# Inauguration Week

By TROY ALLISON

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Pennsylvania avenue was gay with flying flags and bunting. The crowd on the pavements, kept from overflowing the curbstone by the force of mounted police, was larger than the city had seen for years.

On the corner of Twelfth and the avenue the people who had been unable to decide whether they preferred seeing the man of the hour start from the White House or arrive at the capitol had finally formed a congested mob that concluded to let well enough alone and save the wear and tear of further progress.

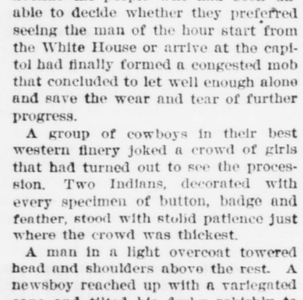
A group of cowboys in their best western finery joked a crowd of girls that had turned out to see the procession. Two Indians, decorated with every specimen of button, badge and feather, stood with stolid patience just where the crowd was thickest.

A man in a light overcoat towered head and shoulders above the rest. A newsboy reached up with a variegated cane and tilted his derby rakishly to one side. "Wisht I was up in the clouds with you, mister," he grinned. "I could review this procession to better advantage."

"I might as well be stone blind," came a plaintive voice whose owner's diminutive stature was wedged in between the Indians and the man with the light coat, "and I reckon I'd be rather more comfortable if I were stone dead at the same time."

Sedley looked down from his height of six feet three with a smile at the humor of the situation. "It's too bad," he said pityingly. "Push back this way a little—I can elbow the crowd at the side a bit—might be dangerous to push forward into those Indians—don't think I ever saw any more decorated specimens—they may have tomahawks in every pocket for all of you."

The girl laughed and moved toward him. "I don't mind them." She showed a row of white teeth and black eyes sparkling with excitement. "I'm so dark and small and black haired



THE GIRL SNATCHED A DERBY HAT AND WAVED IT ENTHUSIASTICALLY.

that that newsboy with the cane asked me if I was the squaw that belonged to the Indian gentleman!"

Sedley had already recognized her voice as belonging to a daughter of the far south, and when she turned her face toward him her Creole ancestry was a certainty.

"I have lost my crowd. I tried to take a little walk by myself before it was time to start for the grand stand," she said, with frank friendliness, "and I have lost my hotel. I don't know where anything on earth is except just me." Her sentence ended with a little gasp as the crowd made a sudden impulse forward.

"And I'm afraid among your other losses you are going to lose your view of the president," said Sedley, trying to keep the crowd from jostling her. "How much can you see from down there?"

"Oh, I can't see anything but two buckskin jackets. They may be very nice in the buckskin line, but I want to see the president. I never saw a real live president in my life," dolefully.

"He's almost here," he said. "I wonder if—er—you would let me—er—lift you up so you could see him?" he suggested, with a touch of good natured shyness.

"Oh, would you?" she exclaimed, with the volume of gratitude of one who has been granted a heart's desire. "I weigh a hundred and one. Do you think you could hold me till he passed?" anxiously.

"Just try me," he said, smiling as he lifted her until she beamed happily over the two greased heads in front of them.

The president in acknowledging the cheers that burst forth gave a purely personal smile of amusement and good will to a girl whose sparkling face rose clear above the mass and who in her excitement snatched a derby hat and waved it enthusiastically.

"Did you see him smile at me?" she asked breathlessly, when her feet touched the pavement.

"I don't see how he could help it." Sedley took her arm and drew her to one side, as the people hurried on toward the capitol. "If you will give me some information on the subject, I will see if I can help you find that lost hotel."

"You are just as good as can be," she said gratefully. "It's the Willard, and I know papa is frantic about me by this time."

"The Willard? That's easy." And Sedley's conscience justified the "around your elbow to get your thumb" route which he took to the hotel, by the theory that it was easier to walk six blocks through practically empty streets than to walk two against a surging mob.

When they reached the hotel, he took his leave reluctantly. "I wonder if it would be rude to say I would like to meet you again?" he asked.

"I don't think it would—very." There was amusement in her eyes. "Papa would probably like to thank you for finding this lost hotel."

When she told him her name and her native state, Sedley's face brightened visibly. "Do you happen to know the congressman from the Second district?" he asked eagerly.

"Know him? He read law in papa's office," she said.

The congressman from that Second district was interrupted at his dinner that night by a young giant who threatened to break every bone in his body if he did not take him around to be introduced to Judge Gaillaird and his daughter.

The congressman helped himself to the macaroni and smiled broadly.

"All right, Sedley, my boy; I'll arrange it. That's the belle of our state. I don't wonder that you show symptoms of having it in the very worst form."

One afternoon a week later Sedley guided Norvelle Gaillaird through the corridors of the Congressional library, wearing an expression that would have affirmed the opinion that there was no occupation or pursuit ever followed by man that was one-half as pleasant as guiding sightseers over Washington.

While she read the old English inscriptions he wondered if his native Boston ever saw a hat that compared with the girl's little red turban, or if Boston ever saw anything so perfect as the glowing face set off by her chinchilla furs.

"Was that turban made from a bird of paradise?" he asked musingly.

"Bird of paradise?" She left the old English inscriptions and turned toward him laughing. "Your study of ornithology has been woefully neglected. I think we had better take in the zoo next. I believe you would find it came nearer being the breast of a flamingo. We must hurry back to the hotel in time to lunch with papa. He says he has scarcely seen me for the last week. But you are a wonderfully clever guide," she added approvingly.

"Let's sit here just a minute," he said persuasively. "It's terrible to think you are going home in three days"—despondently.

Norvelle laughed at his woeful face. "You must be a Yankee of deepest dye"—reproachfully—"to think going south is such a terrible ordeal. You ought to go see our south before you say things about it."

"May I really come?" he asked, and his voice made her lower her eyes and commence a study of the American Beauty she wore on her coat.

"We are a hospitable people," she said evasively, "and our house is very large."

He leaned forward earnestly, trying to see her eyes. "But I don't want to venture into your strange land unless there would be some one there who would be happy because of my coming"—pleadingly.

She gave him a glimpse of her eyes. "It would make me happy," she said softly.

"You dear little girl," he whispered, laying his palm covertly over the little gloved hand on the seat beside him.

### Unimportant.

A Princeton man tells of a conversation that took place between the coach of a football eleven and one of the players. An important game was soon to be played, and the coach was of course most anxious that every player should be in the best physical condition. But to his great disgust one of the men upon whom a great deal depended if the great game was to be won seemed to be in "bad form." Taking him aside, the coach had the following "heart to heart talk" with the recalcitrant:

"See here, you're not looking so good. Muscles flabby and wind bad—awfully bad. What's the matter? Been drinking anything?"

"Not a drop."

"Then you must be smoking."

"Haven't touched a pipe, cigar or cigarette since the training began."

"Studying?"

"Well, yes—a little."

Whereupon the coach gave vent to a snort of disgust. "See here, you've got to stop that! Do you want to lose the game?"—Harper's Weekly.

## BEAU BRUMMEL.

### Some Incidents In the Life of This Noted English Fop.

An English paper prints a number of stories of Beau Brummel, some of which perhaps are not generally known. At the Pavilion, at Brighton, he ordered the footman to empty his snuffbox into the fire because a bishop had taken a pinch unasked. A man whom he had met at dinner offered him a lift in his carriage to Lady Jersey's ball. "Thank you exceedingly," said the Beau, "but how are you to go? You would not like to get up behind, and I cannot be seen in the same carriage with you." He made no secret of his humble birth and when asked about his parents declared that "the poor old creatures both cut their throats years ago eating peas with a knife." Once at least Brummel met his match. He was playing hazard at Brooks', when a well known alderman, a brewer, was one of the party. "Come, Mashtub," said Brummel, who was the caster, "what's your set?" "Twenty-five guineas," was the reply. "Well, then, have at the mayor's pony," said Brummel, who proceeded to cast, and by a run of luck won the stake twelve times in succession. Pocketing the money, he thanked the brewer and promised that in future he would drink no one's porter but his. "I wish, sir," replied the brewer, "that every other blackguard in London would tell me the same."

## AN AID TO HEARING.

### Opera Glasses Help the Ears as Well as the Eyes.

"Hurry them along, please," said the woman customer as she left a pair of opera glasses for repairs at a Chestnut street store. "I can't hear well at the theater without them."

Another customer who was waiting smiled when the woman left at her apparent mistake. "She meant she could not see," he observed.

"No," rejoined the optician; "she meant just what she said. Opera glasses are an aid to hearing as well as to sight. You can prove it any time you are seated well toward the rear in a theater by training the glasses on a singer. As long as you keep the singer under scrutiny with the glasses you will be able to follow the words of the song with ease. Drop the glasses and you will notice a difference. It will require more or less of a strain to catch the enunciation distinctly.

"By the use of opera glasses a theater patron is enabled to note distinctly every movement of a singer's lips, and the unconscious 'lip reading' greatly aids the sense of hearing. If you ever attend a public meeting where it is impossible to get close to the speakers provide yourself with opera glasses, and you will be surprised how greatly they will aid you in hearing."—Philadelphia Record.

### Seeing Double.

"You brute!" exclaimed Mrs. Lushley. "It makes my blood boil to see you come home in this condition."

"M' dear," said Lushley, "you look beautiful when y'r angry."

"Indeed?"

"Yesh. Anyhow, you shert'n'ly look doubly beautiful to me jusht now."—Philadelphia Press.

# The Captain's Plight

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

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If Anne Maria Jones had been born a beauty or even moderately pretty this story would not have to be written. With a snub nose, hair, eyes and complexion of the same piece and no figure to speak of, even a robust vanity cannot deceive. Anne Maria's vanity was not robust. How should it be when she had a beautiful sister, upon whom the family hopes and the family expenditures equally centered? But Anne Maria had understanding. Since she could not be ornamental, she resolved to be useful. Moreover, she had a palate rare in womenkind and a deft way in the kitchen that was worth a lot of looks.

You begin to perceive the relation of things. If she had been a beauty she wouldn't have been a cook. And then Captain Josephus Marshall—but stories should be told as they happen. Captain Josephus was a bachelor, rich and

"DRIED PEACH PIES!" THE CAPTAIN MUMBLED.

cranky, who had two cares in life—keeping his indigestion and his freedom. To say that he was nice over his eating is putting it quite too mildly. It was the same regarding his single estate. He thought every girl who was even civil to him had visions of dower or alimony floating through her head. And he was firmly resolved never to marry; also quite as firmly resolved that his nephew, Alonzo, should not live a bachelor nor marry any wife save one of the captain's choosing.

Judge Jones, Anne Maria's father, had been at college with the captain. Naturally when a business deal brought the captain to the judge's town he was made very welcome in the Jones home. Naturally also Alonzo, who came along, went down before Louella, the beauty. Then the captain called him names and sent him packing, saying gruffly, "If you want my money to go to charity just marry anything named Jones."

When Louella heard that she tossed her head and went on a long visit to her city aunt. Anne Maria stayed at home, keeping very much out of the captain's way, but getting up such dishes for him as he had not tasted since his mother died. Good feeding is held to breed good temper, but the captain must have been born to set rule and proverbs at defiance. The fatter he got the crankier he showed himself to be. Indeed, Judge Jones gave Anne Maria a caution at the end of the third fortnight, saying: "If you feed up that old wretch much more there'll be no doing business with him. As matters stand this whole thing hinges on his consent, and yesterday he let us know in full board that unless he has his own way in everything, from the weight of the rails to the names of the stations, the railroad will never be built. The final meeting when all must be decided comes off two days hence. If only you could make the captain ill—too ill to be in his seat—but really I don't believe it is possible. He has the stomach of an ostrich, although he talks dyspepsia half the time.

Anne Maria sighed, then smiled, but said nothing. She studied half the night and next morning said privately to the judge: "Don't come home to lunch, father. I shall send something to the office. And be sure you keep the captain to eat with you." Then she disappeared in the direction of the kitchen, smiling oddly, and also sighing the least bit in the world.

"What have we here? As I live, fried pies! Jerusalem, how my mouth waters! I can eat an acre of 'em any day!" the captain cried as toward 1 o'clock that day Judge Jones threw back the damask cover of the laden tray that had just been set on top of his big desk. "And I'm hungry as a wolf! This is luck!" the captain went on, seizing one of the rich brown greasy half moons and popping the end of it into his mouth. It came away with a clean semicircular cut so thing less than four inches acr "Dried peach pies!" the captain mbled ecstatically, chewing hard. "I dried peaches too! Where, where you find 'em, Jones? Never tasted a thing so good in all my life!"

"You must ask the women," the judge said, chuckling behind his hand. He began to see the method of Anne Maria's madness. Hospitably he pressed the other things on the captain, but without avail. The first pie disappeared in exactly a minute. The second required a minute and a half. Then the judge lost count, though his interest was still keen. He smiled affably when the captain said in a conscience stricken voice:

"God bless me! Jones, I've eaten every pie! Such a pile of them too! But you'll forgive me. I don't get 'em only once in a blue moon. Besides, after this tuck out I shan't want anything for at least two days."

"You're more than welcome," the judge said hospitably, lighting a cigar. The captain waved aside a proffered pipe. "Wouldn't spoil the after taste of my pies for a fortune," he said. "I'm going right now to sleep away the afternoon. Indeed, I feel like sleeping till tomorrow morning."

Man proposes—sometimes. The captain slept for three hours, to awake in agony. Not for naught had he coddled and cosseted a stomach all these years. It resented angrily the burden he had put upon it. Fried pastry had been nothing to a boy's digestion, but to eat it with a boy's appetite in late middle age made it quite another thing. The peaches had been as sweet and spiced as the pastry was greasy. Together they kept the poor captain ill all night long. In the morning he was weak and wan—so weak the bare thought of food revolted him. He got up and staggered about the room, but found it idle to think of going out. Then came the judge to whisk him away to his house in spite of the captain's weak and wavering protests.

"Leave you here! Not much. Hotels are dreary places for sick men," the judge said heartily, meaning quite half he said. And the captain found himself established in state in the Jones' spare room, with Anne Maria flitting noiselessly in and out to fetch him gruel or clam broth or some other thing he needed but did not crave.

Thus skillfully encouraged, indigestion kept him prisoner three full days. When he at last got out it was to find the railway pact made beyond oversetting. That, however, did not trouble him so much as a nearer personal concern. Alonzo must be told. But how? There lay the rub. Alonzo was still sulking afar off. At least the captain believed so. Desperately he decided on heroic measures. After the decision he took Anne Maria for a quiet drive—Anne Maria in her best frock and her most demure smile. When they came back the captain sent Alonzo a dispatch:

"Come home. I have married a Jones. Help me break it to the old folks."

The answer was delayed, and the captain was fuming when it came. As he tore it open Anne Maria read over his shoulder: "Congratulations! So have I. We will break it to the old folks together."

### Her Revenge.

Women are revengeful creatures. In a little town a few miles away in Maryland there lives a man who, as Pennsylvania people say, is so "near" that in ten years he allowed his wife to have only three frocks. It came out in the testimony when she sued for divorce. She won her suit, too, and the man began to speedily realize the error of his ways. It cost him much more to live when he had to pay cook and laundress than when he had a wife to work for him, so he began to make overtures to the lady who had left him.

He wanted her to remarry him, and he promised to be a different man if she would. She had gone to her people in New Jersey, but she wrote that reconciliation was possible. She wanted to be married in style, though, with a trousseau and a wedding trip to Niagara Falls. He would have to send her money for these things before she would set the day. It nearly killed the man to part with his money, but he did it. She was a good manager, and he calculated that the trousseau would last her another ten years at least. He let her buy railway tickets and arrange everything.

Then he started for the scene. He arrived there just an hour after the lady married another man. He was just in time, in fact, to see her start off for Niagara Falls with the trousseau and the tickets he had paid for. He was, as one man says, stung, and by a woman to whom he had given three new gowns in ten years.—Washington Post.

## DREADFUL DREAMS.

### They Shock the Nervous System and May Even Cause Death.

People have actually been killed by dreams. Most persons have suffered from those terrible nightmare visions in which the victim is pursued by an assassin with upraised knife or is trembling on the edge of a fearful precipice or is in some other imminent danger of a sudden and terrible death. These dreams are common enough, and nearly always the sufferer awakes, thankful and happy at his escape. But sometimes he doesn't awake. Sometimes the knife falls or the sleeper in his hallucinations plunges down the precipice. These are the dreams that kill, says the Chicago Tribune.

In cases where dreams kill there is a sort of combined action between the dream and the disease through which death is accomplished. In the first place the dream is usually the product of the disease. A person may have heart disease which never asserts itself or allows the victim in any way to know of its presence until the fact is disclosed in a frightful dream. Moreover, terrifying dreams are often the first evidence of heart disease. Then the frequent recurrence of these dreams, dealing repeated shocks to the nervous system, aggravates the disease until the heart is so weak that one more shock is sufficient to cause death.

If a person has had dreams it does not necessarily follow, however, that he has heart disease. Dreams indicating heart disease are usually of a terrifying nature and relate to death. On awakening the sufferer will notice a violent heart palpitation. Chronic pericarditis is always preceded by horrible dreams, such as that of being thrown into a lake of fire or being crushed in a railroad wreck or burned by a volcanic eruption.

The approach of insanity may also be revealed by unpleasant dreams, or insanity may be hastened by such dreams. There are many cases on record where a person has been driven insane by a dream.


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## INDEPENDENCE DAY.

### According to John Adams, It Should Be July 2.

On the 3d of July, 1776, John Adams, then one of the representatives of Massachusetts in the Continental congress, wrote to his wife Abigail:

"Yesterday the greatest question was decided which was ever debated in America, and a greater perhaps never was nor will be decided among men."

In a second letter, written the same day, he said:

"But the day is past. The 2d of July will be the most memorable epocha in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires and illuminations from one end of this continent to the other from this time forward, forevermore."

When the resolution was taken up on the 2d, all the states, except New York, voted to accept it. Thus, on the 2d day of July, 1776, the independence of the thirteen united colonies from the throne of Great Britain was definitely decided upon. The 2d, and not the 4th, may be called the true date of the separation. We could with propriety celebrate the Fourth two days earlier. That the participants in the work considered the 2d as the true date is shown by the letters written by John Adams, quoted at the beginning of the article. The popular fancy, however, seized upon the 4th, the date of acceptance of Jefferson's more dramatic declaration of the reasons for the separation, as the proper day to celebrate.

The debate upon the document was continued until the afternoon of the 4th, and, says Jefferson, might have run on interminably at any other season of the year. But the weather was oppressively warm, and the hall in which the deputies sat was close to a stable, "whence the hungry flies swarmed thick and fierce, alighting on the legs of the delegates and biting hard through their thin silk stockings. Treason was preferable to discomfort," and at last the delegates were brought to such a state of mind as to agree to the Declaration without further amendment.

It is a mistake to suppose that the document was signed by the delegates on that day. It is improbable that any signing was done save by John Hancock, the president of the congress, and Charles Thomson, the secretary.—Paul Leland Haworth in Harper's Magazine.


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## AN INDIAN LEGEND.

### How the Autumn Leaves Were Transformed Into Birds.

An Indian story that has been handed down and is still believed by many Indian tribes is one about the transformation of leaves into birds. Long years ago, when the world was young, the Great Spirit went about the earth making it beautiful. Wherever his feet touched the ground lovely trees and flowers sprang up. All summer the trees wore their short green dresses. The leaves were very happy, and they sang their sweet songs to the breeze as it passed them. One day the wind told them the time would soon come when they would have to fall from the trees and die. This made the leaves feel very bad, but they tried to be bright and do the best they could so as not to make the mother trees unhappy. But at last the time came, and they let go of the twigs and branches and fluttered to the ground. They lay perfectly quiet, not able to move except as the wind would lift them.

The Great Spirit saw them and thought they were so lovely that he did not want to see them die, but live and be beautiful forever, so he gave to each bright leaf a pair of wings and power to fly. Then he called them his "birds." From the red and brown leaves of the oak came the robins, and yellow birds from the yellow willow leaves, and from bright maple leaves he made the red birds. The brown leaves became wrens, sparrows and other brown birds. This is why the birds love the trees and always go to them to build their nests and look for food and shade. —Kansas City Journal.

### For a Young Man With Money.

If I were a young man with a certain amount of capital and desirous to increase it at the expense of fools, I should become a dealer in pictures and in works of art. The prices paid at auctions for such articles by a few dealers bidding against each other are absurd, although a vast number of very wealthy fools who purchase them from dealers are ready to pay still higher. The mere fact that some article has been sold in an auction room at a high price attracts them, and they buy it from the dealer at a higher one in order to be able to point to it in their houses and to tell their friends how much it cost them. The dealer consequently makes much money by acting as a middleman. Whether there is any arrangement to run up the price among dealers I do not know, but I have always wondered whether this is the case and whether the original owner always gets the selling price at the auction.—London Truth.


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| Wilkes-Barre | lv | 8 40 | 11 40 | 3 50 | 7 30 |
| Kingston | lv | 8 55 | 11 58 | 4 00 | 7 38 |
| Luzerne | | 8 58 | 12 02 | 4 05 | 7 42 |
| Forty Fort | | 9 00 | .... | 4 07 | .... |
| Wyoming | | 9 05 | 12 08 | 4 12 | 7 48 |
| West Pittston | | 9 10 | .... | 4 17 | 7 53 |
| Susquehanna Ave. | | 9 13 | 12 14 | 4 20 | 7 56 |
| Pittston | | 9 19 | 12 17 | 4 24 | 8 01 |
| Duryea | | 9 23 | .... | 4 28 | 8 06 |
| Lackawanna | | 9 28 | .... | 4 32 | 8 10 |
| Taylor | | 9 32 | .... | 4 40 | 8 17 |
| Bellevue | | .... | .... | .... | .... |
| Scranton | ar | 9 42 | 12 48 | 4 50 | 8 25 |
| | | A. M. | P. M. | | P. M. |
| Scranton | lv | 10 25 | 1 35 | .... | 11 10 |
| | | | | | A. M. |
| Buffalo | ar | .... | 7 55 | .... | 7 00 |
| | | A. M. | P. M | P. M | A. M |
| Scranton | lv | 10.10 | 12.10 | 13 35 | *2 |
| | | P. M. | P. M | P. M | A. M. |
| New York | ar | 6 30 | 5 00 | 7 35 | 6 50 |

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday.
‡Stops on signal or on notice to conductor.
a Stops on signal to take on passengers for New York, Binghamton and points west.

T. E. CLARKE, Gen. Superintendent. T. W. LEE, Gen.

## PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE

In Effect May 28th, 1905.

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Scranton(D&H) | lv | $6 27 | A. M. 9 55 | P. M. 1 40 | 5 15 | .... |
| Pittston | " | 6 58 | 10 14 | 2 06 | 5 38 | .... |
| | | | A. M. | P. M. | P. M | .... |
| Wilkesbarre | lv | | $10 35 | 2 45 | 6 00 | .... |
| Plym'th Ferry | " | | .... | .... | 6 07 | .... |
| Nanticoke | " | | 10 50 | 3 01 | 6 17 | .... |
| Mocanaqua | " | | 11 07 | 3 20 | 6 37 | .... |
| Wapwallopen | " | | 11 16 | 3 31 | 6 47 | .... |
| Nescopeck | ar | | 11 26 | 3 42 | 7 00 | .... |
| | | | | A. M. | P. M. | .... |
| Pottsville | lv | | .... | 11 55 | 2 49 | .... |
| Hazleton | " | | .... | 12 45 | 3 42 | .... |
| Tomhicken | " | | .... | 3 05 | 3 05 | .... |
| Fern Glen | " | | .... | 3 15 | 3 15 | .... |
| Rock Glen | " | | .... | 3 22 | 3 22 | .... |
| Nescopeck | ar | | .... | .... | .... | .... |
| Catawissa | " | | .... | 4 00 | 4 00 | .... |
| | | A. M. | A. M. | P. M. | P. M | .... |
| Nescopeck | lv | 8 29 | $11 26 | 3 42 | 7 00 | .... |
| Creasy | " | 8 18 | 11 26 | 3 53 | 7 09 | .... |
| Espy Ferry | " | 8 29 | 11 46 | .... | 7 20 | .... |
| E. Bloomsburg | " | 8 34 | 11 50 | 4 05 | 7 25 | .... |
| Catawissa | lv | 8 40 | 11 53 | 4 13 | 7 32 | .... |
| South Danville | " | 9 00 | 12 10 | 4 31 | 7 51 | .... |
| Sunbury | ar | 9 25 | 12 30 | 4 55 | 8 15 | .... |
| | | A. M. | P. M. | P. M | P. M. | .... |
| Sunbury | lv | 9 42 | $12 48 | 5 10 | 9 53 | .... |
| Lewisburg | ar | 10 13 | 1 45 | 5 40 | .... | .... |
| Milton | " | 10 08 | 1 39 | 5 37 | 10 14 | .... |
| Williamsport | " | 11 00 | 1 41 | 6 35 | 10 00 | .... |
| Lock Haven | " | 11 59 | 2 20 | 7 45 | .... | .... |
| Renovo | " | A. M. | 3 00 | 8 45 | .... | .... |
| Kane | " | .... | 6 15 | .... | .... | .... |
| Erie | " | .... | 9 25 | .... | .... | .... |
| | | P. M. | P. M. | | | .... |
| Lock Haven | lv | 12 10 | 3 45 | .... | .... | .... |
| Bellefonte | ar | 1 05 | 4 44 | .... | .... | .... |
| Tyrone | " | 2 10 | 6 00 | .... | .... | .... |
| Philipsburg | " | 3 10 | 8 02 | .... | .... | .... |
| Clearfield | " | 5 54 | 8 45 | .... | .... | .... |
| Pittsburg | " | 6 55 | 10 45 | .... | .... | .... |
| | | A. M. | P. M. | P. M. | P. M | .... |
| Sunbury | lv | 9 50 | 1 50 | 5 20 | 8 36 | .... |
| Harrisburg | ar | 11 30 | 3 15 | 7 00 | 10 10 | .... |
| | | P. M. | P. M. | P. M. | A. M | .... |
| Philadelphia | ar | 3 17 | 6 23 | 9 28 | 4 23 | .... |
| Baltimore | " | 3 11 | 6 00 | 9 45 | 5 20 | .... |
| Washington | " | 4 20 | 7 15 | 10 55 | 6 30 | .... |
| | | A. M. | P. M. | | | .... |
| Sunbury | lv | 10 00 | 2 05 | .... | .... | .... |
| Lewistown Jc. | ar | 11 45 | 3 55 | .... | .... | .... |
| Pittsburg | " | 6 55 | 10 45 | .... | .... | .... |
| | | A. M. | P. M | P. M. | P M | .... |
| Harrisburg | lv | 11 45 | 5 20 | 7 20 | 11 05 | .... |
| Pittsburg | ar | 6 55 | 1 50 | 1 50 | 5 30 | .... |
| | | P. M | P M | A. M | A M | .... |
| Pittsburg | lv | 1 1 | 9 00 | 3 60 | 8 00 | .... |
| Harrisburg | ar | A. M 2 00 | A M 4 25 | 11 25 | P M 3 10 | .... |
| | | | P. M | | A M | .... |
| Pittsburg | lv | .... | 9 00 | .... | 8 00 | .... |
| Lewistown Jc. | " | .... | A. M. 7 30 | .... | P M 3 00 | .... |
| Sunbury | ar | .... | 9 20 | .... | 4 50 | .... |
| | | P. M. | A M | A M | A M | .... |
| Washington | lv | 10 40 | .... | 7 50 | 10 40 | .... |
| Baltimore | " | 11 00 | 4 40 | 8 40 | 11 55 | .... |
| Philadelphia | " | 11 40 | 4 25 | 8 30 | 11 40 | .... |
| | | A. M. | A M | A. M. | P M | .... |
| Harrisburg | lv | 3 35 | 7 55 | 11 40 | 3 20 | .... |
| Sunbury | ar | 5 00 | 9 36 | 1 08 | 6 05 | .... |
| | | P. M. | | A M | A M | .... |
| Pittsburg | lv | 12 45 | .... | 3 00 | 8 00 | .... |
| Clearfield | " | 3 30 | .... | .... | 9 20 | .... |
| Philipsburg | " | 4 25 | .... | .... | 10 10 | .... |
| Tyrone | " | 7 00 | .... | 8 10 | 12 25 | .... |
| Bellefonte | " | 8 16 | .... | 9 32 | 1 25 | .... |
| Lock Haven | ar | 9 15 | .... | 10 30 | 2 10 | .... |
| | | P. M | A M | A M | P M | .... |
| Erie | lv | 5 55 | .... | 5 55 | 6 50 | .... |
| Kane | " | 8 55 | .... | 8 55 | 10 10 | .... |
| Renovo | " | 11 10 | 6 35 | 10 25 | 1 15 | .... |
| Lock Haven | " | 12 38 | 7 30 | 11 20 | 3 00 | .... |
| | | A. M. | | P M | | .... |
| Williamsport | " | 2 27 | 8 25 | 12 40 | 4 00 | .... |
| Milton | " | 3 27 | 9 13 | 1 25 | 4 48 | .... |
| Lewisburg | " | .... | 9 05 | 1 15 | 4 35 | .... |
| Sunbury | ar | 3 | 9 45 | 1 54 | 5 15 | .... |
| | | P. M. | A M | P M | P M | .... |
| Sunbury | lv | 6 45 | 9 55 | 2 00 | 5 25 | .... |
| South Danville | " | 7 11 | 10 7 | 2 21 | 5 50 | .... |
| Catawissa | " | 7 32 | 10 15 | 2 36 | 6 08 | .... |
| E Bloomsburg | " | 7 40 | 10 23 | 2 43 | 6 15 | .... |
| Espy Ferry | " | .... | .... | .... | 6 19 | .... |
| Creasy | " | 7 54 | 10 56 | 2 55 | 6 30 | .... |
| Nescopeck | " | 8 04 | 11 05 | 3 05 | 6 40 | .... |
| | | A M | A M | P. M | | .... |
| Catawissa | lv | .... | 10 38 | .... | .... | .... |
| Nescopeck | lv | 8 23 | .... | 3 05 | P M | .... |
| Rock Glen | ar | .... | 11 22 | .... | 7 05 | .... |
| Fern Glen | " | 8 51 | 11 28 | 5 32 | 7 28 | .... |
| Tomhicken | " | 8 58 | 11 38 | 5 38 | 7 34 | .... |
| Hazleton | " | 9 19 | 11 57 | 6 59 | 7 42 | .... |
| Pottsville | " | 10 15 | 1 35 | 6 55 | 8 15 | .... |
| | | A M | A M | P. M. | P M | .... |
| Nescopeck | lv | 8 04 | 11 05 | 3 05 | .... | .... |
| Wapwallopen | ar | 8 19 | 11 20 | 3 15 | 6 42 | .... |
| Mocanaqua | " | 8 34 | 11 32 | 3 25 | 6 52 | .... |
| Nanticoke | " | 8 54 | 11 54 | 3 40 | 7 01 | .... |
| | | | P M | | 7 19 | .... |
| Plym'th