

Railroad Time Tables.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RAILWAY. The short line between Buffalo, Ridgway, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo, Rochester, Niagara Falls and points in the upper oil region.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

IN EFFECT NOV. 19, 1893. Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division Time Table. Trains leave Driftwood. EASTWARD 9:04 A. M.—Train 8, daily except Sunday for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:20 p. m.

RIDGWAY & CLEARFIELD R. R.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY. EASTWARD. P. M. A. M. STATIONS. A. M. P. M. 12 10 9:40 Ridgway 1:30 6:22 12 18 9:48 Island Run 1:30 6:22

ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY COMPANY

commencing Sunday May 27, 1894. Low Grade Division. EASTWARD. STATIONS. No.1 No.5 No.9 101 106

WESTWARD.

STATIONS. No.2 No.6 No.10 102 110 12:10 Driftwood 10:10 5:00 6:35 12:15 Grant 10:22 5:22 7:06 12:20 Benetite 10:32 5:42 7:16 12:25 Glen Fisher 11:00 6:10 7:44

I ASKED HER AGE.

I asked her age. To crimson glow Her pearl white cheek—ah, then I knew What my stupidity had lost, Her pretty head in anger tossed. I had presumed beyond my due.

MONSTER OF ISSOIR.

MYSTERY OF THE FOURTEENTH ARRONDISSEMENT OF PARIS. Singular Disappearance of Many Inhabitants of the Quarter—Enticing Its Victims With Music—Death of the Gigantic Spider.

For many years it is undeniably stated that in the fourteenth arrondissement of Paris—called the tomb of Issoir—a number of persons living in that quarter had mysteriously and periodically disappeared. The most careful searches, the most minute inquiries, the most skillful agents of the police had failed to discover the least trace of them.

Every year successively some inhabitants of this quarter would suddenly disappear, leaving their friends over-whelmed with grief and anxiety. It is also stated that these strange, inexplicable facts always occurred in the early spring—from the 20th to the last of March—and without regard to age or sex.

First a notary disappeared. It was thought he had used his client's funds and fled to parts unknown. Then an old woman, returning late one night from market, was the next victim, then a laborer going home from work. The last victim had been a young girl—a flower maker out late delivering her goods.

This peculiar fact was accounted for in this way. These mysterious disappearances always occurred late at night, when the children were at home asleep. As the time was drawing near for one of these periodical mysteries the chief of police became very anxious and instituted a strict surveillance, confiding the matter to a number of the most skillful of his assistants, hoping the combined efforts of so many zealous agents would surely be crowned with success.

One night—this fact can be verified by applying to the office of the prefecture—a policeman about 3 o'clock in the morning heard a distant musical song, which seemed to come from the bowels of the earth. He listened and fancied the sounds came from an opening in the center of the street, at the foot of an enormous rock called the tomb of Issoir, or the Giant's cave.

It may be interesting to state that this rock derived its name from a legend that a great giant had been buried there many years before the Christian era, and this rock had been placed there to mark the tomb. Surprised at this strange discovery—for the opening had never been noticed before—the policeman waited, listening to this peculiar song, when he suddenly saw a young man approaching. He knew from his costume that he was a countryman lately arrived in the city.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A Junior Band. There is a band of very young men visiting Atlanta which is in its way unique. It is the Chase Boys' band. The oldest of the boys is only 13 years of age. There are four of them, and the youngest is only 5 years of age, but to hear them play "The Marseillaise" or "After the Ball" one would think that

REMARKABLE TREES.

Some of the More Striking Curiosities of Plant Life. On the Canary island grows a fountain tree, a tree most needed in some parts of the island. It is said that the leaves constantly distill enough water to furnish drink to every living creature in Hiero, nature having provided this remedy for the drought of the island.



It was a Thomas orchestra. The boys are well up on musical matters. Mr. Boyeson Chase plays the tenor. The alto horn is played by Master Will Chase. The quartet consists of Messrs. George, Willie, Boyeson and Louis. They are sons of Professor George E. Chase of Columbus.

The boys play merely for their own amusement. As their father writes: "Our little boys are not accustomed to playing before large audiences, but in any way that their services can contribute to the success of your enterprise we beg to offer them. There will be no charge at all."

Happy Go Lucky's as black as a crow. Out at the elbow and out at the toe. But he can tell what a boy wants to know—Where the speckled trout hide and the blue berries grow.



The Little King Ruled Well. Another pretty little story is told of the young King Alphonso of Spain. The queen regent, as is natural to expect, has taken great pains to teach her little son her own native tongue, German.

Questions at Bedtime. What makes the wind blow? Why don't the stars fall? What makes 'em wink so? What makes the clock tick? What makes my top spin? What makes the blankets thick?

Boys Who Abuse Animals. In a recent book on "Pets and How to Care For Them" the writer finds out that reports have been got from prisons and reformatories showing that very few of the men who are prisoners in these places kept pets when they were boys or were taught kindness to the lower animals.

What It Was. "What is that gash on Pinder's knee?" "Oh, that is a mark of respect." "A mark of respect?" "Yes, he's got more respect now for the man that put it there than he had before."—Atlanta Constitution.

Sunburned. A little boy's papa made him a pair of stilts. He left them out in the rain one night and the next morning found the nails coated with rust. He came running in with them, saying: "Just look at the nails! They've got all sunburned."

HAD TO GIVE BONDS.

A Delaware Marriage Formality That Struck Terror to One Bridegroom. To get married seems an easy thing to the young man whose fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, but when it comes to the actual ceremony there are a thousand and one terrors which surround and threaten to overcome him.

A well known Philadelphian was about to be married to a beautiful young woman who lived in the state of Delaware. He had no idea that the marriage laws of that state were of an appalling nature. He had secured his license and thought that was all that was necessary.

"Have you filed your bond yet?" said some one to him the day before the wedding. "What?" gasped he. "Your bond," repeated the questioner. "You know every man who is married in this state has to file a bond for the protection of the state."

The bridegroom was rather dubious, but was finally persuaded that this was a fact. "I'll see a lawyer about it in the morning," said he. So he went to a friend, who was a legal light, and said: "See here. They tell me I have to give a bond to the state when I get married."

"Certainly. Haven't you done so?" in a surprised way. "No; I never heard of such a thing before. What kind of bond is it?" "Oh, any real estate will do." "But I haven't any real estate." The lawyer looked at him a moment. Then he solemnly said: "Haven't you any friends who own property?"

"None that I care to ask to bind it up that way. I can't ask my bride's relatives, you know." His friend looked at him pityingly. "You can't postpone the wedding, can you?" "What?" fairly shrieked the unfortunate. "Of course, of course not," said the legal light soothingly. But the poor bridegroom looked stricken.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, old man, I'll tend to the matter for you. Don't give yourself any more concern about it." The young man about to be married grasped his hand. He could not speak for a moment, and then he poured forth his thanks. He picked up his hat in a relieved sort of way and walked to the door. Then he turned.

"By the way, I forgot to ask you how large is the amount of the bond required?" "Fifty cents," said the lawyer.—Philadelphia Press.

NERVE ENOUGH FOR ANYTHING. A Boy Who Could Not Be Frightened by a Displaced Corpse or a Professor's Tricks. Dr. McTavish of Edinburgh was something of a ventriloquist, and it befell that he wanted a lad to assist in the surgery who must necessarily be of strong nerves. He received several applications, and when telling a lad what the duties were, in order to test his nerves, he would say, while pointing to a grinning skeleton standing upright in a corner, "Part of your work would be to feed the skeleton there, and while you are here you may as well try to do so."

A few lads would consent to a trial and received a basin of hot gruel and a spoon. While they were pouring the hot mess into the skull the doctor would throw his voice so as to make it appear to proceed from the jaws of the bony customer and gurgle out, "Br-r-r-gr-uh, that's hot!"

This was too much, and without exception the lads dropped the basin and bolted. The doctor began to despair of ever getting a suitable helpmate until a small boy came and was given the gruel and spoon. After the first spoonful the skeleton appeared to say, "Gr-r-r-uh-r-br, that's hot!"

Shoveling in the scalding gruel as fast as ever, the lad rapped the skull and impatiently retorted, "Well, blow it, can't yer, yer old bony!" The doctor sat down in his chair and fairly roared, but when he came to be engaged the lad on the spot.—London Tit-Bits.

IT MEANT MUTINY.

One morning a British man-of-war was seen entering Hongkong harbor with the ensign inverted, which is the usual sign of "mutiny on board." Immediately this was noticed a couple of man-of-war cutters put out, full of blue-jackets, and dashed across the harbor toward where the newcomer had anchored.

Perhaps it was a little regatta enthusiasm, or perhaps it was purely the spirit of duty which stimulated them, but anyhow a most exciting race ensued—in fact, there was a narrow escape of a bad smash as they reached the vessel. There the officers and some of the crew were at the taffrail, shouting themselves hoarse and beckoning to the two boats to come on faster. At last, half dead with their exertions, yet eager for the fray with the mutineers, the tars tumbled on board and were warmly complimented on their rowing pace. It must have driven them badly. Would they have a drink?

"A what? Where is the mutiny?" gasped the senior officer in charge of the boarding party. "Mutiny! There's no mutiny in this ship. We are all the best of friends," was the reply. "Then why did you want us? You yelled loud enough." "We thought it was Hongkong regatta day and were cheering the winners." Staggered for a moment, the officer pointed inquiringly to the ensign, still flaunting its appeal for aid that was not required. "Oh, d—n the boy! He always puts it up wrong if we don't watch him—simply out of stupidity. Let's all go and punch his head."—St. James Gazette.

Luck. Abraham Lincoln, after being a member of congress, desired to secure a clerkship in Washington, but he was defeated by Justin Butterfield. He was disappointed, but had he not been defeated he would have spent his life in obscurity instead of becoming president of the United States.

Oliver Cromwell was once on board a ship bound for America, but he was taken back by a constable, and the result was that he became one of the greatest men England ever knew. Ullyses Grant would not have been a military man had it not been that his rival for a West Point cadetship had been found to have six toes on each foot instead of five.

The great silver mine, the "Silver King," had been discovered by the lucky accident of a prospector throwing a piece of rock at a lazy mule.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

It is supposed that the fashion among women of reading the final pages of a novel first is due to their predilection for the last word.—Boston Transcript.