SPORT IN WEST VIRGINIA.

A Vast Wilderness Where the Locom tive is Never Heard.

BEAR, DEER AND CATAMOUNTS IN ABUNDANCE. BUT THE WILD TURKEYS FURNISH THE MOST FUN-HOW THEY ARE HUNTED-FISHING IN THE MOUNTAIN STREAMS.

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No eastern state (save possibly northern Maine) can afford as good sport with rifle, shotgun or fly hook as West Yirginia. In its center lies an area as big as all Mussachusetts, where the game-scaring noise of the locomotive is never heard. A large part of this area, to be sure, is well settled (in spots) and is traversed by a network of roads, but half of it lies up among the rampart-like cloud-bearing ridges of the Alleghanies, or amid the rough foot hills that border them, where extensive farming is out of the question.

Such a condition of things makes the region a natural game preserve, the wilderness har boring the wilder beasts and birds, while the clearings favor an increase of small birds and

humbler game. The earliest settlers were hunters and trappers, quite as much as farmers. In those days bison and elk wandered all over these mountains, and the last buffalo in this state was not killed until 1815 and the last alk five years later. These and the beaver are elk five years later. These and the beaver are irrevocably gone, but bears and wolves, panthers and wildcats, foxes, deer, small game and birds remain, and no man can fail of sport if he cares to seek it, by canoe or horseback, at a little distance from the reilman. little distance from the railways. Sometimes, indeed, the game comes to him. It is a common incident on West Virginia railways for a train to chase a deer a long distance, the paniestricken animal striving to the last instant to outdistance its terrible pursuer, and frequently paying with its life for its reluctance to jump



PLATFORM SHOOTING. In winter they often come out into the roads

and are shot or caught in somebody's dooryard. I heard an old miller relate, with most ludicrous pantomime, how he had seized a buck by the horns and held his head down by main strength, while it kicked about 2 rods backward the neighbor who incautiously ap-proached from the rear; but the old man (he was young and sinewy then) hung on and twisted the deer's head in spite of its struggles. until his wife could come with a butcher's

his and cut the poor creature's throat.

It was formerly the practice to run deer with dogs and every countryman kept hounds, but it was seen not only that this was ruining sport, but caused disturbance of the cattle grazing upon the hill pastures and prevented the keepdeer with hounds and they have not only multiplied but have fled into these protected mountains from other states. Killing them by any means is uplayful exampled to human uses by human skill. One appeals to the eye and the other to the ear.

THE TOWER. ns is unlawful, except from September 15 to December 15, except upon "premises set apart for the protection and propagation of game within the boundaries thereof." This means, principally, the tract on Cheat river, owned by an association of sportsmen in and out of the state, which has probably the best hunting and fishing preserve on the Atlan-tic slope. Prominent in this association are members of the South Fork club, the breaking of whose dam caused the disaster in the Cone-

Bears have always been plenty in these

mountains. There is a story extant of a pioneer who killed thirteen one morning near the White Sulphur. This shows that thirteen is an unlucky number for bears. That would be a good day's work at present, but the man who part of the state can find them if he knows his

Both bear hunter and deer stalker are very likely to encounter wild cats or lynnes now and then, and more rarely a panther, a "painter," as the southern backwoodsmen call them. The former, known by the descriptive name of "bob cat" and "catamount" (really cat-of-the-mountain), visit the fowl yard now and then, and when hard pressed may seize a lamb, but for the most part they subsist upon "squeeruls, rabbits, chipmunks and sich-like insecks," as an old citizen informed me.

WOLVES AND PANTHERS.

The panther, however, is a constant menace to the sheep fold and to the calves of the hillpastured cattle, while a great number of deer are destroyed by it every year, and most wan-tonly so, for the brute often does no more than to suck a draft of blood and then go in search of another victim. Wolves were able to breed so plentifully dur-

ing and following the war in forested and thinly-settled mountain counties that they presently became a terror to travelers in winter presently became a terror to travelers in winter and did immense damage to live stock. Some-times bands would make long forays from their native haunts and they almost put an end to sheep raising in the very districts best adapted to it. Now a bounty is paid for their scalps and wolves are diminishing. Foxes are still numerous, principally the in-

troduced red one; but many native gray foxes still remain. They are hunted in winter with dogs. Coons and 'possums furnish local sport and squirrels, hares and the like are always



WILD TURKEY SHOOTING Next to the deer and fox, however, the wild

in a while they come down into the farming valleys, discovering their mistake too late, as a rule, to save their feathers.

I had a chat recently with an old mountaineer and hunter, who was asked about wild tur-keys on the hills up Elk river and whether he

er shot them.
"Wall, yes," he replied, "thar's right smart turkeys up thar'. I have saw several 'long

"Consid'ble, sometimes, but Lord! they usen to be right common. Why, Old Moller 'n' me —you know ol' man Moller down at Swamp Bun?—well he and me laid in the blin's, right side by side, one day, fixed, you know, so's we would'n both on us shoot at the same bird, you understan', and bymby here come a whole de by side, one day, fixed, you amoud'n both on us shoot at the same bird, you understan', and bymby here come a whole flock of 'em and we killed right thar eleven of 'em't would weight eight pounds net—that is, dressed, you understan? Eight 'levens is eighty-eight pounds of meat in one mornin'."

"Did you ever kill more than one at a shot?"

THERE AT ORCE.

If did—ha! ha! I had an ol' shotgun face in the blin' where slong, you see anything in the papers about Wickwire leaving town the other day with a married woman?"

"No. Tell me about it quick

"Onct I did—ha! ha! I had an ol' shotgun and was a-lyin' on my face in the blin' where I put some co'n to kind o' tote 'em along, you know, and pretty soon here come three ol' hens a-tiptoe-in' along, stretchin' tha'r necks and peekin' aroun' to see 'I hit was all right. I reckon they thought it was, for they began a-peekin' here and a-pickin' thar at the co'n, and gradually a-comin' nearer and nearer, till at las' they was right close. Then I let 'em have it, and I'll be dinged if I didn's tumble all three of 'em ovah.

"Two of 'em fell right thar, but the othah was only crippled, and I hadn't anothah shoot,"

Mr. Jason—"It is, indeed. By the way, did you see anything in the papers about Wickwire leaving town the other day with a married woman?"

Mr. Jason—"No. Tell me about it quick. Who was she?"

Mr. Jason—"No. Tell me about it quick. Who was she?"

Mr. Jason—"Rie wig.

"Are your children doing well at school?"

was asked of a fashionable woman. "Very well, particularly Clarence. I have great hopes of him ke is going to be literary."—Arkensess Tressiler.

cause it was only a single ba'led gun, you understan,' 'n' so I just up and chased her. But she had a heap o' go in her yet, and would jump 'bout ten foot every clip, 'n' got plum away down the mountain. So I come back to the others, and make a grab for one with one hand and for the othah with the othah hand, 'n' you'd a langhed if you'd a seen us, the turkeys a-flopping and a-pullin' me first this way, then that, and I a-jumping roun' tryin' to keep my feet and choke the onery critters till they was quiet, 'n it was some while 'fore I bested 'em."

As for the smaller game birds—grouse (or pheasant), quail, woodcock, &c.—they are to be found all over the state in satisfactory numbers. The season for wild turkey opens September 15, that for grouse and wild fowl October 1 and that for quail (here called partridge) October 10. Trapping and netting of birds is forbidden, and also the pursuit of wild fowl to their coverts with swivel guns in punts. Woodcock and snipe are only protected under the general law which forbids the killing of songbirds.

WHIPPING A STREAM.

Fishing, of course, is excellent here and poor there. Large rivers, like the Kanawha and Big Sandy, contain the varied fishes that ascend them from the Ohio-catfish, mullets, gars, streams and will find in almost or quite all the larger ones black bass in plenty, while the clear brooks, cascading down their rocky chantends from April 1 to June 15, but other fish can be caught by hook and line or spear from April to December. The law is fairly observed over most of the state, and as a large number of salmon have been placed in the mountain streams and carp in the more sluggish waters. West Virginia is likely to prove good angling ground for a long time to come, ERNEST INGERSOLL.

AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION. Two Objects of the Greatest General

THE WONDERFUL RIFFEL TOWER AND THE MYSTI-FYING PHONOGRAPH-HOW CROWDS ARE CAR-RIED TO THE TOP OF THE TOWER-THOUSANDS TRYING THE MACHINE-EDISON'S EXHIBIT.

Correspondence of THE EVENING STAR. Paris, August 20.

In the immense multitude of striking objects in the Paris exposition there are two which excite the most universal and unflagging It may seem absurd to compare two such dissimilar things, but in one respect they are

George took no steps to assuage his uncle's wrath, but he thought a good deal of the time when he should be Lord Farnham, with only interest—the Eiffel tower and the phonograph. alike-in the attention they attract and the wonder they excite. One is the work of a Morland, with her undeniable goiden charms, french engineer and the other the product of flung herself at his head he permitted himself American genius. Both produce their wonderful results by the manner in which metal is fellow, he told himself, had done it before. It

formed almost entirely of thin strips of iron woven into a graceful fabric nearly 1,000 feet high, dominates the whole scene and forms the prominent landmark of Paris as you approach prominent landmark of Paris as you approach it from all sides. It attracts every eye and calls forth expressions of wonder from all tongues. Every day the four elevators are thronged by visitors eager to ascend. At the second stage, where the last elevator is taken, you must usually wait an hour in a spiral queue in order to form one of the squad of sixty to be carried to the top. And this is going on all day and day after day without intermission. It is the great success of the exposition, both in a scientific and pecuniary point of view.

Farnham was in such remarkably robust health for so old a man and said she would not like to be married until the coming autumn. It was then November. George, glad of a respite, did not press for an earlier day, a circumstance the heiress remembered. He bore up under his new chains with a marvelous courage. He was not in love with any one, so they did not gall him. Then came a day when both he and Miss Morland were asked down to stay for a month at the Shirleys, and there he met Dorothy Dene. scientific and pecuniary point of view.

THE PHONOGRAPH. But down in the great machinery hall, which looks so small from the top of the tower, is the other object alluded to which attracts scarcely less attention—the phonograph. It is made of metal also, but stands upon a small table, occupymetal also, but stands upon a small table, occupying for each instrument scarcely a foot of space. There is nothing in its appearance to cause it to be singled out from the myriads of objects about it. There are eight of these little instruments on separate tables in a portion of the space of 9,000 square feet occupied by Mr. Edison's exhibits. And around these tables it has been found necessary to construct long winding guards, as at the elevator of the Eiffel tower, in order to regulate the access of the tower, in order to regulate the access of the

HOW THE PEOPLE ARE ACCOMMODATED. To each of the instruments is attached a hear-

ing tube divided into six branches, and an operator sits there ready to adjust them to the operator sits there ready to adjust them to the ears of the persons in the line as their turn comes. And there from morning till 11 o'clock at night the line is kept up almost without a break. It is very interesting to sit within the rail and watch this line as it passes. It consists of all classes and all nations as chance has thrown them together. They wait patiently, gazing at the machine with varying expressions of curiosity. When a squad of six takes hold of the tubes—they may consist of a lady, a workman, a typical American, a Turk in a turban, a man, a typical American, a Turk in a turban, a dark skinned Egyptian in his robe and sash and a little French girl—you can watch all these faces as they first catch the actual sounds

A CURIOUS STUDY OF PACIAL EXPRESSION. You can see how similarly the smile of wonder is formed upon all the countenances. Few of the crowds that hear it have any clear noof the crowds that hear it have any clear notion of how the sounds are produced, but they hear human speech from a little machine of iron and wood and are lost in amazement. Many of them show signs of skepticism and peer narrowly under the table for the man who is playing the trick.

Mr. Hammer, who has charge of the whole Edison exhibit, said that often from 15,000 to 20,000 people have listened to it in one day and that before the exhibition closes the number of those who have heard it will run up into

those who have heard it will run up into millions.

This thing is going on all the time, not only in machinery hall but in a small room in Mr. Edison's part of the United States exhibit, and Edison's part of the United States exhibit, and in the room devoted to the graphophone, which attracts the same interest. In this part there is not the same motley crowd, and the exhibitions are given more deliberately and in several different languages. The Russian, the Italian, the German, the Frenchman, and even the Arabian can hear his own language spoken by this marvelous instrument. It is not to be wondered at that it should hold the unfailing attention of the changing crowds of visitors, for to most of them it is a perfectly novel thing.

such a bore will soon learn to prize this invention when he finds that at any hotel he can do as I did, through the kindness of Mr. P. L. Waters, who has charge of the graphophone in the exhibition. He gave me a cylinder, at a quiet moment, and I talked a letter of about 1,000 words to a friend at home, heard it all repeated accurately, wrapped it in a piece of thin paper, placed it in a little wooden box, with a sliding top held fast by a rubber band sunk in a little groove, put a two-cent stamp upon it and dropped it in the P.O. box. Thus, with no labor whatever, I talked to my friend across the ocean at my leisure, and in a week or so hence he can simply take out the cylinder, put it on his graphophone, and hear what I have had to say, which was about as much as is contained in this letter.

A.Q.K.

they go together? Money I felt that I must have and when it came my way I took it. Do you think I don't care—now? But the thing is done! And my uncle—that old man—he is a perfect devil, he will do nothing for me. I am tied—am bound."

"Yes," says she, simply. She has taught herself, the demands of race seem natural to her. To give up all for the sake of the old name—that has reason in it—but that it should be they two who must give up, that seems hard!

"Why don't you speak?" says he, harshly.

"You despise me; you think—"

"I think nothing but what is kind of you," says she, her voice trembling, but her face full of a gentle dignity. "I do not despise you is contained in this letter. such a bore will soon learn to prize this inven-

DAN CUPID.

Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven shines loday proves it. Terrible is the strength of the rays that Old Sol is flinging broadcast upon the mmering earth. The tennis players have given in to it, and confessing themselves vanuished have flung their racquets to the winds and themselves into garden chairs, or else prone upon the shaven lawn under the acacias, eccording to their sex.

Two of them, however, have wandered rather far from the acacias and the tea tables and the tent, where better things than tea can be had for the asking. They have wandered down to the house boat on the river, shut out from a noisy world by rows of beech trees. It is a little dream of a place, entered by one opening only, and that through the beeches.

"A sort of Arcadia, isn't it?" says Mr. Brooke glancing up at his companion from his loung-ing position upon the beach at her feet. "No." says she, with a little frown. She

"No," says she, with a little frown. She makes a charming picture standing here under the awning next the old sun dial, with her hat lying on the ground beside her and the glint-ing rays from the glowing heavens throwing golden lights into her fine brown hair. Her eyes are blue and just at this moment a little angry. The mouth, too, so prone to laughter, as a rule, has grown mutinous. Half child, half woman, she has not yet learned the more delicate shades of society's colors and lets her thoughts lie coult was a rule. thoughts lie openly upon her lovely face.
"You are hard to please," says he, his eyes
on hers. As a rule his eyes are seldom any-

where else. "Well, you are not." returns she, promptly. From afar the thrum, thrum, thrum of a banjo comes to them, breaking a stillness that is almost oppressive.
"That's the unkindest cut of all!" says Mr.

Brooke, placidly. "It's rather a cut at Miss Morland, too, isn't it? I presume you allude to my engagement to her."
"You presume very wrongly then. I was not thinking of Miss Morland. She ought to please.
She is rich, young, handsome."

"Rich; yes."
"And handsome," persistently.
"Is she? Oh. yes; of course she is. A perfect Juno! Too perfect a Juno, perhaps!"
"You shouldn't sneer at her," says the girl, gravely.

"I know that, and that's why I do it." says "It is difficult to resist temptation, and to do the wrong thing is always so pleasant." He is talking idly, scarcely knowing what he says, his mind full of her; full of the knowledge that he loves her—her only, and with all the passion of his nature, and that he is engaged to be married to another woman!

A handsome woman, the daughter and heiress of a cotton merchant—what her own class would call a "fine girl;" tall with light eyes and lighter hair, and distinctly under bred. She had met George Brooke some months ago at the house of a mutual friend, and, being filled with a strong desire to rise out of her cotton surround-ings, had given him very clearly to understand that she was willing to accept him should he choose to accept her fortune, which was enormous, in exchange for the old title that must come to him on the death of his uncle. Lord Farnham. A beggarly title—no penny of money coming with it, as the uncle let the nephew know as often as opportunity occurred. There had been bad blood between Lord Farnham and his second brother, George Brooke's father, and Farnham was not a man to forget. He swore and Farnham was not a man to forget. He sword he would visit the sin of the father upon the son, and sooner than let his money go to the young George he would leave it to a hospital. As for the old name and the keeping up of it, let it go to the devil. Young George would in nerit that in spite of him, but it should prove a barren honor to him.

£500 a year to back his title. He had shirked the idea of marrying for money, but when Miss

finally was lost. little vulgar over her money—let it be known that she thought it a pity that the present Lord Farnham was in such remarkably robust health for so old a man and said she would not like to

Dene.

A little slender maiden, with big gray eyes and hair that rippled all over her white forehead. A rather out-at-elbows little maiden, whose best frock was a muslin and whose only ornaments were roses. The Shirleys—a young couple—adored her and would have her stay with them as often as ever the old squire, her father, would let her come to them. She had been taken forcible possession of by them for the month that saw George Brooke and his fiancee there—with the most disastrous results. George Brooke fell madly in love with her and

It has gone so far with them, indeed, that though no word has yet been spoken each knows the other's heart, and sitting here today in this little dangerously lonely retreat a sense of passionate protest against the fate that is dividing them is thrilling through every tone.

"We ought to go back," says Miss Dene presently, in a rather changed tone. She had been a little offended, perhaps, by the frivolity of his appears.

of his answer.

"Oh! not yet, surely. We have been here so short a time; and to get away from Shirley's short a time; and to get away from shirley's banjo, if only for a minute or two, is so intense a relief."

"It is more than a minute or two," rising "We have been here an immense time. Agnes (Mrs. Shirley) will be wondering what has become of us—so," regarding him steadily, "will Miss Morland."

us by this time in the delight of Lord Totten-ham's society. I wonder what she sees in that old fossil! For my part I'm always thinking when with him of what I don't see—hair, teeth,

"She is very kind to him—poor old man."
"And amiability is her strong point. How
many charms have you discovered in her of
late?"

"I don't think you ought to speak of her like that," says the girl, turning upon him with a lit-tle flash in her lovely eyes. "You shouldn't crit-icise her."

icise her."

"Why not? I certainly shan't be able to criticise her next month, so I may as well make the most of my time now. Next month"—slowly and almost defiantly—"I shall be the blest proprietor of Mrs. Brooke, and it is not permissible to criticise one's own wife, whatever you may do with regard to your friend's."

He has spoken deliberately and with seeming unconcern, though in truth his heart is torn in two by a very passion of despair and regret. unconcern, though in truth his heart is torn in two by a very passion of despair and regret. They are both standing, but she has turned sharply aside and has so placed herself that he cannot see her face. He had meant to provoke some word from her and her silence m

"What are you thinking of?" asks he,angrily. going up to her and compelling her to return his gaze. She has grown very pale, but she meets his

eyes without flinching.
"Nothing," says she, in a tone out of which all her courage cannot keep the sound of deso-

lation.

"A woman's answer; I know what you were thinking of for all that. That there is no more despicable thing on earth than a man who marries a woman for her money. Yet what was I to do? Was the old name to be forever lowered? A title—and £500 a year—how do they go together? Money I felt that I must have and when it came my way I took it. Do you think I don't care—now? But the thing is done! And my uncle—that old man—he is a perfect devil. he will do nothing for me. I am

With a little swift imperative gesture she puts up her hand and checks him. Her very lips are white; her large eyes grow suddenly larger as cruel, smarting tears fill them. Even as Brooke gazes at her two bright drops overflow her lids and run quickly down her pale cheeks.

"Dorothy!" says he making a movement to-

"Dorothy!" says he, making a movement to "Dorothy!" says he, making a movement to-ward her.

"No, no. Don't mind me!" says she, bravely, repulsing him with eager hands. "You are do-ing what is best for you, indeed; and—and after-ward you will be glad that— Yes—," nerv-ously, "and besides—"

"Oh. that will do," says he, bitterly. "Why

should you trouble yourself to try and reconcile me to my fate? I dare say there are worse things that might befall a man than having to accept a fortune."
"I wish," says she, in a heart-broken voice
"I wish," says she, in a heart-broken voice

that you would try to be a little happy about

"Is there anything else you wish?" says he, pushing off his arm the little friendly hand she has placed upon it. "Happy, after all." throwing up his head with a short laugh; "why not?" "Why not, indeed?" sadly. "This is only a moment's folly on your part; every other day you are as merry as the best of us; tomorrow

you will be yourself again."
"How well you have studied me! You are right; I am the most frivolous, the most light-hearted of my sex. Sometimes," says he, laughing again, "I'm so happy that I wish—" He pauses.

"That I was dead!" says he-with such sudden vehement change from affected care-lessness to honest misery that her heart dies within her. Fear takes possession of her.
"Oh, no! Oh, no!" cries she, her voice
dying away in a sob. Instinctively she moves oward him-his arms open-in a moment she

is lying on his breast.
"Oh! don't wish yourself dead," sobs she, erying bitterly.
"I don't now," whispers he, tightening his arms round the slender, beloved little form.
"I ought not to be here. I oughtn't indeed. says she, making, however, no effort to redeem her position. "There is Miss Morland to think

"There is indeed!" says he, ruefully. It is cheerful ruefulness, however. With his world in his arms he can afford to fight with out-siders. And he was not wrong after all. She does love him."

"Couldn't you-" begins Miss Dene and then breaks off. "Couldn't I what, darling?" "Couldn't you break it off with her?" whispers

she into the right side of his coat. Hah! This is what he wanted! "I could," says he, laughing softly, and pressing the pretty head against his heart with his hand, "and I will!"

"I wouldn't say a word-not a syllable," says Dorothy, with awful determination, "if she loved you—but she doesn't?" This decidedly. with all the impenetrable perspicacity youth, that never reasons, yet always knows.
"No?" meekly. "I confess that idea has occurred to myself, but if my personal charms are a matter of indifference to her, why, then, has she done me the honor to accept me?" "They say." says Miss Dorothy, lifting her

limpid eyes to his with all the importance this time-honored authority ought to produce, "that you want to marry her for her money, and that she wants to marry you for your title.' "Do they," says Mr. Brooke. "As a rule they might, they are always right, but for once they are at fault. If she wants to marry me for my title I'm sorry for her; firstly, going to marry some one else, and secondly, because if I did marry her the coveted title would not be hers until her hair was gray, the old boy being about as strong at present as my annuitant. And, as for me, I most solemnly swear I don't want to marry her either for her money or anything else." "Ah! but you did," says she.

"Even if so, you should not be the one to reproach me," says he.
"Yes, that's true. I'm bound to you," says she, nestling closer to him. "And," in an awed tone, "when will you tell her about it, George?

She hesitates so admirably over the pronouncing of his name that George laughs and catching up her pretty hand kisses the pink palm of it with rapture.

She said something about you the other day that looked as if she was jealous."
"She couldn't be jealous—she doesn't love," little long-drawn sigh, "it is dreadful to feel "You needn't have felt it," says he, tenderly.

"But I did. I couldn't bear to think she was to belong to you, while I—Well," with a happy little sigh this time that brings tears into her eyes, "I am not jealous now. I wonder what she'll say to you?'

"Give me good day, no doubt, and rejoice over a riddance of bad rubbish. After all, she was throwing herself away. A girl with a couple of millions might easily have made her own choice of a better match than I am likely to prove." "She could have made no better match," indignantly. "Oh!" starting, "is that Agnes calling? Oh! come, let us run! We have been here a dreadfully long time."
"Till tomorrow, then," says he, catching her

in his arms and kissing her. "Tomorrow, I pray heaven, will leave me free to tell all the world that I love you." world that I love you."
Tomorrow, however, brings its own plans.
With the hot water at 8, which a man brings
him, a veritable bombshell, in the shape of a
letter, that blows all his intentions to pieces.
His uncle, Lord Farnham, is dead. So writes
Lord Farnham's lawyer, and has left his nephew
not only the title, which he couldn't keep from
him but his entire fortune Classes.

him, but his entire fortune, £14,000 a year. At the last the name had been too much for the old man. He had given his all for the keeping up of it. He had even given up his revenge, though, if he had known it, he could hardly have made his nephew more unhappy than by the bestowal of this most-unlooked-for gift.

How is he to go to Miss Morland now and demand his liberty? With the title and the fortune both in his hands, how is he to ask her to break off his engagement? His soul sinks like lead within him. It was such an open

arrangement between them—she to give money, he the title—that now when he finds himself independent of her money it seems impossible to ask her to let him go free from the detested bond.

A last fight for life animates him. He will seek an interview with Miss Morland after breakfast and put the case fairly before here.

seek an interview with Miss Morland after breakfast and put the case fairly before her. If she still elected to adhere to their original contract, so be it. Good-bye then to life and joy and happiness. The honor that alone remains will be but a poor comforter. Knowledge of Miss Morland tells him that she will be very likely to assert her rights and decide on keeping her hold of title and estate. He manages to ask her for a few minutes alone with him before leaving the breakfast room. Something new in her face as she answers him granting the required interview strikes him at the moment, but not forcibly. Of, late her moods have been very variable. "Now?" asks he.
"The sooner the better," returns she shortly.

"The library is always vacant at this hour. Shall we go there?"

"A good place," says he, trying to look calm, while his heart is thumping violently against his side, as though it would burst its hounds."

bonds.

"Look here," says Miss Morland, as he closes the library door behind him. "One word is as good as ten"—this is the usual graceful style in which she carries on her conversation—"I know quite well why you are here, and I may as well have the first word. You are sick of me and I'm sick of you. That's it—isn't it?"

"Really—!" begins Brooke feebly. He is indeed so overpowered by the brilliancy of this attack that he finds words difficult to suit him.

"The fact is," goes on Miss Morland, waving his attempt at a reply aside with a gesture of her large, firm hand, "I don't think there is the remotest chance of the old gentleman dying aren't good enough."
"I can quite understand that," says
gravely, shocked at her coarseness. "It
however, a pity you didn't think of that soo

"Well, as far as that goes," says she, "I pre-sume it was never me either. It was only the money." At this be colors hotly. She laughs. "Does that trouble you?" says she, "Well,

this heartless speech of hers—this cruel longing for his death—sounds even more detectable than it would have were he living. He himself had not loved the old lord, but he had never wished him dead.

"As to that, I suppose he will have to, whether he likes it or not," says she, vindictively. "But I don't feel inclined to wait for him. And—er—as Lord Tottenham—"

"You are wise in your own generation," says he, with a passing smile, "and sound in your

proverbs."

"You don't express much regret, at all events," says she, with a shrill laugh. "I am wise in this, at least, that I don't care about dividing my husband's affections with another. That little girl to whom you give your whole time will, no doubt, be glad to share with you your £500 a year."

This is unbeerable.

your £500 a year."

This is unbearable.

"If you allude to Miss Dene," says he quietly, though his face is pale and his eyes flashing.

"I do not think she gives her entire thoughts to money. £500 a year, however, would, I acknowledge, be but a poor thing to lay at her feet. I am glad, therefore, that it is now in my power to offer her \$14.000."

my power to offer her £14.000."
"What?" says Miss Moreland. She takes a step forward. Dismay, consternation. discomficture are all largely knit on her astonished "Lord Farnham died at 10 o'clock last night,

Contrary to my expectations he has left me every penny he possessed." He bows and moves toward the door. "Stay—one moment," gasps Miss Morland. If she has even one small grain of hope left that she may still be Lady Farnham his next words

destroy it.

"You must pardon me," says he; "I have an appointment with Miss Dene. She has not yet heard my news. Ah! Lord Tottenham," to that carefully-preserved old beau as he most oppor-tunely enters the room, "permit me to con-gratulate you. Miss Morland has just informed me of your engagement to her. I feel she has done wisely indeed. With much humility I confess myself very much the worst man of

He laughs and hurries away to find Dorothy waiting for him in that little sacred spot he had named Arcadia yesterday. She rises as he comes toward her and turns so deadly white that he is afraid she is going to faint.
"It is all right!" cries he, joyously, to re-

assure her. A little cry escapes her. She would have gone to him, but her limbs refuse to obey her and if he had not caught her in his arms she would have fallen. There is no restorative power so effectual as a lover's kiss. Dorothy is presently her charming self again.

"Oh, how did it happen?" cries she, rapturously. "I prayed for it all last night, but
somehow I never had much hope. She has

given you up, then? Really?"
"Really and truly."
"Oh! how could she!" leaning back from him to gaze into his dear face, the handsomest

in the world to her.

"Well, it appears she could quite easily,"
says he, with a happy hugh. "You may think
me good to look at, but when compared with
such a youthful Adonis as my Lord Tottenham
even you must allow that I ought to take a "Do you mean to tell me," with growing in-

Tottenham?" "Even so, my good child." "Pouf! She's a fool. She's not worth wasting words upon," says Miss Dene, with scornful

"That's what I think. Let's talk of ourselves," says he.
"Oh, as for that," says she, turning suddenly very dismal and trying to give her head the properly dejected droop, "I dare say you will be sorry about all this later on. I have not been a good friend to you," with a heavy sigh, "and that's the truth."

"What am I going to be sorry about?" "You know! You said yesterday that it would be dreadful to live on £500 a year." "So it would with Miss Morland-not with

"Ah! That is all very well now. But I said something about it to father last week—not about you and me, you know, but about things generally—and he said that when people without money married other people without money it was madness!" This rather involved sentence she gives forth with great solemnity.
"What a lot he said." exclaims Lord Farnham with affected admiration. "But, after all, it seems to me he didn't know what he was

talking about. The real question is, Dorothy, whether you could be happy with me, even though we both were poor?"

"Oh, darling! what a horrid question! Don't you know that if I had ten thousand a year"—
this seems to be the utmost height of her wretched girl alive.

"Well, you shall have more than that with me," cries he, folding his arms around her with a tender excess of passion, and with his soul full of unspoken gratitude for this loving

Sunrise on the Spanish Peaks.

Then he tells her all .- By the Duchess. Written for THE EVENING STAR.

Radiant are the Spanish peaks, With the rainbow-beam that speaks: Shimmerings of burnished gold To the rising sun unfold; Sparkling fountains on the sight Break in rills of liquid light, Foam in streams of serial white

Snow-lipped summits zenith-kissed Crests of mellow light and shade Rosy nests on rocky heights,

Whence the songbird wings its flights. Where the zephyrs softly sigh When the blissful morn is nigh; Where the earth its blossoms wreaths, And the sky in beauty breathes, There the spirit soars and seethes. DAVID GRAHAM ADER.

AMERICANS IN PARIS.

Some of Them Appear to Know Very Little of Their Own Country.

"Well, it does do one good to hear people speak our own language," said a stout, middle aged woman of the party, addressing in very loud tones everybody in the vicinity. "Yes, it does," followed the daughter in the most gushing tone of voice, which was echoed by all the members of the party with enthusiastic repetitions of a similar character. Then all began talking at once in a pitch that may have been acquired in Paris, where the constant noise and confusion necessitates a most unladylike delivery of speech, but which could not but seem uncouth in this place. After expressing their feelings individually and collectively they

their feelings individually and collectively they pounced upon the exhibit, each selecting the object nearest at hand, admiring its merits, courting its possession, asking where it came from, what the price would be, &c. They were quietly told by the manager at the first opportunity offered to make himself heard by all:

"This exhibit, ladies, is of American pottery and cut glass, sent by Messrs, Blank & Co. of New York city." Great surprise was expressed by such exclamations as "You don't say so!"

"Is it possible!" "Well, did you ever!" and so on, but the voice of the evident leader of the party, who was thirsty for further information or more attention (it is hard to know which), was to be heard above all, and addressing the manager, she said:

manager, she said:
"You don't mean to say these be-you-tiful vases were made in America?"
"Yes, madam, they were made in Cincinnati, Ohio."
"In Cincinnati! Why, I live in Dayton, Ohio,

"In Cincinnati! Why, I live in Dayton, Ohio, and I never heard of any such things being made in America, anywhere—and in Cincinnati, you say? Well, did you ever!"

The last words were addressed to the party as well as to the manager, his clerks and visitors in general. Not one of the party had ever heard that vases were made in America, and exchanged expressions of astonishment and evident pleasure and pride to find their countrymen had made such progress in this art.

From the London Standard.

Prince Henry of Prussia, the kaiser's brother

SEASONABLE SUGGESTIONS TO PRACTICAL HOUSE-KERPERS-RECIPES WORTH REMEMBERING-HINTS FOR THE DINING ROOM, PANTRY AND KITCHEN.

WHITING, DRY OR WET, will give to glass a To ARREST HICCOUGH close both ears with the ingers with pressure while a few swallows of iquid are taken.

HOME MATTERS.

COUGHS MAY BE MUCH ALLEVIATED and dry throats cured by glycerine and lemon juice taken at night. The glycerine should be A LITTLE BORAY PUT IN THE WATER in which

scarlet napkins and red-bordered towels are to be washed, will prevent them from fading. PAINT ON WINDOWS can, it is said, be removed by melting some sods in very hot water and washing them with it, using a soft flannel. A SMALL Box FILLED WITH LIME and placed on a shelf in the pantry or closet will absorb

dampness and keep the air in the closet dry PEACHES TO BE KEPT ANY TIME should be spread out on shelves in a cool dry cellar, looked over carefully every day and all the

speckled ones used first. THE SRIN MAY BE REMOVED from peaches quickly and without any waste by putting a few at a time in a wire basket and dipping them in boiling water for a couple of minutes.

NEVER PUT AWAY FOOD ON TIN PLATES. Fully one-half the cases of poison from the use of canned goods is because the article was left or put back into the can after using. China, earthenware or glass are the only safe receptacles for "left-overs." IF You HAVE TROUBLE to get your last year's

catsup bottles perfectly clean, after washing them thoroughly in suds and rinsing in clean water, chop a potato quite fine, mix it with a little warm water, put this in the bottle and shake it well; it will surely remove any foreign WHISKY WILL TAKE OUT EVERY KIND OF

FRUIT STAIN for which I have ever seen it used. A child's dress will look entirely ruined by the dark berry stains on it. but if whisky is poured on the discolored places before sending it into the wash it will come out as good as new. In Cases of Sickness sand bags are preferred

easily adjusted to different parts of the body. These granular heaters are also to be chosen rather than soapstone or bottles for keeping the feet at normal temperature in zero weather. TOUGH MEAT CAN BE MADE WONDERFULLY dignation, "that she has given you up for Lord TENDER when put to boil by adding a tablespoonful of good vinegar. This is also good for a tough fowl of any kind, and tough steak can be very much improved, after pounding, to salt and roll in flour and fry in very hot but-

ter or lard. STRONG SALT AND WATER and diluted camphorated alcohol given alternately and in quantities to merely keep the mouth and throat wet, are recommended for diphtheria patients. A gargle of sulphur and water has also proved of value in the treatment of diph-theria.

FLOUR IS EXCELLENT FOR STOPPING THE IRRI-TATION caused by the stings of insects. Dry blueing also will allay the pain from the sharp

great success by a traveler who happened to lose his satchel and find himself where he could not replace any of his conveniences for the A DISINFECTANT WHICH HAS OVERCOME even the offensive odors of cancers is made by dissolving three drachms of potassium nitrate in eight ounces of Platt's chlorides. In this saturate thin muslin and dry it thoroughly. Small strips of the cloth burned on a shovel, where most needed, will almost instantly remove the trying odor. It is said to be equally efficient in all contagious, pestilential or infectious diseases.

How to Make Toast.-The object in making toast is to evaporate all moisture from the bread, and holding a slice over the fire to singe does not accomplish this; it only warms the moisture, making the inside of the bread doughy and decidedly indigestible. The true way of preparing it is to cut the bread into slices a quarter of an inch thick, trim off all crust, put the slices into a pan or plate, place them into an oven, which must not be too hot; take them out when a delicate brown and but-

OILCLOTH OUGHT NEVER TO BE SCRUBBED with a brush, but after being swept may be cleaned by washing with a soft flannel and cleaned by washing with a sort name and lukewarm water or cold tea. On no account use soap, or water that is hot, as either would have a bad effect on the paint. When the oilcloth is dry, rub it with a small portion of a mixture of beeswax, softened with a minute quantity of turpensions for this purpose a soft furniture. tine, using for this purpose a soft furniture polishing brush. The following is also used to make oil cloths look well: Wash them once a tities of each; rub them once in three months with boiled linseed oil; put on a very little and rub it well in with a rag, and polish with a

piece of old silk, REED BIRDS ON TOAST .- Allow two birds for each person. Draw the birds and then draw the skin from the head and neck. Cut off the feet and wipe the birds. Press the legs into the bodies and fasten the heads under the wings by pressing the bills into the bodies. When all the birds have been trussed, season them with salt and rub melted butter over them. As each one is buttered roll it in fine, dry bread crumbs and lay it on its back in a shallow pan. When all are done, set the pan in a cold place until it is time to cook them. Ten minutes before serving time see that the oven is very hot. Toast six large slices of bread, and butter them. Cut each slice into four pieces and place in a pan. Cook the birds in the oven for seven minutes. Put the toast in with them, and when it has been in for three minutes, take it out and dip each piece in a the skin from the head and neck. Out off the minutes, take it out and dip each piece in a little hot stock, and then arrange all on a hot dish. Lay a bird on each piece of toast. Garnish the dish with water cresses, and serve at

garding Mr. Leiter of Chicago. He was out through these hills prospecting, dressed in gentlemanly garb, and with the dignified yet gentle bearing that is his. At a certain point the stage upset, not an uncommon occurrence. but quite a startling one. Mr. Leiter distin-uished himself by his utter silence under the trying circumstances and by the gallantry with which he assisted the ladies of the party. After all had been straightened up again a red-shirted miner who had been watching the Chicago capitalist said to him: "Stranger, will you take a drink?" at the same time producing

own, and am perhaps much better able to settle
the bill than you are yourself, and I insist upon
paying it."
"No you don't, pardner," broke out he of the
red shirt, "we don't have much religion out
this way, but I want you to understand that
when a gospel sharp comes along we know how
to treat him white!" And the Chicago ex-drygoods man had to submit to being taken for a
preacher. Auxious Woose—"Then, sir, I have your con-sent to pay my addresses to your daughter? Ah! if I only thought I could win her affec-tions?"

Eagur Father—"Why not, my dear sir, why not? Plenty of others have succeeded."— London Tel. 1860.

RAILROADS.

Baltimore And Orio Railroad.

Leave Washington from station corner of New Jerses

Syenus and C street.

For Chicago and Northwest, Vestibuled Limited copress daily 11:20 a.m., express 9 p.m.

For Interiment, 8t Louis, and Indianapolia, express
daily, 3:00 and 11:159 s.

For Pittsburg and Cleveland, Vestibuled Limited enpress daily 11:20 a.m. and express 8:40 p.m.

For Wheeling, Parkersburg and principal station
on main line, express daily except Monday, at 3:50

m. For Lexington and Local Stations †10:30 a. m. For Laray, †3:55 a.m., †10:30 a.m., †3:00 p.m. For Baltumore, week days, 4:00, 5:00, 6:40, 7:20, 5:30, 9:30 (45 minutes), 9:45, (11:00, 12:00 45-minutes), 3:25, 4:25, 4:30, 4:35, 5:30, 6:30, 7:00, 7:30, 9:00, 10:30, and 11:30 p. m. Sundys, 4:00, 7:20, 8:30, 9:30 (45-minutes), 3:25, 4:25, 4:30, 4:35, 6:30, 7:30, 9:30, (45-minutes), 3:25, 4:25, 4:30, 9:30 (45-minutes), 3:25, 4:25, 4:35, 6:30, 7:00, 7:30, 9:00, 10:30 and 11:30 p.in.

25, 4:25, 4:35, 6:30, 7:00, 7:30, 9:00, 10:30 and 1:30 p.m. For Way Stations between Washington and Balthore, 5:00, 6:40, 8:30 a.m., 12:10, 3:25, 4:35, 6:30, 1:30 p.m. Sundaya, 8:30 a.m., 1:15, 3:25, 4:35, 6:30, 11:30 p.m. Trains leave Baltimore for Washington, week daya, 6:30, 6:20, 6:30, 7:15, 7:20, 8:00 (45 minutes), 6:30, 9:15, 10:20 (45 minutes) a.m., 12:15, 1:45, 45 minutes), 2:00, 3:00, 4:05 (45 minutes), 4:15, 5:00, 6:00, 6:30, 7:40, 7:45, 8:30, 10:35, 10:10 and 11:00 p.m. Sundays 6:30, 7:15, 8:30, 9:15, 10:20 (45 minutes) a.m., 12:50, 1:45 (45 minutes), 2:00, 4:15, 5:00, 6:30, 7:40, 7:45, 8:00, 10:05, 10:10 and 11:00 p.m.

4:15, 5:00, 6:30, 7:40, 7:45, 8:00, 10:05, 10:10 and 11:00 p.m.

For Bay Ridge, trains leave B and O depot, Washington, week days 9:05 a.m., 1:25 and 4:30 p.m. Sundays 9:50 a.m., 1:45 and 3:15 p.m.

Leave Bay Ridge week days 6:30 a.m., 6:10 and 8:30 p.m. Sundays 3:20, 8:00 and 9:00 p.m.

For Annapolis, 6:40 and 8:30 a.m., 12:10, 4:25, and 6:30 p.m. On Sundays, 8:37 a.m., 12:05, 3:50, and 6:15 p.m. Eundays, 8:37 a.m., 12:05, 3:50, and 6:15 p.m. Eundays, 8:37 a.m., 4:00 p.m.

For Stations on the Metropolitan Branch, 16:45, 110:30 a.m., 14:30 and 15:30 p.m.

For Rockville and way staticus 14:35 p.m.

For Gauthersburg and intermediate points, 19:00 a.m., 112:30, 5:35, 111:20 p.m.

For Boyds and intermediate stations, 17:00 p.m., 110:00 p.m.

Church train leaves Washington on Sunday at 1:15

110:00 p.m. Church train leaves Washington on Sunday at 1:15 Church train leaves Washington on Metropolitan Branch Church train leaves Washington on Sunday at 1:10 p.m., stopping at all stations on Metropolitan Branch. For Frederick, 10:45, 110:30 a.m., 13:00, 14:30 a.m. Sundays, 1:15 and 13:55 p.m.
For Hagerstown, 110:30 a.m. and 15:30 p.m.
Trains arrive from Chicago daily 11:45 a.m. and 4:05 p.m.; from Chicago daily 11:45 a.m. and 4:05 p.m.; from Chicago daily 11:45 a.m. and 6:50 p.m. daily.

am, and 1:05 p.m.; from Pittsburg 7:20 p.m. daily.

NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA DIVISION.
For New York, Trenton, Newark and Elizabeth, N.

"4:00, 18:00, "9:30, "12:00 a.m., "2:30, "4:20 and
10:30 p.m. Buffet Parlor Cars on all day trains.
Sleeping Car on the 10:30 p.m., open at 9:00 p.m.
The 4:20 p.m. train does not stop at Elizabeth.
For Philadelphia, Newark, Wilmington and Chester,
4:00, 18:00, "9:30, "12:00 a.m., "2:30, "4:20, "7:00
and "10:30 p.m.

For Philadelphia, Newark, Wilminston and Chester, 4:00, 48:00, 9:30, 12:00 a.m., 2:30, 4:20, 7:00 and 10:30 p.m.

For intermediate points between Baltimore and Philadelphia, 45:00 a.m., 2:30 and 4:30 p.m.

Trains leave New York for Washington, 8:30, 11:00 a.m., 1:30, 2:30, 3:15, 5:00 p.m. and 12:00 night.

Trains leave Philadelphia for Washington, 4:10, 8:15, 11:10 a.m., 11:35, 4:15, 5:05, 5:43 and 7:30 p.m.

For Atlantic City 4:00 and 9:30 a.m., 12:00 noon and 2:30 p.m. Sundays 4:00 a.m., and 12:00 noon.

For Long Branch and Ocean Grove 14:00, 18:00 a.m., 12:00 noon; 99:30 a.m.

Texcept Sunday. Daily. §Sunday only. **Except Sunday and Monday.** **Lacept Alonasy.**

Baggage called for and checked from hotels and residences by Union Transfer Co. on orders left at ticket offices, 619 and 13:51 Pennsylvania avenue, and at Depot. CHAS. O. SCULL, Gen. Pass. Agt.

J. T. ODELL, General Manager. to hot water rubber bags, as they can be more

J. T. ODELL. General Manager.

PIEDMONT AIR LINE.
Schedule in effect June 30, 1889.
8:30 a.m.—East Tennessee Mail, daily for Warrenton, Gordonsville, Charlottesville, Lynchburg, and stations between Alexandria and Lynchburg, Roanoka Bristol, Knoxville, Charlottesville, Lynchburg, Roanoka Bristol, Knoxville, Charlottesville, Lynchburg, Roanoka Bristol, Knoxville, Charlotte Memphis.

11:24 a.m.—Fast mail daily for Warrenton, Charlottesville, Stations Chesapeake and Ohio Route, Lynchburg, Rocky Mount, Danville and Stations between Lynchburg and Danville, Greensboro, Raleigh, Asheville, Charlotte, Columbia, Augusta, Atlanta, Birmingham, Montgomery, New Oriesus, Texas and California, Pullman Sleeper New York to Atlanta, parlor cars Atlanta to Montgomery, Fullman Sleepers Montgomery to New Orleans. Pullman Sleepers Montgomery to New Orleans. Pullman Sleepers Washington to Cincinnati via C. and G. Route.

4:15 p. m.—Daily, except Sunday for Manage.

TATION caused by the stings of insects. Dry blueing also will allay the pain from the sharp sting of wasps and hornets. A very homely remedy and a very efficacious one for the swelling and inflammation of a sting is to apply a plantain leaf that has been bruised and moistened so as to extract its juice.

A NICE PICKLE.—Peel nice ripe peaches (clingstone), drop in glass or stone jars, to one quart jar add one teacup sugar, a small quantity of mustard seed, cloves, allspice and pepper. Boil enough strong vinegar to cover them, pour over them while hot. Fold a thick paper, tie over them and set in a dry place. They will keep all winter.

Nothing is Much Better than a Piece of Chamois Skin for cleaning the tips and sides of patent leather on shoes, and it can be done in the sharp string allowed the sharp string and intermediate stations.

7:25 p. m.—Daily, except Sunday, for Manassas, 17:25 p. m.—Daily, via Lynchburg, Bristol and Chattering washing ton to New Orleans.

11:20 p. m.—Daily, except Sunday, 19:16 that ly via Lynchburg, Bristol and Chattering washing ton to New Orleans.

21:20 p. m.—Western Express, daily for Manassas, 19:40 p. m.—Western Express, daily for Manassas, 19:40 p. m.—Western Express, daily for Manassas, 19:40 p. m.—Sunday via Lynchburg, Bristol and Chattering washington to New Orleans.

21:40 p. m.—Daily, via Lynchburg, Bristol and Chattering washington to New Orleans.

21:40 p. m.—Daily, via Lynchburg, Bristol and Chattering washington to New Orleans.

22:40 p. m.—Daily, via Lynchburg, Bristol and Chattering washington to New Orleans.

23:40 p. m.—Daily, via Lynchburg, Bristol and Chattering washington to New Orlea

a few minutes. By the way, a banana skin will clean a shoe or boot very nicely in the absence of blacking and shoe polish. It was tried with a.m.
Tickets, sleeping-car reservation and informatic furnished, and baggage checked at office, 1300 Pen sylvania avenue, and at Passenger Station, Pennsylvania Railroad, 6th and B streets.

Jas. L. TAYLOR, Gen. Pass. Agent

JAS. L. TAYLOR, Gen. Pass. Agent.

JHE GREAT
TO THE PENNSYLVANIA ROUTE
TO THE NORTH, WEST AND SOUTHWEST.
DOUBLE TRACK.

SPLENDID SCENERY.

STEEL RAILS.
MAGNIFICENT EQUIPMENT.
IN EFFECT JUNE 227H, 1889.
TRAINS LEAVE WASHINGTON, FROM STATION,
CORNER OF SIXTH AND B STREETS, AS FOLLOWS:
For Pittsburg and the West, Chicago Limited Express
of Pullman Vestibuled Cars at 9:50 a.m. daily; Fast
Line, 9:50 a.m. daily to Cincianati and St. Louis,
with Siceping Cars from Pittsburg to Cincianati,
and Harrisburg to St. Louis; daily, except Saturday,
to Chicago, with Siceping Oar Altoons to Chicago,
Western Express, at 7:40 p.m. daily, with Siceping
Cars Washington to Chicago and St. Louis, connecting daily at Harrisburg with through Sicepers
for Louisville and Memphis. Pacific Express, 10:50
p. m. daily, for Pittsburg, and Pittsburg to
Chicago.
BALTIMORE AND POTOMAC RAULEGOAD.

BALTIMORE AND POTOMAC RAILROAD For Kane, Canandaigua, Rochester and Niagara daily, except Sunday, 8:10 a.m. For Erie, Canandaigua and Rochester daily; for falo and Niagara daily, except Saturday, 10 and Niagara daily, except Saturday, 10 For Williamsport, Lock Haven and Elmira at 9:50a m. daily, except Sunday.

FOR PHILADELPHIA. NEW YORK AND THE EAST 7:20, 9:00, 11:00 and 11:40 a.m., 2:50, 4:10 10:00 and 11:20 p.m. on Sunday, 9:00, 11:40 a.m., 2:50, 4:10, 10:00 and 11:20 p.m. Limited Express of Fullman Parior Cars, 9:40 a.m. daily, except Sunday, and 3:45 p.m. daily, with Dmin Car.

FOR PHILADELPHIA ONLY.

PROFESSIONAL MAR PROOFE TRUE ALL THE EVENTS

MP. DERAMES TRILLS ALL EVENTS OF LIFT III in English or Gurnas. All business confidential Office bears, 9 c. m. to

WOOD AND COAL