

Railroad Time Tables.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RAILWAY.

The short line between DuBois, Ridgway, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo, Rochester, Niagara Falls and points in the upper oil region.

On and after June 14, 1893, passenger trains will arrive and depart from Falls Creek station, daily, except Sunday, as follows:

7:00 A. M.—Bradford Accommodation—For points north between Falls Creek and Bradford. 7:15 a. m. mixed train for Pennsylvania.

10:00 A. M.—Buffalo and Rochester mail—For Brockwayville, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo and Rochester, connecting at Johnsonburg with P. & E. train 3, for Wilcox, Kane, Warren, Corry and Erie.

10:30 A. M.—Accommodation—For DuBois, Skyles, Big Run and Pannatsaway.

1:20 P. M.—Bradford Accommodation—For Brockwayville, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett and Bradford.

5:10 P. M.—Mail—For DuBois, Skyles, Big Run, Pannatsaway and Walltown.

8:22 P. M.—Accommodation—For DuBois, Big Run and Pannatsaway.

9:20 A. M.—Sunday train—For Brockwayville, Ridgway and Johnsonburg.

6:13 P. M.—Sunday train—For DuBois, Skyles, Big Run and Pannatsaway.

Thousand mile tickets at two cents per mile, good for passenger between all stations, H. H. McISTYRE, Agent, Falls Creek, Pa. J. H. HUBBET, Gen. Pass. Agent, Bradford, Pa. Rochester N. Y.

ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY COMPANY commencing Sunday June 18, 1892. Low Grade Division.

EASTWARD.									
STATIONS.	No. 1	No. 5	No. 9	101	102				
Red Bank	10:43	4:40							
Lawsonham	11:20	5:15	5:12						
New Bethlehem	11:38	5:33	5:30						
Oak Ridge	11:56	5:51	5:48						
Mayville	12:14	6:09	6:06						
Summersville	12:32	6:27	6:24						
Brookville	12:50	6:45	6:42						
Bell	13:08	7:03	6:58						
Fuller	13:26	7:21	7:16						
Reynoldsville	13:44	7:39	7:34						
Pannocast	14:02	7:57	7:52						
Falls Creek	14:20	8:15	8:10	10:55	1:36				
DuBois	14:38	8:33	8:28	11:13	1:54				
Sabula	14:56	8:51	8:46						
Winterburn	15:14	9:09	9:04						
Pendfield	15:32	9:27	9:22						
Tyler	15:50	9:45	9:40						
Glen Fisher	16:08	10:03	9:58						
Hennetree	16:26	10:21	10:16						
Grant	16:44	10:39	10:34						
Driftwood	17:02	10:57	10:52						
P. M. P. M. A. M. A. M. P. M.									

WESTWARD.									
STATIONS.	No. 2	No. 6	No. 10	106	110				
Driftwood	10:45	5:06	6:35						
Grant	11:17	5:30	7:00						
Hennetree	11:49	5:54	7:24						
Glen Fisher	12:21	6:18	7:48						
Tyler	12:53	6:42	8:12						
Pendfield	13:25	7:06	8:36						
Winterburn	13:57	7:30	9:00						
Sabula	14:29	7:54	9:24						
DuBois	15:01	8:18	9:48	12:05	5:40				
Falls Creek	15:33	8:42	10:12	12:37	6:12				
Pannocast	16:05	9:06	10:36						
Reynoldsville	16:37	9:30	11:00						
Fuller	17:09	9:54	11:24						
Bell	17:41	10:18	11:48						
Brookville	18:13	10:42	12:12						
Summersville	18:45	11:06	12:36						
Mayville	19:17	11:30	13:00						
Oak Ridge	19:49	11:54	13:24						
New Bethlehem	20:21	12:18	13:48						
Lawsonham	20:53	12:42	14:12						
Red Bank	21:25	13:06	14:36						
A. M. A. M. P. M. A. M. P. M.									

Trains daily except Sunday.

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

JAN. P. ANDERSON, GEN'L. PASS. AGT., Pittsburg, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

IN EFFECT MAY 21, 1893.

Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division Time Table. Trains leave Philadelphia.

EASTWARD.

9:04 A. M.—Train 8, daily except Sunday for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:56 P. M.; New York, 9:55 P. M.; Baltimore, 6:45 P. M.; Washington, 8:15 P. M. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia.

3:30 P. M.—Train 6, daily except Sunday for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:20 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.

9:35 P. M.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:50 A. M.; New York, 9:50 A. M.; Baltimore, 6:30 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 11, daily except Sunday for Ridgway, DuBois, Clearmont and intermediate stations. Leaves Ridgway at 5:30 P. M. for Erie.

9:30 A. M.—Train 3, daily for Erie and intermediate stations.

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

THROUGH TRAINS FOR DRIFTWOOD FROM THE SOUTH.

TRAIN 11 leaves Philadelphia 8:50 A. M.; Washington, 7:50 A. M.; Baltimore, 8:40 A. M.; Wilkesbarre, 10:30 A. M. daily except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood at 6:27 P. M. with Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport.

TRAIN 4 leaves New York at 8 P. M.; Philadelphia, 11:20 P. M.; Washington, 10:40 A. M.; Baltimore, 11:40 P. M.; daily arriving at Driftwood at 9:30 P. 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 1 leaves Renovo 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 10:35 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.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
12:30	9:40	Ridgway	1:30	7:00			
12:38	9:48	Island Run	1:38	6:51			
12:46	9:56	Mt. Haven	1:46	6:46			
12:54	10:04	Crolyland	1:54	6:41			
13:02	10:12	Shorts Mills	2:02	6:36			
13:10	10:20	Blue Rock	2:10	6:31			
13:18	10:28	Vineyard Run	2:18	6:26			
13:26	10:36	Carrier	2:26	6:21			
13:34	10:44	Brockwayville	2:34	6:16			
13:42	10:52	McMillan Summit	2:42	6:11			
13:50	11:00	Harroway Run	2:50	6:06			
13:58	11:08	Falls Creek	2:58	6:01			
14:06	11:16	DuBois	3:06	5:56			
14:14	11:24		3:14	5:51			

TRAINS LEAVE RIDGWAY.

Eastward.		Westward.	
Train 8, 7:17 a. m.	Train 1, 11:34 a. m.	Train 1, 3:00 p. m.	Train 8, 7:35 p. m.
Train 4, 7:35 p. m.	Train 11, 8:35 p. m.		

J. R. WOOD, Gen. Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen. Pass. Agt.

LOVE'S SEASON.

In sad sweet days when hectic flushes
Burn red on maple and sumac leaf,
When sorrowful winds waft through the rushes,
And all things whisper of loss and grief,
When close and closer hold Frost approaches
To snatch the blossom from Nature's breast,
When night forever on day encroaches—
Oh, then I think that I love you best!

And yet when winter, that tyrant master,
Has buried autumn in walls of snow,
And bound and fettered where bold Frost cast
her
Lies outraged Nature in helpless woe,
When all earth's pleasures in four walls center,
And side by side in the snug home nest,
We list the tempest that cannot enter,
Oh, then I say that I love you best!

But later on, when the siren season
Betrays the trust of the gentle king,
And glad earth laughs at the act of treason,
And winter dies in the arms of spring;
When birds and birds all push and flutter
To free fair Nature so long oppressed,
I thrill with feelings I cannot utter,
And then I am certain I love you best.

But when in splendor the queenly summer
Reigns over the earth and the skies above,
When Nature kneels to the royal corner,
And even the sun flames hot with love;
When pleasure basks in the luscious weather,
And care lies out on the sward to rest—
Oh, whether apart or whether together,
It is then I know that I love you best!

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Cheerful Even In Death.

At a dinner some time ago a jolly old astronomer related the following story about a departed friend, Mr. F.:

Mr. F. was such a good natured man that the approach of death itself could not disturb his peace of mind and appreciation of humor. He lay dying, and his poor wife was nearly worn out with anxious watching. She was so tired that by mistake she gave her husband instead of the doctor's medicine a dose from the castor oil bottle. When she discovered her mistake, she was almost frantic. She summoned the doctor at once and awaited his coming with tearful eyes and bitter self reproach. The doctor came and assured her that no particular harm could have been done; that her husband was dying, and medicine could not save him now. Still the poor woman wept and grieved.

The Doctor tried to comfort her, but to no purpose.

If she had only given the medicine and not the oil, perhaps her dear husband might have got better. She had killed her dear husband—killed her dear husband. The doctor began to argue, when the dying man spoke up: "Never mind, doctor. I've had my oil. Let her have her blubber."—Washington News.

The Story of "David Copperfield."

Some interesting facts connected with Dickens' "David Copperfield" have been revealed by Charles Dickens, the younger. "I have," he says, "my mother's authority for saying—she told me at the time of the publication of Mr. Foster's first volume and asked me to make the fact public if after her death an opportunity should arise—that the story was eventually read to her in strict confidence by my father, who at the time intimated his intention of publishing it by and as a portion of his autobiography. From this purpose she endeavored to dissuade him, on the ground that he had spoken with undue harshness of his father and especially of his mother, and with so much success that he eventually decided that he would be satisfied with working it into "David Copperfield."

Providing In Time.

Lawyer (who has been called to draft a will)—Ready, sir? What is the first bequest you wish to make?
Dying Millionaire—I bequeath all my property, real and personal, after the satisfaction of just claims against my estate, to the foreign mission board of the church.
Lawyer—But you are not going to leave your wife and daughters unprotected?
Dying Millionaire—Certainly not. I am merely trying to fix it so that when the courts reverse my decision in the matter the money will go where I want it to—by the way, I guess I'll have you draw up the papers for the contest right now.—Exchange.

Easily Mised.

Agitated Solicitor (at the chemist's)—There's been a mistake made somehow. I meant to give my son a prescription from my doctor this morning, but it seems I didn't. Here it is now in my pocket.
"You certainly gave him the prescription. I made it up for him an hour ago."
"Let me see it."
"Here it is."
"Heaven! That's an opinion from Sir Lyons Silk, Q. C."—London Tit-Bits.

Toothache Cured Quickly.

A European dentist is said to have had great success in curing toothache within five or six minutes, and often in less time, by applying one pole of an electrostatic machine to the troublesome tooth and the other pole to the body of the patient. In 76 cases thus treated by him only three are said to have been unsatisfactory.—Electrical Review.

Infidelity gives nothing in return for what it takes away.

What, then, is it worth? Everything valuable has a compensating power. Not a blade of grass that withers or the ugliest weed that is flung away to rot or die but reproduces something.—Chalmers.

In the five or six months of the year during which the sardine fishery lasts something like 800,000,000 of these little fish are caught off the coast of Brittany alone.

A Pawnbroking Experiment.

Notice is served in The Christian Union of the impending trial of an extraordinary experiment which has long been discussed and is of unusual interest. In August or September the People's Bank association hopes to open the first of several model pawn offices for the poor. The newspapers abound from day to day with stories telling how hard it is for the very poor to borrow indispensable small sums of money and what exorbitant rates of interest are exacted for such loans. The legal rate at pawnshops is 3 per cent a month for the first six months and 2 per cent a month for succeeding months, but most pawnbrokers supplement these rates by charges for care of the articles pawned, so that as much as 800 per cent per annum is something paid to them for the use of money.

The People's Bank association proposes to begin by a charge of 1 per cent a month and expects to start with \$100,000 capital, which is to earn 4 per cent dividends for its owners. The success of such a movement seems to depend simply on the shrewdness of the money lender employed. With the right man in the avuncular situation, there seems to be no inevitable obstacle to the success of a plan which, if it does succeed, seems bound to help the right people at the right time. Plans for the relief of pawnbrokers who succumb to competition can be devised later on if they are needed.—Harper's Weekly.

A Woman's Apt Reply to Mr. Cleveland.

It was during Cleveland's first incumbency. The daughter of a lawyer prominent in a neighboring Kansas town had married an officer who a few months after the ceremony had been detailed to a remote post. The young wife, who had enjoyed a sort of bellehship in the semimetropolitan community in which she had been reared, felt as if she were about to be buried alive. Encouraged by her husband and father, she repaired to Washington to seek relief at headquarters.

"Fort Riley? Why, that's a pretty good deal, isn't it?"

asked the president, to whom the lady had stated her case. "No, sir; it doesn't suit me at all." "Shouldn't we try to be satisfied where we are?" continued the chief magistrate, with a patronizing smile. "You might have been satisfied with being sheriff at Buffalo, but you wanted to be the president of the United States," came the pert retort.

Mr. Cleveland arose with the same patriarchal smile on his face,

but the lieutenant's wife is still at Fort Riley.—Kansas City Times.

Quarantine Against Hamburg.

As we had to shut the gates of New York against Hamburg for a time last year, we may have to shut them against it once more this year. We cannot tolerate any foolery about the existence of cholera in a city with which we are constantly in communication. We must not permit Hamburg to imperil New York. The authorities of the German city have once and again concealed from us facts which they were in honor bound to make known. They did so last autumn, and they have done so twice within the past two months. As "Panic faith" got a bad name ages ago, Hamburg faith is likely to get a bad name in our times. Hamburg will act wisely in sending us immediate reports of all cases of cholera, variola, typhus and porigo there.—New York Sun.

Illuminating a Boy's Head.

At a meeting of the Academy of Medicine held in New York recently, Dr. Wendell C. Phillips, one of the members, exhibited an electric head illuminator which was productive of some unique results. A small boy was taken, and a powerful electric lamp was inserted in his mouth, which was then closed on the handle which held the lamp. The lights of the meeting were all turned down, and the storage battery was turned on. The light in the boy's mouth shone out through his cheeks, detailing every vein, line and imperfection in the skin and the lines of teeth and gums in the mouth. His face looked ghastly in its vividness and reminded one, if it were possible, of an intensely realistic jack-o'-lantern.

Why Mr. Hawthorne Wants to Get Away.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne, who happens to be in Chicago just at present, says that the new and cheap editions of his father's "Scarlet Letter" are bringing upon him (Julian) a mighty flood of letters from people who "discover in this powerful, if improbable story," the promise of "extraordinary work in the future." The editor of a weekly literary journal in Texas has offered Mr. Hawthorne the magnificent sum of \$500 if he will contribute to that publication a novel of Texas life treated upon the same lines as those of the "Scarlet Letter." This is one of the reasons why Mr. Hawthorne is anxious to go to the West Indies to live.—Chicago News-Record.

Chicago Pressed Chicken.

A Dundas man has for the past few weeks, it is claimed, been traveling through the counties of Rice, Goodhue and Dakota buying up all the calves he can for 50 cents. These calves are taken to his farm at Stanton, about seven miles north of this city, where they are killed, skinned and chopped up—livers and bones—and packed into boxes and shipped to a Chicago firm. The Chicago firm puts them through some process and sells them to the World's fair restaurants for "pressed chicken." This man has shipped large numbers of these calves.—Cor., Minneapolis Journal.

A SAVAGE CANARY.

One of the Very Latest of Wild Stories About Well Known Animals.

So many stories have been told recently of battles between tigers and snakes, wildcats and elephants, eagles and alligators and codfish and wild hogs that the following accurate description of an encounter between a tomcat and a canary bird cannot fail to be interesting: The tomcat and the canary were the property of an animal dealer on the west side who has long had a reputation for veracity. The canary was noted for its fierceness. It is a female bird about 3 years old with bright yellow feathering. The tomcat is quite white, with four legs, and weighs—rather weighed—about 13 pounds.

During the morning it was noticed

that the canary seemed unusually savage. She paced up and down her cage in a great rage, gnashing her teeth and glaring at the poor cat, toward whom it turned out she had developed a fierce antipathy.

The keeper secured the door of the cage,

as he thought, firmly, but during a paroxysm of temper the canary smashed the fastening and was free. What a moment! The unfortunate tomcat gave a cry of terror and looked around for some means of escape, but there was none, the door of the room in which the carnivorous animals were kept being locked.

The proprietor of the menagerie could do nothing.

Spellbound he watched the uneven contest, fearing all the time that the fury of the canary bird would be expended on himself. With a piteous moan the wretched tomcat felt the talons of the canary bird sink into his head. He raised himself and tried to fight her off, but the bird parried his every blow and fiercely pecked at his eyes.

Once the cat seized the bird in his paw,

but she got away from him in a moment with the loss of only one feather. She returned to the charge and rendered one of the cat's eyes blind with her sharp bill. The fight had lasted five minutes, and the cat had all the worst of it. He was panting, and every now and then rolled over exhausted, uttering pitiful cries. Though he was valued at \$100, the keeper of the menagerie, who was armed with a sword and a shotgun, did not dare to interfere to save him. The blood of the canary was up, and she meant to slay the cat.

It was not long before the awful work

was accomplished. The bird by an adroit movement common to canaries when in conflict with quadrupeds rendered the poor Thomas cat quite blind. Then, at her leisure, with a series of fierce jabs, she penetrated his brain, and he rolled over completely dead.

The boss was trembling for his own safety,

but it now seemed that the savage instincts of the canary had been satisfied, for with a jaunty air she began to strut and began to warble a song of victory. It meant life or death to shut the door, but the brave boss crept courageously up to the cage and succeeded in accomplishing this feat. Then he ran out into the street and fainted. The nerve pressure had been too great for him.—New York Herald.

The Value of a Little Thing.

In a little volume of lectures by Henry Irving, just published, is a story which illustrates the actor's motto, "While trifles make perfection perfection is no trifle." "This lesson was enjoined on me when I was a very young man," he says, "by that remarkable actress, Charlotte Cushman. I remember that when she played Meg Merrilies I was cast for Henry Bertram. It was my duty to give Meg Merrilies a piece of money, and I did it after the traditional fashion of handing her a large purse full of coin of the realm, in the shape of broken crockery, which was generally used in financial transactions on the stage. But after the play Miss Cushman said to me: 'Instead of giving me that purse, don't you think it would have been much more natural if you had taken a number of coins from your pocket and given me the smallest? That is the way one gives alms to a beggar, and it would have added to the realism of the scene.' I have never forgotten that lesson."

Noah Left the Ark on April 29.

Saturday, April 29, is the day marked in all ancient calendars as being the one on which Noah and his family quitted the ark after having withstood the siege of the great deluge. The day is marked in all ancient calendars, especially British, as egressus Noae de arca; the 17th of March, the day upon which Noah, his family and their great floating collection of natural history specimens set sail, being designated in the same class of early printed literature as introitus Noae in arca, "the day of Noah's entrance into the ark." Why these days were chosen as the ones upon which the supposed embarkation and debarkation were made are enigmas which the antiquarians have not yet solved.—St. Louis Republic.

What's In a Name.

It is a year of odd names for men of sudden fame. Here is a list that suggests itself at a moment's thought: Zimri Diggins, banker; Dahomey Dodds, warrior; Hoke Smith, journalist and statesman; Sylvester Pennoyer, who told the president "to mind his own business"; Stanhope Sams, poet and statesman; Colonel Pod Dismuke, statesman; Colonel Dink Botts, office seeker. And the year is yet young.—Kansas City Times.

A Great Salt Lake In Siberia.

The great salt lake at Otdorsk is 9 miles wide and 17 miles long, yet except in a few places it is solidly roofed over with a deposit of salt which is getting thicker and thicker every year.

Our guide, who is an old man,

said that he could remember when the salt crystals first began to gather upon the surface of the water. Year by year, owing to the evaporation of the water, the crystals became more numerous and then caked together till this great roof formed.

In 1878 the water beneath this salt

crystal roof found an underground outlet into the River Ob. This lowered the lake's surface about three feet, leaving that distance between the water and the roof.

Looking down through one of the openings

made for the purpose in the roof, we saw a low sided small boat. Our guide put us one at a time into the boat. We lay flat on our back and looked up at the curiously beautiful salt ceiling overhead. We propelled the boat by pushing with our hands against the irregularities of the roof.

The guide held a long rope attached to

the boat to prevent our going too far and getting lost—a thing he said it was easy to do.

Many springs surround this lake.

Their water flows over the roof and evaporates there, and thus continually adds to its thickness. After many years the springs will probably become choked with their own deposits, and then the whole will gradually become covered with earth, and so a great salt mine will be formed—a treasure for the Siberians hundreds of years to come.—Cor. Geographical Magazine.

People Who Whistle.

"Most people look upon whistling as a nuisance," said Herbert C. Sulliffe, "but there is no doubt that a whistling man has a good deal to recommend him. I have a friend who is a warden in a large penitentiary, and he states that in all his long experience he never knew a habitual whistler condemned to a term in the institution, and he says, moreover, that although the