TALMAGE IN JOPPA.

The Brooklyn Divine Preaches on the Nobility of Dorcas, at

THE HOME OF SEWING CIRCLES.

Wonderful Charities Associated With Needlework in History.

INTERESTING INCIDENTS RECALLED.

[SPECIAL TO THE DISPATCH.]

JOPPA, December 1.—To-day is memorable in the sacred history of Joppa, the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preaching here to a company of Christian people of various denominations on "The Birthplace of Sewing Societies." He took for his text Acts ix., 39: "And all the widows stood by him weeping, and showing the coats and garments which Dorcas made while she was with them." The preacher said:

Christians of Joppa! Impressed as I am with your mosque, the first I ever saw, and stirred as I am with the fact that your harbor once floated the great rafts of Lebanon cedar from which the temples at Jerusalem were builded, Solomon's oxen drawing the logs through this very town on the way to Jerusalem, nothing can make me forget that this Joppa was the birthplace of the sewing society that has blessed the poor of all succeeding ages in all lands. The disasters to your town when Judas Maccabæus set it on fire, and Napoleon had 500 prisoners massacred in your neighborhood, cannot make me forget that one of the most magnificent charities of the centuries was started in this seaport by Dorcas, a woman with her needle embroidering her name ineffaceably into the beneficence of the world. I see her sitting in yonder home. In the doorway, and around about the building, and in the room where she sits, are the pale faces of the poor. She listens to their plaint, she pities their woe, she makes garments for them, she adjusts the manufactured articles to suit the bent form of this invalid woman, and to the cripple that comes crawling on his hands and knees.

DORCAS' BENEFACTIONS.

She gives a coat to this one, she gives sandals to that one. With the gifts she mingles prayers and Christian encouragement. Then she goes out to be greeted on the street corners by those whom she has blessed, and all through the street the cry is heard: "Dorcas is coming!" The sick look up gracefully in her face as she puts her hand on the burning brow, and the lost and the abandoned start up with hope as they hear her gentle voice, as though an angel had addressed them; and as she goes out the lane, eyes half put out with sin think they see a halo of light about her brow, and a trail of glory in her path way. That night a half paid shipwright climbs the hill and reaches home, and sees his little boy well clad, and says: "Where did these clothes come from?" And they tell him, "Dorcas has been here." In another place a woman is trimming a lamp; Dorcas bought the oil. In another place, a family that had not been at table for many a week are gathered now, for Dorcas has brought bread.

But there is a sudden pause in that woman's ministry. They say: "Where is Dorcas? Why, we haven't seen her for many a day. Where is Dorcas? And one of these poor people goes up and knocks at the door and finds the mystery solved. All through the haunts of wretchedness, the news comes, "Dorcas is sick!" No bulletin flashing from the palace gate, telling the stages of a king's disease, is more anxiously awaited for than the news from this sick benefactress. Alas! for Joppa! there is wailing, wailing. That voice which has uttered so many cheerful words is hushed; that hand which has made so many garments for the poor is

COLD AND STILL;

the star which had poured light into the midnight of wretchedness is dimmed by the blinding mists that go up from the river of death. In every God forsaken place in this town; wherever there is a sick child and no balm; wherever there is hunger and no bread; wherever there is guilt and no commiseration; wherever there is a broken heart and no comfort, there are despairing looks and streaming eyes, and frantic gesticulations as they cry: "Dorcas is dead!" They send for the Apostle Peter, who happened to be in the suburbs of this place, stopping with a tanner by the name of Simon. Peter urges his way through the crowd around the door, and stands in the presence of the dead. What expostulation and grief all about him! Here stand some of the poor people, who show the garments which this poor woman had made for them. Their grief cannot be appeased. The Apostle Peter wants to perform a miracle. He will not do it amid the excited crowd, so he kindly orders that the whole room be cleared. The door is shut against the populace. The apostle stands now with the dead. Oh, it is a serious moment, you know, when you are alone with a lifeless body! The apostle gets down on his knees and prays, and then he comes to the lifeless form of this one all ready for the sepulcher, and in the strength of Him who is the resurrection he exclaimed: "Tabitha, arise!" There is a stir in the fountains of life; the heart flutters; the nerves thrill; the cheek flushes; the eye opens; she sits up!

We see in this subject Dorcas the disciple; Dorcas the benefactress; Dorcas the lamented; Dorcas the resurrected.

GOOD, REGARDLESS OF TITLE.

If I had not seen that word disciple in my text, I would have known this woman was a Christian. Such music as that never came from a heart which is not chorded and strung by divine grace. Before I show you the needlework of this woman, I want to show you her regenerated heart, the source of a pure life and of all Christian charities. I wish that the wives and mothers and daughters and sisters of all the earth would imitate Dorcas in her discipleship. Before you cross the threshold of the hospital, before you enter upon the temptations and trials of to-morrow, I charge you, in the name of God, and by the turmoil and tumult of the judgment day, oh, women! that you attend to the first, last and greatest duty of your life—the seeking for God and being at peace with Him. When the trumpet shall sound, there will be an uproar, and a wreck of mountain and continent, and no human arm can help you. Amid the rising of the dead, and amid the boiling of yonder sea, and amid the live, leaping thunders of the flying heavens, calm and placid will be every woman's heart who hath put her trust in Christ; calm, notwithstanding all the tumult, as though the fire in the heavens were only the gildings of an autumnal sunset, as though the peal of the trumpet were only the harmony of an orchestra, as though the awful voices of the sky were but a group of friends bursting through a gateway at eventime with laughter, and shouting "Dorcas, the disciple!" Would God that every Mary and every Martha would this day sit down at the feet of Jesus!

NEEDLE WORK AND NOBILITY.

Further, we see Dorcas the benefactress. History has told the story of the crown; the epic poet has sung of the sword; the pastoral poet, with his verses full of the redolence of clover tops, and a-rustle with the silk of the corn, has sung the praises of the plow. I tell you the praises of the needle. From the fig leaf robe prepared in the garden of Eden to the last stitch taken on the garment for the poor, the needle has wrought wonders of kindness, generosity and benefaction. It adorned the girdle of the high priest; it fashioned the curtains in the ancient tabernacle; it cushioned the chariots of King Solomon; it provided the robes of Queen Elizabeth; and in high places and in low places, by the fire of the pioneer's back log and under the flash of the chandelier, everywhere, it has clothed nakedness, it has preached the gospel, it has overcome hosts of penury and want with the war cry of "Stitch, stitch, stitch!" The operatives have found a livelihood by it, and through it the mansions of the employer have been constructed. Amid the greatest triumphs in all ages and lands, I set down the conquests of the needle. I admit its crimes; I admit its cruelties. It has had more martyrs than the fire; it has punctured the eye; it has pierced the side; it has struck weakness into the lungs; it has sent madness into the brain; it has filled the potter's field; it has pitched whole armies of the suffering into crime and wretchedness and woe. But now that I am talking of Dorcas and her ministries to the poor, I shall speak only of the charities of the needle.

A TRUE, WOMANLY LEADER.

This woman was a representative of all those women who make garments for the destitute, who knit socks for the barefooted, who prepare bandages for the lacerated, who fix up boxes of clothing for missionaries, who go into the asylums of the suffering and destitute bearing that Gospel which is sight for the blind, and hearing for the deaf, and which makes the lame man leap like a hart, and brings the dead man to life, immortal health bounding in their pulses. What a contrast between the practical benevolence of this woman and a great deal of the charity of this day! This woman did not spend her time idly planning how the poor of your city of Joppa were to be relieved; she took her needle and relieved them. She was not like those persons who sympathize with imaginary sorrows, and go out in the street and laugh at the boy who has upset his basket of cold victuals, or like that charity which makes a rousing speech on the benevolent platform, and goes out to kick the beggar from the step, crying: "Hush your miserable howling!" The sufferers of the world want not so much theory as practice; not so much tears as dollars; not so much kind wishes as loaves of bread; not so much smiles as shoes; not so much "God bless yous!" as jackets and frocks. I will put one earnest Christian man, hardworking, against five thousand mere theorists on the subject of charity. There are a great many who have fine ideas about church architecture who never in their life helped to build a church. There are men who can give you the history of Buddhism and Mohammedanism, who never sent a farthing for their evangelization. There are women who talk beautifully about the suffering of the world, who never had the courage like Dorcas to take the needle and assault it.

GOOD WOMEN IN ALL HISTORY.

I am glad that there is not a page of the world's history which is not a record of female benevolence. God says to all lands and people, Come now and hear the widow's mite rattle down into the poorbox. The Princess of Conti sold all her jewels that she might help the famine stricken. Queen Blanche, the wife of Louis VIII, of France, hearing that there were some persons unjustly incarcerated in the prisons, went out amidst the rabble and took a stick and struck the door as a signal that they might all strike it, and down went the prison door and out came the prisoners. Queen Maud, the wife of Henry I, went down amidst the poor and washed their sores and administered to them cordials. Mrs. Retson, at Matagorda, appeared on the battlefield while the missiles of death were flying around, and cared for the wounded. Is there a man or woman who has ever heard of the Civil War in America who has not heard of the women of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, or the fact that, before the smoke had gone up from Gettysburg and South Mountain, the women of the North met the women of the South on the battlefield, forgetting all their animosities while they bound up the wounded, and closed the eyes of the slain? Dorcas the benefactress.

I come now to speak of Dorcas the lamented. When death struck down that good woman, oh, how much sorrow there was in this town of Joppa! I suppose there were women here with larger fortunes, women, perhaps, with handsomer faces; but there was no grief at their departure like this at the death of Dorcas.

IT WAS A GREAT GRIEF.

There was not more turmoil and upturning in the Mediterranean sea, dashing against the wharves of this seaport, than there were surgings to and fro of grief because Dorcas was dead. There are a great many who go out of life and are unmissed. There may be a very large funeral; there may be a great many carriages and a plumed hearse; there may be high-sounding eulogiums; the bell may toll at the cemetery gate; there may be a very fine marble shaft reared over the resting place; but the whole thing may be a falsehood and a sham. The church of God has lost nothing, the world has lost nothing. It is only a nuisance abated; it is only a grumbler ceasing to find fault; it is only an idler stopped yawning; it is only a dissipated fashionable parted from his wine cellar; while, on the other hand, no useful Christian leaves this world without being missed. The church of God cries out like the prophet: "Howl, fir tree, for the cedar has fallen." Widowhood comes and shows the garments which the departed had made. Orphans are lifted up to look in the calm face of the sleeping benefactress. Reclaimed vagrancy comes and kisses the cold brow of her who charmed it away from sin, and all through the streets of Joppa there is mourning—mourning because Dorcas is dead.

When Josephine of France was carried out to her grave there were a great many men and women of pomp and pride and position that went out after her; but I am most affected by the story of history that on that day there were 10,000 of the poor of France who followed her coffin, weeping and wailing until the air rang again, because, when they lost Josephine, they lost their last earthly friend.

THE TRUEST LAMENTATIONS.

Oh, who would not rather have such obsequies than all the tears that were ever poured in the lachrymals that have been exhumed from ancient cities. There may be no mass for the dead; there may be no costly sarcophagus; there may be no elaborate mausoleum; but in the damp cellars of the city, and through the lonely huts of the mountain glen, there will be mourning, mourning, because Dorcas is dead. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

I speak to you of Dorcas the resurrected. The apostle came to where she was and said: "Arise; and she sat up!" In what a short compass the great writer put that—"She sat up!" Oh, what a time there must have been around this town, when the apostle brought her out among her old friends! How the tears of joy must have started! What clapping of hands there must have been! What singing! What laughter! Sound it all through the lane! Shout it down that dark alley! Let all Joppa hear it! Dorcas is resurrected!

You and I have seen the same thing many a time; not a dead body resuscitated, but the deceased coming up again after death in the good accomplished. If a man labors up to 50 years of age, serving God, and then dies, we are apt to think that his earthly work is done. No. His influence on earth will continue till the world ceases. Services rendered for Christ never stop. A Christian woman toils for the upbuilding of a church through many anxieties, through many self denials, with prayers and tears, and then she dies. It is 15 years since she went away. Now the spirit of God descends upon that church; hundreds of souls stand up and confess the faith of Christ.

Has that Christian woman, who went away 15 years ago, nothing to do with these things? I see the flowering out of her noble heart. I hear the echo of her footsteps in all the songs over sins forgiven, in all the prosperity of the church. The good that seemed to be buried has come up again. Dorcas is resurrected.

After a while all these womanly friends of Christ will put down their needle forever. After making garments for others, some one will make a garment for them; the last robe we ever wear—the robe for the grave. You will have heard the last cry of pain. You will have witnessed the last orphanage. You will have come in worn out from your last round of mercy. I do not know where you will sleep, nor what your epitaph will be; but there will be a lamp burning at that tomb and an angel of God guarding it, and through all the long night no rude foot will disturb the dust. Sleep on, sleep on! Soft bed, pleasant shadows, undisturbed repose! Sleep on!

Asleep in Jesus! Blessed sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep.

Then one day there will be a sky rending, and a whirl of wheels, and the flash of a pageant; armies marching, chains clanking, banners waving, thunders booming, and that Christian woman will arise from the dust, and she will be suddenly surrounded—surrounded by the wanderers of the street whom she had reclaimed, surrounded by the wounded souls to whom she had administered! Daughter of God, so strangely surrounded, what means this? It means that reward has come, that the victory is won, that the crown is ready, that the banquet is spread. Shout it through all the crumbling earth. Sing it through all the flying heavens. Dorcas is resurrected!

A CRIMEAN INCIDENT.

In 1855, when some of the soldiers came back from the Crimean war to London, the Queen of England distributed among them beautiful medals, called Crimean medals. Galleries were erected for the two houses of Parliament and the royal family to sit in. There was a great audience to witness the distribution of the medals. A Colonel who had lost both feet in the battle of Inkerman was pulled in on a wheel chair; others came in limping on their crutches. Then the Queen of England arose before them in the name of her Government, and uttered words of commendation to the officers and men, and distributed these medals, inscribed with the four great battlefields, Alma, Balaklava, Inkerman and Sebastopol. As the Queen gave these to the wounded men and the wounded officers, the bands of music struck up the national air, and the people with streaming eyes joined in the song:

God save our gracious queen!
Long live our noble queen!
God save the queen!

And then they shouted "Hurza! hurza!" Oh, it was a proud day for those returned warriors! But a brighter, better and gladder day will come when Christ shall gather those who have toiled in His service, good soldiers of Jesus Christ. He shall rise before them, and in the presence of all the glorified of heaven He will say: "Well done, good and faithful servant!" and then He will distribute the medals of eternal victory, not inscribed with works of righteousness which we have done, but with those four great battlefields, dear to earth and dear to heaven, Bethlehem! Nazareth! Gethsemane! Calvary!

AN inestimable blessing to the poor is Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cents.

Catarrh to Consumption.

Catarrh in its destructive force stands next to and undoubtedly leads on to consumption. It is, therefore, singular that those afflicted with this fearful disease should not make it the object of their lives to rid themselves of it. Deceptive remedies concocted by ignorant pretenders to medical knowledge have weakened the confidence of the great majority of sufferers in all advertised remedies. They become resigned to a life of misery rather than torture themselves with doubtful palliatives.

But this will never do. Catarrh must be met at every stage and combated with all our might. In many cases the disease has assumed dangerous symptoms. The bones and cartilage of the nose, the organs of hearing, of seeing and of tasting so affected as to be useless, the uvula so elongated, the throat so inflamed and irritated as to produce a constant and distressing cough.

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE meets every phase of catarrh, from a simple head cold to the most loathsome and destructive stages. It is local and constitutional. Instant in relieving, permanent in curing, safe, economical and never-failing.

Each package contains one bottle of the RADICAL CURE, one box of CATARRHAL SOLVENT and IMPROVED INHALER, with treatise; price, $1.

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Old Folks' Pains.

Full of comfort for all pains, inflammation and weakness of the aged is the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, the first and only pain killing Strengthening Plaster. New, instantaneous and infallible. Vastly superior to all other remedies and appliances for relieving pain and strengthening the muscles. Feels good from the moment it is applied. At all druggists, 25 cents; five for $1.00; or, postage free, of POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston, Mass. MF

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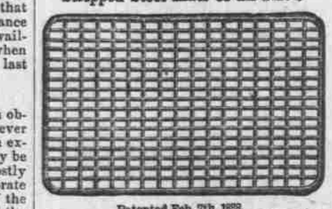

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They will not break down, fasten out, warp or get out of shape, and will outwear all wire, rubber and other steel Mats in the market.

Will clean the feet better than any other Mat, and not permit the dirt to be carried beyond them.

People stepping on them cannot slip as their surface offers resistance in all directions.

They need no shaking, therefore create no dust.

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Had suffered off and on for fifteen years with strained back; no trouble with it now; two years ago was cured by St. Jacobs Oil. No return. H. CARTMELL.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

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A FRIEND'S ADVICE.

How a Casual Conversation Resulted in Saving the Life of a Thoughtless Young Man.

Two friends were seated at a lunch table and consulting the bill of fare. One looked fresh and bright; the other pale and languid. After studying the bill all over, the last named person said:

"It's no use. I have no appetite. I cannot eat."

His friend looked anxious.

"What is the matter?" he inquired.

"I don't know. I have a cough in the morning, a tickling in the throat, difficulty in breathing, my pulse is quick, my breath short and I have a tightness across my chest. In the evening I feel chilly; during the day feverish. I don't know what it means."

"My dear fellow, you have the symptoms of consumption, I know because I was in the same terrible path once myself. You must do something at once."

"What can I do?" was the anxious inquiry.

"Be careful; exercise, and drink pure whiskey several times a day."

"But I have never been in the habit of drinking whiskey."

"So much the better. Then it will cure you. I used Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey for more than a year and still take it regularly. I am a temperance man, as you know, but I am not so bigoted as to allow my health to suffer when I know what will restore and preserve it."

The above is not an imaginary conversation, but actually took place, substantially as narrated. It is a statement of the experience of thousands of other people throughout America. Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey will check consumption, will prevent pneumonia, will build up tissue, harden the muscles and give life and color. It is nourishing. It is pure. It can be procured in any part of the land, but care should be exercised to secure only the genuine.

BEECHAM'S PILLS ACT LIKE MAGIC ON A WEAK STOMACH. 25cts. a Box OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

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No Disease More Easily Cured, by the Physicians of the Catarrh and Dyspepsia Institute, 323 Penn avenue, than Catarrh.

Their Constitutional Blood Medicines, made to suit the requirements of each individual case, strike at the root of the disease.

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A lady well known in Pittsburg and Allegheny, has been a great sufferer from a multitude of troubles. The catarrhal poison in her blood affected her whole system. She had a dropping of mucus from her head into her throat, which was very tenacious and hard to raise. She had no appetite, felt bloated and distressed after eating, and she would often vomit up her food. She had much pain on the top of her head, was dizzy and very nervous. She could get but little sleep, and got up in the morning more tired than when she went to bed. The disease also extended to her kidneys, giving her much pain across the small of her back. She also suffered from diseases peculiar to women, and had many other aches and pains too numerous to mention. After becoming cured by the physicians of the Catarrh and Dyspepsia Institute, she says:

I am glad to state that I have been entirely cured, as stated, of diseases from which I have been a terrible sufferer.

MISS L. MILLER, 119 Forty-fifth st.

The Catarrh and Dyspepsia Institute is permanently located at 323 Penn ave. They cure Catarrh, Dyspepsia and Diseases of Women. Consultation free to all. Patients treated successfully at home by correspondence. Office hours, 10 A. M. to 4 P. M., and 6 to 8 P. M. Sundays, 12 to 4 P. M. no25-MWFSU

RAILROADS.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD—ON AND after November 10, 1889, trains leave Union Station, Pittsburg, as follows, Eastern Standard Time:

MAIN LINE EASTWARD.

New York and Chicago Limited of Pullman Vestibule daily at 7:15 a. m.

Atlantic Express daily for the East, 3:20 a. m.

Mail train, daily, except Sunday, 5:30 a. m. Sunday, mail, 8:40 a. m.

Day express daily at 8:00 a. m.

Mail express daily at 1:00 p. m.

Philadelphia express daily at 4:30 p. m.

Eastern express daily at 7:15 p. m.

Fast Line daily at 8:10 p. m.

Greensburg express 5:10 p. m. week days.

Derry express 11:00 a. m. week days.

All through trains connect at Jersey City with boats of "Brooklyn Annex" for Brooklyn, N. Y., avoiding double ferriage and journey through N. Y. City.

Trains arrive at Union Station as follows:

St. Louis, Chicago and Cincinnati Express, daily ..... 2:00 a. m.

Mail Train, daily ..... 8:10 p. m.

Western Express, daily ..... 7:45 a. m.

Pacific Express, daily ..... 12:40 p. m.

Chicago Limited Express, daily ..... 9:20 p. m.

Fast Line, daily ..... 11:55 p. m.

SOUTHWEST PENN RAILWAY.

For Uniontown, 5:30 and 8:55 a. m. and 4:25 p. m., without change of cars: 12.50 p. m., connecting at Greensburg. Trains arrive from Uniontown at 9:40 a. m., 12:20, 5:35 and 8:10 p. m.

WEST PENNSYLVANIA DIVISION.

From FEDERAL ST. STATION, Allegheny City. Mail train, connecting for Blairsville ... 6:45 a. m. Express, for Blairsville, connecting for Butler ..... 2:15 p. m.

Butler Accom ..... 9:20 a. m., 2:25 and 5:40 p. m.

Springdale Accom. 7:00, 11:40 a. m., 3:30 and 6:20 p. m.

Freeport Accom ..... 4:15, 8:20 and 11:40 p. m.

On Sunday ..... 12:35 and 9:30 p. m.

North Apollo Accom ..... 11:00 a. m. and 5:00 p. m.

Allegheny Junction Accommodation 8:20 a. m.

Blairsville Accommodation ..... 11:00 p. m.

Trains arrive at FEDERAL STREET STATION:

Express, connecting from Butler ..... 10:35 a. m.

Mail Train ..... 1:40 p. m.

Butler Accom ..... 9:10 a. m., 4:40 and 7:25 p. m.

Blairsville Accommodation ..... 8:02 p. m.

Freeport Accom. 7:40 a. m., 1:25, 7:25 and 11:10 p. m.

On Sunday ..... 10:10 a. m. and 7:00 p. m.

Springdale Accom ..... 6:37, 11:05 a. m., 3:45, 6:45 p. m.

North Apollo Accom ..... 8:40 a. m. and 5:40 p. m.

MONONGAHELA DIVISION.

Trains leave Union station, Pittsburg, as follows: For Monongahela City, West Brownsville and Uniontown, 10:40 a. m. For Monongahela City and West Brownsville, 7:05 and 10:40 a. m. and 4:40 p. m. On Sunday, 1:00 p. m. For Monongahela City, 5:40 p. m., week days.

Dravosburg Ac., week days, 3:20 p. m.

West Elizabeth Accommodation, 8:20 a. m., 2:00, 5:20 and 11:35 p. m. Sunday, 9:40 p. m.

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SOUTHWEST SYSTEM—PANHANDLE ROUTE.—Leave for Cincinnati and St. Louis, d 1:15 a. m., d 7:30 a. m., d 9:00 and d 11:15 p. m. Dennison, 2:45 p. m. Chicago, d 1:15 a. m. and 12:05 p. m. Wheeling, 7:30 a. m., 12:05, 6:10 p. m. Steubenville, 5:05 p. m. Washington, 5:05, 8:35 a. m., 1:55, 3:30, 4:45, 4:55 p. m. Bulger, 10:10 a. m. Burgettstown, 8 11:35 a. m., 5:25 p. m. Mansfield, 7:15, 9:20, 11:00 a. m., 1:05, 6:30, d 8:00, 9:50 p. m. McDonalds, d 4 15, d 10:45 p. m.

TRAINS ARRIVE from the West, d 2:10, d 6:00 a. m., 3:05, d 5:55 p. m. Dennison, 9:30 a. m. Steubenville, 5:05 p. m. Wheeling, 2:10, 8:45 a. m., 3:05, 5:55 p. m. Burgettstown, 7:15 a. m., 8 9:05 a. m. Washington, 6:55, 7:30, 8:40, 10:25 a. m., 2:30, 4:25 p. m. Mansfield, 8:35, 8:50, 11:40 a. m., 12:45, 3:50, 9:40 and 8 6:20 p. m. Bulger, 1:40 p. m. McDonalds, d 6:35 a. m., d 9:00 p. m.

NORTHWEST SYSTEM—FT. WAYNE ROUTE.—Leave for Chicago, d 7:25 a. m., d 12:21, d 1:00, d 8:45, except Saturday 11:20 p. m.; Toledo, 7:25 a. m., d 12:20, d 1:00, and except Saturday 11:20 p. m.; Crestline, 5:45 a. m., Cleveland, 6:10, 12:40 d 11:55 p. m., and 7:25 a. m., via F., Ft. W. & C. Ry.; New Castle and Youngstown, 7:05 a. m., 12:20, 3:45 p. m.; Youngstown and Niles, d 12:20 p. m.; Meadville, Erie and Ashtabula, 7:05 a. m., 12:20 p. m.; Niles and Jamestown, 3:45 p. m.; Massillon, 4:10 p. m.; Wheeling and Bellaire, 6:10 a. m., 12:45, 3:30 p. m.; Beaver Falls, 4:00, 5:05 p. m.; Beaver Falls 8 8:20 a. m.; Leetsdale, 8:30 a. m.

DEPART FROM ALLEGHENY—Rochester, 6:30 a. m.; Beaver Falls, 8:15, 11:00 a. m.; Enon, 3:00 p. m.; Leetsdale, 5:50, 9:00, 10:00, 11:45 a. m.; 1:15, 2:20, 4:30, 4:45, 5:30, 6:15, 7:30, 9:00 p. m.; Conway, 10:30 p. m.; Fair Oaks 8 11:40 a. m.; Beaver Falls, 8 4:30 p. m.; Leetsdale, 8 9:30 p. m.

TRAINS ARRIVE Union station from Chicago, except Monday, 1:30, d 6:00, d 6:35 a. m., d 5:35 and d 6:50 p. m.; Toledo, except Monday, 1:30, d 6:35 a. m., 5:35 and 6:50 p. m.; Crestline, 3:10 p. m.; Youngstown and New Castle, 9:10 a. m., 1:25, 6:50, 10:15 p. m.; Niles and Youngstown, d 6:50 p. m.; Cleveland, d 5:50 a. m., 2:25, 7:00 p. m.; Wheeling and Bellaire, 9:00 a. m., 2:25, 7:00 p. m.; Erie and Ashtabula, 1:25, 10:15 p. m.; Massillon, 10:00 a. m.; Niles and Jamestown, 9:10 a. m.; Beaver Falls, 7:30 a. m., 1:10 p. m.; Beaver Falls, 8 8:25 p. m.; Leetsdale, 10:40 p. m.

ARRIVE ALLEGHENY, from Enon, 8.00 a. m.; Conway 6.40, Rochester, 9.40 a. m.; Beaver Falls, 7.10 a. m., 3.50 p. m.; Leetsdale, 4.35, 5.30, 6.15, 6.50, 7.45 a. m., 12.00, 12.45, 1.45, 3.30, 4.30, 6.30, 9.00 p. m.; Fair Oaks, 8 8.55 a. m.; Beaver Falls, 8 12.30 p. m.; Leetsdale, 8 6.05 p. m.; Beaver Falls, 8 8.15 p. m.

d, daily; S, Sunday only; other trains, except Sunday.

PITTSBURG AND CASTLE SHANNON R. R. Winter Time Table. On and after December 1889, until further notice, trains will run as follows on every day, except Sunday. Eastern standard time: Leaving Pittsburg—6:20 a. m., 7:10 a. m., 8:00 a. m., 9:30 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 1:40 p. m., 3:40 p. m., 4:40 p. m., 5:40 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m. Arlington—5:40 a. m., 6:20 a. m., 7:10 a. m., 8:00 a. m., 10:20 a. m., 1:00 p. m., 2:40 p. m., 4:20 p. m., 5:10 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 7:10 p. m., 10:10 p. m. Sunday trains, leaving Pittsburg—9 a. m., 12:30 p. m., 5:10 p. m., 9:30 p. m. Arlington—9:10 a. m., 12:40 p. m., 4:20 P. m., 6:30 p. m.

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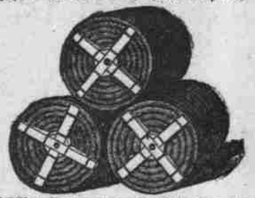

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