking for youth or for would have preferred that it had not

"Pierres de malheur! Pierres de malheur!" she said, as she looked at the opals that night. "Why did you bring that cruel man into my life?"

She might banish him, as Andrels had said, but she felt that she would never have courage to do it. Damer awed her. She felt something of what the poor woman in the salpetiere had felt, when he had hypnotised them and made them believe that they clasped their hands on red-hot iron, or were be ing dragged by ropes to the scaffold. She strove to resist and conquer the impression, but she was subjugated by it against her will.

CHAPTER IV. After the death of the servingman Biancon the name of the English scien tist and surgeon became known and revered amongst the persons of his profession in Venice. The poor man had died certainly from the shock to the nerves, but that was of small mo ment. The operation had been eminently successful, as science success. It had been admirably per formed, and had, as he had said to Veronica, cleared up a doubt which could not, without a human subject. have been satisfactorily dissipated. His skill, his manual dexterity, his courage, were themes of uni ersal praise,

and more than one rich person of the up from the cabin of the farthest barge Veneto entreated his examination, and and came leaping wildly from one were submitted to his treatment.

Andreis saw but little of him in the child! the child! my Carlino!"

daytime, but most evenings in prima She was his mother. Andrels gravers they met in the Palazzo Larani- him to her outstretched arms and gra. Then Damer spoke little, but he slipped some money into the little spoke with effect; and, when he was ragged shirt. to say to her: "What a mindless creature you are! What a mindless creating alone." ture you love!"

"You play with your happiness," said

seriously, but said no more. dered in the hot midsummer noon. It There he examined the little boy. seemed as if even from that distance the eyes of the strange Englishman will bring you remedies."
could see her and lay silence on her He hailed a passing g but a morbid fancy-she knew that; but a moroid take off the impres-but she could not shake off the impres-sion. Even when far out on the green "You would have done better to leave

cination remained with her. As summer drew on Andreis decided if he could not persuade her to promise herself to him in Venice he would follow her to the hills above Cadara, and there decide his fate. He had little doubt that he would succeed before the summer should have wholly fled.

He went out one day to make some purchases of glass and metal works for which one of his sisters had written lute to Andreis, him. He thought that when they were completed it would be but courtesy to go and tell Damer that he himself was about to leave the city, and offer him his yacht to go in, if he desired it, to Trieste. The indulgent kindliness of Andreis made him wish to part friends with a man to whom he considered that he owed his life.

He bade his gondolfer steer northwhich there was one person alone, fouled his own in the narrow channel, and that solitary person was Damer! "I was just going to your apartments," cried Andreis while his gon-

"I am going to the hospital, and shall not be at home till dark," replied Damer, ungraciously.

"I was coming to tell you that I am about to leave Venice." "And are going to Goritz, no doubt,"

said Damer, with a dark, brief smile. "I may be and I may not," replied Andreis, in a tone wheih implied that wherever he chose to go was no busito say that the schooner is entirely at your disposition if you remain here or heard that he was dead she burst into if you cross to Trieste." Thanks. Yachts are rich men's toys

you knew he must die, did you torture | going or what he intended to do. "Send im in his last moments?"

"I gave him a chance," he replied, indo not require her yourself." "You might be a little more polite."

ly. "I should be glad to do you any "Poor men cannot accept such ser-

"Why do you constantly speak of

and never could have been without a is much rarer than riches." 'And much less extermed,' said

"Oh, how I wish, how I wish Andreis, "I fear I cannot stay to gos-I had never asked you to see my poor sip," he added. "I am already rather Blancon! He nlight have lived;" late for a conference at the hospital." They were about to part-Damer to

said Damer, unmoved. "The life of a pass underneath the bridge. Andreis Some children were playing on the

She looked at him with a mixture of black barges which were laden with firewood and coal. They were small "But you have killed him!-and you creatures, half maked in the warm air an Jest." and sportive as young rabbits. They "I old not kill him. His disease ran, leaped, climbed the piles of fuel, and screamed with glad laughter. There was only one who did not join in the games, a little boy who lay languidly and motionless on some sacks, and watched the others with heavy eyes. As their gondola passed under that

wall the sporting children, growing wilder and more reckless, rushed in I have a scientific conscience; it is their course past and over the little sick boy, and jostled him so roughly that they pushed him over the edge of the barge, and he fell, with a shrill cry, into the water. The others, frightened together, whimpering and afraid, irresolute and lucapable. The fallen child disappeared. The water hereabouts is thick and dark, and sewage flows unchecked into it. It was in that instant of his fall that his cry, his shricks of his companions, rose shrilly on the morning silence. In a second Andreis had sprung from the gondola, dived for the child, who had drifted underneath the barge, and brought him up in his arms. He was a child of some s years old, with a pretty pale face and naked limbs; his small, curly head fell in exhaustion on the young man's shoulder, his ragged clothes were drip-

Damer looked at him with professional insight. "That boy is ill," he said to Andrels. "You had better put him out of your arms." ...
"Poor little man!" said Andreis. gently, holding the child closer, "What shall we do with him? We cannot leave him here with only these chil-

"You are wet through yourself. You must go to your hotel," said Damer. Andreis was still standing in the water. At that moment a woman rose

AND AND AND ASSESSED OF



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silent, it seemed to this young mistress of the house that his silence was odi-ously eloquent, for it appeared always ers and blessings. "He is not well.

The child opened his eyes and smiled. Andreis stooped and kissed him. her duenna, angrily, to her.
"I do not play, indeed," she answered, and see what is the matter with him." "Go home by yourself . I will stay sald Damer. Andrels went. Damer, Even in broad daylight, and on the bidding the woman go before him, sunlit waters of the lagoon, as she saw walked over the barges until he in the distance the foundry flames and reached the one in which she had a factory smoke of the Fondamente, sort of rude deck-house or cabin, in where Damer's tower stood, she shud-which she and five children lived. "A sore throat," he said, simply,

He hailed a passing gondola and lips and terror on her heart. It was went to his house in the Fondamente. "What is amiss with him?" said

waves of the Adriatic, when Venice had him in the canal water," replied Dalong dropped away out of sight, the mer. "He is a weak little thing; he chilliness and oppression of the halluhas never had any decent food; he will never recover." "But what is it?"

"A sore throat," replied Damer, as he had replied to the mother. They went both to the Ca' Laranigra that evening. There were several people there; the night was very warm; the tall lilies and palms on the balcony glistened in the light of a full moon; there was music. Veronica held out the

"Alas! You must forgive me. I am rather hoarse. I have no voice," he answered, with regret. "I heard of what you did this morning," she murmured, in a low tone. Your gondoller told mine. Perhaps you have taken a chill. I will go and

see the little child tomorrow." "We will go together," he replied, in the same soft whisper, while his hand wards to the Fondamente. In passing touched hers in seeming only to take the Ponte del Paradiso, a sandalo, in the lute. Damer saw the gesture which there was one person alone, where he sat in the embrasure of a window speaking of a frontier question of the hour with a German minister who was passing through Venice.

When they left the house two or doiler swore as his prow grazed the three other men accompanied them on to the water-steps. Warm though as the night was, Andreis shivered little as he wrapped his overcoat round him. "I could bear my sables," he said, as he descended the stairs. Damer



"You Will Be Mine-Mine-Mine!"

"You should not plunge into sewage water and embrace little beggars," he said, coldly, as he accompanied one of the Venetian gentleman whose palace was near the Fondamente, and who had offered him a seat in his gondola. Andrels, refusing the entreaties of his companions to go and sup with them at Florian's, went to his rooms at the hotel. He had a flood of happiness at the well-springs of his heart, but in his body he felt feverish and cold.

"It is the sewage water. It got down my throat as I dived." he thought, recalling the words of his friend "I shall sleep this chill off and be well again in the morning." But he did not sleep; he drank some

iced drinks thirstily, and only full into a troubled and heavy slumber as the morning dawned red over the roofs of Venice, and the little cannon on the Giudecca saluted a new day. He felt ill when he rose but he bathed and dressed, and, though he had no ap-

petite for breakfast, went down to his goodola, which he had bidden to be before the hotel at nine o'clock. At parting from her he had arranged with Veronica that they should go at

that hour to see the little child of the Bridge of Paradise, As he stood on the steps and was about to descend Damer touched him on

"You are going to take the Countess Laranigra to the sick boy?" 'Yes," said Andreis, with a haughty accent; he did not like the tone of authority in which he was addressed.

"I forbid you to do so, then," said Damer. "She would only see a dead body, and that body infectious with Andreis was pained. "Is the little thing dead?" he said, in

hushed voice. "Dead already?" "He died twenty minutes ago. He had been ill for three days."

Andreis, "I am sorry. I will go to the mother.' "You had better go to your bed. You are unwell. You did a foolish act yesterday."

"I am quite well. When I require your advice I will ask it," said Andreis, impatiently, as he entered his gondola and went to the house of Veronica. Damer, standing on the steps of the hotel, looking after him with a gaze which would have killed him could a look have slain. Her house was bright in the morning radiance, the green water lapping its

the night's dew, the doors standing open showing the blossoming acadlas in the garden behind. She came to him at once in one of the "I am ready," she said, gayly. "Look! I have got these fruits and toys for

marbles, the lilies and palms fresh from

your little waif." Then something in his expression hecked her gladness. "What is it?" she asked.

"The child is dead," said Andreis.
"Oh, how sad!" She put down the little gifts she had prepared on a table near her; she was teneder-hearted and quickly moved; the tears came into her eyes for the little boy whom she had never seen. Andreis drew nearer to her.

"Mia cara," he murmured. "Do not play with me any longer. Death is so near us always. I have told you a hundred times that I love you. I will make

you so happy if you will trust to me.

Tell me-tell me-She was softened by emotion, conquered by the answering passion which Surrounded by Plenty, but Dying was in her; she did not speak, but her breast heaved, her lips trembled; she let him take her hands.

You will be mine-mine-mine!" he cried, in delirious joy, "I love you," she answered, in a voice

so low that it was like the summer breeze passing softly over the lilles 'Hush! Leave me! Go now. Come back at three. I shall be alone." The doors were open and the win-

dows; in a farther chamber two liveried servants stood; approaching through the ante-room was the figure of the major-dome of the palace. Andreis pressed her hands to his

lips and left her. He was dizzy from ecstasy, or so he thought, as the busts and statues of the entrance hall reeled and swam before his sight, and his limbs felt so powerless and nerveless that, if one of his gondoliers had not caught and held him, he would have fallen headlong down the water-steps. (To Be Continued.)

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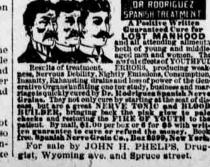
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Anthracite coal used exclusively, insuring cleanliness and comfort.

Time Table in Effect March 25, 1835.

Trains leave Scranton for Pittston, Wilkes-Barre, etc., at 8.20, 9.15, 11.30 a.m., 12.45, 2.00, 3.65, 5.00, 7.25 p. m. Sundays, 9.00 a. m., 1.00, 2.15, 7.10 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) p.m. Sunday, 2.15 p.m.
For Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton and Philadelphia, 8.29 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, 5.00 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., 2.09 and 4.30 p.m. Sunday 6.27 a.m.
Through tickets to all points at lowest

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: Ex-press for New York and all points East, 140, 2.50, 5.15, 8.00 and 9.55 a.m.; 12.55 and 3.50

1.40, 2.50, 5.15, 8.00 and 9.55 a.m.; 12.55 and 2.50 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, 5.10 p.m.

Express for Binghamton, Ozwego, Elmira, Corning, Bath, Dansville, Mount Morris and Buffalo, 12.10, 2.25 a.m. and 1.25 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 Utica and Richfield Springs, 2.35 a.m. and 1.23 p.m.
1thaca, 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 North-umberland for Williamsport, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and the South.
Northumberland and intermediate stations, 6.09, 9.55 a.m. and 1.39 and 6.07 p.m.
Nanticoke and intermediate stations, 8.08 and 11.20 a.m. Plymouth and intermediate stations, 7.08 and 11.20 a.m. Plymouth and intermediate stations, 7.09 and 8.52 p.m.
Pullman parlor and sleeping coaches on all express trains

ruliman parior and sleeping coaches our 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. DELAWARE AND

Commencing Monday, day, July 30, all trains will arrive at new Lack-awanna avenue station as follows:

Trains will leave Scranton station for Carbondale and intermediate points at 220, 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., 12.90, 2.20 and 5.15 p.m. at 7.00, 8.25 and 10.10 a.m., 12.90, 2.29 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 ints at 7.45, 8.45, 9.38 and 10.45 a.m., 12.05, 12.0, 2.35, 4.05, 5.16, 5.05, 9.15 and 11.38 p.m.

Trains will arrive at Seranton station from Carbondale and Intermediate points at 7.40, 8.46, 8.34 and 10.40 a.m., 12.06, 11.72, 34; 3.40, 4.54, 5.55, 7.45, 9.11 and 11.33 p.m.

From Honesdale, Waymart and Fareview at 9.34 a.m., 12.00, 117, 2.40, 5.55 and 7.45 p.m.

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

WICH VALLEY EHIGH VALLEY

at 4.54 and 11.33 p.m.
From Wilkes-Barre and intermediate points at 215, 89, 10.05 and 11.55 a.m., 11si 214, 3.25, 5.10, 6.08, 7.20, 8.05 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., 6.09, 8.08, 11.20 a.m., and 1.30 p.m.

Leave Scranton for Pittston and Wilkes-Barre, via D. L. & W. R. R., 6.09, 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. ft. 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., 130, 350 p.m. D. L. & W. R. R. 6.00, 8.05, 11.20 a.m., 130, 350 p.m.
Leave Scranton for Bethlehem, Easton, Reading, Harrisburg and all intermediate points via D. & H. R. R., 7.65 am., 1205, 2.38, 4.00, 11.38 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 11.20 a.m., 1.20 p.m.
Leave Scranton for Tunkhannock, To-wanda, Elmira, Ithaca, Geneva and all intermediate points via D. & H. R. R., 8.45 a.m., 12.06 and 11.25 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R., 8.9, 9.55 a.m., 1.30 p.m.
Leave Scranton for Rochester, Buffalo, Nisgara 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, 6.06 p.m., via D. L. & W. R. R., 8.05, 2.55 a.m., 1.20, 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.

Erie and Wyoming Valley. Trains leave Scranton for New York and intermediate points on the Erie railroad at 5.35 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.



SCRANTON DIVISION.

North Bound. South Bound						
			a. so			
Pass of	NYDay 6	Local Page 1	Stations (Trains Daily, Except Sunday) Arrive Leave N Y Franklin St	The second second	Ontarto 50	Local
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