MY COMRADE THOMPSON ...OR... CUBA LIBRE.

By OWEN HALL,

AUTHOR OF "THE TRACK OF THE STORM."

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SYNOPSIS.

The narrator of the story, who has recently spent a year an a half in Cuba, where he has made many friends and fallen in love with a Cuban girl, is engaged by the editor of the Universe to accompany a filibuster steamer, with a cargo of supplies, to the island. He meets the second mate, one Thompson, at the wharf, and together they board the steamer. The latter starts, and on the voyage Thompson and the narrator become quite friendly. The steamer approaches the Cuban shore at night, and there are indications of a hurricane. She seeks shelter in a bay, but is surprized and fired on by a Spanish gunboat, and, making for the sea, receives the full force of the hurricane. The steamer is wrecked, only Thompson and the narrator escaping ashore alive. They make their way to a house in the suburbs of Havana, where Thompson has friends. The narrator discovers that it is the home of his ladylove, Margarita, and that Thompson is in love with her also. Margarita embraces the narrator, and Thompson leaves in great anger.

PART IV.

For the moment it was a relief. He was gone, and we were alone. I was free to clasp Margarita close and yet closer to my heart, while I answered with soft words and tender touches the one word in which she contrived to express a thousand feelings of love and happiness: "Juliano—Juliano." But then Thompson's face came back to me. I knew what it meant—how could I fail to know, as I held Margarita in my arms, and the thought passed through me with a shiver icy cold, what if I had stood by and seen her in his arms?

Suddenly the crimson blush spread over her cheeks and neck, as Margarita drew herself quickly away. "But Tomaso," she whistered, "I forgot that he was here, Juliona."

"He has gone, Rita," I whispered. "I fear he has gone in anger; and he saved my life."

"In anger?" she exclaimed, looking round, "but why in anger, Juliano?"

"Can you not guess, Rita?" I said, looking into those glorious eyes, and thinking to myself, what wonder if he loved—what wonder if he were desperate?

I saw the idea dawn in her eyes as I gazed into them, and as it dawned I saw that the blood ebbed away from her face, leaving her pale. I looked at her in sirprise, but, before I had time to torment myself with any lover's questionings as to what it meant, she clasped her hands in quick emotion.

"Oh, no—not that, Juliano; say it is not that."

There was o much feeling, so much that was almost like fear, in her eyes, as she looked in my face, that I was conscious of some surprise, but I could only try to soothe her at the moment.

"You could not help it, Rita, I know, love," I whispered.

"Ah, but he will hate you, Juliano—and none can hate like Tomaso. He will denounce you for a rebel. He has influence; he has power." And she wrung her hands together, the image of bewilderment and fear.

"He?" I exclaimed. He? Thompson? You are wrong—you must be wring, Rita."

"Wrong, Juliano? Ah, no! How can I be wrong? It is you at whom he will strike. Has he not done it before? Is he not the friend of the captain general? Ah, no, Juliano!" she said, as lover-like I tried to soothe her—"not now. It is sweet, but not now. Let us seek my father and tell him all; it may be that he can save you."

As she spoke, she turned quickly from the room. I followed her, my mind in an unenviable state of confusion. A moment before I had been all but reproaching myself for the pain I had given my friend Thompson—the man who had saved my life—the loyal partisan of revolutionary Cuba—the trusted pilot of our expedition—and now he seemed to have gone; and in his place was Tomaso, the friends, and, no doubt, tool, of Weyler—the enemy, and therefore the treacherous enemy of the rebels. I am not surprised that I was confused. Looking back on it all now, I am almost surprised that I was not more utterly confused than I was.

We found the Don in the full enjoyment of his evening smoke. He had always been a warm friend of mine, yet it was with a look in which bewilder-

"I HATE HIM!"

ment was largely mingled with fear that he listened to the torrent of explanation in which Margarita poured out her history of what had taken place. As I watched his expressive face, I could not help suspecting that the fear was not wholly on my acocunt, and it gave me a still more unpleasant feeling as to my own prospects, when it dawned upon me that even so influential a merchant of Havana as Don Castellano had reason to fear my comrade Thompson, and what he might see fit to do in his anger.

To do him justice, however, the Don welcomed me warmly, even after he must have known from his daughter's headlong tale how matters stood between us. His first question, however, enabled me to let in a flood of new light on the situation. "But how did you come to Havana?" he asked. I told him in as few words as possible, for I must admit that each moment there was growing upon me the sense of my danger at the hands of this man whom I had known as Thompson, and who, for some unaccountable reason, had taken it into his head to save me from the death to which, no doubt, he had been perfectly willing to consign the rest of our passengers.

"Ah, you mad Americans," was the Don's comment. "Why should you have come to our unhappy island; and come back, too, as if to seek death?"

Margarita had drunk in every word as I spoke, and she turned her eyes full of question and reproach on me, as her father spoke. Then the light came back into her eyes till they shone like diamonds, and the hot blood flushed her cheeks once more, as she exclaimed: "Oh, father, save him from Tomaso. It was for me he came."

The Don smiled as he looked down at the troubled face of his only child, now lifted to his in impassioned appeal; then he frowned as the full difficulty of the situation came over him. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "you children—you children! But I must think. This is not an easy thing, look you, my young friend. Margarita is right as to this Tomaso.

IT WAS THE FACE OF MY COMRADE, THOMPSON.

His father was employed by me for years, and was faithful, but the son is dangerous. I would gladly have forbidden him to come here, but I knew it would be unsafe, for he has the ear of the captain-general, by whom he is trusted as an agent. Yet I think not he will willingly injure me if only—" and here a smile broke up the gravity of his face. "No, it is at you he will aim. It may even be that he will represent himself as having led you here; but how to save you—that is the question."

The Don went on slowly talking,as if thinking to himself, and, in spite of the near concern I had in his conclusions, I found myself stealing glances at Margarita, who still clung to her father's arm, as if in the hope of quickening his interest on my behalf by the soft touch of her little hands on his sleeve. He stopped and seemed to think for a minute; and his daughter looked round and frowned at me, when she saw that my thoughts were not fixed on what he had been saying, and shook her head at me with a gesture of warning.

"Yes," the Don began again, "I could, indeed, get you removed in a vessel of my own that leaves tonight, but, then, how could we escape Tomaso? Then, indeed, he would divulge our connection and be revenged on us, even if he could not also stop you."

"Not for the world, Don Castellano," I exclaimed. "If anyone is to suffer, it must be me, and me alone."

Margarita grasped her father's arm more tightly, and looked up into his face, but she said nothing. The Don held up his hand deprecatingly to me. "Stay," he said. "Stay, children. Why is it that youth is ever so hot and hasty?" He paused again, and his eyes rested on his daughter's face for a moment. Then he spoke as if he had made up his mind, at the same time laying his hand softly on Margarita's glossy hair. "Yes, it will be best so. In any case, we must risk something. But there is not a moment to lose. You will stay here while I arrange for safe men to get a boat ready to go off to Cabellero, and you will be ready to go the moment I return," he added, glancing quickly at me and then at his daughter.

In another moment the worthy Don had disengaged himself gently and left the room. Can I attempt to tell what passed between us? At first, indeed, I could not, if I tried. All I could do was to soothe, by such instinctive means as natural instinct supplies to lovers, of touch and whispered word, which imply so little and yet so much, my companion who seemed for the first ime to feel the full bitterness of the disappointment. I tried to talk of the future, but the present seemed to swallow it up; I tried to assure her that all would be well, but she only shrank and trembled, as she whispered, in little, fluttering accents: "Juliano—oh, Juliano!"

"But, Rita, you will be true to me—we will be true to one another—and then nothing can really part us. It is only if you shall love another—not now, of course, but at any time hereafter—that I should really lose you." She shuddered and looked at me with eyes full of reproach.

"Ah, not Tomaso," I said; "I don't mean anything so low as that. But years, perhaps long years hence, if some man—not a spy and a traitor—should come; ah, then, Rita, if you should."

She seemed not to have heard the last few words, for she drew herself erect with a sudden motion, and her eyes seemed to flash and blaze.

"Tomaso!" She pronounced the name with a bitterness of contempt and hatred such as I could not have supposed it possible to throw into a single word; "Tomaso! Spy—traitor—murderer! Name not the base creature in my presence. I abhor myself now that I should ever have endured his hateful presence—I hate him! I shall hate him ever!"

I had been spellbound by the intensity of her passion, and perhaps a little by her glorious eyes; seen in this new light, and I cannot imagine what strong magnetic force it could have been that had power to draw my eyes from her face to where, behind her, yet to one side, the window stood open on the piazza. There—there, framed in the opening, the bright light on his face, the dark background of the palms and shrubs behind him, stood the figure of my comrade Thompson. When last I had seen that face, it had shocked me in its drawn intensity of suffering, but now the effect was different. It seemed to me no longer human. There was pain, indeed, pain that was horrible, but no longer of that kind that invokes sympathy. Malice the most intense, bitterness the most fierce, yet, and triumph the most unbounded. His face was like a book—he had heard it all! It was but a second or two, and it seemed as if we both stood as if bound by a spell; a look like that of a madman or a demon came over his face; he threw his arms out wildly, as if in denunciation, and, with one fierce, low curse, that sounded like the growl of a beast of prey, he turned and dashed headlong from the spot. With a cry of sudden alarm Margarita had turned and seen his flying figure, and for a moment I thought she would have rushed after him. I seized her as she reached the door, and at that very moment my ears cought the quick tramp of soldiers coming through the grounds. They must have heard her cry, even if it was possible that the traitor, in his frantic excitement, had missed them. A cold chill went through me. It was useless to fly—there was nothing to be done.

The thought flashed through my brain like a flash of lightning; almost at the same moment, a voice challenged in the quick, peremptory tone of command, and, the next, a loud, sharp volley of a dozen rifles rang out on the stillness of the night. We stood as if we had been turned to stone, listening with every sense for what was to come next—but it seemed as if nothing was going to happen. The faint sound of what might have been a footstep; a low sound that might have been a distant whispering, and nothing more.

We waited—our eyes fixed on each other's faces. Suddenly there was an order given once more; and then, as we listened, step by step, the footsteps of the soldiers died away.

What had happened? After a long pause we stole out with pale faces on to the piazza; then, as if compelled, step by step down the avenue; then, as if led by some unerring instinct, across the grass and beneath the soft shadows of the graceful drooping palms—and there, as if by common consent, we paused. Farther on—only a few yards farther on—there was something dark lying under the deeper shadows. We stood for several minutes as if afraid to move—almost afraid to breathe—and then I recovered sufficiently to go forward.

The moon was rising at last, and, as I stood beside that silent heap, her first light glanced from the east under the shadows of the trees. I laid my hand on it; I stooped and turned it over. The first rays of silver light fell on the ghastly face—it was the face of my comrade Thompson.

The End.

AMUSING SLIPS OF THE TONGUE

Blunders That Add Unexpected Piquancy to Oratory.

MISQUOTING NAPOLEON THE GREAT

"Executed in Terra Cotta"--The Late John Chamberlain Remembered in London--Why Bismarck's Answer to a Governor Was Delayed.

It would undoubtedly form an interesting anthology if a contemporary should have taken the trouble to prepare a collection of the stump-speech blunders made during the last political campaign. As for our own city we heard of only one made in the course of a short address to workingmen. The speaker, a silver advocate, noticing a number of Frenchmen among his audience while he was denouncing the British "intherference in America's finances," suddenly exclaimed, "And did not Napoleon the Great, even in his day, say of the English that they were 'a nation of shop-lifters?'"

"Half the fun of life," says the collector of a Boquet of Blunders, "comes from blunders, and it seems cruel to laugh at the mistakes of people who are trying to do their best. And the one who laughs loudest never knows but it may be his turn next time to be laughed at."

Amusing slips of the tongue abound, and even practiced orators are not above making them. An English statesman is reported to have said not long ago in a public speech: "Let it be known, gentlemen, that of these just demands we abate not one jit or tittle."

Another English lawyer, examining a witness who said he found the prisoners in bed with their clothes on, asked, sternly: "Do you mean to say that they had gone to boot with their beds on?"

A speaker at a parochial council preliminary meeting, meaning to be eloquently eulogistic of his working class auditors, mixed the matter a bit when he said: "I will call you by the noblest name that you have. You are tons of soil."

Many ludicrous blunders have been made in the course of the church service by nervous clergymen, but there can hardly be recorded a more comical one than that which startled a London congregation the other day, when the officiating curate announced "Hymn four and seven pence halfpenny." In his nervousness he had confused the offeratory total of the previous Sunday with the hymn figures.

It was an American who, lecturing one evening, said: "Parents, you may have children, or, if not, your daughters may have."

HYPER-CRITICISM.

When an Irish doctor reproved a friend for his too liberal use of brandy, "Bah," said he, "I've drank of it since I was a boy, and I'm 60." "Very likely," replied the doctor, "but if you had never drank of it, perhaps you would now be 70."

It was at an art exhibition, and two old ladies, fresh from the country, were examining with great interest the statue of a young Greek, underneath which was inscribed the words, "Executed in Terra Cotta." "Where is Terra Cotta?" asked the elder of the two, turning to her companion. "I haven't the least idea," replied the other; "I never heard of the place before." "Ah, well," observed the first speaker, "it doesn't much signify. The poor man who was executed there is none the less to be pitied, wherever it may be."

"BULLS."

There are blunders of the species "bull" which have not been born in Ireland. It was a Scotch woman who said that the butcher of her town only killed half a beast at a time. It was a Dutchman who said a pig had no marks on its ears except a long tail. It was a British magistrate who, when told by a certain rascal that he was not married, responded: "That's a good thing for your wife."

At one of the first examinations for sanitary inspectors in England there were some very curious replies handed in. One candidate, asked what a death rate was, replied that it was a rate levied on the living to support the cemeteries. Another, replying to a question about the willful exposure of a person suffering from an infectious disease, said that "he must not ride in any conveyance except a hearse without first informing the driver." Another, in reply to the same question, laid it down as imperative that "a person dying of an infectious disease must give notice to the local authorities within twenty-four hours."

BOOKISH BLUNDERS.

There has been in bookish circles of late some complaint that the book trade is passing out of the hands of men of culture into those of an inferior class of men, who know little and care less about the books they handle. Point is given to this accusation by the following example among many that have been noted by book buyers. A gentleman staying at a well known seaside town made inquiry at a book shop for the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," when the vendor, replying that he had not got a copy, clenched his positive assurance by saying that all the cookery books were kept together, and it was not among them.

The librarians of the now numerous public libraries find the tedium of their labors a little relieved by the blunders made by their unlearned patrons when asking for books. There is no book that seems to have caused such puzzlement to readers as Miss Harraden's "Ships That Pass in the Night." It has figured in the requests of would-be readers as "Ships That Speak as They Pass By," "Ships That We Pass," "Ships That Sail in the Night," "Ships That Pass Through the Night," "Ships That the Night Passes By," and "The Ship Book," and these are only a few of the variations. "The Heavenly Twins" has been asked for as "The Heavenly Angels" and "The Heavenly Wings," while poor "Trilby" has figured as "Little Trilby," "Little Billee" and even as "Triplets."

THE LATE JOHN CHAMBERLIN.

In the London Chat and Gossip Mr. Howard Paul writes: "The European friends of the late John Chamberlin, and he had many, were pained to read of his sudden death at Saratoga. He was a gourmet, and the best known hotel keeper in Washington. His restaurant had a national reputation, but the prices were exceptionally high. Apropos of this, Colonel Tom Ochiltree and a young friend from Texas were about to dine. The latter expressed a strong desire to partake of a porterhouse steak and fried onions, but said that he could not do so, as he was going to the theater with some ladies and his breath might give him away.

"Don't be afraid, my friend," said Colonel Ochiltree, "go right ahead, and have your steak and onions. When you get your bill for the meal, it will take your breath away."

BISMARCK'S SILVER LETTER.

Prince Bismarck has no lack of that punctuality which is said to be the politeness of princes. All letters arriving at Freiderichsruh are promptly replied to if an answer is required, but of course not before they have been accepted and read.

It seems that in the United States much surprise has been manifested that the letter of the governor of Texas on the silver question, dated July 1, was not replied to before August 24. The reason of this seeming delay is explained in the Texas Vorwaerts as follows:

"Governor Culbertson had written his letter in English as early as July 1 and sent it to New Braunfels for the purpose of having it translated into German, for Yankeedom in Texas thinks that what is good in the way of German must needs come from New Braunfels. There the Culberson letter was translated and this translation sent to Prince Bismarck, whence the letter was returned unopened to the governor of Austin, with the notice marked on it by the Friedrichsruh postoffice: 'Refused.' Prince Bismarck has refused its acceptance because the governor's secretary had only put a two-cent stamp on the letter, which weighed fully two ounces. The prince never pays an extra fine or tax on any letter, nor did he on the one in question, even if the envelope showed, that it came from the governor of Texas. From Austin—and this time properly prepaid—the letter was sent to the prince, and, of course, accepted. The foregoing readily explains the discrepancy in the dates and the delay so widely commented upon."

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50 ladies' figured brilliantine skirts, very fine quality, newest patterns, Our Price, $1.59

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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.

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

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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, Rochester, 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.

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Washington and way stations, 3.45 p. m.

Tobyhanna accommodation, 6.10 p. m.

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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.

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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.

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TIME TABLE IN EFFECT JAN. 25, 1897.

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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. Train 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 Lakewood, 8.20 a. 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.

"The D. L. & W."

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, 3.52, 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, 9.30, 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 at 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 will 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 p. m.

NEW YORK ONTARIO AND WESTERN RAILWAY.

SCRANTON DIVISION.
In Effect October 4th, 1896.

North Bound.				South Bound.	
203 Local Pass	201 N Y Day Exp	Stations (Trains Daily, Except Sunday.)		202 Local Pass	204 Only Day Ex.
P M	P M	Arrive	Leave	A M	P M
....	....	7 25	N. Y. Franklin St.	....	7 48
....	....	7 10	West 42nd street	....	7 55
....	....	7 00	Weehawken	....	8 10
	P M	Arrive	Leave	A M	P M
....	....	1 15	Hancock Junction	....	2 15
....	....	1 09	Hancock	....	2 21
....	....	12 56	Starlight	....	2 22
....	....	12 46	Preston Park	....	2 31
....	....	12 40	Como	....	2 41
....	....	12 25	Poyntelle	....	2 56
....	....	12 14	Belmont	....	2 58
....	....	12 08	Pleasant Mt.	....	3 06
....	....	f1159	Uniondale	....	3 09
....	....	11 49	Forest City	....	3 19
....	6 50	11 34	Carbondale	7 04	3 34
....	f6 46	f1120	White Bridge	f7 07	f3 38
....	f6 43	f1125	Mayfield	f7 12	f3 48
....	6 41	11 23	Jermyn	7 14	3 45
....	6 37	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 03	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	f1057	Park Place	f7 41	f4 17
....	6 10	10 55	Scranton	7 45	4 20
P M	A M	Leave	Arrive	A 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.

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.