

MINING FOR GOLD.

Interesting Points on the Mine of the North.

FRENTICE HULFORD'S NOTE BOOK.

Long Hot Life—Getting Breakfast—Cooking Whisky at 11 a. m. News, Dinner, Afternoon—Home After Work—Wood to Cook, Water to Bring and Sapper to Cook.

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E GOT out of our blankets heavily. Legs and back were apt to be a little stiff in the morning.

Of if not stiff, they lacked action. Working all the day previously, possibly in the water, or with it splashing all about, tugging at heavy boulders, shouldering pick shovels, to say nothing of the regular pick and shovel exercise, would make itself felt even when the limbs and blood were younger than now. Dressing was short job. A pair of damp overalls, a pair of socks, a pair of shoes, or possibly the heavy rubber mining boots.

Flannel shirts we slept in. A face swabbing with cold water in the tin basin outside and a "lick and a promise" for the hair with the comb. That was about all for week days. Vanity of apparel there was little for the working miner. Who was there to dress for? Woman? The nearest was half a mile, 50 years of age, and married. Then breakfast. The fire kindled in the contrary little stove. Possibly it was necessary to attack with an axe that dried old stump near by and back off a few chunks to cook with. The miner's wood pile was generally small.

He got in fuel on rainy days, or at the odd intervals to be spared from work. You put on the worn tin teapot, lowered the gauze covered meat safe from the tree, cut a steak from the chunk of bull mahogany within called beef, slung a dab of lard in the frying pan, put therein the meat and let it sizzle. Two or three boiled potatoes might be sliced, fried more or less brown in the greasy, and this, with bread and tea, formed the breakfast. The bread was the bread of your own laborious baking, the loaf of an irregular shape, the crust very hard and thick, the color often "pied," being black where it had burned, brown where it had baked, and of a pallid whiteness where it had not baked at all.

The table is a broad shelf against the wall. There is no tablecloth. You did not always wash up after breakfast, for the dishes, as they stood, were all in place for dinner. Some fastidious miners washed their dishes after each meal; most of us did not. It was too much to expect of hard working humanity. The cabin door is open while you eat and from it you look forth on the claim. There lies the bank of red earth as you left it yesterday after the "avee." There is the reservoir full of coffee colored ditch water which had run in during the night after being used for washing in a dozen claims "up country."

Then you draw on those damp, clammy rubber boots, either to the knee or hip high, the outside of which is a reddish mud, and, and soiling disagreeably of rubber as you pat them on and smell worse as you become heated and perspiring. In these you waddle to the claim. I forgot. Breakfast over, one of the most important acts of the day was next on the programme. That was the filling, lighting and smoking of your pipe. Nothing could hurry you through this performance. The filling was cut in shreds with a careful and solemn consideration; it was carefully bestowed in the bowl; the mouth was applied with a deliberation savoring of a religious act; the first puff rose in the air as incense to the early morn, and smoking thus you waddled in your big boots to the claim. There you met your three partners, all likewise smoking. There they stand on the bank, looking into the ground sluice. There is no "good morning" or other greeting; if anything, grunts, growl and shove. Fork—help. A little muddy water trickles through the line of sluices. One of us goes to the reservoir, a few hundred yards off, and turns on the water. Another goes to the tail of the sluices with the sluice fork. Then is heard the clicking of the pick and the grating of the shovel against the red dirt; down comes the muddy water over the bank and the day's work has fairly commenced.

We stand in a row, allowing sufficient room between each for swinging the pick. We are undermining the bank, the water running at our feet and beneath and the bottom of the bank. Each chunk of red dirt dislodged by the pick falls into the running water, and if it be hard and will not readily dissolve it must be broken up by pick or shovel to keep the stream clear and unimpeded. The large boulders are picked out by hand and thrown behind us—not in disorderly fashion, either. Room in the out is scarce and must be economized, so the ever accumulating boulder pile is "faced up" with a neat wall, laid without mortar, but with some care and forethought. The bed rock is under our feet. We are undermining the bank and keeping the stream turned in as much as possible to the part undermined. The gravel for a foot or six inches is pretty hard, and the stones here are harder and closer packed than those nearer the surface. The gravel is lighter. Many of the stones are light and rotten; a blow with the pick dashes them to pieces. This streak just above the ledge and for a few inches in the crevices of the ledge is our "hard pan." There are ages on ages ago some stream ran down the face of the mountains do, the heavier gravel on the bottom and the lighter above. Occasionally the pick strikes a firmly imbedded boulder hard and square on its point, in such a way as to send the vibration like a shock along the iron, up the handle and into one's arm and "crazy bone," and back of arm is about eight feet in length. A few inches of the top is a dark mold, below that is a three or four feet of "hard pan," below the "hard pan" light sandy gravel and rotten boulders, and near the ledge is the "hard

streak. This order of formation may vary as we have worked up and into the bank. At first, near the river's edge, there was only mold on a very light alluvial sand. This was readily washed off and left a red dirt. A little farther back we struck the edge of the red gravel track. This for a time paid better. Farther still came the deposit of light sandy gravel, and lastly came in the occurred "hard pan."

Our claim, on being first prospected, was reported to pay three cents to the pan from the top down. We believed it at first, not having learned that "three cents to the pan" from the top down means the biggest kind of luck. If you get an average of half a cent a pan from the top down, and the dirt would wash easily, we should make money. It was hard even for an "honest miner" to give as a result of a prospect anything less than "three cents to the pan." But "hard pan" is our foe. "Hard pan" is the essence of brickbats. Its consistency is that of chalk. It seems the finest kind of sandstone, and it comes in the form of a hard, smooth, and shining surface. It can be carved into any form with a knife. It takes as much time to work off a square foot of hard pan as ten square feet of soft gravel. When, after half a day's labor, we succeeded in getting down a cave, it goes into the ground sluice in a few great lumps, which must be battered to pieces with our picks before the water will slowly dissolve them to mud. And it does not hold a "color" of gold. The work in the ground sluice goes on hour after hour. Pick and shovel and scrape, scrape and shovel and pick, the water meantime tumbling and roaring over the bank and making it difficult for us to hear one another's voices. The sun climbs higher and gets hotter. The water pail is frequently visited. The black and wet gray shirts are wet with perspiration. In an easy companionable claim, where the partners are all good fellows and on good terms are not insane in the matter of getting an enormous quantity of dirt through the sluice each day, there may be more or less brief suspensions from the work, when all hands lean on their shovels and talk politics, or horses, or last night's poker game, or have a short service of music, with the usual solemn preliminaries, cutting the shanty, filling pipes. But if the majority of the "company" are a mean, crabbed, close fistled lot, the misery goes on without cessation.

A queerly assorted group we are thus laboring together. Jack Gwin's impelling hope and life's idea is to earn enough to pay his passage home to Philadelphia and buy him a suit of clothes. A decent suit he has not earned there. He would be the terror and distress of his relatives if ever he got back, for with him \$5 in his pocket over expenses and sobriety are an impossibility. McFadden dreams of a cabin, a cow, some geese and goats, a horse and a wife, and is in a fair way of realizing them all. He saves most of his earnings, gets drunk wisely only on holidays, pays his debts regularly, and the usual little black and brownish cabin in yonder, does all his cooking in two tin pots, keeps in one pair of ancient blankets and a most respectable bed quilt, and \$3 will cover the cost of all his domestic fittings and utensils. Bill Furnee, a French Canadian, has drifted here into this hole in the foothills very much as he drifted into the world—without aim or object in life save present enjoyment. He is a good natured fellow, and because he has brought up to it can't help it. He is a good boatman, a good logger, a skilled wood-cutter, a devotee of poker and generally a successful one, an entertaining scamp, full of wit and originality, quick to take in the peculiarities and eccentricities of others, something of a dandy, as far as dandyism can be indulged in this out of the way place, and a born scamp, glib of tongue, unreluctant, and socially the best man of the crowd.

It is near 11 o'clock. There stands in a cool corner of the claim and carefully shielded from any stray flying pebble, a black bottle. It is nearly full of whisky—very common corn whisky. It is most welcome at this hour. Poison it may be, but a draught from the tin cup brightens up and makes all things new. The sunshine is more cheerful. All nature is full of vigor and life. The pick descends with increased force and the noise of the mine dreams start into being. It revives hope. It quenches despair. It glids the monotony of our lives. It was ever thus, and possibly ever shall be, woe without end. It is high noon. The sun is over our heads and the shadows are at their shortest length. One of our number trudges wearily up to the reservoir to shut off the water. So soon as its flow ceases he wades in wet overalls or heavy rubbers and about his feet and soon became tired of a companion who never aired his blankets and didn't care whether his bread was light or heavy, sweet or sour. Trudging to our cabins, we pick up the dried twigs in our path. These are to be kindle the dinner fire. Dinner is very much like breakfast, beef or bacon, bread, tea, dried apple sauce. The boots are kicked off and thumped into the ditch. The temperature is up to that notch that induces perspiration without any exertion at all, and the ugly little work makes it hotter still.

We sit down to the noon meal in a melting condition, and rise from it in the same state. Dinner is eaten, the "nooning" is over, back again to the claim, turn on the water, pick, shovel, scrape, pry, toss back boulders and prop up sluices slipped from their supports. Between 2 and 3 o'clock a snowy white cloud rises over a distant peak of the eastward. It seems like a great bank of snow against the blue sky, and the longer we look at it the farther we seem to peer into its translucent, clear-white depths. It rises over that peak at about the same hour every afternoon, and is almost of the same shape. It is the condensed vapor of the snow melting on the higher Sierra summits, eighty-six miles distant, rising, it is supposed, in its ascent, through the atmosphere, and its whiteness, its majesty, its distance. It seems a fit best of snowy splendor for fairies or some sort of ethereal beings to back and revel in. It seems to be looking down, half in scorn, half in pity, at our weary, miserable workers of the dust, feebly pecking at a bit of mother earth, muddy, wet, and feebly squirming in an about this bank of dirt.

At 4 o'clock there are longer pauses in our labors. There is more frequent glances at our temples; the sun, as he sinks in the western heavens. The shadow of the hill opposite creeps slowly down its side. It is a cool, welcome shadow. The strongest worker secretly welcomes it. Though he be a "horse of a man," his muscles all feel the effects of the long day's labor. It is more his strong will that keeps him at his pick and shovel to work till 6 o'clock. Everybody works till 6 o'clock. Everybody is more or less tired at 4 o'clock, but it is not the

time. It is custom, stupid custom. The gauge is the limit of physical strength, not for the weakest, but the strongest. The great, brawny armed, big boned Hercules of our country doesn't feel it much. He may walk three miles after supper to the bar store, play cards and drink whiskey till 9 o'clock, and then walk back again and be up fresh for work next morning by 5:30 o'clock. This is 1890.

In 1870 he showed it, however, and in the marks of age was ten years ahead of his time. You can't keep up this sort of thing—digging, tugging, lifting, wet to the skin day after day, summer and winter, with no interval of rest, but a steady drag twelve months of the year—without paying for it. There's dissipation in the use of muscle as well as in the use of whisky. Every old miner knows it now and feels it. Don't you? How does the muscle of 45 years in 1882 compare with that of 25 years in 1862? Of course, man must live by the sweat of his brow, and the sweat of his brain, but many of you sweat too long in those days, and I hear you all saying, "That's so!" Start now the fire in the little stove; thump the wet boots in the corner; drag yourself down to the spring a few hundred yards distant for a pail of fresh water; lack a few more chips from the dried stump; mix some flour and yeast powder for the day's baking; get a couple more on your flour barrel chair and look on your earthly possessions. The worn and scarred trunk you brought years ago from the states; it holds your best suit of a forgotten fashion, two or three white shirts, a bundle of letters from home, a few photographs, a Bible not worn out with use, a quartz crystal, a few gold "specimens," a tarantula's nest, the tail of a rattlesnake and six dollars. Do you remember how wondrously accurate the mine? Pants, coat, everything else would wear out—yests never.

PHRENTICE HULFORD.

THE B. A. A. MEETING.

Largest Indoor Athletic Games Ever Given in This Country, with Two Exceptions. The largest indoor athletic game held in the United States since the two given at New York City, January and March, 1889, by the Amateur Athletic Union and National Association of Amateur Athletes respectively, will be those which the Boston Athletic Association has been given the honor of holding on Feb. 15 at Mechanics hall, Boston. The great feature of the Boston games will be the handsome prizes which are offered to attract the best athletes in the country to the occasion. The prize consist of solid silver cups about ten inches in diameter, second and third men, except in the tug of war, when the prize to each member of the team taking third place will be a gold medal. The members of the teams taking first and second place will receive silver cups of a different design from those offered in the other events.

These games will be the first attempt on the part of the Boston Athletic Association at holding an indoor athletic meeting. The club is a little over two years old and it has been in its beautiful club house on Essex street only a little less than a year. Boston's best people are represented on the membership roll, and it is in every way a representative organization. One advantage it has which shows itself occasionally in the many college athletes in its ranks, and the chairman of the games committee, George R. Morrison, is a Harvard graduate and once was a celebrated running high jumper, holding a record of 5 feet 7 3/4 inches at that game, which was in these days is considered a capital jump.

The programme for the games will be noticeable for its great variety of events. It will include sprinting, middle distance running, walking, hurdling, running high, jumping, polo vaulting, weight throwing and tug of war. Games held in doors are, as a rule, limited in events, but the B. A. A. has made arrangements for the successful holding of events which heretofore have been most unsatisfactory when conducted in an open hall. Any kind of running, walking, hurdling and tug of war can be taken part on a board floor almost as well as on turf or a cinder path, but jumping and weight throwing are different. The trouble with these events is that the landing place for the athlete in the jumps and the weights in weight throwing on a board floor generally is a mattress.

It can readily be seen that to mark where a weight lands on a mattress needs much experience, for no break in the mattress is called out of doors, it is made, and the weight rolls away without leaving any perceptible trace where it struck the mat. Judges have to be very quick in determining where the mitsy lands and the weight thrown. Athletes in jumping events also complain of a lack of confidence in landing on a mattress from a great height in high jumping or pole vaulting, although some say they can do so well under those conditions as they were competing out of doors and landing on soft dirt.

The games committee of the B. A. A. has overcome the great obstacle in weight throwing, and it is difficult to understand what gave rise to the name. It is a true sky blue, with a sort of frosty bloom over it, which gives a silvery metallic luster very pretty and becoming. Challies will be used very much for children's dresses, as it is soft, pretty, cheap and keeps clean. The pretty family group will give thrifty little mothers a good idea of what to make for the babies. The plainer children's garments are the easier they are to keep clean, and cleanliness is the greatest charm of a child's dress. Ornamentation should come second.

row of his hunger, and the unpleasant but novel sensation of the experiment.—Washington Post.

ABOUT OUR TABLES.

Some Interesting Suggestions from the Pen of Helen Anderson. The New York Decorator and Furnisher, an excellent article by Helen Anderson, has the following to say "About Our Tables." Once upon a time we were with content with one stiff and shiny table in the center of our best room, a table that made not the slightest pretense to drape, not even a scarf. But today such a table in our modern house would look like a desolate island in the sea, for almost every house abounds in little tables scattered in every possible room and corner. Many of these are very dainty and artistic, a great many couple from oak tables, and still a great many more purely American in make and design; and there are any amount of them made so heavily gored that one feels under great obligation to the maker for giving entirely too much for the money.

Before furniture was turned out of factories by thousands and tens of thousands, the work being made by hand, and done more carefully, much more careful in form and execution, and it was utterly impossible to indulge in the cheap and gaudy style of decoration which is the mistake of the modern man. Many people fail to realize or are indifferent to the fact that a table costing thirty dollars cannot be duplicated for three. Although ambitious dealers in cheap furniture will make an advertisement for their wares, it is seldom satisfactory. Of course there is no material to make a gown. I don't believe it, and I don't want to believe it for several reasons; the first being that it is quite hard enough now to get a dress when it only needs twelve yards or so, and the second being that hoop costumes are horrible, without any possibility of grace or beauty.



A LOUIS XV TABLE.

style of work that is beyond the means of many who would appreciate it. So long as there is a beautiful little table in the style of Louis XV, of which the sketch on this page gives a very good idea, has the top in onyx and the rest of the table in gilt. This would necessarily be very expensive, and only applicable for a certain style of room. The same design might be used in mahogany or cherry, or any other kind of wood that might be preferred. The use of such little tables, when the style is really good, is invaluable in helping out the decor of a room; they break the monotony of an otherwise stiff looking room and form centers around which people naturally group themselves. A pretty table or bit of drapery is of course an improvement to almost every table. Some very high office stools, except that the top and shelves are square and it has four legs instead of three. At about a foot from the top second shelf is placed, and this is followed by three or four shelves the same shape as the top of course, the nature and spread of the legs would make the bottom shelf considerably larger than the first, and these

shelves are not only very old and pretty, but are also very useful, with a table of pretty china on the top and the rest of the shelves used for books and papers; this makes a nice little table for a library or general sitting room, and almost any carpenter could make one.

Many fanciful ideas are carried out in the way of tables now—some heart shaped, some called kidney shaped and others where both the heart and kidney shapes are combined, the one for the upper, the other for the lower support. The only thing to be said about the latter, as they are small, they make a nice resting place for a brace and are very appropriate for small rooms.

In the dining room of a prominent New York artist is a dining table of a beautiful and the expense of making such a table could, if one were handy, be said to be literally nothing, and the result, if only half as good as the original, would still be a very unique and artistic thing in the way of tables.

In the first place a pair of ordinary wooden burlap had been taken, painted white, then rubbed down to a fine enamel surface; upon these horses was placed a large piece of square wood, very much like an enlarged drawing board, which had been previously treated in the same manner as the horses. This board was then fastened to the horses by means of large brass headed nails. Of course the only part of the table that would be at all difficult to make would be the enameling, as it generally takes from five to six coats of paint before it is rubbed down with pumice stone and oil. It might be made on the same plan, stained black and then finished with the brass headed nails. This would be very much easier to construct, and would not require even the aid of a carpenter.

Few cities in the world have such perfect programs as Berlin, and it was the fame of the "Stephan system" which recently induced the Italian government to send some men to Berlin to study it, with a view to its introduction in Italy. Practical. According to the philosophers everything has two uses, a lower and a higher. Some very common people see this out for themselves, so far, at least, as the practical application of it is concerned. The daughter of the rector of a parish in East London over the border taught the choir boys a new tune at a Monday evening's rehearsal, to be sung on the following Sunday. Sunday morning came. "Well, Johnny," said Miss X—, "I hope you haven't forgotten the new tune, for we depend much on you." "Nay, ma'am, not a bit. I've been a-seeing the crows with it all the week."—Youth's Companion. An old and well posted goat who was kept by a secret society for use in initiation was chewing the leg of a boot, when a young kid came along and asked: "Say, don't it make you awful tired to have those duffers in the lodge ride you so much?" "No, not much. You see, I got used to it by degrees."—Texas Sittings.

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HIRSH & BROTHER, ONE PRICE CLOTHING AND FURNISHING HOUSE, North Queen Street and Centre Square LANCASTER, PA. ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. LUTHER S. KAUFFMAN, Second Floor Ebbelmann Law Building, No. 45 North Duke Street, apr17/90

Consular Office.

PHILADELPHIA & READING RAILROAD. READING & COLUMBIA DIVISION. On and after Sunday, Nov. 10, 1889, trains leave Lancaster (King street), as follows: For Reading and Intermediate points, week days, 7:30 a. m.; Sunday, 8:30 a. m.; For Philadelphia, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; Sunday, 8:30 a. m.; For New York via Philadelphia, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For New York via Allentown, week days, 12:30 p. m., 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Philadelphia, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; Sunday, 8:30 a. m.; For Allentown, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Harrisburg, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For York, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Quarryville, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Pottsville, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Lebanon, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Reading, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Harrisburg, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For York, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Quarryville, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Pottsville, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Lebanon, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Reading, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Harrisburg, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For York, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Quarryville, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Pottsville, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Lebanon, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Reading, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Harrisburg, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For York, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Quarryville, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Pottsville, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Lebanon, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Reading, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Harrisburg, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For York, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Quarryville, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Pottsville, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Lebanon, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Reading, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Harrisburg, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For York, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Quarryville, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Pottsville, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Lebanon, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Reading, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Harrisburg, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For York, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Quarryville, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Pottsville, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Lebanon, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Reading, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Harrisburg, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For York, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Quarryville, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Pottsville, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Lebanon, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Reading, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Harrisburg, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For York, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Quarryville, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Pottsville, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Lebanon, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Reading, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Harrisburg, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For York, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Quarryville, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Pottsville, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Lebanon, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Reading, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Harrisburg, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For York, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Quarryville, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Pottsville, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Lebanon, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Reading, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Harrisburg, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For York, week days, 7:30 a. m., 1:00, 4:30 p. m.; For Quarryville, week days