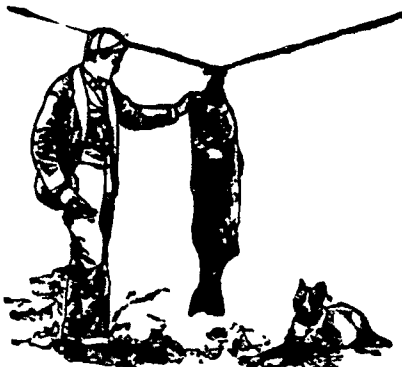


## A SUCCESSFUL CATCH.

### SOME INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT SEA FISHING.

A Famous Angler—Excellent Opportunity for Fishing—Some of the Requisites of Success—Wire Lines—Mackerel Plentiful.

G. P. Morosini, Jr., of Riverdale, famous among all anglers of New York for the heavy striped bass which he has been taking out of the Hudson river during the past years with rod and line, has added a new and unique record to his long list. This time it is a channel bass weighing sixty pounds, and the unique feature of the catch is the quick time in which he did it. There are probably more than two thousand anglers in New York



who would willingly and unhesitatingly agree to spend two weeks in fishing steadily if they could make such a catch as this. Mr. Morosini left his home in Riverdale at 7 o'clock in the morning, reached Edgewater, Far Rockaway, at 10:15, had hooked and landed his fish by exactly noon and was home again at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

The general safety of the salt waters around New York city and the immense fleets of good craft from flat bottomed skiffs to schooners and steam vessels, serve to lead most salt water anglers of the city away from the shores to seek their quarry in the open waters and channels. Few know, therefore, what a field there is within sight of the city's spires for the eager fisherman. The best season for this form of fishing is approaching now. Through September the big bluefish run in on the edge of the surf, particularly along the upper New Jersey coast. Further south, from Seabright down, the huge striped bass ("bull bass") and drum-fish pose along the sand, often in water so shallow that their backs are exposed as the big rollers recede. The drumfish are of two varieties, the black and the red, the black being the more common. The drumfish is related closely to the blackfish. He has a mighty human-like set of teeth like his smaller cousin and is similar to an extent in general shape. But he exceeds the tautog far in weight, for drum run to 100 pounds and over. Fish of from sixty to eighty pounds are not rare.

A Requisite. A first requisite for a successful surf or river beach angler is that he be a past master in the art of casting. It is a kind of casting different from that used in casting flies or bait for salmon, trout or black bass, and an expert at any of these may be a sad bungler at the other. The bait must be thrown at least 200 to 300 feet into the surf, and when the heavy lead is sent forward on its journey, disaster sudden and complete awaits the clumsy tyro. The reel must be controlled from the instant that the rod is swung. If it isn't, something will smash, for the line, jerked through the guides by the velocity of the lead, will either snarl around guide or tip, when rod and all may be involved in ruin, or, more probably, will overrun the reel and either part or break the rod or tangle itself so thoroughly in and around the reel that it will be the work of hours to unravel it. There is no worse tangle than that caused by an over-running reel line. Often there is no remedy, and it is found necessary to cut the whole line to pieces to get it off the reel. To prevent this accident it is necessary to keep the thumb on the spool of the reel in such a way that it will not check the line an instant before it is out as far as it possibly can go, and yet to check it not an instant later. If the angler is the thousandth part of a second too late, the line, no longer being pulled out by the lead which has reached the limit of its flight, slackens suddenly, while the swiftly revolving reel continues to spin. This releases more line, which, not being dragged out, falls in a wild, crazy snarl on the reel and goes helter skelter around with the spool, knotting itself amazingly in an instant.

Wire Lines. Sea anglers in England have been using wire lines recently with a fair average of satisfaction and success. They are made of the finest kind of piano wire and are so flexible and delicate that they run through the rod guides as freely as linen line would do. The great advantage, beside superior strength and freedom from rotting and snarling, which is pointed out by the users of wire lines, is that they resist the pull of the tide so much that the angler need not hand a hump himself with heavy sinkers. Every salt water angler knows how enormous the strain of the tide is on even a thin line when 200 or 300 feet are out.

Mackerel Plentiful. Mackerel are plentiful in the bay, and in the autumn are taken in great numbers by the rowing boats in shallow water, usually round Two Stones and Littleham Cove. The early morning is the best time, and several dozen may be taken. Three lines are used, a leaded one on each quarter, and one on a bobber at the stern; the two leaded lines baited with a slip from a mackerel's tail, and the unleaded one with three flies with a baby spinner over the bottom one. Some seasons numbers of twait and Alice shad come in with the mackerel, and are taken on the lines with them.

## ELECTING A CHIEF.

First Change in the Chieftaincy in Twenty-five Years.

Living in Oklahoma are the Sac and Fox Indians, a tribe of about one thousand braves who have just elected a new chief. This is the first election of a chief celebrated by any prairie tribe for the last quarter of a century. In fact it is the first change in the chieftaincy of any of the tribes. It was therefore an event of considerable importance to the Indians and to the students of Indian lore.

Wa-pa-ke-sek was duly installed as chief in the place of Nah-ma-way, who died about a week previous to the celebration. In addition to receiving the chieftaincy he also felt heir to the family of the departed chief. This consists of three squaws and six children.

In addition to Wa-pa-ke-sek's own family of five squaws and ten children he will have quite a gathering in the Sac and Fox White House, which is no more than a mud lodge painted white. Besides this he will have the nine members of the council to take care of. As the income of the chief is derived from rental funds of the tribal lands and is sufficient to support his household in style, without work, he is a very happy man.

He says he will rule his people as the Great Spirit orders. He does not think the tribe should have to live on allotments, nor should they be forced into the white man's trail unless they want to go that way, and he says they do not.

About two thousand Indians attended the inauguration of Wa-pa-ke-sek. Men, women and children came in big droves. They brought their dogs along, so as to have eatables for the dance. Some very fine specimens of hunting dogs were to be sacrificed to their new chief, so you see the Indians care nothing about expenses when they are out for a "time."

The ceremonies were presided over by Kan-wa-so, the head man of the medicine lodge. When the Indians had gathered in the council house in the morning, the master of ceremonies made a long speech in the Indian language, telling how well the dead brave had ruled over them and how Wa-pa-ke-sek had been commanded by the Great Spirit of the medicine lodge to take the dead man's place. The Indians bowed their heads while the medicine man was talking.

After he had invoked the blessing of the Great Spirit upon the assembly, they adjourned to the open space, there to witness the services over the departed brave. All the principal medicine men of the tribe gathered in the centre of the dance circle and there sang the death chant. The body of the dead chief had been buried in the little wooden house built by him years ago, but they were now conducting the memorial services. They sang:

Our father, have pity on us,  
Make us to be wise,  
Make our new chief a great man,  
O father, make him a good man.  
This doleful chant rang out across the plains for nearly half an hour, while the guests at this strange inauguration ceremony sat around the edge of the dance circle and listened.

Then Kan-wa-so uttered a piercing shriek, known as the "death cry," and the ceremony was ended. The Indians then killed a number of the fattest dogs and boiled them in a big kettle. They drank the dog soup, and then the master of ceremonies again called them together in the council house.

Kan-wa-so then called in a loud voice for the new chief, who had meanwhile been in the "sweat lodge" sweating all the impurities of a common Indian out of his system. Wa-pa-ke-sek had been fasting for several days and was very weak. He was clad only in a breech cloth. The guests had in the meanwhile assembled in rows around the inside of the council house, with the leading medicine men on the outer circle. Each one of these medicine men held in his hand the sacred otter skin. When the new chief came running in from the "sweat lodge" they threw the otter skins at him, at the same time yelling, "You are shot, great chief. The Great Spirit commands you to rule us."

The chief then fell to the ground in a dead faint, and until he arose, some five minutes later, the Indians were in a frenzy of wild excitement. They jumped around him, yelling the medicine song and swinging their hands in the air. When he arose the master of ceremonies went to him and led him into the dancing circle outside the council house.

With two huge American flags floating over the dance grounds, Kan-wa-so led the new chief into the centre of the grounds and with many words of advice from the Great Spirit he declared Wa-pa-ke-sek chief of the Sac and Foxes. Not a cheer fell from the Indians' lips. It is not their way. Instead, they again killed some of the most valuable and fattest dogs and passed the soup around. After they had all eaten their fill, a big dance was ordered, which started at night and lasted until daybreak. The new chief is going to Washington shortly, to call upon the President and advise Mr. McKinley how he should care for the redskins.

The parchment on the best banjos is made of wolf skin.

## AS WE JOURNEY THROUGH LIFE.

"As we journey through life let us live by the way."

Slip the essence of pleasure from every gleam, the bright golden grains of enjoyment as we travel on to the shore of eternity's sea. Let the music of laughter, the echoes of song be heard from our lips as we journey along. Let us smile on the face of each threatening care, Each other's earth sorrows in brotherhood share.

"As we journey through life let us live by the way." Never bow to despair when the heavens are gray. Flung a laugh to the clouds when they darken our skies. Light with sunshine the teardrops that spring to our eyes. If a brother should falter, extend him a hand. If he fails to rise and the weak of despair. Breathe a message of hope in the ear of despair. Plunge the sword of good cheer in the bosom of care.

"As we journey through life let us live by the way." For this earthly existence is but for a day. To-morrow we'll pass o'er the river that flows. 'Twill be the kingdom of care and the land of repose. Let us sip at the sweetness of life as we pass. Let us swallow the courage the dregs in the glass. In the midst of adversity strive to be gay.

"As we journey through life let us live by the way." —Denver Evening Times.

## Little Miss Caryl.

"Of course I know all about it. Hadn't I tended Mr. Rodney in long clothes an' lived in the family until he was a strappin', broad-shouldered man, side by side with his father in all the responsibility and work of that big farm? Why, I was nurse an' cook an' sewin' girl an' everything you can think of in that family."

"An' don't I remember the very day Miss Caryl came there first? You see, it was right after she'd lost her mother, an' she hadn't a soul in the world that belonged to her, anyways close, an' Mrs. Whitcomb was only an old friend herself, but she! It was just her way to go an' ask Miss Caryl to come and live with them."

"Such a little slip of a brown-eyed, curly-headed thing she was, with motions for all the world just like a bird! I can see this minute how she looked when she walked in at the door an' Mrs. Whitcomb took her in her arms. An' Mr. Whitcomb, too, come up an' gave her a kiss, an' said she must be his little daughter, now; an' with that, Master Sydney, who was only a year younger than Miss Caryl herself—he was 16—come bouncin' up an' said if she was his sister he was goin' to have a kiss, too. So then Mr. Rodney kissed her, but in a bashful kind of way, an'—well, I knew what had happened to him that very night."

"An' it all come along as natural as you please! Well, I was glad for Mr. Rodney when it was all settled, though I know, of course, she didn't half know how to love him, just at first. How could she, anyway—little young thing! Folks expect miracles, seems to me."

"I don't forget one day at dinner when I was clearin' away the plates an' she an' Master Syd got into some discussion an' left it to Mr. Rodney to decide, an' she looked up at him laughin' an' says, 'Now, Rodney, don't you go back on me! Well, sir, he just looked at her, such a look! An' she stopped laughin', all of a sudden, an' looked down, an' I says to myself, 'She's beginnin' to understand a little.'"

"She was, too. I knew it better atterward."

"Well, by and by Mr. Rodney began to think about gettin' married, of course, an' his rich uncle made him an offer of a fine business position out West, an' almost before we knew it he was gone. I cried myself, searin' how brave he tried to be leavin' Miss Caryl—Fatey he used to call her. She didn't half realize it until he'd started, an' then wasn't she a lone some little thing for awhile? An' didn't she watch for the letters—yes an' write letters, too!"

"After a month or two of that Mr. Rodney come for a visit. He was Mr. Rodney's next brother, you know. He'd never liked the farm, an' he'd gone to the city as soon as he was old enough to work. An' it happened that he hadn't been home any to stay since Miss Caryl came there to live. Well, you ought to have seen how sweet he was to his 'little sister,' takin' her to drive, an' to everything goin' on in the little town, six miles off, an' all that. Just to keep her from gettin' too homesick for Mr. Rodney, you know. Oh, dear! I don't know as you could blame him much or her, either, but it was dreadful to see it comin', day by day; to see her forget to write so often, an' to see how uneasy Mr. and Mrs. Whitcomb was gettin' to be! An' the whole thing only took four weeks!"

"It was one night, just as I had brought in the lamp, an' set it on the parlor table, Mr. Huntington an' Miss Caryl came in from the garden together, an' all of a sudden, he caught her in his arms an' says, 'Father! Mother! This is my little girl, an' I'm going to have her!' "I stopped stock still. I had no business to, but I didn't know what I was doing. 'She's Mr. Rodney's!' I says just like that. But the next breath she rushes upstair, an' I come to my senses an' went out an' shut the door before anybody spoke."

"I never knew just what they said only I know Miss Caryl cried all night an' told Mr. Huntington it was all a fearful mistake, an' sent him back to the city the first thing in the morning. An' I know the folks promised to forgive her and love her just the same. Then, after that, she sat down an' wrote Mr. Rodney all about it. There was pages an' pages of it—telling how

kind Mr. Huntington had been, an' how, just for one little crazy hour, she come to think she'd be prouder to walk down the church aisle as Mrs. Huntington Whitcomb than with dear old Mr. Rodney. But she told him it was all over an' past an' begged him to forgive her an' all that. Poor little thing! Nobody could help but pity her before the answer came. An' when it did come, what do you think it was? Just her own letter sent back without a word."

"Now, do you know, that's the only thing Mr. Rodney could have done to make me sorrier for her than I was for him? She wrote again—just such a pitiful letter beginnin' with 'an' that came back unopened. After awhile she even tried again, but he sent it back just the same."

"How did I know? Well, not by readin' other folks' letters, anyway. The poor little thing had to talk to somebody, an' I wasn't exactly Mr. Rodney's folks, an' still I loved him, you see. There was a terrible time after that. Not that she made a sign out loud, but her stillness was worse. By and by I got up courage to write to Mr. Rodney myself, an' he was kinder to me than he was to her. That hurt me, too. He wrote back: 'Marcia, says he, you can't understand. It can't be, an' it's no use your worryin'. Don't think any more about it.'"

"As if I could help it—with the poor little girl sufferin' right in my sight!"

"Well, the months went along. Mr. Rodney wrote to his mother, but never mentioned Miss Caryl's name. It got to be a whole year, Master Syd had been off at college for six months, an' we was lookin' for him home for vacation. Well, sir, a half day sooner than we expected him in he walked. That wasn't such an awful surprise, of course, but stalkin' right behind him, all an' unburdened, an' with a full brown beard—there was Mr. Rodney!"

"Master Syd walked right up an' kissed Miss Caryl, just as he always did, an' Mr. Rodney, after stoppin' at the door to speak to me, followed an' says quietly, holdin' out his hand, 'Haven't you got a kiss for me, too Caryl?'"

"Little Miss Caryl put both hands over her face an' commenced to go backward. 'Oh, Marcia!' she says, and in a minute I was there an' helped her into another room, where she could cry to her heart's content. An' Mr. Rodney never suffered to do a thing, but stayed and talked to his mother."

"Oh, Marcia! says Miss Caryl, when we was by ourselves, 'what does he mean?' An' I says: 'My dear, I don't know what he does mean! For I was all stirred up, I tell you. Well, she went to lunch an' tried to act natural. It broke my heart to see her. But Mr. Rodney didn't eat much himself. That was some comfort. When lunch was 'most over Master Syd's trunk come and he had to leave the table to see to it. An' there was something wrong about it, so that first Mr. Whitcomb was called away an' then Mrs. Whitcomb excused herself, too, an' there Mr. Rodney an' Miss Caryl was left all alone."

"I had just swept the last crumb off the tablecloth when it happened, an' I walked into the pantry with my heart thumpin' like a hammer. 'It's now or never,' says I. There was the pie, all ranged out, ready to take in. 'But what is pie?' says I: I pushed the pantry door almost to, an' then stood an' listened. It's the only time in my life."

"It seemed forever before there was a sound. Then Miss Caryl says, in a nervous sort of way: 'It seems so strange to see you with a beard, Rodney.'"

"I was so disappointed I could have cried: it sounded so common. But the next minute came Mr. Rodney's voice, chakin' like a girl's: 'Oh, Fatey! says he, 'I'll shave it all off if you say so!'"

"That was enough. My apron went up to my face an' I leaned against the pantry door an' didn't care if it did go shut with a click!"

"I don't know how long I stood there in the dark, but by an' by Mrs. Whitcomb opened the door against me. 'Why, Marcia, what's the matter?' says she. Where's the pie? she says."

"Why, Marcia, dear, says Miss Caryl, as soon as she heard me cry: 'an', an' the next minute she was in the pantry with her arms around me. 'Here,' says Mr. Rodney, 'I guess I can comfort Marcia, and with that in the case, too, an' put his arms around us both.'"

"Miss Caryl was cryin', too, but Mr. Rodney was too happy an' too much in love. I heard him whisper: 'This is the best turn Marcia ever did for me, an' I know he meant the chance of kissin' her, there in the dark; but says I to myself, 'That's true, but you know, to Mr. Rodney. For what if I had been stupid enough to rush right in with that pie when they were alone together?'—Chicago Record.

A Believable Ghost. "What was known as the Shepard house on the old Bay Road, near Easton, Massachusetts, was for many years reputed to be haunted by the ghost of a former occupant of the house who had hanged himself." Writes Samuel S. Kingston, of "The Haunted Houses of New England," in the Ladies' Home Journal. "Strange stories are told of the annoyances experienced by various tenants at all hours of the night, but they were never favored with a sight of the intruder. In one of the chambers was an old-fashioned corded bedstead, and on several occasions its occupant was awakened suddenly by finding himself on the floor, the cords which sustained the bed having been removed by unseen hands without breaking or cutting. Many times the whole family were alarmed by what sounded like a wagon-load of stones falling from a great height on to the roof, threatening to crush it. These disturbances became so frequent that it was with difficulty that tenants could be persuaded for the house, so much dread did they have of ghostly intruders."

## NEW YORK CENTRAL

THE FOUR-TRACK TRUNK LINE

Trains leave from and arrive at Central Avenue Station, Rochester, as follows:

EAST BY MAIN LINE

A. M.—1:00, 1:30, 1:44, 6:44, 8:14, 9:04, 9:34, 10:04, 10:34, 11:30 P. M.—1:04, 1:34, 1:44, 6:44, 8:14, 9:04, 9:34, 10:04, 10:34, 11:30 P. M.—1:04, 1:34, 1:44, 6:44, 8:14, 9:04, 9:34, 10:04, 10:34, 11:30

Trains arrive from the West

A. M.—1:00, 1:30, 1:44, 6:44, 8:14, 9:04, 9:34, 10:04, 10:34, 11:30 P. M.—1:04, 1:34, 1:44, 6:44, 8:14, 9:04, 9:34, 10:04, 10:34, 11:30

EAST BY AUBURN ROAD

A. M.—1:00, 1:30, 1:44, 6:44, 8:14, 9:04, 9:34, 10:04, 10:34, 11:30 P. M.—1:04, 1:34, 1:44, 6:44, 8:14, 9:04, 9:34, 10:04, 10:34, 11:30

Trains arrive from the West

A. M.—1:00, 1:30, 1:44, 6:44, 8:14, 9:04, 9:34, 10:04, 10:34, 11:30 P. M.—1:04, 1:34, 1:44, 6:44, 8:14, 9:04, 9:34, 10:04, 10:34, 11:30

WEST BY MAIN LINE

A. M.—1:00, 1:30, 1:44, 6:44, 8:14, 9:04, 9:34, 10:04, 10:34, 11:30 P. M.—1:04, 1:34, 1:44, 6:44, 8:14, 9:04, 9:34, 10:04, 10:34, 11:30

Trains arrive from the West

A. M.—1:00, 1:30, 1:44, 6:44, 8:14, 9:04, 9:34, 10:04, 10:34, 11:30 P. M.—1:04, 1:34, 1:44, 6:44, 8:14, 9:04, 9:34, 10:04, 10:34, 11:30

WEST BY FALLS ROAD

A. M.—1:00, 1:30, 1:44, 6:44, 8:14, 9:04, 9:34, 10:04, 10:34, 11:30 P. M.—1:04, 1:34, 1:44, 6:44, 8:14, 9:04, 9:34, 10:04, 10:34, 11:30

Trains arrive from the West

A. M.—1:00, 1:30, 1:44, 6:44, 8:14, 9:04, 9:34, 10:04, 10:34, 11:30 P. M.—1:04, 1:34, 1:44, 6:44, 8:14, 9:04, 9:34, 10:04, 10:34, 11:30

CHARLOTTE AND ONTARIO BRANCH

Leave Rochester Daily. A. M.—1:00, 1:30, 1:44, 6:44, 8:14, 9:04, 9:34, 10:04, 10:34, 11:30 P. M.—1:04, 1:34, 1:44, 6:44, 8:14, 9:04, 9:34, 10:04, 10:34, 11:30

Trains arrive from the West

A. M.—1:00, 1:30, 1:44, 6:44, 8:14, 9:04, 9:34, 10:04, 10:34, 11:30 P. M.—1:04, 1:34, 1:44, 6:44, 8:14, 9:04, 9:34, 10:04, 10:34, 11:30

WEST SHORE

IN EFFECT JUNE 1, 1904. All trains and depart from N. Y. C. & N. R. R. Station, Times Square, New York. Albany, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, and all points west, north and south, as follows:

LEAVE GOING EAST. 6:00 A. M.—Continental Limited. 6:30 A. M.—Local Express. 10:15 A. M.—Boston and New York Express. 1:00 P. M.—Newark Local. 1:30 P. M.—National Express. 1:45 P. M.—Atlantic Express.

LEAVE GOING WEST.

1:00 A. M.—Continental Limited. 1:30 A. M.—St. Louis and Chicago Limited. 1:45 A. M.—National Express. 1:55 A. M.—Buffalo Local. 1:55 A. M.—Pacific Express. 4:00 P. M.—Buffalo.

TRAINS ARRIVE

From the East. 1:00 A. M.—1:30, 1:44, 6:44, 8:14, 9:04, 9:34, 10:04, 10:34, 11:30 P. M.—1:04, 1:34, 1:44, 6:44, 8:14, 9:04, 9:34, 10:04, 10:34, 11:30

## ERIE PICTURESQUE TRUNK LINE OF AMERICA

Trains leave from and arrive at Central Avenue Station, Rochester, as follows:

EAST BY MAIN LINE

A. M.—1:00, 1:30, 1:44, 6:44, 8:14, 9:04, 9:34, 10:04, 10:34, 11:30 P. M.—1:04, 1:34, 1:44, 6:44, 8:14, 9:04, 9:34, 10:04, 10:34, 11:30

Trains arrive from the West

A. M.—1:00, 1:30, 1:44, 6:44, 8:14, 9:04, 9:34, 10:04, 10:34, 11:30 P. M.—1:04, 1:34, 1:44, 6:44, 8:14, 9:04, 9:34, 10:04, 10:34, 11:30

EAST BY AUBURN ROAD

A. M.—1:00, 1:30, 1:44, 6:44, 8:14, 9:04, 9:34, 10:04, 10:34, 11:30 P. M.—1:04, 1:34, 1:44, 6:44, 8:14, 9:04, 9:34, 10:04, 10:34, 11:30

Trains arrive from the West

A. M.—1:00, 1:30, 1:44, 6:44, 8:14, 9:04, 9:34, 10:04, 10:34, 11:30 P. M.—1:04, 1:34, 1:44, 6:44, 8:14, 9:04, 9:34, 10:04, 10:34, 11:30

WEST BY MAIN LINE

A. M.—1:00, 1:30, 1:44, 6:44, 8:14, 9:04, 9:34, 10:04, 10:34, 11:30 P. M.—1:04, 1:34, 1:44, 6:44, 8:14, 9:04, 9:34, 10:04, 10:34, 11:30

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WEST BY FALLS ROAD

A. M.—1:00, 1:30, 1:44, 6:44, 8:14, 9:04, 9:34, 10:04, 10:34, 11:30 P. M.—1:04, 1:34, 1:44, 6:44, 8:14, 9:04, 9:34, 10:04, 10:34, 11:30

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