Geyser in the Distance.

No. V.

On the night of the 28th of August, when camping at the Grand Falls of the Yellowstone, ice formed on the buckets of water standing in our tents, two inches in thickness; but this is scarcely to be wondered at, as our altitude was between seven and eight thousand feet.

Certainly, during the summer season, the climate of that mountainous country is the most delightful to be found anywhere on the continent. Roused at early sunrise, one is wide awake in a moment; and, springing from his blankets, walks about in the fresh, glorious morning, with vigorous life tingling in every fibre of his body. There is no yawning, or curling up in the robes for "one more snooze"; it is a peculiarity of that atmosphere that one either has his eyes open to their widest extent or is in a deep, dreamless sleep.

One of the ladies of our party who, for a number of years has been much of an invalid and denied the blessing of natural sleep—there passed the nights in quiet, peaceful slumber, on rude 'shake-downs' spread out on Mother Earth.

The morning of the 29th was yet young, when, leaving behind the glories of the Grand Canyon, we wound down the precipitous, gloomy gorge of Cascade Creek, en route to the Lake. In making the steep ascent, after crossing the creek, our "kitchen mule" when near the top, with the perversity of its race refused to hold on to the side of the mountain, and rapidly making a backward descent end over end, reached the bottom and sat down promiscuously on our camp kettles, coffee-pots and dutch oven. The mule "saved his bacon" but we lost ours, for the bread placed in the oven for safe transportation was a total loss. The last-mentioned valuable cooking utensil was also demolished, and with it many prospective batches of hot biscuits. We regretted the oven—which is more than I could have said of the mule if he had been less fortunate. I would here like to mention a trait of mulish nature.

When one of these animals once knows how to do a disagreeable thing he is always anxious and discontented unles engaged in doing it. Obtained this knowledge by that morning's subsequent experience; for when our long-eared beast—bless him!—again drew near the top of the hill, with his pack securely strapped and in position, he once more loosened his hold, and tumbled back into the bottom of the ravine with about the same results. The packers looked on the first manoeuvre as rather playful and interesting; but, when it was repeated, considered it somewhat monotonous; so the third time they curbed the frolicking jack's avalanching propensities with ropes, and finally landed a much belabored animal on top of the mountain. We, who had been lookers-on, were much amused, and had many laughs over the ridiculous incident. One of the wits of the party remarked that the tumbling waters had excited the poor animal's ambition, and that his head had been turned. Now I won't deny that his head was turned—and several times—for I saw it turning myself, but I think the first statement rather improbable. One thing I do know however, in this connection, is that the waters mist at the foot of the Falls, and at the foot of his fall the mule didn't.

Galloping through a magnificent forest on the grassy banks of the placid Yellowstone, about two miles from Cascade Creek, we crossed a little crystal rivulet and stopped for a moment in the shade of some pines to taste its waters. They hold in solution a large quantity of alum, and come from a group of mineral hot springs some miles farther up. The water is cold, and the acid flavor makes it a cooling, palatable drink on a warm day. It would be convenient for travellers if nature would only furnish a large deposit of sugar near at hand—but then perhaps that is looking for a little too much. Soon after leaving "Lemon—

ade Creek, we turned to the right, through the timber, and coming out near a yellowish marsh followed along its edge quite a distance.

As we drew near a chalky-looking hill, on the trail ahead of us, a large volume of steam was seen arising from its base, and this appearance caused a general race over the treacherous marsh, in the anxiety of the different members of the party to be the first to reach the new wonder. The white hill is one of the noted 'sights' in the basin, and is known as Sulphur Mountain. Hitching our horses to some stunted pines, we spent an hour in gratifying our curiosity and taking lunch—in the order named, although our morning's ride had given a keen edge to our appetites. One large spring, circular in shape and about twenty feet in diameter, boils up at the foot of the hill. The clear waters are of a bright lemon yellow, and are in a constant violent agitation in the centre, being thrown to the height of three and four feet. They are extremely hot, and send forth great clouds of steam, which, blown in the face of a too curious tourist, give a painful scald. The water flows down a slope, formed by its own deposits, and assists in making the swamp before-mentioned. A border surrounds this cauldron, like that of the boiling lake at the Mammoth Hot Springs, differing only in the tints being straw-color and purple—and lying around on it is a number of smooth, grey stones, about the size of ordinary potatoes, which, our guide said, are thrown up by the spring. That I cannot state on optical evidence, for the thermal stomach was in healthy condition while we were there; but I think it very likely, as there seemed no other place for them to come from. They are called "geysersites," and are about as hard as a flint. On being broken, they are found to be hollow; the shell varies in thickness, and looks much like a "striped cornelian, while on the inner side are most beautiful, delicate crystals of pure sulphur. Dozens
were broken by our party, and many others carried away as specimens. The boiling spring had not been christened; at least we were not cognizant of the fact if so, and one of my companions, with an idea of the general fitness of things, and on the principle of "rendering to Caesar the things that are Caesar's," named it the "Devil's Bath Tub." But the mountain itself had claims to be considered as even a greater curiosity, for now that we were near it we discovered that it was in a general state of profuse perspiration. From thousands of pore-like crevices, tiny jets of steam were ejected, and anyone treading up the earth would be scalded by a rush of heated vapor from the fracture. The internal fever is by no means cooled by the constant sweating, for the crust in many places is so hot that the hand cannot be allowed to touch it; when one succeeds in tearing up a piece of this crust, the lower side of the grey, sponge-like rock is found to be coated with crystals like those in the geysarites, and the sulphur so pure that it is easily lighted. The pungent odor of the great quantity of sulphurous vapor is very disagreeable, and one feels as though breathing nothing but the fumes of lucifer matches. While lunching, we were out of spirits—I mean a certain kind,—and there being no water in the neighborhood fit to drink, we were obliged to take our bacon and wend straight.

As we were engaged saddling our animals, we heard some distance to our right a strange noise repeated at regular intervals, but so indistinct that none of us could determine what it was. We rode through a small belt of pines, on a voyage of discovery, and found a number of what are known as "mud-puffs," and 'twas not much wonder that we failed to imagine the origin of the strange noise, for it is likely our imaginations would have snapped if so, and one of our party, and many others carried away as specimens. The boiling spring had not been christened; at least we were not cognizant of the fact if so, and one of my companions, with an idea of the general fitness of things, and on the principle of "rendering to Caesar the things that are Caesar's," named it the "Devil's Bath Tub." But the mountain itself had claims to be considered as even a greater curiosity, for now that we were near it we discovered that it was in a general state of profuse perspiration. From thousands of pore-like crevices, tiny jets of steam were ejected, and anyone treading up the earth would be scalded by a rush of heated vapor from the fracture. The internal fever is by no means cooled by the constant sweating, for the crust in many places is so hot that the hand cannot be allowed to touch it; when one succeeds in tearing up a piece of this crust, the lower side of the grey, sponge-like rock is found to be coated with crystals like those in the geysarites, and the sulphur so pure that it is easily lighted. The pungent odor of the great quantity of sulphurous vapor is very disagreeable, and one feels as though breathing nothing but the fumes of lucifer matches. While lunching, we were out of spirits—I mean a certain kind,—and there being no water in the neighborhood fit to drink, we were obliged to take our bacon and wend straight.

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The Scholastic

I do not care then how it plants overhead
But loungely,
Dozing,
Sleeping alone
The waters may pour and dampened winds mean,
And I do not care what is dripping the town
Nor for the pitiless rain coming down,
But going to sleep I think not again
Of drenchings I got in the miserable rain.

F. D. Zeigle.

The Women's Crusade.

BY H. J. M.

On all sides we hear the exclamation, "Old parties are dead! they have outlived their usefulness!"

The great question of Slavery is settled forever. We find "protectionists" and "free-traders" in all parties. But it seems to be the decree of an inscrutable Providence that political parties are essential to the maintenance of our institutions. All speculations as to the nature of future parties must, necessarily, be to some extent erroneous. However, from the popular feeling as now expressed itself, we have reason to believe that the great question upon which issue will be taken at no distant day, is that of Temperance.

Be this as it may, it brings me to the subject of this communication, the present crusade of the women against saloons and saloon-keepers.

All will admit that intemperance is an evil through which the community at large, and particularly the female portion of it, has suffered deep and lasting wrongs. The intentions of those engaged in the present "movement" are good, and to that extent are commendable. But do the means justify the end? We think not. Liquor is recognized by law as property. This implies the right of buying and selling it. So, as far as the municipal law is concerned, the rights of saloon-keepers are identical with those of the grocery, hardware, or drygoods merchant.

With the exception of force—and I say it with all respect to the ladies—the bands at present engaged in visiting saloons have all the destructive features of a mob. For whether you violently take my goods from me, or prevent the prosecution of my lawful business in any other way, it is in result the same.

Let us inquire whether the present raid is directed against the real evil. Its professed object is to prevent the sale of all stimulants. Those engaged in it reason that if liquor is not sold it cannot be used, and therefore not interfered with, and much less any of its individual members.

The only plea urged in favor of the present "movement" is that good will result from it. We have seen that it is inherently wrong, as against the law of the land. By following this reasoning to its logical sequence, we write: "Do wrong that good may come," all law and order will be undermined and anarchy reign supreme. But it may be claimed by those who favor the crusade that it is authorized by the Divine will. Our Saviour at the feast of Cana, in Galilee, turned water into wine; and the Scriptures in other places, indirectly at least if not directly, sanction its use. Neither does the natural law support their views. By it we enjoy liberty and happiness, and it is absurd to assert that any one is more competent to judge what constitutes these than he who is to enjoy them.

Even if those who are engaged in the crusade have a right to set themselves up as paragons of morality,—about which there is an honest difference of opinion,—appealing to the passions of saloon-keepers is a poor way of convincing them of the illegitimacy of their business. They can see no morality in taking bread from the mouths of their children.

The crusade, besides being unlawful, is unfounded in reason. It aims to call a crack in the flume while the gate is left open. If it accomplishes all the most sanguine prediction for it, it can but result in having those who will have liquor obtain by foul means what they cannot obtain by fair. But why pursue the discussion further? though the present movement makes a great flutter, there will be but few feathers, resulting in injury rather than benefit to the cause of Temperance.

The remark of a severe lady, who says that male is only mule spelled wrong, is supplemented by the New Orleans Picayune with the declaration that according to Latin authorities a woman is mulier.

Oh! bury Bartholomew out in the woods,
In a beautiful hole in the ground;
Where the bumble bees buzz and the woodpeckers sing.
And the straddle bugs tumble around.
So that in winter, when the snow and the slush
Have covered his last little bed,
His brother Artemus can go out with Jane
And visit the place with his sled.

Telegram as sent: "Ft. Wayne, Ind. Dr. Howard, Wellsville, Ind.: Come at once with prescription. Case of Cerebro Spinal Meningitis." As received: "Came at once to see procession of Carrie Spencer's Menagerie."
The Scholastic.

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A full report of the St. Cecilia meetings next week.

Rev. Father Spelland has given the benefit of a Mission to his parishioners. Fathers Cooney and O'Mahony conduct the Mission.

We heard in the distance the Band in open air practice last Thursday, but did not get near enough to congratulate the talented leader and his skilful players.

Rev. Very REV. Father General is on a visit to the Establishments of the Holy Cross in the Southern States and will probably not return for a couple of weeks.

Very REV. Father General will represent the Congregation of the Holy Cross in the American Pilgrimage to Rome and Lourdes. He publishes a card in the "Ave Maria" in which he expresses his willingness to be the bearer of any contributions to the Peter's Pence which may be sent in his care between this and the 10th of May.

A postal note from Mr. C. G. Powell, President of the Editorial Fraternity of Northern Indiana, informs us that he has taken the responsibility of postponing the next meeting until about the first of June, and that he will in the mean time make arrangements for a successful and pleasant gathering of the Press gang—such as he hopes will fully satisfy them for the delay.

We had not the pleasure of being present at Notre Dame on Easter Sunday; but we hear from all sides praises of the music at High Mass, both vocal and instrumental, and much merited praise given to the Director of the Choir and the leader of the Band; the sermon, also, by Father Brown, was spoken of in our presence as one of the very best ever delivered in the college church.

It is with unfeigned pleasure we receive the Universe of the 20th of March, the first number published after its late suppression by the French Government. It contains a letter of the Holy Father, which we would like to give entire, but want of space prevents us from giving more than an extract:

"In this great perturbation of civil society, as your efforts and your strength, my dear son, have been faithfully applied to the propagation of good, you should not be surprised to be in tribulations. But while the most inveterate enemies of the Church, thinking to advance in security, find themselves rapidly carried off in the ways of injustice and perdition; while those who seek to reconcile light and darkness fallaciously and foolishly flatter themselves that they shall attain their desired end; while others, through fear of a violent tempest, inconsiderately bend their heads before the false wisdom of the age, wrongly believing that by this means they shall escape the violence of the storm; you, my dear son, with a firm, confident, and tranquil heart, await with all good men the time and the hour which the heavenly Father has designated in His power; and all this while you have been in prayer before the throne of Him to whom the words of the humble and the sacrifices of those who suffer assuredly ascend.

"We desire that the Apostolic Benediction, which we tenderly give to you in the Lord, and to your associates, according to your desire, may be to you the augury of heavenly aid and the pledge of our affection."

The Anniversary of our President's Birthday.

BY THE "ALL AROUND" MAN.

Wednesday, the thirty-fifth anniversary of our Rev. President's birthday, was very appropriately celebrated by our students of Notre Dame. It is to be regretted that more time was not allowed in preparation for the celebration; however, as it was, all passed off satisfactorily, being a complete surprise to Rev. Father Lemonnier, and comparatively so to a majority of the students. The secrecy with which the little celebration was gotten up will account for the Commercial and Preparatory Departments not being represented, and the Junior Societies likewise. However, we understand that they have something nice in store for him to-night. On Tuesday, a few of the more thoughtful students got together and talked the matter over. What were they going to allow Father Lemonnier's natal anniversary to pass by in silence? No; they could not entertain such a thought, but they were in doubt as to whether they would take it upon themselves, without consulting and asking the assistance of some of the officials. On consideration, they came to the conclusion that it was their prerogative to pay honor to their superior. So they immediately made it known to many of their companions, who added them in the preparations. Representatives were selected from the different Senior Societies, and also the Collegiate Department. B. J. McGinnis was chosen to represent the Collegiate Department, E. McSweeney the Philodemic Society, C. A. Berril the Thespian, and C. Watson the Columbians. On Wednesday morning, immediately after breakfast, the Brass Band struck up a lively tuye on the front steps, and all the students were drawn up in file in front of the College. After waiting a short time, the Rev. Father made his appearance. He was greeted with loud applause from the assembled students. The different addresses were then read to him. They were all well written and well delivered, and all expressed those true sentiments of love and respect for our worthy President which animate the bosom of every student of Notre Dame. Father Lemonnier responded to the various addresses in words full of love and feeling for his beloved children in Christ. He stated that he always endeavored, and ever shall endeavor, to use the power confided to him for the advantage of the students in all things. He thanked the students for the honor they paid him, and promising, that he would not forget them. As our sentiments are all embodied in the address from the Collegiate Department, given below, and read by B. J. McGinnis, we refrain from giving the Addresses separately.

Very Reverend Father Lemonnier: 

On an occasion like this, the anniversary of your birth, it is both becoming and proper that the members of the Collegiate Department should tender to you, Very Reverend Sir, their humble though heartfelt congratulations,—while, at the same time fondly hoping that your life will be as
Dr. E. O. Haven, formerly President of the Michigan University, said at a late meeting of the Methodist clergy in New York that "the twelve different Protestant denominational Churches in Italy afforded a spectacle for infidels and skeptics to laugh at."
The Philopatrians come out to-night. We wish them success.

From recent appearances it would seem that the bust of Sir Walter Scott in the Collegiate Department has been on a "bust."

The work on Father General's house is progressing rapidly.

Is there no way of putting a stop to that violin on the fourth floor of the College? Can't the accomplished musician give us a rest?

Our lawyer lately went to South Bend and ridded himself of his cumbersome beard. It took the students about two days to get re-acquainted with him.

Our printers may be fond of visitors when their calls are moderate, but when carried to excess and beyond the bounds of etiquette they become disgusting.

On Easter Sunday we had one of the heaviest snows of the season. It continued successively all day, and was the source of many disappointments.

Our little invitation to the "Atlantics" has had the desired effect. They have "gone and done it" for the Star of the East—score, 15 to 19.

When youths armed with pocket pistols go hunting ducks on the banks of the St. Joe, can we say that it is "foul practice? Perhaps W. or G. can throw some light on this question.

The new boats have been launched and tested by their respective crews. They ride nicely. It is believed that with these the crews will be able to make faster time than they did with the old ones.

There is a certain friend of ours to whom we would like to give a brass button to wear around his neck for a "charm." He is such an obliging gentleman. We sincerely return our thanks for the favor he conferred on us last week.

Miss McCloskey, Cincinnati, Ohio $10.00.
Mrs. Boyle, Cincinnati, Ohio $10.00.
Francis Fitzmaurice, Manitowoc, Wis $5.00.
Charles Lacast, Notre Dame, Ind $10.00.
Lizzie F. Morphy, Quincy, Ill $10.00.
Miss McCloskey, Cincinnati, Ohio $5.00.
Ernest Morphy, (deceased), Quincy, 111 $10.00.
Ernest Morphy, (deceased), Quincy, Ill $10.00.
Lizzie F. Morphy, Quincy, Ill $10.00.
Mrs. Savage, Boston, Mass $10.00.
Henry and Rosanna Casey, Notre Dame, Ind $10.00.
Charles Lacast, Notre Dame, Ind $10.00.
Francis Fitzmaurice, Manitowoc, Wis $10.00.
Mrs. Boyle, Cincinnati, Ohio $10.00.
Miss McCloskey, Cincinnati, Ohio $5.00.

Subscriptions to the New Tabernacle.

We are aware that there is at Notre Dame a flourishing society under the name of the Choral Union, but we do not know if it numbers among its officers a Corresponding Secretary. If there be such a dignitary he should not keep all the good news to himself, but should let the anxious public hear occasionally of the doings of that worthy body. We are a music-loving people; and having an especial liking for vocal music, we very naturally feel a great interest in the new organization.

Secret Societies should be Abolished.
Dailey and E. G. Graves supported the affirmative, and Messrs. M. Bastarache and P. C. Cooney supported the negative. Mr. Cooney being absent, in consequence of sickness, Mr. Dehner was appointed to take his place.

The debate was opened by Mr. Dailey. Disclaiming all pretensions to eloquence, the gentleman proceeded to a lucid adduced by him in support of their abolition was that the negative. Mr. Cooney being absent, in consequence of sickness, Mr. Dehner was appointed to take his place.

The gentleman dwelt at considerable length on each point. We should like to give his arguments in full; but inasmuch as space will not permit us to state the arguments in refutation adduced by the negative, we fear it would be in bad taste. Notwithstanding the gentleman's disclaimer of eloquence, if a forcible delivery and good sound reasoning would constitute these, we would be disposed to take issue with him on the point.

Mr. Bastarache was the first speaker on the affirmative side; he dwelt at considerable length on each point. He endeavored to show that most secret societies are charitable associations, having for their object the elevation of their members, and their welfare in distress. He maintained that the fraternal feeling engendered by men associating thus could not but be conducive to good results.

Mr. Graves, the second speaker on the affirmative, confined himself principally to the evil effects of centralization in government, to which he claimed secret societies had a tendency. Having dwelt at some length on the arguments of his opponent, we can only say of Mr. Graves' speech that it did him credit.

As we have seen, Mr. Dehner was not appointed till the evening of the debate, and therefore had no time for preparation. However, he showed from the able manner in which he treated the subject that he was master of it. He repudiated the gentleman's argument that religion should enter into the discussion of the question, claiming that if we were to take any peculiar sect there was no separation to be discussed. He showed the injustice of holding an organization responsible for the acts of its individual members. As we cannot give the gentleman's whole argument, we will close our report with saying that his speech was one of the most extemporaneous discourses it has ever been our good fortune to hear.

The presiding officer, Mr. McGinnis, after summing up the arguments in the masterly manner characteristic of that gentleman, gave his decision in favor of the affirmative.

B. J. McGinnis, Corresponding Secretary.

THE BOAT CLUB.

Mr. Editor: It has been some time since you have heard from us; but don't imagine we are defunct because we have kept quiet until we have something to say, which, I know indicative of praiseworthy discretion on our part. In the first place the boating season has opened earlier than usual, which is a favorable circumstance in itself, and we are taking advantage of it.

Secondly, our new boat house is completed and a nice, roomy, and airy one it is—a decided improvement on the old one. But what we all are most delighted with is the arrival of our new boats. To use a phrase, "Hiawatha," D.E. Maloney; Captain of "Pinta," G. W. Crummey; Captain of "Santa Maria," C. Villanueva.

C. J. D., Sec'y.

STAR OF THE WEST B. B. C.

Mr. Editor: Dear Sir,—Your "All Around man" must not have been all around for some time, or he would certainly have seen the Star of the West Base-Ball Club, which is up and doing, and mighty lively at that.

We never like to threaten, but when a man so far forgets the respect due to us as a Society, organized for the advancement of base-ball and the development of muscle, of which article we have quite a supply—I repeat when he so far forgets said respect as to say that we, the Star of the West, are no longer visible, we feel a little like making him see stars.

NATHAN DRYFOOS, Sec'y.

The well known Quickstep Base-Ball Club, of the Minims Department, held its first meeting on March 3rd for the purpose of organizing for the present season. Brother Albert, the Director of the Club, after calling the meeting to order, explained its object, which was the electing of officers. The election resulted as follows:

President—Ralph Golsen.
Vice-President—Tommie Hooley.
Secretary—Colly Clarke.
Treasurer—Cleve McKinnon.
Capt. 1st Nine—Frank Carlin.
Field Directors—Charles Parker and Otto Lindberg.

A very interesting match game of base-ball was played on St. Patrick's Day between the first nine of the above-mentioned Club and a picked nine of fine players from the Juniors. The game was very well played by both nines. The catching, especially, was excellent. At the close of the game the score stood: Quicksteps, 28; picked nine, 22.

Umpire, Mr. E. Graves, of the Manitou Base-Ball Club.
Scorers: Raymond West and Edward Buchanan. The Juniors were not discouraged by their defeat, and challenged the Minims for a second game on the following day (Wednesday), with the hope of having the good fortune of beating them; but the Quicksteps were too quick for them, and the Minims gained a second victory over their older friends by a score of 14 to 20.

"NOTHING LIKE IT."

A French paper publishes some calculations respecting Easter, from which it appears that this feast will fall on the 23rd of April in the year 1886. The 25th of April is St. Mark's Day; in that year Good Friday will fall on St. George's Day, and the feast of Corpus Christi on St. John the Baptist's Day. There is an old prediction repeated by Nostradamus in his "Centuries":

Quand Georges Dieu crucifera
Que Marc se pueet passer
Et que Jean le portera
En fin du monde arrivera.

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The First Session begins on the first Tuesday of September; the Second on the 1st of February.

For further particulars, address

Rev. A. LEMONNIER, C.G.C., President.

NILES & SOUTH BEND R.R.

GOING SOUTH.

Leaves Niles, 9:20 a.m.; Leaves South Bend, 12:00 a.m. 31 train
5:10 a.m. 2d train
8:00 a.m. 1st train

GOING NORTH.

Returns South Bend, 6:30 a.m.; Returns Niles, 11:00 a.m.
2d train A.M.
5:15 p.m. P.M.

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MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD

Time Table.

From and after March 1st, trains on the Michigan Central Railroad leave Niles as follows:

Night Express, 11:22 p.m.; Mail, 9:19 a.m.; Day Express, 11:37 a.m.; Accommodation, 7:33 a.m.; Way Freight, 5:00 a.m.; Riverine Express, 9:00 a.m.; Pacific Express, 10:10 a.m.; Accommodation, 11:50 a.m.; Mail, 1:21 p.m.; Day Express, 5:20 p.m.; Way Freight, 1:45 p.m.; Mail, 9:15 A.M.; Three Rivers Accommodation, 7:49 a.m.; Atlantic Express, 9:40 a.m.; Way Freight, 10:53 a.m.; Three Rivers Accommodation—Arrives, 6:45 a.m.; Pacific Express, 3:50 p.m.; Way Freight, 5:05 p.m.

NILES AND SOUTH BEND DIVISION.

Leaves Niles, 9:20 a.m.—Connects at Niles with trains from Chicago and Michigan City.

8:20 a.m.—Connects at Niles with trains from Detroit and all stations of Main and Air Line.

7:53 a.m.—Connects at Niles with trains from Kalamazoo, Chicago, and Three Rivers.

LEAVE SOUTH BEND.

6:50 a.m.—Connects at Niles with Kalamazoo Accommodation direct for Chicago. 11:00 a.m.—Connects at Niles with fast Day Express east over the main line. 6:15 a.m.—Connects at Niles with Atlantic Express, Kalamazoo and Three Rivers Accommodation.

LEAVE CHICAGO.

H. E. SAGEN, Gen'l Superintendent.

Mar 14th.