

Mª WICKS.

L-THE COMING.

"Sylvia, dear, the arrival of Mr. Wicks bids fair to amuse me more than I anticipated. As soon as Jack comes to I am going to myetify him and make him guess who Mr. Wicks is and all about him. It will be delightful to see him puzzled, and I don't think he is likely to find out, unless, of course,

a certain little chatterbox tells him." The speaker, Miss Matilda Cherryton, a round-faced, smiling-old lady, who seemed to find life very smooth and pleasant, looked across the lunchcon table at her charge, a pretty girl of 17, whose father, her only relation,

was absent in India. To make mysterics out of everyday occurrences was a little weakness of Miss Cherryton's, and the present opportunity seemed to her too good to be

Do you think Mr. Wicks will have changed much?" asked Sylvia, "But, of course, he won't. It's only a month since I last saw him. It seemed so

"Do you find it so very dull, Sylvia, in this rambling old place?" asked Miss

Cherryton, anxiously. No, no: how thoughtless of me to have made you think that! Why, it's delightful here, and I am perfectly

And Sylvia laughed-a joyous little

What time does Mr. Wicks come. Miss Cherryton?" she presently asked. "At 5 o'clock, just in time for tea, But here comes Jack, and I give you full leave, Sylvia, to puzzle him about

Mr. Wicks to your heart's content."

Jack strolled into tuncheon full of apologies and golf records, and after he had exputiated for a considerable time on the virtues of his clubs and the condition of the ground, Miss Cherryton broached the subject of Mr.

"Sglvia has a friend coming here." she began; "he is also a friend of mine, and I think you will like him." "Who is he"" asked Jack, not feelbut particularly pleased to hear of this

"He is a Mr. Wicks," replied Miss Cherryton, "And," added Sylvia, "he is extremely amusing."

Jack became thoughtful at this moment, and looked out of the window. and presently said:

"What is he like, aunt, and what does he do to be so amusing? I don't temember the name at all."

"You muste't be too inquisitive, Jack; but this much I will tell you-he is young and handsome. "Oh, inde d; young, and handsome,

and extremely amusing; what an enyoung man!" and Jack's Up curled slightly "Miss Cherryton and I were going to

meet him at the station." said Sylvia, blushing a little-Jack noticed the blush -"but, after all, we are going to stay at home. You know Mr. Wicks is rather an important personage, and Miss Cherryton thought she would rather be here to receive him."

"Does be hunt, play golf or shoot?" asked Jack, hoping that these accomplishments did not belong to Mr. Wicks. "None of them," replied Sylvia, with gay little shake of her head. "He

las lived in town most of his life, but he is quite clever enough to have learned them all," and Sylvia blushed again. Jack began quite to dislike this unknown Mr. Wicks. It was an unreasoning, indescribable antibathy, but it existed nevertheless, and during the rest of luncheon he was very slient and

But Miss Cherryton and Sylvia kept up a lively conversation between them-

"Jack. I've addressed you twice where are your thoughts, my boy? I do believe he was thinking of Mr. Wicks," suggested Sylvia.

"Exactly," said Jack, waking from his reverie with a start. "I asked you if it would be safe to let James fetch my jewels from the

bank," continued Miss Cherryton. "Perfectly," replied Jack, and then asking to be excused, left the table. Miss Cherryton was disappointed.

She would have liked Jack to have asked a host of questions about Mr. "Jack! Jack!" she called after him

'you have not asked where Mr. Wicks

Jack turned around, tugged at his mustache, and said, "No, aunt," then said something under his breath, and striding out of the house he sought refuge at the golf links.

He drew out from his golf bag the heaviest driver he possessed and drove ball as it had never been driven before; he vented all his ill-feeling upon that bail, and between the hits burst out into short sentences:

'Wicks-what a name! Why didn't Aunt Matilda tell me more? Pooh, can't play gelf: handsome-don't believe it!" and again the ball shot across

the fields. "Now, I'll go home," he exclaimed almost savagely, "and see this fellow

He was just passing the stables when there was a sound of carriage wheels and a clatter of hoofs, and then the dog eart dashed around the corner, into the stable yard at a hard gallop, and the horse, finding itself at home, stopped as suddenly as it had arrived. causing sparks to fly from the cobblestones, the dogs from their kennels and the grooms from the stables. There

was a general uproar. But the dog cart was quite empty. It is the unexpected that always takes place, and Jack was so com-pletely surprised at seeing no figures "You've grown a little, I think," she pletely surprised at seeing no figures

the empty seats, but he saw only the cushions bobbing up and down as the terrified horse-with a couple of grooms at her head-plunged

from side to side.

Then Jack grasped the situation. "By Jove, both thrown out, or mare bolted at the station!" Running across the yard he jumped into the dog cart, seized the reins, and drove rapidly along the road to the station. While he spun along he kept wondering to himself what had happened; what he should find on the road; how he should find the stranger, Mr. Wicks. Would he be safe at the station? Would he be injured by the roadside? Or would he be dead? As this last horrible conjecture flashed across Jack's mind he recalled his wish of only an hour ago, that Mr. Wicks might never come to the house. At the thought he drew up

drove faster than before. It was a lonely road, and for some distance Jack drove without seeing a soul; then at a sharp turn of the road he suddenly came upon James, the coachman, sitting on a heap of stones, At first Jack felt inclined to laugh The effect of the man, in his long light brown livery coat, seated on the top of a hean of stones, and mopping his head with a red handkerchief, bordered on the ludierous; but almost at the same time he saw that it was indeed no laughing matter, for the blood was flowing from a deep gash in the man's

the horse with a sudden jerk, then

shook the reins and with a stern face

"The box has gone, sir: you've been robbed!" said James, faintly. "What box?" asked Jack, jumping down from the dog cart; "but never mind the box now; we'll tie this handkerchief around your head and get you

forehead

"It's the box from the bank, sir," continued James, Jack gave a long whistle of aston-

shment. All his aunt's jewels gone at one swoop. But he said nothing and tied a second handkerchief around Jame's head. For the moment he had quite forgotten Mr. Wicks.
"Now see if you can't get into the

dog cart. Take hold of my arm, That's Then he asked: "But what happ ned to Mr. Wicks?"

"You know the gentleman you had Still no answer; for James had faint-

Jack was up on the box seat like a shot. He unloosened the man's collar, there was no time to think of Mr. Wicks or thieves. He whipped up the tears, and the dust rose in clouds behind them.

Passing through the air so rapidly schusness, but so feeble was his con-dition that Jack refrained from asking custions. He drove straight into the statles, saw the unfortunate James well cared for, sent a message for the to tor, and then, turning to the coachcan, asked again the question:

"What happened to Mr. Wicks?" James thought for a moment, then: "He was in the dog cart when the

are belted, and the tramp didn't get Then Jack ran to the house, hoping

hat Mr. Wicks had arrived. At the front door Miss Cherryton and Sylvia met him.

"Where is Mr. Wicks?" they both ried in the same breath.

"That's what I want to know," replied Jack. "Mr. Wicks has disappeared; there has been a chapter of accidents, consisting of robbery, injury and mystery. All your jewels have been stolen, aunt, that's the robbery; James has been badly hurt by the thieves, and Mr. Wicks has disap-

Miss Cherryton was ruffled out of her complacency into saying:

"This is most unfortunate. James ought not to have gone. There never was a time when he didn't bungle; but I do trust nothing serious has hap-

pened to Mr. Wicks." "I hope not indeed," said Sylvia, "What a dreadful afternoon this has been! Can't we do something? Mr. Wicks may be hurt, and it seems so wrong to be standing here doing nothing" she spoke impetuously and gazed along the avenue of trees that led to

the house Jack noticed all Sylvia's movements; and her great anxiety for Mr. Wicks' safety aroused all the bitter feelings he had experienced when told of Mr. Wicks' coming, and there was just a

"I am going to walk into town to make inquiries, and I hope to good-ness that we shall find Mr. Wicks

shade of coldness in his voice when

safe and sound somewhere." All this time Sylvia had been leaning against the door post with her hands behind her back, but at this moment she suddenly ran forward.

with a little cry of joy. "Oh, Mr. Wicks, my sweet little Mr.

Wicks, you are safe after all!" Very slowly and with extreme dig nity a small fox terrier walked beneath the tall trees toward the house; with head erect he looked from side to but no sooner did he hear Sylvia's voice, that well-known voice, than his whole attitude changed in the twinkling of an eye. His ears sank down flat, his little stump of a tail wagged frantically, he gave one sharp, delighted bark, and then flew toward Sylvia.

and positively wriggled with giee. "Well, Mr. Wicks, here you are at last!" cried Svivia, taking the puppy in the carriage that he stared again at I remarked thoughtfully, "and you are

just as beautiful as ever; but, dear Mr. Wicks, how did you get here all alone, without the carriage?" And Mr. Wicks tried hard to explain

in his own peculiar way, all about his strange journey. Jack gave a deep sigh of relief. So this was Mr. Wicks.

"Now, Mr. Cherryton, you must acknowledge that all we said was true. Isn't he handsome? And he proves himself clever to have found his way here"-and Sylvia looked up at Jack with large, wide-open blue eyes.

You and my aunt will both be glad to hear that I have been completely taken in," said Jack, laughing; he was so delighted to find that Mr. Wicks was not a man that he felt pleased with everybody and everything, "and," he continued, "I think Mr. Wicks is perfeetly beautiful."

"There, do you hear that, Mr. Wicks?" said Sylvia.

Mr. Wicks evidently saw that Jack was speaking of him, and he wrinkled up his little nose, no doubt to acknowidge the compliment.

"Don't you admire his lovely dark eyes?" asked Sylvia. 'Very much, indeed," was the reply;

but Jack was thinking that he infinitely preferred blue. Have you ever beaten him, Miss

There was a slight twinkle in Jack's eye, "Beaten him? Of course not! I have brought him up by kindness; when he's naughty, I talk to him seriously

and caress him. "Lucky dog," thought Jack, and he did not again refer to the beatings. Then he hurried away toward the town to report the robbery of aunt's jewels to the police.

The following day Mr. Wicks was missing.

He had risen early before breakfast and had been enjoying all by himself the delights of amateur poaching. He never remembered having such fun before; he had chased cats in towns, but never rabbits; and now as he returned home panting and with his tongue hanging out, he suddenly saw, just in front of him, little brown things running among the grass-there were Jack's young pheasants.

Mr. Wicks stood still with ears erect; then there-and there-and there, and in a moment six little corpses lay in the grass, and it was at this juncture that Mr. Wicks was discovered.

Jack looked sorrowfully at his dead pheasants, that he had so carefully nutured and fed upon eggs and other luxuries, then wrathfully at their destroyer.

"Come here!" cried Jack, who was really angry. "Come here, sir!"

Mr. Wicks rolled over on his back and looked up pathetically with his great brown eyes. This attitude of penitence had always touched Sylvia' heart, but to his horror it had no soft ening effect upon Jack, for he was seized by the scruff of the neck and flogged-flogged until he howled at this untoward treatment. Sylvia-also in search for Mr. Wicks-heard his cries and arrived on the scene just in tim to see the chastisement.

"Mr. Cherryton-Mr. Cherryton! How dare you?" she cried in a choking "Oh, my sweet Mr. Wicks, what rought James gradually back to con-lought James gradually back to con-lousness, but so feeble was his con-to Jack, "How could you beat him? How could you be so cruel? should have asked my leave first"and with the most charming little pour imaginable she picked up Mr. Wicks tucked him under her arm and walke sedately back to the house.

Jack followed humbly. "I'm most awfully sorry, Miss Druce. he began.

"Poor Mr. Wicks!" said Sylvia, hardnoticing the apology. his cries a mile off."

A mile, Miss Druce?" "Yes-quite a mile," maintained Sylvia, not caring how much she exaggerated on Mr. Wicks' behalf.

"Won't you allow me to carry him? asked Jack. "He's not very light." 'No, thank you," Sylvia answered. with a very decided tilt of her chin. Then Jack turned away and went

back to his pheasants. "The coming of Mr. Wicks," he said sadly, in a voice that was full of de spondency, "has been a huge mistake Sylvia hates me for beating him, and I-well, I am the most wretched of mortals.'

II.-THE GOING.

Miss Cherryton took the loss of he jewels more calmly than most people would have done, probably because was her nature to take events quietly and comfortably, just as they came She also had implicit faith in the police and never doubted the speedy recovery

of the jewels. But, strange to say, she seemed really concerned about the loss of her pheasants. She said repeatedly to Jack: "How very provoking!" and at last made up her mind that Mr. Wicks

ought to go back. Now, the truth of the matter was that Miss Cherryton disliked dogs extremely-she was afraid of them, and was only on account of her great fondness for Sylvia that, in a weak moment, she had allowed Mr. Wicks to be sent for; and the death of the pheasants gave her a tolerably good

excuse for Mr. Wicks' dismissal. "Miss Druce will be dreadfully disappointed," pleaded Jack, who saw in ais aunt's decision an opportunity for making some atonement to Sylvia for having punished Mr. Wicks. "There is. believe, great truth in the proverb, Love me, love my dog." he said consolingly to himself.

"Sylvia, dear," said Miss Cherryton a little later. "I'm afraid Mr. Wicks is too young to be here, and-and I am sorry to say that I think it would perhaps be better if he went back."
"Oh, Miss Cherryton!" exclaimed

Sylvia, opening her blue eyes wide with astonishment. "I am sorry if he has been troublesome, but I thought you liked him a little, and he does love the country so. Won't you let him stay -just a little longer?"

'My dear, such pretty pleadings ought to soften my heart; but mine is a hard heart."

Look here, aunt. I'll guarantee that Mr. Wicks eats no more pheasants. I will take him under my special care, if Miss Druce will allow me. I'll lick him into shape-no, no, I mean caress him till he becomes the best, most obedient, tractable, delightful dog in the world. You positively mustn't refuse, aunt; think how Miss

Druce will miss Mr. Wicks!" "And how Mr. Wicks will miss Miss Druce," added Sylvia.
"And," continued Jack, "though he

has devoured your pheasants, we shall all miss him." But Miss Cherryton shook her head and remained firm through all these

arguments. "Never mind, Miss Druce," said Jack heerfully, after Aunt Matilda had left the room; "I'll try again. Mr. Wicks mustn't be banished if we can help it. "Thank you," said Sylvia, demurely.

"Mr. Wicks will be grateful."
"And now, Mr. Cherryton, if you have really nothing better to do, come and give me another golf lesson." Jack ran into the hall and seized his DR. RIDPATH CONSENTS

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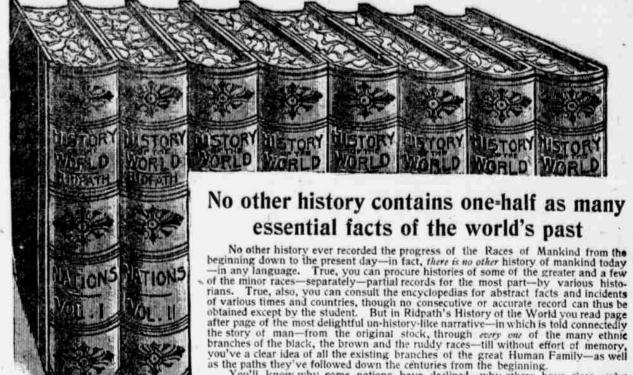
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rolf bag, saying that it was the best

hing he could do. "Not quite." retorted Sylvia, laughg. "The very best thing you could do ould be to persuade your aunt to let dear Mr. Wicks stay."

be examined.

"And so I will!" exclaimed Jack, with reat earnestness, "How serious," said Sylvia, glancing quickly at him; and then there was a attering of feet and panting behind

them. It was Mr. Wicks,
"How nice! We shall have an audince. Mr. Wicks has come to look on." said Sylvia, holding out her cleek for the dog to jump over. But Jack thought differently. "I'm

o play if he does look on " he sug-"And why?" "Oh, because he'll stand behind you

just when you're going to hit, or come

in front and get killed, and many other things." 'Very well," said Sylvia, with shade of annoyance in her voice; "rather than have Mr. Wicks lose his walk I'll give up golf; and please, Mr. Cher-

yton, will you take my clubs back to he house? Thank you." And at that moment Jack felt that e positively hated Mr. Wicks.

"Come along, Mr. Wicks, dear," cried Sylvia, gayly. Jack said never a word, but stoo staring after Sylvia as she walked away with Mr. Wicks by her side, and his old enemy-jealousy-raged within

Two or three days passed by, Sylvia seemed just as devoted as ever to her log, and Jack became more and more gloomy and silent.

"Mr. Wicks must really go tomorrow," said Miss Cherryton, looking at her morose nephew, "My dear Jack, for goodness sake, say something-do something!" she cried, jumping up and bustling about the room. "But don't sit there so solemn and Sphinx-like. Send him away, aunt-send the dos away. But what am I saying? Keep him, I mean. Oh, keep him. Miss Druce is so devoted to him." And Jack flung himself out of the room,

"Well," laughed Miss Cherryton, "the young men are strange creatures, esecially when they are in love. Nevrtheless, I shall send the puppy

tway. Jack strolled out of the house in the ool of the evening. In his state of mind the rooms seemed oppressively hot. Again and again he asked himself if Sylvia cared for him, but he could find no answer, and the tall trees waving their branches in the night breezes seemed to sigh in sympathy

with him. He walked slowly across the soft, velvety lawn, and out of the garden into the long grass of the park. He looked up at the star-lit heavens and at the faint pink light just above the horizon, but the silent beauty of the eve-

ning made him more sad. "No; it isn't quite clear-as clear as daylight-she doesn't care for me one scrap. It's Mr. Wicks she likes!" ex-claimed Jack out loud. "All her time is devoted to that dog, all her thoughts are for him, and, I-well I'm simply the cruel brute that beat her dear dog. Oh, Sylvia, Sylvia, would that I had never seen you!"

At this moment there was a sharp little bark of delight, a rustling in the grass, and Mr. Wicks came dancing at Jack's side.

"Go home!" cried Jack, pointing to the house. "What are you doing out here?" Most dogs would have slunk away

with their tails between their legs, but Mr. Wicks looked up solemnly at Jack, and almost seemed to speak the words, "Why are you angry with me?" then held up a little paw as if to ask fo forgiveness, and a stump of a tail wagged pleadingly. Jack looked down at the dog, took the proffered paw, and stroked the

silky head. Then he walked on silent-

y, and Mr. Wicks trotted contentedly

by his side. And the moon rose, making the shadows darker and the open fields lighter. Presently, without any apparent reaon, Mr. Wicks began to growl. Close by, on a slight rising of the

these Mr. Wicks trotted slowly, then he stopped, put his head on one side. listened and growled again; and seampering toward one of the oaks, barked

Jack whistled, but Mr. Wicks seemed

engressed in gazing into the tree. Then a strange thing happened. The branches of the old oak were pushed roughly to one side, and a man leaping down from the tree, looked rapidly in all directions, and ran with might and main across the open ground. Like the wind, Mr. Wicks, followed by Jack was after him, had reached him, and then there was a yell of pain, for Mr. Wicks had used his weapons with good afraid we shall find it quite impossible effect. With a volley of oaths and curses the tramp dropped a square par el he had been carrying, and then the stick that he held in his other hand fell with a heavy thud; and with just the faintest little cry, Mr. Wicks re

leased his hold and rolled over on his

The burglar ran for his life. Jack knelt down at Mr. Wicks' side. called the dog by his name-and the recovery of the jewels seemed nothing to him now. Mr. Wicks opened his eyes slowly and very feebly tried to lick Jack's hand. There was a world of understanding in those glorious eyes; then the light flashed out from them, and Mr. Wicks' merry brief life was over.

Two figures were walking slowly toward the three old caks. The twilight was deepening. There was the same pink glow on the horizon, and the same soft breeze whispering among the trees, as on that evening when Jack had walked alone, jenlous and miserable; but now there was a change,

"Yes, Jack," murmured Sylvia, was very fond of my dear, heroic little Mr. Wicks, but all the time-"Yes, and all the time?" asked Jack agerly, while he drew nearer.

"I loved far, far better-And the three old oaks caught the words "Mr. Jack."-The Argosy.

The Sympathetic Captain.

"A case of this kind once ocurred at Yale. We had a candidate for full-back who could kick wonderfully, but that was He lacked sand and was a coward Both the captain and myself knew that was not the right man, but every on se continually cried for his being se lected. We did not know what to do, but one day as we stood on the side line watching the practice the signal was

given for the full-back to buck the line dash, but with his usual cowardice tried to shy the line. Just then a big guard from the scrup team broke through the ine, and with a dash came against the full-back. Both of them to the ground under a pile of humanity. When the men igain lined up the guard was unhurt, full-back lay motionless ground. Imagine my surprise when the usually tender and sympathetic captain by my side shouted out. 'He is dead!' Thank God, he is dead.' "-Walter Camp

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burg and the West. 10.15 a. m., week days, for Hazleton, Pottsville, Reading, Norristown, and Philadelphia; and for Sun-bury, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Pitts-

3.12 p. m , daily, for Sunbury, Harris-burg. Philadelphia, Baltimore, burg. Philadelphia, Battimore, Washington, and Pittsburg and the West. 5.00 p. m., week days, for Hazleton and Pottsville.

J. R. WOOD, Gen't Pass Agent. J. B. HUTCHINSON, General Manager. Delaware and Hudson.

On Monday, Jan. 17, trains will leave Scranton as follows: For Carbondale—6.20, 7.55, 8.55, 10.15 a. m.; 12.90 noon; 1.21, 2.20, 3.52, 5.25, 6.25, 7.57, 9.15, 11.99 p. m.; 1.16 a. m. For Albany, Saratoga, Montreal, Bos-New England points, etc., 6.29 a. m., 20 p. m. For Honesdale—6.20, 8.55, 10.15 a. m.; For Honesdale—6.29, 8.55, 10.15 a. m.; 12.09 noon; 2.20, 5.25 p. m.
For Wilkes-Barre—5.45, 7.50, 8.45, 9.38, 10.45 a. m., 12.05, 125, 2.21, 3.33, 4.41, 6.96, 7.59, 10.28, 11.39 p. m.
For New York, Philadelphia, etc. via Lehigh Vailey R. R., 6.45, 7.59 a. m., 12.05, 123, 4.41 p. m. (with Black Diamond Express) 11.30 p. m.
For Pennsylvania R. R. points—6.45, 9.38, a. m.; 2.21, 4.41 p. m.
For western points via Lehigh Vailey R. R., 7.59 a. m., 12.05, 3.31 (with Black Diamond Express), 10.28, 11.30 p. m.
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lows:
From Carbondale and the north—6.40,
7.45, 8.40, 9.31, 10.40 a. m., 12.00 noom; 1.20,
2.18, 3.25, 4.37, 5.45, 7.45, 19.25, 11.27 p. fa.
From Wilkes-Barre and the South—6.15,
7.50, 8.50, 10.10, 11.55 a. m.; 1.16, 2.14, 3.48,
5.29, 6.31, 7.53, 9.05, 9.45 p. m.; 1.13 a. m.
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TRAINS LEAVE SCRANTON. For Philadelphia and New York via D. & H. R. R. at 645, 7.50 a. m., and 12.65, 1.25, 2.21, 4.41 (Black Diamond Express) and p. m. Pittston and Wilkes-Barre via D. W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 11.10 a. m., 1.35 25, 6.00 p. m. For White Haven, Hazleton, Pottsvile. and principal points in the coal regions via D. & H. R. R., 6.45, 7.50 a. m., 12.05, 2.11

and 4.41 p. m. For Bethlehem, Easton, Reading, Harrisburg and principal intermediat. sta-tions via D. & H. R. R., 6.45, 7.59 a. m., 12.05, 1.25, 2.21, 4.41 (Black Diamond Ex-12.05, 1.25, 2.21, 4.41 (Black Diamond Express), 11.39 p. m.

For Tunkhannock, Towanda, Elmira, Ithaca, Geneva, and principal intermediate stations via D. L. & W. R. R., 6.09, 10.05 a. m., 12.45 and 3.25 p. m.

For Geneva, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Palls, Chicago and all points west via D. & H. R. R., 12.05, 3.33 (Black Diamond Express), 10.28 and 11.30 p. m.

Pullman parlor and slaeping or Lehigh Valley parlor 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.

Pa. A. W. NONNEMACHER, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., Philadelphia, Pa. Scranton office, 306 Lackawanna avenue.

Central Railroad of New Jersey (Lehigh and Susuehanna Division.) Stations in New York-Foot of Liberty treet, N. R., and Whitehall Termani. Anthracite coal used exclusively, insurng cleanliness and comfort, FIME TABLE IN EFFECT NOV, 14, 1897. Trains leave Scranton for Pittaton, Wilkes-Barre, etc., at 8.20, 3.15, 11.30 a. m., 12.45, 2.00, 3.05, 5.00, 7.10 p. m. Sundays, 5.00, a. m., 1.00, 2.15, 7.10 p. m.

For Lakewood and Atlantic City, 8.20 m. For New York, Newark and Elizabeth, For New York, Newark and Elizabeth, 8.29 (express) a. m., 12.45 (express) with Buffel parlor car), 3.05 (express) p. m. Sunday, 2.15 p. m. Train leaving 12.45 p. m. arrives at Philadelphia, Reading Terminal, 5.19 p. m. and New York 6.09 p. m. For Maunch Chunk, Allentown, Belhie-hem, Easton and Philadelphia, 8.20 a. m., 12.45, 3.05, 5.09 (except Philadelphia) p. m. Sunday, 2.15 p. m.
For Baltimore and Washington and

For Long Branch, Ocean Grove, etc., at 8.29 a. m. and 12.45 p. m. For Reading, Lebanon and Harrisburg, via Allentown, 8.29 a. m., 12.45, 5.90 p. m.

For Reading, Lebanon and Harrisburg, via Allentown, 829 a. m., 12.45, 5.90 p. m.

For Pottsvile, 8.29 a. m., 12.45 p. m.

Returning leave New York, foot of Liberty street, North River, at 9.19 (express) a. m., 1.19, 1.29, 4.15 (express with Buffet parlor car) p. m. Sunday, 4.30 a. m.

Leave New York, foot Whitehall street, South Ferry, at 9.65 a. m., 1.09, 1.25, 3.55 p. m. Passengers arriving or departing from this terminal can connect under cover with all the elevated railroads, Broadway cable cars, and ferries to Brooklyn and Staten Island, making quick transfer to and from Graad Central Depot and Long Island Railroad.

Leave Philadelphia, Reading Terminal, 2.69 a. m., 2.09 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.

H. P. BALDWIN.

Gen. Pass. Agt.

J. H. OLHAUSEN, Gen. Supt. Del., Lacka. and Western.

Effect Monday, Nov. 21, 1897. Trains leave Scranton as follows: Ex-ress for New York and all points East, 40, 3.00, 5.15, 8.00 and 10.05 a. m.; 12.55 and

1.40, 5.00, 5.10, 8.00 and 19.00 a. m., 12.50 and
5.33 p. m.
Express for Easton, Trenton, Philadelphia and the South, 5.15, 8.00 and 19.20 a.
m., 12.55 and 5.33 p. m.
Washington and way stations, 3.45 p. m.
Tohyhanna 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 stations, 1.05 p. m.
Nicholson accommodation, 5.15 p. m.
Binghamton and Elmira, express, 5.55

Nicholson accommodation, 5.15 p. m. Binghamton and Elmira express, 5.55

Binghamton and Edmira express, 5.59 p. m.

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

Ithaca, 2.35, 9.60 a. m., and 1.55 p. m.

For Northumberland, Pittston, Wilkes-Barre, Plymouth, Bloomsborg and Danville, making cose connection at Northumberland for Williamsport, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and the South,

Northumberland and intermediate stations, 6.60, 10.65 a. m., and 1.55 and 6.69 p. m. m. Nanticoke and intermediate statons, 8.08 and 11.10 a. m. Plymouth and inter-mediate stations, 3.35 and 8.59 p. m. For Kingston, 12.45 p. m. Pullman parlor and sleeping coaches on

all express trains.
For detailed information, pocket time-tables, etc., apply to M. L. Smith, Dis-trict Passenger Agent, depot, ticket of-

Eric and Wyoming Valley. In effect Sept. 19, 1897.

Trains leave Scranton for New York and intermediate points on Erie railroad, also for Hawley and local points at 7.05 a.m. and 2.25 p. m.

Arrive at Scranton from above points at 19,23 a.m., 3,15 and 9,38 p. m.



SCHANTON DIVISION. In Effect December 12th, 1897. North Bound. 1201 Stations G Stations

G M (Trains Dally, Ex-Starlight Preston Park Winwood Poyntells Pleasant Mt. Unfondale Carbondale White Bridge Mayfield Jermyn Archibald Peckvilie Olyphant Priceburg Throop Providence Park Place

A M Leave Arrive All trains run daily except sunday.

Ecranton



