

The Old Chestnuts.
It is said that a certain Cleveland lady whose handsome house is in an ideal location on the east side of the city was called east while her home was under the renovating and refurnishing process. During her absence a man was especially engaged to hang the pictures. Among them were a number of excellent copies of the world's greatest works of art, and the man, an artist, found his task a labor of love. With great care he hung the more valuable copies in the roomy reception hall and had just finished his task when the lady returned. Her eyes snapped as she surveyed his work.

"Who hung those old chestnuts there?" she cried.

"Old masters, madam," said the startled artist.

"Old masters, I say; it's the same thing. If you hung them, take them down. I won't have them there. With new furniture and new decorations and new carpets and rugs I'll have new pictures too. Who ever heard of such old trumpery stuff in a strictly modern house?"

"And what shall I do with the old chestnuts, madam?" the artist inquired.

"Oh, dump them into the attic until I can get rid of them," replied the lady.

And there the "chestnuts" lie, Madonna and cherubs and all, gathering dust and calmly awaiting the getting rid of process.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Renting Locomotives.
Hundreds of locomotives are rented every year. Several corporations make their chief revenue this way. The Baldwin has many machines out on the rental form of payment—that is, the engines are rented in the same way that you would rent a stove or a lamp—month by month, so much a month, the payments to apply on the full purchase money. It is seldom, however, that a railroad rents locomotives. They are usually let out to contractors who construct temporary railways for hauling dirt from excavations.

Contractors who hire the locomotives usually have their own names gilded on them so that the public may suppose that they belong to them. The engines, as a usual thing, are cast off. They have pulled enough, but now they are only fit to pull gravel cars. The engineers who work them are oftentimes also the cast offs of the profession. They may have operated express engines, but through carelessness or other causes have been discharged from one road after another until they are only fit to haul gravel or wood trains.—Philadelphia Record.

Gold Being a Mirror.
One of the chief features in the religion of style is that to attain to orthodoxy it is necessary or at least desirable to practice daily in front of a looking glass so as to make sure that all the motions of the true style are being correctly carried out.

This always appeared to me a very "hard saying" until I had consulted W. G. Crane, John Roberts, C. B. Fry, K. S. Grant, J. H. K. Foster, Kraenzlein, E. C. Bredin and other champions of sport.

All the above were unanimous in attributing the high degree of skill to which they have attained in various games and sports to the fact of their having devoted many hours a day from a very early stage of their careers to attitudinizing in front of looking glasses in their bedrooms.—Golf Illustrated.

The Oldest Visiting Card.
The state archives of Venice are said to possess the oldest visiting card of which there is any record, of course leaving aside the probable use of such articles for some thousands of years in China. Giacomo Contarini, professor at the University of Padua, sent the card in question as a curiosity to a Venetian friend, saying that the German students who came to Italy had the elegant and laudable habit of leaving articles for some thousands of years in China. Giacomo Contarini, professor at the University of Padua, sent the card in question as a curiosity to a Venetian friend, saying that the German students who came to Italy had the elegant and laudable habit of leaving articles for some thousands of years in China.

His Idea of an Alibi.
A talesman who was called in a murder trial in a certain state was asked whether he had any prejudice against an alibi plea on the part of the defendant accused of crime. The talesman replied that he had not.

"Do you fully understand what is meant by the term alibi?" he was asked.

"I think I do, yes, sir."

"What do you understand by it?"

The talesman reflected a moment and then, with a hesitancy indicative of gravest reflection, replied, "An alibi is when the fellow who did it wasn't there."

"The Blues."
The origin of the term "blues" has been traced to the belief that persons in indigo dyeing establishments are peculiarly subject to melancholy. Another belief is that the expression is derived from the habit of finding the speed of a vessel. It is regulated by clockwork, and the number of knots the vessel sails per hour is recorded on the dial without any hand touching it.

No Coercion There.
"There, now, Clara, how would you like to be those people who can't get home from Paris because their funds gave out?"

"Well, dear me, Clarence, they are better off than we are, whose funds have given out," Clara replied.

"I command you to get started,"—Indianapolis Journal.

A Successful Strategem.
When the electric telegraph was first introduced into Chile, a strategem was resorted to in order to guard the posts against damage on the part of the natives and to maintain the connection between the strongholds on the frontier. There were at the time between 40 and 50 captive Indians in the Chilean camp. General Pardo, in command of the operations, called them together and, pointing to the telegraph wires, said:

"Do you see those wires?"

"Yes, general."

"I want you to remember not to go near or touch them, for if you do your hands will be held, and you will be unable to get away."

The Indians smiled incredulously. Then the general made them each in succession take hold of the wire at both ends of an electric battery in full operation, and you let go the wires!"

"I can't! My hands are benumbed!" cried each Indian.

The battery was then stopped. Not long after the general restored them to liberty, giving them strict instructions to keep away from the wires. He had the device, a drinking cup made from copper, will be a safeguard against poison, as will the ground powder put in drink, and indeed the wells of the palace of St. Mark could not be poisoned in the good old days of adventure because these benighted heathen had been thrown into them. Unicorn's horns were formerly sold by apothecaries at \$120 an ounce.—Boston Journal.

Gallant Lord Roberts.
Like most great soldiers, Lord Roberts is very chivalrous to women. An artist recently returned from South Africa tells how he was sketching "Bobs" portrait, when the great little man asked who were the celebrities in the Transvaal that he had painted every one of interest in South Africa, except one, and that was Mrs. Cronje, who came to Klip Drift with the 4,000 prisoners and her husband. "I couldn't print the courage to paint her," the artist said, "she was so hopeless as a bit of decoration." Lord Roberts smiled and said, "Well, you know, you could hardly expect any woman to look decorative after living for three months in the trenches at Paardeberg."

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See that Mr. Edison's signature is on every machine. Catalogues of all dealers, or NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO., 135 Fifth Ave., New York.

RARE BETTING LOCK.

IT WAS A RED LETTER DAY FOR THE THREE PETERS.

Likewise For the Man Who Told the Story of How, With a Capital of Only 10 Cents, He Won \$437,500 on a Series of Horse Races.

This is the story a western man told to a party of racing men. He proved it in part at a dinner at a restaurant in a hotel at Chicago.

"It was on June 20, 1885, that I got the biggest returns on a small investment of money that I ever saw my luck to be in the world of sports," he said. "I was in Chicago. The town was wide open. Some of the poolrooms had 10 cent combination pools. You could pick out three horses on the blackboard to win for a dime and get a little ticket with a number on it for your combination. The house took a 10 per cent commission and the remainder of the entire pool was divided among the holders of tickets on the winning combination.

"I was on the 25th of June I had just a 10 cent piece in my pocket when I left the house in the morning, and I hugged it all the morning closer than a thief waiting for a combination of numbers to open up for business. My landlady, who was a very good Catholic, had just returned from early mass as I finished my morning coffee, and she told me that the church calendar it was St. Peter's day. In glancing over the morning paper I ran across an item about betting St. Peter's day, and after it was mentioned in the paper, I went to the office of the St. Peter's Corporation, and again called my attention to the fact.

"About 2 o'clock I strolled into the big poolroom on the corner of the corner street and the alley, and began to study the horses on the combination board. Among the entries in three of the five western races which were being run that day's game were three names that instantly commanded my attention. These names were St. Peter, St. Peter and Blue Peter. These horses had no earthly chance to win any one of the three races, but as I did not put them out of my calculations I could not help thinking about them. I had been told that St. Peter's day was going to be their day too. If I had been the owner of a \$10 note, I would have bought St. Peter's day ticket with any one of their chances, but with only 10 cents there seemed to be everything to gain and nothing to lose. So I got a ticket on each of them.

"Then the telegram came to begin to click, and they were off. After the first Peter had gone through all right, the second Peter had a very small amount of confidence. When the board had footed up the total of all the tickets and deducted the 10 per cent commission, the result was that the board the total sum of \$437,500. Now, I held the only ticket on the three Peters. I should lead his little horse, and I held only the two other names of the good saint should do as well as the first.

"I was quite calm when in the course of half an hour the operator again announced that they were off and really took it as quite a matter of course that Peter 1 should lead his little horse, and I did, winning very easily and never for a single moment giving me any anxiety as to how he would celebrate the anniversary. After that I wouldn't have bet a dollar for a horse to win the sum I called for, with Blue Peter, the rankest kind of an outsider, yet to be heard from.

"When the odds were posted for the race in which the last of the Peters was to do his act, there was a prohibitive favorite against him at something like 1-200, which made Blue Peter's chance to look very much like 50 cents, but I was content to just a momentary weakening, during which I might have been open to negotiations. There were all sorts of offers advanced by Blue Peter's chances in the various poolrooms, but none of them held a candle to the odds that I gave to him with my ticket. He won, and I am a pretty good odds, but those figures seem small compared to the odds I had against Blue Peter, with over \$437,500 against 10 cents. You may think that when the instrument began to click and the operator started in to give a description of that race I felt a much more vivid interest in the race than I had when I had bet \$100,000 on an even money favorite who couldn't possibly lose unless he dropped dead. Did Blue Peter win? Yes, and when only one of all right came in over the wire one minute afterward there was only one man in line in front of the combination cashier's desk, and he walked away with just \$437,500. I was the man."

It is not to be wondered at that the group of horsemen doubted this story. Then the narrator produced a tiny guide book and the almanac of the United States and the amount of money that was there was no proof except the horseman's word, of course, remarkable performance on record," said one of the party.

"It is one of the inexplicable mysteries of the turf," replied the man who had told the story.—New York Sun.

The Unicorn Horn of the Unicorn.
The horn of a unicorn was shown at Windsor castle and in 1568 was valued at over £10,000. Lewis Vertormann, a gentleman of Rome, saw with his own eyes two unicorns presented to the sultan of Mecca by a king of Ethiopia. They were in a park of the temple of Mecca and were not much unlike a goat of 30 months of age. This was in 1503. The animal became extinct about the end of the seventeenth century.

The unicorn is represented in the ruins at Persepolis, and it was adopted by the Persians as the emblem of speed and strength. In the middle ages it was the symbol of purity. The unicorn hated the elephant, and it used to be kept in a stone before it struck the foe in the abdomen. No family, by the way, should be without one of these horns, the average length of which is four feet. They defend from witchcraft. Thus Torquemada had one always on his writing table. Furthermore, a drinking cup made from unicorn's will be a safeguard against poison, as will the ground powder put in drink, and indeed the wells of the palace of St. Mark could not be poisoned in the good old days of adventure because these benighted heathen had been thrown into them. Unicorn's horns were formerly sold by apothecaries at \$120 an ounce.—Boston Journal.

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DO IT YOURSELF.

You can tell just as well as a physician whether your kidneys are diseased or healthy. The way to do this is to take a bottle of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. If there is a sediment—a powderlike substance—at the bottom after standing a day and a night, there is something wrong with the kidneys. Another sure sign of disease is a desire to urinate often, and still another sign is pain in the back. If urine stains linen, there is no doubt that the kidneys are affected.

And any diseases of the kidneys, liver, bladder and of the urinary passages and constipation of the bowels are cured by Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. There is no question about its being the best and surest medicine in the world for such troubles. It quickly relieves and cures inability to hold urine and people, young or old, who take it are not compelled to get up a number of times during the night. For putting an end to that scalding pain experienced in passing urine, nothing is so good as Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. It corrects the bad effects of whiskey and beer; is pleasant to the taste, and is a cure for the kidneys and the bladder often require the use of instruments to push back the sandy matter so the urine, when passing, will not irritate the bladder. Remedy should be taken without further delay or the disease may prove fatal. This is a cure for a dollar a bottle at all drug stores. It is well worth many times its price.

Examples Freely.
If you wish to test Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, please write to me for your full post office address to Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rondout, N. Y., and mention this paper. We will then mail you a bottle of the Remedy, giving full directions for its use. Every reader of the Morning American can depend upon the genuineness of these kidneys should take advantage once of it at once.

A CURE FOR OVERWORK.

It Was a Severe One, but Proved Profitable in the End.

"I used to be one of those chaps who try to will themselves, but overwork, said a hale and hearty business man of sixty odd years, "but before I had quite accomplished a fatal termination, as so many overworked men do, I found, by doing, I found I was injuring my business by it and quit."

"How can a man injure his business by overwork?" asked a tired looking party. "That is just the point," said the hale and hearty man. "I found I was injuring my business by it and quit."

"Well, listen a moment, and when you have heard maybe you will feel called upon to think it not so excessively posterior as it seems. Thirty years ago, when I had just started in business, I was so overworked that I was almost a shadow. My digestion and my nerves were gone, could scarcely sleep, and the little spells of rest I took when my wife and the doctor forced me to do it were of no use at all. Lord knows how long it took me to get back to my old normalness was growing, and I was making more money every day, and I seemed to think that that was justification for the long hours. I had a big manufacturing firm whose president threw into my hands yearly contracts that brought me at least half my profits, and I was about to receive a check for \$25,000 when my business began to increase the yearly business. The president had been a friend of my father's, and it was on this account he had given me the contract. I had not seen him for a couple of years, and just before awarding the big contract he wrote to me, which made Blue Peter's chance to look very much like 50 cents, but I was content to just a momentary weakening, during which I might have been open to negotiations. There were all sorts of offers advanced by Blue Peter's chances in the various poolrooms, but none of them held a candle to the odds that I gave to him with my ticket. He won, and I am a pretty good odds, but those figures seem small compared to the odds I had against Blue Peter, with over \$437,500 against 10 cents. You may think that when the instrument began to click and the operator started in to give a description of that race I felt a much more vivid interest in the race than I had when I had bet \$100,000 on an even money favorite who couldn't possibly lose unless he dropped dead. Did Blue Peter win? Yes, and when only one of all right came in over the wire one minute afterward there was only one man in line in front of the combination cashier's desk, and he walked away with just \$437,500. I was the man."

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MUDDY FEED LOTS.

How Straw May Be Put to Profitable Use During Rainy, soft weather the muddy feed lots are a terror to many farmers, says John M. Jamison in the Prairie Farmer. This condition of affairs can be changed very much for the better if the farmer will set himself to work. We have many sympathies for the farmer living in a country where there is no gravel to help him overcome this unpleasant condition of affairs. Yet even he cannot be excused entirely for allowing the mud to become deep and mire in his feed lots. We do not suppose that the farmer who sells his straw for 3 cents a bale and complains of muddy and filthy feed lots. It is one of the provisions of nature that what grows on the soil should go back to it to retain its fertility. It was good to be in the old Sunday school where here, Colonel R. Bars had the superintendent exchanged of doubt.

"You continued the speaker, "and you must know how it delights me to be in this Sunday school, where every bench is to me an old friend. I sat right over there where the stove used to be, and in that seat where the little girl with the red dress is now. Ah, how all it comes back to me."

Then Colonel R. Bars pulled at the famous man's coat tails and indicated that it was time to hurry on. At the next Sunday school Mr. Clemens was soon on his feet.

"My dear friends," he said, "I am so happy to be here again, close to the scenes I once knew so well, for right there, within 20 feet of where I stand, is the seat in which I used to sit with Charles Curtis" for some one equally well known. "How well I remember it all!"

"You were the one who washed for his guest and begged a pressure of time for a excuse for leaving. When the two were safely out of the church, Colonel R. Bars turned on him.

"See how close," he said, "you never get to Sunday school in that church. It wasn't there when you lived in Hannibal, or the other one either, for that matter."

"I was there," said Mr. Clemens. "How time does fly!"

Then the two visited a third church, a brick one, and again the speaker, who the congregation was very proud, Mr. Clemens, as soon as his presence became known, was duly pressed for a few remarks.

"I can only say," he said, "that I am very happy to be here this morning. The sight of this magnificent edifice rekindles in my mind other days that it brings to my thoughts another group of youngsters, hardly as well dressed as these bright faced boys and girls, but all equally anxious to become good men and true. I remember was one of them. My seat was over near where the boy with the red necktie is sitting. Indeed I think it must be the same seat."

"You're speaking closer, as if to scrutinize the place more carefully," he said, "Yes, it's the same."

"Come on," said Colonel R. Bars; "let's go to dinner."—Saturday Evening Post.

ARMOUR IN THE PANIC OF 1893.
How He Got Ready For a Storm When the Sky Was Clear.

In 1892 the old man was on one of his annual trips to the German metropolises. At Carlsbad he met the moneyed men of Europe, and he put together all the hints that he got from this one and that one, and he formed a theory. He packed his grip and started for home, and the day he landed in New York he telegraphed for the assistance of his departments to meet him in Chicago at 10 o'clock on the 27th.

"How's business?" he asked cheerfully as he sat down in the midst of the power and within range of 29 telephone machines.

"Never better," making money hand over fist," said the managers.

"Cut everything down to the very edge," said the man in a very businesslike way. "There's a storm brewing. Cash in sail. Stack up every dollar in hand in the vaults that you can get your hands on. Go to the money streets and buy the name of P. D. Armour for all it is worth. Get every dollar you can get and then come back and tell me about it."

"I'll do that," said the man, and he got more, he directed. "Don't be afraid. Get every dollar you can get and get it just as quickly as you can."

"I think," they obtained \$4,000,000 in cash, with securities on hand, totalled \$8,000,000.

"Now, maybe we can weather it," said the manager, and his preparations were hardly completed before the crash of 1893 came.

One of the first things to happen in the desperate financial straits was the run on the Chicago banks. On Monday morning a messenger brought word that a mob was lined up in front of the Illinois Trust and Savings bank and that the people were demanding money. Some of the most conservative business men had lost their heads, and the rush was enough to stagger any set of bank officials. The Chicago money market was in a panic. This was a director in the bank.

"This must be stopped," said P. D. Armour.

"He waited a minute to arrange the everyday bunch of roses in the horn vase on his desk," said the man who told this story, "and then he snatched up his hat and started for the bank."

Mr. Armour mingled with the crowd on the sidewalk in front of the bank, going first to one and then to another, pleading his own credit for the money. He never left the place until the closing hour, and by that time the run had stopped. He went back to his office and issued a call for a meeting of Chicago business men the next morning. Then he called to London and bought half a million dollars in gold on his own account. He called on the Chicago money market and drove out to Armour institute that afternoon as usual. He watched the classes on drill, and then he inquired placidly, "Has anything happened?" On his way home he was stopped at the homes of his two sons for a little visit. After dinner he called that he felt a bit tired that evening and couldn't account for it.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Extent of Florist Industry.
The florist business in the United States is by no means an unimportant industry. It is estimated that the retail value of flowers sold annually is \$12,500,000. There are no less than 10,000 florists in the United States and established in the United States devoted to the growing of plants under glass.—Chicago Chronicle.

Scratches on Glass.
If slightly scratched, wet on a piece of soft leather. If deep, grind out with finest floor emery and then polish with wet rouge on leather or with buff wheel or rubber and fine pumice stone to grind out, and afterwards polish with felt buff and wet rouge.

The Cleansing Catarrh Cure.
Ely's Cream Balm
Easy and pleasant to use. Gives relief at once. Gives Relief at Once.

Nansen and Thiers.
The superstition that 13 is the harbinger of misfortune met with a unique contradiction in the case of Nansen. Thirteen was the number of his party on board the Fram. But on July 13, 1893, Nansen himself arrived at Tromsø on the same day of the month. Curiously enough, these slices of good luck were multiplied in the nineteenth anniversary on Feb. 13, 1897. At the same banquet Nansen stated that on Dec. 13, 13 paces were born out behind the Fram.

HIS SUNDAY SCHOOL SEAT.

How Mark Twain Identified It on a Visit to Hannibal.

Several years ago Mr. Clemens went to Hannibal for the purpose of spending a short time amid the scenes of his boyhood. In the course of his visit he was made a tour of the churches one bright Sunday morning, taking particular interest in the children. At the place of his first visit the host told the Sunday school superintendent that the distinguished visitor would be glad to address the little folks. Mr. Clemens, at one some reminiscence. He was glad to be some again, back among the hills of his boyhood, where he knew every rock and tree. It was good to be in the old Sunday school where here, Colonel R. Bars had the superintendent exchanged of doubt.

"You continued the speaker, "and you must know how it delights me to be in this Sunday school, where every bench is to me an old friend. I sat right over there where the stove used to be, and in that seat where the little girl with the red dress is now. Ah, how all it comes back to me."

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"This must be stopped," said P. D. Armour.

"He waited a minute to arrange the everyday bunch of roses in the horn vase on his desk," said the man who told this story, "and then he snatched up his hat and started for the bank."

Mr. Armour mingled with the crowd on the sidewalk in front of the bank, going first to one and then to another, pleading his own credit for the money. He never left the place until the closing hour, and by that time the run had stopped. He went back to his office and issued a call for a meeting of Chicago business men the next morning. Then he called to London and bought half a million dollars in gold on his own account. He called on the Chicago money market and drove out to Armour institute that afternoon as usual. He watched the classes on drill, and then he inquired placidly, "Has anything happened?" On his way home he was stopped at the homes of his two sons for a little visit. After dinner he called that he felt a bit tired that evening and couldn't account for it.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Extent of Florist Industry.
The florist business in the United States is by no means an unimportant industry. It is estimated that the retail value of flowers sold annually is \$12,500,000. There are no less than 10,000 florists in the United States and established in the United States devoted to the growing of plants under glass.—Chicago Chronicle.

Scratches on Glass.
If slightly scratched, wet on a piece of soft leather. If deep, grind out with finest floor emery and then polish with wet rouge on leather or with buff wheel or rubber and fine pumice stone to grind out, and afterwards polish with felt buff and wet rouge.

The Cleansing Catarrh Cure.
Ely's Cream Balm
Easy and pleasant to use. Gives relief at once. Gives Relief at Once.

Nansen and Thiers.
The superstition that 13 is the harbinger of misfortune met with a unique contradiction in the case of Nansen. Thirteen was the number of his party on board the Fram. But on July 13, 1893, Nansen himself arrived at Tromsø on the same day of the month. Curiously enough, these slices of good luck were multiplied in the nineteenth anniversary on Feb. 13, 1897. At the same banquet Nansen stated that on Dec. 13, 13 paces were born out behind the Fram.

D. L. & W. RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.
In Effect September 1st, 1899

GOING WEST			
STATION	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.
New York	7:30	10:00	10:00
Hoboken	7:45	10:15	10:15
Scranton	8:00	10:30	10:30

GOING EAST			
STATION	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
New York	9:00	11:30	11:30
Hoboken	9:15	11:45	11:45
Scranton	9:30	12:00	12:00

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.			
In Effect Nov. 25th, 1890			
Scranton	8:15	11:00	11:00
Wilkes-Barre	8:30	11:15	11:15
Nanticoke	8:45	11:30	11:30

New Coal Yard!

R. J. Pegg, Coal Dealer, has removed to his new COAL YARD.

OFFICE—No. 344 Ferry Street (near D. L. & W. R. Crossing)

YARD—In rear of Office.

Robert J. Pegg, COAL DEALER.

Telephone No. 158.

PHILADELPHIA & READING RAILWAY IN EFFECT OCT. 15, 1890.

TRAINS LEAVE DANVILLE (Weekdays only)

For New York 11:25 a. m. For New York 1:25 a. m. For Philadelphia 1:25 a. m. For Philadelphia 3:25 a. m. For Philadelphia 5:25 a. m. For Philadelphia 7:25 a. m. For Philadelphia 9:25 a. m. For Philadelphia 11:25 a. m. For Philadelphia 1:25 p. m. For Philadelphia 3:25 p. m. For Philadelphia 5:25 p. m. For Philadelphia 7:25 p. m. For Philadelphia 9:25 p. m.

ATLANTIC CITY RAILROAD. Leave Atlantic City Weekdays Express 7:30 a. m. Leave Atlantic City Weekdays Express 9:00 a. m. Leave Atlantic City Weekdays Express 10:30 a. m. Leave Atlantic City Weekdays Express 12:00 p. m. Leave Atlantic City Weekdays Express 1:30 p. m. Leave Atlantic City Weekdays Express 3:00 p. m. Leave Atlantic City Weekdays Express 4:30 p. m. Leave Atlantic City Weekdays Express 6:00 p. m. Leave Atlantic City Weekdays Express 7:30 p. m. Leave Atlantic City Weekdays Express 9:00 p. m. Leave Atlantic City Weekdays Express 10:30 p. m.

NEW YORK AND ATLANTIC CITY EXPRESS. Leave New York (Liberty Street) 3:40 P. M. Leave Atlantic City (Broad Street) 8:30 A. M. Detailed time tables at all stations. W. G. HESLER, EDSON J. WEEKS, Gen. Superintendent, General Agent.

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