THE GREAT MUSICAL CRITIC.

Once on a time the nightingale, whose singing
Had with her praises set the forest ringing,
Consented at a concert to appear.
Of course her friends all flocked to hear
And with them many a critic, wide awake
To pick a flaw or carp at a mistake.
She sang as only nightingales can sing.
And when she ended
There was a general cry of: "Brava! Splendid!"
While she, poor thing,
Abashed and fluttering, to her nest retreated,
Quite terrified to be so warmly greeted.
The turkeys gobbled their delight. The geese,
Who had been known to hiss at many a trial,
Gave this one no denial.
It seemed as if the applause would never cease.

But 'mong the critics on the ground
An ass was present, pompous and profound,
Who said: "My friends, I'll not dispute the honor
That you would do our little prima donna
Although her upper notes are very shrill
And she defies all method in her trill,
She has some talent, and, upon the whole,
With study may some cleverness attain.
Then, her friends tell me, she's a virtuous soul
But—but"—
"But," growled the lion, "by my name,
I never knew an ass who did not strain
To qualify a good thing with a but!"
"Nay," said the goose, approaching with a strut.
"Don't interrupt him, sire. Let him proceed.
The ass is honest. That we all concede."

"I was about," said Long Ear, "to remark
That there is something lacking in her whistle—
Something magnetic
To awaken chords and feelings sympathetic
And kindle in the breast a spark
Like—like, for instance, a good, juicy thistle."
The assembly tittered, but the fox, with gravity,
Said to the lion, winking,
"Our learned friend, with his accustomed suavity,
Has given his opinion without shrinking:
But, to do justice to the nightingale,
He should inform us, as no doubt he will,
What sort of music 'tis that does not fail
His sensibilities to course and thrill."

"Why," said the critic, with a look potential
And, pricking up his ears, delighted much
At reynard's tone and manner deferential,
"Why, sir, there's nothing can so deeply touch
My feelings and so carry me away
As a fine, mellow, ear inspiring bray."

"Ah, yes!" the fox returned, without a pause.
"So far as you're concerned, your judgment's true.
You do not like the nightingale because
The nightingale is not an ass like you."
—E. Clark in Youth's Companion.

MISS BASCOM'S CLUB.

"Betty Bascom was here today," said Mrs. Miller, looking up after she had finished counting the stitches on her knitting needles

Mr. Thomas Miller laid down his newspaper.

"What did the princess royal have to say for herself?" he asked.

"Elizabeth is a missionary of culture, Tom."

Mrs. Miller laughed. "She thinks our lives are narrow, so she's going to start a club—a woman's club. It's to be literary—we're to read and enlarge our minds and write papers. It'll be hard for us at first to write papers, and may be we'll be afraid to try, but Miss Thompson, being a schoolteacher, will probably be able to do something, and she and Betty Bascom will begin and show us how

"I'm sorry for that child," she resumed, in response to a growl from her husband. "John Bascom and his wife have brought her up as a sort of queen, always let her have her own way and taught her that she was way up better than anybody else in Liberty Center. It's going to be real good sport to watch her, Tom; but, after all, I'm sorry for them."

"Miss Betty" meantime was in the first ardor of a new enterprise. Garden House and Betty's own wardrobe showed how carefully she had studied her "Life," and she sat in the most approved attitudes among the most billowy cushions, with her very correct little tea table at her side, waiting for the other figures, male and female, to step out of "Life," sit in their chairs, sip tea out of her cups and talk gossip with archly lifted chins, or lean over her in stylish attitudes of devotion. But the people of Liberty Center didn't care for tea—in fact, to most of them it was a nauseous dose, and when they came they sadly failed to harmonize with the stage setting.

Betty began to realize with dismay that, though she had acquired all the machinery of living, there was really no occasion to set it going. Her father, while most indulgent and admiring, still wanted his breakfast at 7 o'clock sharp and still insisted on the presence of his wife and daughter at the early board. Dinner must continue to be at 12 o'clock and tea at 6 o'clock. Mrs. Bascom, in most things as clay in her daughter's hands, firmly refused to alter her own habits, which, indeed, required no alteration, being the simple, suitable ways in which she had been brought up by a gentlewoman of the past generation. In despair she took to philanthropy. She would do a great work; she would enlarge the narrow, sordid lives of the women she saw about her. This was just at the opening of the era when a woman's club was to be as much a part of every village as the church or the schoolhouse, and Betty planned a club of which she was to be the guiding spirit. It never occurred to her that any of these plain neighbors of hers were already reading a little in their quiet way. They had not been to school in Boston.

The women of Liberty Center debated within themselves and with each other the propriety of accepting Betty's invitation and allowing themselves to be patronized by her, but on the day fixed for the first meeting they all assembled—some because of a certain half concealed, respectful admiration for the glories of the "Bascom home," some out of frankly expressed curiosity to see the new doings at "Bascom's," some because they liked the idea of a club, no matter who started it, and the rest because in Liberty Center invitations were not so plentiful that they could afford to refuse one. The one person rendered even a shade more conspicuous by her absence than she would have been by her presence was Miss Dell Roberts, that untamed daughter of the prairie, who, with her high spirits and defiance of all rules, pervaded the town like a whirlwind, and when Betty heard that Dell had dubbed her Queen Elizabeth and was making some bets on the subject of the new club she held her chin in the air and said:

"I shall draw the line at Dell Roberts. I just simply can't stand her."

Betty, tall, slender, self conscious and patronizing, with her head held high and dressed in the prettiest of gowns, was the presiding spirit of the occasion.

Fortified with much previous study of a neat little volume of parliamentary rules for women, Betty steered her club safely through the preliminary difficulties of organization, and her "slate" was quite successful. The whole ticket was triumphantly elected, she being, of course, at the head of it. On this point she had been somewhat anxious, as propriety seemed to forbid her nominating herself, but Mrs. Miller came to the rescue, that good lady being resolved to see the plan carried through intact. She had her innings when, in an interim of the stupid parliamentary business, a lively discussion arose as to the subject of the coming year's study. Mrs. Sayles, a little woman whose grammar was not as good as her intentions, said she thought it would be so nice to study art, especially art in its relation to the home.

A momentary silence followed this suggestion, and then Mrs. Miller remarked in her pleasant way that perhaps a little preliminary course of history would be advisable before embarking on so large an undertaking, and Martie Graves answered quickly, with a little flutter of embarrassment at the sound of her own voice:

"Oh, Mrs. Miller, we girls are so tired of studying history, and it's so hard to remember. Don't you think poetry would be lovely? Why not have a Browning club?"

"We should all like to know what our president thinks about it," said Mrs. Miller, with a benevolent smile at Betty, who had with difficulty restrained herself while the others were talking, and now began eagerly:

"Oh, don't you think that we all need something uplifting and broadening, something that will take us away from ourselves and our little daily tasks ("I wonder what hers are," whispered one girl to another) and will give a wider horizon? Now, I know one book that will repay months of study. It is a book that I always go to when I am happy or when I am unhappy, and there is something in it for—for anything," she concluded in confusion, not knowing how to end her fight and just catching the next whisper, "Is this to be a Bible class?"

"The book I mean," she continued with dignity, "is the 'Rubaiyat' of Omar Khayyam, translated by Fitzgerald."

A blank silence prevailed for a moment, but Betty, the enlightened, had not expected familiarity with the Persian poet. With the calmness of superiority she continued:

"Perhaps you are not familiar with it," and she opened at random a book that lay on the table beside her. "Let me read you these few lines:

'Come, fill the cup, and in the fire of spring
Your winter garment of repentance fling.
The bird of time has but a little way
To flutter—and the bird is on the wing.'

This didn't seem quite appropriate, and Persian names, difficult to pronounce, confronted her in the next quatrains. She turned the leaves somewhat confusedly

What were those lines that were to convince her hearers that this book was indeed what they needed for intellectual and spiritual inspiration? She tried again:

'Yesterday this day's madness did prepare
Tomorrow's silence, triumph or despair
Drink! For you know not whence you came nor why
Drink! For you know not why you go nor where.'

Now, Liberty Center was a prohibition town and a center of religious orthodoxy. The temperature fell, and Betty, self absorbed as she was, saw that her club was not yet ready for Omar Khayyam. Closing the book, she said with an air of tolerance that, much as she personally loved the "Rubaiyat," she would not wish to have an undue share of influence in deciding on the work to be done, and that they must all express their wishes. Mrs. Miller, always ready at a difficult moment, moved that each one should come to the next meeting armed with a topic written on a slip of paper, from which it would be easy to select by vote. This plan had been accepted with enthusiasm, and the exhausted clubwomen were more than willing to adjourn to meet again a fortnight hence.

Then came Mrs. Bascom, followed by her maids carrying little tables, and the good things for which the house was famous brought the meeting to an end with great eclat. Betty sat at her tea table and made tea, which gave her some satisfaction, even though no one drank it.

Only a few days after the first meeting of the Woman's club Betty received the following letter:

CHICAGO, Sept. 10.

Miss Elizabeth Bascom:

DEAR MADAM—It may surprise you to receive a letter from a stranger, and I will begin by explaining to you who I am. I have for many years been an exile from my native land and have traveled extensively in Europe, Asia and Africa, making a profound study of oriental languages and literature. I have especially devoted myself to the study of the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam, that wonderful poem that one can never study enough, and have lectured on it with much success both in England and in this country. You have doubtless heard of me, as my name is well known among oriental scholars, of whom, I take it, you are one. Now, my dear Miss Bascom, you cannot hide your light under a bushel, and an item in the newspaper of your city has been copied widely enough to meet my eyes. From it I learn of your noble effort in behalf of culture and of woman, and of how you have endeavored to share the sweetness and light of the "Rubaiyat" with those poor slaves of ignorance. Would you like to have me address a meeting of your club? Pray drop me a line at the inclosed address, and I shall be with you at the appointed time. It would suit me best to speak to your club on the 21st. I am very truly your friend,

MRS. S. EMILY SUNDERLAND.

Without consulting her parents Betty answered the letter with enthusiasm, warmly inviting Mrs. Sunderland to come to Liberty Center on the evening of the 20th, promising to meet her at the station and convey her to her own home. Mrs. Sunderland replied promptly, and, the arrangement being concluded, Betty casually mentioned the matter at the dinner table. Mr. Bascom remarked that Betty was certainly striking out in a new field in getting a missionary woman in the house, and Mrs. Bascom said doubtfully that she was afraid the visitor would prove to be a queer kind of person, but their daughter had them well in hand and neither the father nor mother made any serious objection.

That the function might be invested with all due pomp and circumstance the place of meeting was hastily changed from Mrs. Miller's to the Bascom's house, where the best bedroom was got ready and the fatted calf was killed. On the appointed evening Betty and her father drove to the station and welcomed the distinguished guest. Peering excitedly through the darkness, Betty could only discover that the personage was tall and slender, but her voice was rather disappointing. One would have expected the years of foreign residence to soften in some degree its sharp American tone, but in that respect Betty was perhaps a trifle less exacting since she was afflicted with a high voice herself. When she saw the visitor in the lighted house, she was enchanted. Mrs. Sunderland was decidedly an interesting and extremely handsome person, with beautiful, wavy, white hair, a rich complexion and dark eyes, partly hidden, however, by gold rimmed spectacles. In spite of the twang she spoke in a slow, measured way, and with the broadest of a's. She walked, too, in a stately way, but with now and then a suggestion of youthful springiness. Altogether she seemed to Betty a fascinating bundle of contradictions. At the supper table she even succeeded in pleasing Mr. Bascom, but Mrs. Bascom looked at her with doubt in her eye, and did not fail to see certain odd tricks of knife and fork. As if with a subtle recognition of the one critical instinct among them, the guest once or twice glanced furtively and half deprecatingly at her hostess. It was but a flash, and, so far as Betty and her father could see, all was going well.

When they went up stairs for the night, Mrs. Sunderland peeped into Betty's room, exclaiming:

"Ah, the charming maiden bower! Let me come in, Miss Bascom, and see the nook where you sit and dream of Omar. Would you be shocked, dear, if you saw me yielding to the habits of the orient?"

Drawing a cigarette case from the little bag suspended at her waist, she took out a cigarette, which she proceeded to light. Betty was, on the whole, pleasurably excited by this performance, though she would have considered it vulgar in a native of Liberty Center.

"But I must put you near the fireplace so that the smoke will go up the chimney," she said hastily. "Papa is a perfect antitobacco fiend and can smell it a mile away. Now—I don't believe it can get out of this room."

They sat there for an hour or two, Betty becoming more and more enchanted with her new friend.

Next day the club assembled in full force. The guest, seated in a chair of state and holding a bouquet of beautiful, long stemmed roses—Betty's gift—seemed at first strangely embarrassed for one so accustomed to address an audience.

"My dear friend, Edward Fitzgerald, told me," she at length began, "that he loved to hear me read the immortal quatrains. That was shortly before his death, and it always gives me a sad pleasure to read them. I seem to be communing with the great Omar and the great Fitzgerald. Listen!"

With an impressive wave of the hand she began to read. Verse after verse she read in a droning voice and then launched into a discourse that seemed to Betty to have a haunting familiarity. She tried to think, but could not get a clew. Mrs. Miller, however, who had sent for books and prepared herself for this intellectual treat, sat up straight and fixed a keen glance on the speaker. Her expression became one of perplexity, and she closed her eyes for a moment as if the better to search her memory.

The lecture was a short one, and when it was over Betty, anxious to show her lion off still further, begged for some of the travelers' tales with which she had been entertained overnight. Thus entreated, the guest began a story of thrilling adventure, but when only half way through Mrs. Miller's attitude of indignant remonstrance overcame her. To the horror of the company, the gifted lady appeared suddenly to be attacked by a fit of insanity, for after stopping, hesitating, swaying to and fro for a moment, she burst into a loud fit of laughter. For an instant she struggled after self control, then broke out again, and leaning back in her chair gave herself up to the paroxysm. Betty rushed to her with a glass of water, but Mrs. Bascom sat, a picture of disgust, and Mrs. Miller, waving Betty away, went up to the sufferer and took her firmly by the hand.

"Stop a minute," she said. "I know you, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Oh, Mrs. Miller! Oh, Mrs. Miller! It has been such fun."

But she stopped laughing and rose to her feet.

"I meant to go on a little longer," she said, "but Mrs. Miller was too much for me, and I may as well let you all into it now as any time."

She pulled off the glasses and the beautiful white wig and stood revealed—Dell Roberts, Betty's lifelong antagonist.

And that is the reason why there was a long hiatus in the history of the Woman's club of Liberty Center. When its meetings were resumed, Mrs. Miller was president, vice Miss Elizabeth Bascom, resigned. Anne Pierson in Chicago Record.

RARE EDITIONS OF BURNS.

The Treasures Gathered by a Scotch Florist in Washington.

Not long ago, when new material for the Henley edition of Burns was being sought at home and abroad, a certain modest Scotchman, living in the United States, had an original manuscript lithographed and sent to the publishers. In making acknowledgment of his courtesy on page 406 of the third volume, recently published, they write him down as Mr. W. R. Smith of Cincinnati. There can be no reasonable doubt that a Mr. W. R. Smith does reside in Cincinnati. Perhaps several of them. But the Mr. W. R. Smith who possesses an original Burns manuscript resides and for 43 years has resided in Washington city as superintendent of the botanical gardens. At present, furthermore, he is president of the Society of American Florists, and for over a generation he has been widely known in this country as the friend of many distinguished men. He has always been at home to them in his little red brick cottage, which nestles well hidden just under the white majesty of the capitol and at peace in the green plant world of its own.

The treasure of this house, as it is the pride of his heart, has long been his Burns collection, which fills a small room apart from his general library. How interesting this collection is may be inferred from his own statement that it contains 200 separate dated editions of Burns out of the 600 editions which he says have been published throughout the world. To this treasure house of his beloved poet he expects to add other volumes, to be obtained from the Mitchell library of Glasgow, which leads all others in Burnsiana. The affection with which he still plans for the further enrichment of his hoard is a passion that began in youth. The first shillings he ever earned, he says, were captured at a village school examination. In the dreadful presence of the dominie and the minister the class had been called up to recite, member by member, stanza in turn, Gray's "Elegy." They soon stuck. "You go on with dux," commanded the dominie. Go on with it he did, and two shillings were laid in his palm for this feat of memory, whereupon he took to his heels and spent his prize for his first volume of Bobbie.

Among his rare editions he reckons one published at Alexandria, Va., in 1813, during the war with England. Only two copies of this, he says, are known to be in existence. Another is the first American edition, another is the second American edition, to which belonged the Washington copy now owned by Representative Cabell of Illinois and held to be priceless. As to the final disposition of his Burns library, he thought at one time of sending it to a Masonic institution in Kentucky, owing to his friendship for the late Senator Beck of that state, another rugged Scotchman whose portrait hangs on the library wall. He has since thought of leaving it to Princeton college out of regard for the late President McCosh. But his preference is to have it housed at last in Washington, in a room that he would like Mr. Andrew Carnegie to build for it there instead of the one the millionaire is understood to have offered to build in Pittsburg. It would be a pity ever to have the collection removed from Washington, where it is so often visited. When Craibe Angus wanted the loan of it for the Burns celebration at Glasgow, Mr. Smith declined to send it, being loath to disappoint his American visitors. In this connection he quoted with some feeling a remark once made by a niece of Burns, "A Scotchman always begins by finding fault with my uncle, but the Americans—they never find fault with him." A Scotchman must come to this country, insisted Mr. Smith, to find out what it means to love the poets of Scotland.—"Chronicle and Comment" in Bookman.

Wild Pigeons In Nebraska.

A recent report from Nebraska stated that a flock of from 75 to 100 wild, or passenger, pigeons had been seen in that state. This will be interesting news to those who remember the birds when they flew in countless thousands like dark rivers across the sky during the spring migrations. Some grizzled old trappers, who regularly followed the flight of pigeons and netted them by thousands per week, have for years gone on hoping against hope that the flights of pigeons had merely been diverted from the old routes and that the birds would some day reappear in all their former numbers. This idea, of course, is erroneous. The pigeons are not haunting inaccessible sections of the country. They have been destroyed. During the early autumn of 1887 I shot a lone pigeon, a male of that year, near the city of Eau Claire, Wis., and a few days later I saw a flock of perhaps 25 birds flying low near where I had shot the single one. In March, 1894, while traveling by train near London, Ont., I saw four pigeons flying east. The day was very mild, with a warm rain falling, and the pigeons passed in plain view from the car window. It was just the sort of day we used to deem the best for pigeons in the long ago when one gun could bag more birds than a man could carry.—Ed. W. Sandys in Outing.

Why He Was Welcome.

"Here, Harry, is a dime for you," said Mr. Harper to the little brother of the one he loves. "Have you ever heard Miss Bessie say anything about me when I wasn't here?"

"Oh, lots of times," replied the sweet child.

"And what does she say, Harry?"

"She says she's always glad to have you come here when she's feelin all wore and tired."

"And," continued the delighted young man, "does she ever explain why she likes to have me come at such times?"

"Yes. She says you're so easy she can go to sleep and still keep you guessin.'"—Cleveland Leader.

BALTIMORE, CHESAPEAKE and ATLANTIC RAILWAY.

Passenger Train Service in Effect Monday, Sept. 20, '97.

READ DOWN.

STATIONS.	Daily exc Sat & Sun	Leave Saturday only	Mixed daily exc. Sunday
	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.
Baltimore, ...Lv	4.30	3.00	
Clayborne, ... Ar	7 45	6.15	
Clayborne, ... Lv	7.55	6.25	7.00
McDaniel.....	f 8.00	f 6.30	f 7.08
Harper	f 8.04	f 6.34	f 7.14
St. Michaels.....	8.11	6 41	7.30
Riverside.....	f 8.14	f 6.44	f 7.34
Royal Oak.....	f 8.20	f 6.50	f 7.42
Kirkham.....	f 8.24	f 6.54	f 7.47
Bloomfield.....	f 8.29	f 6.59	f 7.53
Easton.....	8.39	7.09	8.25
Turner's.....			f 8.33
Bethlehem.....	f 8.54	f 7.24	8.45
Preston	f 9.01	f 7.31	8.57
Linchester.....			f 9.02
Ellwood.....	f 9.06	f 7.36	f 9.10
Hurlock.....	9.15	7.45	9 30
Ennalls.....			f 9.36
Rhodesdale	f 9.23	f 7.53	f 9.46
Reid's Grove.....	f 9.29	f 7.59	f 9.56
Vienna.....	f 9.37	f 8.07	10.10
Mardela Springs	f 9.46	f 8.16	10.25
Hebron.....	f 9.55	f 8.25	10.45
Rock-a-Walkin.....	f 9 58	f 8.28	f 10 51
Salisbury.....	10.10	8.40	12.30
Walston's.....	f 10 18	f 8.48	f 12 42
Parsonsburg.....	f 10 23	f 8.53	12.57
Pittsville.....	f 10 30	f 9.00	1.15
Willards.....	f 10 37	f 9.07	f 1.25
New Hope.....	f 10 39	f 9.09	f 1 30
Whaleyville.....	f 10 42	f 9.12	f 1.38
St. Martins.....	f 10 48	f 9.18	f 1.48
Berlin.....	10 55	9.25	2.45
Ocean City..... Ar	11 10	9.40	3.05

READ UP.

STATIONS.	Distance.	Daily except Sunday	Mixed daily exc. Sunday
		A. M.	P. M.
Baltimore.....Ar	131.06	1.20	
Clayborne.....Lv		10.05	
Clayborne.....Ar	87.06	10.00	5.50
McDaniel.....	85.72	f 9.56	f 5.45
Harper.....	81.42	f 9.51	f 5.35
St. Michael's.....	82.34	9.47	5.28
Riverside.....	80.60	f 9.37	f 5.08
Royal Oak.....	78.48	f 9.33	f 5.03
Kirkham.....	76.63	f 9.28	f 4.53
Bloomfield.....	74.55	f 9.24	f 4.48
Easton.....	72.01	9 19	4.40
Turner's.....	68.37		f 4.08
Bethlehem.....	64.85	f 9.03	f 4.00
Preston.....	61.75	f 8.57	3.48
Linchester.....	60.57	f 8.53	f 3.38
Ellwood.....	59.69	f 8.51	f 3.35
Hurlock.....	55.81	8.44	3.23
Ennalls.....	53.29	f 8.—	f 3.08
Rhodesdale	51.62	f 8.35	f 3.04
Ried's Grove.....	48.51	f 8.28	f 2.54
Vienna.....	45.06	f 8 21	2.44
Mardela Springs.....	41.16	f 8.12	2 30
Hebron.....	36.40	f 8.03	2.15
Rock-a-Walkin.....	34.43	f 7.58	f 2.00
Salisbury.....	30.08	7 50	f 1.45
Walston's.....	25.11	f 7.36	f 10.06
Parsonsburg.....	23.04	f 7.32	10.00
Pittsville.....	19.97	7.26	9.40
Willard's.....	16.56	f 7.18	f 9.21
New Hope.....	15.46	f 7.16	f 9.16
Whaleyville.....	13.97	f 7.13	9.10
St. Martin's.....	10.50	f 7.06	f 8.59
Berlin.....	7.24	7.00	8.50
Ocean City.....Lv		6.40	8.00

f stops on signal. Connection made with steamer lines at Easton, Vienna and Salisbury.

A. J. BENJAMIN, Supt.
T. MURDOCH, Pass. Agt.

Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore RAILROAD.

Schedule in Effect May 17th, 1897.

Delaware & Chesapeake Railway.

SOUTHWARD Read Down		Distance	STATIONS.	NORTHWARD Read Up	
291 Pass	285 Mix.			290 Mix.	294 Mix.
P. M.	A. M.			A. M.	P. M.
3 00	6 25		.....Baltimore.....	11 15	6 55
3 46	7 25		..Philadelphia..	10 46	5 42
5 47	9 38	.....	Lv..Clayton..Ar	8 45	3 55
5 58	9 48	4.70	.....Kenton.....	8 36	3 37
f 6 04	f 9 57	9.58	.....Hartley	f 8 26	f 3 27
f 6 06	f 10 00	10.22	.....Slaughters.....	f 8 23	f 3 24
6 12	10 08	13.79	.....Marydel	8 17	f 3 18
f 6 19	f 10 16	16.76	....Henderson....	f 8 10	f 3 11
f 6 26	f 10 24	19.54	..Goldsborough..	f 8 03	f 3 04
6 36	10 34	23.88	Greensborough	7 52	2 54
6 46	10 44	28.08	..... Ridgely	7 42	2 43
6 55	10 54	32.36	..Queen Anne..	7 31	2 33
f 7 02	f 11 04	36.16	.....Cordova	f 7 21	f 2 24
f 7 08	f 11 12	39.05	.....Chapel.....	f 7 18	f 2 17
7 20	11 24	44.16	.....Easton.....	7 08	2 07
f 7 37	f 11 42	50.49	.....Trappe.....	f 6 55	1 50
7 47	11 53	54.19	Ar...Oxford...Lv	6 45	1 40
P M.	A M.			A.M.	P.M

"f" Stops to leave or take passengers on notice to Conductor.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND LEASED LINES.

On and after Nov. 17th, 1895.
Trains leave Broad Street Station, Phila.

• Daily. ‡ Daily, except Sunday. †Daily except Saturday.

"Pennsylvania Limited." Dining Car..... *12.20 p. m.
Fast Line, Pittsburg (Dining Car)..... *12.25 p. m.
Chicago and St. Louis Express, Dining Car..... *4.30 p. m.
Western Express..... *8.50 p. m.
South Western Express..... *10.27 p. m.
Pacific Express West..... *11.20 p. m.
Harrisburg Express, *4.30 and ‡8.50 a.m., ‡4.40 p. m., and Mail..... *7.00 a. m.
Niagara, Rochester and Kane Ex... ‡8.50 a. m.
Elmira and Renovo Express..... ‡12.25 p. m.
Williamsport Express, ‡4.40 p. m.; Sundays..... 4.30 p. m.
Rochester and Buffalo Express..... †8.50 p. m.
Erie, Rochester and Buffalo Ex..... *11.20 p. m.
Lock Haven Express..... *4.30 a. m.
Express for Boston, without change, 11.00 a. m. week-days and 6.50 p. m. daily.

S. M. PREVOST, General Manager.
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