

# REMOVING THE DEAD

## Taking the Bodies from the Hotel Royal Ruins.

### SEVENTEEN SO FAR RECOVERED.

#### Several Anxious Days Must Pass Ere the Full Number Can Be Known.

Working Night and Day to Clear Away the Ruins—All the Laborers Far Accomplished Purely Preliminary—The Point Where the Greatest Number of Lives Were Lost Will Not Be Reached Before To-night—Curious Freak of the Flames—Origin of the Fire in Dispute—One of the Hotel Employees Thinks It May Have Been Started from the Furnace—Rumors of Incendiarism Discredited.

New York, Feb. 9.—The work of searching the ruins of the Hotel Royal still goes on. All last night the men worked under the glare of electric lights. The heaps of debris grow higher and higher as the work proceeds and body after body is removed.

The contractor having the work in charge says that he thinks it will be three days before all the debris can be examined, but that gangs of men will work every minute of the day and night, even if it takes ten days.

If his estimate of the time required to complete the work is correct, several anxious days must pass before the number of lost can be definitely known.

The crowds surrounding the scene seem to be held by some spell, so earnestly do they watch the progress of the work. They are generally very silent, except for the shuffling of feet, but every time a blackened, shapeless mass, all that is left of what was once a man, proud in the consciousness of life and strength, or a woman, light-hearted and happy in the knowledge of her beauty, is brought out of the ruins, a shuddering, long-drawn sigh passes through the throng.

The terrible fascination of viewing grim death in a most horrible form keeps thousands about the site of the burned hotel, and all through the night there seems to be no diminishing of the number who watch the men carrying their ghastly burdens, the feeble earthly tenements of souls gone to face their Creator and to render their last account.

Up to noon 17 bodies had been recovered. The number of dead, as now estimated, is in the neighborhood of forty, but there is no way of giving an estimate with any degree of accuracy.

Five bodies have been identified. It is not yet known what names twelve of the bodies bear in life. Twenty-three injured persons are in the hospitals of the city or are being cared for at other hotels or at the house of friends. Sixty-three are known to have been saved without injury. Fifty-five are missing and unaccounted for.

The work of identification is very slow. This is due partly to the horrible condition of the bodies recovered. But a stronger reason, it is believed, is the fact that many persons do not wish to make public through identification, the names of relatives and friends possibly among the dead in order to avoid scandal.

As indicated yesterday the extent of the disaster grows with every hour's work of the forces engaged in removing the debris from the burned building. There was great excitement among the crowd of workmen employed on the ruins and among the large crowd which had been hanging about the scene all day, when word was passed around that a cry had been heard from the vault on Sixth avenue.

The Italians who were at work close to where the cry was said to have been heard say that the sound heard was the mewing of a cat.

It will be remembered that a somewhat similar incident occurred at the ruins of the Park place disaster, some time ago, when the searchers, after three days of digging and delving, found a large black cat which had escaped unscathed both the collapse of the building and the fire which followed on that occasion.

At the first break of dawn Contractor Galligan marched on the scene with 100 fresh men at his back. They were all brawny men, and their nationality was mixed—Irish and Italian. They were armed with picks and shovels, and as they were halted before the ruins, the contractor read them a little speech, and told them that dead bodies lay beneath the rugged mass of ruins, and that they were expected to work with speed and at the same time exercise great care. The men went at their work with both diligence and caution.

In connection with the discovery of one of the bodies, that of a woman, a curious freak was revealed. The woman had worn a light chemise at the time of her death, and while her body was burned almost to a crisp, a little rim of flesh and chemise around her breast escaped the flames. Nestling in this little nook that the fire passed over was a tiny purse containing a twenty and a ten-dollar note. The body has not been identified.

Five Chief Bonner took charge of pulling down the walls and recovering the dead early in the morning. Assistant Chiefs McCabe and Ghesquel worked with him and saw him in valuable aid. Trucks 11 and 12 under command of Foreman Sullivan and Shaw, had their crews at work on the ruins throughout the day.

Chief Bonner said early in the day that all the work that had been done up to that time was purely preliminary, and that he did not expect to get to the point where the true extent of the loss of life would be shown before late to-night.

This preliminary work consisted in tearing down the walls and clearing out the debris. It was carried on with rapidity and precision. Chief Bonner said, pointing to a heap of bricks in the center of the ruins: "That is where I expect to find most of the bodies of those lost in the fire. I am afraid there are not less than fifteen to twenty bodies under that pile of debris. That is the bottom of the stairway, and that is where most of the people perished. I have talked with the employees of the house as well as the guests who escaped, and they all agree that the greatest loss of life must have occurred on the stairway."

When the alarm was given most of the occupants of the ill-fated hotel naturally ran for the stairs. All of the corridors radiated there and the crush on the stairs must have been terrible. While many escaped by that avenue, while many

unaccounted and buried under the falling walls."

The prediction of the chief was verified in a terribly realistic manner when the first blow of a pick in the pile of bricks in the center of the building struck a human body. Shortly before this a human leg was found and the jeweled hand of a woman.

Room Clerk Murphy was in the neighborhood of the ruins throughout the day, but he did not enter the fire lines. He throws some light on the origin of the fire. He says that a porter returned home at 3 o'clock and went to the basement of the hotel. He saw flames near the elevator. The fire spread so rapidly that his escape was cut off, and he crawled through the areaway under the pavement to the Fortieth street side and was rescued through a coal hole. This man thinks that the fire originated from the furnace. Others differ from him.

A plausible theory is that the assistant chef left a boiling pot of lard on the range, and that it boiled over and set fire to the grease-soaked floor.

Throughout the day the air was vibrant with rumors of incendiarism. When all the rumors were run to earth they were crystallized into one, and this one alleged that Margaret Gallagher, an old woman who had been employed in the Hotel Royal as a scrubwoman, had threatened to burn the building in revenge for being discharged. After the ruin was sifted, it was pronounced a groundless one.

### M'ILVAINE'S EXECUTION.

#### Divergence of Opinion as to New York's Electrical Law.

SING SING, N. Y., Feb. 9.—There appears to be a wide divergence of opinion among those who witnessed the execution of Melvaine at the prison here.

Some of the medical men hold that it was entirely successful and painless, while others are just as positive that it was the reverse.

### TO REPEAL THE LAW.

#### Assemblyman Stein Says the Execution Was Cruel and Unnatural.

SING SING, Feb. 9.—One of the doctors said that the execution was a most horrible one. He has seen all the executions since the one of Kenmiller at Auburn. The killing of Melvaine he thought was worse in all its features.

Assemblyman Meyer J. Stein, who introduced the amendment to the Electricity law removing the press-gag feature, was one of the most interested spectators, and Mr. Stein was seen immediately after the execution. He said it was cruel and unnatural, and made him sick.

"I shall try and have that law repealed as soon as I get back to Albany," said he. "The law should not be allowed to remain on the statute books another day. I do not know whether death was instantaneous or not. I only know that it was horrible, and I shall do all in my power to have the law repealed. I do not want to witness another one."

### THE FIRST WAY BEST.

#### Dr. McDonald Does Not Approve of Applying the Current through the Hands.

SING SING, N. Y., Feb. 9.—Immediately after the execution Dr. McDonald said that the experiment demonstrated that contact with the leg and the forehead are the best. There cannot be any question that consciousness was instantly destroyed when the first current was turned on through the hands, but the reflex action which followed shows that the method of using the leg and forehead is best. The sounds coming from the lips were not groans but were made by the reflex movements of the chest expelling the mucus.

Many of the witnesses were much affected by the scene, which some of them described as "horrible." None of them were overcome, however.

### Suit for \$25,000.

CHICAGO, Feb. 9.—A suit for \$25,000 has been instituted in the Circuit Court by Bernard L. Moczajewski, against Father Franciszek Kroll, rector of St. Kuzimierz Polish congregation. The suit arises from a printed pamphlet published and circulated in the St. Kuzimierz church by Father Kroll charging Moczajewski with having misappropriated money and defrauded the congregation to the extent of \$5,000. A sensation has been caused among the Polish residents of this city by the pamphlet.

### Last His Life for Two Dollars.

VINELAND, N. J., Feb. 9.—James Donnelly, a lad of sixteen years, who lives at Lockport, made a wager that he could eat twenty-four raw eggs within fifteen minutes and drink twenty glasses of beer. It was for a wager of \$2. He succeeded in his attempt and won the \$2, but two hours later was taken with convulsions and died.

### Russell Sage, Jr.'s Estate.

NEW YORK, Feb. 9.—Surgate Ransom has granted letters of administration on the estate of Russell Sage, Jr., to his brother, Rufus F. Sage, of Chicago, and his uncle, Russell Sage, of this city. The personal estate is estimated at \$100,000.

### Successor to Influenza.

VIENNA, Feb. 9.—In succession to influenza, a new epidemic, seemingly of poisonous origin, prevails here. Its symptoms are fever, acute colic and the ejection of blood. Physicians variously attribute it to the effects of influenza and to the use of bad drinking water.

### Lawyer Peschall's Appeal.

TRENTON, N. J., Feb. 9.—Charles Peschall is in Trenton to file the appeal from Judge Green's decision refusing to grant a writ of habeas corpus for the colored murderer, Hallinger, who is under sentence to be hanged on Wednesday.

### Rathbun's Nomination Confirmed.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 9.—The Senate, in executive session, confirmed the nomination of Rathbun to be postmaster at Elmira, N. Y., vice Flood, removed. This is the nomination which Senator Hill has been opposing.

### Believes He Kept His Promise.

LONDON, Feb. 9.—Mr. Gladstone writes: "I believe that Cardinal Manning kept the promise he made to me in 1891, to remember me before God at the most solemn moment, a promise I greatly valued."

### Excessive Cigarette Smoking.

HUNTINGTON, Pa., Feb. 9.—John Rounsport, a 14-year-old boy is dead here from excessive cigarette smoking. His body is much discolored.

### A BOY'S THOUGHTS OF LIFE.

The years have left me a boy no longer; yet my heart is still a child's heart.

Dear careless boyhood, that soon must perish, and clothe its parting with tender pain!

A few more mornings, and I shall wonder how mist and frolic so long could stay—From skies familiar the same sun shining, yet ah, not shining the same sweet way!

'Tis no real sadness that steals to warn me; it is half pleasure and half regret, As though a welcome had met a farewell, and intermingled when they had met!

For while gay fancies may from the future delight and longing my spirit bring, I'm like a nestling whose wings unfolded feel yet the nest-warmth about them cling!

This life that waits me, I yearn to know it; I wish to sunset's fantastic hues; The large winds float it across my forehead, with tinge of nostrils, caress of hair!

It moves in mornings; it speaks in startlight; it lures in sunset's fantastic hues; I hear it murmur through roadway-trees; I watch it sparkle from roadside dew!

All nature tells me my altered impulse, my manhood's heralds to give unguessed; Streams in their flowing and flowers in their blowing are rich with its prophecies half confessed!

I listen, I tremble with expectation; the secret answer I vainly plead! To learn that answer is to have lived it—to live it nobly were life indeed!

—Edgar Fawcett, in Youth's Companion.

### A LONELY PLACE.

#### Romantic Story of the Telegraphic Wires.

"You will find it a lonely, out-of-the-way place—a perfect wilderness—but it is all that I have at my command at present, and if you are brave enough to go down into the marshy country and do the combined work of agent and telegrapher you can have the appointment," said Superintendent Nash, referring to a vacancy on a railroad line that traversed the wild, mountainous section of Virginia soil.

"I cannot say that I am flattered with the picture you draw, sir, but as I am looking for a situation and bargains shouldn't be choosers, I will take my chance and try my luck until something better turns up," said Hugh Gordon, the young man addressed.

"Very well," replied the superintendent, shortly. "If you attend to the business properly we shall not give ourselves any uneasiness about how you manage to live the life of a hermit, for such it will practically be, and you cannot say that I failed to warn you," he added, as he turned away. Then to himself he soliloquized: "That chap will not be in Benning a fortnight. He's fresh from school and has been accustomed to civilized society, so it is not probable that he'll do a bit better than his predecessors. He'll be back at the end of a week, and I shall not blame him, either, for it is the most God-forsaken place I was ever in."

But he was mistaken, for, though Hugh found it all that he represented it, he was not easily discouraged and took hold of the work with as much energy as if the place were in the very center of life and business. Adhering to the old adage: "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well," he performed his various duties in the best manner possible, and, though the railroad officials said nothing, from the way they glanced around the waiting-room—as clean and bright as soap and water could make it—it was evident that he had no fault to find with the new methods which the college-bred telegrapher had inaugurated.

There was no doubt about its being a lonely place, and except the people in the well-filled trains that few past without stopping and the rough section hands, who occasionally came in to light their pipes and chat a few minutes, he scarcely ever saw a human face. After he had been there some weeks through the wires he formed the acquaintance of Frank Reynolds, the operator at Mantua, a small station fifty miles further on in the wilderness. After their first introduction the two spent many pleasant hours conversing on congenial subjects.

One day just after Hugh had returned from his dinner the ticking of his instrument left this message for him: "Frank Reynolds: I have just received word that your fortnight's vacation is to begin this afternoon. My substitute is here already, and I will be off this evening. Will pass through Benning on No. 8. Be out to wave congratulations. As ever, FRANK."

"Eureka!" ejaculated Hugh. "I wish that train would consent to drop him off. Wouldn't we have a jolly time together? Wonder if he could not get an order to have it stop. There would be no harm in trying, at any rate," and then back over the wires he asked: "Can't you get an order to have the train roll you off at Benning? I should like to have the pleasure of your company during a few of your vacation days."

A few minutes later he had his answer: "No. 8 is a tyrant, with rules and regulations that never change; consequently I cannot honor myself by accepting your offer of hospitality."

"What can't be cured must be endured," muttered Hugh, disconsolately, when he knew the decision. "Well, there is one thing sure—I'll see the dear fellow's face," and having nothing else to do he fell to weaving fancies concerning the appearance of Frank Reynolds, for up to the present date the young operator had studiously avoided exchanging pictures, and further than that he had brown hair and eyes Hugh had not the remotest idea of the looks of the friend he had learned to esteem so highly.

No. 8 passed through Benning a short time before midnight, and twenty minutes later the lightning express thundered down the steep grade at the rate of a mile a minute, fairly shaking the little frame depot on its foundations. At Lyman, two miles above, the two trains met—the one reaching the place first side tracking until the other one passed.

As there was no night operator at Benning, and no important trains stopped during the night, Hugh was at liberty to close up the office and go home at ten o'clock, but he was quite a night hawk, and usually remained at his post until after the hands of the

clock marked the hours of the old day off and began with its long fingers to count the minutes of the new.

On this particular night he was so wrought up on account of the treat in store for him that he found it impossible to study or even become much interested in the new novel that lay with its leaves only partially cut on his office table.

How long he sat there, sleeping or day-dreaming, he scarcely could tell. It must have been over an hour, however, for it was long after the clock had struck eleven when he was startled by a stealthy step close by his side. Before he had time to speak or change his position a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder and a harsh voice hissed in his ear: "Don't scream or try to escape if you don't want to make the acquaintance of this," exhibiting the handle of a revolver. "It is the other end that is dangerous, though, but if you obey orders you have no cause to be alarmed. Here are my pals," as two dark-faced, evil-looking men stepped boldly in at the open door.

"We don't wish to harm you, youngster, but we want money, and by flagging the next train, No. 8, you will help us into a fortune, as we have some knowledge concerning the valuables it carries."

"Why, that is a through train; it never stops here, never!" gasped Hugh. "Do you reckon we'd axed for your help if we hadn't known that?" sneered one of the other men. "We have no time to fool, and if you don't help us we'll fix you and take business into our own hands. What do you say? Will you stop the train or not?"

"I can't—I dare not!" exclaimed Hugh. "Do you think I would betray my trust in that shameful manner?"

"I told you the cub hadn't sand enough to stand up in a job like this," said the third man. "Better gagged him at first and it would have been over. There is no use in making confidants of such cowardly spooks as you find down in these Virginia swamps."

"I believe in doing everything in a square and honest fashion," returned the man who had made the first assault.

"Talk about honor among thieves," retorted the little, bald-headed man, "but if we are going to grab ourselves rich we can't stand here arguing any longer," glancing at his expensive timepiece.

"You're right," exclaimed the first rascal, as he placed a gag in poor, frightened Hugh's mouth. This done, the unfortunate fellow was tied hand and foot, and then, helpless as he was, the rope that bound him was made fast to the little iron safe, the danger lantern was swung out in the darkness and the cowardly ruffians hurried away to secrete themselves, expecting to hop on the express car as soon as the train came to a standstill, and by fair or foul means shut the mouth of the express agent, secure the booty coveted and made their escape unobserved when the train slowed up at the station above. The first part of their plan worked admirably, and when the train stopped one of the gang in the garb of a section hand ran up to the conductor, exclaiming, breathlessly:

"A bowlder rolled down on the track, and as none of the other men were in calling distance I was afraid I could not get it off in time and so had the danger signal swung out. But it is all right now," pointing to a huge rock by the side of the track.

Neither the conductor nor engineer suspected treason, and in a few minutes the train was again in motion, the disguised rascal hopping on the express-car platform on the opposite side of the train from the station, as it passed the place where he stood.

Not seeing the Benning operator, according to arrangement, Frank Reynolds stepped off the train and into the little waiting-room, where a light was dimly burning. Hearing groans somewhere in the neighborhood she ventured into the office, where poor Hugh was lying bound hand and foot. He had succeeded in forcing the gag partially out of his mouth, and just as the train started off his efforts to make her understand the situation became clear and sent her to the instrument to flash the news to the station above. The message was brief but startling:

"Look out for robbers on express car No. 8. Send assistance to Benning by next train. Operator badly used up."

She waited a few minutes, and then back over the wires came: "All right. You will have assistance very soon."

With this assurance she went back to release Hugh, still a prisoner in the inner office. The poor fellow had been roughly handled and before he was free fainted several times from the loss of blood. He was still unconscious when the train stopped a few minutes later with a surgeon and the assistance promised on board. They brought the good news of the capture of the train robbers, but Hugh was too weak to pay much attention to the conversation that night.

"He'll be all right by morning," said the doctor, confidently, but he was mistaken, for the next day found the poor fellow tossing uneasily in a high fever. Day after day and night after night Frank Reynolds remained to nurse him and attend to his duties, until her whole fortnight's vacation was gone. Not until the morning she went away, however, did Hugh identify her with Frank Reynolds, his friend telegrapher.

He had supposed that Frank was a bright, witty young man, about his own age, but when he found out his mistake, weak and helpless as he was, the shock did not injure him in the least; on the contrary, he made a very good recovery, and the messages that continued to pass between Benning and Mantua, though they changed somewhat in character, never decreased in number. Six months have passed since that eventful night that marked their first meeting, and—well, Hugh has taken charge of a larger office, with double pay, and as Frank has agreed to make a home for him the office at Mantua will be without an operator again.—Belle V. Chisholm, in Chicago News.

### TRAINS LEAVE SHENANDOAH AS FOLLOWS:

NEW YORK VIA PHILADELPHIA, week days, 7:30 a. m. and 12:35 a. m. and 5:55 p. m. Sunday 7:30 a. m. and 12:35 a. m. For New York, via Manassas, week days, 5:27 a. m. and 11:30 a. m. and 5:55 p. m. For Reading and Philadelphia, week days, 7:30 a. m. and 12:35 a. m. and 5:55 p. m. For Harrisburg, week days, 7:30 a. m. and 12:35 a. m. and 5:55 p. m.

ALLEGHENY, week days, 7:30 a. m. and 12:35 a. m. and 5:55 p. m. For Potomac, week days, 7:30 a. m. and 12:35 a. m. and 5:55 p. m. For Annapolis and Manassas City, week days, 7:30 a. m. and 12:35 a. m. and 5:55 p. m. For Lancaster and Columbia, week days, 7:30 a. m. and 12:35 a. m. and 5:55 p. m.

WILLIAMSPORT, week days, 7:30 a. m. and 12:35 a. m. and 5:55 p. m. For Williamsport, week days, 7:30 a. m. and 12:35 a. m. and 5:55 p. m. For Manassas City, week days, 7:30 a. m. and 12:35 a. m. and 5:55 p. m.

SHENANDOAH STATION, week days, 7:30 a. m. and 12:35 a. m. and 5:55 p. m. For Shenandoah, week days, 7:30 a. m. and 12:35 a. m. and 5:55 p. m. For Abland and Shamokin, week days, 7:30 a. m. and 12:35 a. m. and 5:55 p. m.

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# First National Bank,

## THEATRE BUILDING, SHENANDOAH, PENNA.

### Capital, \$100,000.00

A. W. Leisenring, Pres.,

P. J. Ferguson, V. Pres.,

J. R. Leisenring, Cashier,

S. W. Yost, Ass't Cashier.

### Open Daily From 9 to 3.

### 3 PER CENT. INTEREST!

#### PAID ON SAVINGS DEPOSITS.

#### PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

#### SCOUTS DIVISION.

On and after November 15, 1891, trains will leave Shenandoah as follows:

For Wigan, Gilberton, Frankville, New Market, Clarksburg, way