FILIAL LOVE.

A Drama of the Fourteenth Century.

ACT FOURTH.

SCENE I.

A Garden of the Palace. Sunset.

(RAYMOND, GONSLAN, REGINALD and ATTIVO meet to talk over what has happened.)

RAYMOND. You may say what you please, but I know what I know; and be sure of it--the Duke is mad. Why, says he, I'll give my dukedom to a beggar, if I like—isn't it my own?

GONSLAN. Of course he can do what he pleases with it. Wish he'd give it to me. Don't you think I'd make a great king?

ATTIVO. We might draw lots for it. I've often fancied myself born to be a duke some day.

ALL. Ha, ha, ha! Capital idea--Duke Gonslan!

REGINALD. Why not? Ha, ha, ha! We are all born dukes and princes!

(E-enter BOIS-BIEN.)

BOIS-BIEN. Ha, ha, ha! good morning, my lords and princes. Behold in me your rightful liege! I'd set my throne on my biggest kettles, and allow your lordships to sit around me on casks of old port.

ATTIVO. What a Court! Believe me we'd drink the duchy and all the provinces in less than six months.

GONSiAN. So we would—I'd answer for that.

BOIS-BIEN. The Duke knows that right well, and so he gives the duchy to that archin.

REGINALD. And no one knows why, there's a mystery in it.

BOIS-BIEN. Mystery! Tut 'tis plain as day! The Duke promised the lad, and the lad holds him to his word—and so we have a new Duke.

ATTIVO. But how did the young scapegrace come by his good luck, that's what I'd like to know?

BOIS-BIEN. O that's another thing. They tell different stories about it.

REGINALD. I heard that his grandfather was some way related to the Duke's grandmother, and—

ATTIVO. Stuff! You'd swallow any nonsense. The fact is he has no grandfather, and his father is one of those romantic knights who—

BOIS-BIEN. Don't bother us! All we know is that the lad is a lucky fellow: and, my word for it, he'll not be homesick here if his honor Mr. Labrisse and the others don't worry him to death with their courtesies.

GONSLAN. Why, I heard they disliked him very much!

BOIS-BIEN. Not at all. They disliked him for half an hour; and when they found it was no use, they loved him more than if he were a little brother.

GONSLAN. Well, well, may be so; but I have my misgivings. I'd swear that they hate him yet, and that he is not happy here.

ATTIVO. Tut man! Believe me, Mr. Labrisse would stand on his head to please the boy. Listen. Yesternight his honor Mr. Labrisse called me—secretly, you mind—to his chamber. "Bois Bien," said he, "art thou not the best cook in the realm? I have need of thy skill." Of course I did not understand for some time what he meant. "Perhaps," said I, "an emperor has come." "No," said he, "tis not even a count." "Plague on him," said I, "I'll not serve him even with rabbits." He then became more
must know that I take a great interest in the lad, and will spare nothing to make him happy. (Exit.)

GUSMAN. I fear the prince is exposed to some hidden danger. The charge which the Duke has imposed upon me leaves me neither peace nor rest. I have many misgivings—many misgivings! Something is going wrong. (Exit.)

SCENE II.

Time—Night.

(Enter BOIS-BRIEUX, much concerned.)

BOIS BRUX. was a simpleton to listen to Mr. Labrisse and all his chattering, without striking a good bargain with him—hem! Moreover, ill luck and every misfortune have been attending me ever since. What have drunken rascals and stupid puppets to do with that heathen shaver? I'd like to know.

Doctor Gusman bothers his brains to get one smile from him. Faith it will take many a feast to stuff the chap into a decent shape. He is too thin for me! I like fat fellows—Puff! I am roasting with the heat! (ferns)

...I was shocked methinks at seeing him. But I am not dreaming; I can no longer doubt it; 'twas my son, my Bellarosa.

BOIS ROBERT. And in this dreadful suspense retrace my steps to mystery before the night is past.

THEODEBERT. Man was it not the same?—but I grow distracted!—what if after all he be not my own son, and in this dreadful suspense retrace my steps to mystery before the night is past.

THEODEBERT. Why do you disbelieve, Bois Robert? Did you not mark him well?

BOIS ROBERT. Because, if he is— But, no, my eyes could not deceive me!—I confess I too saw the boy— Nay, he saw you, when you stopped with a shriek. I speak sooth, for how could Bellarosa be a prince?

THEODEBERT. Even if my eyes betrayed me my heart would still be true—a father's heart can make no mistake; its boy, I must search him out; I must unravel the mystery. Come, let us go. (Exit. BOIS ROBERT shaking his head inorutously. Song within.)

DUKE. It is strange, very strange indeed! These festivities, instead of giving joy to the lad, only cast a deeper gloom over him. He looks the very picture of melancholy. I see the cause well enough. No earthly pleasure can compensate for the loss of one dearer than all the delights of a kingdom. I have wronged the boy—wronged him cruelly. Why have I tempted him to deny his father? What right had I to his affections? I wonder, though, what can be the meaning of this device of Labrisse? Does he hope the lad will actually disown his parent? If so, he must wish his death. Can it be a base crime—and, in my case, ingratitude.

In singing your praise, my lord, they bestrove for an early discovery of the youth's father. You are certain that he is one of the Duke's archers?

TRISTAN. This affair, my lord has all my interest; and if I judge rightly, it has now assumed a shape which bids fair for an early discovery of the youth's father. You are certain that he is one of the Duke's archers?

LABRISSE. The boy himself so informed the Duke,—
I judge aright you are the best man in the world to interest in pleasure. I have a little point to carry, you see; and if be banished from his mind, his filial affection drowned.

Guard did not the ghost vanish?—now be honest! Indeed I am inclined to suspect that old man who stood guard about it, and he seemed both surprised and confused.

What was the Prince's chamber?

Assured you the pages thought it no joke last night, when they were frightened from the Prince's chamber, and called the guards to the rescue. The villain had wellnigh reached theプリンセす couch—I tremble to think of it!

Ha, ha, ha! and when the guard came the ghost disappeared! (Laughter.)

But, tell me, how could the fellow guess it was the Prince's chamber?

That is a mystery to me. A solemn, sad chant was heard late last evening. The archers said it was the song of the mountaineers of Geurnia.

Well, what of that?

Some one from the palace balcony repeated some verses of the marvellous song.

Some minstrel, no doubt, or perhaps, a confederate.

I know not; but, soon after, the pages were rightened by hearing the steps of some one walking in the dark, just below the Prince's chamber.

Was that the guard—when you saw the guard did not the ghost vanish?—now be honest!

So he did. But in the night the Prince was heard repeating the song in his sleep, so distinctly that the pages have learned it by heart. Here they come, and you can ask them. (Enter Pages.)

I am curious to know the song, though I am of opinion that this mysterious minstrel was simply afflicted with the nightmare.

Good, good pages, do you remember the song the Prince sang in his sleep last night?

But little, dear Gusman. We questioned the Prince about it, and he seemed both surprised and confused.

He knew not what we meant, he said.

He asked us where we had heard it before.

And yet he sang it himself in his sleep; you heard him.

Even as we hear you now,—it was the same song we heard last evening in the garden.

Indeed, I am curious to hear the song; besides, it may amuse the Prince, and I shall have this minstrel brought into his presence.

I would not trust him, my lord; he may do him harm.

Yow he know every door in the castle. (Exit.)

I shall search every room, and take no rest till I have forayed out the mystery.

Spare no pains to secure the Prince's happiness. You are aware Signor Gusman, of the festivities that have just been. The New Prince; to be most pleasantly entertained. (In a low voice) This evening, above all, let him be made happy; let all recollections of former days be banished from his mind, his flail affection crowned in pleasure. I have a little point to carry, you see; and if I judge aright you are the best man in the world to interest and please the youth.
The Catholic Record for the Month of May has articles by Clas. H. A. Hslling, Dr. Moriarty, Lady Fullerton, Hon. Jos. R. Chandler, Miss Fannie McDonald, and Dr. J. J. Barry, besides other no less readable ones from anonymous writers. Published by Hardy & Mahony, 305 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Mr. Clifford M. Brooke has gone into partnership with Mr. Abram B. Clarke, and the two get out the best local papers we have glanced over for many a day. Their paper, The Mail and Magnet is published weekly in the thriving, driving town of Plymouth—which has no rock, but many of its denizens have plenty of 'rocks'—and we have no doubt that it will be ably supported as it will be ably edited.

We have just received The Month and Catholic Review for May, published in London, by Sinkla, Marshall & Co., and by Burns & Oates. It can also be had from Kelly, Piet & Co., Baltimore. We know of some Catholic libraries that subscribe for various foreign periodicals and yet have not this best of all English publications on their list. This should not be so. It is an injustice both to the publishers of the periodical and to the contributing members of the Library.

We take from the daily papers of the 11th the following telegram:

"Fort Wayne, Ind., May 10.—Bishop Dwenger, of the Ft. Wayne Diocese, with a number of Roman Catholic clergymen, leave at 11 o'clock to-night for New York City, whence they sail for Europe on the 16th inst. To-day all the Catholic societies in the city paraded the streets, accompanied by three bands of music, in honor of the event. Pontifical High Mass was celebrated at the Cathedral, in presence of an immense assemblage. The Bishop blessed the new banner at St. Paul's Church, and delivered a touching farewell address. The party will visit Lourdes, France, and the shrines of the Apostles.

We are glad, and not at all surprised, at the noble stand taken by Mr. Onahan of Chicago against Messrs. Raster and Rosenthal, of the same city, in reference to the question of the purchase for the Public Library of books written by Catholic authors. The latter gentlemen aired their bigotry for a short time, but admitted the false position they had taken by changing their front in a public letter, in which, protesting against what had not been in question, they tacitly admit their error and the soundness of Mr. Onahan's views. It is curious to observe that both Mr. Onahan and Raster accuse the Chicago Times of misrepresenting the controversy between them; it is not so curious though, after all, but quite in keeping with the character of the paper. Mr. Raster says the report was made by "one devoid of truth and honor." Pretty hard on the Times reporter.

First Communion.

One of the most important events for the young Catholic students of Notre Dame is the First Communion, which usually takes place on the Feast of the Ascension or of Corpus Domini. This year the following young students had the happiness of making their First Communion: C. Meyer, P. McBride, A. Green, T. Reed, E. O'Connor, S. Kennedy, J. Buchanan, E. Buchanan, T. Hunt, J. Kielty, J. Hurter, P. Schrauer, C. Nowlan, E. Cleary, T. Hooley, C. McKinnon, O. Linberg; and the following, who had made their First Communion last year, were admitted to the spiritual retreat and to Holy Communion with the above: C. Clarke, J. O'Meara, F. Carlin, S. Goldsberry, F. Ewing, C. Green.
The solemn renewal of baptismal vows was made by all the young boys, and Father Toohey preached a beautiful sermon. At Vespers Mass, Very Rev. Father Granger was celebrant, Father Vincent took the train at St. Mary's station on the Michigan Central Road, all the pupils of St. Mary's and a large number of American Catholics, on a solemn pilgrimage to the Grotto of Lourdes in sunny France, and the Tombs of the Saints in the Eternal City. What a noble example of genuine apostolic zeal, reviving in a measure in this nineteenth century the spirit of the early ages of the Church when the humble and devout followers of Christ thought that no personal sacrifices could be too great in the cause of religion and truth! And what a consolation it will be for the Holy Father, the saintly Pius IX, in these trying days of his affliction to receive and bless this noble band of American pilgrims who go to present to him the homage of the Infant Church in America, and to assure him of her unwavering devotion to the cause in which he suffers. That God may bless those devoted pilgrims and infuse into the hearts of the people far and wide the same spirit of self-sacrificing piety, is the earnest prayer of every Catholic in American soil to keep in mind.

Departure of Very Rev. Father Sorin for Rome.

The departure of Very Rev. Father Sorin from Notre Dame to join the Pilgrims in New York had been announced for Sunday evening, but we had the happiness of having him with us several days longer, as he did not start until Thursday morning.

Early that morning, the Faculty and Students bade farewell to him in addresses read by Mr. T. F. O'Mahony and Mr. C. A. Berdel, both of which will be found in this issue of the SCHOLASTIC. Accompanied by Brother Vincent, Father General then went to St. Mary's, where farewell was said all round, the pupils of St. Mary's, both Seniors and Juniors, being represented by Miss Libbie Black in an address that did honor to herself and companions, as well as to Very Rev. Father General.

At 11 o'clock Very Rev. Father General and Brother Vincent took the train at St. Mary's station on the Michigan Central Road, all the pupils of St. Mary's and a large number of the members of his Community of Notre Dame being present. A pleasant and prosperous trip across, and a speedy voyage back, to Very Rev. Father Sorin and good Brother Vincent!

Address from the Faculty of the University of Notre Dame. By T. F. O'Mahony.

Very Rev. and Dear Father General. - I have the honor as well as the extreme pleasure of addressing you a few words in behalf of the Faculty on this the solemn occasion of your departure for the Old World. Many times in the history of Notre Dame have the Faculty and Students of the University assembled on this spot to bid you a kind adieu and wish you a God-speed on a distant journey, but never, perhaps, in the exercise of a piety and devotion on the part of Catholics in every country to the conditions of the times in which we live call loudly for such exemplary acts of piety and zeal.

At no time, perhaps, from the days of Constantine to the present has the condition of the Church and of society demanded greater zeal and devotion on the part of Catholics in every land, from the rising to the setting of the sun, and it behooves every true follower of Christ to endeavor to be among the ten just men whose prayers and virtues will avert the anger of God from a sinful and rebellious world.

In these days the powers of earth seem to have entered into a league for the purpose of destroying the Church, or at least of crippling her power, because her teachings are and ever must be in direct opposition to their ambitious and wicked designs. In many countries to-day she is suffering an open persecution, while in others she is merely tolerated by the civil authorities. In Germany, her priests and Bishops are fined and imprisoned because, for conscience' sake, they nobly refuse to comply with laws which have been enacted at the instance of a bigotted and ambitious prince for the express purpose of reducing the Church, even to her divine mission, will still continue to cherish and encourage them as the most efficacious means of increasing and strengthening our faith and obtaining the blessings of heaven.

No one can deny that the circumstances of the times in which we live call loudly for such exemplary acts of piety and zeal. At no time, perhaps, from the days of Constantine to the present has the condition of the Church and of society demanded greater zeal and devotion on the part of Catholics in every country to the conditions of the times in which we live call loudly for such exemplary acts of piety and zeal. In Germany, her priests and Bishops are fined and imprisoned because, for conscience' sake, they nobly refuse to comply with laws which have been enacted at the instance of a bigotted and ambitious prince for the express purpose of reducing the Church, even to her divine mission, will still continue to cherish and encourage them as the most efficacious means of increasing and strengthening our faith and obtaining the blessings of heaven.

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days of trial and persecution will soon pass by, and that the Old Church, the Mother of saints and heroes, must and shall prevail over all her enemies. So it ever has been in the history of the Church from the days of Nero to those of Basamark and Victor Emmanuel, and so it ever shall be to the consummation of ages, "Magna est veritas et praeverbit." Yet, truth, eternal and immutable, is great, and must prevail over the temporary passions and prejudices of wicked men and bury them beneath their own ruins, and none will be left "so poor to do them reverence."

And now, Very Rev. and dear Father, before I conclude allow me to request that you remember your anxious and affectionate friends at Notre Dame when you kneel in solemn prayer at the sacred Grotto of Lourdes which has been sanctified by the visible presence of the Queen of angels, and also at the holy shrines of Rome, which were consecrated with the blood of the Apostles. Praying that God who rules the winds and the waves may grant you a prosperous voyage, and hoping that you will soon return in safety to Notre Dame, we bid you a kind and affectionate adieu au revoir.

ADDRESS FROM THE STUDENTS OF NOTRE DAME, BY CHAS. A. BERDEL.

Very Reverend and dear Father General:

It is with a thrill of tremulous emotion, assignable to love and esteem, that we are assembled to offer you in social union this manifest expression of our best wishes and sincerest veneration. Approving, through the medium of editorial announcements and dear friends, of your determination to take part in the Pilgrimage instituted for the purpose of honoring Our Lady of Lourdes, and conscious of the many dangers to which you will be necessarily exposed, we express our filial affections, trusting that the knowledge of your bestowals may be a source of comfort and sweet gratification in an hour of solitude. Contemplating the effects which your absence from our happy circle must inevitably establish, we conscientiously admit that deep regret will penetrate the hearts of all. The members of Holy Cross will be denied that pleasant association and gracious smile which they have ever courted and cherished; if such solitude is evidenced by your worthy confidants, how much more should we, who feel the need of your gentlemanner and venerable bearing, deplore your departure. When you are away, dear Father, it seems as though we are encompassed by a veil of darkness; but when with us, all is sunshine. In an allegorical sense, we might appropriately utilize a beautiful quotation, one especially applicable to the position you occupy in relation to ourselves, from the great lyric, Thomas Moore. Eulogizing sunshine, he says:

"Best power of sunshine! genial day;
What balm, what life are in thy ray!
To feel thee is such real bliss,
That had the world no joy but this,
To all is sunshine calm and sweet—
It were a world too exquisite
For man to leave it for the gloom,
The deep, cold shadow of the tomb."

Wishing you health and happiness on your journey, and a thought in reference to ourselves occasionally, we bid you farewell, trusting that through the instrumentality of our prayers God will protect and restore you to us in a short lapse of time. These, dear Father, are the gratulations of your devoted child in Christ,

THE STUDENTS OF NOTRE DAME.

ADDRESS FROM THE PUPILS OF ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, BY MISS LIVIE BLACK.

Very Rev. Father General: Our loved and venerated Father, we have gathered here to wish you good-bye and a pleasant voyage and most consoling results from your pious Pilgrimage. We are pleased to hear that you will soon return to dear St. Mary's; but we of the Graduating Class feel that if we succeed in our earnest aim, to us indeed this is perhaps the last time that we shall have the honor and privilege of gathering around you as children around their devoted Father. For though we shall ever claim to call you Father, yet we will no longer have the pleasure of receiving from you the rewards and honors which you so love to bestow, and which have an additional value when received from your consecrated hands.

Oh! we shall so miss you, dear Father, at the closing of our Academic life. For your venerable, dignified figure always stands in the foreground of every important tableau, that memory has pictured on our minds; and we feel that without you there is a grand want that cannot be supplied. May we not, Very Rev. Father, take advantage of this occasion to thank you again and again for your earnest devotedness to our true interests; to thank you for the kindness with which you have encouraged our little efforts to be entertaining; but above all, to thank you for the beautiful instructions by which you have enriched our minds with heavenly truths. The seeds of virtue you have sown will, we hope, bring forth good fruit; and if we prove superior to the imperfections of our nature, we shall have to thank you, our devoted Father, for your untiring zeal and holy counsels. May God reward your charity, for we can offer only thanks and prayers.

We begin in the name of all, that you remember us at the holy shrines you are about to visit; and, craving your blessing, we say in the name of all the school, farewell, dear Father,

ROLL OF HONOR.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING THURSDAY, MAY 14, 1874.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.


JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

The weather is lovely. Botanical excursions are rewarded by a rich harvest of floral specimens.

Tablet of Honour.

SENDOR DEPT.


JUNIOR DEPT.


HOONORABLY MENTIONED IN THE

1ST SR. CLASS—E. Richardson, A. Smith.
2ND " " M. Faxon, A. Walsh.
2ND JUNIOR CLASS—J. Mann, C. Hughes, E. McDougall, H. Mier, J. Dee.

GERMAN CLASS.

1ST CLASS—Misses M. Kengal, Klotz, H. Miller, Garies, Irmiter, Pfeiffer, Black, Faxon.
2ND CLASS—Misses Richardson, Roscooke, Denehey, Golsan, Martin, Ewing, Schulteh, Martin, K. schemes.
3RD CLASS—Misses Phillips, Miller, Kelly, Schobach.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

1ST CLASS—J. Walker, E. Black.
2ND DIV.—R. Spier, N. McEwen.
2ND CLASS—N. Foote, A. Smith, L. West, J. Keigh.
2ND DIV.—M. Quan, A. Roberts.
5TH CLASS—M. Kresseberg, M. Faxon, M. Johnson, M. Pritchard, L. Bradford, M. Cummings, M. McKinnon, A. Allen, A. Cullen, K. Finley, K. Engel, M. Jackson.
8TH CLASS—E. Simpson, F. Dor.
9TH CLASS—J. Brown, M. Hughes, C. Hughes.
1ST DIV.—J. Walker, M. Wicker.
2ND CLASS—L. Walker.
GUITAR—L. Harrison.
JAPANESE PEAS—200 BUSHELS TO THE ACRE.

SOMETHING NEW!
Farmers and Gardeners Read this!

Agents wanted to sell the Japanese Pea.

These peas have recently been brought to this country from Japan, and prove to be the finest Pea known for table use or for stock. They grow in the form of a bush, from 3 to 5 feet high, and do not require sticking. They yield from one quart to a peck of peas per bush. A sample package, which will produce from 5 to 10 bushels of peas, with circulars giving terms to Agents, and full directions as to the time and manner of planting, will be sent, prepaid, to any one desiring to act as Agent, on receipt of 50 cents. Address,

D. L. OSMENT,
CLEVELAND, TENN.

Testimonials.

We have cultivated the JAPANESE PEA the past season, on a small scale, and we are convinced they are a perfect success. Their yield was enormous. For the TABLE or for STOCK they are unsurpassed by any other pea. They grow well on thin land, and are grown without manure, and they are a perfect success. Their seeds are:

March 1st, 1873, peas, with circulars giving terms to Agents, on receipt of 50 cents. Address,

A. J. WHITE, Trustee Bradford County,
H. HIX,
A. E. BLUNT, P. M., Cleveland, Tenn.

I have cultivated the JAPANESE PEA the last year, and raised them at the rate of 200 bushels to the acre. The bloom excels buckwheat for beer.

F. E. HARDICK, J. F., Bradford County.

L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.

On and after Sunday, December 14, 1873, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

1.47 A. M. (No. 6), Night Express, over Main Line, Arrives at
Toledo, 9:30; Cleveland, 2.15 P. M.; Buffalo, 9.10 P. M.

10.10 A. M. (No. 5), Mail, over Main and Air Lines; Arrives at
Toledo, 2:30 P. M.; Cleveland, 9.50 P. M.

11.58 A. M. (No. 4), Special New York Express, over Air Line; Arrives at
Toledo, 1:50; Cleveland, 9.40 P. M.; Buffalo, 6.40 A. M.

9.09 P. M. (No. 6), Atlantic Express, over Air Line, Arrives at
Toledo, 2:48; Cleveland, 7:05; Buffalo, 1:23 P. M.

3.45 P. M. (No. 7), Atlantic Express, over Air Line.

GOING WEST.

3.50 A. M. (No. 3), Express, Arrives at Laporte, 4:23; Chicago, 6:55 A. M.

5.30 A. M. (No. 5), Pacific Express, Arrives at Laporte, 6:15; Chicago, 8:50 A. M.

7.35 A. M., Evening Express, Main Line, Arrives at
Laporte, 7:30; Chicago, 10 P. M.

5.45 P. M. (No. 11), Special Chicago Express Arrives at
Laporte, 6:48; Chicago, 9:00.

9.05 A. M. (No. 14), Local Freight.

NOTE. Conductors are positively forbidden to carry passengers upon Through Freight Trains.

J. W. G. KAY, General Ticket Agent, Cleveland, Ohio.
F. E. ROBERTS, General Western Passenger Agent.
J. H. PARSONS, Supt. Western Division, Chicago.
W. W. GIDDINGS, Freight Agent.
J. W. CALEY, General Passenger Agent.
S. J. POWELL, Ticket Agent, South Bend.

CHARLES PALMA, Gen'l Sup't,

Passengers going to local points West, should take Nos. 7, 8, and 9; East, Nos. 70 and 71. Warre Express (connecting with No. 11) leaves Elkhart at 12:30 p. m., running through to Wabash. Through tickets to all competing points in every direction. Local Tickets on Through Freight Trains.

J. W. CARLTON, General Passenger Agent.
J. C. MORGAN, General Manager, Pittsburgh,
W. D. BOYD, JR., Gen. Pas. and Ticket Agent, Philadelphia,
W. E. BOYD, JR., Gen. Pas. and Ticket Agent, Chicago.

J. H. N. CANFIELD, General Manager, Chicago.

LOUISVILLE, N. ALBANY & CHICAGO R.R.

On and after Sunday, December 14, 1873, trains pass New Albany and South Bend, as follows:

GOING NORTH.

Pass,....7.15 A. M.

Freight,....10.47 A. M.

GOING SOUTH.

Pass,....8.30 A. M.

Freight,....8.45 A. M.

Pass,....9.34 A. m.

H. R. CAMPBELL, Agent.