WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS--?

By MARGARET DELAND.

Author of "John Ward, Preacher."

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SYNOPSIS.

William West has been settled as clergyman in Mercer for fifteen years, and has taken his place in the comunity as a man of judgment and character. He had been taken from an institution as a lad, and put through college by a Prof. Wilton, who had recognized his qualities and who bequeathed to him a considerable sum of money. Amy Townsend has come to Mercer to visit her friends, the Pauls, John Paul being senior warden of West's church, and her cousin. Amy and West are brought together by Mrs. Paul, and become engaged, being greatly in love and esteeming each other's qualities highly. They are to be married in two weeks.

PART II.

The two weeks that were to pass before the day that was to be the Day of Days were very full.

To get Parish work ahead so that things would run themselves for the month's absence which had been granted the clergyman, was no small undertaking. William West was very busy, and a little preoccupied in his endeavor to put his best thought—not upon his own happiness—but upon committees, or Sunday school matters, or his assistant's spiritual anxieties concerning his superior's indifference to the color of the lectern bookmarks; so it chanced that he saw less of Amy than in the earlier part of their engagement. He had but little time to think of her, and absolutely no time to think of himself.

They were to be married on Thursday. Late Monday afternoon Mr. West, with great timidity, ventured into Mrs. Paul's drawing-room, with the bold purpose of abstracting his sweetheart for a walk. The project was, of course, promptly crushed.

"As though Amy had any time for that sort of thing!" said Mrs. Paul. "Do you see those presents? She has got to acknowledge everyone of them! Amy, your Cousin John and I will entertain Mr. West; you can write your notes here, and let him look at you; that's quite enough for him!"

Amy smiled at him across a barricade of silver bric-a-brac.

"Billy thinks silver picture frames, and brushes, and things are dreadful waste of money," she said; "just think how thankful you ought to be, Billy, that I am making our manners for you—you couldn't say 'thank you' with truth."

"Oh, Truth!" said John Paul, lounging about the room, with his hands in his pockets—"truth, my dear little cousin is governed by the law of benefit; didn't you know that? If it makes the donors feel happy, tell them West has longed for nothing in the world so much as a silver glove buttoner. Now, if you told them the truth, fancy the shock! Ask the parson."

"The parson has no such base and cynical theory," Miss Townsend responded, promptly; "have you, Billy? You don't think truth is governed by the law of benefit."

"I think truth-telling is," he assured her.

John Paul assumed that look of artless and simpering satisfaction which one sees on the countenance of the unprotected male, who, in the bosom of his family, finds himself indorsed by a higher power.

"There, Amy! What did I tell you? I had an instance of it yesterday. I—"

("Oh, here is a third asparagus fork," murmured Amy; "what shall I say about it?")

"What's your instance?" said the minister.

"Well, we've been looking for an assistant engineer, and there have been the Lord only knows how many applicants; one fellow impressed me very well; he seemed as straight as a string; honest face; thoroughly decent looking fellow. He was an Englishman, but his references for three years were American. So much the better, of course. I was going to engage him, when, bless my soul, if he didn't begin to stammer out something about having no references from 'Home' ('ome,' he called it), because he 'adn't been over steady,' but he'd signed the pledge, and he 'wasn't afraid of drink any

"AS THOUGH AMY HAD ANY TIME," SAID MRS. PAUL.

more.' I didn't hire him. Now, I call that truth, not governed by the law of benefit."

"You don't discriminate between being truthful and telling the truth," said William West. "You hadn't asked him if he had ever drank. I don't believe you lost much in not engaging him, poor fellow."

"Oh, Billy, I think it was rather fine in him," Amy protested, looking up from her notes.

"My dear, he was a perfect fool!" Mrs. Paul corrected her, with some warmth.

"I don't see anything fine," the minister said, simply. "In the first place there was a lack of reserve, a lack of privacy, in rushing into confession, which betrays the weak nature. There was also self-consciousness, in dwelling on his sin. And in the third place—"

("Billy, this sounds like a sermon; firstly—secondly," Amy murmured, signing her name to her thanks for the third asparagus fork.)

"—In the third place, if the man has reformed, there was an essential untruth in calling himself a sinner."

"Well, I don't quite agree with that," began Mrs. Paul.

"Yes; your'e right; you're right," John Paul declared. "Good Lord, West, suppose we went about confessing some of our college experiences!" the senior warden of St. James grinned a little, but his wife looked displeased.

"I don't believe you ever did anything very bad, John; but if you did, I think you should have confessed to me."

"I stole some signs, Kate," he told her; "can you ever forgive me?"

Amy, listening, smiling, said with that charming sidewise glance at her lover: "Cousin Kate is quite right! I should never forgive a man who didn't tell me everything! Billy, come here and confess. Have you ever done anything wicked?"

"We are all miserable sinners," John Paul murmured. "I say so publicly every Sunday——"

"But you don't specify!" the minister reminded him, with a laugh.

There was a moment's silence, then Amy Townsend said:

"Yes, but, Billy, doesn't it say somewhere that confession is good for the soul?"

"Perhaps it is," he said, dryly, "but, generally speaking, it's mighty bad for the mind."

There was an outcery at this from the two women.

"Of course," Mrs. Paul said, "simply gossiping about one's self isn't confession but don't you think, Mr. West, in the really deep relations of life, between friend and friend, or husband

"IT MUST BE FIVE YEARS SINCE I'VE THOUGHT OF IT."

and wife, there should be no reman soul is solitary. But for confession, that is different; justice and reparation sometimes demand it; but, again, justice and courage sometimes forbid it. Unless it is necessary, it is flabby vanity. That's why I said it was bad for the mind."

"Well," said Amy, with some spirit, "I don't believe in taking respect, or—or love, on false pretences! If I had ever done any dreadful thing, I should want to confess; good gracious, for the mere comfort of it, I should have to! It would be like walking on a volcano, to keep a secret!"

William West went over to the table where she was writing, and, finding a place among the clutter of presents to lean his elbow, sat down and looked at her with good-humored amusement.

"Where are you going to draw the line? How far back are you going in confessing your sins? Please don't tell me that you slapped your nurse when you were three. It would be a horrible shock to me to discover such a crime; so you ought to consider how unhappy confession would make me!"

"I shall go all the way back," said Amy, with decision; "if I had done anything wrong, I mean very wrong, I should tell you—if I had only been a year old!"

Rev. Billy laughed. "A desperate villain of one year!" but as he spoke, a puzzled look came into his eyes.

"I think," Amy Townsend proceeded, "that honor and fairness demand speaking out. And as for making some one else unhappy," her voice dropped a little, and the color came up into her face, "where people love each other, they have a right to unhappiness."

"Listen to Amy clamoring for unhappiness," John Paul commented; "don't work, my child; you'll get your share. There's enough to go round, I've noticed."

Mrs. Paul laughed, but a note of reality had come into the careless talk that gave her a sense of being a third party.

"John, you are flippant," she said; "come, let's leave these poor things alone; they's dying to get rid of us. And besides, if Amy is going to confess her sins since she was one year old, it will take time."

"That I consider a most uncalled for reference to my twenty-seven years," Amy retorted; and "besides, I've two more notes to write."

"And I must go home," William West said, rising in a preoccupied manner.

"Why, but I thought you were going to stay to dinner!" Mrs. Paul protested, with dismay.

"Oh, you must stay to dinner," Amy urged.

But her lover was resolute. Nor did he, as usual, try to lure her out into the hall that he might make his adieus. With the slight formality which was part of the charm of the man, he smiled, and said good night, stopped a moment to discuss with his senior warden something about the appropriation for repairs to St. James, and then, with a sober abstraction deepening in his face, went home through the delicate June dusk which was full of the scent of the roses, that grow behind the garden walls of the old-fashioned part of Mercer.

Rev. William West went into his study and shut the door. He was a man who was always accessible to his people, yet his lips tightened with impatience when he found a parishioner awaiting him, and saw a pile of notes on his writing table. But it was only for an instant; he listened to the anxieties of his caller, with that concentration of sympathy which can put self aside; and when the man went away it was with the other man's heartfelt grip of the hand, his heartfelt "I thank you for coming to me; God bless you, my friend, and give you wisdom."

The letters were not so easy; but he went through them faithfully, answering them or filing them away; appeals for help, for money, or work; two invitations; two requests for instruction from ladies of his congregation. He was aware of a sense of haste in getting through with these things; a sense of haste even in disposing of another caller, a boy, who came to say he had doubts about the existence of God, and who felt immensely important in consequence.

"I tell you, Mr. West," this youth declared, nodding his head, "of course I don't mean to be hard on the church; of course I see the value of such a belief in keeping the masses straight, but, for thinking men!"

To treat this sort of thing seriously and patiently is one of the trials of a thinking man who happens to be a minister.

It was nearly midnight before the clergyman had his library to himself. With a sigh of relief, he shut the door, and walked once or twice about the room, as though trying to shake off other people's affairs; then he bit off the end of a cigar, struck a match, and sat down. He put his hands deep into his pockets, and stretched his feet straight out in front of him.

"It must be five years since I've thought of it," he said to himself.

He held his lighted cigar between his fingers, his chin sunk on his breast, his mouth set in that hard line which refuses to extenuate or evade; his eyes narrowed with thought. Five years! Yes, the memory had so faded and lessened, that by and by it had ceased. But now it was as though, as he walked along the level path of daily life, a serpent suddenly lifted its evil head from the dust, and struck at him, hissing:

"I was eighteen," he said to himself; "no, nineteen. And now I'm forty-two! Twenty-nine, thirty-nine—it's twenty-three years ago!"

There is a hideous consciousness which comes to most of us men and women, at one time or another with our lives, of our inability to get away from the past. From out of the "roaring loom of Time" comes the fabric of our lives; white—run, perhaps, with a warp of silver in our latter years; set, even, by the mercy of God, with deep jewels of experience; spangled with the golden threads of opportunity; but back, in its beginnings—what stains, what rents! dragged through what foul and primeval experiences of youth! Some, by the environment and temperament, have nothing to blush for but follies; the joyous baseness of the young animal never broke through the conditions of their lives, or the dullness of their minds. But for most, there are black spots from whom, with wonder and disgust the adult turns away his eyes; the cruelty and impurity of childhood; the ingratitude and meanness of youth; with the man, as with the race, that is not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural.

Twenty-three years ago; what has that to do with the man of today? Nothing! What has he in common with the boy of nineteen? Nothing!

Suppose he told Amy, would she understand that? Why, the very fact that he had forgotten it meant that he did not belong to it, nor it to him. And, yet, he wanted to tell her!

William West got up, with an impatient gesture. How absurd this sort of mental posturing and agonizing was! What folly to think of burdening Amy's consciousness with the miserable facts. Told now, twenty-three years, afterwards, their relation to his present life could not be seen in true proportion. It would be an amazement and a shame to her, to think that her lover, her husband, had done thus and so. Yet, it would not be her husband who was the sinner; it was that poor, foolish, wicked boy of twenty-three years ago; that boy upon whom he looked back with the amazement and disgust of an outside observer. What a curious untruth, then, in confessing it. He gave a sigh of relief as he reached this conclusion; it was as if he had stumbled for a moment, but had got his balance again.

To be Continued.

Mr. Hiram Daly—The cook says she won't leave without a recommendation. But, of course, it would not be right to give it to her.

Mrs. Hiram Daly—Oh, I don't know about that. She came here with one.—Puck.

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"Mystic Cure" for rheumatism and neuralgia radically cures in one to three days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold by Carl Lorenz, 418 Lackawanna avenue, druggist, Scranton.

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"It Was a Cold Dark Knight."—Life.

TO CURE NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA.

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No trouble is more common or more misunderstood than nervous dyspepsia. People having it think that their nerves are to blame and are surprised that they are not cured by nerve medicine and spring remedies; the real seat of the mischief is lost sight of; the stomach is the organ to be looked after.

Nervous dyspeptics often do not have any pain whatever in the stomach, nor perhaps any of the usual symptoms of stomach weakness. Nervous dyspepsia shows itself not in the stomach so much as in nearly every other organ; in some cases the heart palpitates and is irregular; in others the kidneys are affected; in others the bowels are constipated, with headaches; still others are troubled with loss of flesh and appetite, with accumulation of gas, sour risings and heartburn.

Mr. A. W. Sharper of No. 61 Prospect St., Indianpolis, Ind., writes as follows: "A motive of pure gratitude prompts me to write these few lines regarding the new and valuable medicine, Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. I have been a sufferer from nervous dyspepsia for the last four years; have used various patent medicines and other remedies without any favorable result. They sometimes gave temporary relief until the effects of the medicine wore off. I attributed this to my sedentary habits, being a bookkeeper with little physical exercise, but I am glad to state that the tablets have overcome all these obstacles, for I have gained in flesh, sleep better, and am better in every way. The above is written not for notoriety, but is based on actual fact."

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It is safe to say that Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will cure any stomach weakness or disease except cancer of stomach. They cure sour stomach, gas, loss of flesh and appetite, sleeplessness, palpitation, heartburn, constipation and headache.

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All druggists sell full sized packages at 50 cents.

CLEVELAND AS A PLODDRR.

The Story Which Secretary Olney Tells on His Chief.

President Cleveland does not often read books, although last summer in the intervals of fishing he read in succession everything that Ian Maclaren has written. When the Rev. John Watson was here recently he attended his lecture and invited him to dine at the white house. He was first attracted to "Beside the Bonny Briar Bush" by the fragments which were read to him by Mrs. Cleveland. He took it up in a leisure moment himself, and became so much interested that he has since read everything Dr. Watson has in print, and it must have gratified the author when he recently learned the fact from the president's own lips. Mr. Cleveland has very little time to read. He makes more labor of the duties of his office than any of his predecessors ever did. Every case that comes before him, no matter what it is, receives the same patient investigation and is the subject of the same amount of reflection that he would give to it were he a lawyer employed for a fee. He searches the recommendations of every candidate for office as if he were to be employed upon the most important service, and every change among the 66,000 postmasters costs him time and labor.

Secretary Olney tells a story that illustrates this disposition on the president's part. A worthless, rascally half-breed Indian was convicted for the murder of an equally disreputable companion down in the Cherokee nation and condemned to death. His attorneys appealed for a commutation of sentence, and the officials of the department of justice, after making a thorough examination, reported against it. The records were then sent to the president for his approval. After dinner one evening the president telephoned for Mr. Olney, who was then attorney general, to come to the white house, and sat up with im until 2.30 discussing the case, the president taking the side of the condemned man and the attorney general offering the arguments for the prosecution. Finally the latter became tired and went home to bed, telling the president that he had given the matter unusual care, and was thouroughly convinced that the penalty was just.

The next day, when he went into cabinet meeting, the president, who looked haggard and weary, remarked: "Well, Olney, I have finally come around to your view in that Indian case. I think the fellow ought to be hanged. I read every line of the record over again after you left here this morning, and I was just finishing it when they called me to breakfast. I have declined to interfere."

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

THE TRIBUNE'S POLITICAL HANDBOOK AND HOUSEHOLD ENCYCLOPEDIA FOR 1897.

SECOND EDITION NOW READY, PRICE, 25 CENTS

OUR Political Handbook and Household Encyclopedia for 1897, is, without doubt, the finest and most complete work of its kind ever published in the state, outside of Philadelphia, and, indeed, it compares favorably with any of the Almanacs published by the great newspapers of the Quaker City.

The sale of this valuable book of reference has been unusually large, and to meet the demand we were compelled to print a second edition, which is now ready and for sale at our business office for **Twenty-Five** cents a copy.

No office or home hereabouts should be without a copy of this useful publication, as the answers to thousands of questions which are constantly brought up in every day life, can be found within its covers, as well as complete political, census and other statistics relating to nation, state, county and city, together with an unlimited amount of other useful information, all of which is carefully indexed.

To show that this publication is all that we claim, we herewith reprint a few of the many very complimentary notices received from other newspapers throughout the state:

Of Value to the Reader.

Lancaster New Era.

The Scranton Tribune has issued its annual "Political Handbook" which makes a handsome book of over 200 pages. It has many excellent features, among which we may mention a daily resume of the occurrences in Scranton during the past year, a full account of all the more important political events, political tables relative to the state and entire country, legal information, population, pensions and a hundred other things, all of which will be found of great value to the general reader. The Tribune deserves much credit for its enterprise.

Handsomest of Annuals.

Wilkes-Barre Leader.

The Scranton Tribune's annual for 1897 is issued under the title of Political Handbook and Household Encyclopedia and is all that its name implies. It is a book of over 200 pages and contains a good deal of general as well as local information, with a number of local illustrations. It is one of the largest and handsomest annuals that come to the Leader office.

It Improves with Age.

Scranton Free Press.

The political handbook issued by The Tribune is one of the best that has reached this office. It contains a grist of information, political and general, that makes it a welcome annual visitor. Like good wine, The Tribune handbook improves with age.

An Innovation.

Pittsburg Times.

The Scranton Tribune has done itself proud with its "Political Handbook," a publication filled from cover to cover with the sort of stuff its name implies. It is somewhat of an innovation in the field of annuals, and will be all the more valuable on that account.

Praisworthy Departure.

Carbondale Leader.

Several fine publications from the newspaper offices of this region have been received by the Leader. One of the best of these is the Scranton Tribune's Political Handbook for 1897, a praiseworthy departure from old methods, containing political, census and other statistics of nation, state and county, with a wealth of other information. The book contains over 200 pages, is indexed, and represents a vast amount of painstaking labor.

Best Yet Received.

Wilkes-Barre News-Dealer.

Of the many almanacs that have come to this office the best that has yet put in appearance is that of the Scranton Tribune. It is a regular encyclopedia and discounts anything issued by the metropolitan press.

The Greatest Production.

Carbondale Herald.

The Scranton Tribune's almanac is the greatest production of the kind that has been issued by a provincial journal. The Tribune's almanac, like The Tribune newspaper, leads.

The Best Yet Seen.

Lancaster Examiner.

With all due respect for our metropolitan contemporaries, we must in candor say that the almanac issued by the Scranton Tribune is the best we have seen. It is a political handbook and household encyclopedia, containing a mass of information, local and general, which will make it a constant companion of the editor's paste pot and ink stand.

Finest of Its Kind.

Elmira Telegram.

The Tribune's political handbook is the finest of the kind published in this city. It is a compilation and publication that reflects credit upon the Scranton Tribune.

THE LEADER

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Immense Clearance Sale Beginning Monday, January 4th.

We never offered such remarkable values at the present prices as long as we have been in business. The quotations here are from our

SILKS AND DRESS GOODS

department only. For special bargains in Cloaks and Jackets as well as Ladies and Children's underwear, see evening papers.

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5,000 yards remnant dress goods, in lengths from 1½ yards to 5 yards, at about 25c. on the dollar.

75 all-wool dress patterns, all this season's goods, at less than half cost.

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5,000 yards plain black and brocaded silks, none in the lot worth less than 75c., some as high as $1.25; choice of any **49c**

250 yards fine quality figured silks that is slightly soiled; just the thing for underskirts or linings; choice of any (a yard) **25c**

25 pieces fancy satin, just the thing for evening wear; regular price 49c. January Clearance Price..... **28c**

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produces the above results in 30 days. It acts powerfully and quickly. Cures when all others fail. Young men will regain their lost manhood, and old men will recover their youthful vigor by using **REVIVO**. It quickly and surely restores Nervousness, Lost Vitality, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Lost Power, Failing Memory, Wasting Diseases, and all effects of self-abuse or excess and indiscretion which unfits one for study, business or marriage. It not only cures by starting at the seat of disease, but is a great **nerve tonic and blood builder**, bringing back the **pink glow to pale cheeks** and restoring the **fire of youth**. It wards off Insanity and Consumption. Insist on having **REVIVO**, no other. It can be carried in vest pocket. By mail $1.00 per package, or six for **$5.00, with a positive written guarantee to cure or refund the money.** Circular free. Address

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Schedule in Effect November 15, 1896.

Trains Leave Wilkes-Barre as Follows

7.30 a. m., week days, for Sunbury, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and for Pittsburg and the West.

10.15 a. m., week days, for Hazleton, Pottsville, Reading, Norristown, and Philadelphia; and for Sunbury, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Pittsburg and the West.

3.15 p. m., week days, for Sunbury, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Pittsburg and the West.

3.15 p. m., Sundays only, for Sunbury, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, and Pittsburg and the West.

6.00 p. m., week days, for Hazleton and Pottsville.

J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass. Agent.
S. M. PREVOST, General Manager.

RAILROAD TIME-TABLES

Del., Lack. and Western.

Effect Monday, October 19, 1896.

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.; 1.10 and 3.33 p. m.

Express for Easton, Trenton, Philadelphia and the South, 5.15, 8.00 and 9.55 a. m.; 1.10 and 3.33 p. m.

Washington and way stations, 3.45 p. m.

Tobyhanna accommodation, 6.10 p. m.

Express for Binghamton, Oswego, Elmira, Corning, Bath, Dansville, Mount Morris and Buffalo, 12.20, 2.35 a. m., and 1.55 p. m., making close connections at Buffalo to all points in the West, Northwest and Southwest.

Bath accommodation, 9.15 a. m.

Binghamton and way stations, 1.05 p. m.

Nicholson accommodation, 5.15 p. m.

Binghamton and Elmira express, 5.55 p. m.

Express for Utica and Richfield Springs, 2.35 a. m., and 1.55 p. m.

Ithaca 2.35 and Bath 9.15 a. m. and 1.55 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 1.55 and 6.00 p. m.

Nanticoke and intermediate stations, 8.08 and 11.20 a. m. Plymouth and intermediate stations, 3.40 and 8.47 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.

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TIME TABLE IN EFFECT NOV. 15, 1896.

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, 7.10 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 with Buffet parlor car), 3.05 (express) p. m. Sunday, 2.15 p. m. Trains leaving 12.45 p. m. arrives at Philadelphia, Reading Terminal, 5.22 p. m. and New York 6.00 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. and 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, 4.15 (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, 6.25 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. Agt.
J. H. OLHAUSEN, Gen. Supt.

Lehigh Valley Railroad.

LEHIGH VALLEY RAIROAD SYSTEM.

Anthracite Coal Used Exclusively Insuring Cleanliness and Comfort.

IN EFFECT NOV. 15, 1896.

TRAINS LEAVE SCRANTON.

For Philadelphia and New York via D. & H. R. R. at 6.45, 7.45 a. m., 12.05, 1.20, 3.33 (Black Diamond Express) and 11.30 p. m.

For Pittston and Wilkes-Barre via D. L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 11.20 a. m., 1.55, 3.40, 6.00 and 8.47 p. m.

For White Haven, Hazleton, Pottsville and principal points in the coal regions via D. & H. R. R., 6.45 a. m., 12.05 and 4.41 p. m.

For Bethlehem, Easton, Reading, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations via D. & H. R. R., 6.45, 7.45 a. m., 12.05, 1.20, 3.33 (Black Diamond Express), 4.41 and 11.30 p. m.

For Tunkhannock, Towanda, Elmira, Ithaca, Geneva and principal intermediate stations via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 9.55, a. m., 12.20 and 3.40 p. m.

For Geneva, Ruchester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Chicago and all points west via D. & H. R. R., 7.45 a. m., 12.05, 3.33 (Black Diamond Express), 9.50 and 11.30 p. m.

Pullman parlor and sleeping or Lehigh Valley chair cars on all trains between 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.
Scranton Office, 309 Lackawanna avenue.

"The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western."

DELAWARE AND HUDSON TIME TABLE.

On Monday, Nov. 23, trains will leave Scranton as follows:

For Carbondale—5.45, 7.55, 8.55, 10.15, a. m.; 12.00 noon; 1.21, 2.20, 3.32, 5.25, 6.25, 7.57, 9.10, 10.30, 11.55 p. m.

For Albany, Saratoga, Montreal, Boston, New England points, etc.—5.45 a. m.; 2.20 p. m.

For Honesdale—5.45, 8.55, 10.15 a. m.; 12.00 noon, 2.20, 5.25 p. m.

For Wilkes-Barre—6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.38, 10.45 a. m.; 12.05, 1.20, 2.28, 3.33, 4.41, 6.00, 7.50, 9.26, 11.30 p. m.

For New York, Philadelphia, etc., via Lehigh Valley Railroad—6.45, 7.45 a. m.; 12.05, 1.20, 3.33 (with Black Diamond Express), 11.30 p. m.

For Pennsylvania Railroad points—6.45, 9.38 a. m.; 2.20, 4.41 p. m.

For western points, via Lehigh Valley Railroad—7.45 a. m.; 12.05, 3.33 (with Black Diamond Express) 9.50, 11.30 p. m.

Trains will arrive at Scranton as follows:

From Carbondale and the north—6.40, 7.40, 8.40, 9.34, 10.40 a. m.; 12.00 noon; 1.05, 2.24, 3.25, 4.37, 5.45, 7.45, 9.45 and 11.25 p. m.

From Wilkes-Barre and the south—5.40, 7.50, 8.50, 10.10, 11.55 a. m.; 1.16, 2.14, 3.48, 5.22, 6.21, 7.53, 9.03, 9.45, 11.52 p. m.

J. W. BURDICK, G. P. A., Albany, N. Y.
H. W. Cross, D. P. A., Scranton, Pa.

Erie and Wyoming Valley.

Effective Jan. 4, 1897.

Trains leave Scranton for New York, Newburgh and intermediate points on Erie, also for Hawley and local points, at 7.05 a. m. and 2.28 p. m., and arrive from above points at 10.33 a. m. and 9.38.

New York, Ontario and Western Railway.

SCRANTON DIVISION.
In Effect October 4th, 1896.

North Bound.					South Bound.		
203 Local	201 Pass	201 N Y Day Exp	Stations (Trains Daily, Except Sunday.)	202 Local	202 Pass	204 Ontario Day Ex
P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	Arrive Leave	A. M.		
.....	.....	7 25	N. Y. Franklin St.	.....	7 40	.....
.....	.....	7 10	West 42nd street	.....	7 55	.....
.....	.....	7 00	Weehawken	.....	8 10	.....
P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	Arrive Leave	A. M.	P. M.	M.
.....	.....	1 15	Hancock Junction	.....	2 15	.....
.....	.....	1 06	Hancock	.....	2 21	.....
.....	.....	12 56	Starlight	.....	2 32	.....
.....	.....	12 46	Preston Park	.....	2 31	.....
.....	.....	12 40	Como	.....	2 41	.....
.....	.....	12 25	Poyntelle	.....	2 50	.....
.....	.....	12 14	Belmont	.....	2 58	.....
.....	.....	12 05	Pleasant Mt.	.....	3 06	.....
.....	.....	11 59	Uniondale	.....	3 09	.....
.....	.....	11 49	Forest City	.....	3 19	.....
.....	6 50	11 34	Carbondale	7 04	3 34	.....
.....	6 46	11 30	White Bridge	7 07	3 38	.....
.....	6 38	11 23	Mayfield	7 12	3 43	.....
.....	6 41	11 25	Jermyn	7 14	3 45	.....
.....	6 35	11 18	Archbald	7 20	3 51	.....
.....	6 32	11 15	Winton	7 23	3 54	.....
.....	6 28	11 11	Peckville	7 27	3 59	.....
.....	6 23	11 07	Olyphant	7 32	4 04	.....
.....	6 20	11 05	Priceburg	7 34	4 07	.....
.....	6 18	11 03	Throop	7 36	4 10	.....
.....	6 15	11 00	Providence	7 39	4 14	.....
.....	6 12	10 57	Park Place	7 41	4 17	.....
.....	6 10	10 55	Scranton	7 45	4 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. Fitzcroft, Div Pass. Agt Scranton, Pa.

Houses for Sale and for Rent.

If you contemplate purchasing or leasing a house, or want to invest in a lot, see the lists of desirable property on page 2 of The Tribune.