Nothing more to ask for my own peculiar share, So now I have time to rejoice when God's gifts fall And ch! I am learning now, what before I never had known. How another's joy may be sweeter far than a treasured one of my own.

No love now to claim, but so much the more to give, And I know the store will grow more and more every day that I live; I must pour it out on all the weary and sinful and I ask none back, for the simple gift is enough to make me glad,

Nothing more to hope while my journey here shall But my heart leaps up in thankfulness though my earthly dreams are past; My spirit reaches forward now, there is nothing lies The eye of faith and the glories of the land of the

Perhaps some day when I'm weary. I shall think of myself again, And loneliness may fill my heart with a selfish weardown,
To point my gaze from the cross I bear, to the bright and starry crown!

## EPISODE IN AN EDITOR'S LIFE.

I am an editor; and one bitter cold morning, a few days before Christmas, in the year 18-, I sat as usual at my desk. Among the heap of manuscripts I was daily compelled to examine-many of them des-ultory, untidy, and unstitched, defiant of spelling, subversive of grammar, and with neither beginning, middle nor end-was one written on the softest cream-laid French white paper, in a childish lady's hand, on lines which had been carefully erased afterward. It was a little story of no great litcourse full of italie:

STREET, DUBLIN, DEC .- , 187 -. DEAR Mr. EDITOR-I send you a little story. I am EMILY ----

Then came the address and the signature. The writing of the note was less neat and regular than the manuscript, But there was the same fragrance of dainty youth

I held it a long time in my hand. I am an old man, at all events middle-aged, perhaps something more. My beard is gray, my hair is gray, too. I have no doubt, to the jeunesse dores whom I occasionally meet I wear the look of Dickens' patriarch, but my heart is younger than my appearance. Little distillations came, or seemed to come, from the paper I held. Had I been a Foster or a Home I might perhaps have divined the writer; but, certes, it was with no common feeling of interest that I sat down and wrote my answer to the note. I returned the manuscript, but I wrote gently and ten-derly. I gave it as my hope and my opin-ion that, with a little more care and study, the youthful writer would achieve a success. I even promised to print that identical manuscript if it were a little revised or corrected, and I pointed out how it might be made available. I opened the window of my den after I had written my note. The weeds piercing through the flags below had a less dreary look than they had ever had before; a gleam of sunshine shone on them, and their frosty verdure berrowed something of Picciola brightness from it. I posted my letter and manuscript to the ad- your kind, indulgent, thoughtful note. dress named, and went home, wondering if had written that ab urd little story, for I ever I should hear from the writer again. had sadly wanted a little money to pay for

too timid to reply.
On Christmas Eve I was asked as usual to dine with an old friend of mine at St. John's Wood. He was a married man, with a pleasant, comely wife, and several small children, male and female. We dined en petit comite.

"The children are not coming down to dinner," said my hostess, "for they are going to give us a surprise afterward."

I bowed and was delighted, both at the anticipation of pleasure to come, and of the privation for the first time of considerable present annoyance. I need not say I was then a bachelor. When we went up stairs after dinner, we found the folding doors which divided the front from the back room

They were opened after a while. The Christmas hymn was sung, and a German tree of the most brilliant splendor was revealed; on its branches were hung gifts worked and embroidered by the children for their parents. The three little girls and twelve yards six inches in girth, and yet their governess had done it all. While my friend and his wife were

embracing and thanking the children, I from the ground it divided into five limbs, had time to notice the governess. She was very young, almost a child herself. A mass of bright hair was gathered up in great waves at each side of her head and fastened in a loose, thick loop behind.

The bright curls were so arranged as to reveal the ear. The ear and cheek were. I veal the ear. The ear and cheek were, I has low stems, growing like fruit trees, fall in standard value. should rather say they are, like those painted by Leighton in his "Painter's Honeymoon."

Need I say more of their ravishing loveliness? But the pretty blue eyes looked as if leeven; those of younger growth far expiness of these old.

Neglect and caselessness deteriorate clothing a great deal faster than steady wear does. The housekseper who, instead of changing her nice dress when she passes from the street or the church to her kitchen, leave the saw of these old.

Neglect and caselessness deteriorate clothing a great deal faster than steady wear does. The housekseper who, instead of changing her nice dress when she passes from the street or the church to her kitchen, leave the saw of these old. been recent tears, for the eyelids were somewhat swellen. She was not sad, however, ference. Under one of them was erected an for she played on the piano for the children altar were the clearly of Tripolic and the sweeping and cooking will seen as it of all and for me, their old god-father, to dance to, and she joined with us in a game of blind man's buff. When the children retired, she retired also.

"What a charming person," I said. "She is most excellent," said my friend. "Although she is so young, Miss - is the bread provider of her family. Her father and mother have, according to the cant phrase, seen better days; in fact, they are people of good birth, and once had a good fortune. They have a son and daughter; the son is a fine fellow, also. Both the son and the daughter give the greater part of trees of much larger dimensions than those their earnings to their parents; but the governess, she is only seventeen (my children are so young they do not require a prim regular governess), does more with [Correctly Spelled From His New "Cook Book."] though none of them had been made above her salary, mediocre as it is, than her brother can do with his hard work. He is clerk in a bank."

"And she helps him also, I suppose." "I dare say she does, but I have never inquired, for she is full of reticence and reserve on these points. I only know she would set up all night and work like a horse all day to help both her parents and her brother. She is going home to-morrow; but he, I fear, can not afford the expense of the journey. The parents live now in Scot-

"Could we not help him?" I said, bash-

My friend smiled. Both brother and sister spent Christmas at home. My good fortune threw me a good deal after this with my friends' governess. Must I say that from that Christmas Fve I was

never heart whole? The following Easter we were engaged, and before the Christmas Eve which followed we were married. What an aim and a hope

my lite has now acquired! We have a little suburban house, and I leave my wife every morning to pursue my editorial labors, and return every evening. forgetting my work and my worries, know-ing that the sweetest heart and the fairest

face I have ever known await me in my modest but happy home. I never heard again from the author of the manuscript which had so much interested me; and, truth to tell, had never thought of her since that Christmas eve Two or three years have passed since then, and we have two babies. Such babies! I will not rhapsodise: show of babies in the world.

a picture it is-the pink toos, and the dent | singular impression.' manhood could be typified thus!

ing a scrathy, scrawly, manuscript, and heads and faces are very striking. fumbling over it in desparation, for the tiresome person who had sent it had by some ingenious carelessness muleted it of its last page, my thoughts flew far and wide, and plain, the pretty manuscript of the youthful writer who had sent me no more was re-

Unconsciously the manuscript I held faded from my mind, and the other was the lower part of the face is small as compresent with me. I wondered what had become of her-had she written any more-

where, and how was she? possessed with this memory. I was so happy myself that I felt for all who seemed to have | is rich liquid brown, the expression singularly care and struggle in their lives. I took out | soft, and the eyelashes long, silky, and erary merit, but there was an aroma of the address to which I had written before, abundant." youth and of sweetness in every line. There | and wrote to the unknown a few lines, I was a promise in it. It was like the light said that time had passed (five years almost). most cases is thin and light enough to show in the sky before the sun had risen on a that the yorthful inexperience which had the changes of color in the cheek. The teeth fine day—an omen, a portent of sunshine prevented the paper she had sent from are small, regular, and very white: the and warmth, but no more. I put it down being accepted must now be corrected, and incisors and "eye-teeth" are not the as if I had touched the petal of a rose. There was a tiny scented note beside it—of that I should be glad and willing to see any—of thing else she had written, if she had written nathism, and the fold of integument which

anything since then. Within a few days I had an answer. The writing was in a feigned hand, quite unlike pression, and aspect are European rather only sixteen, and papa and mamma do not know | the round, hesitating, girlish hand I remem-

I smiled at the romantic fervor of this reply, and a faint desire arose that my wife

As I went home, I confess I looked about for a woman with a rose in her hand, but, as might naturally be supposed, neither in cabs nor omnibuses did such an apparition mani-

As I entered my own door I gave an impatient shrug at the idea of having been the see standing within the threshold of my youth crowning her with a triple crown. and in her hand was a rose!

"Dear husband," she said, as I kissed her. "I think I loved you from the moment I had With that, however, all thoughts of the Gerald's return home at Christmas, to be manuscript passed away. The author was with papa and mamma, and I had a foolish notion I could write.'

"And you were disappointed, my pet. What a savage I must have seemed!" "No; I felt how foolish I had been, and I cried heartily, but I thought you good and kind all the same. And Gerald got home, too, and we had a happy Christmas after

I kissed her. "But are you never going to write a story for my magazine again?" "I do not know," she said, archly.

"Meanwhile, you can write ours, if you

Cedars of Lebanon.

[Health's Gilpin's Forest Scenery.] Maundrel tells us that when he traveled into the East, a few of the old cedars of Lebanon were still left. He found them among the snow, near the highest part of the mountains, "I measured one of the largest of them," says he, "and found it sound, and thirty-seven yards in the spread of its boughs. At about five or six yards each of which was a massive tree." A later traveler, Van Egmont, who visited the scenes of Mount Lebanon, seems also to limbs, resembling substantial trees, each suitable may keep them in good condition race, as we may well suppose the best were occasionally taken first. If Solomon's botanical works had still been preserved it is probable we should have met with which either Maundrel or Van Egmont measured.

Josh Billings' Wisdom. The man who gets bit twice by the same a year. They were spotted, draggled, dog is better adapted for that kind of busi- tumbled. mussed, abused. We knew anness than any other.

There is a great deal of religion in this world that is like a life-preserver, only put on at the moment of immediate danger and then half the time put on hind side before. Experience is a school where a man learn: what a big fool he has been.

The man who doesn't believe in any hereafter has got a dreadful mean opinion of himself and his chances. There are two kinds of fools in this world -those who can't change their opinions and | cuffs suggested dainty habits of cleanliness.

A good doctor is a gentleman to whom we pay a visit for advising us to eat less and exercise more. Out in the world men show us two sides

to their characters; by the fireside only one. The world is filling up with educated fools-mankind read too much and learn too Every man has his follies and oftentimes

A STRANGE RACE.

The Ferocious-Looking Aborigines Four on a Japan Island.

In her recent work, "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan," Miss Isabella L. Bird gives some pictures of the Ainos, or aborigines of the island of Yezo, Japan. "After the yellow but if rosy flesh, and round contours, and skin, the stiff horse-hair, the feeble eyelids, lovely limbs can be called beauty, my girl the elongated eyes, the sloping eyebrows, the any my boy would win the prizes in any flat noses, the sunken cheeks, the Mongolian show of babies in the world.

Their mother is always playing with of the men, the restricted totter of the them. She often puts her delicate, slender women, and the general impression of dewhite hands under my baby girl's foot, and the baby makes believe to stand on it What Japanese, the Ainos," she says, "make a very

in the round little ankle, and the pearly in- All but two or three that I have seen are step, harmonize, yet contrast so vigorously the most ferocious-looking of savages, with a with the taper fingers and the blue-veined physique vigorous enough for carrying out white of the flower-like hand. It is like a the most ferocious intentions, but as soon rose-bud laid on a white camellia. She then as they speak the countenance bright and parcels piled up on shelves to await holds up the baby-girl to me, and I kiss it ens into a smile as gentle as that of a woman, owners. The man who has charge of it before I go. My two-year-old boy tottles something which can never be forgotten. knows pretty well the contents of each, and after me and gives me his chubby little The men are about middle height, broad-hand to hold till I get to the door. And so chested, broad-shouldered, "thick-set," very Yesterday, when a woman entered his we live. I could not help as I sat at my strongly built, the arms and legs short, domain and said she was look labors a few days ago, recalling the picture thick and muscular, the hands and feet large. sachel, he promptly replied: of motherly beauty and womanly leveliness | The bodies, and especially the limbs, are | "Very well, madam. We will begin our I had left at home. How I wished all wo- covered with short, bristly hair. I have search in division 'A.' Were both handles seen two boys whose backs are covered with off your satchel, the bottom partly ripped As I walked up and down the room read- fur as fine and soft as that of a cat. The off and a red woolen rag sticking out of the

"The oreheads are very high, broad, and prominent, and at first sight give one the impression of unusual capacity for intellectual development; the ears are small and by some association I can not attempt to ex- set low; the noses are straight but short, and broad at the nostrils; the mouths are wide but well formed, and the lips rarely show a tendency to fullness. The neck is short, the cranium rounded, the cheek bones low, and pared with the upper, the peculiarity called a jowi being unknown. The eyebrows are full, and form a straight line nearly Every moment I became more and more across the face. The eyes are large, tolerably deep set and very beautiful, the color

> "The skin has the Italian olive tint, but in conceals the upper eyelids of the Japanese is never to be met with. The features, ex-

anything about it, but please tell me if it be worth bered. The words were, however, as sweet puid for it. It is not for myself, though, but I wan: anything about it to be printed; I want to be printed; I want to be puid for it. It is not for myself, though, but I wan: and innocent as the first had been. The noney to give to my dear little brother a nice thick, soft, black hair, divided in the middle, "Yes sir." It is so good of you to reprember me, but I and falling in heavy masses nearly to the do not write any more. 1 am so bappy. 1 shoulders. Out of doors it is kept from falling have a dear, kind, good, noble husband. over the face by a filet round the brow. [Oh, these womanly exaggerations, I thought, The beards are equally profuse, quite magas I sat in my educorial chair ] And such nificent, and generally wavy, and in the darling babies! I wrote, for I wanted to case of the old men they give a truly patrihelp my dear ones, but they have been better helped by others than I could ever have hoped to help them. God has given them a better friend than I could be. If you the masses of hair and beard and thick eyemers, and we must be particular. Please go seek to know me, you shall do so. If, when you go home, you see a woman with a rose in her hand, hold out yours. You will know erated by the exceeding sweetness of the erated by the exceeding sweetness of the smile, which belongs in greater or less degree

to all the rougher sex. "I have measured the height of thirty of and the writer of that letter should know the adult men of this village, and it ranges each other, and then I went on with my from five feet four inches to five feet six and There is a pair of shoes with half the buttons a half. The circumference of the head aver a half. The circumference of the head aver ages twenty-two and one-tenth inches, and with the fingers out, and——" the arc, from ear to ear, thirteen inches. The average weight of the Aino adult masculine brain, ascertained by measurement of Bino skulls, is forty-five and ninetyhundredth ounces avoirdupois, a brain weight said to excel that of all the races, subject of a foolish jest. But whom did I Hindoo and Mussulman, on the Indian and I shall tell the old man who relieves me plains, and that of the aboriginal races of at noon that a boy will come for it. That's home? My darling, with her fair, child-like India and Ceylon, and is only paralleled by all-good-bye-hope you'll find your bagface and bright hair; love, and joy, and that of the Himalayas, the Siamese, and the gage." Chinese Burmese."

> Before the Daybreak. Before the daybreak shines a star That in the day's great glory fades; Too flercely bright is the full light That her pale-gleaming lamp upbraids.

Before the daybreak sings a bird That stills her song ere morning light; Too load for her is the day's stir, The woodland's thousand-tongued delight.

Ab! great the honor is to shine
A light wherein no traveler errs; And rich the prize, to rank divine Among the world's loud choristers.

But I would be that paler star, And I would be that lonelier bird; To shine with hope while hope's afar, And sing of love when love s unheard.

The Care of Clothing,

Concerning the fashion of clothing and the various fabrics of which it is made. information is full and frequent. Very litclothing, and the ways in which it may be preserved for the longest time and in the best possible condition. To those who change their garments with every change of style this is a matter of slight importance. but to those who purchase a silk dress or a broadcloth suit only once in a series of years it is a matter of interest and value. Silks, cashmeres, cloths of a standard style and quality, are very little affected by the various currents of fashion. They hold their own through all the years, and are always "stylish," always suitable. When new

cedars were four or five fathoms in circum- keeps it on and takes it with her through altar, were the clergy of Tripoli and the sweeping and cooking will soon rob it of all neighboring convent of Massurki sometimes | its nicety, while she who wears her fine celebrated mass. From this tree spread five | clothes only in places where fine clothes are being about 100 feet in length, and for an indefinite time. To dress according inserted into the main trunk about fourteen | to one's work is good taste, good sense and or fifteen feet from the ground. These are | conomy. The careful person will take noble dimensions, though it is probable that | pains to preserve a new calico no less than a the best of the trees n. w left upon Mount new silk. We knew a young lady once who Lebanon are only the refuse of the ancient put on a nice new calico which she had taken great pains to make, and wore it through the morning dew to milk her cows. To keep her arms from being soiled or tanned by the sun, she declined to turn up the sleeves of the dress. In two days the nice new calico looked like the rest of her dresses, dowdy, slatterly, unclean. We knew another young lady who had six silk dresses, and not one of them was fit to wear,

other young lady who was the fortunate possessor of one nice black alpaca dress which she wore on all occasions the season through, and always appeared faultlessly dressed. She had no work to do that would specially soil her clothes. If a stray drop of anything that could make a spot fell upon her dress it was at once removed. All dust was brushed off. a sponge dipped in ammonia water bright. ened faded places, and snowy collars and

The care of clothing to be easy must be habitual. The hardest part is in forming the habit, and this can not too early in life be formed. Most children love to make mud pies, and play in the dirt generally, and give little heed to keeping themselves clean, This is all well enough at times, and they should be indulged in their mud pies, provided they are dressed for the work. But it is "poor-folksy" in the last degree to they are the most interesting thing he has got.

It is poor-lossy in the last degree to allow a child to play in the dirt with nice clothes on, or to permit a young person to dress inappropriately while at work. It is

to put on a pair of overalls than it is to sponge thoroughly a pair of pantaloons: But the worst of it is that those who neglect to change the coat and to put on the over-

alls, neglect, also, the sponging and cleaning processes, and let dust spots remain.
A clothes-brush, a wisp-broom, a bottle of ammonis, a sponge, a hand-brush, a cake of erasive soap, a vial of alcohol, should form a part of the furnishing of every toilet. After all dust has been removed from clothing spots may be taken out of black cloth with a hand-brush dipped in a mixture of equal parteo f ammonia, alcohol and water. This will brighten as well as cleanse. Benzine is useful in removing grease spots.

Her Lost Baggage.

[Detroit Free Press.] Down in the Union Depot there are a thousand carpet-bags, sachels, grab-bags domain and said she was looking for a lost

"No, sir."

weeks. The first thing on top is a red wig and a pair of blue stockings.'

"That isn't mine, sir." "Just so. Belongs to some poor soul who can't be happy without it. Here's a sachel which bears your description, but it can't be yours. The principal contents are a bottle of poor whisky, an old hat and a dime novel Can't belong to you nohow?"

"No, sir. "Well, here's another bundle. I should say by the feel that it contained two night-caps, a volume of poetry and a set of false frizzes. Do you identify it?"

"No, sir. I don't." "Does this sachel resemble yours?"

"Any familiar marks about it?" "Yes, several." "Did your sachel contain a package of sixteen love letters, each one leading off with: 'Dear Ben,' and closing with 'your own dar-

"No, sir-no sir-that isn't mine." "This one isn't yours, either, because it contains a cucher deck and some faro chips. Now look up there. Third one from the BLACKSMITHS

"Glad of it." Can you describe the con

"Yes sir. The first thing on top 15 a-"Yes, I know-a pair of stockings with holes in the heels. They belong to your sister,

"The next thing is a-a-"

"An old corset with a shoe-string for a lace perfectly correct. Please describe the next

"That isn't mine at all!" "Oh, it isn't, eh? Well, I'm sorry."

"I don't believe mine is here, and you needn't go to any further trouble."
"Very well. I shall go to dinner in half an hour. I place this sachel in this corner,

When he returned at 1 o'clock the sachel

Mrs. Louise Malcolm, of Brooklyn, writes to the New York Sun in this way: "I sail for Europe in search of health for my only child, a boy of ten years of age, who is suffering, I am afraid, from an incurable lung disease caused by a severe blow from the hand of his school teacher, a lady, in one of the private schools of Brooklyn. The blow was between the shoulders, and of course injured lungs are always delicate. It was inflicted for the merest trifle-leaving his seat to pick up his slate pencil without permission from the autocrat of the recitation room. He is all I have in this world, and I could not do so without asking if the Sun, which has so much influence, can not do something to protect innocent little children from the assaults of their inhuman instructors. The poor little fellows get blows enough from ignorant, bad-tempered parents. If I have to return without my boy, I shall certainly tle, however, is said about the the care of take strong measures to have the teacher put where she can make no other mother child-

## SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

GETHSEMANE COMMANDERY, K. T., No. 9.-Regular communication second Tuesday of each month; hall in Judah's Block, opposite Court House.

E. M. Jones, Recorder. H. A. ROGAN, E. C. ALPHA CHAPTER No. 23.—Regular communication rst Tuesday in each month; hall in Judah's Block. CHAR. E. BAILEY, Secretary. E. M. JONES, H. P.

Ladles Court. Union Court No. 1.—Regular communication first and third Monday evenings of each month; hall in Judah's Block. MRS. CORNELIA TOWNSEND, M. A. M. LEAR COURT No. 11 -Regular communication sec-

Independent Sons of Honor. Longs No. 2.—Regular communication first Mon-day night of each month; hall in Griffith's Block. THOS. RUDD, President. JOHN PRESTON, Secretary.

Longe No. 15. - Regular communication first Tues-day night of each month; ball in Griffith's Block. JOHN WIL-ON, President, MR. WALKER, Secretary. Independent Daughters of Honor. Long No. 2 .- Ragular Communication first Wednesday night of each month; hall in Griffith's Block. ELLEN SPAULDING, President.

ED. ELLIS, Secretary. Sons and Daughters of Morning. Regular communication first and third Wednesday evenings of each month; at American hall.

MRS. ELLEN ROBERTS, President. H. O. MEDLIN, Secretary. United Staters of Friendship. St. Marr's Temple,-Regular communication first

Monday evening of each month; hall N. E. corner feridian and Washington stree's MRS, PATSY HART, W. P. Mrs. MARY OUSLEY, Secretary. WESTERN STAR TEMPLE, No. 11 .- Regular commu ication 1st and 3d Wednesdays of each month. MRS. EMMA MIITCHELL, Worthy Princess.

MRS. HATTIE STAFFORD, Secretary. DEBGRAR TEMPLE No. 3, of U. S. of F .- Regular communication second Wednesday and fourth Wedmesday evenings in each month; hall N. E. corner of Washington and Meridian street.

MISS SALLIE GALLITON, M. W. Prince. MRS. FARKIR JOHNSON, W. Secretary for 1880.

Lincoln Union Lodge No. 1,486.—Regular com-munication first and third Mondays of each month; hall 85 and 87 East Washington street. H. C. TURER, N. G. SAMUEL SPENCER, P. Secretary. Household of Ruth. No. 31 .- Regular communication first and third Wednesdays of each month; hall 85 and 87 East Wash

Odd Fellows.

Ington streets. H. A. ROGAN, President.
JOHN WILLSON, Secretary. Juvenile Knights of Bethlehem Meet the 1st and 4th Tuesday evenings in each month, at No. 120 Columbia Street.

MRS. M. DICKERSON, Worthy Mother.

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Bonnet strings are fringed, beaded, tasseled or shirred and lace-trimmed at the poor one than it is to restore to its pristine ends.

It is and 3d Friday in every month at the seled or shirred and lace-trimmed at the condition a soiled coat. It is vastly easier

Meet 1st and 3d Friday in every month at the south Celvary Church, corner of Morris and Maple ends.

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American Doves.
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MRS. KITTY SINGLETON, President. MRS. MARY OUSLEY, Secretary.

Sisters of Charity. Regular communication first Tuesday of each month at Bethel A. M. E. Church.

MRS. REBECCA PORTER, President.

MISS RUTH BEASLY, Secretary.

Good Samaritans. JERICHO, LODGE NO. 5, G. O. G. S .- Regular communication, second and fourth Thursdays of each month; hall No. 361/2 West Washington street.

BAZIL EWING, W. P. C. S. J. BLATLOCK, W. F. S.

Magnolia Lodge. No. 4, D. of S.—Regular communication first and third Thursdays of each month; hall No. 361/2 West Washington street. Mrs. SAINT CLARE, W. P. D. MRS. KATE JOHNSON, D. of R.

Sons and Daughters of Morning Star Longe No. 7.—Regular communications first and third Fridays in each month, in American Hall, West Michigan street, Mas. LUCY ANN MARTIN, President.

MRS. MATTIE WELLS, Fecretary. Sisters of Bethiehem. "No, sir."

"Ah! then I missed it. Let's see: Here's lar communication every second and fourth Tuesday in each month; hall in Yohn's Block, corner of Meridian and Washington streets.
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EASTERN POINTS.

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C. C., C. & I. R. W. This Train Leaves Indianapolis as Follow

4:15 A. M. TRAIN arrives Muncie, 6:22 a. m. Union, 7:25 a. m.; Sidney, 8:45 a. m.; Bellfountaine, 9:28 a. m.; Crestline, 11:47 a. m. Arrive at Cleveland at 2:2) p. m.; Buffalo 7:50 p. m. Niagara Falls, 9:50 p. m; Binghampton, 4:35 a. m. Rochester, 11:03 a. m.; Albany 6:10 a. m., arriving at New York City at 10:30 a. m. and Boston at 2:25 p. m.

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Train leaving Indianapolis at 11:35 A. M. arrives at Frankfort, 4:45 P. M.; Wabash, 6:13 P. M.; Ft. Wayne 7:25 P. M.; Toledo, 10:18 P. M.; Cleveland, 1:45 A. M. Buffalo, 7:35 A. M.; New York City, 10 P. M. Train leaving Indianapolis at 6:10 P. M., arrives at Legansport at 11:02 P. M.; Valparaise 4:20 A. M.; South Bend, 2:25 A. M.; Mishawaks, 2:35 A. M.; Elkhart 3 a. M.; Ka'amazoo 7:30 a. M.; Grand Rapids 10 Train leaving Indianapo'is at 11:10 p. m. (daily) arrives at Chicago via Kokomo, at 7:05 A. M.; Fort Wayne, 6:25 A. M.; Toleco, 9:50 A. M.; Cleveland, 2:20 p. M.; Detroit, 1:30 p. m.

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N.Y. & Bo.Ext. 4:15 am
Union Acc...... 6:45 am
E.,G.,M.&I.Ex 12:25 pm
Dayt.&Col. Ex.11:85 am
Union Acc...... 8:45 pm
N.Y. & B. Ext. 7:15 pm
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Cincinnati, Indianapolis, &. Louis and Chicago Railroad. CINCINNATI DIVISION. O. & St.L. F.Lt. 4:15 am Cincin. F.Mail 7:26 am C.ast. L. Mail 2:10 pm Western Ex... 5:35 pm C.ast. L. Mail 2 6:00 pm C.ast. L. F.L. 10:55 pm Peo. & Bur. Ex.. 7:40 am Chicego F. Lt... 3:50 am Chi. Maii p..... 12:25 pm Lafayette Ac...11:00 am Western Ex.... 6:50 pm Chicago Mail... 2:50 pm C. & B. F. Lt rc. 11:20 pm Evening Ac... 5:40 pm

Indianapolis and St. Louis. Indiana, Bloomington and Western.
Pacific Ex....... 7:45 am Atl. Ex. & Mail. 5:40 pm
B. & S.I. Extec. 11:00 pm East & S. Ex.... 4:10 am
Ohampaign Ac 7:00 pm Cincinnati Sp. 12:3) pm
K. & T. Spec.... 1:15 pm

C., I., St. L. and C., and Lake Eric and Westers. Immediate connections at Lafayette. .Lafayette. 8:20 am Hoopeston 6:18 am

.Paxton. Bloomington 4: 0 a a Mail & Cin.Ex. 4:15 am Mail .... 5:50 pm Western Ex... 10 4 pm

Mi. & CairoEx. 7:30 am Vincennes Ac. 10:45 am Vincennes Ac. 4:10 pm Mi. & CairoEx. 5:35 pm Indianapolis, Peru and Chicago. 

Jeffersonville, Madison and Indianape-South'n Ext.... 4:2) am Ind.&M. Mail...: 0:00 am Ind.& M. Mail...: 0:00 am Ind.& M. Mail...: 20 am Ind.& M. Mail...: 20 am Ind.& M. Mail...: 20 pm Ind.& M. Mail...: 20 pm N. Y&N. Fl. Ext 6:2) pm Evening Ex P. 6:10 pm St. L.&C. L Lt...: 10:50 pm

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