By DAVID WECHSLER,

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When the battle of Naseby had been fought and lost, I felt that the cause of my liege the king was lost too. More than eight hundred of our men were left dead upon the field, while the num-ber of prisoners exceeded the slain by five to one; the king himself had been forced to flee, whither I knew not; and the remnants of his army (of whom I was one) were scattered across the country side. After the battle I had been chased hither and thither by flying squadrons of cavalry, but, always managing to clude their grasp, I found myself when night came down at a little distance from the scene of the conflict. The pursuing parties were recalled one by one and drawing my horse up to a walk, I rode slowly onward through the Northamptonshire lanes, wandering I knew not where. Behind me, when I turned in the sad-dle, I could see a score of the enemy's watch-fires glowing bright against the dark background, while ever and anon there came across the still night air the strains of a hymn from the camp of the Covenanters. I was faint and weary for want of food, for I had

tasted nothing since early morn, and my heart was very heavy for my liege. Presently I espied, with no small satisfaction, a bright ray of light is-suing from the trees in front of me. As I approached I saw that it proceeded from the window of a low-thatched cottage, which, to a man dejected and weary in hody and mind, was a pleasing and most comfortable sight. I dismounted, and throwing the bridle over my arm, rapped at the door with my sword hilt. I had occasion to rap again before it was opened by a wizened old woman with a kindly face, but withat a frightened one. In a trembling voice she inquired my name and business,
"My name, good dame," I answered,

"Is of little consequence. I am a cap-tain in his majesty's sixth regiment of horse, and I crave food, and rest." "Nay, I pray you, sir, to go away," oplied the old crone, whose fear had become the more manifest as I spoke.

Now this I had no mind to do, for there was proceeding from the inside of the house a most appetizing odor, as of some savory stuff on the stew, and my stomach liked ill to go away and

"Your dears are groundless, good dame," said I, in such a tone as I hoped might serve to reassure her, "No harm will come to you." "Aye, but it will," she croacked, "The rebels are encamped not a league



A Maiden of Exceeding Beauty.

away. I dare not let ye in. I have all the heart, kind sir, but I dare not." "Nay, let him enter, good mother," said a sweet voice behind her, "If he is for the king he is a friend," The old crone left me standing on the threshold and turned to speak with someone inside, who, from the tones of the voice as they came to me through the doorway, I could tell was

pleading my cause.
"Well, have it as ye will," said the old creature, at last; but ill will come of it; mark my word, lassle, ill will came of it!" and she hobbled back to

where I was standing.
"Good gentleman," she said, holding the door open, "there is not much that I can offer ye, but to such as it is ye are welcome

I thanked her profusely, and begging to be allowed to tend first to my horse, led it off in the direction of an outhouse. The poor beast was as spent as its master, and sorely in need of rest. I gave it meal and water, and, leaving it safely tethered, returned

presently to the cottage.

The old woman, as I entered, was bending over a large pot which was seething on the fire, and from which proceeded the savory smell I had be-fore noticed. Beside her, on a low wooden stool, was seated a maiden of such exceeding beauty that, looking at I remembered no longer my hunger but only the disorder of my at-tire. She was dressed in peasant's costume, but the softness of her skin, the whiteness of her hands, the grace of her bearing, all told me it was no peasant that I gazed upon. I made her a low bow, but I fear it did me but little credit, for what with the heat and turmoil of the day, the dust and stain of battle, my weariness and dejection, and the surprise at meeting so fair a creature in such an unlooked-for manner, I was but ill prepared to do justice to the manners of a courtler. She returned my salute with a perfect grace that put me to shame, but I fancied I saw a faint sign of amuse ment in her face—which, indeed, was not to be wondered at—and so I took out a pocket-comb and small handmirror which I carried with me, and going toward the candle which burnt upon a table in the center of the room. endeavored to remedy to some extent the defects in my appearance, so that I might present a more fitting spectacle for a lady's eyes to gaze upon.

The maiden watched me with a smile.
"I perceive, sir," she said, "that you belong to the court?" The maiden(fB d thm thm thm thm I could not tell whether this was said in jest or earnest, but I was loth

to consider it the former, and so answered:
"It is true, madam, that I have the honor and privilege to attend upon his majesty. May I, in turn, be pardoned for saying that I discern you are not such as it would seem you desire to

She took what I said in good part, though shaking her finger playfully as

"Nay, sirrah, I am a peasant, as you perceive."

This I did not believe, nor could I be wholly sure that she wished to be be-

"But come, mother," the maiden continued, turning to the old crone who was still stooping over the fire, "your guest is surely famished, and that stew, I trow, is ready to do you credit." Thus exhorted, the old woman placed the savory meas upon the table, accompanying the action with many apologies for the homeliness of the fare, which in truth were unneeded, for I set to with a will and never found king's banquet more to my taste. Nevertheless, I was grieved to think that I should have to break my long fast be-

fore the eyes of so fair a maiden, for I could not but fear that she would regard my prodigious appetite as smacking of the most unseemly greed. When the meal was concluded I begged to be allowed to seek repose by the side of my horse in the outhouse, but the old woman pointed to a ladder which stood in the corner of the room communicat-

ing with a trap-door in the roof above.
"If ye go up there, good gentleman," said she, "ye will find a loft where ye may rest. 'Tis a poor place, as ye may well believe, but fitter for a king's offier to lie within than an outhouse I thanked her, and taking the rush-light which she proffered, bowed once



Started Wearily to Mount the Ladder. again to the maiden and started weariabove I found a straw pallet, upon which I threw myself down without removing so much as my sword, and was soon overcome with slumber, I was twakened, after what seemed but a few minutes, by the sound of men's voices in the rooms below; and filled with ap-prehension, I crept quietly to the trapdoor and partly raised the lid. I was hugely taken aback by what I saw, though the sight was but a natural one n the sad case in which the King's own selves. A burly, red-faced sergeant and two troopers, all dressed in the rebel uniform, had entered the house and were engaged in lively conversation with the old woman who had shown

me kindness,
"I tell ye," she was saying, "there's "This gives you the lie, old woman." said the sergeant; and with a sneer he dug his sword into a cloak which I, with a said lack of forethought, had left to lie upon a bench, and held it up on the point. 'This is no raiment of a servant of the Lord."

servant of the Lord."
With a cry of despair the old dame shrank back and covered her wizened face with her hands. The sergeant took a step in the direction of the ladder, but the young maiden, who until that mo ment had remained seated, rose ma-jestically and barred his way. "Stay!" she cried. "You have no

jestically and barred his way.

"Stay!" she cried. "You have no right to enter or to search this dwelling, poor though it be, except this old dame bid you. Wherefore, then, do ye come? You have conquered in the combat, you have killed and captured many thousands of the King's brave men-why seek ye more?" The sergeant gazed upon the indig-

ant girl with the most unmestakable idmiration glowing on his fleshy face. 'By my faith," he said, with a smirk, 'a comely damsel! and such a one, it seems, as the Lord reserves for his own elect?" And with that he would have touched her face. But the blood rushed hot to my cheek at the thought



I Stood Pell-Mell in the Midst of Time. of the indignity, and drawing my sword, I made short work of the lad der and appeared pell-mell in the mids of them.

(To Be Concluded.)

BEEF JUICE ICE CREAM. May Take the Place of Consomme a

the Summer Dinner. Professor Von Ziemssen, in Munich, ecently endeavored to find some means to make his little daughter take meat juice. The little patient refused obstinately anything like soup or obstinately anything like soup or meat, and although such nourishment would have been of material benefit to the sufferer, she could not be made to take either; ice cream and cold milk formed her sole nourishment. Finally her father conceived the idea of giving her an ice cream composed of fresh meat juice obtained from the best meat, to which he added some brandy,

augar and vanilla.

An ice cream made of these constituents by the best confectioner was very agreeable to the little patient, and at agreeable to the little patient, and at the same time she got the nourishment, which she most needed in her state of exhaustion. Following up the matter it was found that this new application was not only very pleasant, as far as the taste was concerned, but it was also very beneficial in its composition. Beef juice ice cream is now one of the latest dainties of that Munich confectioner and meets with popular and increasing favor both for invalids and at the table in place of invalids and at the table in place of

THE COST OF WAR.

Instructive Reckoning of One Hundred Years of Prench Wars. Years of French Wars.

A French physician, according to Le Figaro, has compiled eloquent figures in reply to the question: "What is the cost of France's military glory?" In human lives alone France has lost the awful number of 6,000,000 men within the last 100 years; the horror of this loss is intensified by considering that all the wars of France were offensive attacks, and not entered into for the defense of their country. The only exception to this is, perhaps, the first

war of revolutions, the cause of which must, however, be looked for in the reign of terror of the authorities. Within the nine years from 1791 to 1800, 2,800,000 soldiers were enlisted, and 2,122,402 men were lost during the wars

2.122.402 men were lost during the wars on the Meuse, on the Rhine, in the Alps, in the Pyrenees, in Italy and Egypt. The losses of the fifteen years following this period are solely attributed to the never-satisfied ambition of Napoleon; of the 3,157,589 recruits entering the army within these fifteen years more than 2,000,000 lost their lives. The wars of 1823, 1828 and 1832 were less bloody, only on account of the lesser value of France's enemies. The "Revanche" for Moscow attempted by France in the Crimean war was again very costly in French blood; of the 39,268 men that had been sent to the Black Sea, 95,615 did not return to the Black Sea, 95,615 did not return to their parent country. The "unselfish" battles of Napoleon III in Italy in 1859, when he hoped to get square with Austria, cost France 118,675 men out of about 500,000 that had carried the imperial eagles into Italy. The ambitious wars of France in China, Cochin-China and Mexico cost one-half of the armies sent into these countries. Their last great war, which was

forced upon united Germany by Napo-leon, cost France 139,000 killed and 143,-000 wounded of an army of almost one

and one-half millions of men. THE TWO INNS.

By Alphonse Daudet.

I was returning from Nimes one afternoon in July. The heat was terrible. As far as the eye could see the white burning road wound its way between gardens of olive trees and dwarf oaks, under the great flat silver sun which filled all the sky. There was not a spot of shade, not a

There was not a spot of shade, not a breath of air.

There was nothing but the vibrating heat and the shrill cry of the grasshoppers—a foolish, deafening music to quick time which seemed the expression of the great luminous vibration. I had been walking in this open desert two hours when a cluster of white houses arose suddenly out of the dusty road before me. road before me.

It was what is called the relay of St. There were five or six houses with long, low, red-roofed barns; an empty watering trough in a clump of straggl-

ing fig trees, and at the end of the place stood two large inns. One was a large, new building, full of life and noise, all the doors were open; the diligence was standing in front from which they were unhitching the steaming horses—the passengers were climbing down to get a hasty drink in the short shadow thrown by the walls. The court was filled with mules walls. The court was filled with mules loaded carts and the drivers lying under the sheds awaiting fresh relays.

From the inside could be heard cries oaths, the pounding of fists on the tables, the exploding corks of lemonade bottles, the clinking of glasses, the noise of billiards, and dominating all this tumult a toyons vincing voice. his tumult a joyous, ringing singing in a manner calculated to make

the glasses tremble.

The inn, opposite, on the contrary, was as silent as if abandoned. Weeds grew about the entrance, the blinds were broken, upon the door a small branch of withered holly hung like an old plume. The doorsteps were propped up with stones from the road. All was so poor, so pitiful, that it seemed a real charity to stop there for a glass of something.
I entered. There was a long, de

serted, mournful room, which the dazzling light from three great curtainless windows made more deserted and mournful still.

Some limping tables, on which were scattered a few dusty glasses; a yel-low sofa, an old counter, a broken down billiard table, slept there in a

heavy, deathly heat. And flies! flies! Never had I seen so many; on the celling, in the glasses, in bunches. When I opened the door there was a buzzing and agitation of wings as if I had entered a bee-hive.

At the end of the room, in a window, woman stood with a face towards glass looking intently outside called twice:
"He, hostess."
She turned slowly and let me see poor peasant's face, wrinkled, hollow, of the color of dirt, framed in a scarf of

red lace, such as old women wear in villages with us. Nevertheless, she was not an old woman. Tears had faded her. "What do you want?" she asked, wip-

ing her eyes.
"I want to sit down a moment and have something to drink."
She looked at me very much astonished, without moving, as if she had not understood.
"This is not an inn, then?"

The woman sighed.
"Yes, it is an inn if you like-but why have you not gone opposite, like the others? It is much gayer—" "It is too gay for me. I prefer to stay And without waiting her response

seated myself before a table.

When she was very sure I was speaking she began to go and come with a bustling air, opening drawers, moving bottles, wiping glasses, disturbing the flies-one felt that to wait upon this Now and then the unhappy woman would clasp her hands to her head as though she despaired of keeping on her

Then she went into an adjoining room. I could hear her there rattling great keys, turning the locks, fumbling in the bread box, gasping, dusting,

vashing glasses. From time to time there was a great

From time to time there was a great sigh, a half-choked sob.
After a quarter of an hour of house-keeping I had before me a plate of dried grapes, an old loaf of bread, hard as slate, and a bottle of wine.
"You are served," said the strange creature, and she turned quickly to take her place at the window. While drinking, I tried to make her talk.
"People do not come here often, do "People do not come here often, do they, my good woman?"

they, my good woman?"
"Oh, no, monsleur; never anyone. When we had the only inn here it was quiet different. We had the stage coach, game dinners in the wild duck season and teamsters all the year round. But since our neighbors have come and established themselves we have lost everybody. People would rather go to the opposite side. They find it too duil here. The fact is the house is not pleasant, I am not beautiful. I have had fevers and my two little ones are dead. Over there, on the contrasy, they laugh all the time. It is

"La Belle Margoton."
On bearing this voice the hostess thook from head to foot and turning to

me said:
"Do you hear that?" and then quite low, "That is my husband; doesn't he sing well?"
I looked at her, stupefied.
"What? Your husband! He goes over there, he, too?"
Then with heartbroken, but gentle, softness:

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in a mind, result from such permenous practices. All these are permanently cured by improved methods of treatment without the patient leaving home.

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like to see crying, and I cry constantly since the death of my little ones. Then it is so sad, this great barracks, where no one ever comes. Then, when he is too much bored, my poor Jose goes op-posite, and, as he has a fine voice, the Arle'sleune makes him sing. There he is singing again!"

And trembling, her hands held out great tears rolling down her face, which made her still more ugly, she stood there in a trance before the windowo, listening to her Jose singing for the Arle'sieune.

THE MEXICAN EXPOSITION.

Description of the Grounds and Some of the Buildings-The Habit of Holding Big Shows Seems to Be Spreading on This Continent.

It is intended to divide the grounds of the Mexican Exposition, in the City of Mexico, to be held next year, into three large courts, says a writer in Fabrics and Fancy Goods; namely, the grand court, the Mexican national court, and the foreign court. At the main entrance of the grand court is to be erected the statute of General Diaz, president of the Mexican republic; in the center is to be located an electric exhibit, whose beautiful colored and ever-changing lights will illuminate the grounds. In the rear of this court are to be found the electric fountain and cascades. At the four corners it is intended to place different attrac-tions, such as a scenic railway, a captive balloon, an Indian village, and an old Mexican mining camp. The walks will be lined with palm and orange

To the left of the grand court will be the court of the Mexican national de-partment, where buildings for the na-tional exhibits and the administration are to be erected. The states of Mexico will also have special buildings for their respective exhibits. In this sec-tion the Spanish and Moresque styles of architecture may predominate. To the right of the grand court, the for-eign department will erect large buildings in the renaissance style and connected by a covered colonnade under which exhibits and concessions will be installed. In each of the four corners of the foreign court will be found Span-

ish, French, American and German restaurants and cafes. The center of the court will be occupied by a number of buildings which will be the basis of a permanent colony. The whole ground will be beautified by rare tropical plants and flowers.

Some Completed Plans.

Some of the plans of the buildings in the foreign court are already finished. The administration building will pre-The administration building will present a beautiful appearance, with its many domes and turrets. The open galleries and porches will add greatly to the pleasing effect. It will be entirely in the Moresque style of architecture. The proposed elaborate festival hall will be located on the side facing the grand court of the exposition, while the central entrance will lead to the the central entrance will lead to the foreign department. In the right aisle will be installed the music hall, where concerts, receptions, festivals and balls will be given during the life of the exposition. The palace of mechanical arts may be classed as the French style of architecture. The building will be 370 feet long by 225 feet wide. On the top of the roof, which is to be entirely of glass and iron, will be two turrets in which electric search-lights will be placed. Besides these large buildings there will be a number of smaller buildings, each of which will be devoted to a permanent purpose, such as kindergar-ten, railroad depot, model hotels, print-

Mr. William Thornton, of 127 W. Market Street, Explains flow and Why He Did It.

From the Elmira Gazette. Old age has many infirmities, none of which are more prevalent than kidney disorders. Have you ever noticed how the old people complain of backache, lame back, and general listlessness? And there old people complain of backache, lame little ones are dead. Over there, on the contragy, they laugh all the time. It is an Arle'sieune who keeps the inn, a handsome woman who wears lace and three strands of gold chain about her neck. The driver of the diligence is her lover. With that there are several cajoling chambermaids. And then she has good, steady patronage! She has all the young people of Bezonces, of Redessan, of Jonquieres. Teamsters make a detour to pass her door. Itstay here all day without a customer.

She said this with a preoccupied, indifferent voice, continuing to support her forehead against the window glass. There was evidently something in the opposite inn that absorbed her.

All at once there was great excitement the other side of the road. The diligence moved away in the dust. One could hear the cracks of the whip and the tooting of the postilion's horn, the girls standing at the door crying:

"Adiousias! Adiousias!" And all over the same formidable voice singing again:

"La Belle Margoton." endurance, I would put on the belt, drawing it tightly around me and buckle it,
thus bringing an extreme pressure over
the kidneys; this, undoubtedly, forced the
urine out, a function which the kidneys
themselves had become too diseased to
perform. My condition I put down to a
strain I received. I began taking Doan's
Kidney Pills. I was much surprised, as
the ailment was so severe and so long
standing, while I had tried many remedios
without any relief whatever. The pain I standing, while I had tried many remedies without any relief whatever. The pain I have experienced at times from straining in my efforts to discharge the urine was simply awful. I have done away with the use of my leather belt, and the pain has all gone, and I recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to all afflicted with kidney and urinary disorders."

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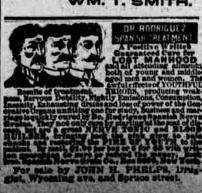
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1.40, 2.50, 5.15, 8.60 and 2.55 a.m.; 12.55 and 2.34 p.m.

Express for Easton, Trenton, Philadelphia and the south, 5.15, 8.00 and 2.55 a.m., 12.55 and 3.34 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 1.21 p.m., making close connections at Buffalo to all points in the West, Northwest and Southwest.

Bath accommodation, 3 a.m.

Binghamton and way stations, 12.37 p.m., Nicholson accommodation, at 4 p.m. and 6.10 p. m..

Binghamton and Elmira Express. 6.05

Binghamton and Elmira Express, 6.05 .m. Express for Cortland, Syracuse, Oswego Juica and Richfield Springs, 235 a.m. and

Utica and Filchfield Springs, 235 am and 124 p.m.
Haca, 235 and Bath 9 a.m. and 1.21 p.m.
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Nanticoke and intermediate stations,
868 and 11.39 a.m. Plymouth and intermediate stations, 3.49 and 8.52 p.m.
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at 7.00, 8.25 and 10.10 a.m., 12.00, 2.20 and e.m. For Albany, Saratoga, the Adirondacks and Montreal at 6.45 a.m. and 2.20 p.m. For Wilkes-Barre and intermediate ants at 7.45, 8.45, 8.38 and 10.45 a.m., 12.05, 12.9, 2.22, 4.00, 5.10, 8.05, 8.15 and 11.38 p.m. Trains will arrive at Scranton station from Carbondale and intermediate points at 7.40, 8.40, 3.34 and 10.40 a.m., 12.00, 1.17, 2.54, 4.00, 4.65, 5.55, 7.45, 8.11 and 11.33 p.m. From Honsedale, Waymart and Fareview at 8.56 a.m., 12.00, 1.17, 3.40, 5.55 and 7.45 p.m. From Montreal, Saratoga, Albany, eta.

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, 8.0, 10.05 and 11.15 a.m., 11.4

2.14, 2.29, 5.10, 6.08, 7.20, 9.63 and 11.15 p.m.

Erie and Wyoming Valley. Trains leave Scranton for New York and intermediate points on the Eric railroad at 7.09 a. m. and 3.24 p. m. Also for Honesdale. Hawley and local points at 7.09, 9.40 a. m. and 3.24 p. m.
Al the above are through trains to and from Honesdale.
Trains leave for Wilkes-Barre at 6.39 a. m. and 3.45 p. m.



May 12, 1895.

Train leaves Scranton for Philadelphia and New York via D. & H. R. R. at 7.45 a. m., 1205, 1.29, 2.38 and 11.38 p. m., via D., L. & W. R. R. 6.00, 8.08, 11.20 a. m., and 1.30

a. m., 12.05, 1.29, 2.38 and 11.38 p. m., via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 11.20 a. m., and 1.30 p. m.

Leave Scranton for Pittston and Wilkes-Barre, via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 11.20 a. m., 3.50, 6.07, 8.52 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, 1.29, 2.28, 4.00 p. m., via D. L. & W. R. R. 6.00, 8.08, 11.29 a. m., via D. L. & W. R. R. 6.00, 8.08, 11.29 a. m., via D. L. & W. R. R. 6.00, 8.08, 11.20 a. m., Leave Scranton for Bethlehem, Easton, Beading, Harrisburg and all intermediate points via D. & H. R. R., 7.45 a.m., 12.05, 120, 2.28, 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 Tunkhamock, Towarda, 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 Bochester, 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, 8.06, 9.55 a.m., 1.30, 5.50 p.m., 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, 8.06, 9.55 a.m., 1.30, and 6.07 p.m.

Fullman parlor and sleeping or L. V. chair cars on all trains between L. & B. Junction or Wilkes-Earre and New York, Phendelphia, Ruffalo, 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.



SCRANTON DIVISION. In Effect, May 19th, 1895,

NY Day 50	Fxp Locus 501 Pass 102	Stations (Trains Daily, Ex- cept Sunday.)	Pass 808	Onta'r'06 Day Ex 2	Local so
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