

SAVED FROM THE NOOSE

A Stay Granted in the Case of Theodore Lambert.

WAS DRESSED READY FOR DEATH.

The Casket to Contain His Body Had Arrived at the Prison, While the Hearse Remained Waiting to Hear It to the Cemetery—A Remarkable Case.

CAMDEN, N. J., Jan. 4.—The sensational murder case in which Theodore Lambert, the Camden negro, has so long figured as the principal actor, furnished still another sensation yesterday. Yesterday it was expected he would be hanged; but, after he had said farewell to all his friends and relatives, and had eaten what he thought was his last meal, and had written several letters, to be opened after his death, his counsel, John L. Sample, served upon Sheriff Barrett a stay of execution, which had been granted by Associate Justice Shiras, of the United States supreme court.

To say this caused a surprise is to put it mildly. The case has taken many queer turns. Lawyer Sample has made so many



THEODORE LAMBERT.

efforts to save his client's life that his persistence, instead of being discouraged, had come to be regarded as misdirected zeal, for scarcely any one believed that Lambert's life could be saved or that any further delay would be obtained.

Lambert would have been hanged at 9:30. He had spent what he supposed was his last night mainly in prayer, remaining awake until 1 o'clock in the morning. By 6 o'clock he was up and dressed in the black suit furnished by Sheriff Barrett for the execution. At 7:30 Undertaker Blake's wagon drew up in front of the jail, and he and his assistant carried the corpse into the office, while the hearse remained in waiting. A plate on the lid (the casket bore the inscription: "Nicholas T. Lambert, died Jan. 4, 1886, aged 39 years and 11 days.")

At 10 o'clock, while Lambert was engaged with his spiritual adviser, to whom he repeatedly turned his face, his counsel, John L. Sample, and Lawyer Sample visited Lambert in his cell, and the former told him of the case of life he had obtained. For a moment Lambert swayed in his cell, and then he fell against the wall and wept like a child. Finally he turned to his lawyer, and, grasping his hand, sobbingly said, "Thank God, you have saved me. I owe my life to you." Then, falling on his knees, Lambert prayed fervently, and thanked God his life was extended. He had prepared himself for the ordeal of hanging, and had not expected the stay.

Lambert was sentenced to die on Dec. 13. His counsel appealed to the governor, and the latter granted the condemned man a respite until yesterday. Lambert's counsel then claimed that Governor Werts had erred, as the law prohibited the granting of a respite after the date had been fixed for the execution. He had previously appealed to the supreme court of New Jersey and also to Judge Dallas, of the United States circuit court.

Mr. Sample has worked unrelentingly to save his client. He appealed to the federal courts on the same point which had been dismissed in the New Jersey courts. He went before Judge Dallas in Philadelphia on Wednesday, but was refused the application for a writ. He next went to Washington and called on Judge Shiras, and was referred back to Judge Dallas. He remained in Washington, however, and just before Wednesday midnight succeeded in having the stay granted. He took a midnight train, and reached here yesterday morning.

Lawyer Shelly Assaults an Editor. LEXINGTON, Ky., Jan. 4.—Yesterday afternoon John T. Shelly, law partner of Colonel Breckinridge, assaulted Editor Charles C. Moore of The Blue Grass Blade, with a cane, breaking it over his head. He then tore at a bunch of Moore's whiskers. George S. Shanklin, another lawyer and Breckinridge supporter, accompanied Shelly, and looked on with apparent pleasure while Shelly assaulted the editor. Moore published in his paper an open letter to Madeline Pollard requesting her to go on the lecture platform with him now. She said she had more sense than Breckinridge and all his lawyers, mentioning Shelly among the rest, and that she did not lie, as all of them had done.

Six Senatorial Aspirants. RALPHS, N. C., Jan. 4.—The Republican senatorial aspirants are gathering here, and the contest for the senate promise to be the most exciting on record in North Carolina. There are six Republican aspirants, those being ex-Senate Chairman Must, State Chairman Holton, Oliver H. Dockery, H. E. Ewert, Jeter C. Pritchard, and James H. Boyd. No man can predict now who will win. There will be no election on this ballot in caucus. Pritchard and Ewert are equally serious of winning, but Must will make an earnest fight.

Pennyroy's Gift to a College. WILLIAMSBURG, Mass., Jan. 4.—Ex-Governor Stephen Pennyroy, of Oregon, has endowed Williams college with a scholarship of \$10,000 in memory of his son, who died here last month. The income is to be used for the support of needy and deserving students, preference being given Oregon students when such are in college.

The Weather. For eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware, fair, westerly winds. The weather is likely to remain generally fair in all districts, with the probable exception of northern Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio, West Virginia, Western Pennsylvania and western New York.

MY SWEETHEART.

Her eyes are made for loving; her lips are made for kissing. Upon her cheeks the roses go playing hide and seek. Her form is like a seraph's; no angel grace is missing. To have her and to hold her I am her servant meek. She loves me to distraction; her every action shows it. She comes without the asking to sit upon my knee. Nor cares a continental if everybody knows it. Because she calls me "papa," this little maid of three!

DISCARDED SILK HATS.

A New Lease of Life For Them Even Though Out of Style.

What is the doom of the discarded silk hat which is dimpled and framed after the fashion of a year ago and is therefore an offense in the sight of the fastidious owner? It may go any one of several ways. It may be groomed and ironed afresh and then adorn the occiput of a herd driver. It may be torn to pieces and the component silk and leather enter into the construction of a froth article of beadgear and pursue a new lease of existence in a humble sphere. It may sink so low as to decorate a scarecrow, or it may find a last refuge and master in the person of a member of the Coxeyite battalion. The average life of a silk hat is about a year, so at least estimated a venerable repairer and cleaner. In nine cases out of ten when a man orders a new title he leaves the old one with the dealer, receiving a 50 cent rebate on the same, be its condition good, bad or indifferent. The dealer accepts the old hat more to accommodate the customer and not because he wants it. He generally sells it again at a uniform price of 50 cents to one of the professional hat ironers and revivers. The hat is then given a special inspection. Its teeth are examined, so to speak. If it is in tolerably good condition, it is given an ironing and sold for \$1 to a coachman or herd driver. These men are best customers and will pay \$1 or so for a decent hat, no matter if its style is that of the year before last.

But more often the hat is too far gone for this purpose. If the silk is not too much worn, it is used in the making of children's hats, those of the shape of a truncated cone. The top is new silk. It also goes into the chapeaux worn by uniformed organizations like the Knights of Pythias and Patriarchs Militant. The old silk is often used to line the chapeau where it is folded in and will last 20 years after previously doing duty on a fashionable chimney pot.

As a last resource the poor old hat is sold to make sport in a procession of antiques and horrors. After that the tramp, the ash barrel or the garbage scow claims it for its own.—American Hatter.

Women as Judges.

It is perhaps out of order for a woman to condemn her own sex, but it is none the less true when a feminine voice declares that women as judges are not just, and that when they are called upon to analyze the frailties of their own sex they never take into consideration all the heartache and the pain, all the struggle and the weakness that prompt the actions that they cannot understand and therefore cannot rightly interpret. The martyrs of olden times were as nothing compared with the women of today who go about with smiling faces, while underneath that calm exterior lies a tragedy that the world will never know and which frequently impels them to actions that in the light of censorious judgment seem unwomanly and positively immoral.

What right have any of us to judge of the superficial character of any one with whom we come in contact? We know ourselves that we carry about with us a double nature. What we are to one person we are not to another. The life that we show to the public is quite distinct from the one which brightens and illumines an entirely different residence. Which one, then, is real? By which are we judged? And can a safe estimate be given of any one's character from the transient gleams that are given in kaleidoscopic fashion, first bright, then grave and infinitely sad? The woman whose life does not hold some sorrow is blessed beyond measure.

Few there are who attain the age of 30 who have not lived through ordeals to which in comparison the stake would be a momentary pleasure. Gossip and scandal roll rapidly away the foundation stones of a woman's reputation, but would it not be wiser, would it not be more humane, to examine first the incentives that prompt many actions that in the sight of the world are to be criticized and condemned? Charitable coveth a multitude of faults, likewise a multitude of faults, and the most womanly attribute that can be cultivated is charity. Man's judgment is perhaps harsh, but it is likewise just. Woman's judgment is hasty and likely to be mistaken.—Philadelphia Times.

What Rattled Him. Detroit has among its possessions a young man around town whose reputation as a borrower who never pays back was supposed to be known to everybody. The other evening he was playing at billiards.

"By George," exclaimed the friend who was paying for the game after they had played some time, "you can't play a little bit tonight. What's the matter with you?"

"I am," was the reply, almost gasped out.

The other party was frightened.

"What's happened?" he asked nervously.

"Why, just before we began playing I struck an acquaintance on the street for \$10, and he let me have it without a word."—Detroit Free Press.

Why He Didn't Fall.

A number of boys in Scotland were being rehearsed for an amateur performance, and the boy who was to impersonate the hero was told to fall on the floor at the right moment. But when the crisis was reached on the examination day he did not fall. The verse was repeated, but still he remained upright. Being accordingly asked his reason, he replied, "My mother said I wasn't to fall, for I've got on my Sunday class."—New York Tribune.

A Little Dangerous.

He (designating)—What a terrible thing it would be if some rascal should marry you for your money!

Why He Didn't Fall.

She (discouragingly)—It would be for him—if I found it out.—New York Weekly.

His Wife Was Troubled.

The lawyer, who had been married for only a year, sent word to his wife that he had been suddenly called to Milwaukee. "I will be back tomorrow," he wrote. "Don't worry. My stenographer goes with me." But she did worry. When he reached home next evening, her eyes were red from weeping, and as soon as she saw him she broke down again. "Oh, how could you!" she sobbed.

A Suggestive Sermon.

The Rev. Dr. Howard, chaplain to Princeton University, was so fond of good living that he ran into debt with many of the tradesmen in his parish. It was in their special interests that he one day preached from the text, "Have patience, and I will pay you all." He spoke at great length on the virtues of patience and then proceeded, "I now come to the second part of my discourse, which is, 'and I will pay you all,' but that I shall defer to a future occasion."—London Standard.

No Sense of Humor.

"Judge," said the young man with the worn clothes and the black eye, "consider the way the police do me up. I think you ought to let me down easy."

Not an Agnostic.

Bessie—Don't you believe in anything? Frank—Oh, yes—in pretty girls, for instance.

Not an Agnostic.

Bessie—Then I suppose you often change your place of worship and keep the same creed.—Detroit Free Press.

THOSE DREADED DRAFTS.

How They Are Caused and Avoided in Window Tight Rooms.

Several years ago in the fall of the year I was sick for weeks, and when at last I was able to sit up I sat in my sitting room, which faced the northwest, during the day, and wishing to see the passing traffic, and sitting to a large window. The room had an open grate, also furnace heat, and the thermometer easily registered 70 to 75 degrees, but with all this warmth there was a draft, as I thought, on my head and neck.

Every one said the cold air came in at the window sash. I sent for the weather strip man, and of course he discovered, or thought he did, the cause and put on his rubber mauling so that the sash when closed was tight.

"Now," he says, "you will have no more trouble in that direction." The next cold snap the same old gale of wind appeared. When my doctor came in, I spoke to him in regard to it, when he informed me that it was not the cold air from outside that I felt, but the warm air from the room, which went to the top of the window, struck the cold glass, cooled and then "fell down" as the cold air would have it the casing being airtight. He then said, "Drop your curtain about one-third and keep it there."

ORDER OF THE GARTER.

Its Alleged Ballroom Origin a Piece of Legendary Romance.

The origin of the Order of the Golden Fleece is like that of the Garter, shrouded in mystery. Very few modern archeologists attach any credence to the vulgar tradition wholly unsupported by any authority that at a court ball given by Edward III a lady, supposed to be the Countess of Salisbury, dropped her garter and the king, taking it up and observing some of his courtiers to smile as though they thought he had not obtained this favor merely by accident, exclaimed in a loud voice, "Honi soit qui mal y pense."

There is another opinion which traces the origin of this order, which, according to the legend, was bestowed in jealousy, honor and fame all the chivalrous orders in the world, to Richard Coeur de Lion having upon the occasion of some warlike expedition during his wars in Palestine chosen a leather thong garter as the distinctive mark of his partisans. Yet another theory ascribes the foundation of the order to the fact that Edward at the battle of Crecy issued his garter as a signal for battle, which, proving successful, determined him to institute the order in memory of the event.

Both these opinions are to a certain extent feasible, and the first is materially fortified by the well known fact that when the crusaders captured St. Jean d'Acre in a nocturnal assault the knights of the Christian army were ordered to wear straps of white lion's hair round the leg under the left knee in order to distinguish them from the Infidels.—Philadelphia Press.

His Criticism.

Professional art critics are by no means the only people whose opinions of pictures are worth hearing, as many an artist has found out. Michael Herlihy had his little shop insured in a popular company, and the agent presented him with a highly colored lithograph representing the burning of a block of buildings.

Mr. Herlihy surveyed the picture for some moments, muttering to himself the while. At last he turned a dissatisfied face upon the agent.

"It's mighty purty," he said, "but it's mostly doesn't call it complete, sorry, not by any means." "Indeed," said the agent. "What is wanting, Mr. Herlihy?" "There's the buildin's all right," said Michael, "an there's the foire engines, an the ladders, an the horses, an the smoke an a cinders. There's the payre runnin, an the foreman climbin' op an doon, but," said Mr. Herlihy, turning his back on the painted conflagration and confronting the insurance agent with an expression of strong discontent, "wholiver in the woid wurr'd saw a blither av that koid gold on an, an not a bit av a dog anywhere to be seen on the astrate, sorry? Who's the man 's painted that pictur, 'Oid loika 'e would!" concluded Mr. Herlihy, waxing scornful. "He's got a few things to I'rn before I'er'd be an artist, O'm thinkin'!"—Youth's Companion.

A MONSTER PLOW.

The Farmer Who Made It Overlooked Some Mechanical Principles.

Few people are aware of the fact that what is very likely the largest single share plow in the world was made in California and is at present on one of the ranches of the Kern County Land company, near Bakersfield. It is not in use, however, but is simply kept as a curiosity in a little yard all by itself.

It is over 15 years since the idea of the plow was conceived by J. Thompson, a ranch foreman. He was tired of preparing a 3,000 acre wheatfield for crops with the ordinary nine or twelve inch plows worked by two horses then in use. He made his calculations very carefully, but not being a mathematician made a great mistake.

He figured that if two horses could pull a 12 inch plow six horses could pull a 36 inch one, and that eight horses could pull a 48 inch one. It seemed natural enough to figure that way when in fact he should have "cubed" the capacity of his 12 inch plow every time he doubled the width of it. A 12 inch plow, when it is pulled the distance equal to its width, displaces one cubic foot of soil, and a 36 inch plow will displace 27 cubic feet instead of 3, as Mr. Thompson figured.

After all the calculations and drawings were made a blacksmith came out from Bakersfield, and in due time the monster plow was ready to go to work in the field. The share was made to cut a 60 inch furrow, and the top of it reached about five feet from the ground. The beam was over a foot thick, and the handles were 10 feet long, but of course did not slope at the same angle as in the ordinary plows. To enable the plow to be turned around easily it was suspended between two 8 foot posts, on the axle of which was a seat for the driver. It made a huge, ugly contrivance that looked like a nightmare.

When the plow was taken to the field, ten horses were fastened to it. The handles were raised and the horses started, but as soon as the share was about half way into the ground they stopped. More horses were brought out and sunk it a little deeper, but not until 50 had been hitched to the plow did it move through the soil at any sort of speed. At best it moved slowly, and it took four men to hold the handles and make it stay in the furrow.

Horses were cheap in Kern county at that time, and feed cost nothing, so the plow was a little saving after the men had learned how to handle it so it did not cut more than 18 or 20 inches deep. The next season it was tried with oxen, and it took 75 of them to do the work. On the whole, the plow was not a success, and after being tinkered at for a few years was finally discarded and at last given a place in the stable yard, where it could be preserved as a curiosity.—San Francisco Call.

GOOD WORD FOR AMERICANS.

Credit Given Them as Being the Kindest Race in the World.

Take them as a whole, the Americans are the kindest race on the face of the earth. In spite of their eagerness, their push, their desire to be in the front rank at all times and all seasons, the true American seldom falls in kindness. He wants badly to prevent any one getting ahead of him mentally, physically and morally, but if his competitor falls in the struggle he will make untold sacrifices to help him up. The rule in American business is pure cutthroat competition carried to its logical conclusion. You are expected to press and push every point as far as it can possibly be pushed, and pressed, and no one is expected to consider whether in making a commercial coup you will not ruin Brown, Jones and Robinson. The moment, however, that Brown, Jones or Robinson actually goes under he is treated with the utmost generosity and consideration.

The hand which struck him down is instantly stretched forth to help him, and as such care and trouble are used to put him on his feet once again as were originally employed to knock him off them. In social intercourse this kindness and sunshine is specially attractive. The American will take untold sacrifices to make the most stricken happy. He is courteous and pleasant spoken, not like the Frenchman, from convention, but from the sense of pleasure which his instinctive optimism teaches him to diffuse. His optimism has even proved strong enough to break down the shyness which naturally belongs to the English race. One sees no doubt survivors of it in the American, but in most cases the sense that all is for the best in the best possible of worlds has mastered it altogether.—London Spectator.

The Stork.

In Holland some bad boys presumed upon the absence of the stork from her nest to substitute hen eggs for her own. The mother hen suspected the trick and conscientiously hatched out her false progeniture. But when the little pullets made their appearance father and mother were in consternation. They screamed in turn, flapped their wings, turned around their nest in great excitement, then together pounced upon the fraudulent children and massacred them without pity.

A similar story comes from a greater distance. At Smyrna a French surgeon, wishing to procure storks' eggs for some purpose, abstracted them from a nest in the vicinity and replaced them with hen's eggs, as in the preceding case. The mother faithfully hatched them out, but at the critical moment there was a conjugal scene, and the husband left home only to return very soon with a large number of his brethren. A court was constituted and a circle formed around the wife accused of adultery. The husband exposed his complaint and the poor innocent, condemned to death, was immediately hatched to pieces. The rest remained deserted.

Stops Asthma.

Here is a very simple formula for a powder recommended by M. Nagnot of Chateaufort to stop attacks of asthma, and which acts in the same way as cologne water.

Not an Agnostic.

Bessie—Don't you believe in anything? Frank—Oh, yes—in pretty girls, for instance.

Not an Agnostic.

Bessie—Then I suppose you often change your place of worship and keep the same creed.—Detroit Free Press.

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READING RAILROAD SYSTEM.

Trains leave Shenandoah as follows: For New York via Philadelphia, week days, 6:04, 7:38, 9:15, a. m., 12:45, 2:27, 4:07, p. m. For New York via Mauch Chunk, week days, 6:04, 7:38, 9:15, a. m., 12:45, 2:27, 4:07, p. m. For Reading and Philadelphia, week days, 6:04, 7:38, 9:15, a. m., 12:45, 2:27, 4:07, p. m. For Williamsport, week days, 6:04, 7:38, 9:15, a. m., 12:45, 2:27, 4:07, p. m. For Lancaster, week days, 6:04, 7:38, 9:15, a. m., 12:45, 2:27, 4:07, p. m. For York, week days, 6:04, 7:38, 9:15, a. m., 12:45, 2:27, 4:07, p. m. For Harrisburg, week days, 6:04, 7:38, 9:15, a. m., 12:45, 2:27, 4:07, p. m. For Hagerstown, week days, 6:04, 7:38, 9:15, a. m., 12:45, 2:27, 4:07, p. m. For Frederick, week days, 6:04, 7:38, 9:15, a. m., 12:45, 2:27, 4:07, p. m. For Washington, week days, 6:04, 7:38, 9:15, a. m., 12:45, 2:27, 4:07, p. m.

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