The Conversion of Don Enrique.

"IT IS MOST wonderful! Nay, more, it is marvelous, miraculous! Why, an hundred burros could not draw so great a load! No, not even an hundred of the best horses of Las Delicias! Come, my friend, let us instantly depart. Of truth, it is the work of the Evil One himself, and to remain longer would be but to endanger the welfare of our souls. Let us never have railroads in our Mexico!"

Don Enrique was a provincial Mexican gentleman who had journeyed in that good, old fashioned conveyance, a rattle-trap of a diligencia, from his far-away rancho to the frontier town of Paso del Norte, where he had been persuaded, not a little against his will, to accompany a friend to El Paso, on the Texas side of the Rio Grande, there to view the wonders being wrought by the Americans. The first railroad to enter El Paso had just been completed, and he saw for the first time in his life that wonderful machine, a steam locomotive. Its strange noises filled him with alarm; the foul smoke pouring from its stack almost strangled him; and, awe-stricken by its miraculous strength, he finally gave expression to his emotions, as shown above. He turned a deaf ear to the laughing remonstrances of his friend, meanwhile piously crossing himself, and insisted upon immediately returning to the Mexican side of the river; there, he felt, they would be safe from the malignant influence of the diabolical machine. And, upon arriving in Paso del Norte, he lost no time in starting back home, but it was with a heavy heart; he was oppressed with the fear that he had committed a heinous sin.

A few months later he was informed that a concession for the construction of a railroad in Mexico had been granted an American company, whereupon he held up his hands in speechless horror. Regaining use of his tongue, he denounced the impious government of his country in terms both vigorous and picturesque, but that accomplished nothing. And when the engineers who located the line of the road entered the bounds of Las Delicias he used all the diplomacy at his command to turn them aside, but to no effect, for the road was surveyed to pass within a mile of his house.

In due time the graders came, a motley crowd of rude, rough men who laughed in his face, and with many an outburst of impotent rage he saw them tear an ugly trench across the breadth of Las Delicias. Then came the tracklayers, and he raved and stormed like one beside himself as the lines of glittering rails crept up to and past his home; and he crossed himself in pious horror at sight of the telegraph wires. He was not in the least mollified when the railroad company paid him a good, round sum for its right-of-way across his property, and rejected with a superb gesture of scorn the annual pass that was also tendered him.

"No, no, senor!" he exclaimed, indignantly; "I was powerless to prevent this defecration of my beloved country, but I did what I could. As yet the infamous government has not enacted laws compelling me to patronize your railroad, and until that be done neither I, nor my family, nor yet my servants, shall imperil their souls by going near your trains. Take back the pass to those who sent it, and tell them that I Enrique del Toro, do execrate it and them."

Don Enrique's opposition gave the officials of the road but little concern; his was only one of many such cases, nevertheless it was decided to propitate him by establishing a station convenient to his use, and a neat frame building was erected not far from his house. When the time arrived to select a man to have charge of this station, Bob Evans, a man who was a thorough railroader and with a reputation for coolness and "nerve," but who was utterly lacking in respect for Mexicans, was chosen. He was not the man to make overtures of friendship to Don Enrique, most decidedly not—and Don Enrique would have repelled such overtures had they been made. Weeks passed, with each seeming to be insensible of the other's existence; but there were agencies at work that were destined soon to break down the barriers between them.

* * * * * *

One morning a vaquero galloped madly to the hacienda, bringing Don Enrique the terrifying news that a large war party of Apache Indians had swept down from the neighboring mountains, killing and burning, and were making for the hacienda. Many years had passed since the Indians had raided that country, and so Don Enrique was utterly unprepared to meet them.

"God of my soul, what am I to do?" he groaned. "We are too few to resist them. We must fly, but where? Oh, my wife, my daughter! Truly it is an evil day that has come upon us. We must fly from Las Delicias, but where can we find safety? There are no soldiers nearer than Chihuahua, and of truth the Indians would overtake us before we could go so far." And the poor man wrung his hands in despair.

"You forget the railway, Don Enrique,"—the vaquero answered. "Let us hurry to the station; a train may come at any moment, and all the Apaches of the Sierra Madre could not overtake that, it moves with such great swiftness."

"The railway is a device of Satan for entrapping our souls," Don Enrique sternly replied.

"And are not the Apaches Satan's own imps?" the vaquero rejoined, with respectful persistence.

Don Enrique was loath to surrender his cherished policy of non-intercourse with the railroad, but his wife and daughter promptly championed the vaquero's suggestion, and when two women beset one poor man, that man has but one course to follow. He yielded, and immediately his household began its flight. Pell-mell, shrieking, and gesticulating, they poured into the station, surprising Evans into speechlessness; and Don Enrique, his simple mind agitated no less by his fear of the clicking telegraph instruments than by his blood-curdling horrors of an Apache raid, attempted to explain the cause of their coming. He spoke Spanish, the only language he knew, and his excitement caused his words to pour out in an unbroken stream that was wholly unintelligible to Evans, who could understand Spanish only when it was spoken slowly and with careful enunciation.

Mexicans always amused Evans—when they did not disgust him. Their theatrical display of emotion, their effusiveness, startling gesticulation, and comical grimaces, when excited, were to him all that the antics of a cage of monkeys are to the small boy. In puzzled amusement he sat staring at Don Enrique, letting him talk away until exhausted, and then coolly informed him that he had failed to catch his meaning.

Don Enrique gasped with despair; what could he do to arouse this thick-headed American, he wondered. A happy thought occurred to him: grasping Evans by the arm, he dragged him to the window. "Mira, senor," he cried, pointing to the west, where a number of slender columns of smoke were rising, "Indios! Apaches! Muchos, muchos!"

Evans was a frontiersman, and his mind instantly took in the situation. With a bound he reached his telegraph instrument and began calling Chihuahua, while Don Enrique drew back from the devilish machinery as far as he could. The Chihuahua office was prompt to respond, and the next moment an urgent call for soldiers went leaping along the wire. There was immediate excitement in Chihuahua; the fussy switch-engine that was standing for the moment idly beside the telegraph office awoke with a snort, and darted to the end of the yard, where it began hastily sorting out coaches. In hot haste a messenger was dispatched to the barracks; breathless he rushed into the office of the commandante, and the next minute there arose an angry snarling of drums and a loud, excited calling of bugles. Then came a pattering of many sandaled feet and the rattle and jingle of arms, a hasty calling of rolls and counting of fours, followed by sharp, quick-spoken words of command, and a column of swarthy, uniformed men emerged from the barracks. Again a sharp command, and they sprang forward at the double-quick, racing to the railroad station, where a train was now in readiness for them. Having seen the soldiers safely aboard, the conductor went into the telegraph office, where he remained a few moments; when he came out again he carried in his hand a crumpled bit of paper, upon which appeared the words, "Run regardless." His hand shot upward in a signal to the waiting engineer, and, with clang of bell and the hiss of escaping steam, the train moved out.

Anxiously the refugees at Las Delicias scanned the western horizon. In that direction an almost level plain stretched away mile upon mile to where it met a range of mountains that were velvety and blue with distance. Midway in this plain a cloud of dust arose, grew larger with every moment, and drew rapidly nearer. Now a dense roll of black smoke appeared, and ascended straight upward to lose itself in the blue of the sky, and an angry glare of flame leaped upward beneath it. The Apaches were coming in a whirlwind of death and destruction.

"A Dios, they are but little more than three leagues away!" groaned Don Enrique. "What shall we do?"

"No need for worry, senor," returned Evans, who was siting with one ear over his telegraph instruments; and with exasperating coolness he struck a match and lit his pipe.

"No need for worry?" gasped Don Enrique. "Great God, man, thou art crazed with fear!"

But Evans did not reply, did not hear; he was entirely absorbed by what he telegraph was saying. Presently a look of satisfaction shone in his face, and he made a hasty mental calculation: "Indians ten miles away, an' comin' ten miles an hour; soldiers sixty miles away, an' 'ussin' Jimmy Johnson a-pullin' 'em; result, some Indians to bury in 'bout an hour if Jimmy stay on th' rails—hot times for us if he don't."

The cloud of dust kept rolling nearer, and a group of tiny black specks came into view at its base—specks that increased in number with every moment, and that grew larger, took form, and became galloping Apaches. Nearer, nearer they came, and the sobbing, praying, hysterical Mexicans relinquished all hope of mortal aid; but not so with Evans. Leaning far out of his window, he was watching the track, and, presently, far away where the two lines of gleaming rails seemed to unite in one, he caught sight of another speck—a speck that was sending aloft a plume of inky-black smoke. "Fireman's workin' like th' devil," he mused, "an' Jimmy's got her wide open, comin' down a one-per-cent. grade, too. Ain't he a bird?" Now he looked at the Indians, and a look of concern stole into his face. They were getting dangerously near. Going to his desk, he took out and cocked his revolver. It held six loads, one for each of the women if the worst should come—far better death for them than capture by the Apache, he thought. Glancing at these poor creatures, who were huddling together in a corner of the room, he noticed for the first time that one of them, a young woman whom he took to be Don Enrique's daughter, was possessed of more than average beauty, and he trembled with the thought that his might be the hand that must end her life.

The Apaches were within rifle-range of the station, and the rapid pounding of their horses' hoofs was distinctly heard, when the rails began to vibrate and hum beneath swiftly turning wheels. The next minute, with a deafening roar of escaping steam, and with every wheel sliding and sending showers of sparks from the rails, the train bearing the soldiers swept up to the station and came to a stop. Stentorian commands rang out, followed instantly by a rattling and crackling of locks, and a thunderous volley crashed from the car windows.

The surprise of the Apaches was complete; several of their number reeled and almost fell from their ponies. A whoop and a wave of their leader's hand sent them flying back towards the mountains, and the soldiers, quickly pouring from the train, started in hopeless pursuit of them.

Don Enrique was as one who sees a vision—so sudden a transition from dumb despair to a sense of safety stupefied him. With round, wide-open eyes, he stared a few minutes at the fleeing Indians, at the dusty soldiers above whose heads fluttered the flag of his country, and then, in a sudden transport of joy, rushed to Evans and clasped him in his arms.

"My friend, my very dear friend!" he cried, kissing the surprised American, first on one cheek, then the other. "Nay, thou art more than friend—saviour—saviour of my property—of my family—of all that I hold dear! Thou hast——"

"Oh, hello! Say, drop it! Turn me loose, you old fool! D—n you, quit kissin' me," sputtered Evans, speaking English, as was natural under such circumstances.

"——performed a miracle, thou and thy railroad, and thy telegraph!" Don Enrique went on, not noticing this interruption, and holding tight to Evans, who was struggling with all his strength to get away.

Evans gave up, and, to escape farthe osculation, pushed forward his head on the Mexican's shoulder; his face was flushed with shame, and his eyes were rolling ludicrously from side to side, fairly speaking the disgust he felt.

"Ay de mi! I did oppose the building of thy railroad! I thought it the work of the devil, and I denounced the government for permitting it. But I was wrong—I, Enrique del Toro, do admit that I was wrong, and henceforth I am the friend of railroads—of the telegraph, also. It has been the means of saving our lives, and therefore can not be harmful to our souls. I am the friend of thy railroad, I repeat, and I will now accept the pass I once did refuse. Come to my house, my friend, it is thine; all that I possess is thine at thy pleasure.

He was trying to kiss Evans again, when a voice that shook with laughter called from the window: "Say, Evans, what's the matter with the good-looking daughter? I'd rather kiss her than the old man—I'll take her if you'll let me get into the game."

"D—n you an' th' daughter, too!" Evans returned, wrathfully, glancing at the grimy face of "Cussin" Jimmy, which was framed in the window, and with a mighty effort he wrenched himself free and ran out of the room.

* * * * * *

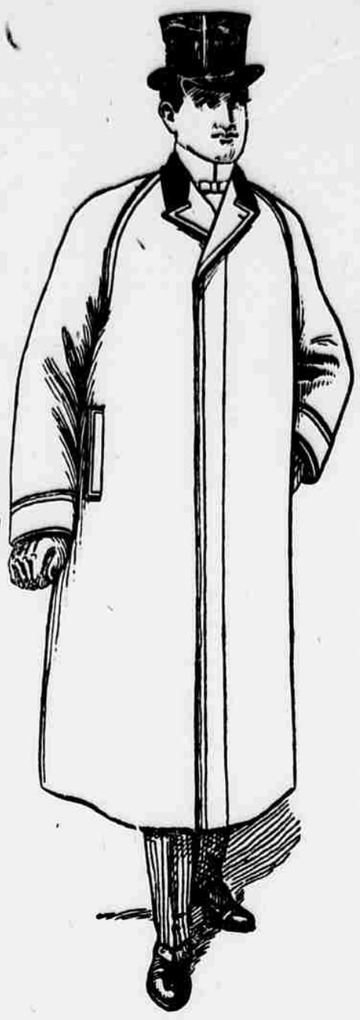
A year passed, and one day Evans hailed the engineer on a train that was slowing into Las Delicias: "Say, Jimmy," he called, "do you remember th' little Mexican girl you saw out here last year—th' time you pulled th' extra, bringin' soldiers?"

"The one that was lookin' so lonesome while you were huggin' the old man?" answered Jimmy. "Why, yes; what's become of her?"

"She doesn't get lonesome that way any more," Evans replied, grinning sheepishly. "Slip on your best clothes an' dead-head out here tomorrow, and you'll see her become Mrs. Evans."—Bourdon Wilson, in the Argonaut.

The "Raglan" Overcoat

The judgment of men who are used to wearing custom made clothes has been passed on this new style of Overcoat—"The Raglan." It's a swell coat when made and tailored right. The "Raglan" that we have sold to many good dressers in this city is a fashionable garment with that style and grace which only appears in the Custom Tailor's patterns. Every man who has seen them and tried one on has complimented us on the new ideas we have put into this coat, that distinguishes it from the many inferior imitations now being shown in this city. The cloth is exclusive and cannot be found in the imitation garment, but above all the tailoring and design shows the touches of expert men. Our prices, according to quality, from . . . . . **$15 to $25**



The Chesterfield Overcoat

The always popular and stylish "Chesterfield" Overcoat will also be worn by many, and if you have noticed the latest fashion plate you will find that the cutter must allow a broader shoulder and a much fuller "box" back than the style worn last season. We have paid particular attention to those rules laid down by the fashion makers, and in every "Chesterfield" Overcoat made for us this season you will find the broad shoulder and full back. The Oxford Grey seems to be the most popular shade, but for those who prefer a smooth cloth we have the Melton and Beaver, lined throughout with serge or pure silk. The price depends upon the quality, from . . . **$10 to $25**

Samter Brothers

Scranton's Leading Outfitters

MOOSIC.

Mrs. M. B. Levan and son, James, have returned after a month's visit at Philadelphia.

Mrs. Hill, of Scranton, was a caller in town yesterday.

Mrs. Tressler and son, Straubert, of Lake Ariel, are visiting at the home of D. C. Green.

Misses Verna Schoonover and Jennie Ace are arranging for an entertainment to be given Tuesday evening, Nov. 20, at 8 o'clock, in the Methodist Episcopal church. Free-will offering will be taken.

Mr. Gailey Tingley, of Gibson, Susquehanna county, is visiting his sister, Mrs. J. N. Bailey.

Beginning with Monday, Nov. 19, the following changes will be made in the Moosic High school: Mr. T. G. Osborne will have for his assistant Mr. Haydn Oliver; Miss Jeanie Dick will have charge of room No. 2, Miss Connolly room No. 3, Miss McMurtrie room No. 4, Miss Weir room No. 5, and Miss Vertie Dix, of Susquehanna, room No. 6.

Misses Grace and Belle Weir, of South Main street, are visiting their sister in Forest City.

Miss Ella Levan was a caller in Scranton yesterday.

Word has been received that Mr. Henry S. Ives, formerly of this place, but now of Aspen, Col., met with an accident on Nov. 11, in which he received a broken arm.

Mr. Charles Broadhead is confined to his home with sickness.

Services in the churches will be conducted tomorrow as usual.

DUN'S REVIEW OF TRADE.

The Prices of Commodities Have Advanced.

By Exclusive Wire from The Associated Press.

New York, Nov. 16.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade tomorrow will say:

Prices of commodities advanced almost without exception and all the changes in manufactured goods are in the direction of firmer quotations. Scarcity of labor gives manufactures in the middle states great concern.

Activity at iron and steel mills steadily increase, and there is an equally uniform advance in quotations. The gain has been more general this week than at any previous time this season, pig iron moving up twenty-five cents a ton and corresponding gains appearing in bars, billets, plates and structural materials generally. Instead of the recent agitation for cheaper steel rails, there is now talk of an advance, to $28, owing to the further rise in steel billets. Orders come forward in the best volume since last spring, when there was severe inflation of prices, and requests for quick delivery are general. The report of pig iron production on November 1, by the Iron Age, shows a weekly capacity of only 215,304 tons, the smallest since September, 1898, but the reduction of 29,000 tons from October 1 from furnace stocks is most encouraging. These figures, with the activity in all branches of the industry, indicate that there will be no further reduction in output, but the December statement will probably show more than 200 furnaces in blast.

Boot and shoe manufacturers are still unable to secure any advance in quotations, although they are attempting to raise lists 2½ cents. Local jobbers are well supplied, but more seasonable weather has stimulated retail trade. Textile industries are rather quiet, although heavyweight goods move more freely with the lower temperature.

A temporary flurry in the wheat market on Monday took the December option above eighty cents. It was reported that Wall street operators were turning attention to grain. Publication of the usual weekly statistics had a depressing effect, however, particularly the enormous exports from Russia, which were a contradiction of earlier statements that the crop was short in northern Europe. Cotton rose slightly. Exports to Great Britain continue heavy at prices two cents higher than a year ago.

Failures for the week were 217 in the United States against 219 last year, and 33 in Canada against 20 last year.

WOMEN'S AUXILIARY.

By Exclusive Wire from The Associated Press.

Wilkes-Barre, Nov. 16.—The Women's auxiliary central Pennsylvania diocese of the Episcopal church, which has been holding its eighteenth annual conference in this city, elected the following officers: President, Mrs. E. G. Scott, Wilkes-Barre; vice president, Mrs. G. D. Ramsay, Harrisburg; treasurer, Mrs. A. M. Cleaver, South Bethlehem; secretary, Miss E. D. Murcur, West Pittston.

INDIANS IN A WRECK.

Considerably Shaken Up on the Eve of Their Game with U. of P.

By Exclusive Wire from The Associated Press.

Philadelphia, Nov. 16.—The University of Pennsylvania foot ball team took its last practice this afternoon in prepartion for the annual contest with the Carlisle Indians on Franklin field tomorrow. The eleven men and substitutes are in fit condition for the hard game which they expect the Red Men to put up. Pennsylvania was badly beaten by the Indians last year and the Red and Blue hopes to retrieve the defeat by a handsome score. The practice this afternoon was of a light order, no risk being taken to have any of the players laid up from injuries.

The Indians were to have arrived here at 10.30 o'clock tonight, but the train on which they were traveling was partially wrecked at Mechanicsburg by running into the rear end of a freight train, and the engineer and fireman were killed. The Redskins were considerably shaken up by the shock of the collision, but none of them were hurt. Coach Warner decided to return to Carlisle, instead of having his men travel all night in day coaches. Coach Warner telegraphed that the team will leave Carlisle early tomorrow morning and will arrive here about noon.

COUNCILS RECEDE.

Jr. Order United American Mechanics Affected by Court Decision.

By Exclusive Wire from The Associated Press.

Philadelphia, Nov. 16.—Consequent on the decision of the Supreme court sustaining the position of the National council of the Junior Order United American Mechanics, the 275 insurgent State councils have receded from their position in refusing to pay the per capita tax. The limit of time set by the loyal state council ended today, and it is reported that over 100 recalcitrant lodges have contributed their share of this tax.

In the face of this decision, and in spite of the movement which has set in to re-join the loyalists, a number of the state bodies have entirely withdrawn from the national organization. These lodges have adopted the name of "Loyal American Mechanics."

This new organization had its beginning at Lebanon, when Council No. 748 surrendered its charter and reorganized under the new name. National Secretary Edward S. Deemer said today that steps would be taken at once to prevent the Lebanon lodges using the adopted name.

GOULDSBORO.

W. F. Grottler, of Souderton, spent Sunday with Dr. Ellenberger.

Attorney T. F. Wells, F. E. Platt and W. W. Phillips, of Scranton, were in town Tuesday.

Prof. Michels and Misses Emma Hager and Anna Crooks are attending the Wayne county teachers' institute at Honesdale.

R. B. Decker spent part of the week in New York city.

S. W. Reese, Sherman Reese and George Denning, of Westfield, N. J., are guests of W. L. Harvey.

She'll Outgrow.

"I know something I won't tell," sang the widow boarder's little girl, as little girls have done ever since language was invented.

"Never mind, child," said the Savage Bachelor, "you'll get over that habit when you get older."—Indianapolis Press.

COXE'S MEN AT WORK.

By Exclusive Wire from The Associated Press.

Hazleton, Nov. 16.—The strike at Coxe Bros. & Co.'s Beaver Meadow colliery, which was inaugurated yesterday was settled today and the men are back at work. The mine workers claimed that the company was violating the agreement by which the last strike was declared off. The water famine which prevails in this region today compelled the Cranberry colliery and Knellris' large planing mill to suspend operations.

FAREWELL TO CROKER.

By Exclusive Wire from The Associated Press.

New York, Nov. 16.—A big crowd of Democrats thronged the rooms of the Democratic club tonight to say good bye to Richard Croker. He will leave on the steamer Lucania for London tomorrow.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

Delaware and Hudson.

In Effect Oct. 21, 1900.

Trains for Carbondale leave Scranton at 6.20, 7.53, 8.53, 10.13 a. m.; 12.00, 1.28, 2.26, 3.52, 5.25, 6.25, 7.57, 9.15, 11.15 p. m.; 1.10 a. m.

Fore Honesdale—6.20, 10.13 a. m.; 2.26 and 5.25 p. m.

For Wilkes-Barre—6.45, 7.48, 8.43, 9.38, 10.43 a. m.; 12.03, 1.28, 2.18, 3.33, 4.27, 6.10, 7.48, 10.41, 11.30 p. m.

For L. V. R. R. points—6.45 a. m.; 12.08, 2.18, 4.27 and 11.30 p. m.

For Pennsylvania R. R. points—6.45, 9.38 a. m.; 2.18 and 4.27 p. m.

For Albany and all points north—6.20 a. m. and 3.52 p. m.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

For Carbondale—9.00, 11.33 a. m.; 2.26, 3.52, 5.47, 10.52 p. m.

For Wilkes-Barre—9.38 a. m.; 12.03, 1.58, 3.28, 6.27, 8.27 p. m.

For Albany and points north—3.52 p. m.

For Honesdale—9.00 a. m. and 3.52 p. m.

Lowest rates to all points in United States and Canada.

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

Lehigh Valley Railroad.

In Effect May 27, 1900.

Trains Leave Scranton.

For Philadelphia and New York via D. & H. R. R., at 6.45 a. m. and 12.03, 2.18, 4.27 (Black Diamond Express), and 11.30 p. m. Sundays, D. & H. R. R., 1.58, 7.48 p. m.

For White Haven, Hazleton and principal points in the coal regions, via D. & H. R. R., 6.45, 2.18 and 4.27 p. m. For Pottsville, 6.45, 2.18 p. m.

For Bethlehem, Easton, Reading, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations via D. & H. R. R., 6.45 a. m.; 12.03, 2.18, 4.27 (Black Diamond Express), 11.30 p. m. Sundays, D. & H. R. R., 1.58, 7.48 p. m.

For Tunkhannock, Towanda, Elmira, Ithaca, Geneva and principal intermediate stations, via D., L. & W. R. R., 8.03 a. m.; 1.03 and 3.35 p. m.

For Geneva, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Chicago, and all points west, via D. & H. R. R., 12.03, 3.33 (Black Diamond Express), 7.48, 10.41, 11.30 p. m. Sundays, D. & H. R. R., 12.03 p. m.; 7.48 p. m.

Pullman parlor and sleeping or Lehigh Valley parlor cars on all trains between Wilkes-Barre and New York, Philadelphia, Buffalo and Suspension Bridge.

ROLLIN H. WILBUR, Gen. Supt., 26 Cortland street, New York.
CHARLES S. LEE, Gen. Pass. Agt., 26 Cortland street, New York.
A. W. NONNEMACHER, Div. Pass. Agt., South Bethlehem, Pa.

For tickets and Pullman reservations apply to 309 Lackawanna avenue, Scranton, Pa.

Central Railroad of New Jersey.

Stations in New York—Foot of Liberty street, N. R., and South Ferry.

Anthracite coal used exclusively, insuring cleanliness and comfort.

TIME TABLE IN EFECT MAY 29, 1900.

Trains leave Scranton for New York, Newark, Elizabeth, Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk and White Haven, at 8.50 a. m.; express, 1.20; express, 4.00 p. m. Sundays, 2.15 p. m.

For Pittston and Wilkes-Barre, 8.30 a. m.; 1.20 and 4.00 p. m. Sundays, 2.15 p. m.

For Baltimore and Washington, and points South and West via Bethlehem, 8.30 a. m., 1.20 p. m. Sundays, 2.15 p. m.

For Long Branch, Ocean Grove, etc., at 8.30 a. m. and 1.20 p. m.

For Reading, Lebanon and Harrisburg, via Allentown, 8.30 a. m. and 1.20 p. m. Sundays, 2.15 p. m.

For Pottsville, 8.30 a. m., 1.20 p. m.

Through tickets to all points east, south and west at lowest rates at the station.

J. H. OLDHAUSEN, Gen. Supt.
H. P. BALDWIN, Gen. Pass. Agt.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Schedule in Effect May 27, 1900.
Trains leave Scranton, D. & H. Station:

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

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

2.18 p. m., week days, (Sundays 1.58 p. m.,) for Sunbury, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Pittsburg and the West. For Hazleton, Pottsville, Reading, &c. week days.

4.27 p. m., week days, for Sunbury, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Philadelphia and Pittsburg.

J. R. WOOD, Gen. Pass. Agt.
J. B. HUTCHINSON, Gen. Mgr.

Delaware, Lackawanna and Western.

In Effect June 10, 1900.

South—Leave Scranton for New York at 1.45, 3.00, 5.40, 8.00 and 10.05 a. m., 12.55, 3.33 and 8.10 p. m. For Philadelphia at 5.40, 8.00 and 10.05 a. m.; 12.55 and 3.33 p. m. For Stroudsburg at 8.10 p. m. Milk and accommodation at 3.40 p. m. Arrive at Hoboken at 6.55, 7.18, 10.13 a. m.; 12.08, 2.47, 4.48, 7.19 and 9.43 p. m. Arrive at Philadelphia at 10.00 a. m.; 1.06, 3.48, 6.00 and 9.22 p. m. Arrive from New York at 1.05, 4.06 and 10.20 a. m.; 1.00, 1.52, 5.43, 8.45 and 11.30 p. m. From Stroudsburg at 8.05 a. m.

North—Leave Scranton for Buffalo and intermediate stations at 1.10, 4.10 and 8.30 a. m.; 1.55, 5.48 and 11.35 p. m. For Oswego and Syracuse at 4.10 a. m. and 1.55 p. m. For Utica at 1.10 a. m. and 1.55 p. m. For Montrose at 8.30 a. m.; 1.06 p. m. and 5.48 p. m. For Nicholson at 4.00 and 6.15 p. m. For Binghamton, 10.25 and 8.50 p. m. Arrive in Scranton from Buffalo at 1.30, 2.55, 5.35 and 10.00 a. m.; 3.30 and 8.00 p. m. From Oswego and Syracuse at 2.35 a. m.; 12.38 and 8.00 p. m. From Utica at 2.55 a. m.; 12.38 and 3.30 p. m. From Nicholson at 6.50 a. m. and 6.00 p. m. From Montrose at 7.55 and 10.00 a. m.; 3.20 and 8.00 p. m.

Bloomsburg Division—Leave Scranton for Northumberland at 6.45, 10.05 a. m.; 1.55 and 5.50 p. m. For Plymouth at 1.05, 3.40, 8.55 and 11.35 p. m. For Nanticoke at 8.10 a. m. Arrive at Northumberland at 9.35 a. m.; 1.10, 5.00 and 8.45 p. m. Arrive at Nanticoke at 9.10 a. m. Arrive at Plymouth at 2.00, 4.32, 9.50 p. m. and 12.30 a. m. Arrive at Scranton from Northumberland at 9.42 a. m.; 12.35, 4.50 and 8.45 p. m. From Nanticoke at 11.00 a. m. From Plymouth at 7.50 a. m., 3.20, 5.35 and 11.10 p. m.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

South—Leave Scranton 1.40, 3.00, 5.40, 10.05 a. m.; 3.33, 3.40 and 8.10 p. m.

North—Leave Scranton at 1.10, 4.10 a. m.; 1.55, 5.48 and 11.35 p. m.

Bloomsburg Division—Leave Scranton at 10.05 a. m. and 5.50 p. m.

New York, Ontario and Western R.R.

TIME TABLE IN EFFECT SUNDAY, NOV. 4, 1900.

North Bound Trains.

Leave Scranton.	Leave Carbondale.	Arrive Cadosia.
10.40 a. m.	11.20 a. m.	1.05 p. m.
6.00 p. m.	Arrive Carbondale 6.40 p. m.	

South Bound.

Leave Cadosia.	Leave Carbondale.	Arrive Scranton.
	7.00 a. m.	7.40 a. m.
2.05 p. m	3.34 p. m.	4.20 p. m.

Sundays only, North Bound.

Leave Scranton.	Leave Carbondale.	Arrive Cadosia.
8.30 a. m.	9.10 a. m.	10.45 a. m.
7.00 p. m.	Arrive Carbondale 7.40 p. m.	

Sundays only, South Bound.

Leave Cadosia.	Leave Carbondale.	Arrive Scranton.
	7.00 a. m.	7.40 a. m.
4.30 p. m.	5.34 p. m.	6.35 p. m.

Trains leaving Scranton at 10.40 a. m. daily, and 8.30 a. m. Sundays, make New York, Cornwall, Middletown, Walton, Sidney, Norwich, Rome, Utica, Oneida and Oswego connections.

For further information consult ticket agents.

J. C. ANDERSON, Gen. Pass. Agt., New York.
J. E. WELSH, Traveling Passenger Agent, Scranton.

Erie and Wyoming Valley.

Times Table in Effect Sept. 17, 1900.

Trains for Hawley and local points, connecting at Hawley with Erie railroad for New York, Newburgh ad intermediate points, leave Scranton at 7.05 a. m. and 2.25 p. m.

Trains arrive at Scranton at 10.30 a. m. and 9.10 p. m.