" "You are going to be, married, then?" said Sir Arthur, with an accent of interest and curiosity. "In that case I will wait; but, of course, under the circum- he had dug to his panning place, panned for use in the morning. This job done, for that frog the names of Mackay, Fuir would resemble marble, but by the inwait; but, of course, under the circum- he had dug to his panning place, panned for use in the morning. This job done, not that your of other mining uniformatics troduction of coloring matter any desired Route of Travel. The stances," and he gazed at Paul fixedly, it out, and did not get a color. He he went home, feeling quite sure that he went home, feeling quite sure that he went home to the mining uniformity to affect could be produced just as easy as the troduction of coloring matter any desired Route of Travel. The further true that he went home, feeling quite sure that he went home to the mining uniform the offert could be produced just as easy as tial benediction?"

morning the two men parted.

of the maire and the benediction of the frog say, however. priest united Paul and Jeanne, the latter happy, despite the fact that his happiness | say this time." undertone, as he slipped into his hand a lit? Struck it? Struck it?" tiny casket of chased gold and turned

"My present to you, monsieur."

With the exception of the family and a few intimates every one had now retired, and profiting by a moment of solitude Paul lifted the lid to find—a pellet of bread, yellowed and dried up, but still the third one!

Paul comprehended at last—this presant that Sir Arthur had given him was forgetfulness, condonement, life and happiness. It was no shame to his manhood that a tear of joy sparkled upon his

That same day Sir Arthur Jacobson left the country to return no more, and three years later died in Holland, leaving to Paul—"a man," so the will read, "brave enough to face the consequences of a momentary indiscretion—a fortune that amounted to more than two million dollars.—Translated from the French of Boncher by E. C. Waggoner for New York Mercury.

## THE GOBLIN FROG.

Peter C'Reilly was a pioneer miner of Nevada and one of the discoverers of the "great Comstock silver lode-one of the two men who turned to the light of day that glittering ore which was the first of over \$300,000,000 since taken from the -wonderful vein then lit upon.

For years before he made the great 'discovery O'Reilly had been working! among the gold placers of Gold canyon, a wet weather tributary of the Carson creek, in which gold was discovered as early as 1852. In this canyon he wrought with pan and rocker, and at times with much success, sometimes taking out several hundred dollars in a few days, for the ground was very rich in spots.

"Pete" was fond of rambling away alone along the meandering of the canyou in search of the rich spots that were to be found by those who diligently sought for them. He liked to be by himself and to mine in his own way. Provided he could find a few "colors" (small particles of gold) he would dig and pan away for days, quite confident that his luck would at last lead him into the right and his labors be richly rewarded.

Peter O'Reilly was not only a spiritualist, but also a firm believer in all manner of signs and omens. He heard voices, as did the heroes of Ossian, in the sighing breeze and extracted a meaning from all the sounds of hill and vale that reached his ears. The end of this was (a | few years after the discovery of the Comstock lode) that he became insane, and finally died in a private asylum at Woodbridge, Cal.

It appears that the last mining O'Reilly ever did in Gold canyon was when he started in to prospect a bar on which he found a previous locator in the person of a frog, which held a "squatte,'s" right to the place, and which frog almost immediately began to give him trouble. Pete began his mining operations by

constructing a small dam to turn the ril flowing in the canyon into a little ditch -- that led to his "panning hole" at th - lower end of the bar.

The little reservoir formed by the dam affor held only about a dozen hogsheads of water. It was soon after this reservoir filled that. Pete first had notice of the presence on his claim of the frog. He had sunk a pit in 'the gravel of the bar almost down to the bed rock, and washed out two or three pans of dirt that yielded well. He was down in this prospect hole filling his pan with some particularly promising gravel, when he heard a small, equeaky voice sing out: "Struck it?"

Pete was at the moment deeply allsorbed in the work in which he was engaged, and the shrill, shricking voice ringing out so near at hand and asking a question that so exactly chimed in with the train of thought running through his ears and looked about in all directions to see whence proceeded the cheery little voice. Almost he expected to discover a little red mantled fairy peering out at him from some neighboring clump of willows or some tall tuft of grass. he stood thus gazing about in open Struck it?"

frog mounted upon a stick that projected | now here to be seen.

an inch or two above the surface of the

"Struck it? Struck it? Struck it?"

"Struck it!" says the frog.

"It's a good omen," said Pete, I have sthruck it in this very hole."

"you will permit me to assist at the nup- was not a little astonished at this result, | had either killed or permanently ousted and was much inclined to call the frog a his little enemy, "Certainly," replied Paul, but very liar, but on turning to look for him the \_\_ The next day he returned to his work. coldiv: "I know of nothing to prevent it," Hittle fellow was gone. He went to his Before starting in, however, he walked and bidding each other a courteous good | pit and dug another pan of dirt, listening | around the reservoir several times, peerall the time to hear what the frog would ing keenly into the water and kicking well earned eminence is remarkable. It a casket and charged \$50 people would One month later precisely the permit have to say about it. Not a word did the every bunch of grass about its margin. is the scrubs, pretenders, and parasites say we were robbers, '-Chicago Tribune.

Pete washed out the pan of dirt and started. more beautiful than ever in her bridal got gold to the value of nearly a dollar. Pete then went to his prospect hole you to pass, where the mud brained son

"it's alsy for you to say 'Sthruck it! dropped from his hands, his under jaw Sthruck it! Sthruck it!' after ye've seen | fell, and he sank down upon the nearest | after the emperor had ridden around a what I've got in my pan."

umphant tone.

Pete, nodding his head toward the little fellow that sat winking and blinking on the end of the stick. "All right, me bye; av coorse I've struck it."

Pete then picked up his pan of gravel. carried it to the water hole, washed it out and did not find a speck of gold. "You're the worst liar I ever saw!" frog. Not a sign of the frog did he see, however, the little fellow having very prudently retired to the bottom of the

Pete grumbled for a time, then went and dug another pan of gravel. As he was carrying the dirt to his panning place the frog stuck his head above the water and called out. "Struck it?" and again no gold was found. Thus it went, When the frog said nothing he got a good yield of gold, but when he made his usual inquiry—sneering inquiry,  $Pet\epsilon$ now considered it to be--no gold was found.

At last Pete had washed so many pans of dirt out of which the frog had charmed all the gold that he began to grow very angry. He was also not -a little discouraged. Finally, just as he began to scrape the gravel out of a very promising crevice, and just as he was beginning to think the frog would this time hold his tongue, out came the little fellow with his "Struck it? Struck it?"

Pete quietly laid down his crevicing spoon, slyly gathered two or three big rocks, then softly, on tiptoe, began steal ing toward his little persecutor, and just as the frog cried out, "Struck it? Struck! it?" the irate O'Reilly let drive at him with a rock so huge that, it could have been harled by no lesser Ajax. The rock missed its mark, but raised a great commotion in the little pond.

Thinking he had given his bad angel a fright that would last him a fortnight, Pete returned to his work. He had almost filled his pan with very rich looking dirt, when up popped the frog's head and out came his tantalizing "Struck it? Struck it?"

Pete threw the pan of gravel as far as he could send it and made for the frog, determined on its destruction. He would! stand no more of its infernal deviltry.

Shovel in hand, he waded out into the middle of the little reservoir and scooped and tore about in it with a vigor and venom of a mad ball. Once or twice he saw, or imagined he saw, the frog dart through the discolored water, and brought down the back of the shovel on the spot with such a "spat" that the blow might have been heard a mile away. At last, not seeing anything more of

the frog. Pete concluded that he had killed him. He gave the little animal a parting curse, and being wrought up to . such a pitch of excitement and nervous ness that he could work no more that afternoon, strode away, put on his coat and went home.

The next morning he returned to his claim and his work. He washed out several pans of dirt, and was getting good pay out of all he washed, when sud frog. denly there felt upon his ear the shrift ery of "Struck it?"

The first note sent a thrill through Pete's stalwart frame like the sharp shock of an electrical battery; then a chili fell upon his heart, and his hair almost rose on end His evil genius, as he now! firmly believed the little green frog to be, was still there, alive and at his old tricks.

"May the curse of howly St. Patrick light on ye!" cried Pete. Then he kicked over the pan of dirt he dug and made a a rush for the reservoir, the frog "plumphead so startled him that his pick almost at his approach. Again Pete went into great errort instead of starting out with a little chirp insane warfare on the frogs had afforded cay be eliminated from the residuum and the reservoir with his long handled shovel. Ils charged about, but could see nothing of the frog nog anything that looked like it. Being determined to do his enemy this time. Pete went for his pan and began trying to bail out the reservoir. Finding this too great a task, mouthed amazement the little voice he got his pick, dug down the embankagain piped out: "Struck it? Struck it? ment of rocks and earth forming the ttle dam, and eagerly watched, with Turning his eyes in the direction uplifted shovel, for the frog as the water whence proceeded the inquiring verse ran off. The water all ran out of the Pete presently descried a small green reservoir, but his little tormentor was

Pete waded out into the oozy bed of frog-it's a like he.i." "I know, monsieur," said he, "that water in his reservoir. The frog was the pend, digging and plowing about you still await me; if I submit to this but a rod of two away, and seemed, as with his shovel, but he failed to start the last exaction it is because I also have a Pete thought, to be looking, inquiringly goblin frog. He then arrived at the very reasonable conclusion that the little imp had gone down the stream with the body of water that rushed out of the res-"Are ye schpakin' to me, sor?" said ervoir when it was opened. He craised about the spot for an hour or more, going down the channel of the canyon, turning "The over rocks and beating tufts of grass with all my heart, who loves me in ken little feller says I've struck it. Though with his shovel, but saw nothing of the the's no countryman of mine, I believe in frog. Thinking his evil genius had been me sowl he means well by me, and that washed down through the canyon into the

The frog was nowhere to be seen or who are insolent and caddish. A Bis-

robes and the chaste blushes that red- "Aha! ye little devil!" cried he; "where and began digging, stopping eccasionally, of a some trust king walks pompously! dened her face. Paul also was very are ye now? Ye didn't have a word to however, to cock an eye toward the across your toes. Lonce saw the heavy pond and listen for the frog. There was browed and thoughtful young emperor was tinctured with secret sadness, and | Well pleased with his luck, Pete began | no sign of the little imp, and Pete's of Germany—the "Lord of War," as he accepted with a proud and joyous smile digging another pan of gravel from the heart grew lighter. He had dug a pan calls himself—wake from his abstraction the congratulations showered upon him place where he had got the last, expected of dirtewithout the usual hated interrup- and twist about in his saddle with swift at the door of the sacristy by the throng ing another rich result. He had been at ition, and was on his way to wash it out eagerness to acknowledge the courtesy of guests. The last of the file was Sir work only half a minute before the little when "Struck it? Struck it?" was of a tagged old peasant woman by the Arthur Jacobson, who said to him in an voice rang out sharp and clear: "Struck squeaked from the pond by the goblin roadside. His hand flew to his hat, and

"Oh, yes, you little fool!" cried Pete; This was too much for Pete. The pan profound and respectful as though she bowlders. As he was wondering if it bend of the road. The blood flushed her "Struck it! Struck it! Struck it!" cried was possible for him ever in any way to withered face, for the first time, perthe frog in what seemed to Pete a tri- rid himself of the evil thing that destroyed his luck the frog again called out | tened brightly. She looked as though "All right, me bye!" cheerily assented as cheerily as ever: "Struck it? Struck it?" ten years had been taken from her al-"May the devil burn ye!" cried Pete.

"No, I haven't struck it, and, what's more, I never will strike it wid ye there, ye dirty little blackguard! Must I be comin' afther ye again, ye unclean baste o' the devil?" "Struck it!" said tha frog.

"Ye think so?" cried Pete, sarcasticcried Pete, rising up from his work and ally, and catching up a pick he ran to shaking his list in the direction of the the reservoir and began digging down the embankment.

> Soon; however, he paused in this work. and, throwing down his pick, said: "No. it's of no use. Haven't I thried to get him in all manner o' ways! No, when get the wather off he'll be gone. He's no human frog. I'll jist let him howle possession and I'll hunt me another place. Divil a lick will I ever sthrike here again it's the divil's own child he is. I've heard birds talk and bastes talk, but niver wan o' thim all that could schpake so plain as this little green divil that's wid out either feathers or hair—he's not human.

Pete began gathering up his tools and clothes with the intention of vacating the place, when he stopped and gazed -wistfully at his prospect hole. 'A prom ising place it was, too, in the main," said he. "Howly Mother! Shall I, a Christian and a good Catholic, be tor mented away by a dirty little heretic baste like you? No. I'll give him a warmin' yit, and all the likes of him. I'll pepper him to-morrow!" So saying. Pete put on his coat and struck out for home, turning to shake his fist toward the pond as he departed.

The next morning Pete went up toward Johntown, a little trading post about a mile above his claim, and borrowed a shot gun; then he bought a quantity of powder and shot, and returned toward his mine in a vengeful mood. Again and again he said as he strode along: "I'll kill that frog if it's! among the possibilities!"

On reaching his claim Pete crawled to a big rock near the pond, and seating himself upon it, watched patiently for over an hour, but the frog was neither to be seen nor heard.

"He has run away," said Pete, "but

He then moved cautiously along dowr the canyon. Although frogs were quite common on the Carson river, they were seldom seen in Gold canyon. At last. however, Pete saw what he thought a cross fashioned of the purest marble. might be his tormentor. He blazed away with his gun and stretched the creature of a child converted by my process into a liféless on the margin of the rail. He was beginning to rejoice over the victory it—you will find it tasteless. Smell of it he had gained when up from the spot leaped another frog, the very picture of that he had killed. Pete looked at this new appariation, then turned and gazed every time." on the slaughtered animal, to be sure he was dead. Finding it still stretched on telligent ideas on the subject are puzzled, the ground, he went after the second frog, which he finally succeeded in kill, porter first asked the doctors about it ing. All that day he hunted up and One said flatly that it couldn't be done, down the canyon, blazing away at every. thing that moved. He slaughtered many as you pleased it would still be animal toads and lizards, but only one other

The next day he was again out with his gun, and every day for about a week, extending his hunt as far as the Carson a chemical change would be necessary river, and firing away many pounds of before anything like the result claimed shot to little effect. He talked of little could be obtained. but frogs, and the miners along the canyon, who always found great sport in his eccentricities and in his superstitious nowadays, especially in the way

ular miners of the camp, for whom his and there is no limit to it—all moisture great sport, instead of starting out with the particles so closely cemented as to be his gun. Pete took his pan and crevicing air and moisture proof, and therefore spoon and departed down the canyon in practically indestructible. No chemical the direction of his claim. An hour later change is necessary." Pete came tearing up the canyon to the Other chemists made light of it, and camp wild eyed. "I'll niver sthrike pick pronounced it nonsense of the rankest." inful this canyon again!" cried he. That kind. Limp o' the devil is still there on me claim! One of the oldest intertakers in the Mexico today more than 12,000,000 of I was but jist listin' me second pan of city took in the situation at a glance. dirt whin he raised his head from the "Practicable!" said he; "of course, of the United States where there were water and says: 'Pate, have ye struck it?' and easy and simple besides. There is a people who constituted tribes or nations says he. May the divil bless me, says I, great deal off solid matter in the human enough to represent several hundred lan-

atruck for Six Mile convon. (ive miles to weigh seventy-seven pounds and quite a for a partner, the two began mining at weighs twenty-one pounds and eight City now stands, and there the pair matter is large. Compression will reduce whole mining world. But for the "goblin principal thing we have to contend with -frog!! Li' limitly, would probably have con- is the liquids of the body. Exclude timued mining in Gold camyon, and to this these thoroughly and the remainder will Carson river, Pete rebuilt his dam in day the Comstock and "Big Bonanza" last indefinitely, just as a mummy does. would not now be known throughout the effect could be produced just as easy as the world. -- San Francisco Examiner.

Courtes of Eminent Men.

marck will step aside with a bow to allow his salutation to the lonely beggar was as had been a duchess. I looked at her haps, in many years, and her eyes glisready liberal score. It had cost the emperor an effort, but he made it with the cheerfulness, alacrity and polish of man to whom courtesy is inbred and natural.—Blakely Hall's Letter.

The Conadian Girl's Way.

Canadian girls, it is said, allow their the youth is particularly bashful and the young lady is indulgent she may give tributions of the sap of the maple with Vick's Magazine. which he comes laden to her fresh from the forest for another three months. But unless somewhere in that time he asks her to be his own he must seek other firesides. She doesn't weep at the parting or make any time over it. There are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught, she argues, and in that reason she finds consolation for the misspent time. Canadian girls are not only pretty, but they are all trained to make good housekeepers.—Chicago Herald.

## COMPRESSED HUMANITY.

Running a Man Through a Hydraulic Press-Cheaper Than Cremat on. Material, a dead body: Process, compression. Result, a paper weight.

This is the programme mapped out by an inventive genius in Pittsburg. He is a doctor by trade, and therefore can speak with authority of the destiny of his patients. His name is Cooper. If his idea "goes," he will make a barrel out of it. His apparatus is a combination of steel presses and hot rollers—a sort of rolling mill on a small scale. There is little sentimentality about the operation, but it is effectual.

A human body is put in at one end and taken out at the other in the shape of a paper weight. In other words, the enormous pressure excludes all moisture from the body and compresses it to a fraction of its original bulk. The body of a full grown man can thus be reduced to a cube of one foot as hard and imperishable as marble. Dr. Cooper asks nobody to take his word for all this. In this respect he is like the man who owned I'll kill him if he's anywhere on the face a hen which he said laid two eggs a day. "If you don't believe it," said he, "there's the hen." When Dr. Cooper runs across a skeptic he takes him by the arm, leads him into his study, and beamingly points

"There," he exclaims, "is the remains handsome and valuable ornament. Taste -you see it is odorless. Try-it with a knife—it is hard as marble. And, what's more, I can turn out just as neat a job

Chicago people who ought to have inand hardly any two think alike. The rethat compress the human body as much matter, and therefore perishable, and a second pronounced it a hoax. A third did not doubt the possibility of the reduction of bulk by pressure, but insisted that The chemists were divided in opinion.

"Nothing," said one, "is impossible! notions, "slatted" him with many stories hydraulic compression. I saw a brief, secure gold, the other to propagate their w. G. coth, G. P. A. of the baleful influences of frogs and dispatch on the subject this morning, and I saw at once that the idea was practica-One morning to the surprise of the joc. ble. By employing sufficient pressure—

if ye can't have the whole bloody canyon; bedy. Take the blood, for instance. in guages there are today about 250,000

cent. of the blood is solid matter; this Pete O'Reilly kent his word; he at once gives you about two and one-third "pulled up stakes" in Gold canyon. He pounds to start with. The muscles the mortingerd. Taking Pat McLaughlin proportion is solid matter. The skeleton the head of the canyon, where Virginia ounces, and here the proportion of solid presently "struck it" -- struck the great everything to solid matter, which would Consteck silver lode, the hidden treasure be indestructible, without the necessity of house of the gromes and wonder of the any chemical change. In embalming the any shape. Cheaper than cremation? I New York, hiladelphia an should hope so. It takes three hours to should hope so. It takes there worth of st. Louis in the West. The cremate a body; they use \$7 worth of with rock, insuring the min The courtesy of men of actual and gas, and charge \$50. If we put \$7 into hard coal engines do away

Chinese Love for Flowers.

You may see on the hundreds of canals and retes are general, low that cut up the country around Shanghai other first-class line. boats whose dingy and miserable appear- Pullman Service. Pun Cars ance betokens the poverty, even the beg- New York, Philadelphia, but gary of their occupants, and yet near the littsburg. The Buffet cars stern, on the top of the sawbang, or cook- gance, possessing all the lo ing canopy—the 'gailey''—you will see sleeping coaches, and turnish an elaborate buffet, supplied of all kinds, which may be a Little Chinese girls nearly always place a With the new vestibuled trail sprig of some bright flower in their glossy tresses of raven black, and they some- New York City.—New Y times show a good deal of taste in the ar- up town or down town, conve rangement of their nosegays.

Just about the 1st of February, or near the Chinese new year, one may see men and boy's selling branches of a small bush that bears a yellow flower, somewhat re- ing from Jersey City, as well as sembling the spicebush flowers of Virginia. This flower has, to a Chinese, associations bright and pleasant as those that clung around the far famed hawthorn that bloomed in old England on "Old Christmas Day." You can buy in the market for a few chien or cash a little flower pot with a few bulbs or daffodil in it, and by keeping it in the window of your room soon have a few bright the general or division onicers. Canadian girls, it is said, above their or your room soon have a rest of the Tickets.—The arte has the national soon of the chinese do not the tem of round-trips plant in their parks such elaborate flower beds as the Americans and Europeans, him a place on the sofa and accept con- but they are very fond of pot flowers.-

## ANNIE'S AWA'.

There's was hearts for Annie; but less that she' Than just that we never may see her again; Fracthe hame of her childhood, kind neighbors

And the leaf hearts that loved her, she's far, far

Alt: Annie's awa', kind Annie's awa'; We'll ne'er see another like Annie awa'.

The tentless wee lammies now toyte o'er the lea-Wi' a waesome like face and a pityfu' c'e; E'en Collie seems lost like, "his back to the wa", They've a' lost a frien' in young Annie awa!. Sweet Annie awa', kind Annie awa': .AVeill-ne'er see anither like Annie awa'.

The poor little birdies, sae wont to be gay, Now sit 'mang the branches, a' sangless and to

Their were hearts are burstin' for Annie awa'. Young Annie awa', kind Annie awa'; We'll ne'er see anither like Annie awa'.

At hirk, hand or bridals, nae mair can we see The light and the love of her bonnie black e'e; But the tear may be seen of hearts broken in

And the calm of deep sorrow for Annie awa!. Young Annie awa', kind Annie awa'; We'll ne'er see anither like Annie awa'.

Ah: life's blythest morning may darken ere And the sum of it's simmer gang wearily doon; The fairest of thew rets be mantled in snaw;

O, Fortune: deal kindly wi' Annie awa'." Young Annie awa', kind Annie awa'; We'll ne'er see anither like Annie awa'. Dr. John Massie

Indian Nations in America. There are today in the United States less than 300,000 Indians, including all! the partially civilized and the wild tribes. In Central America and Mexico there are about 5,500,000. In South America they are estimated at 7,000,000. The philologists, whose works in studying and clason his center table to what appears to be sifying native languages of the New World are of great value, have recognized about 760 separate and distinct tongues, of which 430 belong to North p.m. p.m.;a.m. ar America and 330 to South America. The languages represent as many separate nations or tribes which once existed here.

Many of the nations are extinct, particularly those which inhabited the Atlantic states of the Union, but fragments at least of their speech have been preserved by writers who were contemporary , with them. These languages were not mere dialects of the same tongue, but are / Complete each in itself and distince the one from the other, all conforming to demands that enable the philologists to classify them in their ethnological as well as sleeping Cars running between dinguistic relations. The testimony of York via belaware. Lackawana these languages seems to declare that the and run daily. temperate regions of North America were the corresponding regions of the southern continent, which once supported a dense p.m. p.m. a.m. ly population and still maintains many mill. 6, 22 2 05 7, 22 ions of the aboriginal races. The Spanish conquerors had always

religion. They had no desire to destroy the natives. They killed when it appeared necessary in order to carry out their objects, but otherwise their policy was to interfere as little as possible with with them, and having conquered, tol protect and preserve the original inhabitants. Civilization penetrated those countries by slow degrees and the simple Indians were not much exposed to its! withering touch. As a consequence there I'll niver strike pick-intil it again. No a body weighing 150 pounds one-thir- only of the people who represent the an-

ders. The coaches are light tricity, and the new system obviates the old-time danger Through tickets are sold to and South, and connection made in union stations, an

service will be the finest in the hotels, wholesale and retail houses, and steamship piers. coastwise passengers, the fi lences which cannot be equale Connections are made with t Haven and Hartford railway. steamers for Albany, and the Newport, Fill River and Bosto miles of confusing and expensi Incoming Steamers. unacquainted with this country able to meet them, will be relie in this respect, as authorized / iar with the various language coming steamship from Europe der any and every assistance There is no charge for this sera checruity arranged upon appl merous health and pleasure res lantic to the racific, affording ety of routes and the lewest has No necessity or business can a an advantageous form of trans its requirements. To commute exceptional inducements, and f ordinary excursion tickets, isau monthly commutation, and an

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