UNDER ALL CONDITIONS.

Maude wears so many charming hats,
Straw, ribbon, velvet, toques, and flats,
'Tis hard to tell from out the rest
In which device I love her best.

I long to kiss her saucy lips
When o'er her braids a sailor tips;
And when a Gainsboro' crowns her hair,
She calls to mind a portrait rare.

At tennis in her Tam o' Shanter
She charms me with her witty banter,
And 'neath her party hood of lace,
A flower fair I think her face.

But when she does her curls entrap
Within the scholar's Oxford cap,
The power of her mind I feel,
And at her feet I humbly kneel.

—Vogue.

A SHARP DODGE.

Cool and clear the morning was; the birds sang and twittered in the branches of the elm trees; a gentle breeze wafted the scent of the June roses in at the open windows, and Lydia Grey, feeling singularly happy and content with life, went singing down stairs and into the kitchen, where her mother sat by the table, peeling potatoes to fry for breakfast.

Mrs. Grey did not speak as her daughter entered, and Lydia, made wise by experience, saw by the expression of her face that a storm was coming. The girl continued to sing, however, feeling prepared to meet the blast, no matter how severe it might be.

Mrs. Grey waited until the breakfast was on the table before she uttered a word. Then, as she took her seat behind the coffee pot, she asked, sharply:

"Lydia, did I see you hanging over the front gate at 11 o'clock last night with John Forsythe?"

"I don't know, mother," answered Lydia, calmly. "You might have seen me, though, if you had looked. I was there."

"And not ashamed to confess it, I s'pose?"

"Not at all ashamed to confess it," said Lydia.

"If you suppose that I'll ever give my consent to your marrying John Forsythe, you're mistaken," said Mrs. Grey, "and the sooner you send him packing, the better I'll be pleased. The man who marries you must be able to give you as good a home as this. You shan't throw yourself away on a poverty-stricken district school teacher, if I can help it. I'll allow he's good looking, but good looks won't make the pot boil."

Lydia's face flushed.

"John is an orphan," she said, "and has had his own way to make. I honor him for his struggles to get an education. He may not have any money, but he's worth more in my eyes than any other man I've ever seen," and she buttered a hot roll with considerable energy.

"Seems to me you stand up for him pretty earnest," said the widow, with a grim smile. "But I don't calc'late you're quite so foolish as to throw Seth Naylor over just yet."

"Seth Naylor!" ejaculated Lydia, in a tone of contempt. "I let him know my mind long ago!"

"But you could get him back easy enough," said Mrs. Grey. "He'd need only a word to make him come flying over here. He's sensible and shrewd, and you might go further and fare worse."

"Perhaps," said Lydia.

"And it do strike me," said the widow, "that a man who goes about filling his pockets with stones and dirt, and lies for hours on a rock, staring at it, must have a soft spot in his head somewhere."

"John is intensely interested in ores and minerals," said Lydia, "and if he finds pleasure in examining rocks and picking up stones, why should we object? It is a harmless amusement."

"An imbecile amusement," said Mrs. Grey. "I wonder at a girl of your sense upholding sech folly. But it's plain to be seen that he's turned your head with that big yellow mustache of his. You ought to be thankful that you've got a mother to look out for you. You'll never marry John Forsythe with my consent."

"Perhaps not," said Lydia, rising from the table, "and I'll never marry Seth Naylor with my own."

"We'll see about that," said the widow, as she took the skimmer and big pail and started for the dairy. "I expect to see you the mistress of Clovertop Farm yet."

Lydia smiled to herself, thinking how unlikely it was that such a thing would ever come to pass. She loved John Forsythe too well to give a single thought to marrying any other man. And Seth Naylor, a rough, uneducated fellow who was thoroughly uncongenial to her—what a contrast he was to John!

The hanging over the front gate continued to be of nightly occurrence, in spite of the wrath and chagrin of Mrs. Grey, who appealed in vain to Lydia's sense of decorum.

"The whole neighborhood will be talking about you next," the mother said.

"I've grown callous to what the people of this neighborhood say, mother," answered Lydia. "They can talk as they choose. It is too warm to sit in doors these June evenings, even if you would let me entertain John in the parlor, which you will not. And that gate was made to hang on."

"Hang away, then," said Mrs. Grey. "But you shan't marry John Forsythe if I can help it. Why, he wasted the hull o' last Saturday poking round my three-acre medder lot with a spade. I guess he got a bushel o' stones. He'd oughter hire out to clear land."

Lydia said nothing in reply to this, but a peculiar smile, which her mother could not understand, stole over her face.

Early on Saturday morning, a few days later, John Forsythe walked into the dairy, where Mrs. Grey was skimming milk, preparatory to churning.

"Do you want to sell this place, Mrs. Grey?" he asked, abruptly.

"Don't know as I do," said the widow. "It's the only home I've had for twenty-five years. And I couldn't get nothing for it. The land's 'bout wore out. Still, if I had an offer of fifteen hundred dollars for it, I'd snap at it."

"I know somebody who'll give you that," said John. "Five hundred cash down and a mortgage on the place for the rest, due in two years, with interest at 6 per cent."

"It's a bargain," said the widow. "Where's the man?"

"Here!" said John.

"You!" exclaimed the widow. "I didn't know you had five hundred cents."

"I've got cash ready for you," said John; "and if you'll let me drive into Sedgewick this afternoon, we'll have Lawyer Saunders make out the deeds."

"I suppose I'll have to hold by my word," said Mrs. Grey. "But you'll never be able to pay me the thousand within two years. How can you save anything on forty dollars a month?"

"That's my lookout," said John. "You need not worry about the amount of my salary. You have the farm as security, and you can live on it till all is paid. I've no use for the house, you know, unless I get a wife to put in it."

"Folks can't say he ain't clever," said Mrs. Grey, in telling her daughter, a little later, of this offer. "I'd have hated to leave the house right off. But what puzzles me is his having that five hundred dollars put by. He must have been awful saving."

Lydia smiled, but said nothing. She might have enlightened her mother on the subject had she so chosen; but she preferred to keep her own counsel.

A week later John paid a second visit to the dairy. "You said I couldn't marry Lydia until I had a home to offer her as good as the one she's had with you," he said. "Now you can't say I'm not able to do so. She needn't make any change at all, you see."

"I see," said the widow, tersely.

"So you'll consent to our engagement?" said John.

"I suppose so, since you're both so set on it," said Mrs. Grey, on whom John's five hundred dollars had produced a marked impression. "Liddy's so stubborn-headed she wouldn't think of changing her mind if I preached and argyfied all night, and I don't want her talked about."

"Neither do I," said John. "I'm glad to have the matter settled. I'll go up and tell Lydia about it now, if you have no objection."

"Go, if you want to," said the widow. "Like as not she's looking for you—hanging over the gate, perhaps, while the bread's burning in the oven and the cat's on the breakfast table."

The wedding was set for the middle of October; but, to her mother's surprise, Lydia began no preparations for it.

"Why don't you begin your shopping?" asked the widow, who had a natural longing for a cruise among the dry goods stores of Sedgewick. "There is no time to be lost. You'll have to be pretty smart if you expect to get sewed up by the middle of October."

"There's no hurry," said Lydia.

"That money you've got in the bank will come in useful 'nough now," said her mother. "Three hundred dollars will buy you a good setout."

"Better than I need. It would be sheer extravagance for me to spend that much," said Lydia.

"But you have got to have some finery," said her mother.

"I shan't want much. I am pretty well supplied now with clothes."

"There's no call for you to be stingy. Your Uncle Mose left you the money for this very purpose. Don't you remember the will said so? And I want to see you well set out. Girls don't get married more'n onct, as a rule, and you'd best make the most of the chance."

"I'll see," said Lydia. "There's time enough yet to buy and make double what I'll get."

And though Mrs. Grey fretted and scolded about the delay, and began to think her daughter had grown parsimonious, Lydia continued to put off going to Sedgewick to buy her wedding clothes.

* * * * * * *

"Who were those men prowling around with you in the Creek medder this morning, John?" asked Mrs. Grey, as she met her future son-in-law one evening in August coming up the garden path with Lydia, whose face looked unusually bright.

"They were gentlemen from the city," answered John. "I sent for them to decide as to the quality of the coal on this land."

"Coal on my farm!" exclaimed Mrs Grey. "I never suspected it."

"My farm, you mean!" said John. "I knew long ago that there was coal on it."

"Then you've played me a very dishonest trick!" said the widow, angrily, while her gray eyes flashed. "You got from me for fifteen hundred dollars a bed of coal that you're likely to make yield as many thousands—perhaps more."

"All's fair in love and war, you know," said John. "I had to get Lydia by fair means or foul."

"And she upholds you in this swindle, I dare say," said the widow, glaring at her daughter.

"Yes, she upholds me," said John, with a peculiar laugh and a queer look at Lydia, who was laughing, too. "But I'm not at all bad, my dear to-be mother-in-law. I'll deed the farm back to you as soon as the wedding is over, and we'll share the profits. You can make me superintendent of the mine, at a handsome salary. I believe the coal is the best quality, and there'll be plenty of work to do."

Mrs. Grey's face cleared at once.

"That's square enough," she said.

"To be perfectly candid with you," said John, "I haven't any money to begin the work. Lydia tells me you have eight thousand dollars in government bonds. Now, there wouldn't be any risk in using that in this venture. You're sure to double your money in two months."

"I'll sell the bonds at once," said the widow, eagerly. "And you shall have that five hundred dollars back to-morrow, John."

"Oh, as to that," said he, "you can give Lydia three hundred of it! I had only two hundred laid up, so she helped me out with the money her uncle left her."

Mrs. Grey looked from one face to the other; her lips curled in a peculiarly sarcastic smile. She thought she saw very clearly now why Lydia had put off getting wedding finery and had "needed so little."

"Well, that was a sharp dodge!" she said, at last. "It takes a district school teacher to think up such things. I believe, after all, you're smarter'n Seth Naylor, John."

"Of course I am," said John, complacently, as he put his arm about Lydia's waist. "But you give me too much credit, for here is the prime mover in the whole wicked plot."

And he kissed the demure little face of the widow's pretty daughter.—Florence B. Hallowell.

GAME BIRDS AND ANIMALS.

The Philippines are Covered With Many Varieties.

In many ways our new possessions in the Orient are well entitled to be styled a hunter's paradise, for although about the only sport now being indulged in is that of hunting insurgent bands the islands of the Philippine archipelago are filled with game animals and game birds swarm in the forests and jungles, while the inland waters in many instances are literally covered with many varieties of water fowls.

For those who incline to hunting big game there is the boar, a fierce and savage beast which runs wild among the dense tropical jungles where cocoanuts and other tropical fruits afford abundance of food to satiate his carnivorous appetite. All over the wooded parts of Luzon great numbers of deer roam, being little troubled by the natives, who are not much given to hunting and who have little craving for a meat diet. During those days when our army lay in Manila immediately after its fall there were many hunting excursions into the interior and plenty of big game was usually bagged. Many of the soldiers of the Eighth Army Corps, the Volunteer army of occupation in Manila, have now in their possession fine antlers secured in these hunting trips, and fine specimens they are; for the Philippine antler is possessed of the same liberal growth that characterizes most animal life on those islands, the wiry little Filipino being about the only exception of this general rule.

While monkeys which seem to be more numerous than most any other wild animal to be found on the islands, are not to be considered in the legitimate class of game yet one can scarcely resist the temptation to try a shot at the leader of the great army of these chattering creatures which is always present in the picturesque jungles of Luzon, Mindanao, Negros, Panay and the other islands. Coming down to smaller game, the tagua or to be in every tree, and a rather odd guigus, a kind of flying squirrel, seems webbed-foot furry animal it is. The natives make pets of this queer squirrel, and one can see hundreds displayed in cages about Manila. Another little animal which attracts one's the masigen. It is a natural enemy of attention in the Philippine Jungles is rats and mice, but has no value to the sportsman. Vampires and great bats flit aimlessly past one in the stillness of these tropical woodlands, and parrots and other tropical birds in their brilliant plumage are ever present wherever there is foliage in the land of everlasting summer.

While game was plentiful everywhere in the jungles in those days before the Filipino insurrection opened there was a time, after the fighting in the jungles about Manila began, that almost all animal life disappeared before the onslaught of our forces. The heavy firing kept up night and day for a time drove the wild things back into the mountains, but as the fighting subsided they gradually ventured back to their favorite haunts along the rivers and streams, and to-day one can see plenty of game within a dozen miles of the capital; but as yet it is not safe to venture even that distance in quest of sport, for the insurgents bands and the brigands never lose an opportunity to waylay an American who chances to be found outside the military lines.

In the days before Dewey's guns began their fusillade against the insurgent positions about Manila Bay thousands of wild geese and wild ducks could be seen daily. Along the Pasig these fowls congregated in myriads; and about Laguna de Bai, the largest lake on Luzon, located some fifteen miles up the Pasig from Manila, the water at times was black with many varieties of water fowl. The tipol, a species of crane which stands five feet high, probably the largest water fowl to be found in the islands, was in evidence about the lake by the hundreds. There were great flocks of wild geese and swan. Of the wild duck family there seemed to be every representative present. There were canvasbacks, mallards, red-heads and all the smaller members of the duck genius. There our northern lakes, but none of the were some varieties never seen about specimens bagged by sportsmen in this latitude seemed to be absent. Those were in the days before our troops fought their way inch by inch up to the Laguna de Bai country, and before our artillery and small arms made life, even for the water fowl, very uncertain. Before the insurrection, and when the first troops reached the lake on the advance to the campaigns in the jungle, many of our soldiers enjoyed the sport of duck shooting. A month after the advance of our army the great flocks of water fowl had disappeared, nor did they return until long afterward when the sound of battle had left the country about the lake.

The sportsman who chances to try his luck in the Philippines can find plenty of good shooting at wild pigeons and wild doves; and there are lorlots woodcock and many specimens of magpie. A trip through a Philippine jungle, even in times of peace is one never to be forgotten. There is always something new and interesting passing before the eyes, and while one is always seeing some kind of animal life, he is never just certain whether the next step forward will not bring to view an immense anaconda, a ferocious boar, a great antler, or some other of the great animal tribe of the islands.—Wm. Gilbert Irwin.

British consols draw more interest than United States 2 per cents, but are at a discount of 7 per cent, while our 2 per cent bonds command a premium of 8 per cent. The difference is a new lesson learned by British financiers.

Since the inauguration of the student volunteer movement the students' contributions to foreign missions have risen from $5,000 a year to $35,000.

NOTES FROM GOTHAM

A PATRIOTIC PILGRIMAGE BY THE OLD DOMINION LINE.

Murders and Mysteries—Enormous Financial Transactions—Great Engineering Difficulties in Subway Construction.

The assembling in this city of the editors of the Republican newspapers of the State may perhaps be said to be a step which marks the very beginning of the campaign for the control of the State government. Everything now is accomplished by co-operation and organization. Fifteen years ago there was no such thing as organization among the editorial fraternity. Indeed this very association is holding its ninth annual meeting. The Democrats never had an association of this character until 1891, but Daniel Manning, who was the editor of the Albany Agus, and subsequently Cleveland's Secretary of the Treasury, was the first political leader in the State to assemble the editors and consult

J PIERPONT MORGAN

with them. The State leaders say that they derive much benefit from being in touch with the people that they reflect because these men are in such close touch lith the people that they reflect the beatings of the public pulse. The gathering h ehtoerftarhointaointaoin gathering here of the Republican editors was made an occasion for rejoicing at the Republican club, where the members enjoyed a dinner and met some of the representative men of the party. This gathering will be followed by a meeting of the Democratic Editorial Association, and then it may be said that a sort of skirmish line for each party has been formed.

Murders and Mysteries.

The Patrick murder trial which dredged its slow lengths for many weeks was concluded last week, and his conviction obtained. But of course this is not the end. So long as there is money to be expended, the defense will file up obstacles before the prosecution. And then there is the question of what is to be done with Jones, the valet who confessed that he committed the crime, being instigated by Patrick. The Burnes-Foster case is still holding its share of the public attention and, like the murder of McAuliff, this crime seems also to be shrouded in mystery.

The Merger Investigation.

The investigation being made into the methods by which the great railroad merger was accomplished and the alleged motives behind the deal, has revealed some facts of surprising operations in finances carried on by that chief of financiers, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. Mr. Morgan proved a good witness for the men concerned in the deal, but revealed but little of the information that was sought by his opponents. He was calm and critical on the witness stand, and often compelled the attorneys to shape their questions to his liking before he would answer them. He referred to a matter of $26,000,000 transaction as if it was almost beneath his notice, and spoke of the raising of $75,000,000 in cash to finance a scheme as a trifling affair. He appeared to consider a transaction involving four hundred millions as one of respectable proportions.

Subway Progress.

Visitors to New York during the last two years have noted with interest the outward and visible signs of the construction of the great rapid transit tunnel or subway which is to bisect Manhattan Island and solve the transportation problem of the metropolis. Those who peer down into the big trenches that have been cut wherever the nature of the ground has permitted cutting have seen many men at work, but few realize that so much of the great task has already been done that the prediction of the contractor, John B. McDonald, that the subway would be completed and trains running before Christmas, 1903, nearly a year in advance of the time specified in the contract, is now generally conceded to be sure of realization. The public has had some rather peculiar experience with great public works and has come to believe that a vast project such as this is pretty sure to drag along for months and years after the date originally set for completion. But in the case of New York's stupendous job, notwithstanding that the engineering difficulties have been such that they would have staggered the old-time engineers, a most commendable example or promptness and dispatch is being given.

Engineering Problems.

The worst of the engineering difficulties have been overcome; and they have been actual difficulties, too, calling for not one but many displays of real genius upon the part of the engineers in charge. Between One Hundred and Fifty-seventh and One Hundred and Ninety-fifth streets the longest double track continuous tunnel in America, with the exception of the Hoosac tunnel, is being bored. It is being nearly two miles long, with more than half already completed. In another place it is necessary to lay the road in tubes sunk from the surface into the mud of the Harlem river. In the upper part of the city the tunnel is bored through rock at a depth of 125 feet from the surface, while downtown it dives below tidewater, and as the excavation advances water is expected to come through the sand and soft earth as through a sieve. At the City Hall terminus there will be a loop that will be a marvel of fine engineering. To dispose properly of all the sewer, water and gas pipes that blocked the way of the contractor was in itself a prodigious task, and its successful accomplishment was a triumph that even the uninitiated can appreciate.

Another Pilgrimage.

Women of New York's exclusive set are about to make a pilgrimage to the shrines of their ancestors.

It will be a pilgrimage, by the bye, in which the traditional sackcloth and ashes will be replaced by the dear delights of spring raiment and Easter bonnets, in which colonial blood will undoubtedly achieve the precedence desired, and in which family records will be duly searched for their bearing upon national events. But the purpose none the less will be the thing, and these latter-day wayfarers have in view not only a visit to the scene of our country's beginnings bu tthe rehabilitation of historic memories which time and caudalism have well nigh wiped out.

They will be known as the Old Dominion Pilgrims, and their destination will be the plantations and towns along the James river, which fairly reek with history and romance. The circumstance that lends an added interest to the project is the co-operation of the proudest women of the South and their cordial invitation to their Northern sisters to enjoy the hospitality of the famous old homes hallowed by association.

The Old Dominion Line.

The start will be made at 3:30 p. m. on May 17 via the Old Dominion line. The return will occur May 25, and Norfolk, Old Point Comfort, Richmond, Petersburg, Williamsburg and Jamestown Island will be the principal stopping places.

Among the homes to be visited in Shirley, the birthplace of Gen. Lee's mother, the beautiful Anne Carter. Mrs. Louise H. Carter will be the hostess. Westover, the grandest colonial mansion on the James river, once the residence of Col. William Byrd, interwoven with the history of Benedict Arnold as well as the romance of lovely Evelyn Byrd and Lord Peterborough, is another. Mrs. Ramsey is the present owner. The Moore House, at Yorktown, in which Washington and Cornwallis arranged the terms of surrender, will be the subject of special attention, and a service for the Pilgrims will be held in the old St. Paul's church, Norfolk. Pocahontas's grave will be one of the particular interests of the pilgrims.

Sensation Machine.

The blase New Yorker of the East Side, who desires to experience a new sensation, has but to go to Coney Island. There he will find most ingenius apparatus, all warranted to tingle his nerves. On a centrifugal railway he is vertically whirled around in the air at a terrific speed in a barrel of peculiar construction he may also experience all the bliss to be derived from an ingenious application of the laws governing centrifugal force; and on a "scenic railway" he is shot in and out of tunnels and up and down sharp inclines. All these hair-raising devices must pale into insignificance before an invention which has recently been patented in the United States.

The invention in question is an open submarine boat which is shot down a steep incline and through a tank of water at such velocity that its occupants, although completely submerged, will leave the water just as dry as when they entered it. Obviously this exciter is based on the principle that the velocity of the boat is greater than that of the velocity of falling water, so that the boat is swept through the tank before the water has had time to enter. A short upward incline raises the boat out of the water at the end of the journey.

The Immigration Bill.

This city is deeply interested in the general immigration bill which has been reported to the House, because such a large number of the new comers and especially a large number of the undesirable kind remain here after reaching this city. It is believed here that the new bill is not as drastic as it should be. Indeed, it is too liberal to meet the views of many persons who have believed for a number of years that the bars should be put up and kept up. Yet even the most radical will be compelled to admit that the new bill is at least an important step in the right direction.

Not Worried by the Leak.

Strange replies are often received by wives who wake their husbands for burglars, leaky water pipes, etc., in the early morning. Mrs. C., wife of a certain government official in Baltimore, is decidedly nervous and has frequently "heard things." One morning last week she thought she smelled gas. Bravery came to her mysteriously and she crept downstairs to investigate. After smelling about for some minutes she rushed upstairs, called Mr. C., then shook him and at last aroused him. Then this was heard:

"John, there's a leak in the gas pipe in the kitchen. We'll all die if it is not fixed."

Leaks had been heard of before and Mr. C. sleepily asked:

"Is it a-leaking much now?"

"Not much!" screamed his wife and then as Mr. C. grasped over [illegible] ing advice was given.

"Put a bucket under it and [illegible] pack [illegible]

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, *3:15, *9:44, [illegible] *3:05 ac., *9:05, *9:58, *10:05, [illegible] P. M.—*12:30 ac., *2:24, *3:35 ac., *5:15, [illegible] ac., †*6.40, *7:50 ac., *8:45, *9:00, [illegible] *11:15 ac.

Trains arrive from the East.

A. M.—*1:15, *3:17, *4:00, *5:40, *9:40, [illegible] 8.10 ac., 9:35 ac., *9:45, *10:20, *11:00, [illegible] P. M.—*12:05 noon, *2:50, 3:00, [illegible] ac., *5.20; *9:00 ac., 9:30, *9:45, *10:00, [illegible]

EAST BY AUBURN ROAD.

A. M.—5:35, 6:44, *7:45, 9:40, [illegible] P. M.—*2:40, 5:10, *6.50, *7:45, [illegible]

Trains arrive from Auburn Road.

A. M.—8:17, 9:00, *9:40, 10:50, P. M. *2:20, *4:15, 5.10, 7:10, 8:40, *9:05, [illegible]

WEST BY MAIN LINE.

A. M.—*1:20, *3:20, *4:05, *[illegible] *7:50, *9:52, 10:55, P. M. *12:10, [illegible] ac., *2:35, 5:25, *5:35 *[illegible] ac., 7:00, [illegible] *9.50, *10:05, *11:40.

Trains Arrive from the West.

A. M.—*12:55, *3:13, *5:40, 6:37, [illegible] ac., *9:00, *9:35, *10:00, †10:45 ac., *11:30 P.M.—*2:10 ac., 2:25, *5:00, *7:20 ac., *8.40, *9.45, *10:15.

WEST BY FALLS ROAD.

A. M.—*10.05 *10:35, †10:50.

P. M.—12:50, *5:40, 11:00.

Trains Arrive From Falls Road.

A. M.—†7:50, *9:20, P. M.—[illegible] †4:15, *†7:45, *9.50.

CHARLOTTE AND ONTARIO BEACH.

Leave Rochester Daily.

Leave—A. M.—†9.30, †10.30, P. M.—[illegible] †5:00

Arrive from Charlotte Daily.

Arrive—A. M.—†9.30, †11.30, P. M.—[illegible] †4:00, †6.00

R. W. & O. DIVISION.

Trains arrive and depart from State street station:

East Bound—A. M. —*9:05, 10:00 P. M.—3:20, 5 55,

West Bound—A. M. 8.10 P. M. 4.00

Arrive from East—A. M.—*8:10, [illegible] P. M.—3:45, 7:40,

Arrive from West—A. M.—10:45, P. M. 6.45

Trains marked † stop at Centre park.

ac. denotes accommodation train.

‡Sleeping Car passengers only.

For rail or ocean steamship tickets, [illegible] reservations or information regarding [illegible] Cook & Sons tours, apply at City Ticket Office, 29 State street, corner Cornhill (Telephone 459-A), and Central Avenue Station. Baggage called for and checked through to destination.

* Denotes daily. ** Sundays only.

All other trains daily except Sunday.

A. H. SMITH, Gen'l Supt. New York. GEO. H. DANIELS, Gen'l Pass. Agt. New York.

H. PARRY, Gen'l Agt. Buffalo, N. Y. J. C. KALBFLEISCH, Dist. Pass. Agt. Rochester, N. Y.

WEST SHORE RAILROAD

IN EFFECT NOV. 5, 1899.

All trains and depart from N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. Station for Syracuse, Utica, Albany, Boston, New York, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, and all points east, west, north and south, as follows:

LEAVE GOING EAST.

*6:05 A. M.—Continental Limited.
*9:10 A. M.—Local Express.
*10:57 A. M.—New York Express.
*5:55 P. M.—Newark Local.
6:20 P. M.—National Express.
*9:18 P. M.—Atlantic Express.

LEAVE GOING WEST.

*12:07 A. M.—Continental Limited.
*4:38 A. M.—Chicago Limited.
†6:00 A. M.—National Express.
*7:15 A. M.—Buffalo Local.
*10:15 A. M. Pacific Express.
*4:25 P. M.—Buffalo Local.

TRAINS ARRIVE

From the East. A. M.—[illegible] 8:45, *7:10, *10:10. P. M.—*4:18.

From the West. A. M. *[illegible] P. M.—*8:35, 6:10, *9:15.

* Denotes daily.

† Denotes Daily except Monday, other trains daily except Sunday.

Tickets sold, sleeping car berths and baggage checked to destination at office Telephone 459-A, [illegible] corner Corinthian.

also at New York Central Station. Agents of Westcott Express company are on all through trains to check baggage and engage cab or carriage, etc.

C. E. Lambert, Gen. Pass. Agt., New York. J. C. Kalbfleisch, Dist. Pass. Agt., Rochester.

Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg

Trains leave West Ave. station of [illegible]

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