

MY COMRADE THOMPSON OR... THOMPSON CUBA LIBRE. By OWEN HALL, AUTHOR OF "THE TRACK OF THE STORM."

SYNOPSIS. The narrator of the story, who has recently spent a year in Cuba, where he has made many friends and fallen in love with a Cuban girl, is engaged by the editor of the Tribune to accompany a filibustering steamer, with a cargo of supplies, to the island. He meets the second mate, one Thompson, at the wharf, on a dark night, and together they board the steamer. The latter starts, and on the voyage Thompson and the narrator become quite friendly. The steamer approaches the Cuban shore at night, and a great confusion of a hurricane. She seeks shelter in a bay, but is surprised and fired on by a Spanish subunit, and making for the beach, receives the full force of the hurricane. The narrator and Thompson are on deck, when land is discovered directly ahead. Thompson warns the narrator that they will strike bottom in five minutes.

PART III. It was a queer sensation—only that, after all, I should have expected to feel very different when I heard that I had only five minutes more to live, for somehow at that time it seemed to strike me as strange that I wondered a little what Thompson could mean by asking me to stick by him, for looking out on that seeming white surface of water, there did not appear to be much chance. Anyhow, he stayed beside me, and there was a feeling of comfort in the sense of company. He grasped the bulwark just in front of me and waited. After a minute or two, during which he was looking fixedly ahead, I saw him begin to unbuckle the thick jacket he had on, and shuffle his feet as if he were loosening his shoes. I comprehended him without the effort of thought, and followed his example. We were standing within a few feet of the bridge, and the ladder was within a few feet of our hands. When he had shaken off his shoes, he turned his head and looked at me. Then he nodded, and pointed to the ladder. My eyes followed his motion; I understood what he meant, again. Then we waited.

I wondered if anybody had told them below. I don't suppose they had, or they would have been on deck, but, after all, it did not seem to matter. Perhaps Thompson had been sent to give them warning, but, if so, he never delivered his message—only stood by me and waited. It was not for many minutes, and I suppose Thompson had really known almost exactly where we were when he said five minutes. It came at last so suddenly that even to me who expected it the shock was terrible. There was a sudden jar that for the moment involved everything in a common confusion. I clung with frantic energy to the stanchion and shut my eyes. I could not close my ears, however, to the wild confused yell that arose from the doomed vessel, in which the crash and creak and snapping of timber and iron was horribly mingled with cries of despairing human beings, and the fierce, triumphant scream of the storm, and the sullen crash of the merciless sea. Even in that moment of terror, I felt somebody grasp me by the arm, and opening my bewildered eyes, I saw that it was Thompson.

"Come!" he shouted, in a tone so wild and shrill, that I heard it above all the pandemonium of sounds, and the next moment I had allowed him to drag me from the bulwark to the ladder which now swung loosely from the wrecked remains of the bridge. I clutched wildly at the ghostly-looking ladder and held on. Another moment, and something struck me; something dark, overwhelming and irresistible. I knew nothing but a sensation of rushing through space; I felt nothing but a



I OPENED MY EYES. wild desire to cling with every energy of soul and body to the frail support to which I had transferred my grasp. There was a hoarse roaring sound in my ears and brain, which gradually died away into silence. I opened my eyes, and to my astonishment it was daylight once more. I was lying on soft, white sand, on a sharply sloping beach, and my head was resting on the breast of a man who lay stretched on the sand fast asleep, with his dark head pillowed on one of his arms—it was my comrade, Thompson. I sat up and looked around eagerly. We were quite alone. Overhead the sky was covered with a wild drift of broken clouds that hurried along in ragged masses, but where we lay it was almost calm. Not twenty yards from where we were, the water broke musically in little waves on the white sand, and moved a number of dark objects that rose and fell on the surface of the little bay. I tried to rise, but found that my limbs were stiff, and that I moved with difficulty. The noise I made woke my companion, who instantly sat up. When his eyes fell on me, I noticed that his face glowed with a look of quick relief, and he muttered something which sounded like Spanish or Latin, though I could not make out the words. In another moment, he had started to his feet and came to my assistance. It all came back to me at once, as he laid his grasp on my arm—nearly the last sensation of which I had been conscious. "The others!" I gasped, looking appealingly to my companion's face. He glanced quickly at the sea and made a slight, but significant motion of his

that he did it like one who felt sure of his welcome, and a hot snout passed through me as I looked—he half turned and beckoned me to follow. I did so like a man in a dream, and in another moment I stood on the well-rendered spot. The water was thrown widely open, and in another instant I caught sight of an arm and a shoulder, and a head bent down, as its owner gazed at something in her lap. "Senorita Margarita," my companion almost whispered in a low tone—yet there was something indescribably sweet in the sound of the first word. To me, at any rate, she had not been "senorita," and my heart bounded at the word, which in a single moment gave me back all I feared I had lost. She started and looked up quickly, and then she exclaimed, springing to her feet, "My good Tomaso, so you have returned." She held out her two hands with the graceful action I knew so well, and my heart bounded again, as I felt that the words expressed friendship, indeed, but nothing more. Friendship stepped forward toward the water. My eyes followed the motion, and there among floating timbers and broken cases I saw a body.

We got that body ashore and buried it in the soft sand, and then there was nothing more that we could do. Contentless, hatless, and shoeless, as we were, it was necessary that we should seek for food and shelter. Thompson said so, and it was so evident that he was right, that I made no demur and we started. The country seemed to be familiar to my comrade, and we soon found our way from the desolate beach on which we had been thrown up, over a wooded ridge, into what had been a cultivated country, now deserted by the inhabitants. My companion explained that, although within less than forty miles of Havana itself, it had been the scene of a rebel raid two months before that. It was evident that there were not many people of the superior classes left, but by and by we succeeded in getting both food and shelter at the house of an overseer, beside a good deal of sympathy as shipwrecked sailors from the negroes.

When, at last, we started to find our way to the capital, we had obtained both shoes and hats, and, in the course of our long two-days' tramp, we were fortunate enough to get substitutes for the coats we had discarded. It was my comrade who thought of an explanation of our appearance on the coast, which he warned me was our only passport to liberty, and from that time he repeated the story of the shipwreck of the schooner Traveler, on our voyage from Kingston to Key West, till both of us were familiar with the characters in which we were to appear, if questioned. In spite of this, we were careful to avoid Spanish guards and patrols, of which there were plenty on nearly every road, and made our walk a good deal longer in leaving the road to avoid the risk of meeting them. The more I thought of it, the stronger had become my feelings of gratitude to my companion, for the efforts he had made to save my life, and I was readily resigned myself to his guidance, only promising myself that, when we reached Havana, I would make some attempt to repay him for his good offices. I had friends there, I said to myself, and I was conscious of a keen sense of delightful anticipation, as I contemplated the welcome which I hoped to receive from at least one person. I am afraid that I went far to reconcile me to the failure of my mission for the "Universe," and to the fate of my unfortunate shipmates. It is marvelous how quickly the future can obliterate the past, especially the future radiant with hope, when set against a backward-glance to the wild confusion of the moment. Thompson was to take me to a place of safety, where he said that friends of his would shelter me for a day or two, till we could arrange, either for my safety in Havana, or for some method of getting away. As we stole through the suburbs, just before moonrise, I could not but feel grateful for the cleverness and care he had taken to insure my safety. It was dark—the soft languorous darkness of an almost breezeless tropical night, when all nature seems to be waiting for the rising of the moon—and I soon began to fancy that even in the darkness I could recognize some of the well-remembered landmarks of the place. War seemed not to have touched it at all, and it would have been hard, indeed, to imagine anything more peaceful than the scene dimly visible in the shadows of the trees. Yet, surely, I knew the place. Another minute, and I was certain of it. We were in the

WHITNEY'S WEEKLY BUDGET OF NEWS

Susquehanna Fishermen See Eels and Turtles. THE STORY OF A NEIGHBORLY FOX. Tragedy at Lanesboro—A Few Snap Shots Along the Railroad—Matters of Interest Concerning the Erie. A Real Horned Snake Appears at Gulf Summit.

Special Correspondence of The Tribune. Susquehanna, Feb. 9.—William Peterson, and Sam Walters were out plicker fishing on the Susquehanna above Lanesboro on Saturday. Their luck was poor, but after line being pulled up and found bare of both bait and fish, approaching the last line they found, on beginning to pull it up, that they had hooked a monster. The struggles of the eel were very strong, but they saw at last only a pound wriggler on the line. Drawing the eel nearer to the surface they nearly fainted in astonishment at seeing on the eel a turtle weighing ten pounds. After a few minutes' deft work, a hoe was placed under the turtle shell and it was laid upon the ice. He had swallowed about six inches of the eel, and preferred to be captured rather than give up his prey.

IN OUR OWN COUNTY. Montrose sighs for a new board of trade, and, incidentally, more factories. Hopbottom will have a district Sabbath school convention on Wednesday. The Hartford Fair will this year be held September 29, 30. North Bridgewater is to have a Methodist church. Somewhere in the United States a Methodist church is built every day.

Joseph F. Foran, an able young lawyer, has removed from Montrose to Forest City. Two Susquehanna county young men are in the county jail for being husbands and not husbands. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen have paid Mrs. Mary Delehanty, of Hallstead, \$1,500 insurance on a wreck in September. Our Congressman Coddling will see that seeds are furnished to persons in the district applying before Feb. 29.

A NEIGHBORLY FOX. While the family of William Finn, of Riverside, near Great Bend, was eating dinner, a few days since, Mr. Finn glanced out of the window and was surprised to see a fox in the doorway. He called out, and a woman, who was in the house, came to the window and saw the fox. She called out, and a man, who was in the house, came to the window and saw the fox. She called out, and a man, who was in the house, came to the window and saw the fox.

A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY. "Twas midnight, Midnight in Lanesboro. A solitary horseman was seen approaching with a jug. Out from behind a lumber pile sneaked a short, dark figure. "Twas the avenger! "Halt!" rang out on the clear night air. The horseman stopped short. For he had been short stop in a base ball club. And the avenger cried: "You stole my crosscut saw!" "You stole my horse!" "You stole my wife!" "My hour of triumph has come!" A terrible thwack broke the stillness—and with a wild cry of despair the horseman fell to his steed and quickly disappeared.

HE NEWS OF THE DAY. The St. Vincent de Paul Society will give a charity entertainment on Thursday evening, February 25. The public school at Hickory Grove first closed on account of an epidemic of whooping cough. Fourteen persons were received into membership in the Presbyterian church on Sunday. Lincoln and Carter's "Fast Mail" is the Opera House attraction February 27. The Opera House management on Friday evening requested ladies to remove their hats. Two young ladies complied.

The Binghamton District Ministerial Association will hold a meeting in the Oakland Methodist church, March 1st and 2d. Railroad Snap Shots. "Stop, conductor; I've lost my hat!" yelled a passenger yesterday. "How long ago did you lose it?" asked the conductor. "Fifteen minutes," was the reply. "Lucky that you spoke so soon," said the conductor as the train backed up half a mile. Roadmaster Van Frank, of the Susquehanna Division of the Erie, has resigned.

There is a floating rumor that the Montrose Railway will be extended to Binghamton. A large amount of Erie repair work is being sent to the Baldwin locomotive works in Philadelphia. What an effect will this have upon the Susquehanna shops next summer? The general report of the Erie Railroad company for December, 1896, the first month of the reorganized company's fiscal year, shows gross earnings, \$2,356,611, a decrease as compared with the corresponding month in 1895.

Having no desire to involve others in my misfortunes, were I not disabled I would prefer to fight alone, as I have done for seven years. But being silenced this is not possible. And while I am thus helpless I submit to the judgement of all fair-minded persons that the judges, in awarding a \$100,000 verdict against me, were not a wise one; yet I cannot so regard it. While the choice will strip me of profession and property, it will leave me my honor and my manhood. Having no desire to involve others in my misfortunes, were I not disabled I would prefer to fight alone, as I have done for seven years. But being silenced this is not possible. And while I am thus helpless I submit to the judgement of all fair-minded persons that the judges, in awarding a \$100,000 verdict against me, were not a wise one; yet I cannot so regard it. While the choice will strip me of profession and property, it will leave me my honor and my manhood.

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Several other things. Late advices from Africa are to the effect that the natives have fasted upon seven missionaries. Here is a chance for those Dundaffite missionaries to fill a vacancy—in the cannibals. A Dundaff correspondent writes that Farmer Rimor, owner of the alleged gold mine over there, is pestered almost to death with young fellows who desire to marry into the family. Flood, Sharon, Mackey, O'Brien, and all the other bonanza kings, had just such troubles. Wealth and greatness have their drawbacks.

Editor More, of the Great Bend Plaindealer, offers as an inducement to a delinquent subscriber to "write up" to write a real decent obituary when he dies. A deposit man claims to have seen a reversed rainbow and a sun dog in the sky. He had better try a milder brand.

TUESDAY'S TWITTERINGS. A man with a graphophone in a town yesterday. You can get a good imitation of the instrument by hiring a Scranton man to go down cellar and sing a song or two. A Starucca hunter went out upon the mountain on Monday in search of game. Running short of ammunition, he placed a few carpet tacks and an open jack-knife in the gun. By the discharge the gun the hide of the fox was cut off and tacked on the side of a barn.

Officers of a Susquehanna county church informed their pastor last Sunday morning that they had voted him an increase in his salary of \$100. The pastor declined, on the ground that it took him half his time to collect his present salary, let alone an increase.

A touching story of tender love comes to us from a village a few miles from Susquehanna. A beautiful young lady became engaged to a bright young mechanic. Ten years ago he went west, but she never forgot him. She ignored all advances from scores of suitors, and patiently awaited his return, feeling confidence in his keeping true to her. So the years passed, and even a few gray hairs began to show themselves among the black tresses of the girl. Her friends no longer pitied but ridiculed her for refusing all advances from other desirable suitors. Lately her fidelity was rewarded. The lover of her girlhood has returned from California, and is now a millionaire, with a wife and twins.

IN A LINE OR SO. Susquehanna will have a shirt factory within two weeks. The Methodists of Gulf Summit have organized a society and will endeavor to erect a church. Since the opening of the Borough Woodyard, scores of turnpike sailors are giving Susquehanna the grand go-by.

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE. CURES AND PREVENTS. Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Influenza, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Swelling of the Throat, Lumbago, Inflammations. RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, FROSTBITES, CHILBLAINS, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, ASTHMA, DIFFICULT BREATHING. CURES THE WORST PAINS IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES. NOT ONE HOUR AFTER READING THIS ADVERTISEMENT NEED ANY OTHER MEDICINE. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A SURE CURE FOR Every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs, was the first and is the ONLY PAIN-REMEDY.

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, such as inflammation, and cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Stomach, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Stomach, Cholera, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure so many Aches and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

Radway & Co., 55 Elm Street, New York.

SPRING HATS AT CONDOR'S. THIS IS NO JOKE. ON THE LINE OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC R'Y. are located the finest fishing and hunting grounds in the world. Descriptive books on application. Tickets to all points in Maine, Canada and Maritime Provinces, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Canadian and United States Northwest, Vancouver, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Ore., San Francisco.

First-Class Sleeping and Dining Cars attached to all through trains. Tourist cars fully fitted with bedding, curtains and specially adapted to wants of families. Rates always less than via other lines. For further information, time tables, etc., apply to E. V. SKINNER, G. E. A., 283 Broadway, New York.

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THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg.



of \$28,824; operating expenses \$2,030,494; an increase of \$45,170; net earnings, \$565,177, a decrease of \$72,904. A REAL HORRID SNAKE. Science knows nothing about hoop snakes, foot snakes, sting snakes and such like critters, but there is an old settler or two in every neck of the woods who has fought his weight in such varmints more than once. All the same, Albert Hopper, of Gulf Summit, can tell you all about a species that goes directly contrary to everything that snakeologists ever read about. He is the owner of the end of a snake's tail which is tipped with a perfect horn about six inches in length. Mr. Hopper keeps this curiosity carefully preserved in a jar of alcohol.

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THE LEADER 124-126 Wyoming Ave.

We are receiving daily all the latest novelties in black and colored silks, printed foulards, black and colored dress goods, foulards, dimities, dress trimmings, buttoned, buckram, belts, neckwear, etc., and invite inspection. Our entire stock of winter goods of every description must be sold out within the next three weeks, no matter how great a sacrifice we have to make. We make it a rule never to carry over goods from one season to another.

Silks and Dress Goods. 15 pieces pure silk Foulard, 24 inches wide, 50c. quality. Our Price, 49c. 250 yards Black China Silk, 24 and 27 inches wide, 50c. quality. Our Price, 35c.

Embroideries, Laces, Etc. 10,000 yards Swiss, Nainsook and Cambric embroideries, bought at 50 cents on the dollar, we have now on sale, price range from 3 cents a yard to 20 cents. We have just put on sale a complete line of 25-cent Swiss embroideries for infants' dresses, all over embroidered, 10c. each. These goods are worth fully 25 per cent. more. 150 pieces checked muslin, all size checks and plaids, 12 1/2c. kind. 100 dozen pure linen towels, 12 1/2c. kind. Our Price, 8c. 25 pieces 10-4 bleached sheeting, cheap at 12 1/2c. Our Price, 9 1/2c. 5,000 yards dress ginchams in short lengths running from 2 to 12 yards, 10c. quality. Our Price, 8c. 5c. a yard.

Ladies' Dress Skirts. 50 ladies' figured brilliant skirts, lined throughout, velvet-lined. Our Price, 98c. 20 ladies' figured brilliant skirts, very fine quality, newest patterns. Our Price, \$1.59. Infants' Wear. 30 dozen infants' long and short dresses, embroidery trimmed, worth 50c. Our Price, 25c. 25 dozen children's lawn dresses, fancy trimmed, sizes 1, 2 and 3, worth 40c. Our Price, 30c. Men's Furnishings. 25 dozen men's laundered negligee shirts, collars and cuffs attached, new styles, well made. Our Price, 49c. 100 dozen men's new spring neckwear in necks, four-in-hand and club house ties. Our Price, 25c.

Special Sale in Kid Gloves. 75 dozen four-button kid gloves, with heavy crown, in tan, blue, brown and red, usually sold at \$1.00. Our Price, 69c. 50 dozen ladies' real kid gloves in four-button or two-clasp, in tan, red, brown, black and white, with heavy black embroidery, every pair warranted, former price, \$1.25. Our Price, 89c.

JAMES MOIR, THE MERCHANT TAILOR. Has Moved to His New Quarters, 402 Lackawanna Avenue. Entrance on side next First National Bank. He has now in a Full Line of Woolens. Complimenting everything requisite for the Merchant Tailor, and the same can be shown to advantage in his splendidly fitted up rooms.

A SPECIAL INVITATION. In Extended to All Readers of The Tribune to Call on "OLD RELIABLE" in His New Business Home. REVIVO RESTORES VITALITY. Made a Well Man of Me. THE GREAT 30th DAY. FRENCH REMEDY produces the above results in 30 days. It is a powerful and quickly acting agent when all other fails. Young men will regain their lost manhood, and old men will recover their youthful vigor by using REVIVO. It quickly and surely restores Nervousness, Loss of Vitality, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Lost Power, Failing Memory, Watery Discharges, Headache, Stomach, Cholera, Colic, Flatulency, and all internal pains. It not only cures but prevents the return of the disease, and is a sure cure for all cases, but is a great nerve tonic and blood purifier, bringing back the pink glow to pale cheeks and restoring the fire of youth. It wards off insanity and consumption. Based on having REVIVO on hand, it can be carried in your pocket. By mail, \$1.00 per bottle, or six for \$5.00, with a postal note. Money guaranteed to cure or refund the money. Circular free. Address: 807 1/2 N. P. CHICAGO, ILL. For sale by MATHEWS & BROS., 121st St., Scranton, Pa.

NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA, PITTSBURGH, HARRISBURG, BALTIMORE, WASHINGTON, AND FOR PITTSBURGH AND THE WEST. 10.15 a. m., week days, for Hazleton, Pottsville, Reading, Norristown, and Philadelphia; and for Sunbury, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and for Pittsburg and the West. 3.15 p. m., week days, for Sunbury, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and the West. 3.15 p. m., Sundays only, for Sunbury, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, and Pittsburg and the West. 6.00 p. m., week days, for Hazleton and Pottsville. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass. Agent. S. M. PREVOST, General Manager.

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RAILROAD TIME-TABLES

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD SYSTEM. Anthracite Coal Used Exclusively. In Effect Nov. 15, 1896. TRAINS LEAVE SCRANTON. For General, Reading, and New York via D. & H. R. R. at 6.45, 7.45 a. m., 12.05, 1.20, 3.33 (Black Diamond Express) and 11.30 p. m. For Pittston and Wilkes-Barre via D. & H. R. R. at 6.00, 8.00, 11.30 a. m., 1.55, 3.40, 6.00 and 8.47 p. m. For White Haven, Hazleton, Pottsville, and principal points in the coal regions via D. & H. R. R. at 6.45 a. m., 12.05 and 4.41 p. m.

For Bethlehem, Easton, Reading, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations via D. & H. R. R. at 6.45, 7.45 a. m., 1.20, 3.33 (Black Diamond Express), 4.41 and 11.30 p. m. For Tunkhannock, Towanda, Elmira, Ithaca, Geneva and principal intermediate stations via D. & H. R. R. at 6.00, 8.00, 9.55 a. m., 12.20 and 3.40 p. m. For Elmira, Ithaca, Geneva, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Chicago and all points via D. & H. R. R. at 6.45 a. m., 12.05, 3.33 (Black Diamond Express) and 11.30 p. m. Pullman parlor and sleeping on Lehigh Valley cars on all trains between Philadelphia, Harrisburg and New York. Philadelphia, Harrisburg and Suspension Bridge. ROLLING STOCK. Gen. Supt., CHAS. S. ELLIOTT, Gen. Pass. Agt., Phila., Pa. A. W. NONNEMACHER, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., South Bethlehem, Pa. Gen. Station Office, 209 Lackawanna Avenue.

Del., Lacka. and Western. In Effect Monday, October 19, 1896. Trains Leave Scranton as follows: Express for New York and all points East at 1.40, 2.50, 5.15, 8.00 and 9.55 a. m.; 1.10 and 3.23 p. m. Express for Easton, Trenton, Philadelphia and the South, 5.15, 8.00 and 9.55 a. m.; 1.10 and 3.23 p. m. Washington and way stations, 2.45 p. m. Taylorstown and way stations, 6.10 p. m. Express for Binghamton, Harrisburg, Mount Morris and New York, 1.10 and 3.15 p. m., making close connections at Buffalo and all points in the West, Northwest and Southwest. Bath accommodation, 9.15 a. m., Binghamton and way stations, 1.00 p. m., Nicholson accommodation, 1.15 p. m., Binghamton and Elmira Express, 5.55 p. m. Express for Utica and Richfield Springs, 2.45 a. m. and 1.55 p. m. Ithaca, 4.30 and Bath 9.15 a. m., and 1.55 p. m. For Northumberland, Pittston, Wilkes-Barre, Plymouth, Honesdale and Danville, making close connection at Northumberland for Williamsport, Harrisburg, Baltimore and New York, 1.10 and 3.15 p. m. Northumberland and intermediate stations, 6.00, 9.55 a. m., and 1.55 and 6.00 p. m. Nanticoke and intermediate stations, 11.20 a. m., 1.10 and 8.47 p. m. Pullman parlor and sleeping coaches on all express trains. For detailed information, pocket time tables, etc., apply to L. Smith, city ticket office, 225 Lackawanna Avenue, or nearest ticket office.

Central Railroad of New Jersey. (Lehigh and Susquehanna Division). Anthracite coal used exclusively, insurance, cleanliness and comfort. TIME TABLE IN EFFECT JAN. 25, 1897. Trains Leave Scranton for Pittston, Wilkes-Barre, etc., at 8.20, 9.15, 11.30 a. m., 12.45, 2.00, 3.45, 6.00, 8.15, 11.30 a. m., 1.50, 2.15, 7.10 p. m. For New York, 8.20 a. m., 12.45 p. m., 8.20 p. m. Express with Buffet and Elizabeth, 8.20 (express) a. m., 12.45 (express) with Buffet and Elizabeth, 3.45 (express) p. m., Sunday, 2.15 p. m. Train leaving for New York arrives at Philadelphia, Reading Terminal, at 6.22 p. m. For Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton and Philadelphia, 8.20 a. m., 12.45, 3.45, 6.00 p. m. (Philadelphia) p. m. For Long Branch, Ocean Grove, etc., at 8.20 a. m. and 12.45 p. m. For Lakewood, 8.20 a. m. For Reading, Lebanon and Harrisburg, via Allentown, 8.20 a. m., 12.45 p. m. For Pottsville, 8.20 a. m., 12.45 p. m. Return to Scranton at 10.45 a. m. Liberty street, North River, at 9.10 (express) a. m., 1.10, 3.40, 6.15 (express) with Buffet car, 8.15 p. m., Sunday, 4.30 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, Reading Terminal, 9.00 a. m., 2.00 and 4.30 p. m., Sunday, 6.25 a. m. Through tickets to all points at lowest rates made. Call on Ticket Agent for advance to the ticket agent at the station. H. P. BALDWIN, Gen. Supt. J. H. OLHAUSEN, Gen. Supt.

DE LA WARE AND DUBLIN. On Monday, Nov. 23, 1896, a train will leave Scranton as follows: For Hazleton—5.45, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45 a. m.; 12.00 noon; 1.21, 2.20, 3.20, 4.20, 5.20, 6.20, 7.20, 8.20, 9.20, 10.2