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CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNSYLVANIA

Condensed Time Table. Week Days.					
Read Down.		Stations		Read Up.	
No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.
A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.
7	10 12	8 06	40	9	12 05
7	21 12	8 16	51	9	07 16
7	26 17	8 21	02	9	12 21
7	31 22	8 26	07	9	17 26
7	36 27	8 31	12	9	22 31
7	41 32	8 36	17	9	27 36
7	46 37	8 41	22	9	32 41
7	51 42	8 46	27	9	37 46
7	56 47	8 51	32	9	42 51
7	01 52	8 56	37	9	47 56
7	06 57	9 01	42	9	52 01
7	11 02	9 06	47	9	57 06
7	16 07	9 11	52	9	02 11
7	21 12	9 16	57	9	07 16
7	26 17	9 21	02	9	12 21
7	31 22	9 26	07	9	17 26
7	36 27	9 31	12	9	22 31
7	41 32	9 36	17	9	27 36
7	46 37	9 41	22	9	32 41
7	51 42	9 46	27	9	37 46
7	56 47	9 51	32	9	42 51
7	01 52	9 56	37	9	47 56
7	06 57	10 01	42	9	52 01
7	11 02	10 06	47	9	57 06
7	16 07	10 11	52	9	02 11
7	21 12	10 16	57	9	07 16
7	26 17	10 21	02	9	12 21
7	31 22	10 26	07	9	17 26
7	36 27	10 31	12	9	22 31
7	41 32	10 36	17	9	27 36
7	46 37	10 41	22	9	32 41
7	51 42	10 46	27	9	37 46
7	56 47	10 51	32	9	42 51
7	01 52	10 56	37	9	47 56
7	06 57	11 01	42	9	52 01
7	11 02	11 06	47	9	57 06
7	16 07	11 11	52	9	02 11
7	21 12	11 16	57	9	07 16
7	26 17	11 21	02	9	12 21
7	31 22	11 26	07	9	17 26
7	36 27	11 31	12	9	22 31
7	41 32	11 36	17	9	27 36
7	46 37	11 41	22	9	32 41
7	51 42	11 46	27	9	37 46
7	56 47	11 51	32	9	42 51
7	01 52	11 56	37	9	47 56
7	06 57	12 01	42	9	52 01
7	11 02	12 06	47	9	57 06
7	16 07	12 11	52	9	02 11
7	21 12	12 16	57	9	07 16

FOUND AFTER FORTY YEARS

Discovery of Ring United Again Two Loving Hearts.

A strange romance of a lost engagement ring and of its recovery forty years later on a turtle, and the renewal of the engagement on the recovery of the ring, and of a happy marriage ensuing, has come to light at Augusta, Ga.

Forty years ago, in 1865, John Martin, then a constructing engineer on the Grand Trunk railroad, and Freds Olmstead, the belle of Augusta, were betrothed, and as a pledge John placed upon her finger a gold ring. Almost immediately he went away on an inspection tour.

In his absence Miss Olmstead went for a boat ride with a young man on a neighboring lake. While they were out they caught a small turtle and the girl sportively slipped off her engagement ring and slipped it over its head. A moment later the turtle slipped from her hand into the water and disappeared.

When Martin returned and learned of the incident his jealousy was aroused. He doubted her story. As a result the engagement was broken off, and Martin returned to Germany, his native land.

Last spring one of a fishing party on the lake captured a turtle and found a diamond ring encircling its neck. It was the ring that Miss Olmstead had lost. She communicated the circumstances of its recovery to Martin, who had remained unmarried and as a happy sequel they were married in the Georgia city.

Miss Olmstead was 16 years old when she was betrothed. Mrs. John Martin was 56 years old on April 21. The bridegroom is 71. He exhibits many youthful traits in talking of his love romance. He is the only surviving member of his family and is sole owner of an extensive estate in Germany. For many years he was engaged as a builder in Heidelberg, his native city.

Dog Does Credit to Training.

Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia has a collie that for a show of religious practices rivals the famous St. Bernard dog trained by a Benedictine monk.

The collie struck up an acquaintance with the archbishop while the latter was taking his customary walk in Fairmount park about a year ago. Since then he has been an attaché of the archiepiscopal household. He knows how to put his paws together in an attitude of prayer, he "sings" and exhibits signs of regret for misbehavior. The students of the cathedral school have taken great pains with his religious education and he would no more think of barking while services are in progress than he would of trying to pick a quarrel with the sculptured bound on the lawn of the episcopal residence.

At times of religious processions he assumes an attitude of respect, sitting on his hind legs and remaining almost motionless until the processions pass. He knows the hours of services in the cathedral and can usually be seen at the side door waiting for the archbishop to appear. Whether there is a service or not, he never tries to enter the church.

THE WAYS ARE GREEN.

The ways are green with the gladdening steen
Of the young year's fairest daughter.
Oh, the shadows that feet o'er the springing wheat!
Oh, the magic of running water!
The sprit of spring is in everything,
The banners of spring are streaming,
We march to a tune from the fifes of June,
And life's a dream worth dreaming.
It's all very well to sit and spell
At the lesson there's no gainsaying;
But what the deuce are we wont and use
When the whole mad world's a-maying?
When the meadow glows, and the orchard snows,
And the air's with love-notes teeming,
When fancies break, and the senses wake,
Oh, life's a dream worth dreaming!
What Nature has writ with her lusty wit
Is worded so wisely and kindly
That whoever has dipped in her manuscript
Must up and follow her blindly.
Now the summer prime is her blottest rhyme
In the being and the seeming,
And they that have heard the over-word
Know life's a dream worth dreaming.
—W. E. Henley.

FAST TO A SWORDFISH

By John K. Cotton.

I sat upon the masthead of the schooner Evangeline, beside Bunker Rowe of the crew, a true "dog," as the expression goes at sea. We were looking for swordfish off in the deep water round the edges of Georges Bank, and enjoying the wonderful sights to be seen at sea from so high an elevation.

"You see where that strong rip throws up off there, don't you?" said Rowe, pointing to a stretch of swirling, choppy sea, indicating a shoal several miles down to leeward of us. "Well, in that place I thought I was going to lose my life once, and every time I run by here I look upon it as a youngster does on a hot iron that has once burned him.

"I was in the My Fancy that trip. Swordfish either hadn't struck here so early or were scarce, and the weather had been bad for two weeks; all hands were 'fishy' enough to tackle a whale or anything else that came along.

"Late one afternoon, just before the time of day the swordfish usually go down for the night, we got in range of a regular school of them, 'finning' about where we are now, and just as fast as the skipper in the pulpit could drive his irons, he harpooned them one after another, until we had every man of the crew out in a dory fast to a fish. I had been at the masthead on the look-out; but when the last one was struck I went below to put off after him in my turn.

"I saw when the captain made the shot that the iron, instead of striking him just forward of the fin and driving all the way through the fish as it should, had struck well back toward the tail at an angle, and instead of being stunned for a moment, as is usually the case when the iron strikes, that fellow jumped clear up out of the water, and then started off.

"I didn't like the looks of that, but a man going fishing is bound to take his chances as they come, so I jumped into the dory and put off, following the course of the keg-buoy. The fish headed eastward, and ran about ten miles in deep water. Then I saw by the keg that he had changed his course, and was coming back across me.

"I pulled ahead to the course he seemed to be taking, and paddled to head him off. When the keg came along to me, I grabbed it and took it aboard.

"A swordfish, when he is well 'ironed,' will make for the deepest water he can get, and going to the bottom, there he will stop and start ahead as he loses and gains strength. But this fellow didn't tire at all, and I knew by the rate he was going that I might be towed fifteen or twenty miles from the vessel, and might have to stay out all night. So the first little slack I got on the line, I began to take in and pay out as I had to, in order to tire the fish out.

"The first fathom I took up, he veered off to the southward, and in a zigzag course he drove along about as fast as it is safe for a dory to go, with any sea on.

"I passed within a short distance of the vessel, and of one after another of the other dories; then straight off to southward we went. "The big fellow kept well at the bottom for more than an hour without showing himself. He veered to right and left with turns sharp enough to throw me overboard if I had not hung on to the gunwales. The buoy-line swished and cut through the water, and the nose of the dory plowed so deep that I moved as far aft as I dared to, to keep her from dipping below the surface.

line as it cut through the water.

"When we had gone so far that I could hear the roar of that tide-rip yonder, I began to wish he would keep off in deeper water, where there would be more distance between him and me.

"He swung and shied as we drew into shoal water, and by watching the marks on the buoy-line, I saw that he was gradually running in from eight hundred fathoms to where there were barely ten. Then into the twirling rips we shot, and my troubles began.

"I kept a steady strain on the line and began to coil every inch of slack in the basket at my feet, to guard against getting tangled up in it. Then the first thing I knew the line grew slack all of a sudden, and the dory shot along under her headway.

"I knew what that meant. I dropped the line and jumped on the two thwarts which made a double bottom beneath me. Then I stood there, waiting for something to happen.

"The first thing I noticed in the water was an ugly-looking shark, attracted, no doubt, by the bleeding swordfish. I watched his curious movements for a minute or two, and turned to look for the vessel, when with a swish up shot my fish, clear out of the water ten feet away. Back he fell, with a tremendous splash and a sput of his powerful tail.

"When I saw his size, monster eyes, and his long jagged sword, and this show of life, I felt rather nervous. Down he went, and coming to the surface again he began to make a circle round me. I didn't know what to do. This was a new move to me.

"I watched him for a few seconds, expecting to see him start off—but he did not start. He kept circling round the boat, and I grew so uneasy that I picked up the oars and stood ready to pull away, should he come for the dory.

"I watched the big fish breathe and dive. I could plainly see his big, saucer-like eyes, which seemed to stare at me all the time, and his stumpy, triangular fin, and his ragged sword, and the pink slit cut in his black back, where the iron had gone, drawing the buoy-line in behind it. He seemed to be taking a sort of inventory of me and my dory; at least he was in no hurry to move away.

"When I got the slack all in, I stood there for some minutes, waiting for the fish to make a move; but he didn't move. I drew the line taut. Bracing both feet in the bow of the dory, I pulled with all my might. It still held for a second; then it gave way, and over I went backward in the dory.

"He was coming now, I felt sure. I jumped up as quickly as I could, and grabbing the line, I began to gather in the slack, but the line came faster than I could pull it in. When that happens every swordfisherman knows what it means.

"He was coming straight for me. I dropped the line, and put one foot up on the rising on each side of the dory. I stood up, out of reach of his sword, steadying myself with an oar.

"I had turned to look down into the water, when a solid jolt struck the dory, and with a little crackle, in shot that fellow's sword, fair through the middle of a plank below my left foot.

"That big, stout, rough-looking sword, pointing straight at me, was not a pleasant sight, especially as I knew that on the other end of it was a body of eight hundred pounds or more of powerful fish.

"The dory at once began to move ahead broadside to. I saw the big fellow's head right beneath the rail from where I stood. The big sword worked back and forth sidewise, and I could hear the light pine plank rip and split. Then the water began to squirt in round the sword and along the ever-widening crack. The dory rocked from side to side.

"I began to get 'jumpy.' I threw both hands to the rail nearest the fish, and hung on to keep from pitching out when he rolled the dory over. I should have hung on and kept still until he tired himself out, and then lanced him—but I didn't.

"The planking ripped along its whole length so fast that, not knowing what to do, or even just what I was doing, I let go my grip on the gunwale, and when the dory came to an even bottom, I made one jump into the air, and bringing both feet down together, I landed on his sword, and went sprawling in the bottom of the dory. I had broken his sword off near the nose.

"I picked myself up as quickly as I could. I stooped to pick up a 'part' of the buoy-line to pull him up and finish his career, when the first thing I knew, the whole side of the dory seemed to push in, and in came that swordfish's nose, with the bleeding, broken stump coming straight for me!

"It frightened me. I made one leap, and landed in the stern of the boat. I turned to look, and there was his head clear beyond his eyes inside the dory. The whole side of the dory seemed to be open, and the water gushed in round him.

"The fish was working his head from side to side. He was trying to pull it out. I saw that I must do something to hold his head in the hole, and so keep the dory afloat. I raised my lance up as high as I could, and when the dory came to an even bottom I jabbed it time after time into his head.

"Meanwhile the fish pushed the dory ahead. He pulled her backward. He bore her down toward him, and then he shoved her clear up out of the water, and she began to fill fast.

"I was frightened. I grabbed my knife and made one gash under his nape. Then taking my sharp sword lance, I made a drive down into his head with all the strength I had left. It struck him fair, and went clear down through his head into the bottom of the dory.

"He couldn't back out now. I grabbed the buoy-line, and gathering in the slack, pulled it as tight as I could, and made him fast to the dory.

"Picking up the bushel basket, I began to ball with all my might to keep the dory from sinking beneath me, and had the rising water well in hand, when right beneath me I caught sight of the white belly of a shark swerving up beneath the swordfish. My prize set up a rush of splashes with his tail, and with one stiff rush, and a sput that brought almost his entire length out of the water, he raised one side of the dory, and down went the other beneath the surface.

"I went headlong overboard. I shot down and down, gulping big mouthfuls of water. When I bobbed above the surface, I grabbed the first thing I came to, my hat. Then I grabbed the keg-buoy. I heard something rushing down on me with a roar. What could it be, I wondered—the shark?

"Its shadow came down across me, and its roar grew louder. The swordfish began to slash the water again with his tail. I saw the fin of one shark slit the water ahead of me. I became so confused I could not think or move. I turned to look at what was coming down on me. Then I heard the skipper sing out, 'Hang on Bunker! We'll take you right aboard.'

"I was in trouble, and the skipper had come to me with all his set."—Youth's Companion.

MAKING BASEBALLS.

Story of the Home-Made Cuticle and The Modern.

This is the story of a baseball. It begins with a rubber core. Then it extends through hundreds of yards of wool yarn to a horsehide cover. More hundreds of yards of wool yarn give the resiliency, or "bounce." Then comes cement, and an outside cover within the prescribed weight and circumference laid down by the league magnates.

To every lover of the national game the following facts will be of interest: Half a century ago the game of "rounders" gave a quick eye, a well developed chest and a fleet foot to thousands of youngsters at "recess."

If some of the old "yarn balls" made by mothers and grandmothers had been preserved they would be priceless today as relics. Those balls were "swatted" out of shape in the twinkling of an eye.

Then a "kid" cover was sewed over the yarn ball. It was cut in eighths of a circle, just as an orange skin is divided. This was promptly knocked off in the second inning, but it gave a third inning for the yarn.

Harrison Harwood of Natick, was a lover of the game. He had "swatted" yarn into comelike streamers and had batted kid covers halfway across the "lot."

In 1855 he designed a two-piece cover. It was like what is now called a "toggle" joint. In other words there were two hemispheres of leather, connected by a narrow isthmus, into which two other hemispheres fitted snugly.

This was the first step. But the construction made it a "dead" ball. There was no "life" in it. Nevertheless, Mr. Harwood started a little factory in Natick in 1858.

This was the first baseball factory in the United States. The women who had made baseballs for sons and grandsons were only too glad to earn "pin money" by sewing the covers on.

Today there is hardly a family of half a century's standing in Natick whose progenitors were not interested in Mr. Harwood's venture.

And today there are over 100 families who learned the secret of sewing baseballs from parents and grandparents, earning much more than a living in homes that were paid for by baseballs.—Boston Globe.

Floating Nests.

When mother grebe is ready to lay her eggs, she searches out some retired spot among the reeds and rushes of a lonely lake, and there she scrapes and pushes together a low heap of mud and decayed reeds. Here on this water-logged islet—the merest semblance of a nest, she broods her eggs. A moose splashing among the nearby lily pads may send floods of water over the sitting bird, or the winds may disentangle the little raft of reeds, sending it scudding to the farther end of the lake, but the bright eyes of the mother bird never falter. She carefully covers her eggs with decayed leaves whenever hunger forces her to leave them. Although she does not weave the reeds, yet in some way they hold together until the last little grebe crawls to the edge and plunges off head-first. Or he may leap up his mother's back and thus ride proudly forth into the world, exchanging the soaked, decayed leaves of his cradle for her feathers.

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DOG MET ODD DEATH.
Thrust Head Into Drain Pipe After Pigeon and Was Drowned.

There was mourning in the house of engine company No. 12 in Manayunk last night, says the Philadelphia North American. Percy, the collie dog, the pet of the company, is dead.

Percy came to No. 12's house four years ago in a big snowstorm. The firemen took him in fed him and gave him a bed. He never left.

The firemen taught him tricks, and he learned to know as well as the horses what the sound of the gong meant. He was always on hand and raced ahead of the horses to the fire.

Yesterday evening Percy spied a pigeon on the roof of the fire house. He ran up the steps and out on the roof to chase the intruder away. The pigeon dodged into the drain pipe. Percy put his head in after it but he couldn't reach the pigeon and his collar became wedged so that he couldn't withdraw it.

If he barked none of the men heard him, and no one saw him on the roof. After a while it began to rain. The firemen below noticed that the water was falling down over the ledge instead of coming through the pipe and one of them went up to investigate.

The water had run down about Percy's head in the pipe and drowned him. When the body was pulled away the pigeon flew out unharmed.

Much Fuss Over Wig.
A short time ago the Swindor, (Eng.) guardians instructed a relieving officer to ascertain the price of a wig for a girl who had lost all her hair and whose parent was unable to incur the necessary outlay. The publicity given to the case resulted in the guardians being inundated with letters of advice and suggestions, one corresponding enclosing a recipe for restoring the hair, the ingredients of which were "fine gunpowder and eggleaf" and the cost only twopenny.

The guardians decided, however, that the local hairdressers should be consulted.

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