

A REALIZED AMBITION.

By Theodosia Pickering.

NANCY had gathered the family about her under the portrait of her grandfather, the governor, had shut Lord Bateman in the hall closet, where his barks, that usually adorned any exciting conversation, were unheard, and for more than an hour had been holding forth finely, with a decided curve in her red lips.

"There's no use in your saying anything more about it—I've made up my mind, and all the talking in the world won't make me take it to pieces again," she said. "I'm tired to death of doing nothing but frivel and dawdle, and to-morrow I'm going to find a situation and go to work."

Martha groaned. She was Nancy's sister, and a winter spent in the breezy and hilarious occupation of chaperoning Nancy and keeping the two-year-old twins in the paths of law and order had drawn several lines about the corners of her mouth. "There's one satisfaction, at any rate," she said. "Having had charge of you since you were pin-flores and had long braids, I am prepared for any caprice, even such an absurd one as this, and I know you will tire of it in a week. May I inquire what you intend to do?"

"This is not a caprice," said Nancy, "and I intend to do—why, as everyone does at first, of course. What are you laughing at, Bob? The next time I select a brother-in-law I shall use a little more discrimination. Why don't you help me along a trifle? What did you do when you went to work the very first time?"

"I swept out the offices," said her brother-in-law, "and—"

"And what?" said Nancy.

"And cleaned the cuspidors, my dear," said Bob.

"Oh, nonsense!" said Nancy, in deep disgust. "You know very well what I mean. I took a complete course of bookkeeping when I was at school, and you said yourself, Bob, a dozen times, that I was very good at it."

Martha rose hurriedly as a faint wail from the nursery struck her ear. "I don't know what the Van Covers and the Delormes will think, I am sure," she said dismally, as she paused a moment by the door, "and your first winter out, too, Nancy! I daresay they will imagine that Bob and I starve you. If there was any earthly necessity for it I shouldn't mind so much, but if ever a girl had everything she wanted—"

Nancy came to where her sister stood, and put both her arms about her plump shoulders.

"Be a dear old girl, and don't scold," she pleaded, "and let me have my way just this once, and you may call it caprice, or starvation, or anything you please."

"There's another name I might give it that begins with 'F,'" said Martha, severely; but she gave the pretty sinner a motherly kiss, and vanished, with a worried little smile on her face.

Nancy followed her brother-in-law to the hall and handed him his hat and gloves, meekly.

"You haven't said as much as you might, Bob, one way or the other," she said. "Am I to have the supreme bliss of believing that you approve?"

Bob laughed and drew on his gloves. "Nancy," he said, "during the last three months I have noticed with deep concern, the rise and fall of your interest in that 'cunning little sewing-school in River street,' in your 'beloved Ibsen class,' and—incidentally—in Jerry Dennison, the only one of the three, by the way, that I regret."

"Here's your hat," said Nancy, abruptly.

"Ahem! yes, of course. Good-morning, my dear," said Bob.

Nancy let Lord Bateman out of the closet, from whence he emerged with an expression at once injured and dignified. Then she went back to the library and took up the daily paper with an air of resolution; but Bob's last words seemed to dance before her in its print, and a face came suddenly between her and the "Help Wanted—Female" column—a help wanted, good-natured face, with a vigorous chin, honest eyes, and a little tilt in the corner of the mouth. Nancy put down the paper and picked up Lord Bateman.

In this very room, two months before, she had broken her engagement with Jerry Dennison. It had been a tiny engagement, to be sure, only three months old, and, not being seasoned by time, hardly staunch enough to bear the weight of angry words heaped upon it by two hot-headed young people, whose hearts belied the words their lips uttered. "I shall dance with whom I please, and as many as I please," Nancy had said, with her blue eyes ablaze, and her pretty head in the air; and I shall never marry a man who would make me miserable by his jealousies and suspicions!" And Jerry had held his head very high, and said: "As you please, of course," and had left her, with a very white face, and a look in his eyes his erstwhile sweetheart had never seen there before; and Nancy had looked the door and gone upstairs, and taken his picture in its silver frame from her dressing-case, and cried her heart out all night long, and in the morning had come down with an expressionless countenance, and only a minute dash of powder on her nose to show that anything unusual had happened, and broken the news to her family as calmly as though she were discussing an affair at the Antipodes; and though Bob had looked puzzled, and Martha had wept, and the twins, always ready to do their part, and seeming a possible loss of bon-bons in the calamity they faintly understood, wailed bitterly, Nancy had laughed airily, and had gone that evening to a dance in her prettiest gown, and flirted

and danced so desperately that Martha had brought her home in disgrace.

Then came the feverish round of Ibsen, philanthropy and gayety; and now had come this new desire for "something to do," though Nancy had done everything but the right thing, and wouldn't have done that to save her proud young soul, for Jerry had made no sign; and though Nancy had danced with whom she pleased, and as many times as she pleased, and as the victims of her bow and spear had been many, still time had dragged heavily somehow, and so through the thorny paths of unrest she had reached her new resolution, and now held it with a grasp that had in it something of desperation.

Lord Bateman, growing impatient, shook the paper in his tiny teeth, and Nancy went back to her "Help" column.

"As for fretting for Jerry Dennison," she said, "that's perfect nonsense! I shall never get over congratulating myself on my escape from the horrid, tyrannical husband he would have made. Fretting, indeed!" Nancy lifted up her voice and laughed; but Lord Bateman, on her lap, wriggled uneasily; for something warm and wet dropped down on his ear, and he disapproved of it.

At two o'clock Nancy, booted and gloved, extricated Martha from the clutches of the twins, and bade her a brisk and business-like farewell.

"Behold my situation!" she said, with a flourish of divers clippings. "There are some gorgeous ones here! Listen: 'Wanted—intelligent young woman.' (They evidently had me in mind, Martha.) 'Must have good education and business ability. Apply 57 Broad street.' That sounds bookkeeperish, doesn't it? And here's another: 'Wanted—young woman under 30, for office work'; and—"

"You needn't read me any more, I won't listen to them," said Martha. "It's not proper, Nancy, for you to go poking about those strange offices, and talking to men you never set eyes on before, and I don't know what Bob is thinking of simply laugh, as he does, instead of forbidding it. You are making me miserable with this whim, and I beg of you to give it up."

Nancy considered a moment, with her dark eyebrows close together.

"I don't see why you are so anxious about it," she said. "If you are going to fret so when the twins get old enough to earn their daily bread instead of denouncing it from morning to night, you'll turn them into a perfect pair of 'hoboes.' However, I'll compromise. This is Friday. If I haven't a situation by Saturday evening, I will give up the whole thing, and dance and prance and be useless all the rest of my life. Will that satisfy you?"

"It will have to, I suppose," said Martha; and Nancy kissed her and departed.

She came in as the family were sitting down to dinner, and accepted with composure Bob's gift of a huge button with "I want a situation" printed across it.

"Thank you," she said. "I'll pin it on my jacket when I go out to-morrow, and surrender gracefully to the highest bidder."

"Then you haven't succeeded today?" said Martha. "I'm delighted to hear it. What did all those beautiful 'Ads.' turn out to be?"

Nancy looked at her demurely, with a little smile tucked in the corner of her mouth. "Book agents, all four of them," she said. "I foresee that I shall be driven into the trade at last. Prepare yourself, Bob! If I ever do turn my intellect in that direction, I shall come to your office every morning and sell you 'The Life of Lincoln,' or 'The War of 1812,' or some other of those exciting works I saw this afternoon, for practice."

"Thank goodness, there is only one more day of it," said Martha. "You didn't meet anyone you knew, I hope?"

"Not one," said Nancy. "Every acquaintance I possess must have a soul above Twenty-third street. There wasn't a familiar thing downtown. But I like it, I really do. You needn't laugh, Bob. I'm going to start early to-morrow."

The next day it rained drearily. Nancy spent the morning in a shower of newspapers, and in the afternoon donned her mackintosh and goshes, and went forth bravely, with determination in her heart. This day she would find something to do or perish in the attempt! Her life shouldn't be made miserable by Bob's ridicule and Martha's "I told you so's." If there was an office in the entire city that wanted a bookkeeper and wanted her immediately, she would attach herself to it like a barnacle.

But alas! Nancy was wanted for everything that day but what she wanted. Suave, mustached gentlemen, admiration in their eyes and business on their lips, offered her volumes the percentage upon whose prospective sales would have filled a Rothschild with glee. She was wanted to polish jewelry; to make paper flowers; to be the high priestess of a typewriter; to sell tickets for a series of madly exciting lectures on the Holy Land.

Nancy enjoyed herself immensely for an hour or so, with much the same feeling that a runaway craft might have that was navigating unknown waters; but then affairs began to assume a less hilarious aspect. A stinging rain came driving from the east in little whips, the dampness enfolded her like a fog, and Nancy shivered under her mackintosh as she tiptoed her way across the muddy street.

"Martha was right," she thought; "I have made an idiot of myself over this; and the best thing I can do is to go home and tell her so. There isn't any occupation on earth I am wanted for, it seems, besides peddling things. No! I'll go home and tell the truth, and let Bob joke me about the poor working girl as much as he pleases."

Nancy turned towards the corner, but

stopped suddenly in the very middle of a puddle. "There is only one place left on my list," she thought, "and I might as well look at that, and do the whole thing up thoroughly and forever. It is about here somewhere, and there's one chance in a hundred that they want a woman to do something else besides scrub."

A huge building loomed up before her through the mist, and the number above the door seemed to beckon her like a finger.

The elevator boy made generous room for the dripping umbrella, and surveyed the bedraggled young woman somewhat curiously.

"Robbins & Smith," he said, "sixth floor. Here you are, to the left, 246."

"Thank you," said Nancy. She turned down the long hall with a tired little sigh. "If I look half as miserable as I feel," she thought, grimly, "they'll take me in and give me a situation out of pure charity. I believe, if Martha could see me now, she would expire cheerfully."

The door was ajar, and Nancy pushed it open and crossed the threshold. The office was empty, with the exception of one tall figure, in a gray tweed suit, who stood at the window, looking out at the driving rain.

"Is this Robbins & Smith?" asked Nancy, timidly.

The man turned suddenly at the sound of her voice, and made a hasty step towards her.

"Nancy! Nancy! Great Heavens! You?" said Jerry Dennison.

The room seemed to whirl about Nancy's head like the merry-go-round, and her wet umbrella dropped to the floor. If ever confusion and amazement reigned in a damsel's heart, it did in hers. Oh, to be able to fly, to sink through the floor, to disappear in any fashion out of sight of that puzzled, uncertain face!

"Nancy," said he, "what does this mean? Is there anything the matter? Anything I can do?"

Nancy lifted her head, a touch of her audacity came back.

"Yes, you can," she said. "Since I have stumbled in upon you in this absurd way, perhaps you will be kind enough to direct me to Robbins & Smith's office."

"It is two doors beyond, I believe," said Dennison, slowly. "We have only been here since Monday ourselves. It is Saturday afternoon, you know, and I hardly think you will be able to find them in. Of course I have no right to inquire, but may I venture to ask what you want with Robbins & Smith?"

Nancy turned towards the door. "No, you haven't any right," she said, "but I don't mind telling you, I'm looking for a situation."

"A situation?" said Dennison. "You—a situation? Is anything wrong at home? Bob—Martha?"

"No," said Nancy. "It's just because I wanted to—just—just for a change, you know."

She put her hand on the door and turned away. "Good afternoon," she said.

"You have forgotten your umbrella," said Dennison.

He picked the dripping thing from the floor and presented it formally, but as Nancy took it his hand fell suddenly on hers.

"Nancy," said Jerry, with his dark eyes fastened on her face, "people who have everything they wish, people who are thoroughly satisfied, rarely look for anything unusual to occupy their minds. It is the people who are unhappy, who have something to forget, who do that. Answer me—are you quite happy, Nancy?"

Poor Nancy! The defiant words she tried to force upon her lips refused to be uttered. She was wet, so tired, so miserable. A great lump seemed to form in her throat. Suddenly she snatched away her hands and hid her face in them.

"I want to go home! Oh, I want to go home!" she sobbed.

Jerry Dennison, being unfortunately a young man of impulse, waited no longer, but took her—wet umbrella, dripping mackintosh and all—in his arms. Perhaps a thrill of thanksgiving that he had stayed to settle a few matters in the deserted office pervaded him; but his voice was very earnest, and there was the old, tender ring in it again.

"Nancy," he said, "I thought you didn't care. I've been a dolt and an idiot, and I've had three months of torture to realize it in. You can dance with whom you please, and as many times as you please, only dance last and longest with me; and you shall go home this minute if you like—only, will you let me go with you, Nancy?"

"Yes, yes! Oh, Jerry, you know I will," sobbed Nancy.

Bob met them in the hall as the big clock in the corner that had belonged to his honor the governor was striking six. The mockery that rested on his lips for Nancy changed suddenly to a beaming smile of welcome as he saw her companion.

"You?" he said. "By Jove, Jerry, I'm glad to see you!"

Nancy flushed as his eyes met hers and laughed.

"I'm going to take off these dripping things," she said. "I'll be down in a minute."

She paused at the nursery door. She could hear the hum of masculine voices downstairs, and the clinking of glasses. Jerry was evidently explaining things.

Inside, Martha was bylowing both babies to sleep, but she paused as Nancy's pretty head looked in at the door.

"Martha," said Nancy, "I have kept my word. I have found a situation."

Martha groaned. "I am exceedingly sorry to hear it," she said. "Oh, Nancy, how could you? May I ask what you are going to do?"

"I'm going to keep house!" said Nancy.

"To keep house!" said Martha, divided between perplexity and tears.

"To keep house? For whom?"

"For Mr. Jeremiah Dennison!" said Nancy.—Peterson's Magazine.

A REPUBLICAN CAUCUS

Of Maryland's Legislators Nominates McComas For Senator.

TEN REFUSED TO PARTICIPATE.

As Only Fifty-three Attended the Caucus, While Fifty Nine Votes Will Be Necessary to Elect, the Egg of the Deadlock Is Not Yet in Sight.

Annapolis, Md., Jan. 25.—The Maryland general assembly, in joint convention yesterday, took but one ballot, and that resulted as follows: McComas, 49; Gorman, 42; Shaw, 17; Findlay, 1; necessary to a choice, 55.

The absentees are all Democrats, most, if not all, of whom will be in their seats today at noon, when another ballot will be taken. It was this fact that enabled Judge McComas to come within six votes of being elected, and that he did not take advantage of the opportunity to force matters, when he might have had the prize in spite of the "eleven," is taken as an indication that he has not yet secured the votes his friends on Saturday claimed that he would be able to muster. There is no doubt, however, that a crisis is approaching, and an election may now take place at any time.

The changes in yesterday's ballot were brought about by McComas' accession of both of Shryock's votes and one of Findlay's. He also captured Senator Day, of Howard county, who has voted for almost everybody in the race. Delegate Tull, of Talbot, who voted for McComas on Saturday, returned to Shaw, making McComas' net gain over Saturday's vote but three. Delegate Hall, of Talbot, who voted for Findlay on Saturday, also came back to Major Shaw yesterday. This leaves every Republican in the two houses on McComas' list except the "eleven" from Baltimore city—three senators and two delegates from the "eastern shore" and the solitary Findlay delegate from Baltimore city.

The lines are thus clearly drawn between the two sections of the state, as in this fight the "eastern shore" men are working in the interest of Baltimore city as against the western portion of the state in revenge for having forced the election of Senator Wellington two years ago by ignoring the statute which provides that one senator shall always come from each of the sections.

That the Democrats are ready and willing to take a hand in the contest, and to aid the "eleven" in electing almost anybody but McComas is no longer susceptible of denial. Delegates Wilkinson and Wirt, the acknowledged leaders of the Democrats in the house, declared as much yesterday in speeches made in the joint convention, the latter making a bitter attack upon Judge McComas for his part in the passage of the "force bill" when in congress, and declaring by implication that he would vote for a Republican, but not for one whose record upon that question was such as that of Judge McComas. Mr. Wilkinson went even further, saying that he proposed to vote for Mr. Gorman as long as there was a chance or even a hope of electing him, but when that hope is gone he proposes to vote for whomever he pleases, be he Republican or Democrat.

These speeches are looked upon as official announcements that the coalition is on if it can be carried through, and it is announced that the full Democratic vote will be on hand within a day or two. Senator Jackson returned yesterday, and Delegate Malcolm, who has been absent during the entire session on account of illness, has so far recovered as to make it probable that he, too, will be on hand when the final "round up" takes place. With these gentlemen in their places it will require 59 votes to elect a senator, and from present indications it seems about as easy for one side to get what they need as it is for the other.

General Shryock drew out of the fight yesterday, and declared himself unequivocally for Judge McComas' election. Fifty-three members of the general assembly met in caucus last night to discuss the senatorial situation. Hon. Louis E. McComas and J. C. Mullik resulting in 46 votes for McComas and 7 for Mullik. The nomination of Mr. McComas was made unanimous, after which the caucus adjourned. Ten members of the Republican minority refused to enter the caucus.

The New England Strike.

Boston, Jan. 25.—The principal events in the industrial strike in New England yesterday were, first, the return of the striking workmen of the Queen City mills at Burlington, Vt.; secondly, the strike of those employed in the spinning department of a mill of the Fall River Iron foundry, and thirdly, the refusal of the Weavers' union of Fall River, by a vote of 117 to 14, to allow the King Philip mill weavers to strike. The refusal was given on the ground that all the other operatives have accepted the same outcrop of 11-1-9 per cent, and such a strike would weaken the union.

Attorney General Griggs.

Washington, Jan. 24.—Besides the appointment of C. Wesley Thomas to be collector of customs at Philadelphia and St. Clair A. Mulholland to be pension agent in the same city, the president assent to the senate Saturday afternoon the nomination of John W. Griggs, of New Jersey, to be attorney general of the United States, to succeed Judge McKenna. The nomination of Thomas was promptly confirmed.

Governor Griggs' Retirement.

Trenton, Jan. 25.—The two houses of the legislature held brief sessions last night and little was done in either body outside of introducing a number of bills. It is now definitely settled that Governor Griggs will resign next Monday, and President Voorhees, of the senate, will probably take the oath of office as acting governor on Monday night.

McKinley Will Touch the Button.

Washington, Jan. 25.—Senators Perkins and White and Representative Maguire, of California, yesterday formally invited the president to touch the button next Saturday which will open the golden jubilee mining fair of that state. The president has consented to touch the button, and to put the machinery of the fair in motion.

ONE OF TWO WAYS.

The bladder was created for one purpose, namely, a receptacle for the urine, and as such it is not liable to any form of disease except by one of two ways. The first way is from imperfect action of the kidneys. The second way is from careless local treatment of other diseases.

CHIEF CAUSE.

Unhealthy urine from unhealthy kidneys is the chief cause of bladder troubles. So the womb, like the bladder, was created for one purpose, and if not doctored too much is not liable to weakness or disease, except in rare cases. It is situated back of and very close to the bladder, therefore any pain, disease or inconvenience manifested in the kidneys, back, bladder or urinary passage is often, by mistake, attributed to female weakness or womb trouble of some sort. The error is easily made, and may be as easily avoided. To find out correctly, get your urine aside for twenty-four hours, a sediment or settling indicates kidney or bladder trouble. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney and bladder remedy is soon realized. If you need a medicine you should have the best. At druggists fifty cents and one dollar. You may have a sample bottle and pamphlet, both sent free by mail. Mention the Middleburgh, Post and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The proprietor of this paper guarantees the genuineness of this offer.

TO CURE A COLIC ON ONE DAY. Take Laxative Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. 10-147m.

In Clarksville, W. Va., it is reported, the church social has evolved into a "weighing party." All in attendance are decorated with ribbons, and when the girl is found with the same color of ribbon that is worn by one of the beaux of the occasion, the aforesaid beaux and young ladies are expected to march up under an evergreen arch, and both are weighed. Some one quick at figures subtracts the difference in avoirdupois, and the gentleman pays for the excess at a penny a pound. That is all there is of it—the church gets the young man's money, and he gets the girl, whose mission it is to take him to the dining-room, where a tempting lunch is served.

Once upon a time a "blizzard" was a dreadful outbreak of the elements and was supposed to be a native of the wild prairie of the west. People out there probably so regard it still. But newspapers in this part of the world had an opportunity to "write up" a genuine blizzard, and ever since that memorable occasion they have employed the term to designate what the irreverent would call "any old snowstorm." Perhaps the ranchers as they fight their way through real blizzards smile grimly at the fervid imaginations of easterners.

Reuben Lane, a rugged man, walked on crutches from Barnesborough, Pa., to Topeka, Kan., a distance of 597 miles, to marry Mrs. Eliza Ann Parker. When he arrived there she refused to have him. He has employed a lawyer and will commence action for breach of promise. He is a widower 33 years old. She is a widow 60 years old. They became engaged through a matrimonial agency. It took Lane 36 days to make the trip.

A Mercer county (Pa.) farmer, caught 200 rats in his granary recently, and when he went in with a club to kill them the rodents overpowered him. He was taken out unconscious and badly bitten. It is risky business to tackle 200 cornered rats, when one alone will sometimes turn on a man.

A St. Louis man returned a marriage license he obtained a few weeks ago, with this notation on the back: "I am too poor to get married; will try again later on." His fiancée, who confesses to 39 years, says four dollars is sufficient money with which to get married, but he insists that \$150 is necessary.

Some Georgia judges have their odd ways. For instance, a prisoner recently attempted to escape from the courtroom, and the judge pulled his gun from his hip pocket and shot him dead; and a jury tried and acquitted him.

Bishop McCabe, of New York, on Dr. James' Headache Powders.

"With regard to Dr. James' Headache Powders, I have no hesitation in commending them to sufferers from headache. They relieve the pain speedily, and I have never known anyone to be harmed by their use. I have been a great sufferer from headache in my life, but have almost gotten rid of it by the constant use of hot water and fruit and by doing without coffee. The Dr. James Headache Powders have, however, greatly relieved me at times and I never allow myself to be without them, and have recommended to others freely. C. C. McCABE."

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WESTWARD | STATION | EASTWARD

Time	Station	Time	Station	Time
4:22	Lewistown	7:30	8:00	
4:23	Main Street	7:31	2:00	
4:24	Lewistown	7:32	3:10	
4:30	11:41	8	Maitland	7:43
4:31	11:42	11	Painter	7:49
4:32	11:43	11	Maitland	7:54
4:33	11:44	11	Wagner	7:59
4:34	11:45	11	McClure	8:08
4:35	11:46	11	Reub's Mills	8:13
4:36	11:47	11	Asbury	8:19
4:37	11:48	11	Beverton	8:25
4:38	11:49	11	Beiler	8:34
4:39	11:50	11	Middleburgh	8:40
4:40	11:51	11	Meiser	8:46
4:41	11:52	11	Kramer	8:49
4:42	11:53	11	Pawling	8:58
4:43	11:54	11	Sellingrove	9:00
4:44	11:55	11	Sunbury	9:06
4:45	11:56	11	Sunbury	9:15

Train leaves Sunbury 5 25 p m, arrives at Selingrove 5 45 p m.

Trains leave Lewistown Junction:

4 58 a m, 10 15 a m, 12 37 p m, 2 57 p m, 7 07 11 58 p m

Altoona, Pittsburg and the West.

For Altoona and Washington 9 35 a m 1 02 1 58 4 15 1 04 p m For Philadelphia and New York 8 23 9 25 a m, 1 02 2 45 and 11 16 p m For Harrisburg 7 00 a m and 9 35 p m

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