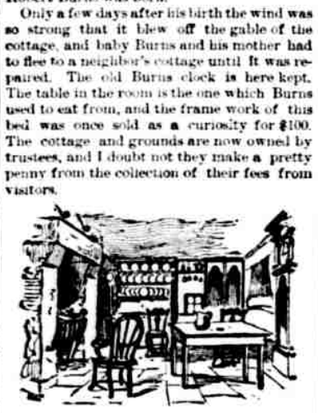

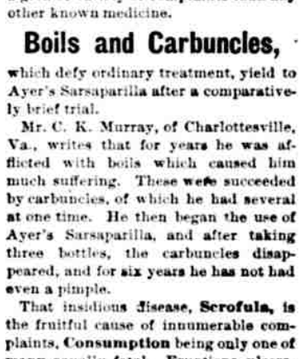

IN THE SALT SURF.

PRENTICE MULFORD WRITES ENTERTAININGLY OF HIS EXPERIENCE.

Clinging to a Life Line Till One is Pounded Black and Blue—The Better Way Is to Master the Surf and Make It a Plaything.

[Special Correspondence.]

SIASCONSET, Nantucket, Sept. 5.—In surf bathing possibly you cling on to a line where you are pounded and banged black and blue with each incoming breaker, and your arms strained and twisted from holding to it the full weight of your body when swept off your feet. If you can swim at all and have the least bit of confidence in your ability to keep yourself afloat beyond your depth, you are much safer and certainly much more agreeably situated when just outside the curl of the breaker as it tumbles in shore than when you place yourself under or against the mass of falling water, to be knocked down, tumbled about and half strangled with sand and salt water. Once having learned the "knack" of keeping yourself outside the tumble of the wave as it breaks, you will be surprised and delighted at the ease with which you can sustain yourself on a surf running pretty high. You find then the threatening breaker a plaything and not a terror. You are lifted up high in the air within a few feet of the shore and within a foot from the curl of the wave as it makes its final break, yet with scarcely any effort you keep outside the tumble and meet the next surge, which kindly lifts you on its back and lets you down into the deep, watery hollow. So now you may see any day gentlemen and ladies riding the waves off Siasconset beach, and the Atlantic ocean comes in here with more of a boom than at Rockaway.

The "undertow" won't carry you far out to sea. The "undertow" will carry you only a few feet from the shore. The "undertow" is simply the wash or backward flow of water off the incline of the beach, and its strength is proportionate to the steepness of such inclination. Its strength is all gone when it meets the deeper water a few feet from the shore. On our ocean shores you will generally find a tide or current setting along the coast or parallel to it one way or the other, and if you will watch a chip or board thrown just outside the breakers you will see that it floats along shore, but does not go out to sea, and your body will, in the same situation, float in the same direction if you will let it alone.

Some ocean beaches like this at 'Sconset shelve downward or deepen suddenly at a few feet distant from the water's edge. Where the waves break they pound or dig a trench of varying depth, according to the strength of the mass of water constantly falling like a hammer on one spot. Just inside or inshore of this trench the rush of back water from the spent wave, or "undertow," is greatest, while outside of it there is hardly any such rush of water at all. If you are even swept off by an "undertow," and find no bottom for your feet to touch, and you cannot swim, I think any good swimmer will agree with me in telling you to extend your arms as widely apart as possible, letting them lay like two fins or flappers on the water's surface. Keep cool, or as cool as you can, and don't begin to fluster or kick or struggle, for so sure as you do your head will go under water. The less you do with your body the better. The more composed and calm your breath the better. If a bit of water does wash over your head, let it wash. Your head will come out again. Any swimmer can keep himself on the water's surface with the merest play of his hands or feet, providing he doesn't want to get ahead, and I think you can do the same thing if you will only make yourself think you can before going into the water. It's scare and consequent struggling that drowns people, as much as water. The human body almost floats through its own buoyancy, and the easier and gentler the motion of your fins the easier it floats.

When on your feet lean your body up against the undertow when it is running back from the beach. Thus you brace up against being swept off by it. If you lean in the same direction it is running, as most people at first involuntarily do, you are putting your own weight and muscle in the scale against yourself and helping the water sweep you off.

Lean your body the other way, or out to seaward, when you see a billow coming. Don't wait for it to come and curl over, but step out and meet it before it curls and tumbles. Then instead of being knocked down and rolled over and over, you will be ever so gently lifted by it off your feet and possibly set upon them again. If you stand in water up to your shoulders, you may not when the billow has passed by find bottom with your toes. Then spread your arms and keep still. Or, if you are in a surf up to your waist and you see a billow coming as high as your head, jump up just before it reaches you. Then half its force passes under you. When you dive through one of these advancing masses of water, you oppose only a few inches of your body to its force. When you stand up or try to run from it you are opposing the whole of your body to it, and the more surface you give for it to operate on, the bigger the bang it will give you.

I do not imply that these suggestions will make a skillful surf swimmer. There is a "knack" of coping with the breakers and eventually becoming almost as much at home in them as a fish, which can come only of practice and that certain indescribable intuition or self teaching process, whereby one becomes the expert dancer, the expert marksman, the expert rider, the expert in anything, and it is a sense which no person can completely give another; no more than you can give me an ear for music, if I am an owl—or if I, being an owl, can give you the ability to see a mouse in the grass at night. Stick to the determination to get this knack and you will get it, and you will not then be obliged to stand clinging to a line cowering and cringing, the scorn of each incoming wave as it kicks you contemptuously out of its way.

Of course there is danger to inexperienced people from a heavy undertow, and when they find themselves being carried off by it they generally do all they can by their struggles and movements, without aim or object, to bring about a bad result, as all of us are apt to do in periods of fright. But the undertow is not an interminable unending current stretching so far out to sea. Its whole force is spent a few feet from the shore, just as the force of a mill stream is spent after it has rushed through the sluice, and the same water appears in the quiet pond below. To get the best of a dangerous thing we want to know as nearly as possible what it is and what it isn't.

There are a few very able and very pretty girl swimmers here, who handle even heavy breakers, either on or off shore, almost as gracefully as a seal or porpoise, and whose red capped heads may be seen by the watchers on shore rising and falling, appearing and disappearing in a surge where even a 'Sconset fisherman would require all his strength and skill to land a "dory" safely. I hope there may soon be more like them, for feminine strength, agility and grace combined give a tenfold charm. Possibly you may have noticed that good swimmers are always of symmetrical proportions. Indeed, the human body won't swim well unless the joints and muscles are where they ought to be and shaped about as they ought to be. And again, bathing or swimming if persevered in has a tendency to bring the human frame into its proper shape and reduce corpulency, especially bathing in salt water, for the boys of my boyhood who were in the salt water about one-fourth of their waking hours from June to October, became very lean kine, and our anxious mothers by August would tell us we were getting "poor as crows" from so much sea soaking.

I don't expect any one to drown either in the attempt to follow these suggestions. The best security against drowning is to make up your mind before going into the water that you won't drown, and then clinch that resolution by making up your mind not to get flurried under any circumstances and lastly by resolving that if you can't swim you will swim, and not leave this mundane sphere without realizing the luxury of tossing about among the breakers like a feather and at the same time commanding them, or rather finding them out as kind, strong friends, ready and willing to bear you up and minister to your pleasure.

PRENTICE MULFORD.

MARY JANE'S TRAVELS.

She Writes from Chamounix—Fair, Sweet Chamounix.

[Special Correspondence.]

CHAMOUNIX, Savoy, Aug. 19.—I believe I have confessed once or twice, during our summer rambles, to ignorance of certain things, which are apparently so simple that every one should know them. Well, I am come for confession again. The day we came to Chamounix, I wrote a Swiss postal card full of wise and witty observations on the trip from the last station, and took it to the hotel letter box to mail. Just as I was going to drop it in, the hotel porter stopped me.

"What's that for?" said I, sharply.

"'Tisn't the right kind of a post card, ma'am," said he, politely.

"It's two cents' worth," said I, "and that's the rate to America."

"Yes, but it is a Swiss card, and Chamounix is in France, and not Switzerland."

"How stupid of me," said I, with true fashionable womanly grace, "to get my French cards mixed with my Swiss ones and not notice it. I'll just have to write another for my carelessness," and with a smiling "Thank you," I left him and hied me to my room to stop Dickey from doing what I had done, and waste another card. I don't know whether the porter believed the card story or not, because so many people had done what I had that he had put up a sign on the box reading "France," but I know I didn't believe it, and even now I can't think of "Chamounix, sweet Chamounix," as anything else but a part of Switzerland.

Well, we have crossed the Alps! I may say we have crossed them twice—once via the Simplon pass and again via the Tete Noir—and crossing the Alps is no small undertaking, when you come to consider that it has to be done by diligence or char-a-banc or mule a back, or some other method of the Joachim period, and it is all up hill and down hill. But I know what a real mountain is now, and I am satisfied. For years I have been anxious to see a mountain which in some degree approached my ideal, but I never could find one. They all lacked the stupendous grandeur I sought, and with each recurring mountain brought to view came added disappointment. The morning we started over the Simplon I told Dickey I supposed we would have the usual experience, but when the diligence ran along slowly up the narrow defile of the Gondo gorge, and the mountains began to rise almost perpendicular above us, I felt that possibly what I sought might be found here. I waited and watched, and at one turn in the road my dream came true. Far, far above me, until it gave me the toothache in the back of my neck to look to the summit, rose a peak, 1,000,000 feet up it looked like, and hanging almost over me. The trees dwindled away into little bunches of evergreen and finally disappeared; but the peak ran on upward to a bare and rocky point—a very Alpine splinter to pick the teeth of the clouds. It is well said by the guide book that the Gondo gorge is the grandest in the Alps, and if in the world there be other scenery like it I don't care to see it, for I know when I've got enough. In the afternoon we had reached an altitude of 6,600 feet; the air was bleak and chill, and the snow, in banks, lay along the roadside, but over beyond where the sun could reach the earth, the Alpine rose painted the rocks a rich deep red, and the harebell nodded its pretty blue head to the fluttering gold of the primrose.

Up the road to the summit of the pass we saw telegraph poles of stone, the first I had ever seen. The driver or conductor couldn't speak English, and I could not ask him why they used such material, but for the benefit of others who may come over the Simplon, I will venture the opinion that they are of stone, so they won't freeze off in winter. Somebody, a newspaper man, I think it was, told me it got so cold at the Hospice that the smoke from the chimneys froze every night and choked up the flue, and that the monks dragged it out and chopped it up for fuel.

Dickey believed this yarn, but I didn't, and merely repeat it to show you that a man is as unreliable in other walks of life as in making love to the girls.

Switzerland is a charming country, and at every hotel we have stopped at we have had honey for breakfast. The Switzer may forget grace at breakfast, but he does not forget honey, and Swiss honey is as sweet and pure as the air it grows in.

I believe in one of my previous letters I called attention to the fact that it was the exception to find a house in southern France or Italy which had any eaves to speak of, and at the same time I think I offered a chromo to any subscriber who would tell me why it was so. Nobody has answered the question up to date and I'll take the chromo myself. I have discovered the why, in Switzerland, namely, to wit: These Swiss houses are built with such excessively extensive eaves that they exhaust the entire continental supply and all the other houses have to go without. Of course many persons will doubt this statement, but they won't unless they have never seen the Swiss houses, and until they do see them they are not competent to sit in judgment. In some cases they are so wide that a set of hinges might be put in and the eave let down like an old fashioned table leaf, to serve as an extra thickness of wall in cold weather.

These are the first frame houses we have seen, too, excepting those temporarily erected along the coast between Marseilles and Genoa since the earthquake, and we feel just a little as if we had struck a mountain region in our own country.

At this point Dickey suggested that I stop writing and go with her to make a snow man on the glacier adjoining our backyard, and I think I will. She remarks en passant that a snow man in summer is an excellent variety of sweetheart, because he is in such a melting mood.

MARY JANE.

An Age of Typewriters.

I believe the time will come when the local of a paper will all be done on the typewriter. The paper will have one or more shorthand men in the office and the reporters, when they come in, will reel off their accounts to one of these clerks, who will afterwards write it out on the typewriter and leave the copy to be corrected on the reporter's desk. One of these shorthand men will be at the telephone and will have the receivers of the instrument over both his ears after the fashion of earmuffs. This will leave his hands free and everything that comes in over the telephone will be taken down in shorthand, and in the intervals worked out on the typewriter. If the reporter is some miles away from the office he will step to the nearest telephone and relate his story. This will be a great saving in time and travel. The paper could then get along with fewer reporters, and the night editor, having all the manuscript before him in type written form, could more accurately estimate the quantity of matter it would make when set up. The next generation will be an age of typewriters, and the old fashioned method of pen writing will gradually become a lost art.—Luke Sharp in Detroit Free Press.

Their Admission Tickets First.

Bridget—Miss, dere is two ladies wants to see you.

Miss—Well, I hope you invited them into the parlor.

Bridget—No, miss, I tought I hab better brung you de tickets fas'.—Detroit Free Press.

Unhealthy Confinement.

"Hello, Smith, you look pale and thin. Been ill?"

"I've been confined to my room for just a year. This is the first time I've been on the streets for twelve months."

"What was the matter with you?"

"Nothing. But my attorney couldn't make the jury think so."—Champion City Times.

A Useful Preparation.

"What are you studi'n' in school now, Johnny?" inquired Mrs. McGudley of her nephew.

"We just got a lesson in physics today."

"Dear! dear! ain't that nice! 'Specially for you, Johnny, 'cause I allus thought your taste kind of run to medicine."—Merchant Traveler.

WHERE BURNS WAS BORN.

A VISIT TO THE TOWN OF AYR AND KIRK ALLOWAY.

How Scotland Peddles Out Her Great Sights—Scott for a Shilling and Burns for a Tuppence—The Burns Cottage as It Is—A Look at Bonnie Doon.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Sept. 5.—Not long ago I paid a visit to Ayr, where the Poet Burns was born, and took a look at Mosgiel, where he afterward owned a farm. Ayr is a thrifty town of about 10,000 people.

It is full of business and it apparently thinks its men of today fully as great, if not greater, than the poet who has given it an international reputation. It still contains the old Tam O'Shanter inn, where it is said Robert Burns used to drink with Souter Johnny, and I took a glass of ale on the second floor of this in a low ceilinged room, the rafters of which were smoked with the dirt of generations. The landlord told me that he had many guests who wanted to take a drink here because Burns had immortalized the place, and I found his ale good, though heady.

The birthplace of Robert Burns was not in the city of Ayr, but in a little low one story thatched hut lying on the edge of the road about two miles away. A few shillings paid a bright eyed Scotch boy to drive me to it in a one horse buggy, and the road led through the cultivated farms and pretty bits of scenery along the river Doon, which Burns has immortalized in his song. The house is of the rudest description, and it is what is known in Scotland as an "auld clay biggin." One has to almost stoop to enter its front door, and before he gets further he has to pay a fee of tuppence to the keeper of the turnstile, which stands there in the way. It is a disgrace to Scotland that every one of its sights are charged for in this petty way. If you want to see a noted monument you pay four cents to get to it; if you enter the St. Giles cathedral at Edinburgh to see where John Knox preached, it costs you six cents, and if you want to see where Walter Scott lived and worked at Abbottsford, it will cost you a quarter.

BIRTHPLACE OF BURNS.

The sights are, of course, worth the money, but this measuring fame by dollars and cents is peculiar, and it takes the enthusiasm out of one to see great heroes charged for at a penny apiece. The birthplace of Burns shows the intense poverty with which he had to contend throughout his whole life. There are only two rooms in the house outside of those used as a barn or stable, and Burns was born in the kitchen. The room is said to be the same now as it was that cold January day in 1759, when he first saw the light. It is low, and its floor is of cold, broken flagstone. There is a fireplace at the left, where the family cooking was done, and at the back of the room in some shelves set into the wall is a collection of plates and china of old patterns. Two chairs and a table constitute the furniture and the bed is made in a deep ledge in the wall at the left. It was in that bed that Robert Burns was born.

Only a few days after his birth the wind was so strong that it blew off the gable of the cottage, and baby Burns and his mother had to flee to a neighbor's cottage until it was repaired. The old Burns clock is here kept. The table in the room is the one which Burns used to eat from, and the frame work of this bed was once sold as a curiosity for $100. The cottage and grounds are now owned by trustees, and I doubt not they make a pretty penny from the collection of their fees from visitors.

INTERIOR OF THE COTTAGE.

It is only a stone's throw from the cottage to Kirk Alloway, where occurred the famous dance of the witches which Tam O'Shanter saw after his drunken frolic. The old church is a brown stone shell, covered with ivy, and with the grass growing in its interior. The graveyard, in which it is situated, is on a terrace above the road, and a ragged old Scotchman, with an accent as old as the mossgrown graves, shows the visitors about and points out the objects of interest. I greased his hand with a few coppers and he repeated poem after poem of Burns to me. He had them by heart, and sang them off with a slight nasal twang which is indescribable. He pointed through the broken windows to where Tam O'Shanter looked in when he saw the devils dancing, and took me over to the "Auld Brig o' Doon," over which Tam rode with the devils after him. He told me that the old Kirk was 360 years old, and pointed out the graves of Burns' father and mother.

KIRK ALLOWAY.

The Burns monument at Ayr is within a few yards of this River Doon, with its beautiful banks and braes which Robert Burns loved so well. It is of stone and cost about $16,000. It has beautiful grounds around it. A gatekeeper exacts an entrance fee of six cents before you are permitted to come into it, and you pay your second money tribute here. The room which lies under the nine Corinthian columns which form the monument contains many relics of Burns, and a girl presides over these and sells at the same time photographs of Burns, napkin rings with pictures of the cottage upon them, and other mementoes of the place.

My guide was a very loquacious young man, and he talked of Burns during the whole of the journey as though he had known him intimately. He told me how he used to plough these fields as a boy of 14, and how he got just $100 for his first volume of poems.

BURNS' MONUMENT.

He told stories of his drinking, and said he supposed it was not so bad for a poet to get drunk as for an ordinary man. On the way back he said he would show me the only descendant of Burns yet living in Ayr. This was, said he, an old woman who was in comfortable circumstances, and whom we would see sitting at a window in a cottage by the roadside. As we drove back he actually did point out an old lady who sat and knitted at a second story window, and solemnly assured us that this was the lady in whose veins flow the blood of Burns. Whether he told the truth or not I do not know.

THOMAS J. TODD.

A SILHOUETTE

Taken Against the Twilight Sky at Asbury Park.

[Special Correspondence.]

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Sept. 5.—It was on a pavilion at Asbury Park. Time, twilight. The band was playing "In the Gloaming;" the waves were rolling in with wails, whose mournful music everybody could feel and nobody could translate into words. Lovers walked slowly by on the wide board walk or sat together leaning over the railing looking into the water as though trying to read there the future they wished to realize. Groups of persons sat silent, resting their nerves with the splendid strength of the sea. Others chattered and laughed in apparent oblivion of the wondrous voice which moaned unceasingly at their feet.

Somebody moved a chair quite close to me. Looking up from my deep sea reverie I saw in the twilight a fresh, young face and a trim little figure in a brown jacket and straw hat.

"Good evenin'," she said in the sweetest, but most uncultivated of voices. "Ef you don't mind, I'll set down here beside ye, 'cause you're alone and so'm I."

I made room for her and assured her that I "didn't mind."

The gates of reserve once open, she rattled on, hurrying to tell everything she thought worth telling.

"It's the first time I ever was here," she said, "an' I'm goin' to stay till September. I live in ——. That's 104 miles from here. I like it here first rate. My cousin she wanted me to go and stay all summer with her. She said I'd be lonesome here, but I wanted to come. It's nice to her house, too. There's five girls in the fam'ly and a teckinboy."

"I beg pardon. Five girls and—what?" I inquired.

"A teckinboy." And the fresh, guileless face turned up toward mine in surprise.

Still I did not understand.

"Why, a teckinboy, to be sure. Didn't you never hear of a teckinboy? A boy they took to raise, ye know."

Then it came into my mind that "taken boy" was the term she aimed at. In the vernacular of her native neighborhood that is probably the correct name for the person she described as "a boy they took to raise."

"They're gettin' so they don't like him very well, either. I don't like him myself. My cousin Clara is engaged; been engaged fur a good while. Him and her write to each other all the time. He don't live where she does. I don't care much for gentlemens. I like nice ladies best."

"You are very young," I said. "I fear that nice ladies will not always content you."

"No; I reckon they won't," quite seriously. "But I'm nearly 19, and you talk about anybody bein' young, why, you can't be more than 22 or 23 yourself!"

I felt flattered, and had a notion to hug her. The twilight was fading into night every minute, which accounted for her innocent and sincere flattery, but I did not think of that at the time. I merely surrendered myself to the sweetness of it. The cold chill of reality strikes us soon enough after any flight into the ideal. I knew it would catch me before I got back to my hotel; but I would not encourage it to come any sooner.

"I'm hard to suit in men," she went on, setting her little red lips together with a determination which said very plainly that none but the best need apply.

"What kind of gentlemen do you admire?" I inquired.

"Oh, I want them nice and smart and good looking."

"And rich?"

"No, I don't care whether they're rich or not. I'm more perticklar to hev them smart. There's one at home who's been payin' attention to me. He's nice. He wants me to write to him. But I think he ought to write first. Don't you?" And here a gurgle came into her voice, half pleasure, half doubt.

I refrained from giving a direct opinion.

She rattled on: "He was to see me the Saturday night before I left. He said: 'When are you goin', Caroline?' 'On Wednesday,' I said. 'Well, I hate to see ye go,' he said. 'Dew ye?' I said. And then he laughed." Again the gurgle, which evidently came with all pleasurable reminiscence.

Looking at the water for several minutes in silence, she said, "I wonder what makes it go so?"

I did not undertake to explain the mystery of the tides to this virgin mind.

"I don't see how it ken go so," she continued in a perplexed tone.

Then she spoke of silk dresses and told how much hers cost and how it was made. But, on the whole, her mind ran rather to events than clothes. She was more inclined to see the world than to figure in it. Asbury Park was the world to her. Everything was interesting, everything glorious, and beyond it and beyond the summer lay her future in which the young man who "hated to see her go" loomed up in dreamy, ideal interest.

Her ignorance was not only bliss to her; it was sweetness to others. It saddened me to think of the things she did not know and yet must learn in this life or some hundred others.

I went to my hotel, leaving her at the pavilion, and saw her no more; but I shall remember her as a bit of untutored sweetness pleasant to have met.

G. G.

Approach of Autumn.

The Autumn days are drawing near,
The dying glories of the year,
When time unveils the ripened sheaves
And sunset dyes adorn the leaves.

A clearer blue now paints the skies,
As through the trees the wind sprite sighs,
While farther southward swings the sun,
And coal's a dollar more a ton.

—Boston Budget.

What's in a Name?

A New York stationer got out an envelope listed as "Bismarck brown" in color, and not a package could be sold. He changed it to "Lincoln brown," and the color became popular at once. The moral is: Patronize home industry.—Detroit Free Press.

RAILROAD TIME CARD.

Pittsburg, Cincinnati and St. Louis Railway Company—Pan Handle Route.

Under schedule in effect January 30, 1887, trains leave Springfield, central standard time for Xenia, Cincinnati and Columbus, *7:15 a. m., for Dayton †7:15 a. m. for Xenia and Indianapolis †10:20 a. m. for Xenia, Cincinnati, Columbus, Indianapolis and Chicago, *3:25 p. m.; for Xenia, Dayton and Cincinnati, †5:10 p. m.

Trains arrive in Springfield at †7:15 and *10:20 a. m., †5:00 p. m. and *6:40 p. m.

*Daily. †Daily, except Sunday.

SAM. DODDS, Ticket Agent.

Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati and Indianapolis Railway.

GOING EAST.

8 Night Express	*1.20 am
12 New York & Boston Express	*9.50 am
2 Cleveland & Eastern Express	3.45 pm
4 New York Limited Express	*9.45 pm

GOING SOUTH.

9 Night Express	*2.30 am
27 Spg., Cin. & Wes. Ex	5.55 am
1 Cin. Flying Buckeye	*7.35 am
29 Cincinnati & Indianapolis Express	11.00 am
3 Cleveland & Cincinnati Express	1.30 pm
5 Cinti., Ind., St. Louis & Kan. Ex	*4.35 pm

ARRIVE FROM EAST.

9 Night Express	*2.20 am
1 Cin. Flying Buckeye	*7.35 am
3 Cleveland & Cincinnati Express	1.30 pm
New York, Boston & Cincinnati Ex	*4.35 pm

ARRIVE FROM SOUTH.

Night Express	*1.25 am
32 Dayton, Springfield Accom. fr't	8.55 am
12 New York & Boston Limited	*9.50 am
2 Cleveland & Eastern Express	3.45 pm
26 Cincinnati & Springfield Accom	5.30 pm
44 New York Limited Express	*9.45 pm

No. 12 has through sleepers to New York and Boston without change.

No. 4 is the famous limited express, composed entirely of sleepers, east of Cleveland. Through sleepers from Springfield. Makes New York in 20¾ hours and Boston in 24¾ hours.

D. B. MARTIN, G. P. A.

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TRAINS LEAVE GOING EAST.

No. 4. New York Limited, daily	10:28 a. m.
" 2. Accom., daily except Sunday	3:59 p. m.
No. 8	10:14 p. m.
" 12. Atlantic Ex., daily	2:10 a. m.

TRAINS LEAVE GOING WEST.

No. 3. Cin. & St. Louis Ex., daily	2:10 a. m.
" 1. Accom., daily except Sunday	10:07 a. m.
" 5. St. Louis Ex., daily	3:59 p. m.

No. 4 has sleepers, but no change of cars in either case through to New York. No. 5 has through sleepers to St. Louis.

Free hack to trains to all points east of, and including north Lewisburg.

For tickets to all points and further information, call on J. D. PHELGER, Agent, 72 Arcade.

Telephone call 310.

Indiana, Bloomington and Western Railway.

ARRIVE FROM NORTH.

1 Cincinnati Express	*1 00 a m
3 Sandusky and Springfield Ex	9 25 a m
3 Columbus Mail	4 20 p m

ARRIVE FROM EAST.

1 Night Express	*1 45 a m
5 Chicago, St. L. & Kan. City lim	6 55 a m
7 Sandusky Mail	10 35 a m
3 Chicago, St. L. & Kan. City Ex	*5 05 p m

ARRIVE FROM WEST.

2 Eastern Express	*1 20 a m
4 Atlantic Mail	*9 45 a m
6 New York Limited	4 25 p m

DEPART GOING NORTH.

2 Lakeside Express	*2 45 a m
4 Put-in-Bay Express	10 45 a m
5 Springfield and Sandusky Ex	5 35 p m

DEPART GOING EAST.

2 Columbus Express	*1 45 a m
4 Atlantic Mail	*9 55 a m
8 Columbus Accommodation	6 30 a m
6 New York Limited	4 35

DEPART GOING WEST.

1 Night Express	*2 05
5 Chicago, St. L. & Kan. City lim	7 00 a
3 Chicago, St. L. & Kan. City Ex	*5 15 p m

Ohio Southern Railroad.

ARRIVE FROM SOUTH.

3 Bainbridge Accommodation	9 40 a m
1 Mail and Express	4 30 p m

DEPART GOING SOUTH.

2 Mail and Express	10 25 a m
4 Bainbridge Accommodation	5 35 p m

All trains marked * run daily; all others daily except Sunday. Standard time, which is 28 minutes slower than Springfield city time.

WM. HEFFERMAN, Ticket Agent.

D. H. ROCHE, General Agent.