

TRIPLES.

What will it matter in a little while
That for a year
We met and gave a word, a touch a smile
Upon the way
What will it matter whether hearts were here
And lives were true?
That you gave me the sympathy I crave,
As I gave you
These trifles that to you I make or mar
A human life
Are worth as lightly swayed as rashes are
By love or hate?
Yes, you a look the faintest heart may break,
Or make or mope,
And just one word, it said for love's sweet sake,
May save a soul!

MYSTERIES OF A PERSIAN VALLEY.

Mary Willoughby's Strange Experience in a Foreign Land.

THE VISION OF THE SILVER CUP.

From the Philadelphia Times.

Mary Willoughby's eyes had looked on many a strange and beautiful scene within the past eleven months that she had spent with the Snillers on their tour of the world. But she gave a gasp of real delight and wonder as she stood at the door of the splendid Persian klan that looked out over the valley on to the stately mountains, rising peak on peak as far as the vision could wander. It had been late the previous night when they had halted there, and though a sickly moon struggling with envious clouds had lighted the way, she had hurried in too worn out by the weary journey to care to look about.

It had been a rather odd change which had brought them here at all, for the little valley, clasped by the strong, jealous arms of its mountain lover, lay out of the beaten path of the ordinary tourist. They had been resignedly joggling along this path beaten by the conventional tourist when they had encountered a native, who, though on foot, was so evidently a person of some consequence that Mr. Sniller, always on the lookout for odd and interesting things that would do for his, had arrested him. Or no, to be strictly correct, the grave, whitebearded man with the beautiful face, which might have been carved from chocolate-colored marble, had paused in his stately walk as the party approached. His large, intelligent eyes rested for a moment on each member of it as they rode by on sun-faded little Persian dromedaries—rested on Mrs. Sniller, fat and free and frolic having left her quiet N. W. English looks on a "birds and bees" case, as she termed this "tour" of her aspiring husband; rested on Lawrence Townsend, who had joined them at Damascus, attracted, Miss Bella thought, by her chubby, vivacious face; on Miss Bella herself, who giggled and affectedly urged her donkey closer to Mr. Townsend's. Then the deep, soft eyes fell on Mary Willoughby to wander no more, save for a moment or two as the owner talked with Mr. Sniller.

"You are writing a book," he said to that gentleman, who stared and stared; "Now, how the deuce did you know that?" "And you will doubtless be glad to see something that is generally passed over by the guides because it lies a little remote and difficult of access, and yet which equals in beauty the vale of Kosh-nur."

"He went on in as good English as ever Moore sang of the vale mentioned. "Ah, my!—Mr. Sniller had the words 'my good fellow' on his lips, but they died before the dignity of that gaze, and he went on with a respect that made Mary open her eyes, for a little space from the valley, which she was to wander no more, save for a moment or two as the owner talked with Mr. Sniller.

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in pointing out this pearl of valleys green as the fairest English hillside. It was made its place in the world, like a tickle of diamonds, a stream that glistened down from the heights yonder a message of love and hope, while the mountains themselves, like sportive giants that had watched in play the gossamer adornings of court ladies, now draped about their grim peaks airy robes of snow and its hoary avoirdupois. The flowers that brushed into evanescent tints of mother-of-pearl.

The village in the midst of which the klan stood was small, but marked for exquisite cleanliness and quiet, which, in its strong contrast to the general run of Persian villages, gave it an air of almost religious sanctity. There were no beggars, no slaves, but white, like the one they had seen the day before, who moved about with their eyes down, and with an air of preoccupation.

"No wonder that they worshipped the sun," thought Mary, watching the orb rise like a victorious banner over the mountains' summits, turning the valley into a dress of blood.

"Now I'd just like to know what that fellow meant by sending me here," broke in a voice behind the rap girl, and Mr. Sniller came forth pulling.

"Why, that! Look, uncle," said Mary pointing to the scene which had not raised an eye. "Describe that in your book and Moore and Byron and Shelley will not compare with you at all."

"Why? Well, Mary, child, just you write it out, will you, and I'll go over it, of course," which was his usual speech when any allusion was made to the great work he contemplated.

But, after breakfast, there arrived a native gentleman in rich robes, who announced that having learned that a most creditable and wise poet of England—No? American, then—had arrived, he was anxious to have that great poet make mention in his wonderful book of which even he had heard, of some of the stories of the land about which Mr. Sniller wrote by the flattery delivered in a most eloquent a manner.

"He rose at last, however, and Mr. Sniller, eyeing the sun declared that they would have to stay till next day now, as it was too late to get back to where they had halted yesterday.

When Mary Willoughby opened her eyes it was to find herself looking up at the stars. Why, where was the roof of the klan? Where was Bella at whose side she had laid down? She struggled to sit up, remembering distinctly now that she had fallen asleep very suddenly after drinking the sherbet the woman who attended the ladies of the party had brought them.

"And now it may be, for herself, but she carried briskly along through the night by some unseen on a sort of litter with low sides. A cry of alarm broke from her lips and she sat up looking wildly about her, but close to her ear a voice profoundly melancholy and winning said in English: "Have no fear, my child, no harm comes to you here. On the contrary, you are the most precious life in the world to those who have dared to bring thee a little space from thy friends."

"But who are you?" cried the girl, straining her eyes to make out the features of the white-crested figure beside her and yet reassured by the tones.

"One of whom thou wilt have compassion and lend thy pure spirit for a while."

"My spirit!" exclaimed Mary, vague fears again arising in her.

"She had read of horrible rites of hypnotism and magic in this strange country, and in her terror she would have leaped from the litter, which she now saw was carried on the shoulders of six men. But a hand was gently laid on her arm and her fears were quieted as an image passes from a mirror, and she lay back unconscious only of a sense of infinite peace. In a second, however, her consciousness began to wander, look, and look."

"She was leaning down a passage, the walls of which brought from her cries of amazement and admiration. Not of glass, nor of crystal, but clear and translucent and glowing with a rose pink light, which, though warm, had yet in it nothing of the heat of fire. It diffused a clear soft radiance by which the man who stood by her side, who had indeed her guardian to come hither, and as he met her eyes he smiled, and his face, dark and quiet as it was, was inexplicably beneficent and magnetic. He put out his hand and the litter bearers stopped, lowering their burden gently to the ground, when the stranger assisted the girl to rise, and the man who had borne her retreated in the direction from which they had come.

"Mary and her guide stood, as she could see, before an archway in the glowing rock, and entering, the girl was obliged for a moment to shield her eyes, so dazzling was the radiance from an enormous globe of crystal which swung with the regularity of a pendulum from the far-reaching roof of the temple. About stood some fifty men, their faces lightly veiled with white gauze, and through which their burning eyes were turned on Mary.

"With her guide beside her, the girl knew no fear, was conscious of no embarrassment at her attire, which was the nightgown in which she had lain down. She advanced confidently to take from the hand of the tallest figure a cup of silver which he held out to her and bent her head to look into the water it contained. Not a word was spoken to direct her, she seemed to know instinctively what was required of her, and as she gazed on as if in a dream, she lost all sense of individuality and, indeed, of her surroundings.

"For years after she tried in vain to recall something of what she saw in that cup, of what she somehow without speech communicated to those silent, veiled figures about; but the memory was only that of wild phantasms as of a dream, of cities and houses, of jarring machinery, of soldiers marching, of the confusion of battle-fields, of voices proclaiming incredible truths and falsehoods, and of hovering spirits. But of the purpose of all this she could remember nothing, though at the time it was as conscious as the day's news to you, so she has given over pondering the matter,

"But it was not until she had looked out at the city, that she realized that Mary Willoughby had realized how great had been the stranger's service to them

and is content to know no more of unseen things.

"When she raised her head at last, the globe over her was fast dimming, the figures seemed to melt, to enlarge, to mingle with the air about, and then, frightened again, she turned to the globe beside her, and led by him from the temple, she walked a little way to where the temple and its bearers awaited her. She clung to the hand that held hers, a hand soft, cool and human and yet of a nature as different from her own as marble from even polished granite.

"Do not leave me," she whispered, and his voice replied soothingly: "Not till I see beside the maid beside whom thou didst lie down will I leave thee." Then—for how long she could not tell—she seemed to slumber, and could not judge of how long the journey, nor, by looking up at the stars of the way, she was carried swiftly. As she roused herself she saw that she stood alone with her guide before the dark and silent klan, but her companion, who was sitting on the floor, was far, and then, as she sank down beside Bella, overcame by irresistible drowsiness, she felt cool lips brush her brow and a hand lay something upon her breast.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Bella, and opening her eyes, Mary saw Miss Sniller looking at something on her breast. Looking down she beheld a string of pearls. They are crown jewels now, and were poor Mary Willoughby's dowry when she married Lawrence Townsend. She kept the largest, and with it in her hand recalls something of the divine peace that settled upon her like an antidote before the great temple in the heart of Persia. Her story but for these pearls would have been set down as only a dream, but convinced that here was something that would indeed make his book famous, Mr. Sniller went forth to seek that temple, but he could not get a nearer glimpse of the scene which he had abandoned the idea after nearly breaking his neck over the necks and hollows of the vicinity. Besides, the guide who had brought them there grew so uneasy over these searches that he threatened to go away without them, and moved by the entreaties of the rest of the party, Mr. Sniller moved on.

Whenever he met any of the people of the country whom he considered sufficiently intelligent to know anything about it he would make inquiries concerning the mysterious valley where he had listened to those wonderful stories of forgotten ages. But these only shook their heads, declaring that he must have deceived himself in thinking he was ever really there, since his description applies only to the "Valley of Anedents," where no foreigner has ever set foot and reached the outer world again.

WILLA LYONS JACKSON.

A Wonderful Conqueror.

No disease is more common among the people of this section than that known as catarrh, or developing in the throat, it may be, and often is, the prime cause of consumption.

In whatever form scrophula may manifest itself, Hood's Sarsaparilla is its inveterate foe and conqueror. Its medicine has such powerful alterative and vitalizing effects upon the blood that every trace of impurity is expelled, and the blood is made rich, pure and healthy.

Proverbs.

Only the vulgar are over-polite. Good service is generally silent. The pennies take care of the dollars. Good manners require no interpreter. Only a thief's life goes with what one finds.

There is much pointed argument in a layman.

Pirate's treasures are hidden in credulous skulls.

Most any man will take advice if there is medicine in it.

"Yield Not to Misfortune."

I was afflicted with catarrh last autumn. During the month of October I could neither taste or smell and could hardly live. Ely's Cream Balm cured it.—Marcus Geo. Shantz, Wash. N. C.

Too Much Praise.

An Irishman who was working on a new railway said one day to the foreman:

"Do yer want any more hands, sir? I've got a brother at home that wants a job."

A Second Honeymoon.

Frank P. Rollins, of Mountain Grove, and Mrs. Lella Rollins, his wife, who had been married in 1890, were again united in matrimony last evening at their home in Mountain Grove.

It was not hard for a curious person to worm himself into the confidence of the happy couple—they were both too eager to tell anybody all about it. He was a stalwart, handsome young farmer in jeans. Lella was clothed in a more sophisticated manner, having had the benefit of some six months of city experience.

"We've got a pretty nice farm down at Wright county," said Rollins, "and it'll be a sight nicer now we're going back to it, won't it, Lella?"

"Yes, Frank; it will."

"And we've been getting along pretty well since we were married in '90 up to last winter, when Lu she joined the Baptist Church, all our folks being Methodists, you know, although I am a professor myself. Well, you know how old folks is; there was Lu's ma, and my ma, and the rest of the women, all I guess I heard more about infant baptism and 'nerson, and filling our own graves with weeds, and I would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer. Lu she argued one way, and the other folks they argued the other, and I couldn't chip into the play without turning the whole pack of 'em on to me. I just got so every time they'd get to talkin' I'd sneek out in the barn, where I had a jiminyon hid out, and by and by they'd find me, and they'd be makin' her share of the trouble, too, and I got that house so trimmed up that I ain't heard a chirp about it since."

Major Jed Hotchkiss, of Staunton, Va., who was one of the eminent judges at the late Fair, has been preparing a report on the forestry exhibit, from which the following interesting fact is learned: In the year 1787 a patent for 10,000 acres of land in the forests of Virginia was surveyed, and the result was, probably by a big bluff, was blazed on the ground. Major Hotchkiss has found five corner trees thus blazed, and has out lines showing the mark made at the time of the survey, and is only about one-fourth of an inch away from the original mark, which rings correspond in number with the 107 years which have passed since the patent was surveyed. The average margin of error is only about four one-hundredths of an inch a year. The marks are so sharply defined as the line where two different kinds of wood are joined, and yet the outside of the tree shows no trace of the blaz.

United States Railways.

The Interstate Commerce Commission in Washington has just published a report showing the number of railway men employed in the United States. It appears that there are no fewer than 180,000 employees, working 176,631 miles of railway, and carrying 23,402,000 passengers in 1897. These railroads carried in 1897 303,500,022 passengers and 74,119,482 tons of freight. These figures give an average of nearly 10 railway journeys per annum for every man, woman and child in the country.

Buying a Horse.

"I'm thinking of buying a horse," he said.

"Um, what kind of a horse?" inquired the vet.

"You want a good tall horse for that," suggested the vet, as he measured the length of the youth's legs with his eye.

"That's the kind this one is. At least the man from whom I am to get him told me he was. I haven't seen the horse, but the man said he was 16 feet high."

"How high did you say?" he asked, gasping.

"The man said 16 feet."

"16 feet? Are you sure he said feet?" "I'm pretty sure," he answered doubtfully.

"No, I guess not. It may be he said hands."

"Hands—feet—hands—feet," repeated the buyer slowly. "Perhaps it was hands. I knew it was hands or feet or something like that, because it couldn't have been inches, could it?" and the veteran agreed that it wasn't inches.—Detroit Free Press.

Saved Mrs. Rennie's Life.

Mrs. Jennie Rennie of Virgil, N. Y., had been sick for a year or more from overflow of the gall and ulcers of the stomach and liver. Her physician said she could not live. Mrs. Rennie's mother had found such benefit from the use of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, that she persuaded her daughter to use it, which she did, with the result that it cured her of these diseases, and she says she was never as well as now.

Any—Has he ever loved any other girl before? Mable—No; but that isn't my worry. What I want to know is if the boy has loved any other girl in the future.

Knights of the Maccabees.

The State Commander writes from Lincoln, Neb., as follows: "After trying out the various methods of cutting hair, I have found that the best is to use a very oblong comb in our two children we tried Dr. King's New Discovery, and at the end of two days the comb entirely left them. We will not be without it hereafter, as our experience proves that it cures where all other remedies fail."—Signed, F. W. Stevens, State Com.

A Hard Fight.

The combined forces of the weather during the winter season are exerted to destroy health. Coughs and colds attack us, which, if neglected, result in Pneumonia and Consumption; these diseases usually result seriously. Send for Pan-Tina, the Great Cough and Consumption Cure, and save doctor bills.

Don't Quarrel.

With people for quarreling when they suffer with Rheumatism or Neuralgia, the pain is simply terrible; no student of torture was more painful; but people ought to be blamed if having Rheumatism or Neuralgia and not using Red Flag Oil; it has cured hundreds of sufferers, and costs only 25 cents at G. W. Benford's Drug Store.

Man Praying for Snow.

A dispatch from Norristown, Pa., says: A prayer for an early snow will now be made daily by a large number of young and old men in this town. It was learned to-day that the first day it snows twelve girls and women of interesting ages will don trousers and baggins and will parade the sidewalks. Moreover, they will stork in this new fashion of dress during the winter and perhaps permanently.

The couple who were married in the Ferris wheel last summer when it was at its highest altitude, now stand a divorce.

THE best investment in real estate is to keep buildings well painted. Paint protects the home and saves repairs. You sometimes want to sell—a good house has remained unsold for want of paint. The rule should be, though, "the best paint or none." That means Strictly Pure White Lead.

You cannot afford to use cheap paints. To be sure of getting Strictly Pure White Lead, look at the brand; any of these are safe: "Armstrong & McKelvy," "Beymer-Banman," "Davis-Chambers," "Hubbscock."

FOR COLES—National Lead Co's Pure White Lead Tinting Colors.

These colors are sold in one-pound cans, each with directions for use. They are the only pure white lead coloring colors that are safe to use on walls, ceilings, and trim.

A good many thousand dollars have been saved by owners by having our look on pure white lead. See our 18 cent card and get look free.

NATIONAL LEAD CO., New York, Pittsburg Branch, German National Park Pittsburg.

His Little Chivalry.

Sometimes the spirit of sympathy and tenderness crops out on apparently barren soil. On the corner of one of the business streets of a city, a shoe black had just finished polishing the shoes of a well-dressed man. The latter was unfortunately in having a deformity which compelled him to wear a shoe on one of his feet with an exceedingly thick sole, thus endeavoring to make up mechanically for what nature had denied him.

"How much shall I pay you?" he asked the boy.

"Five cents, sir."

"Oh, but you should have more than five cents for polishing my shoes," said the gentleman, tapping the thick sole significantly with his cane.

"No, sir; five cents is enough. I don't want to make no money out of your kind heart."

The customer handed out a coin, laid his hand on the youngster's head for a moment and passed on.

Who says the days of chivalry are over? Bottles of Pan-Tina sold at G. W. Benford's Drug Store.

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THE PEOPLE'S STORE.

In Dress Goods

We can unhesitatingly declare that for attractive Stylish Goods at Attractively Low Prices we are not to be equaled. Styles and values that will pay you to come there to see, or send for samples.

A wonderful lot of all-wool Navy Dress Goods, in various and latest styles, are made in America. \$25c

A splendid line of thirty different styles in all-wool dress goods, such as suits, jackets, trousers, etc. A practical—39c

Twenty-five different colors, or black, to choose from, in all-wool serge, that will stand up to all kinds of wear. 50c

An elegant full-length suit of imported silk and wool novelties—stripes, checks, etc.—almost anything you might want. 79c

Full 30 inches wide, strictly all-wool Court Cloth in 15 different shades. A—79c

An immense choice of five French and Italian novelties, in all-wool silk and wool. Prices from 25c to \$1.15

Boys' Clothing.....

All Mothers who realize the value of economy will find this store to buy good honest hard-wearing clothing for boys.

Boys' two-piece cloth suits in hard-wearing checked cloth, double-breasted coat and matching trousers \$1.50

Boys' two-piece wool cloth suits, not quite all wool, but very nearly—double-breasted coat, all sizes. \$1.98

Boys' fine two-piece suits, in strictly all-wool cloths and mixtures, short pants, double-breasted coat; a splendid school suit. \$3.00

One bag of good hand-wearing knee pants for boys' school wear, all sizes from 4 years to 12 years. 25c

Five from 14 to 18 years in boys' fine all-wool cloth knee pants. Will stand a lot of 49c

One assorted lot of boys' hats and caps that will sell as long as they last at 25c

Blankets.....

Headquarters for the famous all-wool heavy made country blankets \$2.75 a pair

THE BEST Is None Too Good When You Buy MEDICINES.

It is Just as Important to Secure FRESH, PURE DRUGS, As it is To Have Confidence in the Physician Who Prescribes Them.

AT SNYDER'S You are always sure of getting the freshest medicines—PRESCRIPTIONS Carefully Compounded.

TRUSSES FITTED All of the Best and Most Approved Trusses Kept in Stock. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

OPTICAL GOODS. GLASSES FITTED TO SUIT THE EYES. CALL AND HAVE YOUR SIGHT TESTED.

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New York Weekly Tribune

Somerset Herald

ONE YEAR.

Campbell & Smith. (Somerset Pa. Telephone 14.)

81, 83, 85, 87, & 89 Fifth Avenue, PITTSBURG.

CONDENSED TIME TABLES. Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Somerset and Cambria Branch

JOHNSTOWN MAIL EXPRESS—Route 100, 200, 300, 400, 500, 600, 700, 800, 900, 1000. JOHNSONVILLE EXPRESS—Route 1100, 1200, 1300, 1400, 1500, 1600, 1700, 1800, 1900, 2000. JOHNSONVILLE EXPRESS—Route 2100, 2200, 2300, 2400, 2500, 2600, 2700, 2800, 2900, 3000.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

Train arrive and depart from the station at Johnsonville as follows:

WESTWARD

Southwestern Express—6:08 a. m. Western Express—6:32 " Johnsonville Accommodation—6:57 " Johnsonville Express—7:12 " Erie & York Express—7:27 " Erie & York Express—7:42 " Erie & York Express—7:57 " Erie & York Express—8:12 " Erie & York Express—8:27 " Erie & York Express—8:42 " Erie & York Express—8:57 " Erie & York Express—9:12 " Erie & York Express—9:27 " Erie & York Express—9:42 " Erie & York Express—9:57 " Erie & York Express—10:12 " Erie & York Express—10:27 " Erie & York Express—10:42 " Erie & York Express—10:57 " Erie & York Express—11:12 " Erie & York Express—11:27 " Erie & York Express—11:42 " Erie & York Express—11:57 " Erie & York Express—12:12 " Erie & York Express—12:27 " Erie & York Express—12:42 " Erie & York Express—12:57 " Erie & York Express—1:12 " Erie & York Express—1:27 " Erie & York Express—1:42 " Erie & York Express—1:57 " Erie & York Express—2:12 " Erie & York Express—2:27 " Erie & York Express—2:42 " Erie & York Express—2:57 " Erie & York Express—3:12 " Erie & York Express—3:27 " Erie & York Express—3:42 " Erie & York Express—3:57 " Erie & York Express—4:12 " Erie & York Express—4: