

### VOLUME 1.

#### Railroad Time Tables.

#### BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RAILWAY.

The short line between Buffalo, Rochester, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo, Rochester, Niagara Falls, and Buffalo, the upper off region.

On and after Nov. 15th, 1892, passenger trains will arrive and depart from Buffalo Creek station, daily, except Sunday, as follows:

7:10 A. M.	Bradford Accommodation	For Buffalo	10:45 A. M.	Bradford Accommodation	For Buffalo
10:45 A. M.	Bradford Accommodation	For Buffalo	1:30 P. M.	Bradford Accommodation	For Buffalo
1:30 P. M.	Bradford Accommodation	For Buffalo	4:15 P. M.	Bradford Accommodation	For Buffalo
4:15 P. M.	Bradford Accommodation	For Buffalo	7:00 P. M.	Bradford Accommodation	For Buffalo

#### Trains Arrive

7:10 A. M.	Bradford Accommodation	For Buffalo	10:45 A. M.	Bradford Accommodation	For Buffalo
10:45 A. M.	Bradford Accommodation	For Buffalo	1:30 P. M.	Bradford Accommodation	For Buffalo
1:30 P. M.	Bradford Accommodation	For Buffalo	4:15 P. M.	Bradford Accommodation	For Buffalo
4:15 P. M.	Bradford Accommodation	For Buffalo	7:00 P. M.	Bradford Accommodation	For Buffalo

#### ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY COMPANY

COMMENCING SUNDAY DEC. 18, 1892. Low Grade Division.

STATIONS.	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4	No. 5	No. 6	No. 7	No. 8	No. 9	No. 10
Red Bank	10:45	4:45								
New Bedford	11:30	5:30								
Oak Ridge	12:15	6:15								
Summersville	13:00	7:00								
Brookville	13:45	7:45								
Wellington	14:30	8:30								
Fuller	15:15	9:15								
Reynoldsville	16:00	10:00								
Paris	16:45	10:45								
Driftwood	17:30	11:30								
Grant	18:15	12:15								
Benezette	19:00	1:00								
Glen Fisher	19:45	1:45								
Tyler	20:30	2:30								
Penfield	21:15	3:15								
Winterburn	22:00	4:00								
Sabula	22:45	4:45								
DuBois	23:30	5:30								
Paris	24:15	6:15								
Reynoldsville	25:00	7:00								
Fuller	25:45	7:45								
Brookville	26:30	8:30								
Summersville	27:15	9:15								
Oak Ridge	28:00	10:00								
New Bedford	28:45	10:45								
Lawson	29:30	11:30								
Red Bank	30:15	12:15								

#### WESTWARD.

STATIONS.	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4	No. 5	No. 6	No. 7	No. 8	No. 9	No. 10
Driftwood	10:45	5:00								
Grant	11:30	5:45								
Benezette	12:15	6:30								
Glen Fisher	13:00	7:15								
Tyler	13:45	8:00								
Penfield	14:30	8:45								
Winterburn	15:15	9:30								
Sabula	16:00	10:15								
DuBois	16:45	11:00								
Paris	17:30	11:45								
Reynoldsville	18:15	12:30								
Fuller	19:00	1:15								
Brookville	19:45	2:00								
Summersville	20:30	2:45								
Oak Ridge	21:15	3:30								
New Bedford	22:00	4:15								
Lawson	22:45	5:00								
Red Bank	23:30	5:45								

#### Trains daily except Sunday.

DAVID MCCARGO, GEN'L. SUPT., Pitsburg, Pa.

JAS. P. ANDERSON, GEN'L. AGT., Pitsburg, Pa.

#### PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

IN EFFECT DECEMBER 18, 1892.

#### Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division Time Table.

#### EASTWARD.

9:04 A. M.—Train 4, daily except Sunday for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:50 P. M.; New York, 9:30 P. M.; Baltimore, 6:45 P. M.; Washington, 8:20 P. M. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia.

9:28 A. M.—Train 5, daily except Sunday for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:35 A. M.; New York, 7:10 A. M. Through coach from DuBois to Williamsport. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:00 A. M.

9:53 P. M.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:50 A. M.; New York, 9:30 A. M.; Baltimore, 6:20 A. M.; Washington, 7:50 A. M. Pullman cars and passenger coaches from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia. Passengers in sleeper for Baltimore and Washington will be transferred into Washington sleeper at Harrisburg.

#### WESTWARD.

7:35 A. M.—Train 1, daily except Sunday for Ridgway, DuBois, Clearmont and intermediate stations. Leaves Ridgway at 7:00 P. M. for Erie.

8:20 A. M.—Train 2, daily for Erie and intermediate points.

6:27 P. M.—Train 11, daily except Sunday for Kane and intermediate points.

#### THROUGH TRAINS FOR DRIFTWOOD FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

TRAIN 11 leaves Philadelphia 8:50 A. M.; Washington, 7:20 P. M.; Baltimore, 8:45 A. M.; Wilkesbarre, 10:15 A. M.; daily except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood at 6:27 P. M. with Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport.

TRAIN 13 leaves New York at 8 P. M.; Philadelphia, 11:20 P. M.; Washington, 10:40 A. M.; Baltimore, 7:40 P. M.; daily arriving at Driftwood at 9:50 A. M. Pullman sleeping cars from Philadelphia to Erie and from Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie and Baltimore to Williamsport and to DuBois.

TRAIN 14 leaves Reno at 6:35 A. M., daily except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood 7:35 A. M.

#### JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.

(Daily except Sunday.)

TRAIN 19 leaves Ridgway at 9:40 A. M.; Johnsonburg at 9:55 A. M., arriving at Clearmont at 10:45 A. M.

TRAIN 20 leaves Clearmont at 10:55 A. M., arriving at Johnsonburg at 11:40 A. M. and Ridgway at 11:55 A. M.

#### RIDGWAY & CLEARFIELD R. R.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

#### SOUTHWARD.

#### NORTHWARD.

P. M. A. M. STATIONS. A. M. P. M.

12:10 9:40 Ridgway 1:30 7:00

12:18 9:48 Island Run 1:30 6:51

12:22 9:52 Mt. Haven 1:30 6:46

12:31 10:02 Croyle 1:00 6:35

12:38 10:10 Short's Mills 12:59 6:30

12:42 10:15 Blue Rock 12:54 6:25

12:44 10:17 Vineyard Run 12:52 6:23

12:48 10:20 Carrier 12:50 6:21

1:10 10:22 Brookwayville 12:58 6:22

1:10 10:22 Mt. Zion Summit 12:58 6:22

1:14 10:26 Harveys Run 12:52 6:22

1:20 10:32 Falls Creek 12:50 6:20

1:25 11:05 DuBois 12:55 6:30

#### TRAINS LEAVE RIDGWAY.

Eastward. Train 8, 7:15 A. M. Train 11, 8:35 A. M. Train 6, 1:45 P. M. Train 11, 8:35 P. M. Westward. Train 3, 11:34 A. M. Train 4, 1:30 P. M. Train 11, 8:35 P. M.

CHAS. E. PUGH, Gen. Manager. J. B. WOOD, Gen. Pass. Agt.

#### A SNOW LEGEND.

O ye clouds that float above me,  
O ye winds that round me blow,  
Can ye tell me from what quarter  
Comes the driving snow?  
"From the north, inquiring maiden,  
Where an old man, stooping low,  
By his grate, morn'g e'er the ashes,  
Said the words that blow."  
"For the snowflakes are the ashes  
Of the summer's glow.  
"See him as he stoops and stirs,  
Tubs his wind-lit hands and sighs—  
Just one ember left glowing.  
And that ember dies,  
Come back, summer, come and warm me,  
I am cold," he cries.  
"Then he catches up the bellows,  
Tries to make the embers glow;  
Only sets the ashes whirling,  
Dancing high and low.  
Are the flakes of snow?"  
—Anna Temple in Youth's Companion.

#### THAT SCARFPIN.

It was the third week of my first visit to Paris. The days had been passed most pleasantly among the masters in painting and sculpture in the Louvre, among the modern paintings in the galleries of the Luxembourg, and in wandering about the parks and libraries. When I had first gone to the Hotel Normandy, I had found there my classmate and close friend, Melville, and we had walked several days most pleasantly in talking over our college joys and comparing our experiences since we had parted on the university campus the day of our graduation.

When I first met him in the corridor of the hotel I noticed on his cravat a curious pin which at once attracted my attention. In form it was oval, about a quarter of an inch in length, chocolate in color, and in the dim light of the hall seemed highly polished. It being so different from the usual scarfpin, I asked him where he got it. He did not reply to my question, but taking the pin from his tie handed it to me. Upon examining it I found its surface covered with what I took to be Egyptian hieroglyphics. Having given no little attention to the study of these curious signs, my interest was at once aroused, and I expressed a desire to keep it for a few days in order to examine it with a glass. But Melville, with a strange smile, took it without a word and put it back in his cravat, and I of course did not insist on examining it.

A few days later Melville met me in the corridor, stopped me and said that by the morning paper he had noticed that the day before an acquaintance of his, having lost his last napoleon in the Casino, had committed suicide at Monte Carlo; that he believed he was the only painter in Europe who knew the unfortunate gambler, and he had decided to go to Monte Carlo and care for the body. While we were talking we had walked to the front of the hotel, and Melville had called a cab. Just before he got in he handed me his cravat pin, and with a smile said I could examine it while he was gone, and as he drove off he called back that he would be back in a few days and cautioned me to be careful of his pin.

Two weeks from that day I received a telegram from Melville saying he would be back that evening and asking me to procure seats for "Faust" at the Grand Opera. In the meantime I had given considerable attention to the pin and had concluded that it was without doubt a genuine Egyptian charm or fetich not less than 3,000 years old. Such stones being very rare and valuable, I was surprised that my friend had intrusted it to me at all, and I was anxious to learn where he had obtained so great a curiosity.

That afternoon I determined to take a walk in the garden of the Tuilleries, which is not far from the Normandy. After an exhilarating walk I had taken a seat and drawn a book from my pocket, intending to read an hour before returning for dinner, but my attention was soon drawn from my book by a young lady sitting diagonally across the promenade from me. She had taken the seat soon after I sat down, and was looking in such a direction that I could get only a profile view of her face, which seemed strangely familiar to me. After reading and watching alternately for half an hour I determined to get a better view of her face in order to decide whether I was mistaken in my idea that I had seen her.

As I started toward her she rose and walked in the same direction. I had followed her perhaps 80 yards when she stumbled, and the next instant with a groan fell to the ground. As quickly as possible I had lifted her up and helped her to a seat near by. I then asked her if I should call assistance, but she said it would not be necessary as she would be all right in a moment, although she would be glad if I would remain with her. Such a request I could not refuse, nor did I care to, as I had discovered she was quite pretty, and from her accent I knew she was an American.

When in a few minutes I asked her if I should call a cab, she thanked me and asked if I would not be kind enough to drive with her to 74 Rue de Blanc, a street not far away on which I knew were situated a large number of fashionable pensions or boarding houses. On the way she told me that her home was in Massachusetts, and with her father and brother she was making a long stay in Paris. When we reached her number, she insisted that I go in and meet her father, and I of course agreed.

As soon as I had paid the cabman and given him three times the usual gratuity I followed my fair and new found

#### friend into the parlor, where I remained while she went to find her father. She quickly returned, saying that he was out, but would return in a short time, and that if I would wait she would try to entertain me. Inwardly thinking the old gentleman for being so considerate, I was much pleased to wait.

The time passed pleasantly and rapidly, and I thought nothing of the father's prolonged absence, but suddenly I remembered Melville and the opera, looked at my watch and found that I had barely time to get dinner, meet my friend and reach the play. I was very sorry that I could not wait longer, and at her request I promised to call the next afternoon at 3.

Rising to go, I took my hat and was about to open the door, when I was much surprised to find a pair of arms around my neck. Half angry and wholly amazed I hardly knew what to do, but hearing a step without in an instant I had slipped from her embrace and opened the door. Coming up the steps was a middle aged gentleman, at the sight of whom the girl shrieked and ran down the hall. The gentleman stopped me and asked how I happened to be with that lady. I told him that I had met her in the garden, had brought her to this house and had waited to meet her father.

He smiled sadly and said he had just left notice at the police headquarters to have the entire force on the lookout for her; that two months left her brother had been lost in attempting the ascent of the Matterhorn, and since that time she had been a nun; he was keeping her confined in a suite of rooms at this house, hoping that entire rest would restore her reason. He thanked me for what I had done and asked me to call the next afternoon.

Having eaten my dinner very rapidly, I met Melville and we went to the opera. During the time between acts he told me of his sad trip to Monte Carlo, and it was not until we were slowly walking up the Avenue de l'Opera that I told him of my unusual experience of the afternoon.

With a shade of that same strange smile I had before noticed he asked me the appearance of the man, and when I described him he half muttered, "I thought so." Nothing more was said for several blocks, when he suddenly asked, the smile being fully developed, "And where is my pin?" I put my hand only to stop the train so she could step off at the right spot exactly. But the car passes the crossing, and unconsciously she turns her face in the direction she wishes to go. If she would wait until the car stops all would be well, but the thought that she is being carried past her destination makes her hurry. Before the car stops, she thinks of the few extra steps she will have to take if she is carried any further and jumps off.

You know the rest, and there is the true reason why 99 women in 100 get off a street car backward. The 100th woman is on the rear seat of the last car and steps off at the right place."—Chicago Herald.

#### A Valuable Team.

The man from Saginaw was visiting the national capital to see the sights. One day, on Pennsylvania avenue, he saw a heavy, close, dark wagon, more like a black maria than anything else, and asked his guide what it was.

"It's rather strange about that," said the guide in the slowly didactic style. "You've been talking about the salaries of officials here, from the president's \$50,000 a year down, but do you know the horses to that wagon beat them all?" "That so?" said the Saginawster. "They don't look like they could earn more than \$5 a day anyhow. I've got better horses than that to hire at \$5 a day and feed."

The guide looked at his charge with pity.

"Why, my dear sir," he explained, "those horses draw millions from the treasury every year."

The Saginaw man wouldn't have it and said so with profane emphasis.

"But it is true nevertheless," insisted the guide. "That's the wagon they haul the gold and silver in," and the Saginawster looked at it steadily.—Detroit Free Press.

#### Spelling Comes by Nature.

In confirmation of the saying that "spelling comes by nature" the case may be cited of a certain little girl, 6 years old, whose parents are both good spellers. At school recently she was given to write out a list of 78 words, which contained many rather hard ones, such as "hatchet," "receive," "neighbor" and so on. She spelled every word correctly and was the only scholar in the school who did so.

Now and then it happens, however, that the child of a famous speller breaks his parent's heart by proving an incorrigibly bad speller. In such a case the disappointed parent may console himself with the reflection that the child inherits his bad spelling from a grandparent, or even from some more remote ancestor.—Youth's Companion.

#### Picture Made of Insects.

The Paris entomologist whose collection of insects attracted so much attention at the Paris exposition of 1889 is preparing an insect landscape for our World's fair. The subject, which consists of a water mill, a river, a bridge, mountain, etc., will be wholly composed of insects of various colors. Four hundred and fifty thousand night flying insects will form the foreground, the remainder of the picture to be made up of not less than 500,000 insects, comprising something over 8,000 species.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

#### A Surprised Man.

A Lewiston laundry clerk carried terror to the heart of one customer the other day—a big man to whom he sent a small man's linen. When the customer tried to get into that linen he thought that he had swelled up and sent for a doctor. It gave him a good scare, but Lord, he talked when he came back with it for his own!—Bangor Commercial.

#### WOMEN GET OFF CARS BACKWARD.

#### They Are Usually Thinking of Walking Back Over the Route.

After the woman had rolled over two or three times in the dust and made a voluminous display of lingerie, she struggled to her feet. Her face was very red, her back hair was terribly matted and her draperies in most inartistic disorder. She scornfully refused to give her name to the conductor, who rushed to her assistance, and would not say whether she was hurt. As she turned to walk away the conductor whistled "go ahead," and smiles began to show among the passengers.

"She's like all the rest of 'em," was the contemptuous comment of the conductor as he jumped on the car. "I never knew a conductor who stopped his train at the right place," sneered a fat woman who overheard the conductor's remark. "It's the greatest wonder in the world that more people are not killed by the carelessness of them conductors. They haven't a bit of accommodation in their souls."

"Did you hear that woman?" inquired another passenger. "She blames the conductor for that woman's tumble and will in all probability alight from the car backward when she reaches her destination. I have been a close observer of this perverse habit of women who ride on the street cars, and believe that I have solved the problem.

"Why do they turn their faces the wrong way? I saw a theory advanced the other day in a newspaper that left handed women were never seen to take a tumble because their stronger arm aided them to retain their balance when alighting. But it really makes no difference whether a woman is left or right handed. She gets on a car and tells the conductor to let her off at Twenty-first street. She has been down town shopping and is in a hurry to reach home. "All the time the cable is pulling her homeward she keeps thinking of how much she will have to do when her journey is ended. The conductor yells 'Twenty-first street!'"

"She is aroused with a start from her study, intent only on getting off the car. You have noticed, no doubt, that a cable train always passes a crossing before it stops. There is the whole secret of a woman's many tumbles. She would be safe and happy if the conductor would only stop the train so she could step off at the right spot exactly. But the car passes the crossing, and unconsciously she turns her face in the direction she wishes to go. If she would wait until the car stops all would be well, but the thought that she is being carried past her destination makes her hurry. Before the car stops, she thinks of the few extra steps she will have to take if she is carried any further and jumps off. You know the rest, and there is the true reason why 99 women in 100 get off a street car backward. The 100th woman is on the rear seat of the last car and steps off at the right place."—Chicago Herald.

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#### Phillips Brooks and the Children.

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