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TO ELLEN TERRY.

As there she lives and moves upon the scene,
So lived and moved this radiant womanhood
In Shakespeare's vision; in such wise she stood
Smiling upon Bassanio; such her mien
When pity dimmed her eyelids' golden sheen,
Hearing Antonio's story, and the blood
Paled on her cheek, and all her lightsome mood
Was gone. This shape in Shakespeare's thought has been!
Thus dreamt he of her in gray London town;
Such were her eyes; on such gold-colored hair
The grave young judge's velvet cap was set;
So stood she lovely in her crimson gown:
Mine were a happy cast, could I but snare
Her beauty in a sonnet's fragile net!
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich, in the Century.

THROUGH FIRE.

Years ago, among those who trod the busy streets of Great New York, was a man one scarcely could have passed without some notice; a man with beetling eyebrows and glittering black eyes and a hard redness of cheek; shoulders like Robin Hood's, "a cloth yard measure from tip to tip," and six feet at least in his boots; a man of might and pluck. It was a pity that he had put these qualities to the uses he had plainly put them to. It was a pity that, at thirty years of age, this man could not have remembered, had he desired to, one worthy deed, one honest piece of labor honestly paid for, even one kindly deed, such as ordinary men do out of mere good-nature every day of their lives.

Somehow he had come by the name of Ishmael—certainly not by christening. It was the fittest name for him, that could have been chosen. His hand had been against every man, and every man's hand against him, from the time when he stole from the candy women until those years in which he had been "committed" and "sent up" under every alias under the sun. Even his babyhood had nothing gentle in it to remember. His mother was a drunken jade who taught him to pick pockets and to swear. His first home was a loathsome cellar, with a stagnant pool in the centre.

He always had enough to eat, and too much to drink; often exhibited gorgeous garments. He took more silver to the "melters" than any other house-breaker among that gentleman's customers; and awed policemen into blindness, and detectives into silence, by his well-known ferocity and the fact that he always revenged himself on any one who stood in his way.

With a bank robbery on his conscience, if he had one, and the knowledge that all the powers of the police were at work to prove him engaged in it, few men would have walked down Broadway that day, glittering and flashy, with a long cigar in a long amber mouthpiece and a stolen watch in his fob, but he did it. He met an acquaintance and said—anathema—"How are you? and"—anathema again, his ordinary way of salutation. He knocked an innocent little Frenchman down for being in his way and kicked a bootblack for saying, "Shine your butes?" And he was not in an ill-humor, as you may suppose, but in his normal condition. Then he stood leaning against a lamp post smoking, and no good clergyman, strong on the subject of perdition, could have wished to see a soul more completely lost than his, even in the bottomless pit. And just then, way down at his feet, a little voice said, "Papa, papa," and two little arms encircled his leg, and, looking down, he saw a toddling thing in white and blue with sunny curls and a rosebud mouth, clinging there. "Papa," it said again, and then a tidy nursemaid, all out of breath, came up and caught it and cuddled it and laughed over it.

"The gentleman ain't your papa," said she. "It's the way with her always; any fine-lookin' gentleman she will take for her papa."

And the girl smiled on Ishmael, and, for a wonder, he did not insult her, either by word or look.

Something nipped at his heart. A great ball seemed to be in his throat. He dubbed children "kids" and hated them, but this was not like the children of the dens he frequented. A little soul pure as when it came from God, and with all outward purity about it, too—fragrant, fresh and white of garb as a lily is of leaf. Such a thing had never touched him before. He wanted to be kind to it and he hardly knew how. He bent his head a little.

"Give us a kiss," he said, in a gruff rumble of a voice, and the nurse girl held the baby up to him.

"Give the gentleman a French kiss," she said, and Innocence personified did not even know Sin in the flesh when looked at and touched it. The cherub hands caught softly at the man's whiskers, the angel mouth kissed his two cheeks, one after the other then his mouth.

"Say 'day, day,'" cried the girl, and baby said it, and the two were gone.

The man had never had a pure kiss before—had never felt a tender emotion, and never loved any one. On the instant he loved this baby. He walked away very quickly. His heart was troubled, as the waters of the pool when the angel descended into it. He passed the people going home, and asked himself if they had babes at home like that one.

Nothing pure and holy would ever call him papa in very truth. He wondered what men felt like who owned them. He wished himself a broker on Wall street man, instead of a burglar. It was a nearer approach to aspirations after honesty than he had ever made before.

He took his dinner at a flash hotel, and looked at his own life and at his future, and turned sick.

He called to the waiter:

"That (anathema) old beggar out there?"

"The waiter said, "Yes, sir."

"Send him in."

Ishmael pointed to the feast on his table.

"Sit down and eat that," he said, "and you—say, if you disturb him till he's done, I'll put a bullet through your brains."

"Yes, sir—thank'e, sir," said the waiter, turning white; and the burglar left his dinner to the beggar and walked away.

"Off his feed;" "shoking;" "wishing himself respectable." What could it mean? He didn't know. Through basement windows he saw folks at dinner, without a thought of their spoons. What did it mean? Suddenly he stopped and took an oath.

"I'll be respectable. I'll go to foreign parts and start fair. I won't have jail and gallows ahead of me, and I'll have a little kid like that to call me daddy."

And then two big tears squeezed themselves out of his eyes, and rolled down his cheeks unconsciously.

"I'll go in the steamer," he said. "I'll change my name. If I'm not matched for this bank affair I'll make my fortune as these fellows do. I'm their match, I reckon. I'll not have the gallows ahead of me, as it's like I shall if I stay here. And I'll have little kids and an old woman. I will——"

There was more of it. He could not help swearing, but I think, had he known how, he would have prayed this time instead. But just then there came upon his ear a sudden tumult. Men were flying past him; a bell was ringing; women were shrieking. He caught a boy and asked him what the row was.

"House afire, and a young one burning up in it," said the boy.

And at that Ishmael followed the crowd. He had never before cared for any one's danger. He had never felt pity for any one. Now the thought of that soft mouth that had touched his made him quiver with the thought that a little soul like that was in such danger; made him promise himself to save it, if he had the power; made him call them all cowards for standing there staring and shouting and doing nothing. The engines had not yet come, and the house, all in flames inside, belched forth fire from its many windows, as though they had been the mouths of the fabled dragon. And in the midst of the crowd a girl, restrained by kindly hands struggled and screamed:

"Let me go! Let me go! They left her in my care. She's burning to death up there. I'd rather die than face them. Let me go!"

And Ishmael heard the voice and saw the face of the nurse-maid who had held the baby up to kiss him.

"Is it the little kid you had along of you?" he asked, clutching the girl's shoulder with his big hand. "That little critter—say?"

"Yes, yes," cried the girl. "Make them let me go. She's atop of the house, back in the nursery. Oh, make them let me go!"

"You stay here," said Ishmael. "I'll go myself; and I'll bring her out, or never come at all."

And with these words Ishmael dashed into the building, already a very furnace of red flame. A shout arose as he did so—a cry between a scream of horror and a roar of applause. No one expected to see the man come out of that blazing pit alive.

The engines came rattling up. The firemen fixed their ladders to the windows and ran up them, and were driven back again scorched and faint. Nothing alive could be within, they said. But suddenly, on the blazing parapet, appeared a figure holding a burden in his arms. He looked downward at the ladders, which could not reach him, then backward at the flames. Then he dropped, clinging by one hand to the hot ledge, swung there a moment and dropped upon the ladder. The crowd had thought to see him dashed to pieces in the street, and had stretched up their hands involuntarily, as though to catch him; but some were on the ladder, and they did their best for him. Even they were in great danger, but good angels watched over them. The bundle that he held fast, wrapped in a wet blanket, was seized by one man; two others held him in their arms and brought him down.

The girl rushed forward screaming, and those who held the blanket unwound its folds. Out of it peeped a little flushed baby face—a head of rumpled curls. Half smothered, but unhurt, Trot held her tiny arms toward her nurse, and cried in baby fashion to be taken by her.

No harm had come to Trot, but of her preserver, Ishmael? He lay there with his head upon a fireman's knees. A doctor had a hand upon his heart. His eyes were closed; his hair singed; his eyebrows whitened; his flash clothes one mass of tinder; his very boots shriveled and scrolled away from his burnt feet; the hand that had held the little burden and clung to the molten roof ledge so bravely was one mass of blistered burns.

Like one dead he lay for a while, but at last his eyes opened. He looked at the faces about him, all kindly, pitiful, full of sympathy, and felt that for once he was a friend among friends. He heard men call him brave, and heard women sob. A new life had dawned upon him—he, Ishmael, was a hero. He had often been stared at by a crowd before, as he stood at the prisoner's bar, but a host of kindly eyes had never thus turned upon him. He did not feel much pain, but he knew that the end was at hand. He was dying—dying just as he had begun to see what life might be; yet, after all he was happy.

"It's no use, pals," he said faintly to those busied about him. "I've swallowed fire! I'm a dead man! Where's the little kid? I want her."

They brought her to him. The innocent thing had neither fear nor dread, but she came solemnly, and her great eyes dilated as she looked at him.

"Dit up," she said softly, and patted him—"dit up."

"Kiss him, Trot," said the girl, sobbing. "He took you out of the fire. Oh, poor, poor fellow! Kiss him, Trot."

And Trot knelt down and took the singed black whiskers once more in her hands, and holding them apart, gave the dying Ishmael her pretty "French kisses," one for each cheek and one for the mouth. He drew her to him.

"I want her arms about my neck," he said faintly.

"Cuddle him, Trot," said the girl.

And Trot sat down and wound her tiny arms about the great throat and put her cheek close down to his, and he whispered so softly that no one but this innocent baby heard him.

"Good-by little kid. I might have had something rougher round my scrag when I died. If the prison chaplains are right, maybe we'll meet again. I wish I'd had a little kid like you. I might have been another man."

His hands dropped away from Trot's waist with these words.

"Man's aseep," said Trot.

And Ishmael was asleep indeed. The sleep that knows no waking had come upon him in Trot's innocent arms. He lay there dead.—New York News.

There are now seventy-four survivors of the famous Balaclava charge, so far as the British army authorities have trace.

THE DIAGNOSIS.

Somehow or ruther things ain't goin' right,
I don't feel well all day, nor sleep at night;
N' terbacker tastes bitter, 'n' what I eat
Don't do me no good, 'n' both my feet
Is' drags along on the groun' like as if
Theumatis er somethin' hed made 'em stiff;
N' nothin' intrests me that's happ'nin about,
Sense Mandy 'n' me hed that fallin' out.

Mother, she says hits the tic doloreux,
N' she's been a-doin' me, through 'n' through;
Ith yaller dock root 'n' yarbs 'n' sitch,
Tell I ain't hardly sarten which is which;
But I keep on mopin' around the place,
Feelin' wussen a mule hed kicked in my face.
Thar's a screw loose som'er's, thar ain't no doubt,
Sense Mandy 'n' me hed that fallin' out.

I seen the doctor yistiddy, 'n' he
Shuck his ole head when he looked at me,
N' got down a big pile uv books, 'n' said,
Twan't in no medsin he'd ever read.
N' I showed my tongue, 'n' he felt my wrist,
N' pounded 'n' pounded me on the chist;
Then he ups 'n' says: "Say, William G. Stout,
Hain't you 'n' Mandy hed a fallin' out?"

NUMBER 86.

John Saggart stood in a dark corner of the terminus, out of the rays of the glittering lamps, and watched engine No. 86. The engineer was oiling her, and the fireman, as he opened the furnace door and shoveled in the coal, stood out like a red Rembrandt picture in the cab against the darkness beyond. John knew every joint and bolt in that contrary old engine—the most cantankerous iron brute on the road, and yet, if rightly managed, one of the swiftest and most powerful engines the company had, notwithstanding them any improvements that had been put upon locomotives since old 86 left the foundry.

The cry of "All aboard!" rang out, and John Saggart climbed into the smoking carriage at the front part of the train. He found a place in one of the forward seats, and he sank down into it with a vague feeling of uneasiness at being inside a coach instead of on the engine. He gazed out of the window and saw the glittering electric lights slowly slide behind, then more quickly the red, green and white lights of the station lamps, and finally there flickered swiftly past the brilliant constellation of city windows, showing that the town had not gone to bed. At last the flying train plunged into the dark country, and Saggart pressed his face against the cold glass of the window, unable to shake off his feeling of responsibility, although he knew that there was another man at the throttle.

He was aroused from his reverie by a touch on his shoulder and a curt request, "Tickets, please."

"Hello, John, is this you?" cried the conductor as soon as he saw the face turned toward him. "Hang it, man, you did not need a pass traveling with me."

"I know it," said the engineer, "but they gave it to me to take me home, and I may as well use it as not. I don't want to get you into trouble."

"Oh, I'd risk the trouble," said the conductor, placing his lamp on the floor and taking his seat beside the engineer. "I heard about your worry to-day. It's too cursed bad. If a man had got drunk at his post, as you and I have known 'em to do, it wouldn't have seemed so hard, but at its worst your case was only an error of judgment, and then nothing really happened. Old 86 seems to have the habit of puffing herself through. I suppose you and she have been in worse fixes than that with not a word said about it."

"Oh, yes," said John. "We've been in many a tight place together, but we won't be any more. It's tough, as you say. I've been fifteen years with the company and seven on old 86, and at first it comes mighty hard. But I suppose I'll get used to it."

"Look here, John," said the conductor, lowering his voice to a confidential tone, "the president of the road is with us to-night. His private car is the last but one on the train. How would it do to speak to him? If you're afraid to tackle him, I'll put in a word for you in a minute and tell him your side of the story."

John Saggart shook his head.

"It wouldn't do," he said. "He would not overrule what one of his subordinates had done, unless there was serious injustice in the case. It's the new manager, you know. There's always trouble with a new manager. He sweeps clean. And I suppose he thinks by bounding one of the oldest engineers on the road he'll scare the rest."

"Well, I don't think much of him, between ourselves," said the conductor. "What do you think he has done to-night? He's put a new man on 86—a man from one of the branch lines, who doesn't know the road. I doubt if he's ever been over the main line before. Now, it's an anxious enough time for me with all the Christmas traffic moving, with the thermometer at zero, and the rails like glass, and I like to have a man in front that I can depend on."

"It's bad enough not to know the road," said John gloomily, "but it's worse not to know old 86. She's a brute if she takes a notion."

"I don't suppose there's another engine that could draw this train and keep her time."

"No. She'll do her work all right if you'll humor her," admitted Saggart, who could not conceal his love for the engine, even while he blamed her.

"Well, said the conductor, rising and picking up his lantern, "the man in front may be all right, but I'd feel safer if you were further ahead on this train than the smoker. I'm sorry I can't offer you a berth to-night, John, but we're full clear through to the rear lights. There isn't even a vacant upper on the train."

"Oh, it doesn't matter," said Saggart, "I couldn't sleep anyhow. I'd rather sit here and look out the window."

"Well, so long," said the conductor. "I'll drop in and see you as the night passes on."

Saggart lit his pipe and gazed out into the darkness. He knew every inch of the road—all the up grades and the down grades, and the levels. He knew it even better in the darkest night than in the clearest day. Occasionally the black hulk of a barn or a clump of trees showed for a moment against the less black sky, and Saggart would say to himself, "Now he should shut off an inch of steam," or, "Now he should throw her wide open."

The train made few stops but he saw that they were losing time. He was making very fast. The thought of the engine turned his mind to his own fate. No man was of very much use in the world after all, for the moment he steps down another is ready to stand in his place. The wise men in the city who had listened to his defense knew so well that an engine was merely a combination of iron, steel and brass, and that a given number of pounds of steam would get it over a given number of miles in a given number of hours, and had smiled incredulously when he told them an engine had her tantrums, and that sometimes she had to be coaxed up like any other female, and that even when a man did his best there were occasions when nothing he could do would mollify her, and there was sure to be trouble, although John had added, in his desire to be fair, that she was always sorry for it afterward, which remark, to his confusion, had turned the smile into a laugh.

He wondered what 86 thought of the new man. Not much evidently, for she was losing time, which she had no business to do on that section of the road. Still, it might be the fault of the new man not knowing when to push her for all she was worth and when to ease up. All these things go to the making up of time. Still, it was more than likely that old 86, like Gilpin's horse, was wondering more and more what thing upon her back had got. "He'll have trouble," muttered John to himself, "when she finds out."

The conductor came in again and sat down beside the engineer. He said nothing, but sat there sorting out his tickets. Suddenly the engineer sprang to his feet with his eyes wide open. The train was swaying from side to side and going at a great speed.

The conductor looked up, with a smile.

"Old 86," said he, "is evidently going to make up for lost time."

"She should be slowing down for crossing the G. and M. line," answered the engineer. "Good heavens!" he cried a moment later. "We've gone across the G. and M. track on the keen jump!"

The conductor jumped to his feet. He knew the seriousness of such a thing. Even the fastest expresses must stop dead before crossing on the level the line of another railway. It is the law.

"Doesn't that jay in front know enough to stop at a crossing?"

"It isn't that," said Saggart. "He knows all right. Even the train boys knows that. Old 86 has taken the bit between her teeth. She's running away with him. He can't stop her. Where do you pass No. 6 to-night?"

"At Pointsville."

"That's six miles ahead. In five minutes, at this rate, we will be running on her time and her track. She's always late and won't be on the side track. I must get to 86."

Saggart quickly made his way through the baggage car, climped on the express car and jumped on the coal of the tender. He cast his eye up the track and saw glimmering in the distance, like a faint, wavering star, the headlight of No. 6. Looking down into the cab, he took in the situation at a glance. The engineer, with fear in his face and beads of perspiration on his brow, was throwing his whole weight on the lever, the fireman helping him. John leaped down to the floor of the cab.

"Stand aside!" he shouted, and there was such a ring of confident command in his voice that both men instantly obeyed.

Saggart grasped the lever, and instead of trying to shut off the steam flung it wide open. No. 86 gave a quiver and a jump forward.

"You old fiend," muttered John between his clinched teeth. Then he pushed the lever home, and it slid into place as if there never had been any impediment. The steam was shut off, but the lights of Pointsville flashed past them, with the empty side track on the left, and they were now flying along the single line of rails with the headlight of No. 6 growing brighter and brighter in front of them.

"Reverse her! Reverse her!" cried the other engineer, with a tremor of fear in his voice.

"Reverse nothing," said Saggart. "She will slide ten miles if you do. Jump if you are afraid."

The man from the branch line jumped promptly.

"Save yourself," cried Saggart to the fireman. "There's bound to be a smash."

"I'll stick by you, Mr. Saggart," said the fireman, who knew him. But his hand trembled.

The airbrake was grinding the long train and sending a shiver of fear through every timber, but the rails were slippery with the frost, and the train was still going very fast. At the right moment John reversed the engine, and the sparks flew up from her great drivers like a catherine wheel.

"Brace yourself," cried Saggart. "No. 6 is backing up, thank God!"

Next instant the crash came. Two headlights and two cowcatchers went to flinders, and the two trains stood there with horns locked, but with no great damage done except a shaking up for a lot of panic stricken passengers.

The burly engineer of No. 6 jumped down and came forward, his mouth full of oaths.

"What do you mean, running on our time like this? Hello, is that you, Saggart? I thought there was a new man on to-night. I didn't expect this from you."

"It's all right, Billy. It wasn't the new man's fault. He's back in the ditch with a broken leg, I should say, from the way he jumped. Old 86 is to blame. She got on the rampage. Took advantage of the greenhorn."

The conductor came running up.

"How is it?" he cried.

"It's all right. No. 86 got her nose broke, and served her right, that's all. Tell the passengers there's no danger and get 'em aboard. We're going back to Pointsville. Better send the brakeman to pick up the other engineer. The ground's hard to-night, and he may be hurt."

"I'm going back to talk to the president," said the conductor emphatically. "He's in a condition of mind to listen to reason, judging from the glimpse I got of his face at the car door a moment ago. Either he runs states you or I go to gathering tickets on a street car. This kind of thing is too exciting for my nerves."

The conductor's interview with the president of the road was apparently satisfactory, for old No. 86 is again in last a [illegible] under the care of John Saggart.—Detroit Free Press.

NEW YORK CENTRAL & HUDSON RIVER R. R.
THE FOUR-TRACK TRUNK LINE.
Trains leave from and arrive at Central Avenue Station, Rochester, as follows:

EAST BY MAIN LINE.
A. M.—*12.20, *1:00, *3:15, *4:44, 6:00, *7.55 ac., *9:05, *9:38, *10:05, 10:40, 11 40 P. M.—2:24, 2.35 ac., *5:15, 5 [illegible] *6 40, *7:50 ac, *8:45, *9:50, *10:00, *11:15 ac.
Trains arrive from the East.
A. M.—*1:05, *2:05, *4:00, *5:40, *6:17, *6 45, 8:10 ac., *9:25 ac., *9:45, *11:00
P. M.—*12:55 ac., *2:20, 3:35, 4 [illegible] ac., *5:20, *8:30 ac. *9:10, *9:25, *9:40, *10:15, 11.10

EAST BY AUBURN ROAD.
A. M.—5:15, 6:44, *7:45, 9:40, 11:05
P. M.—*2:40, 4.00, 5:10, *6.50, *7:45, *10:50.
Trains arrive from Auburn Road.
A. M.—8:17 9:00, *9:40, 10:50. P. M. *2:10, *4:15, 5.10, 7:10, 8:40, *9:05, 12:00

WEST BY MAIN LINE.
A. M.—*1:10, *2:10, *4:05, *5:35, *6 [illegible] *7:50, *9:53, 10 55, *11.42 P. M. 11.05 ac. *2:25, *4 25, *5:25 *5.45, ac., *7:30, *9.15 *9.30, *9.45 *10:15.1 1:15.
Trains Arrive from the West.
A. M.—*12:15, *12:56, *1.50, *3:13, *5:40, 6:37 †7:50 ac, *9:00, *9:35, *10:00, †10:55 ac. *11:35. P.M.—*2:10 ac., 2:22, *4:05, *6:44, *†7:35, *8.40, *9.45 *10:15.

WEST BY FALLS ROAD.
A. M.—*†6.05 *†8:35, †10:30.
P. M.—†2:30 *†5:40, *†1:00.
Trains Arrive From Falls Road.
A. M.—†7:30, *†9:20, 11.30 P. M.—*†2.00, †4:15 *†7:45 *9.10.

CHARLOTTE AND ONTARIO BEACH
Leave—A. M.—*†7.00, *†8.20, *†9.35, *†11:15. P.M.—*†1.00, *†1.40, *†2 20, *†3.00 *†3.40, *†4 20, *†5 00, *†5:30, *†6:20, *†7:00, *†7.35, *8 20, *9.00, *9:40, *10:10, *10:55.
Arrive—A. M.—*†8.05, *†9.25, *†10.25, *†12.15 P. M.—*†2 05, *†3.40, *†3.20, *†4:00 *†4.40, *†5.20, *†6.00, *†6.30, *†7 20, *†8.00, *8.35, *9.25, *10.00, *10.40, *11.25, *12.00.

R. W. & O. DIVISON.
Trains arrive and depart from State street station:
East Bound—A. M.—8.10, *9 15, 10.00. P. M.—3:20, 5.30, *5.50.
West Bound—A.M. *8.0, 8.10. P. M. *4.40.
Arrive from East—A. M.—7 50, 9:00, *11:35. P. M.—3:45, 7:40, *9.35.
Arrive from West—A.M.—*10:45. P. M. 6.45, *9 35.
Trains marked † stop at Centre park.
* Denotes daily. ** Sundays only.
All other trains daily except Sunday.
ac. denotes accommodation train.
‡Sleeping Car passengers only.
For rail or ocean steamship tickets and reservations or information regarding Thos. Cook & Sons tours, apply at City Ticket Office, 20 State street, corner Corinthian (Telephone 359-A), and Central Avenue Station. Baggage called for and checked through to destination.

A. H. SMITH, Gen'l Supt. New York.
GEO. H. DANIELS, Gen'l Pass'r. Agt. New York.
H. PARRY, Gen'l Agt. Buffalo, N. Y.
J. C. KALBFLEISCH, Dist. Pass'r. Agt. Rochester, N. Y.

WEST SHORE RAILROAD
IN EFFECT JUNE 15, 1902.
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.
*8 40 A. M.—Local Express.
*10:57 A. M.—New York Express.
*5:48 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.
*7:13 A. M.—Buffalo Local.
*10:15 A. M. Pacific Express.
*4:23 P. M.—Buffalo Local.
TRAINS ARRIVE.
From the East. A. M.—*12:05, *4:05, *5:43, *7:10, *10:10. P. M.—*4:18.
From the West. A. M. *6:20, *8 37, *10:50 P. M.—*6.34, 6:10, *9:15.
* Denotes daily
† Denotes Daily except Monday. All other trains daily except Sunday.
Tickets sold, sleeping car berths secured and baggage checked to destination at City office Telephone 359-A, 20 State street, 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'r. Agt., New York.
J. C. Kalbfleisch, Dist. Pass'r. Agt. Rochester, N. Y.

Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg.
Trains leave West Ave. station as follows:
7:30 A. M.—Week days, Pittsburgh Day Express. Connects for Silver Lake, Perry, Hornellsville, Jamestown, Cambridge Springs, Cincinnati, Chicago and points West and South West.
4:00 P. M.—Week days, Salamanca and Bradford Express. Connects for Silver Lake, Perry, Castile, Hornellsville and Jamestown.
9:10 P. M.—Daily Pittsburgh Night Express with Pullman Sleeper for Pittsburgh.
8:30 A. M.—Sundays only. Pittsburgh Day Express. Connects for Silver Lake, Perry, Jamestown, Cincinnati, Chicago and points West and South West.
TRAINS ARRIVE.
7:40 A. M. Daily from Pittsburg.
11.45 A. M. Week days from Bradford.
7:50 P. M. Week Days, from Pittsburg.
7:05 P. M. Sundays only, from Pittsburg.
EDWARD C. LAPEY, General Passenger Agent.

Payne's New Coaches