BY MR P. T. MORAN NATIONAL TREASURER OF THE A. O. H-

Delivered at Suizers, Harlem River Park on the Occasion of the Irish National Carnival Held By the Hibernians c. New SONG OF THE LITTLE VILLAGES.

Mr. P. T. Moran, of Washington, D. C., National treasurer of the A. O. H., gave the appended eloquent address at the Irish National Carnival, held Augus: 15, by the A. O. H., of New York, at Sulzer's, Harlem River Park:

Years and even centuries may pass before our country takes her place among the nations of the earth; but the the time will com as th history of the British Empire repeats the history of the Assyrian, Babylonian, Persian, Grecian and Roman Empires. Nothing now remains of these but the sepulchres of departed greatness.

Nay, the greed of conquest which is the vulture that pursues all empires so entangle the relations of the British Crown that her fall will be commensurate to her crimes. Then the martyrs of her civilizing greed will be avenged. Ireland made a desert, her children exterminated and banished will be there to mock her. Plague and When blackberries ripen and the narfamine-stricken India will arise with new life when the leech sucking her life's blood is no more. Her ruined reservoirs will stand as monuments to tell future ages of the Criminal neglect of the English Government to provide for the droughts which frequently visited that unhappy land

And the heroic Boers, the last of her victims, will shed no tears over the tomb of departed greatness of those who would exterminate their heroic sons to obtain the gold and diamonds of their rich land.

And now O great and glorious Republic of the United States' Will you too follow in the footsteps of these hated empires, ancient and modern? Will babes yet unborn pray for your fall from greatness and glory? Will slaves raise their shackled hands in malediction over your flag Forbid it, O God of Justice'

Wherever a flag is raised in the sacred name of liberty. Irishmen are always found in the ranks. They fought with desperate courage to free their native land, and failing to do that, have served their adopted country as only men of their ardent, liberty-loving fearless callbre can.

If we visit the Transvaal, we see Blake and his two thousand Irishmen fighting side by side with the heroic Boers for fireside and liberty. Every Afar they'll rise before your eyes to battlefield in American history was watered by the blood of the exiled Irishmen. Meagher, Sheridan, Shields, Rutledge, Sullivan, Hancock, and a host of others covered their names and race with glory.

Even the seas have stories to tell of the bravery of Irish-American sailors during the struggle of the colonies for freedom. Commodore Jack Barry's reply to the English captain on On the Southern Llanos,-north where the high seas has become a household legend; while thousands of Macs, O's, Many a yearning exile sees them in and Fitz's found watery graves in the cause of liberty, and died "unwept, un- Dying voices murmur (passed all pain honored and unsung."

Now let us turn from the picture of "Lo! the little villages, God has heard the liberty-loving Celt, battling all over the world with tyranny and oppression to the cause of his exile from his beloved land

It is true there were no diamond mines and gold diggings in Ireland to tempt the cupidity of the English aristocracy to depredations on the Irish soil but it was Ireland's curse to be cituated too near the lion's paws, who sought to amalgamate all the territory within reach into one great England, and Oh' the dastardly amalgamation or rather extermination of the brave race who placed religion and conscience above the baubles of this world, and who were too few to suc- (Composed by a Celtic priest 1,000 cessfully resist the forcible annexation of their land. They were forbid- Sentinel of the morning light, den to practise the good old faith. Minstrel of the spring, taught them by the sainted Patrick How sweetly, nobly, free thy flight, and Columbill. Their priests were Thy boundless journeying. were forced to live like outlaws on; ficient means fled to the Continent of Europe. Thousands of them thus became founders of Spanish. French, and Oh, wilt thou climb the heavens for German families. But the poor farmer with the large fam'ly of helpless! little ones, it was on him that the Thou symphony of melody, wrath of the tron-hearted monarchs Henry VIII., Elizabeth, Cromwell, and William of Orange, was visited with unabated fury, who, in their mad attempt to free the island of natives Fair Luna's silvern beam of the massacred men and women even helpless babes were pierced with bayonets before the dying father's eyes. This No moorland haunting songster, thou, massacre of the Irish has recently been paralleled by the "pig sticking" of the Thy way is o'er the mountain's brow, gallant Boers, after they had surrendered But the Irish are a prolific race Then fearless float thy path of cloud and sprang up to avenge their wrongs Daniel O'Connell, the brilliant orator. Thou earthly warbler of angelic song. the fearless and uncompromising patriot won world wide distinction by his FATHER PHILIP OF THE ORAeloquent pleadings for his beloved and

down-trodden country.

his removal by an ignominious death. Newman dedicated his poem, "The But he lives in the hearts of all liberty- Dream of Gerontius." lovers, and his noble vindication of his life and work on the scaffold has become house-hold literature.

Our grand organization of the Anclent Order of Hibernians had done more to inculcate "hatred of English" tyranny" and its sister flower "love of, God-given liberty," in the breasts of be continued. Urishmen than any other society in the

for the protection of the priesthood, in care of Sisters of Charity. and keep the race from extermination, gipian birth.

A SPIRITED ADDRESS its motto was then as now, "Friendship, pity, and true Christian charity." Its noble work extends over a period of 400 years and its brotherhood encircles the world.

> circles the world. ? Both Church and State owe it a debt of gratitude that cannot easily be re-

iod of 400 years and its brother en-

The pleasant little villages that grace the Irish Glynns Down among the wheat-fields,-up amid the whins,

The little white-walled villages crowding close together. Clinging to the Old Sod in spite of wind and weather: Ballytarsney, Ballymore, Ballyboden, Boyle,

Ballingarry, Ballymagorry by the Banks of Foyle, Ballylaneen, Ballyporeen, Bansha, Ballysada Ballybrack, Ballinalack, Barna, Ballyclare.

The cosly little villages that shelter from the mist, Where the great West Walls by ocean-spray are kissed;

happy little villages that cuddle in the sun vest work is done. Corrymeela, Croaghnakeela, Clog-

her, Cahirciveen, Cappaharoe, Carrigaloe, and Coosheen, Castlefinn and Carrigtohill, Crumlin, Clara, Clane, Carrigabolt, Carrigaline, Clogh-

jordan and Coolrain.

The dreamy little villages, where by the fire at night, Old Shanachies with whostly tale the

boldest hearts affright; crooning of the wind-blast is wailing Banshee's cry. And when the silver bazels stir they say the fairies sigh.

Kilfenora, Kilbnnane; Kinnity Killylea, Kilmoganny, Kiltamagh, Kilronan and Kilrea. Killashandra, Kilmacow, Killiney,

Killashee, Killenaule, Killmyshall, Killorglin and Killeagh.

Leave the little villages, o'er the black seas go. Learn the stranger's welcome, learn the exile's woe,

Leave the little villages, but think not to forget

rack your bosoms yet. Moneymore, Moneygall, Monivea and Moyne, Mullinahone, Mullinavatt, Mullagh

and Mooncoin.

Shanagolden, Shanballymore, Stra-Toberaheena, Toomyvara, Tempo and Stabane.

strange light gleams,

his dreams and care)

our prayer." Lisdoonvarna, Lissadil, Lisdargan, Lisnaskea,

Portglenone, Portarlington, Portumna, Portmagee. Clonegam and Clonegowan, Cloondara and Clonae. God bless the little villages and

guard them night and day! -Rev. James B. Dollard (Sliav-namon)., in The Pilot. •All the names are genuine.

TO THE LARK.

Years ago.)

massacred or hunted like wolves and Far from thy brethren of the woods alone.

throne.

me.

Between darkness and light. And seek with golden morning's light on thy crest,

Thy sweet notes in the sky.

along,

The slanderous libels on the Irish of Rev. William Thomas Gordon, betfunior partner to attend to most of the
tace were proven to be fabrications of ter known as Father Philip, of the business. Then one day the crash English exchanges record the death the wily English who hid their guilt ter known as rather runny, or the wily English who hid their guilt ter known as rather runny, or the was the was the world by blackening their superior. Father Gordon was a member speculating wildly—had lost and The infamous penal code became ber of an old Scotch family—the Gorknown and despised by the civilized dons of Kethockmills, Aberdeen-who world. Liberal-minded Engl'shmen supplied King's College. Aberdeen, became ashamed of the outrageous with professors in unbroken continacts of their country and the English uity from 1640 to 1811. Father Gor-Parliament repealed the more odious of don was educated at Oxford, where he joined the Catholic Church. His eld-The gallant Robert Emmet, the idol er brother, John, who began life in as he realized what it all meant to the of his countrymen, sought to free his the army, was also received as well girl at his side. fand by the sword, but the British as their sister, who became a nun. It Government, by a mock trial, secured was to the elder brother Cardinal said in a jerky tone at the finish. It

> 'The Jesuit Fathers have decided not to rebuild their college at Grand Cateau, La., which was recently de- tells me he has been gambling, and stroyed by fire. Instead they have owes a large sum of money to one of purchased a tract of land near Shreve, the officers. He can't pay, and the disport, and here their college work will

There are at present thirty inmates Organized in Ireland's darkest hours living at the leper home in Louisiana,

SONG OF THE ARMENIAN SHEPHERD.

One by one the stars arise In the meadows of the skies: One by one, all white and still, Rest my sheep on yonder hill. Now I lay my crook away Toil is over with the day: . Kneeling at my frugal board Break the bread and bless the Lord.

Lord look on me and on us all, and make us blest, And send us rest, At this and every eventall!

All the day, afar from me, They have wandered wild and free; All the day I followed still, Rock to rock and hill to hill, Calling down the gorges deep, "Come ye back, my wandering sheep," Till at eve I brought them home,

Safe in fold, no more to roam! Lord, do thus much for me and all And when we stray From Thy good way Oh, fetch us home at evenfall!

-Frederic E. Weatherly.

BERYL FALKINER

In a room of the Gibraltar hotel sat Beryl Falkiner looking white and anxious. A few yards away stood a young man-he was hardly more than a boy in an officer's uniform. They were the only occupants of the room, and a glance at their faces revealed that they were brother and sister.

The boy was gazing with a set expression at the open letter he held in his hand. He was deadly pale. "Every penny of my money will have to go to save the honor of the firm,' he read out. "Oh, it's awful! Do you grasp what it means to you,

"Not so much to me as to you, Ted, dear!" she said bravely. "I shall be able to be a governess or something, but you-you will have to give up the regiment—sell out!' The boy sank into a chair and buried

his face in his hands. His sister went to him and twined

her arms about him.
"We must think," she said softly, "that it means more to the dear old father than to anyone else! We shall have to try to do our best to put thing straight for him. I know it will be hard leaving the regiment. "It's not that," he burst out.

"What then, Ted, dear?" she said anxiously. He raised his head and turned

white face to her. 'How can I tell you?" he cried, brokenly. "I've been a fool-worse than a fool. I'm heavily in debt, Beryl, and it's a debt of honor!

"I've gambled and lost," he said. gloomily. "There's a man here who likes high stakes—and he holds a batch | made the stereotyped request. of my I. O. U.'s. Of course, I never dreamed of this horrible thing happening. I cabled to the governor last night, thinking that the only result of my folly would be that he'd blame me

for my extravagance." "How much do you owe this man?" "Five hundred pounds. It's a debt of honor, and it can't be paid. My God, it can't be paid!" he repeated between his teeth.

"Five hundred pounds," she said with a little gasp. "He let you—a mere boy—play until you owed him that!" "He did not know but what I could

afford it." A bugle rang out from the far end of the town. Young Falkiner sprang to

his feet. "I'll have to go," he said hoursely. "I'll come and see you again after

A little later the same morning Captain Crosby Drysdale was strolling in the Alameda gardens. He was a goodlooking man of about 30. He climb the paths leisurely, apparently in decthought. Presently his eyes fell on the figure of a girl who was sitting a few

yards higher up. He recognized her immediately, and a sudden gleam came into his eyes. "Too hot for our old friend, Mrs. Cresfield?" he asked with a laugh,

dropping into the seat beside her. "When is your visit up?" Beryl made no reply. He glanced at her, and saw that her face was turned

the mountains. All Irishmen with uf- A hermit chorister before God's toward Europa. He noticed that she was very pale, and that her eyelashes were wet with tears. "I am very sorry," he said, in a sympathetic voice. "If—" he paused hesi-

tatingly-"if I can be of any use?" She turned her head, and their eyes met. She had only known him a week, yet a kind of mutual understanding had sprung up between them. Somehow he seemed different from most of the men she had met.

"I should like to help, if I could," he said slowly.

She shook her head. "No one can help!" she said, with a little catch in her voice. "There is nothing to be done. We are ruined!" He said nothing. A sudden desire to tell him her troubles crept over her. "Perhaps if you told me-" he began in a low tone of persuasion.

The story came to ner gradually. Her father was engaged in commercethe head of a firm in good position. He was getting old, and allowed his been speculating wildly-had lost, and in desperation had appropriated money belonging to the firm's clients. Finally he had absconded, leaving Mr. Falkiner to weather the storm as best he

could. Drysdale listened to the tale, his eyes staring out to sea. He bit his lips

seemed terribly lame, but they were the only-words he could find.

"But that isn't the worst!" she said. with a little sob. "Leaving the regiment would not be so much in itself to Ted. But he must leave in debt! He grace will break his heart!". The man at her side clenched his

teeth. He did not speak, however. lots a mere boy like Ted play with him until he owes hundreds of pounds? as the

What do you think of him?" "I think him a blacksuard," seld Drysdale slowly.
"Teel as if I hate that man," she

said, "more than any one else in this world. "Drysdaie was still looking out it sea. There was a curious light in his

"You will never forgive him?" he asked evenly. "I loathe a gambler, and he did his best to make Ted one. He has ruined our happiness. No. I would never for-

give him!" There was a slight noise a few yards away. They looked up and saw Mrs. Creefield approaching them, Drysdale rose to his feet.

"You are quite right," he said in low tone. "He should not be forgiven!" A few moments later he took his departure. He strode down the lower road, and, halling a carriage, was quickly rattled back to his quarters. He shut himself up in his room and ac., for some time paced up and down rest. *11:35. lessly. Then suddenly an idea seized him. He took up his hat again, and, making his way out, drove quickly down to the telegraph office. There he dispatched a long cable to England, and the man to whom it was addressed

was his solicitor. Early next morning Beryl was walking with her brother. They had wan-dered down to Ragged Staff and stood watching the bay. In the distance a little steamer could be seen churning

its way out of port. "That's the Gibel Musa!" said Ted suddenly. "Drysdale's on board. He suddenly applied for a fortnight's leave and has gone boar hunting in Morocco. I couldn't see him so had to leave a letter explaining things." "Explaining what?" asked Beryl,

quickly. "Oh, he happens to be the man I owe the money to-that's all!

She remained perfectly still. Then the meaning of the thing came to her. Six months later Dreysdale's leave came around, and he found himself in London again. One night he went to a dance given by an old friend of his. He had never cared much for functions of this kind, he cared less now, and as i he stood watching the crowded room a feeling of weariness crept over him, and he found himself wishing that he had elected to spend his leave class where than in London. His hostess crossed the room to him.

"You must really let me introduce you to some nice people, He suffered himself to be led to the other end of the room. Mrs. Vavasour stopped in front of a number of girls

who were chatting together. Drysdale gave a slight start, but in stantly recovered himself. Standing before him was Beryl Falkiner. Her eyes met his, and he saw her change color. Mrs. Vavasour introduced them, then turned away.

Neither spoke for a moment. This music for the next dance started, and a youngster came to claim Beryl. Drysdale pulled himself together, and She gave him her program. He has

ily scribbled something on it "I have taken the next!" he said. Station. Begging on He made his way out to a balcony, through to destination The blood seemed to dance through his Geo, M. Dantets, veins. He had met her again and was going to dames with her! What would she say to him?

He reentered the ball room and found her. A thrill went through him as he felt her arm resting on his. They took a few turns and then their eyes met, and she smiled. "I want to talk-to thank you!" she

whispered. They stopped dancing and he led her out to the balcony. They did not speak

for a second. Then she turned and laid a hand lightly on his arm. "I found it out a month ago," she said, "even though you meant it to be kept a secret. There's not another man in the world would have done it!" "It was nothing!" he replied. "I was really the gainer. I merely took some

of my money which was in consols and invested it in your father's firm. I now get 4 per cent, instead of 2%." "That is your way of putting it!" she exclaimed. "You saved him from

ruin and disgrace—enabled him to resume his old position. How can I ever thank you?" "It was only reparation!" he said. "Never in my life have I felt such a blackguard as I did that morning at

Alameda! Ever since the thought of a card has sickened me!"

"I was very hard—very cruel!" sha murmured.

He looked at her intently. He saw a swift wave of color sweep her cheek.

"I was very hard—very cruel!" sha From the East A. M.—I 1005 4431.

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caught hold of her hand. "I am gambling again!" he cried. "Gambling for love!" saw her lips smilingly frame an answer. The gambier had won - Mainly About People.

Bishop Potter In Englands "I was at first amused, but finally C. B. Lambert, J. C. Kalbert, Disc Pass Agt., Disc Pass Agt., Rockaster, R. Rockaster, R. Rockaster, R. oppressed by the frequency with which I was addressed as 'Your Grace,' while I was in England," said Bishop Potter shortly after his return from his latest trip abroad, says the New York Journal. "When one has lived for Trains leave West Ave station as follow years in America without any special

easy to become accustoment to below hailed as 'Your Grace' whenever any service is rendered.

"But from the recurrence of the title, which was still offered to me at frequent intervals during the royage Butley have all care about his part of the life. home, I was cheerfully delivered by coaches the first American I met on my way ashore. He was an old vestryman of mine and I met him on the gangplank as he was rushing up to welcome home 8.40 P. M. Dally, Pittsberg as he was rushing up to welcome home 8.40 press for Large, Wassey Bradler his wife and his daughters. He grabbed and Pittsburg. Sleeper from Ashleid my hand an instant and exclaimed.

"'Hello, Bish! How are you?'

"Hello, Bish! How are you?'

"Special for LeRoy, Warraw and Slives."

Special for LeRoy, Warraw and Slives. Lowers

Ice Near a Burning Percet. Among the many caves and caverns in Eastern Oregon is one that may prove a great wonder when fully explored. Cattlemen in the neighborhood have been as far as three miles in 16 without finding the end, and they report is as one of the largest and most interesting caves that they have ever heard of. In some places the dimen. Free Employer Labille. Plan sions of the cavern are immense: But the wonder of this section of

country in the way of caves are the greatice caves about ten miles can of eeth. He did not speak, however, the big cave. Bordering on the "This cruel gambling," she cried, "desert," and out in the "desert," What do you think c. a man who there are a succession of caves. This desert of Eastern Oregon is as being se the Sehera, and, in summer, all

A CONTRACTOR OF THE PROPERTY O

HE PURE LINE THE TE

Trains leave from and arrive at Central Avenue Station, Rocaester, as follows: BAST BY MAIN LINE.

A. M .- \$1:00, \$1:18, \$1:44, 5:45 \$:15.40 *9:05,*9:38,*10:05,10:40, sc: 11:30 F. M.— 8.24, 8:00 sc. \$105 6:18 se., 7:10 8c, 8:45, 9:30, 10:30, 10:35, *111:3 sc.

Trains arrive from the East. A. M. Zitō, *17. *100 *18 *6:48 *200 The buffet *7:50, \$:10 ac., 0:35 ac.; *2:48, fro:so ac. P. M. -*11:50 noon ac. *3:30; g:21, g:01 Williamspore 5:30; \$0:00 ac., 9:80, \$0:45, \$10:00;

EAST BY AUBURN ROAD.

A. M.—5:35. 0:44. 7:45. 0:40. 17:45. euree P. M.—1:49. 5:10; "b:59. 7:45. 10:15. Trains arrive from Auburn Road. A. M.—8:17. 9:00. 0:40, 10:50. F. M. *2:50, "4:30, 5:10:5:40. 19:50, 23:50. WEST BY MAIN LINE.

A. M.—*1:80, *8:80, *4:05, *5:85, *6:55, *7:50, ac., *0:52, *20:55. P. M.—*2:85, †8:40, ac., 3:85, †5:15 ac., *5. 30, ‡7:30 ac., 9:87 9.50, \$10:05, \$11:40. Frains Arrive from the West.

A. M.,—"19:56, "3:13, "5:40, 6:87, †8:10 ac., "9:00, "9:35, "20:00, †10:3582., ‡2:30, 11:85, P.M.—"2:10 as., 2:28, "5:00, †7:35 ac. *8.40, *9.45, *10:25, *10:50. WEST BY PALLS ROAD.

A. M .- 16 101 8:30, 110:30, P. M. 3:30, *\S:40, *XX:00. Trains Arrive From Falls Road A. M. -- +7:40, +*9:80. P. M. -- |*2:00 †4:15; *†7:45 *9.50. CHARLOTTE AND ONTARIO BEACH

Leave Rochester Daily. A. M. - *7:00, *18:85, *19:55, *12:15, P. M. - *12:00, *12:40, *18:50, *15:00, *15:40, *14:20, *15:00, *15:20, *16:00, *17:00 17:35, *8:30, *9:00*,9:40, *10:80, *10:55, Arrive from Charlotte Dally,

A. ML - 18:00, 10:25, 16:35, - P. M. - 19:15, 18:00, 19:25, 12:40, 19:30, 18:00, 19:30 R. W. & O. DIVISON Trains arrive and depart from State street

East Bound-A, M. - gieo, Pios. F M.—3:20,5:30;†0:30, 6:40,
West Bound—A.M. ‡8.00,8:20 P. M.—4:20,
Arrive from East—A. M.—*6:26, 7:50,
0:00,†xx:35 P. M.—3:43, 7:28,
Arrive from West—A. M.—*9:30, 10:35, P. M.—7:25,10:35.

Desotes daily. ! Sundays only. other trains dally except Sunday. Trains marked | stop at Centre park, ac, detecte accommodation teals.
Formall or poets, steamship blokes and reservations or information regarding Thos. Cook & Sons sears, apply at City Takes, Office, so State street, seems. Contaction (Telephone 558-A), and Centen Around

Gen'l. Part. Agt.,

All trains and depart from N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. Station, Trains for Syraeuse Utica, Albany, Boston, New York, Bullele Ningara Falls, Cleveland, Detroit, Chienco St. Louis, and all points east, west, north and south, as follows:

LEAVE GOING MAST. *6:05 A. M. Continental Limited. *to:18.A. M. Boston and West York Exercise,

"5:58 P. M.-Newark Level. 0:05 P. M. — National Express. 19:25 P. M. — Atlantic Express. LEAVE GOING WEST. *12:07 A. M. Continental Limber. *4:38 A. M. St. Louis and Chica

imited.

#8:05 A. M.—National Express.

#7:13 A. M.—Buffalo Local.

#0:15 A. M. Pacific Express.

#4:33 P. M.—Buffalo.

TRAINS ARRIVE.

Then her eyes slowly lifted and met Denotes daily his. Suddenly he bent forward and Denotes Daily except Woodsy, All other trains daily except Sunday.

Tickets sold, sleeping car borths secured and baggage checked to destination at City Gambling for love!"

He looked entreatingly at her. He office. Telephone 850-A. se State street was her lips smilingly frame an an-corner Comithian, or at Assidas's said. Powers bank, aler at Man Year Castral Station, Agents of Westcott Research com-

years in America without any special 7.00 A. M. Week days for the waste of the period of the period

saw, Perry and Hornelleville.

TAKE TRAINS ARRIVE

Estimal E Media / Village

SYLVANIA RAILROAD. Trains will loave West Avenue Clasters time), daily expect Rend M. for Mostleville, And