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SYNOPSIS.

The narrator of the story becomes acquainted with a strange old man who has a curious history. Once a prosperous architect, the old man's mind has become impaired through the death of his wife, Chopin's famous march which played at the funeral, and since then the old man-Landis is his name—is something of a musician, continually playing the march, in memory of his dear wife, Millie, in his piano, but he is still unable to play the march to his satisfaction. Finally he has an organ built in his house, and out of it he derives much comfort. But his great ambition is to play the march on the organ in Albert Hall, London, of which he has heard so much—an organ with 30,000 pipes. In order to do this, however, he is obliged to give up his piano, and he is living on his little income, starving himself and living the life of a miser. His servant, an old negro named Millie, is compelled to steal furniture from the house in order to keep herself alive. The narrator of the story reasons with the old man to get him to live more comfortably.

PART II.

"But why should you be in such a hurry?" I argued. "Why not eat three times a day and wait six months more?" He looked at me pityingly. He twisted around on the bench again and played the march from beginning to end. Then he said: "Think of that ten thousand pipes and don't ask me why I must starve." "What could I say to him? I wondered whether he were not happy for all his sorrow—to possess an ambition of such strength is surely worth something. It was paying for itself, with his life's blood. I left him at his organ and went in search of Millie. It would never do, I thought, to let her sell all of his things. I would arbitrate and try to compromise with her. I found her in the kitchen, just finishing the feast of sausage—eating them from the pan in which they had been cooked and using a broad butcher's knife in place of a fork. She looked even older than the master of the house. Her hair was a rusty white, what there was of it, her cheeks sunken in and her eyes were red and watery; beyond her head there was nothing but a dirty bundle of rags. She started at me furiously as I made my way across the dusty floor.

"You're Millie?" I questioned. She said she was. By the time our conversation had ended I had quite a good opinion of the old woman, who had served Mr. Landis ever since his wife had died and had received nothing for her work but her scanty food, the money for which she usually had to steal from him. For days at a time the old man had gone without food till she had been obliged to threaten to kill him to make him eat. She got his clothes for him by begging and sometimes did washing to buy things for him. She said she was tired of "sich, pats on," so to make sure that she would not sell the lead pipe

He hardly noticed me, and there was a strange, terrified look in his eyes. "They made me spend five dollars," he moaned. "Who?" "They said the yard and cellar should be cleaned and they cleaned them—made me pay five dollars. I could have started in two weeks." He pressed the bills down into his box, and after a final caressing look shut it and hid it back of the organ. I guessed that he agent of the Board of Health had been to see him. Three weeks later he told me that he would be gone in five days and asked me to go down to the ship with him and see him off. He had engaged his passage—in the steamer. "Millie is to have the house when I am gone and my two hundred a year for working for me. She can eat three times a day till she dies."

"What will you do for yourself?" I asked. "Me? I shall die when I have played on the big organ. I shall not bother about money any more. I have fifty dollars besides my ticket—what more can I need?" The day had been on a Thursday in August. My ship sailed on the following Wednesday. I helped him pack his bag and get his things ready, feeling as though I were aiding and abetting some unlawful act. The old negro looked glum and angry. I was to help him down to the wharf, so I appeared at his house at six o'clock Wednesday morning. When I rounded the corner I saw a score of persons standing in front of his door, and my heart sprang into my mouth. I ran down the street and pushed my way into the crowd. "What's the matter?" I demanded. "I don't know," said the man, "but listen."

The wailing notes of the organ struck my ears and made me shiver. The same notes, the same discords wailed out unceasingly. The windows were shut. I shoved my way up the steps and rang the bell. I could hear it awaken the echoes in the air but empty house, and then die down and get lost in the wailing of the organ. No one came to the door. I rang again, and the crowd looked at me wonderingly. My face was pale, I know, and I must have looked as I felt, terribly excited. "There's ghosts in there," I heard the old man say, and those who heard passed the remark to the others, and all drew away from the house a little. A policeman came up and wanted to know what the trouble was. "My friend, a musician lives here," I explained, "and I think something has happened to him."

"Ring the bell," he said, and then gave it a pull himself. He got no answer, and the wailing of the organ still continued. "Come with me to the back of the house and let us break in," I suggested. We went around through a filthy alley, followed by half of the curious crowd. A small boy climbed over the fence door and opened it, and I rushed through the house ahead of the policeman and into the parlor. I could see nothing on account of the darkness, but the wailing of the organ chilled me. I knew that my friend lay on the keys. I opened one of the shutters, and we picked him up, the policeman and I, and carried him upstairs to his warm little bed. He was not dead. When we had bathed his head and forced a little whisky into his mouth, he opened his eyes. He caught hold of my hand and gasped: "She stole it all—all—all—'catch Millie! I must go and play, for there are ten thousand pipes!"

"Then he fell back unconscious again. The doctor stood holding his pulse for a moment. "Where does he want to go?" he asked me, studying the old man's face. "I told him the whole story as briefly as possible, and then looking up from

nervous, yet more happy and exuberant, I judged from this that his savings were increasing rapidly. Five months went by and I had grown to love the old man. I had long talks with him and argued and argued to keep him from killing himself. He would always listen attentively and then go through with his never-wearying march and smile at me and say: "It is worth it. I must play it on the big organ—think of it; ten thousand pipes!" He must have realized that some one was supplying money for him and the old negro to live on, but he said nothing about it.

One day when I called I found him sitting on the floor in front of his organ counting money into a small tin box.



FOUND HIM SITTING ON THE FLOOR.

Landis sent me a letter giving me the beautiful end of my sad story. On how Mr. Landis got to London, and how he succeeded in getting into the big hall, the letter did not tell. But just after daylight one morning Chopin's "March Funebre" was heard rumbling forth from the powerful organ. A policeman, the driver of a hansom cab and three men in charge of the hall went to investigate. When they got near enough to see how old and feeble the man was, they hesitated, not knowing exactly what to do. The driver called to the player to stop, but the old man did not hear him. The policeman was for going up and pulling him from the bench, but the janitor held him back.

"Yes, fool," said he, "keep shut an' listen to 'is playin'. I've 'eard that a good many times, but blow me if I ever 'eard 'it played in that way." So those three men, and another and some women and a few small boys crept into the hall to hear the music. The men stood far back with their hats off, and the women with their heads bowed, all deeply affected. Even the small boys kept quiet, which is a good thing for a London urchin to do. As I had been fascinated, so were they.

The old man was apparently unconscious of their presence. He played as he never played before—was playing his own funeral march this time and I knew his wife's soul was near him. The hall was as still as death, save for the music, and when the last note came, all the listeners held their breath. Landis sat still for a moment and then it was he who broke the silence with a soft sigh, but still no one back of him moved. He raised his head as if to push in the steps, but the arm dropped down to the bench and he would have fallen had not the janitor jumped forward and caught him in his arms. He was carried away fainting with exhaustion to a hospital where he soon died.

"And do ye know?" the janitor had concluded to my friend, his eyes swimming even then, "every one of them what was there cryin' like little mites of babies when we took 'im away." THE END.

LINCOLN'S INFINITE HUMOR.

Colonel Zimmerman, of Reading, Cites Two Interesting Examples.

Illustrations almost without number are not wanting to show Lincoln's great good nature and shrewdness. I will cite but two. As the war approached its close, Mr. Lincoln and General Sherman were in consultation at City Point. One of the questions considered was what should be done with Jeff Davis when captured. General Sherman inquired if he should let him escape. Mr. Lincoln told him the story of the intermediate lecturer who was plentifully supplied with lemonade. The host in a modest way inquired if the least bit of something stronger to brace him up would be agreeable. The lecturer answered he would not think of it—he was opposed to it on principle; but glancing at the black bottle near by, he added: "If you could manage to put in a little drop unbeknown to me, it wouldn't hurt me much." "Now general," said Mr. Lincoln, "I am bound to oppose the escape of Jeff Davis, but if you can manage to let him slip out unbeknownst like, I guess it won't hurt me much."

The other characteristic story about Mr. Lincoln as told by Chauncey Depew refers to a time when a messenger summoned the cabinet to the white house. The first to enter was the stately, dignified, the always proper

AN INTERMITTENT HEART.

STOPPED EVERY THIRD BEAT.

But Mrs. Stroppe's Heart Now no Longer Lags but Throbs Regularly.

From the Leader, Cleveland, Ohio.

In a large, commodious house at No. 104 Hunting Street, Cleveland, Ohio, lives Mrs. Early A. Stroppe, widow of the late X. M. Stroppe, and she is the mother of a young man who has been, and is now one of this city's successful and energetic pharmacists. Mrs. Stroppe, who has lately recovered from serious cardiac difficulty, witnessed by a physician regarding her late illness, stated as follows:

Two years ago, I had my first experience with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. For a long time I was troubled with an ailment which I feared would eventually drive me crazy unless I rid myself of it. It will sound strange, no doubt, to some, but my heart did not beat as it should. Its action was irregular. There would be two pulsations, or perhaps three, and then a sudden cessation. My heart seemed to rest for the period of one or two beats, and then resume its action. Sometimes such lapses would not be so frequent as that, but every day passed that way, and I felt as though something would strike the heart with great force, and push it out of place. During that period, whenever I lay down to rest, I would find myself unable to do anything which would prevent it. My feet were affected in a like manner, and I had considerable difficulty in walking when such a spell had possession of me. Naturally that state of affairs completely exhausted my nervous system, and I was unable to do any work.

secretary of the treasury, Salmon P. Chase. The president looked up from his book and said, "Mr. Chase, I was just reading a most interesting work, which I have enjoyed more than anything I have met with in a long time. Let me read you a part of it." And thereupon he began reading to him Artemus Ward's lecture on "Wax Figures." The astonished and irritated secretary of the treasury, listening as the other members of the cabinet gathered, indignantly exclaimed, "Mr. President, we did not come here to hear this jocular nonsense. For what are we summoned?" Mr. Lincoln put his hand in his drawer, pulled out a paper and said, "Gentlemen, I summoned you to submit this paper; not to ask you whether I should issue it or not, because I intend to issue it no matter what your advice may be; but to ask suggestions as to its form." And he then turned to the immortal Proclamation of Emancipation, the document which was to set 4,000,000 of human beings free; the document which was to relieve the constitution from the curse of slavery; the document which was to make the Declaration of Independence for the first time in our history the vital force in the principles and in the policies of the United States; the document which was to remove the stain which made us a byword and a reproach among all civilized peoples; the document which carried out in letter and spirit the vow made so many years before when the flatboat man saw the girl sold in the shambles at New Orleans. A few suggestions were made, a few hesitating protests against the mere determination of the president for publication, and earnest request for delay until a victory should come, and that most memorable of cabinet meetings adjourned, and as they filed out, this incomprehensible president put the Proclamation of Emancipation back in the drawer and resumed the reading of Artemus Ward.

HERE'S A QUEER FACT. The Birth Rate in Michigan is Now Steadily Decreasing. The stationary condition of population in France has it is well known, awakened deep concern in the minds of many French publicists. The subject has at this time attracted serious attention in this country, especially in the older states. The vital statistics of Michigan for the year 1894, about to be published, take up the subject for that state in a thoroughly scientific way. Dr. C. L. Wilbur, of the department of state, shows in the report that there has been a great decline in the number of children born here in the last twenty years, as noted by five-year periods, being from 2.5 to 3.0 in case of the native-born mother, and from 5.8 to 5.1 with the foreign-born mother. And he says: "According to this comparison the fecundity of native nurturings in Michigan has declined to a point which is about the same as that of France, which is characterized by a nearly stationary population."

the pitiful, worn face, he said, speaking in a very quiet voice: "If he does not go he will probably go mad. He's but a short time to live, any way; so he'd better go. I'll pay half if you'll—"

I interrupted him, assuring the other twenty-five dollars, and thanked him profusely for his kindness. The old negro had not taken the ticket. "When he comes to again," the doctor said, "you tell him that the woman has brought back the money. That'll bring him around all right, for it's only his nerves that are keeping him alive now. We'll see him safe aboard the steamer, and he'll pull through till he gets to the organ. It doesn't seem to matter what happens after that."

He handed me the twenty-five dollars, and then set about restoring his patient to consciousness. Slowly the wrinkled lips opened and I stood looking sorrowfully at my old friend. I tried to lie to him. "Be quiet," the doctor said, sharply, "don't let him think."

Then I "explained" to Mr. Landis. If all the lies I have ever told had repaid me half so well, I would not regret them.

Nearly two weeks after that day when we saw the old man off for his long journey, I saw a little note in a newspaper stating that an unknown man had been found dead on the keys of the organ in Albert Hall. A little later a friend of mine living in London, to whom I had written telling of Mr.

AN INTERMITTENT HEART.

STOPPED EVERY THIRD BEAT.

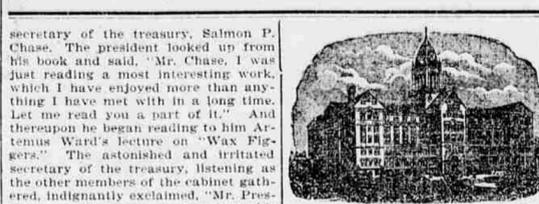
But Mrs. Stroppe's Heart Now no Longer Lags but Throbs Regularly.

From the Leader, Cleveland, Ohio.

shattered, can appreciate and understand the misery, chiefly mental, which I endured. I lost much sleep and rest, and often I was compelled from sheer exhaustion to sit down during the day to obtain some repose. But as soon as I did so I felt that numb sensation come over my hands and feet, and I rocked violently in my chair to drive it away, but frequently to no avail.

"One day my son, who was keeping a drug store at the time, brought me home some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and advised me to take them for my heart trouble. I did so and soon began to feel better. I used the pills about two months and they certainly cured me, for now my heart beats regularly and all numbness has disappeared and my circulation is in splendid order."

We print the above hoping Mrs. Stroppe's experience may be beneficial to others who may suffer from derangement of the heart. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as depression, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excess of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.



MANSFIELD STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

Intellectual and practical training for teachers. Three courses of study besides preparation for college. Students admitted to best colleges on certificate. They graduate pursuing further studies. Last year. Great advantages for special studies in art and music. Model school of three hundred pupils, corps of sixteen teachers. Beautiful grounds. Magnificent buildings. Large grounds for athletic. Elevator and infirmary with attendant nurse. Fine gymnasium. Everything furnished at an average cost to normal students of \$13 a year. Fall term, Aug. 25. Winter term, Dec. 2. Spring term, March 15. Students admitted to classes any time. For catalogue, containing full information, apply to

S. H. ALBRO, Principal, Mansfield Pa.

Advertisement for Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, featuring the eagle logo and text: "Cheapest, Because the Best. GAIL BORDEN EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK. Send for that little book, 'Infant Health,' great value to mothers. Sent free. N. Y. Condensed Milk Co., 77 Hudson Street, New York."

NEW YORK HOTELS.

Advertisement for Westminster Hotel, featuring the Westminster House logo and text: "WESTMINSTER HOTEL, Cor. Sixteenth St. and Irving Place, NEW YORK. AMERICAN PLAN, \$3.50 Per Day and Upwards. EUROPEAN PLAN, \$1.50 Per Day and Upwards. GEO. MURRAY, Proprietor."

The St. Denis

in a modest and unobtrusive way there are few better conducted hotels in the metropolis than the St. Denis. It has acquired a reputation for its location, its comfortable atmosphere, the peculiar excellence of its cuisine and service, and its very moderate prices.

WILLIAM TAYLOR AND SON

Central Railroad of New Jersey. (Lehigh and Susquehanna Division.) Anthracite coal used exclusively, insuring cleanliness and comfort. THE TABLE IN EFFECT JAN. 25, 1897. Trains leave Scranton for Pottsville, Wilkes-Barre, etc., at 8:20, 9:15, 11:20 a. m., 12:45, 2:30, 3:30, 5:30 p. m. Sundays 9:00 a. m., 1:15, 7:15 p. m. For Atlantic City, 8:20 a. m., 11:20 a. m., 1:15 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m. For Reading, Lehigh Valley, etc., at 8:20 a. m., 11:20 a. m., 1:15 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m. For Pottsville, 8:20 a. m., 11:20 a. m., 1:15 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m. For Wilkes-Barre, 8:20 a. m., 11:20 a. m., 1:15 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m. For Hazleton, 8:20 a. m., 11:20 a. m., 1:15 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m. For Pottsville, 8:20 a. m., 11:20 a. m., 1:15 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m. For Wilkes-Barre, 8:20 a. m., 11:20 a. m., 1:15 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m. For Hazleton, 8:20 a. m., 11:20 a. m., 1:15 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m.

DELaware AND HUDSON TIME TABLE

On Monday, Nov. 23, trains will leave Scranton for Pottsville, Wilkes-Barre, etc., at 8:20, 9:15, 11:20 a. m., 12:45, 2:30, 3:30, 5:30 p. m. Sundays 9:00 a. m., 1:15, 7:15 p. m. For Atlantic City, 8:20 a. m., 11:20 a. m., 1:15 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m. For Reading, Lehigh Valley, etc., at 8:20 a. m., 11:20 a. m., 1:15 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m. For Pottsville, 8:20 a. m., 11:20 a. m., 1:15 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m. For Wilkes-Barre, 8:20 a. m., 11:20 a. m., 1:15 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m. For Hazleton, 8:20 a. m., 11:20 a. m., 1:15 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m. For Pottsville, 8:20 a. m., 11:20 a. m., 1:15 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m. For Wilkes-Barre, 8:20 a. m., 11:20 a. m., 1:15 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m. For Hazleton, 8:20 a. m., 11:20 a. m., 1:15 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m.

There is nothing in the world "just as good" although avaricious druggists will sometimes say so for the sake of the greater profit to be made upon the inferior article.



2,000,000 BARRELS

Made and Sold in Six Months, ending March 1, 1896, Total Product of

WASHBURN, CROSBY & CO. MILLS A.B.C.D.

The A Mill Alone produced 1,000,000 Barrels, Largest Run on Record.

Washburn, Crosby's Superlative is sold everywhere from the Pacific Coast to St. John's, Newfoundland, and in England, Ireland and Scotland very largely, and is recognized as the best flour in the world.

MEGARGEL & CONNELL

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

WAGONMAKERS.

We Carry a Full Stock of

Wheels, Rims, Spokes, Hubs, Shafts, Poles, Axles, Springs, Steel and Cast Skeins, Buggy Tops, Duck, Drill, Rubber and Carriage Cloth, Carriage Forgings, Bolts, Clips,

AND A FULL LINE OF

IRON, STEEL AND BLACKSMITH'S SUPPLIES.

Bittenbender & Co., Scranton, Pa.

LACKAWANNA LUMBER CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

GANG SAWED PENNA. WHITE HEMLOCK AND HARDWOOD LUMBER

Bill Timber cut to order on short notice. Hardwood Mine Rails sawed to uniform lengths constantly on hand. Peeled Hemlock Prop Timber promptly furnished.

MILLS.—At Cross Fork, Potter Co., on the Buffalo and Susquehanna Railroad. At Minn. Potter County, Pa., on Coudersport, and Port Allegany Railroad. Capacity—400,000 feet per day. GENERAL OFFICE—Board of Trade Building, Scranton, Pa. Telephone No. 4014.

Advertisement for Serrine Pills, featuring a portrait of a man and text: "Serrine Pills. Renew Lost Vigor. For sale by JOHN H. PHELPS, Pharmacist, cor. Wyoming Avenue and Spruce Street, Scranton, Pa."

RAILROAD TIME-TABLES

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Schedule in Effect November 15, 1895. Trains Leave Wilkes-Barre as Follows 7:30 a. m., week days, for Sunbury, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and for Pittsburgh and the West. 10:15 a. m., week days, for Hazleton, Pottsville, Reading, Norristown, and Philadelphia; and for Sunbury, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Pittsburgh and the West. 3:15 p. m., week days, for Sunbury, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Pittsburgh and the West. 3:15 p. m., Sundays only, for Sunbury, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, and Pittsburgh and the West. 6:00 p. m., week days, for Hazleton and Pottsville.

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD SYSTEM.

Anthracite Coal used Exclusively, Insuring Cleanliness and Comfort. IN EFFECT NOV. 15, 1895. For Philadelphia and New York via D. & H. R. R. at 6:45, 7:45 a. m., 12:05, 1:30, 3:30, 5:30 p. m. For Pottsville and Wilkes-Barre via D. & H. R. R. at 6:50, 8:00, 11:20 a. m., 1:45, 2:40, 6:00 and 8:00 p. m. For White Haven, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Pittsburgh via D. & H. R. R. at 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. at 7:45 a. m., 12:05, 1:30, 3:30 (Black Diamond Express), 4:41 and 11:30 p. m. For Tunkhannock, Towanda, Elmira, Ithaca, Geneva and principal intermediate stations via D. & H. R. R. at 6:00, 8:00, 9:55, 11:20 and 1:40 p. m. For Geneva, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, etc., via Buffalo and the Erie, D. & H. R. R. at 7:45 a. m., 12:05, 3:30 (Black Diamond Express), 5:50 and 11:30 p. m. Pullman parlor and sleeping cars of Lehigh Valley chair cars on all trains between Philadelphia and Suspension Bridge. ROLLIN H. WILBUR, Gen. Supt. CHAS. S. LIND, Gen. Pass. Agt., Phila. J. W. NONNEMACHER, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., South Bethlehem, Pa. Scranton Office, 309 Lackawanna Avenue.

Del., Lacka. and Western.

Effect Monday, October 19, 1896. Trains leave Scranton as follows: Express for New York and all points East, 6:40, 8:20, 9:15, 8:00 and 9:55 a. m.; 1:10 and 3:32 p. m. Express for Easton, Trenton, Philadelphia and the South, 5:15, 8:00 and 9:55 a. m., 1:10 and 3:32 p. m. Express for Washington, 6:10 p. m. Express for Birmingham, Oswego, Elmira, Corning, Bath, Danville, Mount Morris and Buffalo, 12:20, 2:25 a. m., and 1:45 p. m. Daily close connections at Buffalo to all points in the West, Northwest and Southwest. Each accommodation, 9:15 a. m., Birmingham and way stations, 1:05 p. m., Nicholson, Washington and the South, Birmingham and Elmira, express, 5:54 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 connection at Northumberland for Williamsport, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and the South. Northumberland and intermediate stations, 6:00, 8:55 a. m. and 1:55 and 3:00 p. m. Elmira and intermediate stations, 6:03 and 11:20 a. m. Plymouth and intermediate stations, 6:10 and 11:20 a. m. Pullman parlor and sleeping coaches on all express trains. For detailed information, pocket time tables, etc., apply to L. M. Smith, city ticket office, 225 Lackawanna avenue, or depot ticket office.

Eric and Wyoming Valley.

Effective Jan. 4, 1897. Trains will leave Scranton for New York, Newburgh and intermediate points on Erie, at 1:00 for New York and at 7:05 a. m. and 2:23 p. m.; and arrive from above points at 10:33 a. m. and 9:38 p. m.

NEW YORK AND ONTARIO AND WESTERN RAILWAY

SCRANTON DIVISION. In Effect October 14th, 1896.

Table with columns for Stations, Trains Daily, Except Sunday, and Times. Includes stations like North Bound, South Bound, and various train numbers and times.

All trains run daily except Sunday. signifies that trains stop on signal for passenger service. Secure rates via Ontario & Western before purchasing tickets and care money. Day and Night Express to the West. J. C. Anderson, Gen. Pass. Agt. T. Hiltner, Div. Pass. Agt. Scranton, Pa.

Advertisement for "77" cold relief, featuring the number 77 in large font and text: "'77' relieves a COLD over night. If you will start in today and take a dose of 'Seventy-seven' every fifteen minutes until bedtime, your cold will be better by tomorrow. WILLIAMSON & CORNFIELD, 4774 Liberty Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa., write: 'As I went my rounds taking orders two weeks ago and giving evidence by my voice, coughing and other ways, that I was suffering from a very bad cold, and possibly La Grippe, three of my customers told me that they had been similarly affected and had been speedily relieved by '77'. I have, therefore, used two bottles and as a consequence, as I went my rounds today I told several families, whenever the above symptoms showed up, to at once Fly to '77.' Dr. Humphrey's Homeopathic Manual of Diseases at your Druggist or Mailed Free. Sold by druggists, or sent on receipt of 25 cents, or five for \$1. Humphrey's Med. Co., Cor. William and John Sts., New York."