

Railroad Time Tables.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

IN EFFECT MAY 19, 1896.

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

EASTWARD.
9:01 a. m.—Train 1, daily except Sunday for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York, 8:33 p. m.; Baltimore, 8:15 p. m.; Washington, 7:30 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia.
9:25 p. m.—Train 2, daily except Sunday for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:30 a. m.; New York, 8:40 a. m.; Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

WESTWARD.
7:00 a. m.—Train 3, daily except Sunday for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:32 a. m.; New York, 8:42 a. m.; Baltimore, 8:24 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 Harrisburg.
11:50 p. m.—Train 4, daily except Sunday for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:32 a. m.; New York, 8:42 a. m.; Baltimore, 8:24 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 Harrisburg.

TRAINS FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

11:50 p. m.—Train 5, daily except Sunday for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:32 a. m.; New York, 8:42 a. m.; Baltimore, 8:24 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 Harrisburg.

TRAINS FROM THE WEST AND NORTH.

7:00 a. m.—Train 6, daily except Sunday for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:32 a. m.; New York, 8:42 a. m.; Baltimore, 8:24 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 Harrisburg.

TRAINS LEAVE RIDGWAY.

EASTWARD.
6:58 a. m.—Ridgway 1:35 4:30
6:59 " " Island Run 1:35 4:32
7:00 " " Mill Haven 1:31 4:17
7:02 " " Croyleville 1:11 4:05
7:04 " " Shores Mills 1:02 3:49
7:06 " " Blue Rock 1:06 3:54
7:08 " " Vineyard Run 1:53 5:51
7:10 " " Brocksyville 1:59 5:57
7:12 " " McMin Summit 1:30 5:25
7:14 " " Harveys Run 1:26 5:20
7:16 " " Falls Creek 1:20 5:15
7:18 " " DuBois 1:05 5:00

TRAINS LEAVE RIDGWAY.

WESTWARD.
7:20 a. m.—Train 8, 11:34 a. m.
7:30 " " Train 9, 1:00 p. m.
7:40 " " Train 10, 3:35 p. m.
7:50 " " Train 11, 6:25 p. m.

GENEVA, WILKESBARRE & CLEARFIELD R. R.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

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THE SMILE ON OUR BABY'S FACE.

God's angel was bidden to make her fair,
So he wove the sunshine into her hair.
He took of the midnoon's cloudless skies
And fashioned therefrom her two blue eyes.
And washed her white with the sinless snows
And pointed her cheeks with the dawn's faint
rose.
He dimpled her tiny hands and feet,
He made her sunny and soft and sweet,
He molded her round white limbs with art,
He got her from heaven a pure child heart;
Then he kissed her lips and her brow and eyes
And brought her, sleeping, from paradise.
Such virtue lies in those kisses three,
That, how so weary at heart are we,
The look and the smile on our baby's face
Bring rest and comfort and endless grace.
—Beate Gray in Good Housekeeping.

A GHOST COMMUTER.

The wind drove the hail and sleet violently against the car windows, and what with its melancholy howling, accompanying the incessant rattle of the panes, I could hardly hear the shrieks of the locomotive's whistle as the train plunged through the dense darkness. It was a hard night to travel, and I did not wonder that the car was empty save for the man who had just seated himself beside me. Such being the case, however, I could not but feel surprised that this single other passenger should have crowded into my seat when he might have had a whole one to himself. I cannot say that I was indignant, for though he forced me to move toward the drafty window he was company, and I had felt lonely from the very beginning of the forenoon trip on the midnight express. Then, too, he was such a mild, harmless looking fellow.

I glanced toward him, intending to open the conversation, when my eye fell upon the time table in which he was deeply engrossed. It was a thumb worn piece of paper, and no wonder, for across the top I read in big black type, "To go into effect on April 1, 1884."

It seemed strange that a man should consult a train schedule 11 years old. My curiosity was aroused, and I drew my own time table from my pocket and held it toward him.

"Pardon me, sir, but perhaps this will be of more use to you. Where are you going?"

"Thank you," he replied sadly, "but you cannot help me. I would that you could, though. You see, I am bound for Tutherford, but it seems that I will never get there."

"Tutherford!" I exclaimed. "Why, you are on the wrong train!"

I knew this place well as one of the prettiest little suburban villages on the line of the New York, Lackawanna and Western, but I also was aware that this train never stopped there and that he had long since passed it.

"That is just the devil of it," replied my companion vigorously. A melancholy smile passed over his pale face, and then he added: "I've been getting on the wrong train for 11 years. But excuse me, sir, you are sitting on my seat."

Curiosity now gave place to astonishment. My first impulse was to believe that I had a madman for a companion, but his every look belied such an idea. Every detail of his clothing denoted extreme neatness and self respect. He was a small, slender man, with a slightly bald head and clean shaven face. At his feet were two large, neatly done up bundles; at his side and partly under me was a third parcel, wrapped in brown paper, which I had no reason to believe contained meat.

"A thousand pardons," I said, rising so that he could rescue his seat from destruction. "I am afraid that I have ruined it. I was not aware that I was sitting on anything."

"Little wonder," he replied quietly. "No human being could feel that steak. And as for injuring it, I purchased it 11 years ago and have been trying to get it home to Tutherford ever since. To make things plain, that is a phantom beefsteak."

I broke out into a hearty laugh and exclaimed, "You are either considerable of a wag, sir, or else an idiot."

WANT TO HAVE THIS TRAIN STOPPED AT TUTHERFORD JUST ONCE?

"What!" I cried.

"Yes, stopped at Tutherford," he continued. "I do not wonder at your surprise, but then you will not be much astonished when you know my reasons. I have told you my late name, and perhaps it will interest you to hear that for many years I was an alderman in Tutherford—a place of no mean importance. My business was in New York. Every morning for ten years I left my house promptly at 8:25, reached the station at 8:30 and took the 8:31 for town. At just 5:13 o'clock in the evening I reached the Jersey City station and boarded the train for home. It so happened that for the last five years of my life I always got on the third car from the engine and took the third seat from the rear. It became a habit with me. I was known and respected on the road, and there was a tacit understanding among the other commuters that that place should always be reserved for me. This is the same car, No. 335, and the very same seat."

"And you are haunting it?" I asked, for the light was beginning to break.

"Temporarily and accidentally," replied the late R. G. Jones. "When I can get this train stopped at Tutherford, I will get off and go back to my old home. Don't you remember seeing in the papers about ten years ago how R. G. Jones, a prominent citizen of Tutherford, succumbed to an attack of heart failure brought on by overexertion while trying to catch the 5:13?"

"Oh, yes, I recall that well. A very sad case, indeed." Of course I didn't, but that didn't matter.

The late R. G. Jones looked grateful. "That was when I became a ghost," he said. "A few days later I received my orders to proceed to Tutherford and haunt my old home. There have always been strange and confused ideas existing about ghosts. These impressions, that we do everything in a biggley piggle way are all erroneous—decidedly erroneous. I couldn't go sailing back home in any way but an orderly one—by train, just as I did when I was not late. And, moreover, custom required that I should travel on car No. 335, third seat from the rear, as I had done day in and day out for years. So I went to the station with my phantom umbrella, bundles and beefsteak. Promptly at 5:12 I got off the ferry, stopped at the newsstand which is run for the phantom commuters and purchased a sporting extra of a phantom evening paper, repaired to the train shed and got on this car, No. 335, and took this very seat. But the train did not start as usual. It was midnight before we left the station, and then, to my horror, we whirled through Tutherford and never made a stop until we reached the junction 60 miles west. I will not dwell on my sorrow when I realized my predicament. Car 335 had been shifted to the midnight express, and until it could be stopped at Tutherford I was doomed to haunt this uncomfortable seat instead of my own pretty suburban home."

"Years have passed since then, and every night I have got on the same car and sat in this same seat, oftentimes crowded between two men, who could not see me, always doomed to go whirling by the familiar little station without a speck of a chance of getting off. Did you ever travel in the same car seat with two fat women with babies and bundles?"

"No," I replied. "But I can conceive more pleasant positions."

"Yet such has many a time been my fate," continued the late R. G. Jones, in spectral mournfulness. "I have traveled with noisy drummers, with chattering Italians, opium smelling Chinese, with every possible kind of man that it is unpleasant for a sensitive man like I was to sit in the same seat with. Once, in desperation, I made myself visible to the conductor and pleaded with him to stop the train at Tutherford. He refused absolutely, and not only that, demanded my ticket. I got out my commutation card, seven years out of date, and handed it to him. He asked me if I thought he was a fool and used very violent and personal language. When I told him I could not pay, he declared that he would put me off the train. 'Please leave me off at Tutherford,' I said foolishly. I have regretted those words greatly, for the man saw that nothing would suit me better than to get off the train, and he carried me to the end of the line. Since then I have in vain watched a chance to speak to some one who has a pull on the road. They have been wearisome years to me, and when tonight the longed for opportunity came I seized it. I saw you had a pass."

"My dear Mr. Jones," I said, for I was deeply affected by the story of my companion, who, with his eyes filled with cloudlike tears, was now leaning eagerly toward me, awaiting my reply, "you have my sympathy. I have heard much of ghosts, but you are the first I ever met. Your story is a sad one, and I will do what I can to alleviate your sufferings. I see what you want. You wish to have this car stopped at Tutherford so that you can get off the train like an ordinary phantom and obey your instructions to haunt your own house."

A look of joy and expectancy came over the phantom's face.

"You have my word that I will use my influence with my cousin, the president of the New York, Lackawanna and Western, to have this train stopped just once at Tutherford. I will take

SUCH STEPS AS SOON AS I GET BACK TO TOWN."

"It is almost daylight, and we are approaching the junction, where I always get off," said the late R. G. Jones. His voice was husky, but a gleam of hope and happiness transfigured his face. "I must leave you now. It is probable that I will never be able to repay your kindness, Mr. Dockboy, but you will have the consciousness of having done a noble deed in freeing a phantom commuter from an awful thrall."

Then he gathered up his phantom bundles and walked down the aisle, but before he reached the door he had passed from my sight.

I kept my word to him. Many were the subtleties I used to have the midnight express stopped at Tutherford, but I succeeded, thanks to my cousin, the president of the road, and the knowledge that I respected and late R. G. Jones has at last got off that train at his late place of residence after 11 long years of travel has been to me a source of continued satisfaction.—New York Sun.

LONG BEFORE DAYLIGHT THE SQUARE IS FULL OF OX WAGONS, SOME FROM DISTANCES OCCUPYING DAYS TO TRAVERSE, AND THE BUYERS OF FORAGE, OATS, CORN, MEAL, FLOUR, FEED, AND ALL THE OTHERS AS SOON AS THEY CAN SEE. HERE THE MIDDLEMAN MAKES A GOOD PROFIT, OFTEN RIDING FAR OUT ON THE ROADS TO GET AT THE ILLITERATE DUTCH FARMER BEFORE THE LATTER REACHES THE MARKET. HERE IS AN AMUSING INSTANCE OF A BARGAIN RECENTLY OVERHEARD ON THE SQUARE:

An English trader purchased a wagon load of stuff from a Boer, and by means of a few figures and calculations easily tossed off with many flourishes makes out that the amount he has to pay the Boer is about half of what it ought to be if correctly reckoned up at the price agreed. Oom Paul cannot reckon much, but has a Ready Reckoner and points to and wants the larger amount. "What's that?" says the other. "Let's look at it." Then, "Why, that's last year's Ready Reckoner. Look here, man, it's marked 1894. It's no good now."

"Allamachta," says the Boer. "I did not notice that." And he plods off home, wagon and all, content with the lesser sum.

No expense is spared in high living. A special fruit train is run daily from Natal and fish is brought enormous distances. All South African fish, however, are either tasteless or of a milk and water or insipid flavor. The vegetable market opens each morning at dawn. At 8 the lots are all sold at auction, and Malays pile up their carts and pannier baskets to sell their stuff from house to house before the midday heat. In England meat is dear and bread and vegetables cheap. In the Transvaal bread and vegetables are dear—a small roll not large enough to be dignified with the name of loaf costing sixpence—and meat is cheap.—Chambers' Journal.

SURE OF IT THIS TIME.

"John! John!"
Mr. Billus ceased snoring.
"What's the matter, Maria?"
"There's a man in the house. Listen!"
"What?"
"I heard a heavy foot on the stairway. Listen!"
Mr. Billus listened a moment.
"I don't hear anything."
"I do. There—I heard it again!"
There was no response but a snore.
"John!"
Another snore.
"John Billus, are you afraid to get up?"
No response.
Mrs. Billus lay down again.
"If you can stand it to have the house robbed," she exclaimed wrathfully, "I can."

At the end of half an hour she spoke again:
"John!"
No answer.
"John Billus!"
"What's the matter now?"
"I was mistaken. There wasn't any man in the house. And there isn't any man in the house now, either. Hear that, do you?"—Chicago Tribune.

GLORY SUFFICIENT.

The barber's trade is everywhere recognized as honorable, but The Commercial Bulletin tells a story of one man who had peculiar reasons for magnifying his office.

There was once a hairdresser in Boston who numbered among his patrons many gentlemen of the medical profession. One day, when operating upon one of them, he broke forth in great glee:
"Vat you dink, doctor? I haf been to dot hospital, und while I wait to go up und dot a man's hair I see marple busts of de doctors. Dere was Doctor Storer und dere was Doctor Peegalow mit de vig I dress for him dese dwenty years, in marple. Dink of dot! Von of my vigs in marple!"

HOW TO CURE A COLD.

Simply take Otto's Cure. We know of its astonishing cures and that it will stop a cough quicker than any known remedy. If you have Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption or any disease of the throat and lungs, a few doses of this great guaranteed remedy will surprise you. If you wish to try call at our store, Main street, and we will be pleased to furnish you a bottle free of cost, and that will prove our sincerity.

BING & CO.

We are far ahead of all competition in

Lace Curtains!

Have a large line to select from, and at prices that will suit all. If you come and see them, feel sure you will confirm all we say. They are pretty designs and range in price from 25 cts. per pair up.

BING & CO.

Price of Flour Advanced.



Owing to the advance in the price of wheat, and the arrival of a car of flour

Golden Sheaf

has advanced to \$1.00 per sack; 3.90 per bbl.

PERFECTION

95c. per sack; \$3.75 per bbl.

MEEKER BROS

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A.

Carpets, Carpets, Carpets!

WHERE?

Why, at

Bell & Lewis' Mammoth Store,

where they keep the largest stock of Carpets of all kinds, besides you will find everything necessary to fix up your house; latest thing in certain Poles, a large stock of

FURNITURE,

such as Sideboards, Book Cases, Bed Room Suits, Couches, Upholstered and Cane Rockers, in fact everything in this line. If you want to purchase the Nicest and Neatest pair of

SHOES OR OXFORDS

call at our store and see our new goods. Every shoe guaranteed as represented. Latest novelties in

Dress Goods, Silks and Trimmings,

Men's, Boys' and Children's Straw Hats, all new; no old, rotten stuff, but all clean, fresh and latest styles. Will be pleased to have you see our stock, and will endeavor to please you.

JAMES IRVING, Manager

W. B. ALLEN