The Home Reading Circle

NEAGOE:

A STORY OF THE SALT MINES.

—BY—

"CARMEN SYLVA,"

(Queen of Roumania.)

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PREFACE.

Capital punishment does not exist in Roumania. The greatest penalty for willful murder is imprisonment for life in the salt mines, while minor crimes are punished by incarceration n these mines for periods varying from five to twenty-five years, according to the nature of the offense. The mines are a source of great wealth to the country, the salt—which is a state monopoly—being extracted exclusively by criminals. Besides being supplied to Roumania, this indispensable necessity is now exported in large quantities to the neighboring countries of Hungary and Servia. At the period at which our story opens, the "Ocni," or salt mines, were worked in the most primitive manner, and the wretched prisoners never saw the light of day. Now the punishment is not so rigorous. The felons are allowed to sleep in penitentiaries above ground, and are morning and night escorted to and from their work by a guard of soldiers.

PART I.

"Hal! Hal!" This cry resounded deep down underground, through lofty dark vaulted arches, in the vast salt mines of Slanic.

Huge blocks of rock salt were being drawn noiselessly upwards, in immense baskets, to a hole above, which seemed distant as a star, through which shone red the light of day, while from another similar aperture came down empty baskets of the same kind as the full ones, falling with muffled thud on the gray salt below. Numerous men, wearing shirts of coarse sackcloth, with drawers and belts of thick leather, and laced sandals on their feet, stood together in a mass, and muttered the melancholy "Hal! hal!" each time they filled a basket.

When these prisoners moved their feet, the clamping of irons was heard, for around their legs, below the knee, iron wrings were fastened, to which were soldered chains, to prevent their running any great distance.

Farther on were other rows of men at work, hammer in hand, who struck the walls of salt at measured distances, and the immense detached lumps fell with a heavy thud. Then a wedge-like piece of wood was inserted into the fallen mass, and some of the felons struck the wood with heavy stones until the morsels fell asunder. Every blow resounded like a thunder clap throughout the shining vaults.

On the floor, before each man, was placed a small tin lamp, filled with tallow, the minute wick of which only threw light on the spot where the hammer was destined to strike, and shed a fitful gleam over the pallid, gloomy faces of the men employed. These convicts were never permitted to see the light of day; there they worked, there they lived, there they died, never seeing a glimpse of God's sun! Involuntarily they must have cried in the words of Dante: "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here."

The day on which our story opens an old man stood apart from the rest of the criminals, leaning on his hammer to rest his tired arms; he had flung his long brown mantle over his shoulder, and his eyes rested on the meager light at his feet, which flickered as if it were a life ebbing away.

Before him passed other prisoners, bearing similar lights stuck in their caps, and although they spoke to him, he seemed to pay no attention to their words. Suddenly a movement took place in the gallery, lights gleamed and flitted about, and a glimpse was caught of a good-looking young man, who shuddered visibly on finding himself brought face to face with the weird darkness above and beneath him. The young fellow was guarded by two soldiers, for he had made a desperate effort to fling himself over the edge of the gallery, but he was caught and prevented from committing this act of self-destruction.

Many sympathizing glances from around were cast upon him, and many remembered how they also had come down by the same path.

At length, when the young man entered the principal vault, he looked about him despairingly, and then fixed his eyes on the ground. He stood not far away from where the old man, unmoved, was regarding him.

"I cannot live here without any light," cried he. "Why, oh, why am I cast into this den of murderers? I cannot bear it! It is never ending night!"

He stretched out his hands as if to feel around him, then rose to his full height, and, in doing so, stretched the chain with which his feet were shackled.

"Chafned like a wild beast!" he cried—"and in utter darkness. Set me free, I say! set me free!"

Then he saw the old man looking silently, but pityingly, on him, and falling on his knees, he said: "Father, have mercy on me, and kill me with a blow of thy hammer."

"It is forbidden that I should kill," answered the old man.

"Thou wilt not be here forever," said another convict, wishing to console him.

The young fellow laughed madly.

"Fifteen years!" Are they not more than eternity?"

"I am condemned for eighteen years," said the first speaker.

"And I for twenty-four years," said a second.

"And I for my lifetime," said another.

"Who knows what crimes you may not have committed?" said the new comer, "but I, I only protected the innocent!"

"What, then, it is love which brought thee here? I thought as much when I saw thee!"

"Did'st thou kill thy sweetheart, or the other?" asked another prisoner.

The youth drew back angrily. "I am not answerable to you for what I have done."

Then the old man placed his hand on the lad's shoulder. "Boy, I have been here now for sixteen years, and yet I was not a bad man, or a great sinner."

"Then why art thou here, father?" asked the youth.

"I was in the service of a hard and cruel master. I bore all with patience, although he often made me and my fellow laborers curse the hour in which we were born. But one day his cruelty passed beyond bounds; he had my sister lashed to death before our very eyes! Six or seven other peasants then joined me in my fury against him, and we drew lots to see who should shoot him down. The lot fell upon me. Our master had gone to Bucharest, and his way home lay through the forest. I watched for him from behind a tree, and I felled him to the ground; he had but time to cry: "Oh! Holy Mother!" We all rejoiced that we had got rid of him, and when we were called before the magistrates, and the judge declared that the murderer would be sure to be discovered sooner or later, I stepped out from the rest of them, saying: 'My lord, I am the murderer.' As it was a premeditated crime, I was sent here for life, for that is according to the law."

The youth looked fixedly into the speaker's face, as if he were drinking in his words; around these two men there gradually formed a circle of gaunt objects, lighted only by the tiny lamps stuck in their caps, which left their faces in darkness. The voice of the old man sounded slow and monotonous, as if what he recounted had no longer any interest for him, while there rose incessantly from above and below the melancholy "Hal! Hal!" of the workers, and the resounding noise of the falling masses of salt.

"Neither am I," said the youth, sighing deeply. "Neither am I the wicked wretch you take me for. It took place one Sunday when we lads were dancing the 'Hora' alone, and throwing at the same time tender glances at the maidens seated on the grass, with pretty flowers in their hair, waiting to see who would be the first amongst them invited to join us. My eyes were fixed on Neagoe."

"Neagoe!" interrupted the old man, in a startled tone.

"Yes, that is her name, and as I looked fixedly at her, Neagoe came and took her place betwixt me and another youth, who was from her own village, but the latter pushed her aside, saying: 'No, I shall not dance with a convict's daughter!' Blind with rage and fury, I drew my knife from my belt and plunged it into his heart. I did not intend to kill the fellow. I was frightened when I saw him lying motionless on the ground! Neagoe cried out: 'Oh!' Holy Mother! What hast thou done? All is at an end between us now!' Neagoe wept, and would not be consoled at any price. She said, rightly, that all was at an end between us. 'Sandule,' said she, 'Sandule, oh! why didst thou think of loving me? I have only been thy misfortune!'"

"Whose daughter, sayst thou, was this maiden?" asked the old man.

"I know not, for she never spoke to me of her father, but I know that he has been for a long time at Slanic. Perhaps he is among you here."

"Perhaps," said the old man, who then continued his questions. "Sandule—if that be thy name—this Neagoe, is she a pretty girl?"

Sandule's eyes glistened through the darkness, as he replied: "She is loveller and brighter than the sun itself! Her eyes are large and full of sorrow, like those of the deer shot down by the huntsman; her hair is black as a raven's wing; her lips are red as rowan berries; her teeth whiter than the milk when it comes from the cow; and her form is so supple and so slender, that it might be drawn through a ring. When she walks, balancing herself a little from side to side, she has the gait of an empress, and the pitcher which she carries upon her head seems a regal crown! When she gives some one water to drink from her jug, it does him as much good as the first dewdrop to the earth after a long drought. When Neagoe laughs, you must laugh also, though she laughed but rarely, and now she will never laugh again."

The youth wiped away, with the back of his hand, the warm tears which fell from his eyes, then he stamped his feet with fury, heard the clanking of the irons, looked down at his ankles, and dispair again laid hold of him. The old man seemed disposed to continue talking, and said:

"This poor Neagoe must have suffered many an insult on account of her father?"

"Aye, indeed, it is better not to have children, if one is doomed to the Salt Mines."

Then a janitor came up to Sandule, and giving him a hammer and alamp, bade him come to some salt blocks at which there were already a number of men at work, who looked at him with stolid indifference.

Sandule raised the hammer and began to strike the salt, as he was instructed, when suddenly the mine became one blaze of light! Hundreds and hundreds of candle s were quickly alight, for the recently elected prince of Wallachia had expressed a desire to see these curious persons, which were at the same time a source of great wealth to his country.

Then a thrill of emotion ran through the hearts of many of these convicts, a thrill of expectation, of hope, of fear. The prince would pardon some of them! Which would it be? How many would he set free? It was evident that these ghosts of men had still human blood in their veins!

At length the prince came down amongst them, accompanied by his beautiful young princess, wearing a long mantle, and on her head a thin, white veil, which hung gracefully over her shoulders from the back of her well-shaped head.

The prince spoke softly to her, for she trembled greatly, and looked around with fear-stricken eyes. Soon those gentle eyes were filled with tears, when she saw herself surrounded by all these unhappy prisoners, who fell on their knees at her feet, some with clasped hands in mute entreaty, while others clamored for their pardon and their liberty.

The princess' whole form still trembled, but her sweet smile beamed on them like a Heavenly greeting, like a breath of liberty in prospective. "Do these poor men never go out into the daylight?" she asked.

Forgetful of their crimes, she saw only the wretched unfortunate prisoners, and in a low voice she begged her husband to pardon them.

"If all were according to they will," said the prince, smiling upon her, "every prison gate would be opened, and there would be no more chains. If there were no criminals it would be well so, but" . . . . . The princely visit was at an end, the illumination was rapidly extinguishing, and the salt mine was again steeped in deep hopeless night.

Shortly, a superior official came down, and summoning the felons around him, read to them the grace which had been decided on in honor of the prince and the princess.

The life sentences had been commuted to a term of twenty-five years, the sentence of twenty-five years was reduced to twenty years, and so on, each prisoner having a morsel of comfort doled out to him. The chains were to be removed from four of the oldest prisoners, and they were to be set free. "Ion, Stan, Tanase, Vlad, you are fully pardoned," said the official.

Vlad was the old man of whom we have made mention, he who had held the conversation with Sandule, the new arrival.

"My boy," said he, approaching Sandule, "I am amongst those who have received a full pardon; my name is Vlad, I am going home to Neagoe, for she is my daughter."

"Neagoe, your daughter! you, her father! then tell her . . no—do not tell her that you have seen me, perhaps she does not know that I am here! let her forget me! let her believe me to be dead!"

"As I have escaped, my son," said Vlad, "thou, perhaps, also may do the same."

Sandule looked sadly at him.

"Yes, perhaps when I am old, and when Neagoe has forgotten me."

"If she be of my blood, boy, she will not forget thee. Fare thee well! be courageous! be hopeful!"

And so these four old men disappeared slowly from the view of their envious comrades.

PART II.

In the village which is built over the salt mines all is sunshine and light and joy! Garlands and wreaths of verdure deck its irregular, straggling street. In the market place the villagers have assembled, and the "Hora" grows gradually larger and larger, while the sound of the violins of the Tzigan musicians and their Pan's pipes, coupled with the stamping of the dancers, causes a continuous din.

The shirts of the youths were white as a cherry orchard in spring and embroidered at the throat, around the hem and at the bottom of the wide open sleeves, the shirts being worn over their white linen trousers and forming a kind of tunic, confined round the waist with deep, solid leather belts, in which were thrust knives, tobacco pouches and other small matters. Their broad left hats yere wreather with posies. They jumped and laughed and joked, while the maidens whose hands were linked in theirs in the round dance of the "Hora" moved gracefully and quietly, so that they seemed to glide over the grass without raising their feet. The dresses worn by these girls were thickly studded with gilt spangles, their long braids of hair being ornamented with flowers.

The married women, who stood calmly by as spectators, with their heads covered with transparent silk veils, wore at least one carnation above the ear. As the Roumanian women are very skillful with their needle and distaff, their national costumes are of great beauty and exquisite workmanship.

At times the shouts of the youth who led the "Hora" might be heard, the shouts to mark the time, in which the others gayly joined, while a gypsy musician would place himself within the round, play on his violin and dance also.

The band of Tzigan musicians was indefatigable. The "Hora" terminated, they played a "Chindea," a "Briul a Calabreaza" and some other of their pretty national dances. From the balcony of a large house near to the market place, hung with carpets and greenery, the prince and princess, with their best, looked down upon the villagers.

The look of deep sadness which had come into the princess' eyes when she visited the salt mines had not wholly quitted her when at length there was a pause in the dancing and the four old convicts brought forward to thank their sovereign for his gracious pardon. The poor worn faces looked as if they had but just arisen from the tomb, so strange, so serious were they amidst the jovial crowd. One of them remained quietly standing with his two hands resting on his staff; he did but turn his head towards the sound of the music, for he had become blind.

The princess distributed gifts amongst them and spoke with much sympathy to each, inquiring if they had far to go before reaching their homes.

Turning to the prince she said: "Thou hast pardoned only these? So few! so few!"

In a low tone he replied: "I will pardon many others at our next visit."

The prince wore, as was then the custom of the country, a long silken robe and a beautiful Turkish shawl wound around his waist; his head was covered with an "Islid," a large cap of choicest fur. His well-kept glossy beard covered his breast, his gait was majestic, and he smiled but rarely.

The princess wore a long mantle of green silk, embroidered with gold, and bordered with ermine; her head was covered with a silken veil, fine as a spider's web. She admired the embroidered dresses of the maidens, added a gold coin to the "Saibe," or necklace, of each, praised the children, and gave presents to the mothers.

The royal carriage arrived in the cool of the evening, drawn by eight horses, to each four of which there was a "Surugul," or postillion, wearing a richly braided jacket, a shirt with full white sleeves which fluttered in the wind and a broad felt hat with long streams of red, blue and yellow ribbon—the national color of Romania. These "Surugul" cracked their long whips over their horses' heads, and with loud shouts set off at a full gallop, and the princely party disappeared in a cloud of dust.

* * * * * * * * *

Far away from the salt mines, amidst the mountains, stands a neat little village, now bathed in the rays of the setting sun.

On the hillside an old man is leaning on his staff, peering into the cottages around, examining every threshold, as if to meet with a familiar face.

But none had returned as yet from their labor in the fields. Yet a little later, and the cow bells are heard in the distance, and the youths and maidens come along in groups laughing and chattering, then the married women—spinning as they walk—with babies in their arms, on their heads or on their backs. The men move more slowly, smoking their cigarettes, their heavy tools on their shoulders. Very soon thin clouds of blue smoke rise from the cottage chimneys. The women are preparing the evening meal, while their husbands stay outside talking together.

Then the young girls come out, with huge colored pitchers, to bring water from the well. The lads approach them, and beg to be given to drink, while many a joke is cracked.

The old man, unobserved by anyone, still stands motionless, gazing toward the village.

"Come here," cried one of the girls to her companions, "I see something in the water," and she looked laughingly down the well. "I see him quite distinctly!. Now, I know who my husband will be!" Naturally they all wished to look, and pushed each other good naturedly aside, for it is said that if one looks intently into the water, one will see the person whom one will marry next year. While they thus laughed there came from out a cottage higher on the hill a girl of rare beauty, whose large eyes were full of indescribable sadness. Her braided hair was glossy and seemed quite black in contrast with some red carnations she had fixed there. On seeing the other lasses at the well, she made a movement, as if she would turn back, but a harsh voice ordered her to bring water quickly. She stood undecided, her empty pitcher in her hand; as she went along, both the old man and the girls observed her; the latter whispered, and looked impertinently toward her. In a moment she was surrounded by them.

"Hey, Neagoe, why art thou so silent? Why so pale? Where is thy beloved? Where is thy sweetheart, the murderer? Say?"

"Thou hadst best fling away those flowers," said another, and she tore the carnations from her hair.

Neagoe let fall her pitcher and looked up to the heavens.

"All alone! Yes, I am left quite alone," cried she. "Is there no one to help me?"

"Yes, I am here," said a deep voice near to her. The maiden drew back, intimidated and ashamed.

Vlad now came up and stood before Neagoe; he had been observing her attentively for some time in silence.

"Who art thou that speakest to me?" she asked, with fear in her eyes, and with trembling lips, as if she presaged a new misfortune.

He waited a moment, and then said: "I am thy father, Neagoe."

A sigh escaped from her breast; she shook her head sadly, and letting her hands fall despairingly by her sides, said: "Alas! I have no father!" The girls looked at each other and came nearer to listen.

"Has no one ever spoken to thee of thy father?"

She bowed her head sadly.

"Spoken? Oh! Yes, they said that he was imprisoned for all his life at Slanic."

"Daughter, I come from the salt mines!"

These words sounded so terrible that a shudder seemed to pass through the group of girls. Neagoe raised her eyes, and looked at him.

"Dost thou know thy father's name?" asked he.

"Yes, my father was called Vlad."

"Child, Vlad is my name. Is not thy mother called Florica and hast thou not a brother Radu?"

She nodded her head in assent.

"Tell me, where are they?"

"My brother has gone away, I know not whither, into the wide world, perhaps, for he was very unhappy here. My mother is dead, and I have to live with her second husband to take care of his children."

"Thou livest in the house of thy mother's husband?"

"Yes."

"How long has she been married?"

"For more than six years."

"Is this man kind to thee?"

"Kind! No, far from that!"

The girls were again giving each other pushes, stuffing the corners of their handkerchiefs into their mouths, and looking significantly at one another.

"He has never said a kind word to me, and he beats me; mother often reproached herself for marrying him. She cried so much that she had a pain at her heart, and then she died!"

"But who told her that Vlad her husband was dead?"

"That, I know not."

"Well, Neago, thou seest that I am not dead at all, but alive and well, and as thou art not happy, wilt thou come with me? We can wander until we find a shelter."

"Even if thou wert not my father, I would go with thee gladly."

By this time several of the women had come outside their cottages. They put their hands to their mouths, shook their heads, and said:

"Holy Mother! only look at poor Neagoe, she has gone quite mad! What would her poor mother say, if she could but see her!"

And one said:

"It is better she is dead."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

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 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.

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TIME TABLE IN EFFECT MAY 16, 1897.

Trains leave Scranton for Pittston, Wilkes-Barre, etc., at 8.20, 9.15, 11.50 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 Mountain Park, 8.20, 11.30 a. m., 2.00, 3.05, 5.00 p. m. Sundays, 9.00 a. m., 1.00, 2.15 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. 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 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 rate may be had on application in advance to the ticket agent at the station.

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Del., Lacka. and Western.

Effect Monday, June 21, 1897.

Trains leave Scranton as follows: Express for New York and all points East, 1.40, 2.50, 5.15, 8.00 and 10.20 a. m.; 12.55 and 3.33 p. m.

Express for Easton, Trenton, Philadelphia and the South, 5.15, 8.00 and 10.20 a. m., 12.55 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, 12.10, 2.35, 9.00 a. m., and 1.55 p. m., making close connections at Buffalo to all points in the West, Northwest and Southwest.

Binghamton and way station, 1.05 p. m.

Nicholson accommodation, 4.00 and 6.10 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, 9.00 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, 10.20 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 5.47 p. m. For Kingston, 12.40 p. m.

Pullman parlor and sleeping coaches on all express trains.

For detailed information, pocket time tables, etc., apply to M. L. Smith, District Passenger Agent, depot ticket office.

Erie and Wyoming Valley.

Effect Monday, May 31st, 1897.

Trains leave Scranton as follows: For New York and intermediate points on Erie railroad, also for Hawley, Lake Ariel and local points at 5.00 a. m. and 2.28 p. m.

Additional trains for Lake Ariel and points intermediate at 8.45 a. m. and 5.20 p. m.

DELAWARE AND HUDSON TIME TABLE.

On Monday June 14, 1897, trains will leave Scranton as follows:

For Carbondale—5.45, 7.35, 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, 4.41 (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, 3.32 (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, 9.31, 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, 11.32 p. m.

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

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD SYSTEM.

Anthracite Coal Used Exclusively Insuring Cleanliness and Comfort.

IN EFFECT JUNE 14, 1897.

TRAINS LEAVE SCRANTON.

For Philadelphia and New York via D. & H. R. R. at 6.45, 7.45 a. m., and 12.05, 1.20, 2.28, 4.41 (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, 7.45 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, 2.28, 4.41 (Black Diamond Express), 4.41 and 1.30 p. m.

For Tunkhannock, Towanda, Elmira, Ithaca, Geneva and principal intermediate stations via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08 a. m., 12.40 and 3.40 p. m.

For Geneva, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Chicago and all points west via D. & H. R. R., 12.05, 3.32 (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.

NEW YORK ONTARIO AND WESTERN RAILWAY

SCRANTON DIVISION.
In Effect October 4th, 1896.

North Bound.					South Bound.		
903 Coal Train	901 Pass. Daily Exp.		Stations (Trains Daily, Except Sunday.)		202 Coal Train	204 Pass. Daily Except Sunday.	
P M	P M	Arrive		Leave	A M	P M	
.....	.....	7 20	N. Y. Franklin St.		....	7 00	....
.....	.....	7 10	West 42nd street		....	7 50	....
.....	.....	7 00	Weehawken		....	8 10	....
		P M	Arrive	Leave	A M	P M	
.....	.....	1 15	Hancock Junction		....	2 05	....
.....	.....	1 00	Hancock		....	2 11	....
.....	.....	12 55	Starlight		....	2 22	....
.....	.....	12 48	Preston Park		....	2 31	....
.....	.....	12 40	Cone		....	2 41	....
.....	.....	12 25	Poyntelle		....	2 56	....
.....	.....	12 14	Belmont		....	2 57	....
.....	.....	12 05	Pleasant Mt.		....	3 05	....
.....	.....	11 50	Uniondale		....	3 20	....
.....	.....	11 40	Forest City		....	3 19	....
5 50	11 34		Carbondale		7 00	3 34	....
5 45	11 30		White Bridge		7 07	3 38	....
5 43	11 12		Mayfield		7 19	3 42	....
5 37	11 06		Jermyn		7 14	3 46	....
5 35	11 18		Archbald		7 20	3 51	....
5 32	11 15		Milden		7 23	3 54	....
5 29	11 11		Peckville		7 26	3 58	....
5 25	11 07		Olyphant		7 30	4 02	....
5 20	11 05		Priceburg		7 34	4 06	....
5 18	11 02		Throop		7 36	4 10	....
5 15	11 00		Providence		7 39	4 16	....
5 12	10 57		Park Place		7 41	4 17	....
5 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. Fitzsorot, Div. Pass. Agt., Scranton, Pa.