

RHEUMATISM POISON.

The Only Cure for Rheumatism is to Get Rid of the Poison.

THE KIDNEYS FILTER IT OUT.

Uric Acid in the Blood; Its Origin and Danger.

FACTS ABOUT RHEUMATISM.

Well Kidneys Prevent Rheumatism; Sick Kidneys Make It.

REAL CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

The reason why rheumatism is so hard to cure is because so few people understand it. It is not a nerve or muscle disease, it's a blood disease.

What causes it is poison in the blood. The name of this poison is uric acid; it should be kept out of the kidneys.

The only cure for rheumatism is to get rid of this poison.

The only way to do this is to make the kidneys do it.

The only medicine specially prepared to make the kidneys do it, is Dr. Hobb's Spargus Kidney Pills.

Uric acid comes from waste matter in the system. It is collected by the blood on its return trip to the heart. It is filtered out of the blood by the kidneys.

As long as this is done by your kidneys you can't have rheumatism, for there will be no uric acid to make it.

But as soon as the kidneys begin to neglect their duty, rheumatism sets in.

The exciting causes of rheumatism are cold, damp, chills, etc. This has a tendency to clog the kidneys; to prevent them from filtering out the uric acid.

Some people never have rheumatism all their lives. Their sick kidneys affect them in other ways. They get Bright's disease and other kidney troubles, sleeplessness, anaemia, chlorosis, nervous headache, neuralgia, etc.

Dr. Hobb's Spargus Kidney Pills will cure them as well as the rheumatism.

Folks who are subject to rheumatism should take particular pains with themselves. Whenever they have been exposed to catching cold they should take a few doses of Dr. Hobb's Spargus Kidney Pills.

This may not cure the cold, but it will probably prevent rheumatism. It will prevent clogged kidneys, and help them to filter the blood.

Pure-blooded persons never have rheumatism because there is no uric acid in their blood to make it with.

Your rheumatism can be very easily cured if you will take Dr. Hobb's Spargus Kidney Pills. They tone up your kidneys and make them filter the uric acid out of your blood.

This is not hard to understand when you come to think of it.

The wonder is that it was not generally understood before.

Physicians understand it and recommend Dr. Hobb's Spargus Kidney Pills for rheumatism and for all disorders of the kidneys and blood.

They understand the immense importance of having pure blood. They know that the kidneys filter the blood when they are well. They know what wonderful curative effects Dr. Hobb's Spargus Kidney Pills have on sick kidneys.

And they recommend Dr. Hobb's Spargus Kidney Pills.

So do all who have used them.

The pills are purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. They are pleasant to take and the good effects are almost immediate.

They give you a feeling of renewed brightness, freshness and strength, and cause pains, aches and sickness to vanish.

A few doses will relieve. A few boxes will cure.

Sold by all druggists or mailed prepaid for 50 cents a box.

Interesting pamphlet on rheumatism and kidney troubles, "A Filter for Your Blood," mailed free on request. Hobb's Medicine Co., Chicago or San Francisco.

JOHN DALTON,

Agent for

Shenandoah and Vicinity

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BARBEY'S

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Barbey's Bohemian Beer.



Of a head-splitting headache immediately relieved by the use of

TAYLOR'S

Anti-Headache Powders.

They are a positive and speedy cure and are used absolutely harmless. They give the simple proof that they are an effective remedy which can be always used with the best assurance from Grubler Bros.

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OLD TIME LETTERS.

AN EPISTLE WRITTEN NEARLY ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

The Reverent manner in which a young girl of that period addressed her father—Proper Way for a Lover to Ask His Sweetheart to Elope With Him.

If the prim Puritan maiden of a century ago did not startle masculinity by wearing bloomers on the public highway, or pompously presiding at political mass meetings, or—horrible to relate—smoking perfumed cigarettes on the sly, she must have been a decidedly charming girl withal. A typical gentlewoman, she commands, irresistibly, more than ardent admiration.

If character can be portrayed in letter writing—and no one doubts the fact—an epistolary message written nearly a century ago by a devoted young Bostonian maiden to her much beloved papa in Philadelphia will afford an intensely interesting study of commencement de siècle womanhood, as it were.

To be sure, the dear young girl who penned the loving message decades and decades ago never dreamed that her letter would be published at the dawn of the twentieth century in a Chicago newspaper and read by the eyes of modern woman, so called. For a fact Chicago was not on the map in those days, and woman—lovely woman—had not been modernized. To peer into this primitive maiden's private affairs really seems a sacrilege. The epistle is, however, so essentially unique, so different from the flippant style of correspondence today and withal so suggestive of the excessive formality and great reverence accorded parents by children in the proverbial good old times that its personal may be pardonable. In a word, it is the embodiment of filial affection. It would doubtless surprise the average indulgent papa of today, who is quite used to being told a few things occasionally by his "advanced," all wise daughters.

The fair writer was evidently a young woman of exceptional culture in those early days. Of course she must have been, for did she not reside in the Hub City and not baked loaves? In a peculiarly artistic and legible handwriting the remarkable letter is thus addressed: "Rev. John Murray, to the care of Colonel John Connelly, Philadelphia."

There is the customary heading—"Boston, Feb. 13, 1804"—but the usual salutation of "My Dear Father" is omitted. After this interesting fashion Miss Julia Morin Murray makes reparation for a supposed slight to her paternal ancestor: "You are astonished, my dear papa, at not receiving an answer to your letter, and I, my dear sir, am equally astonished that my answer written as early as the 8th of January has not yet reached you.

"Yes, indeed, you are entitled to my utmost gratitude, my utmost affection, to my duty, and my veneration, and I should have considered myself inexcusable if I had delayed a day to acknowledge a letter which gave me such heartfelt pleasure. If you have received my letter, you will find in it expressions of the warmest gratitude. It will always, my dear father, make me unhappy to know that you are so, and particularly if I have any reason to suppose myself, even unintentionally, the cause of it. You ought not to be kept in suspense, and I do, indeed, my dear papa, consider it a prime duty to attend to you, and I have given a circumstantial account of the school exhibition and other particulars. And now, my dear sir, indulging the hope that I have rendered you easy on the subject of my not writing to you, I will go on to a part of your letter over which I shed many, very many, tears.

"Oh, my father, my heart is indeed filled with tender affection for my dear, my excellent parent, and if my heart be an affectionate feeling heart how could you expect that I should read the following very affecting line in your letter without its being torn: 'Sweet son, you will not have your parents' love.' When I came to read this, I could no longer restrain my tears, so covering my face with my handkerchief I audibly sobbed. Can I ensure the thought that those dear, indulgent parents must ascend to the bosom of their God before me? Would to heaven I could continue here as long as I could be useful to them and then wing my flight to the regions of the blessed, where I might prepare garlands of never fading roses to crown them with, but as this is a felicity too great for human beings to attain I must content myself with the lot of mortality and meekly bow my head in pious resignation.

"And now, my dear papa, hoping that you will acquire me of either neglect or inattention to the best of fathers, I repeat again and again that I am your ever affectionate and dutiful daughter.

"JULIA MURRAY.
"We have now, our buckwheat meal. Mr. Jones and Cousin Mary Allen desire their best regards. I do, M. M."

A writer on etiquette of those days tells amorous youths how to write "fetching" billet doux to their ladyloves. Clandestine marriages must have been as popular in the long ago as they are today. At any rate, the writer gives an ideal letter from "a young gentleman, who is in expectation of an estate from his penurious uncle, to a young lady of small fortune, whom he desires to elope with him to New England." After this fashion was the anxious lover instructed in this interesting branch of love-making:

"My DEAR MAMA—My uncle's laying his injunctions upon me not to see you more has only served to add fuel to my passion. I cannot live without you, and if you persist in refusing to comply I am miserable forever. I pay no regard to his threatening when put in competition with the love I have for you. Don't be afraid of poverty. If he should continue inexorable, I have still education sufficient to procure a genteel employment in one of the public offices, where I may rise to preferment. Therefore, if ever you loved me, let me beg that you will not make me any longer unhappy. Let me entreat you by all that's dear that you will comply with my request and meet me at 6 Sunday evening at the back door of the garden, where a chaise and four will be ready. I will fly on the wings of love to meet my charmer and be happy in her embraces forever. I am your dear lover."—Chicago Tribune.

Trees.
I have written many verses, but the best poems that I have produced are the trees that I have planted on the hillside which overlooks the broad meadows sealed and rounded at their edges by loops of the sinuous Housatonic. Nature finds rhymes for them in the recurring measures of the seasons. Winter strips them of their ornaments and gives them, as it were, in prose translation, and summer redresses them in all the splendid phrases of their leafy language.—Oliver Wendell Holmes

THE HOUR GLASS.

Time Honored Reverence in Which it is Held.

Something of Its Mysterious Origin and Associations.

Lessons Which May be Drawn From Its Infatigability.

Old Father Time displays the hour glass as an emblem of the speedy flight of years. It teaches none the less the brevity of human life. How quickly its atoms fall; how rapidly the period of our mortal existence hastens to its close. Brain throbs and heart beats are but ticks which count the minutes as they go.

The pages of the daily press are filled with announcements of deaths, sudden and inexplicable; deaths of men cut down in their prime, of men we thought perfect pictures of health as we passed them on the street. Hurrying past on their mission of pleasure or profit; always in a rush they never stop or rest, they at length die in the harness. They illustrate this "age of progress"—progress toward the grave. Why did they die? Why were these men taken and others left who seem so inferior to them in physical strength? Because they did not take care of themselves. They did not heed that silent monitor, the hour glass of their physical constitution. They did not listen to the sound of its falling sand, nor heed the measure of its flow.

The merchant, the clerk, the bookkeeper, the professional man, the mechanic, the tailor at loom and spindle, the busy housewife and mother hurrying through the bustle of business, or work, never reflects how much vital energy they constantly use up. Each and all keep delving, toiling, buying, selling, struggling, and the sands in the glass keep falling.

At length there is an end. The limit is reached; the sands are exhausted; "time is up"—a mournful procession and a new-made grave.

It is the old, old story. They did not heed the lesson which experience has been teaching these many centuries.

Watch the hour-glass of your health; heed its falling sands and count them as they go. Be wise in season; gird up that weakened spot; strengthen that tired nerve; put new vigor into weary brain, heart and muscle. How can it be done? By taking the remedy nature has provided. Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. It is surely king among blood and nerve remedies. It is best fitted to stay the hand of the destroyer. It does not hesitate but acts at once. It gives you health, keeps you strong and well. It cured Mr. Louis H. Moreau, who was formerly a faithful member of the police force of Fall River, Mass., but who resigned his position to enter the livery stable business.

He was taken five or six bottles of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy for nervousness and weakness and found it invigorating and rejuvenating. He says that the effects were of much benefit to him when he was on the police force, and he believes they would have been more prompt for good, had he taken the medicine regularly instead of intermittently. Mr. Moreau's health is now good, but he says that in case of a return of nervousness or weakness he shall recommence taking the Nervura. His place of business is at 57 and 59 Flint street, Fall River.

Try it if you are nervous, weak, tired and run down; if you pass restless or sleepless nights and wake with dull head, feeling tired, languid, without energy or ambition. Take hold of your day's work. Take it for dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, kidney or liver complaints, for rheumatism or neuralgia, induced for any of the manifold evils which result from weaknesses and impure blood. Remember, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy never fails to cure.

This medicine is recommended by doctors, indeed, it is the discovery and prescription of a well-known physician, Dr. Greene, of 35 West 14th St., New York City, the most successful specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases. The Doctor can be consulted in regard to any and all cases, free of charge, personally or by letter.

Good advice: Never leave home on a journey without a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhea Remedy. For sale by Grubler Bros., Druggists.

HUMPHREYS' WITCH HAZEL OIL

Nothing has ever been produced to equal or compare with Humphreys' Witch Hazel Oil as a CURATIVE and HEALING APPLICATION. It has been used 40 years and always affords relief and always gives satisfaction.

It Cures PILES or HEMORRHOIDS, External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding—Itching and Burning; Cracks or Fissures and Fistulas. Relief immediate—cure certain.

It Cures BRUISES, Scalds and Ulceration and Contraction from Burns. Relief instant.

It Cures TORN, Cut and Lacerated Wounds and Bruises.

It Cures BOILS, Hot Tumors, Ulcers, Old Sores, Itching Eruptions, Scurfy or Scald Head. It is infallible.

It Cures INFLAMED or CANKERED BREASTS and Sore Nipples. It is invaluable.

It Cures SALT RHEUM, Tetter, Scurfy Eruptions, Chapped Hands, Fever Blisters, Sore Lips or Nostrils, Corns and Bunions, Sore and Chafed Feet, Stings of Insects.

Three Sizes, 25c., 50c. and \$1.00. Sold by Druggists, or sent post-paid on receipt of price. HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 N. Wabash St., New York.

WITCH HAZEL OIL

Do you DESIRE to Make MONEY?

OUR PLANS OF OPERATION ASSURE ABSOLUTE SAFETY.

Make your money earn you a monthly salary.

\$100.00 and more made daily by our new systematic Plan of Operation on small investments in grain and stock speculation.

All we ask is to investigate our new and highest references furnished. Our Booklet "Points & Hints" how to make money and other information sent FREE.

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Millions of Dollars Go up in smoke every year. Take no risks but get your business, stock, furniture, etc. insured in first-class reliable companies as represented by

DAVID FAUST, Insurance Agent, Also Life and Accidental Companies.

TELEPATHY CASES.

THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE CONSIDERED WITH TWO ILLUSTRATIONS.

A Woman Who Was Forewarned of Danger to Her Sister and to Her Father. What the Wise Man Says About Premonitions.

Perhaps you don't believe in thought transference, and perhaps you do. A woman who doesn't know whether or not she believes in it does know that she was terribly frightened twice in her life when there was no apparent reason why she should have been—that is, in advance of her actual knowledge of trouble or danger. She declares that these are the only incidents of the kind in her life, and she further declares—that for the benefit of psychologists—that she cannot recall that she ever had any other premonitions, true or false.

A man who pretends to know something about mental manifestations says that this is an extremely important point, for he says that most mothers have 40 premonitions an evening when they are away from home that something terrible is happening to somebody somewhere. According to this wise man, a mother goes to the theater leaving her beloved 6-year-old peacefully sleeping in his bed. She has premonitions that he has fallen out of bed and broken his neck; that he has been abducted; that he has been burned up; that he has curbed himself to death, and that escaping gas has rephosphated him. She has an appalling premonition every 15 minutes. When she goes home, she enters the child's room in a breathless suspense. If the boy is sleeping soundly, as is the case 99 times out of 100, she does not get a single thought to any one of her horrifying premonitions.

But if, the wise man declares, she comes home on the hundredth time and finds that her adored son has awoken in the night and asked for a drink of water because he could think of nothing else to ask for, or he has had an uneasy dream because he was allowed to have pudding with his dinner, she clasps him in her arms and declares that she had a premonition at the very moment he awakened, tortured with his feverish thirst, or at the exact instant the nightmare assailed him.

The woman who had the two dreadful premonitions, or whatever you please to call them, is positive, however, as has been pointed out before, that these two are the sum total of her premonitions, and she hopes that they will remain so, and if any one could be so stupid as to doubt the veracity or the memory of a woman, why, then it need only be said that this woman is the daughter of a famous bishop, so that point is settled once and for ever. But now for the premonitions.

She had been down town and was riding home in a car when her mind was oppressed with a sense of some harm coming to her little sister. She grew extremely nervous, and her suffering became so keen that the other passengers in the car noticed her distraction and endeavored to soothe her. Finally her agitation became so terrifying that she repeatedly moaned her sister's name, falling eventually into such a condition of collapse that when the car reached her home she could barely stagger to the house. At the door she was met by a servant, who was palefaced and sobbing.

"Oh," cried the sister, "how is it?" "It's terrible, terrible," sobbed the maid, "but she is alive!" and rushing into the house the woman found her little sister lying on a couch with a white face wet, streaming hair and almost lifeless. She had just been rescued from drowning in a shocking way, having fallen into a cistern, and having been taken out with the greatest difficulty.

The period covering the child's fall into the cistern, her struggles there and her rescue in an unconscious condition corresponded with her sister's attack of nervous frenzy, overpowering depression and succeeding collapse. The periods so far as could be judged, were also coincident in duration.

To the wise man this seemed a clear case of telepathy, with no confusing associations and no deceptive circumstances. The other instance was similar, though in this case the mental impressions were not so vivid. But, on the other hand, the inducing cause was not so serious, though the sympathetic brain was undoubtedly of more powerful influence, being that of the bishop.

Again, the woman was in a street car, on her way to a church, where her father was taking part in some service, when she was startled by a sense of impending danger to him. The oppression of the previous experience was repeated, and this was followed by an extreme eagerness to reach him. When the car carried her to the church, she jumped to the street, hurried into the basement and was running through several rooms which were between her and the room where she knew her father should be when she met a young woman.

"How is my father?" cried the bishop's daughter, but she did not wait for an answer, running on to the rear room. Here she found her father. He had fainted, and having partly recovered was being removed from the room to his carriage.

Two interesting features of this case were brought out by questions of the wise man. The bishop was not subject to fainting attacks—in fact, his daughter did not believe that he had ever before fainted—and he had scarcely been ill a day in his life, so that there was no reason founded on association or habitual dread why the daughter should have been struck with fear for her father.

These are the simple statements of the cases, given here as they were given by the bishop's daughter, for what they are worth to those who are interested in psychological discussion and research.—New York Tribune.

African Mahogany.

It seems likely that one of the most important benefits to civilization of Stanley's African expedition will be the introduction of African mahogany to western commerce. There is even now a flourishing trade in this wood, which is sold more cheaply in the United States than it formerly was in Liverpool. Central America, Brazil and the West Indies have hitherto contributed the world's chief supply of mahogany. It was one of Sir Walter Raleigh's discoveries, and it first began to be used in making furniture toward the close of the seventeenth century.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

War's Devices.

General (when bullet proof uniforms become common) "What have you learned? Aid-de-camp—Victory will soon perch upon our banners. We have filled the enemy's clothes so full of lead that they can't move another step without addressing.—London Tit-Bits.

When your cake is heavy, soggy, indigestible, it's a pretty sure sign that you didn't shorten it with COTTOLENE. When this great shortening is rightly used, the result will surely satisfy the most fastidious. Always remember that the quality of COTTOLENE makes a little of it go a long way. It's willful waste to use more than two-thirds as much as you would of lard or butter. Always use COTTOLENE this way, and your cake and pastry will always be light, wholesome, delicious.

Obtain COTTOLENE in solid anywhere in this, with trade marks—"Cottole" and steel's brand in cotton-pinned wrapper—on every tin.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, CHICAGO and 102 S. Delaware Ave., Falls.

"A HANDFUL OF DIRT MAY BE A HOUSEFUL OF SHAME." CLEAN HOUSE WITH SAPOLIO

When in doubt what to use for Nervous Debility, Loss of Sexual Power in either sex, Impotency, Atrophy, Varicocele and other weaknesses, from any cause, use Sorexine Pills. Drain checked and fill vigor quickly restored. If neglected, such troubles result fatally. Mailed in wrapper, for 4 weeks for \$1.00. With pure Sorexine Pills, we give a legal guarantee to cure or refund the money. Address: THE MEDICINE CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

For sale by P. P. D. KIRKIN, Shenandoah, Pa.

READING R. R. SYSTEM

IN EFFECT OCTOBER 4, 1896.

Trains leave Shenandoah as follows: For New York via Philadelphia, week days 2:10, 5:25, 7:20 a. m., 12:58, 2:55 and 5:55 p. m. Sundays, 2:10 a. m. For New York via Mauch Chunk, week days, 5:25, 7:20 a. m., 12:58, 2:55 and 5:55 p. m. Sundays, 2:10 a. m. For Reading and Philadelphia, week days, 2:10, 5:25, 7:20 a. m., 12:58, 2:55 and 5:55 p. m. Sundays, 2:10 a. m. For Pottsville, week days, 2:10, 7:20 a. m., and 12:58, 2:55 and 5:55 p. m. Sundays, 2:10 a. m. For Tanawago and Mahanoy City, week days, 2:10, 7:20 a. m., 12:58, 2:55 and 5:55 p. m. Sundays, 2:10 a. m. For Williamsport, Sunbury and Lewisburg, week days, 2:25, 11:30 a. m., 1:30 and 7:30 p. m. Sundays, 2:25 a. m. For Mahanoy Plane, week days, 2:10, 8:25, 5:35, 7:30, 11:30 a. m., 12:58, 2:55, 5:55, 7:30 and 9:35 p. m. Sundays, 2:10, 8:25 a. m. For Ashland and Shamokin, week days, 3:25, 7:30, 11:30 a. m., 1:30, 7:30 and 9:35 p. m. Sundays, 3:25 a. m. For Baltimore, Washington and the West via B. & O. R. R., through trains leave Reading Terminal, Philadelphia, (P. & R. R. B.) at 3:30, 7:55, 11:20 a. m., 3:45 and 7:27 p. m. Sundays, 3:30, 7:50, 11:20 a. m., 3:45 and 7:27 p. m. Additional trains from Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, week days, 1:50, 9:41, 8:25 p. m. Sundays, 1:55, 8:25 p. m.

TRAINS FOR SHENANDOAH.

Leave New York via Philadelphia, week days, 8:00 a. m., 1:30, 4:00, 7:30 p. m. and 12:15 night. Sundays, 8:00 p. m. Leave New York via Mauch Chunk, week days, 4:30, 9:40 a. m., 1:10 and 4:30 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, Reading Terminal, week days, 4:25, 8:40 a. m., and 9:00, 6:02, 11:30 p. m. Sundays, 11:30 p. m. Leave Reading, week days, 1:35, 10:10, 10:10 a. m., 5:35 and 7:37 p. m. Sundays, 3:35 a. m., 12:30 and 6:12 p. m. Sundays, 2:35 a. m., 11:25 a. m., 7:15 and 9:25 p. m. Leave Tanawago, week days, 3:15, 8:45, 11:25 a. m., 1:25, 4:15, 7:45, 11:25 p. m. Leave Mahanoy City, week days, 2:45, 9:21, 11:47 a. m., 1:51, 7:39 and 9:34 p. m. Sundays, 3:45 a. m. Leave Mahanoy Plane, week days, 2:40, 4:00, 6:30, 9:37, 11:59 a. m., 12:36, 2:06, 5:26, 7:30 and 10:10 p. m. Sundays, 2:40, 4:00 a. m. Leave Brown street station, week days, 7:42, 10:10 a. m., 3:35 and 11:41 p. m. Sundays, 11:15 p. m.

ATLANTIC CITY DIVISION.

Leave Philadelphia Chestnut street warr and South street wharf for Atlantic City. Week-days—Express, 9:00 a. m., 2:00, 4:00, 5:00 p. m. Accommodation, 10:00 a. m., 4:30, 6:30 p. m. Accommodation, 9:00, 10:00 a. m. Accommodation 8:00 a. m., 4:45 p. m. Returning leave Atlantic City (depot), week-days, express, 9:00, 9:30, 11:00 a. m., 4:30, 6:30 p. m. Accommodation, 5:50, 8:15 a. m., and 4:32 p. m. Sundays—Express, 4:00, 7:30 p. m. Accommodation, 10:00 a. m., 4:30, 6:30 p. m. For Car fare all express trains. I. A. SWEIGARD, Gen'l Superintendent. G. G. HANCOCK, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD SCHUYLKILL DIVISION.

NOVEMBER 17, 1895.

Trains will leave Shenandoah after the above times for Williamsport, Pottsville, Frackville, Dark Water, St. Clair, Pottsville, Hamburg, Reading, Pottsville, Phoenixville, Norristown and Philadelphia (Broad street station) at 6:08 and 11:45 a. m., and 12:15 p. m., on week days. For Pottsville and intermediate stations 9:10 a. m.

For Williamsport, Frackville, Dark Water, St. Clair, Pottsville, at 6:08, 9:40 a. m. and 3:10 p. m. For Hamburg, Reading, Pottsville, Phoenixville, Norristown, Philadelphia at 6:08, 9:40 a. m., and 3:10 p. m.

Trains leave Philadelphia for Shenandoah at 10:40 a. m. and 12:14, 5:04, 7:42 and 10:37 p. m. Leave Broad street station, Philadelphia, at 5:40 a. m. and 4:40 p. m. Leave Pottsville for Shenandoah at 10:15, 11:45 a. m. and 4:10, 7:15 and 10:00 p. m. Sunday at 10:15 a. m.

Leave Philadelphia, (Broad street station) for Shenandoah at 5:57 and 5:55 a. m., 4:10 and 7:11 p. m. week days. Sundays leave at 6:00 a. m. Leave Broad street station, Philadelphia, for Sun Girt, Ashbury Park, Ocean Grove, Long Branch, and intermediate stations, 6:30, 8:25, 10:30, 12:30, 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, 9:12, 11:25 a. m., 12:01 night. Sundays, 8:20, 1:05, 4:50, 5:15, 8:12, 9:20, 9:50, 10:30 (Dining Car), 11:03 a. m., 12:25, 2:30 (Dining Car), 4:00 (Limited), 4:22, 5:25, 3:36 (Dining Car), 6:25, 9:30, 8:12, 10:00 p. m., 12:01 night. Expires for Boston, without change, 11:00 a. m. week days, and 6:30 p. m. daily.

WASHINGTON AND THE SOUTH

For Baltimore and Washington, 5:50, 7:20, 8:31, 12:10, 1:10, 3:10, 4:10, 12:59 (Limited Dining Car), 1:12, 3:10, 4:41 (15:19 Congressional Limited), 6:17, 8:55 (Dining Car), 7:40 (Dining Car) p. m., and 12:05 night week days. Sundays, 5:50, 7:20, 9:12, 11:25 a. m., 12:01 night. 12:41, 1:15 Congressional Limited (Dining Car), 6:05 (Dining Car), 7:40 p. m. (Dining Car) and 12:15 night.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.