

Railroad Time Tables.
PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

IN EFFECT MAY 19, 1895.

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

9:04 a. m.—Train 8, daily except Sunday for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m. New York, 9:23 p. m. Baltimore, 12:23 p. m. Washington, 7:30 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia.

3:29 p. m.—Train 5, daily except Sunday for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 5:30 a. m. New York, 7:30 a. m. Baltimore, 10:30 a. m. Washington, 7:30 a. m. Pullman cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia. Passengers in sleeper for Baltimore and Washington will be transferred into Washington sleeper at Harrisburg. Passenger coaches from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

WESTWARD

7:29 a. m.—Train 1, daily except Sunday for Ridgway, DuBois, Clearfield and intermediate stations. Leaves Ridgway at 5:30 p. m. for Erie.

9:50 a. m.—Train 2, daily for Erie and intermediate stations.

12:25 p. m.—Train 11, daily except Sunday for Kane and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR DRIFTWOOD FROM THE EAST AND WEST.

TRAIN 11 leaves Philadelphia 8:30 a. m. Washington, 7:30 a. m.; Baltimore, 8:30 a. m.; New York, 9:30 a. m.; daily except Sunday, arriving at Drifwood at 6:27 p. m. with Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport.

TRAIN 3 leaves New York at 8 p. m.; Philadelphia, 11:20 p. m.; Washington, 10:40 a. m.; Baltimore, 11:20 a. m.; daily arriving at Drifwood 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.

TRAIN 1 leaves Renovo at 6:35 a. m., daily except Sunday, arriving at Drifwood 7:35 a. m.

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.

(Daily except Sunday.)

TRAIN 19 leaves Ridgway at 9:20 a. m.; Johnsonburg at 9:45 a. m., arriving at Clearfield at 10:40 a. m.

TRAIN 20 leaves Clearfield at 10:30 a. m., arriving at Johnsonburg at 11:44 a. m. and Ridgway at 12:30 p. m.

RIDGWAY & CLEARFIELD R. R.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

SOUTHWARD.			NORTHWARD.		
P. M. A. M.	STATIONS.	A. M. P. M.	A. M. P. M.	STATIONS.	P. M. A. M.
12:10	9:30	Ridgway	1:35	6:30	
12:18	9:38	Island Run	1:43	6:38	
12:22	9:42	Mills Haven	1:47	6:42	
12:31	9:52	Cox	1:56	6:52	
12:38	10:00	Shirts Mills	2:02	6:59	
12:42	10:05	Blue Rock	2:06	7:04	
12:44	10:07	Vineyard Run	2:08	7:06	
12:46	10:09	Carrier	2:10	7:08	
1:00	10:22	Brookwayville	2:24	7:22	
1:10	10:32	McMillan Summit	2:34	7:32	
1:16	10:38	Harvey	2:40	7:38	
1:20	10:45	Falls Creek	2:44	7:45	
1:45	10:55	DuBois	3:09	8:05	

Trains leave Ridgway. EASTWARD.

Train 8, 7:10 a. m.

Train 4, 1:45 p. m.

Train 6, 7:55 p. m.

S. M. PREVOST, Gen. Manager.

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

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 17th, 1894, passenger trains will arrive and depart from Falls Creek station, daily, except Sunday, as follows:

1:30 p. m. and 5:30 p. m.—Accommodations from Painesville and Big Run.

8:50 a. m.—Buffalo and Rochester mail—Mt. Jewett, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo and Rochester; connecting at Johnsonburg with P. & E. train 3 for Wilcox, Kane, Warren, Cory and Erie.

10:50 a. m.—Accommodation—For Sykes, Big Run and Painesville.

2:20 p. m.—Bradford Accommodation—For Brockwayville, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo and Rochester; connecting at Johnsonburg with P. & E. train 3 for Wilcox, Kane, Warren, Cory and Erie.

Passengers are requested to purchase tickets before entering the cars. An excess charge of Ten cents will be collected by conductors when fares are paid on trains from all stations where a ticket office is maintained.

Thousand mile tickets at two cents per mile, good for passage between all stations.

J. H. McINTYRE, Agent, Falls Creek, Pa.

R. G. MATHEWS, General Supr., Buffalo, N. Y.

ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY COMPANY

commencing Sunday May 26, 1895, Low Grade Division.

EASTWARD.			
STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 5.	No. 9.
Red Bank	10:45	4:40	
Lawsonham	10:57	4:52	
New Bethlehem	11:20	5:15	
Oak Ridge	11:38	5:33	5:12
Mayville	11:45	5:41	5:28
Summersville	12:05	6:00	5:47
Brookville	12:25	6:20	6:07
Bell	12:31	6:26	6:13
Fuller	12:43	6:38	6:25
Brookville	12:58	6:53	6:40
Pancoat	1:04	7:05	6:52
Falls Creek	1:26	7:27	7:04
DuBois	1:35	7:34	7:19
Salida	1:51	7:50	7:34
Winterburn	1:59	7:58	7:34
Penfield	2:05	8:04	7:40
Tyler	2:15	8:14	7:50
Glen Fisher	2:26	8:27	8:01
Benezette	2:43	8:44	8:18
Grant	2:53	8:54	8:28
Drifwood	3:01	9:02	8:35

WESTWARD.

STATIONS.	No. 2.	No. 6.	No. 10.
Drifwood	10:10	4:30	6:35
Grant	10:42	5:02	7:06
Benezette	10:52	5:12	7:16
Glen Fisher	11:09	5:29	7:33
Tyler	11:20	5:40	7:44
Penfield	11:30	5:50	7:54
Winterburn	11:36	5:56	7:59
Salida	11:47	6:07	8:10
DuBois	1:05	6:25	8:28
Falls Creek	1:20	6:40	8:43
Pancoat	1:42	7:02	9:05
Reynoldsville	1:42	7:02	9:05
Fuller	1:58	7:18	9:21
Bell	2:10	7:30	9:33
Brookville	2:20	7:40	9:43
Summersville	2:30	7:50	9:53
Mayville	2:38	7:58	10:01
Oak Ridge	2:46	8:06	10:09
New Bethlehem	3:15	8:35	10:38
Lawsonham	3:47	9:07	
Red Bank	4:00	9:20	

Trains daily except Sunday.
DAVID CARRO, GEN'L. Supt.
JAS. P. ANDERSON, GEN'L. Pass. Agt.

Hotels.
HOTEL McCONNELL,

REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.
FRANK J. BLACK, Proprietor.

The leading hotel of the town. Headquarters for commercial men. Steam heat, free bus, bath rooms and closets on every floor, sample rooms, billiard room, telephone connections, etc.

HOTEL BELNAP,

REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.
J. C. DILLMAN, Proprietor.

First class in every particular. Located in the very centre of the business part of town. Free buses to and from trains and commodious sample rooms for commercial travelers.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL,

BROOKVILLE, PA.
PHIL P. CARRIER, Proprietor.

Sample rooms on the ground floor. House heated by natural gas. Omnibus to and from all trains.

MOORE'S WINDSOR HOTEL,

1217-29 FIBERT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, - PENN'A.
PRESTON J. MOORE, Proprietor.

342 bed rooms. Rates \$2.00 per day. American Plan. Back block from P. R. R. Depot and 1/2 block from New P. & E. R. Depot.

Miscellaneous.

E. NEFF, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
And Real Estate Agent, Reynoldsville, Pa.

C. MITCHELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office on West Main street, opposite the Commercial Hotel, Reynoldsville, Pa.

DR. B. E. HOOVER, REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.
Resident dentist. In building near Methodist church, opposite Arnold block. Gentleness in operating.

C. Z. GORDON, JOHN W. REED, GORDON & REED, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
Brookville, Jefferson Co., Pa.
Office in room formerly occupied by Gordon & Corbett, West Main Street.

W. L. McCracken, G. M. McDONALD, BROOKVILLE, REYNOLDSVILLE, McCracken & McDONALD, Attorneys and Counsellors-at-Law,
Offices at Reynoldsville and Brookville.

REYNOLDSVILLE LAUNDRY,

WAH SING, Proprietor.
Corner 4th street and Gordon alley. First-class work done at reasonable prices. Give the laundry a trial.

DR. R. E. HARBISON, REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.
SURGEON DENTIST,
Office in rooms formerly occupied by J. S. McVright.

N. HANAU

Has brought the Best and Lowest Prices ever seen in this town. Come and see for yourself.

Summer Silks!

plains and figured. Silk that was sold at 40c., now 25c.; sold at 50c., now 37c.; sold at 55c., now 45c.

Pine line Henrietta that was sold for 40c., now 25c.

Pine line of Dimity and Jaconet Duchess 10 and 12c.

Dress Gingham for 5c.

A fine line of Ladies' Capes from \$2 to \$18.

Children's ready-made Eaton Suits, age 4 to 12 years.

Fine assortment of Novelty Goods in the Ladies' Department.

Clothing Department!

Suits that were sold for \$7, \$8, \$10 and \$12, now for \$5 and \$6.

Children's Suits for 90c.

Cheviot Shirts for 24c.

You will save money by calling and examining our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

N. Hanau.
WHEN SHE GOES BY.

When she goes by with head erect,
A springlike blossom fair and sweet,
I wonder if she can't suspect
How heads are turned along the street,
Or how I try to catch her eye
And win a smile when she goes by.

When she goes by with wind tossed curls
And cheeks where winter roses blow,
She quite eclipses all the girls
It's been my happiness to know,
Oh, how those fairy feet do fly,
No loitering, when she goes by.

When she goes by, say, debonair,
With graceful swaying figure, though
To follow her I do not dare,
My heart is taken into tow,
And I can only long and sigh
And rail at fate when she goes by.
—Detroit Free Press.

CHEESE BOX MAKING.

AN EXTENSIVE INDUSTRY OF WHICH LITTLE IS KNOWN.

Half a Million Dollars' Worth of Cases Turned Out Yearly by Expensive Machinery—How the Logs Are Cooked and Then Cut Into Unbroken Sheets.

An idea of the magnitude of the cheese industry in this country is given by the fact that the boxes in which the cheese is shipped represent a cost of nearly \$500,000 annually. It is not many years since cheese was shipped in any kind of barrel or box which would hold from one to half a dozen good sized forms, packed in straw to keep them from being bruised or broken in the handling. It was only factory made cheese that received such protection, while dairy cheese was sent to market destitute of any covering other than its own roughly bandaged rind, which in most cases proved unavailing. Competition among manufacturers has changed all this, and at present the manufacture of boxes gives employment to a large number of hands and necessitates the use of powerful and expensive machinery.

It was customary in the early days of the business to saw the hoops, as the large body of the box is called, out of the log in planks about one-fifth of an inch in thickness. The waste of material was a most serious objection to this plan, fully 50 per cent of the timber going in sawdust. The invention of the rotary cutting machine has prevented this waste and at the same time produced a better hoop than the sawed article. The chief timber used in making cheesebox hoops is the common swamp elm. No other timber seems to possess the same qualities of lightness, toughness and elasticity so requisite for cheeseboxes as this once despised product of American forests. The logs, after being cut in the proper lengths, generally 5 feet for an ordinary cheesebox of 15½ or 16 inches diameter, are thrown into long vats filled with water, where they are boiled from 12 to 20 hours. The time required to soften the timber, or cook it, as the operation is called, varies according to the size of the timber and the season. Large logs require to be cooked longer than small ones, particularly when the logs are frozen. It is not uncommon to find the center of a log still frozen after 15 hours of boiling.

Experience is the best guide in this part of the business, and to know when the timber is thoroughly cooked and not overdone is one of the things acquired only by constant observation. When sufficiently boiled the logs are lifted in iron grapples from the vats and laid on skids, where the bark is removed. Then a log is lifted by a crane and swung into place in the machine, where it is held in a horizontal position by clanks or dogs that center it at each end.

In this position the log revolves like a roll of paper in a printing press. The knife which does the cutting is very heavy and is bolted to a heavy head called a carriage, which is fed forward by screws toward the revolving log. In the most approved machines the knife has an end or oscillating as well as a forward motion. This reduces the strain on the machine and permits the cutting of soft, unseasoned and shabby hearted logs. As the knife comes in contact with the timber, the inequalities of the log are first shorn off and gradually the log becomes perfectly round and yields an unbroken sheet of lumber, like the unwinding of a roll of cloth. This sheet of wood is broken off in convenient lengths, which are passed under dividing knives that cut them into uniform widths corresponding with the required depth of the box.

If the boxes are to be made up at once the hoops are bent around iron cylinders to give them the form of the box, after which the bottom is pressed in and nailed in place. Comparatively few boxes are put together in the larger mills. In most cases the product is dried and shipped to the cheese manufacturing centers, where the boxes are completed. The boxes in the finished state are too bulky for economical handling. An ordinary freight car will not contain more than 500 complete boxes, while 5,000 can be carried if shipped in the bale.

The remnants which are not wide enough for hoops are used for the cover band and for the narrow band that goes around the bottom of the box. The boxes vary in size both as regards depth and diameter. The most common size will hold a cheese of from 60 to 65 pounds. Such a box is 10 inches deep and 15½ inches in diameter. This is the size of cheese most in demand for export. The size for home consumption is as a rule much smaller and requires

A DELAYED BRIDE.

She Wouldn't Be Wedded Till the Conditions Were All Right.

The company waited, but the bride was not ready. A bridesmaid was sent to notify her that George Edward was in the oriel room and the band under the stairs waiting to strike up the first strains of the wedding march.

"I don't care," she pouted as she threw herself disconsolately on a divan, to the great danger of her veil; "I'm not going to be unlucky all my life if I can help it. Dear, dear, why didn't I remember it sooner."

"Remember what, dear?" inquired the perplexed bridesmaid.

"Why, that everything I have on is new. I did remember that if

HE WAS VERY HUNGRY.

How a Texan Got a Good Meal at a General's Expense.

Mr. Goss, in his "Recollections of a Private," quotes the remarks of a Confederate about two famous leaders under whom he had fought. This man said of Stonewall Jackson: "If you was had some good general like him, I reckon you uns could lick we uns." When asked whether he had ever seen General Lee, he replied: "Yes; I was a sort of orderly for Uncle Robert for awhile. He's a mighty calmlike man when a fight is going on."

This story is told of General John B. Magruder: "Our General Magruder thinks a powerful heap of what he eats and wears. He allers has a right smart of truck. "There was a Texan feller one time who had straggled from his brigade, and he were a pert one, he were, stranger. He were hungry enough to eat a general, buttons and all—that Texas feller were. He saw Magruder's table all spread, with a heap of good fixin's on it, and I'll be hanged if he didn't walk in, pert as you please, grabbed a knife and fork and opened fire all along the line on them fixin's."

"Magruder heard something in his tent and hurried in and asked that Texan chap what brought him ther. The Texan 'lowc' he were hungry. Then the general, stiff and grandlike, said, 'Do you know, sir, at those table you are eatin?'

"The Texan chap, he kept drivin in the pickets on them chick'n, and he said to the general, said, 'No, old hoss, and I ain't no ways partic'lar, neither, since I've come soldierin.'"

"What did Magruder do?" asked a Yankee listener.

"Do? Why, he saw them chicken fix-in's were spilled, and he jest put his arm under his coattail, pulled his hat over his eyes and walked out. And that Texas hoss didn't leave anything on that thar table 'cept the plates—not even his compliments."

What Caesar Said.

A little girl lately asked her mother how to pronounce Caesar's famous laconic utterance. "I really don't know what to tell you," was the answer. "When I studied Latin, we said 'Veni, vidi, vici,' exactly as it is spelled. A few years later they began to use what was called the continental pronunciation and said, 'Voen, veede, vecke.' Now I fancy your collegiato sister would tell us that it was Weene, weede, wecke." The collegian was appealed to accordingly and announced: "No; there is a later way still. We say, 'Waine, weede, weeche,' for the very latest." As Lowell complained in his old age, who can pretend to keep up with the gibberish into which the classics are being turned by modern teachers of them? —Philadelphia Press.

A Means of Disinfecting Wells.

Heavy rains are apt to contaminate wells and spread disease; hence Dr. Franch has brought under the notice of the Polytechnic society of Berlin a means of disinfecting wells, which he employs with success. It consists in suspending in the mouth of the well an earthenware dish containing 50 to 100 grams (a gram is about 15 grains) of bromine, which, being volatile in air, forms a dense vapor that fills the well, and is absorbed by the water, thus disinfecting it. The water, it is true, has a slight taste of bromine for a time, but is wholesome enough. —London Globe.

How It Was.

"And where's Sappiegh?" inquired the returned clubman, who was posting himself. "Is he still courting that bright western girl?"

"Oh, no," replied his friend. "She jollied him for six months or more and fooled him at last."

"Ah," with a sympathetic sigh, "she rejected him, did she?"

"Not much. She married him." —Detroit Free Press.

The English Soldier.

An English soldier coming on duty was heard to say to his comrade, "Well, Jim, what's the orders at this post?" Jim replied, "Why, the orders is you're never to leave it till you're killed, and if you see any other man leaving it you're to kill him."—"Recollections of a Military Life," General Sir John Adze.

WHEN WOMAN IS NOT GRACEFUL.

Conditions Under Which She Manages to Look Absurd.

Why is it that, notwithstanding the worship accorded to woman in the abstract, she generally manages to look absurd under conditions wherein men try to keep their dignity? Is it stereotyped convention which hampers our judgments, or are these things really facts? For instance, there is nothing remarkable in an old gentleman crossing a street or even walking in a gale of wind, but place an elderly woman, somewhat portly, in the same situation, and the result is a caricature. Her petticoats outline her shape absurdly, a vast expanse of stocking fills a doubtful gap, and her feet seem to struggle helplessly.

Few women can enter a carriage, mount the steps of a coach or hurry into a hansom gracefully, while the spectacle of a woman getting into a boat is far from pleasing. A stout lady on a bicycle gives fair cause for ridicule, and yet fat people dance far more lightly and buoyantly than thin people. The slimmest girl cannot run prettily, and as for football, we have seen the results.

But, to leave the sphere of athletics, a dowager in a low dress is far from pleasing, while the multiplicity of objects carried by a woman when out shopping seems to hamper and render her movements awkward. She has none of the convenient pockets affected by men, she is always seeking for her pocket handkerchief or struggling to extract her purse from the black folds of her gown, or burdened with an umbrella, a parcel, a satchel or with her dress itself. On a journey she is hot and flustered and in a hurry and cumbered with many cares, while a man drops easily into his seat, unfolds his paper and smokes or thinks, impervious to fate. A woman is only really graceful when she is at rest, lolling in a carriage or sitting in a drawing room or else dancing, when she has the genius for it. —London Graphic.

The Tourainers.

The Tourainers themselves are comforting to behold—a stalwart, brown faced people, with contentment deep set in them. The women in their blue cotton gowns, white matches and unworldly wooden shoes, are picturesque enough for anything, if their dark, sloe-like eyes and ready smiles be also taken into account. One sees fair faces among the younger girls—Madonnalike faces. It were easy to fancy that Agnes Sorel, "the fairest of the fair," resembled the best of them when she, too, was young and had not yet caught the eye of a king. As for the men, they are what one would expect them to be in such a natural garden—a hardworking class, prone to rejoice in all the festive leisure they can obtain.

A DOCTOR'S YARN.

It Is of Two Sisters Who Killed Their Grandfather to Ease His Pain.

This is a bit of a true story a physician told me the other day, and it struck me as being the text for a fascinating story of the Sherlock Holmes sort. We were talking of the advisability of putting hopelessly ill persons out of their misery as soon as possible. Dr. B. didn't believe in it.

"I was called to do it once," he said. "Two sisters asked me to kill their grandfather, whom I was attending. He was old and could not recover. They seemed simply to pity his pain. I refused. Next morning when I called the man was dead. The nurse told me the sisters had sent her out on an errand. When she returned the windows of the sick room were open. There was a strong odor of chloroform in the room and the man was dead."

An Awful Bite.

"Speaking of fishing experiences," said the man in the negligee shirt, "I shall never forget the day when Bob White and I—you know Bob?—were trying our luck on Lake Squam. We had fished for an hour or more and had caught only a few little fellows, when suddenly I had an awful bite!"

"And then you pulled in your line, hand over hand, only to lose a ten pound pickerel just as you were about to land him," interrupted the fat man sitting on the floor