

Railroad Time Tables.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

IN EFFECT MAY 19, 1895.

Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division Time Table. Trains leave as follows:

EASTWARD

8:00 a. m.—Train 5, daily, except Sunday for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:22 p. m.; New York, 9:25 p. m.; Baltimore, 6:15 p. m.; Washington, 7:30 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia.

8:30 p. m.—Train 8, daily, except Sunday for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:30 a. m.; New York, 7:30 a. m.; Pullman Sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York; Philadelphia passengers, 6:30 remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:00 a. m.

9:25 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Harrisburg, Philadelphia and Washington, 7:30 a. m.; Pullman cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia. Passengers in sleeper for Harrisburg and Washington will be transferred into Washington sleeper at Harrisburg. Passenger coaches from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

WESTWARD

7:30 a. m.—Train 1, daily, except Sunday for Ridgway, DuBois, Clearfield and intermediate stations. Leaves Ridgway at 5:00 p. m. for Erie.

8:50 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and intermediate stations.

6:00 p. m.—Train 11, daily, except Sunday for Kane and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR DRIFTWOOD FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

TRAIN 11 leaves Philadelphia 8:50 a. m.; Washington, 7:30 a. m.; Baltimore, 6:15 p. m.; Wilkes-Barre, 10:15 a. m.; daily, except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood 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, 11:50 p. m.; daily, arriving at Driftwood at 9:20 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 11 leaves Reno at 6:25 a. m., daily, except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood 7:25 a. m.

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.

(Daily except Sunday.)

TRAIN 19 leaves Ridgway at 9:30 a. m.; Johnsonburg at 9:45 a. m., arriving at Clearfield at 10:40 a. m.

TRAIN 20 leaves Clearfield at 10:50 a. m., arriving at Johnsonburg at 11:44 a. m. and Ridgway at 12:00 p. m.

RIDGWAY & CLEARFIELD R. R.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

SOUTHWARD. NORTHWARD.

P. M.	A. M.	STATIONS.	A. M.	P. M.
12:10	9:30	Ridgway	1:35	6:30
12:18	9:38	Island Run	1:35	6:22
12:26	9:46	Mt. Haven	1:35	6:14
12:34	9:54	Croyland	1:41	6:06
12:42	10:02	Shorts Mills	1:41	6:00
12:50	10:10	Hills	1:41	5:52
12:58	10:18	Vineyard Run	1:53	5:51
1:06	10:26	Carrier	1:53	5:48
1:14	10:34	Brookwayville	1:53	5:35
1:22	10:42	Mt. Zion	1:53	5:27
1:30	10:50	Harveys Run	1:53	5:20
1:38	10:58	Falls Creek	1:53	5:15
1:46	11:06	DuBois	1:53	5:08

TRAINS LEAVE RIDGWAY.

Eastward. Westward.

Train 8, 7:30 a. m. Train 11, 11:34 a. m.

Train 5, 1:45 p. m. Train 10, 5:25 p. m.

Train 4, 7:55 p. m. Train 11, 8:25 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 Punxsutawney and Big Run.

8:50 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.

10:55 a. m.—Accommodation—For Sykes, Big Run and Punxsutawney.

2:30 p. m.—Bradford Accommodation—For Beechtree, Brockwayville, Elmont, Carmon, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett and Bradford.

5:10 p. m.—Mail—For DuBois, Sykes, Big Run, Punxsutawney and Walston.

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, Gen. C. L. LAPPY, General Sup. E. C. PAS, Agent.

Buffalo, N. Y. Rochester, N. Y.

ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY COMPANY commencing Sunday May 26, 1895, Low Grade Division.

EASTWARD.

STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 5.	No. 9.	101	109
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Red Bank	10:45	4:40			
Lewistown	10:57	4:52			
New Bethlehem	11:30	5:25	5:12		
Oak Ridge	11:38	5:33	5:20		
Maysville	11:46	5:41	5:28		
Marble Hill	11:54	5:49	5:36		
Brookville	12:25	6:20	6:07		
Bell	12:31	6:26	6:13		
Clyde	12:39	6:34	6:21		
Reynoldsville	1:00	6:57	6:44		
Pancoat	1:08	7:05	6:52		
Falls Creek	1:26	7:23	7:09	10:53	1:26
DuBois	1:34	7:31	7:17	11:05	1:45
Sabals	1:42	7:39	7:25		
Winterburn	1:50	7:47	7:34		
Penns.	2:05	8:02	7:50		
Clyde	2:13	8:10	7:58		
Glen Fisher	2:21	8:18	8:01		
Hennocette	2:33	8:44	8:18		
Pancoat	2:41	8:52	8:26		
Driftwood	3:20	9:25	8:55		

WESTWARD.

STATIONS.	No. 2.	No. 10.	No. 106	106	110
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Driftwood	10:10	5:00	6:35		
Gran	10:42	5:32	7:06		
Hennocette	10:52	5:42	7:16		
Glen Fisher	11:06	5:56	7:30		
Tyler	11:20	6:10	7:44		
Penns.	11:30	6:20	7:54		
Winterburn	11:36	6:26	8:00		
Sabals	11:44	6:34	8:08		
DuBois	1:05	6:50	8:25	12:10	5:60
Falls Creek	1:20	7:05	8:40	12:20	5:10
Pancoat	1:28	7:13	8:48		
Reynoldsville	1:42	7:40	8:48		
Fuller	1:58	7:57	9:05		
Bell	2:10	8:09	9:17		
Clyde	2:20	8:19	9:25		
Maysville	2:28	8:28	9:44		
Marble Hill	2:36	8:37	10:04		
Oak Ridge	2:44	8:45	10:18		
New Bethlehem	3:15	9:15	10:25		
Lewistown	3:47	9:47			
Red Bank	4:00	10:00			

Trains daily except Sunday.

DAVID CARRO, Gen'l. Supt. JAS. P. ANDERSON, Gen'l. Pass. Agt.

IN THE KING'S GARDEN.

"Oh, not for long, oh, not for long shall I be lingering

In the garden of the king!"

So blithely and so proudly sang the rose,

"For my lady found me fair

And will pluck me for her hair,

And I shall go with her where she goes."

"I care not, oh, I care not for the king or for the queen,

Though the fairest ever seen,"

Sang the primrose from the bed across the way,

"For the poet passed along

And wore me in a song,

And I shall live forever in his lay."

But the violet beside them only bent its head

And smiled,

For it knew a little child

Had stolen to the corner where it grew.

She had named it best of all

And fastest, though so small,

And crowned it with a kiss. But no one knew.

—Abbie F. Brown in Youth's Companion.

TO SCARE BURGLARS.

A FEW DEVICES SOMEWHAT OUT OF THE COMMON RUN.

They May Happen to Frighten People Who Are Not Burglars, but There is No Doubt That Most of Them Are Calculated to Scare Every Time.

A little party of women, brought together last week by a family reunion over in Brooklyn, had under debate a communication recently printed in The Sun respecting domestic devices to scare as burglar alarms.

"We believe in tin," said one. "John cut a little groove like half of an auger hole across the tops of the front and back doors, a few inches back from the outer edge, and before we go to bed we poke into each one a stick supporting some old tinware on the extreme end. A leaky watering pot with some old tin cups inside, hangs on one, and on the other an old dishpan, with a couple of baking tins tied to it. So long as the door stays shut nothing happens, but if it is pushed open the least mite of a crack down comes the tinware with a clatter fit to wake up everybody in the ward."

"That's all well enough for your doors, but how about the windows? A thief can open one of these new fangled catches by poking a table knife up between the sashes, as easy as you'd say 'cat.'"

"But that wouldn't open our windows. John has bored holes slanting in through the window casing into the sashes and put long iron pins in them. It is just as if every window was nailed fast, and a burglar, to get in, would have to cut away the whole sash."

"Did any of you ever try newspapers?" asked another. "No? Well, let me assure you, from my own experience, there is nothing better. Lay one or two dry newspaper sheets in the lower half and pin a couple on the stairs. It is impossible to step on them without making a noise that, in the stillness of night, would surprise you if you never tried it before. And you can't pick them up or fold them or slide them out of the way or step over them without more noise. As for the ones on the stairs, they are simply the thief's despair. My husband laughed at me when I first put them down, but within a week, as it happened, their efficacy was proved. I was awakened one night by the rustling of paper in the hall below and awoke my husband. We lay quiet and listened. Presently there was another rustle. Then a long silence. Then more rustling, and as the sound of it died away we could hear somebody swearing in a whisper. It was so funny that my husband burst into a roar of laughter, and the fellow down stairs jerked the front door open and fled."

"I don't think scaring a burglar away is enough punishment for him," commented an elderly woman. "He ought to be hurt somehow. Mr. B. thinks so, too, and his 'warm welcome for the uninvited' is something that, as he says, 'just about fills the bill.' The bolts on our front door and the arc light before it free us of all apprehensions of attack from that direction, but twice our house was entered by petty thieves through the back door, which faces a dark garden and is in the shadow of a vine covered porch. The second time inspired Mr. B. with an idea. At one side of the door, about the height of a man's face, he fastened to the wall a springy bamboo cane, with a tin cup wired to its free end. During the day it can be turned up on the wall out of the way, but at night, when he sets it for business, it is sprung out about 1 1/2 feet and held there by a short stick and a figure 4 trigger so set that opening the door will trip it. The tin cup, I omitted to mention, holds a good ounce of cayenne pepper."

"For a month after Mr. B. rigged that contrivance up nothing happened, and he was getting low spirited over the neglect of the burglars to take note of his new invention. Then, one night, the sharp 'spang' of the cane against the wall rang sharply all through the house and woke us up. That was followed immediately by language on the back porch fit to make your blood run cold. We got to the window in time to see two men in the garden, one leading the other, who was howling and swearing terribly. We fancied that some of the pepper had got into his eyes. Before Mr. B. could get his pistol they had disappeared in the shrubbery, and we have not been troubled since."

"That trigger, set to go off when the door was opened," remarked another woman, "reminds me of a horrid thing

my husband brought home with him from a trip out west last year. It was like a pistol barrel, with a long screw on one side for fixing it to the door frame and a long spring on the other to project over the edge of the door. A little touch would make the spring fall hard on a cap and fire the thing off. The first night after Jack got home, when I was setting a chair upside down against the door, as I always did, he stopped me and put on his new contraption. When I got up first in the morning, as usual, I had forgotten all about that thing, which was down as low as my knees, and did not notice it when I went to go out. Then it suddenly seemed to me as if the world had exploded. The thing had worked all right, and in addition to making a noise louder than the sunset gun at the fort, had rattled the vestibule wall with buckshot. Jack said 'it would have filled a burglar's legs with lead,' and I believed him, but I never would allow him to put it on the door again. One such scare is enough for a lifetime."—New York Sun.

WOMAN AND HER WOES.

Here Are Just a Few of the Handicaps of the Sex.

First.—Excepting on the sly, she is inhumanly barred from using a cigarette case.

Second.—She is not allowed to make love, but merely to receive the manufactured article.

Third.—When she bets with any member of the other sex, she rarely has the privilege of paying it if she loses.

Fourth.—She is unable to go matted to the theater.

Fifth.—She cannot even dance more than three times in succession with a partner whom she likes without being suspected of a tendency to flirt.

Sixth.—No matter how put out—by her maid or her milliner—she is not permitted the use of stronger language than "Dear me!" or "How tiresome!"

Seventh.—She may not chaff the waiter at a foreign table d'hote, although she knows his language perfectly and longs to take advantage of the chance of showing that she knows it.

Eighth.—By a masculine assumption she is deemed unable to play cricket or football and is doomed to less violent games, like croquet and tennis, with mild young men.

Ninth.—Though over head and ears in love, she may never make an offer, except, perhaps, in leap year, and for this it would be hard for her to quote an actual precedent.

Tenth.—She is expected to be able to make use of a needle and is thus disabled from competing with men in works of idleness.

Eleventh.—Her ears are steeped in slang when her brothers come home from school, and yet she is obliged, as far as possible, to keep her lips from using it.

Twelfth.—If there be a baby in the house where she is visiting, she is presumed to be unable to talk sensibly about it.

Thirteenth.—When her married sister makes a call, she is always pounced upon to entertain the children.

Fourteenth.—However humorous her temperament may naturally be, she cannot crack a joke or sing a comic song without being thought eccentric.

Fifteenth.—She must not practice boxing, except as regards the ears of her small brothers.

Sixteenth.—She is not allowed the privilege of a lachky. —Cassell's Weekly.

Massachusetts Official Ink.

There is no longer any uncertainty in regard to the permanency of the official record ink adopted for use on the state records and official documents. As the ink stands in the ink well it is of a deep greenish tinge and looks not unlike a writing fluid. It seems hardly thicker than a fluid and flows smoothly and easily from the pen. While still damp on the paper it shows the same greenish tinge that is apparent in the ink well, but as it grows old on the paper it takes on a deep black and has a smooth and clean cut appearance, without being glossy. After it has been on the paper a minute it is only faintly smudged by vigorous rubbing with the moistened finger, and if allowed to become old on the paper can be wet thoroughly without being effaced. The secret is that the ink sets directly into the surface of the paper and cannot therefore be removed without destroying that surface. There is no danger that the ink will become brown after it has been on the paper or book for many years, for the brownish tinge is given by logwood, and no logwood is used in the record ink.—Boston Transcript.

Retired Grinders.

A whole village of well to do Italians speaking English with an accent is one of the most astonishing things that Italy offers to the tourist. They are retired organ grinders who have acquired comfortable fortunes in various countries and have gone back to their beloved native land to live in affluence with their families in this strange little colony, which they have founded among these sweet Italian mountains.

And She Believed Him.

She— I don't see why you will keep on paying 15 cents for cigars when you can get ones just as pretty for 5.

He— I know they are just as pretty, but those 5 cent ones are cigars that have soured. You wouldn't buy soured fruit just because it was cheaper, would you?—Indianapolis Journal.

PARTICULAR ABOUT HIS FUNERAL.

A Topeka Man's Precautions Against Mortuary Chestnuts.

A Topeka man of a practical turn of mind has made a will regulating his own funeral. A friend who is a parson is to come from a distance and say a prayer. Another friend, who is not a parson, not even a church member, is to make a short talk. Another friend, who is a woman and a sweet singer, is to request three musical friends—another woman and two men—to join her in singing appropriate hymns, while another friend, a young fellow who learned the keyboard while "on the road" for a music house, is to preside at the organ.

The undertaker is not to wear a plug hat, or a big diamond stud, or a dressy Prince Albert coat, or in any manner to appear as if he had stretched a moment from a banquet to bury the dead. He is to be modest and humble, giving the corpse a chance for public attention—its last chance. The pallbearers are not to be labeled. They will be distinguishable from the corpse by the fact that they will be alive, and their duties will be understood without wearing a printed sign. They must be good fellows, too, bright fellows, and they are requested to beguile the way to the grave with cheerful anecdotes of their dead friend.

None of them may wear gloves—undertakers' gloves are so starched and stuffy—and a man whose hands sweat is barred. It tarnishes the handles of the coffin. Grips and signs, swords, feathers and bands are prohibited. The parson who shall say the first prayer shall say the last, and "sprigs of myrtle" or "aenia" are forbidden. The pallbearers are to line up and witness the final closing of the grave. All the funeral arrangements are to be in charge of another friend, a woman, who shall comfort the family and see that chumps keep away from the house; that brownies be not permitted to "sit up with the corpse." She shall receive flowers—if any—friends may bring in, return thanks for them in writing and request the newspapers not to call them "floral offerings." She shall also detach cards from these pretty remembrances and preserve them for the family. The coffin—it shall not be called a "casket"—must not wear the appearance of a floral bargain counter. That mossgrown title head, "The Last Sad Rites," must not appear over the newspaper accounts of the funeral, and having done this last kind service in fairly good English and short sentences city editors are requested to turn again their attention to life and the beautiful world, leaving the dead man to make his own way across the dark river.—Kansas City Star.

Car Fares and Bicycling.

A new rider with a new wheel is as airy and imaginative as the traditional boy with his first pair of trousers. One of the new rider's most laughable hallucinations is that by purchasing a wheel he has become economical instead of extravagant. It is customary to hear the new rider defend himself from the charges of extravagance in the purchase of a bicycle by the declaration that he will, by use of it, soon save in car fare alone more than the wheel's cost. Let no man delude himself with any such idea. Supposing it were possible for him to ride a bicycle to and from his work each of the 300 working days in the year—and such a supposition is away beyond the probabilities in the case—he would store up in carfare savings but \$30 per annum, at which rate it would take just three years and four months for him to garner the \$100 pile his wheel had cost him. Therefore such arguments are fallacious, and should at once and forever be abandoned.

Don't hide behind a subterfuge so weak as this carfare allegation. Be honest with yourself and the world. Say it right out, so all may hear you, that you have bought a wheel because you want to ride one, because of the pleasure it gives and the wider scope it gives you when an outing is possible. If that is not sufficient to silence those who criticize you, leave them to their ways and go yours awheel, satisfied that your investment in a bicycle yields you never falling dividends of health and happiness.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Rust on the Wires of a Piano.

The appearance of rust on the tuning pins and the steel wires of a piano is a sure indication that the piano has been exposed to moisture or dampness. The time of year or the age or quality of the piano has nothing to do with it, as rust may appear in a night. The fact that the room is heated by a stove just outside of it will probably account for the rust, as the chances are that after the usual cooling of a fire overnight its heating in the morning would be likely to cause condensation on the metal, and rust would immediately appear. Do not use oil or any greasy substance to remove it. It will probably not do any harm unless it causes the strings to break, in which case they will have to be replaced. Most pianos require tuning twice a year. The only important care to be given a piano is to keep it in an even, dry temperature.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Lost the Job.

"So you want a position in my office?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you chew?"

"No, sir."

"Then I can't hire you. I won't have a man in my employ that I can't borrow tobacco from."—New York Recorder.

GAVE GRANT HIS START.

How the Great Commander Went Back Into the Army.

The Washington Post is authority for the statement that the late General Thomas J. Pitcher gave General Grant his real start. They had been classmates at West Point. At the opening of the civil war Pitcher, then a captain, had been sent to Springfield, Ill., to act as United States mustering officer. A stranger entered his office one day, and Pitcher relates the following story of the interview:

"You don't seem to remember me, Tom," said the visitor.

"No, I don't," I said, 'but I've seen you somewhere I know.'

"I'm Sam Grant," he answered.

"I've heard that so changed him that I did not know him, and then, you see, I had not seen him since 1849. He sat down, and I said: 'Well, Sam, how does it happen that you are here?'

"I came here," he said, 'to get something to do. Can't you give me something, Tom?'

"Yes, I can," said I. 'You know how to make out muster rolls?'

"I should think so," said Grant, with the first smile seen on his face.

"Well, I am allowed \$100 per month and rations for a clerk. If you like, take that table over there and begin now."

A month later Pitcher walked into his office and handed his clerk an official envelope directed to "Colonel U. S. Grant." The clerk's face turned red, then pale.

"There's your chance, Sam," said Captain Pitcher.