

Railroad Time Tables.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

IN EFFECT JULY 20, 1897.

Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division Time Table.

Trains leave Driftwood.

EASTWARD.

6:04 a. m.—Train 8, daily, except Sunday, for Sunbury, Williamsport, Scranton, Harrisburg and the intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:50 p. m., Washington 10:50 p. m., Baltimore 11:50 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

4:05 p. m.—Train 5, daily, except Sunday, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:30 a. m.; New York, 7:31 a. m.; Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York, Philadelphia, passengers, can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

9:33 p. m.—Train 4, daily, for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 6:32 a. m.; New York, 9:33 a. m. on week days and 10:38 a. m. on Sunday; Baltimore, 6:22 a. m.; Washington, 7:40 a. m. Pullman cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington. Passengers in sleeper for Baltimore and Washington will be transferred into Washington sleeper at Williamsport. Passenger coaches from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

WESTWARD.

7:21 a. m.—Train 10, daily, except Sunday, for Ridgway, DuBois, Clearfield and intermediate stations. Leaves Ridgway at 3:10 p. m. for Erie.

9:30 a. m.—Train 3, daily, for Erie and intermediate points.

5:45 p. m.—Train 15, daily, except Sunday, for Kane and intermediate stations, arriving at Driftwood 11:30 a. m.; Philadelphia, 8:20 a. m.; Williamsport, 10:15 a. m.; daily, except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood at 5:15 p. m. with Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport and passenger coaches to Kane.

TRAIN 11 leaves New York at 7:55 p. m.; Philadelphia, 11:20 p. m.; Washington, 12:40 p. m.; Baltimore, 1:50 p. m.; daily, arriving at Driftwood at 9:50 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Philadelphia to Erie and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie and Baltimore to Williamsport.

TRAIN 10 leaves Reno at 9:30 a. m., daily, except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood 7:21 a. m.

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.

(Daily, except Sunday.)

TRAIN 10 leaves Ridgway at 9:15 a. m.; Johnsonburg at 9:30 a. m., arriving at Clearfield at 10:30 a. m.

TRAIN 20 leaves Clearfield at 10:40 a. m., arriving at Johnsonburg at 11:55 a. m. and Ridgway at 11:55 a. m.

RIDGWAY & CLEARFIELD R. R. AND CONNECTIONS.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

SOUTHWARD. NORTHWARD.

A. M. P. M. STATIONS. P. M. P. M.

A. M.	P. M.	STATIONS.	P. M.	P. M.
8:55	6:30	Reno	5:00	10:30
9:50	7:21	Driftwood	4:00	9:31
10:30	7:58	Engelwood	3:24	8:55
11:22	8:45	St. Marys	2:45	8:16
11:30	8:50	Kane	4:05	9:05
11:30	8:47	Wilcox	3:41	8:42
11:44	7:00	Johnsonburg	3:27	8:26
12:05	6:15	Ridgway	2:30	7:55
12:12	9:25	Island Run	2:12	7:45
12:16	9:26	Mill Haven	2:08	7:45
12:27	9:35	Clearfield	1:57	7:36
12:31	9:40	Shorts Mills	1:53	7:31
12:35	9:45	Blue Rock	1:48	7:28
12:47	9:47	Vineyard Run	1:44	7:25
12:50	9:49	Clearfield	1:41	7:25
12:59	10:00	Brookwayville	1:37	7:16
1:55	10:05	Lanes Mills	1:31	7:11
1:57	10:12	Harrisburg	1:29	7:03
1:58	10:20	Falls Creek	1:15	7:00
1:40	10:35	DuBois	12:45	6:40

J. R. HUTCHINSON, Gen. Manager.

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

ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY COMPANY commencing Sunday, May 16, 1897, Low Grade Division.

EASTWARD.

No. 1. No. 5. No. 9. 101 104

STATIONS.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Rod Bank	10:50	4:25	10:50	4:25				
Lawsonham	11:00	4:36	11:00	4:36				
New Bethlehem	11:10	4:46	11:10	4:46				
Oak Ridge	11:20	4:56	11:20	4:56				
Marysville	11:30	5:06	11:30	5:06				
Summersville	11:40	5:16	11:40	5:16				
Brookwayville	11:50	5:26	11:50	5:26				
Reynoldsville	12:00	5:36	12:00	5:36				
Bell	12:10	5:46	12:10	5:46				
Fuller	12:20	5:56	12:20	5:56				
Reynoldsville	12:30	6:06	12:30	6:06				
Falls Creek	12:40	6:16	12:40	6:16				
DuBois	12:50	6:26	12:50	6:26				
Sabals	1:00	6:36	1:00	6:36				
Winterport	1:10	6:46	1:10	6:46				
Penfield	1:20	6:56	1:20	6:56				
Tyler	1:30	7:06	1:30	7:06				
Hennetsville	1:40	7:16	1:40	7:16				
Grant	1:50	7:26	1:50	7:26				
Driftwood	2:00	7:36	2:00	7:36				

WESTWARD.

No. 2. No. 6. No. 10. 106 104

STATIONS.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Driftwood	10:10	5:30	10:10	5:30				
Grant	10:20	5:40	10:20	5:40				
Hennetsville	10:30	5:50	10:30	5:50				
Tyler	10:40	6:00	10:40	6:00				
Penfield	10:50	6:10	10:50	6:10				
Winterport	11:00	6:20	11:00	6:20				
Sabals	11:10	6:30	11:10	6:30				
DuBois	11:20	6:40	11:20	6:40				
Falls Creek	11:30	6:50	11:30	6:50				
Punxsutawney	11:40	7:00	11:40	7:00				
Reynoldsville	11:50	7:10	11:50	7:10				
Fuller	12:00	7:20	12:00	7:20				
Bell	12:10	7:30	12:10	7:30				
Brookwayville	12:20	7:40	12:20	7:40				
Summersville	12:30	7:50	12:30	7:50				
Marysville	12:40	8:00	12:40	8:00				
Oak Ridge	12:50	8:10	12:50	8:10				
New Bethlehem	1:00	8:20	1:00	8:20				
Lawsonham	1:10	8:30	1:10	8:30				
Rod Bank	1:20	8:40	1:20	8:40				

Trains daily except Sunday.

DAVID MCCARGO, GEN'L. SEPT.

JAS. P. ANDERSON GEN'L. 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 Nov. 15th, 1896, passenger trains will arrive and depart from Falls Creek station, daily, except Sunday, as follows:

7:25 a. m. and 1:26 p. m. for Curwensville and Clearfield.

10:00 a. m.—Buffalo and Rochester mail—For Brookwayville, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo and Rochester, connecting a Johnsonburg with P. & E. train for Wilcox, Kane, Warren, Corry and Erie.

10:37 a. m.—Accommodation—For Sykes, Big Run and Punxsutawney.

10:58 a. m.—For Reynoldsville.

1:15 p. m.—Bradford Accommodation—For Brookwayville, Brookwayville, Elmont, Carmon, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett and Bradford.

1:25 p. m.—Accommodation for Punxsutawney and Big Run.

4:25 p. m.—Mail—For DuBois, Sykes, Big Run, Punxsutawney and Wadsworth.

7:40 p. m.—Accommodation for Big Run and Punxsutawney.

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. McLESTER, Agent, Falls Creek, Pa.

E. O. LARVEY, Gen. Pass. Agent.

Rochester, N. Y.

JUST INSTINCT.

Fate was a cat, and Leonard Herrick was a mouse. There had been some rare sport, but Herrick was of the opinion that it could not last much longer. He had run this way and that way, and a thousand times he had fancied that he was going to escape. But always the velvet paws, with the long, sharp claws springing out of them, had caught him just in time. So at last he lay still, panting, not knowing which way to turn.

He was in a big city, all alone. The people who rushed by him were like the thoughts that whirled through his brain—they were shadows, and the everlasting train of them had no beginning or end. He could not distinguish the real men and women whom he saw from those whom he merely remembered. Now and again there appeared in the throng the faces of the dead. He did not mind those. But there were others that he shrank from.

He stood with his back against the iron fence in front of Trinity church. Herrick's hands were in his pockets. He crumpled a crackling piece of paper, which meant that he could live several days longer if he cared to do so. As to a more extended future, he could not picture it. All the lines of his life seemed to end in a knot which could by no means be untied, but must merely be dropped. He remembered that there were miracles, but he could not think of one to wish for.

He crossed Broadway and walked down Wall street, slowly and with hesitation, for he had no errand. A voice cried, "Cab, sir!" almost in his ear. He turned and looked up at the man on the box. "Is it possible," he said to himself, "that I still look like a gentleman?" He felt toward the cabman as toward one who had given him a helping hand. Why not pay the debt? To do so would cost him only a day of his life. He had a \$5 bill in his pocket.

"Yes," he said. "Take me up to the Fifth Avenue hotel." It was the first place that had come into his mind. He got into the cab and snapped the door. The cushioned seat and the comfortable support for his head were very refreshing. A fancy came to him that he would dine decently and then go to a theater. The extravagance would be trifling, for it was really of small importance whether he starved to death on Sunday or the following Wednesday. He was in a mood to make a job of it all.

A strong glare from an electric light struck down into the carriage and made visible to him a package in brown paper that looked as if it might be a sandwich. The object protruded from under the seat. He thought it must be the cabman's supper which had been hidden in some small locker and had fallen upon the floor. The idea that the food should be spoiled was disagreeable to Herrick, and so he picked up the little brown bundle.

It was smaller than he had supposed, and it did not feel like bread. But had it been food and he at the last pang of starvation the touch of it would have sent such a thrill through all his frame.

He knew that the contents of that package were money. It felt like a mass of bills folded, awkwardly wrapped up and fastened with elastic bands. Through the brown covering Herrick could feel the crispness of the government paper. The amount might be a poor man's monthly wages or a rich man's profit on a great transaction.

As to his own conduct in this matter, Herrick had no doubt whatever. Fate had thrown this money into his hands, and fate might take it away, but not if he could hold on tightly enough. His fingers trembled as he picked at the elastic bands. Suddenly and without his knowing why the rubber strings vanished with a loud snap that startled him, and the package sprang open on his knees. He caught a flash of green color, and then the cab rolled out of light into shadow.

It seemed a long time before another light struck in upon him. At the moment when it did so he saw a face close to the cab door, and he dodged back, covering the bills with his hands. But the chance passenger on the street saw nothing. He was thinking of his own affairs no doubt and had no inkling of the strange thing that passed so close to his eyes.

Herrick was himself again in a moment, and he bent forward, eagerly counting the bills in his hands and scanning them feverishly. There were 40 of them and each was of the denomination of \$1,000.

Throughout the latter period of the young man's misfortunes he had had substantially but one wish—to rest. Rest has many forms, suited to a vast variety of individual tastes. To Herrick in his day dreams it had always taken the form of travel without care. All paths lie open for a man who has \$40,000, and there is no reason why care should sit behind him as he rides.

Herrick had only the most shadowy thought for the person who had lost this money. He did not even speculate upon the manner of its loss. It had passed into the control of one who needed it, and that was enough.

He disposed the notes in his pockets in the best interests of comfort and safety. Then he folded up the brown paper and pocketed that also, with a dim consciousness that if it were left in the cab it might get the driver into trouble.

The fellow was honest, no doubt, and Herrick did not wish that he should suffer a wrong. He preferred to keep the wrapper himself and take the risk of it until he could find some means of disposing of it that would be safer than throwing it out of the cab window.

How to leave the cab was a question which concerned him nearly. He did not wish to confront the driver again, for there might be an investigation, and a question of identification might arise, in which case it would be well to have the man know as little as possible of Herrick's personal appearance. He reflected with satisfaction that the spot on Wall street where he had entered the carriage had been rather dark.

The cab stopped suddenly, its path being blocked by a tangle of vehicles. Herrick softly put his hand upon the catch of the door. It yielded noiselessly; the door swung open.

Herrick stepped out. Turning back for an instant, he perceived the cabman sitting upon his box in entire unconsciousness of the fraud that was being practiced upon him. He was a poor man and doubtless worked hard for all the money that he received. Still, it was reckless to attract his attention again, especially so after having left the cab in that strange manner.

There was a way to the sidewalk through the press of vehicles. Herrick saw it from the corner of his eye and was about to take advantage of it. Instead, to his surprise, he found himself turned toward the cabman, and immediately he heard his own voice saying: "I have decided to get out here. How much do I owe you?"

The cabman named his price, and Herrick paid him with the \$5 bill which had been the sum of his wealth and the end of it, so far as he could see, so short a time before. He counted his change carefully, remembering that he would probably have to wait until the next day before he could break one of the thousands. Enough remained to him from the bill for a supper, a bed and a breakfast.

When he had found a restaurant, he ordered a meal and ate it with relish. It was enchanted food. It was the fare on an Atlantic liner, the delicacies of European hotels and the fruits of the tropics.

He cared little for his bed. It would be no more than a place to lie and think of the future. It was many a night since he had really slept. Certainly with so much upon his mind he would not sleep this night, even if he should try. So when he had been shown to his room in a hotel he piled his pillows against the headboard of the bed and reclined against them, fully dressed. He was very happy. No question of right or wrong in what he had done or what he expected to do came to torment him. For a long time he had borne his life like a tremendous burden. This had suddenly slipped from his shoulders, leaving his natural powers numb.

In the midst of his first vision of a new life he was aroused by a knocking at the door. He started up; his legs would hardly support him; he had no voice with which to ask who was there. But one explanation was possible. He must have been watched by the police.

He tottered to the door and gave utterance to a hoarse, inarticulate sound. "Eight o'clock, sir!" cried a voice without. "You asked to be called, sir."

He rushed to the window and flung open the shutters. Day streamed in, strong and beautiful. The gas flame paled. He knew that he had slept as he had not slept before in years. In the mysterious depths of his life he felt a new strength stirring, but it was only nascent as yet.

A bath and a breakfast revived him still more. He felt the exhilaration of a busy day upon which he was entering. He scanned the papers, but so far as he could see they had no news of the money that had been lost. He was not conscious of any excitement in searching for that news. The fear of detection had quite left him. Of all stolen goods, money is the hardest to recover.

Presently he found himself riding down town in an elevated railroad train. He was going to a steamship office to arrange for his journey, then to a banker's for a traveler's checkbook.

His pockets were bulging with money, but there was something in one of them that he couldn't remember to have put there. He pulled it out and found it to be the brown paper wrapper that had contained the money. As he held it in his hand it was concealed by his newspaper. No fellow passenger could see it, and it was doubly fortunate, because in plain sight upon the paper were the name and address, "Herbert L. Graham, 40 Wall street."

The train was just stopping at Rector street. That was the station nearest the steamship office. Trusting the brown paper back in his pocket, he left the car and went with the throng down to the street. He was thinking about the accommodations he would choose on the steamer. He continued to think of that and kindred subjects, yet he turned north on Broadway instead of south. Presently he found himself asking an elevator boy in a big building if he knew where Mr. Graham's office was.

Mr. Graham happened to be in his outer office when Herrick entered. He was pouring a story into the ear of another gray haired Wall street man, and Herrick heard a few words of it—something about cash and cash and carelessness.

"I have found the money that you lost," said Herrick. "Here it is."

"Zion!" cried the banker, clutching

the bills in his fingers. "My dear fellow, tell me all about it."

"There's nothing to tell," replied the young man. "I merely found it in the cab."

Mr. Graham eyed him a moment in surprise.

"You take it coolly," he said. "I couldn't take it at all," responded Herrick, with a feeble smile. "I don't know why. It was instinct, I suppose. My ancestors must have been honest men."

"Upon my word, you must take one of these notes," said the banker. "I've offered it in an ad. and"—

"I can't do it," said Herrick. "I don't feel it to be right."

"But, my dear boy," exclaimed the old man kindly, "I must do something for you. I want to believe me. At least come back and take lunch with me. Shall we say 1 o'clock?"

"It will give me great pleasure," said Herrick, and, bowing, he turned away and walked out of the office.—Everett Holbrook in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Themes Which Men and Women Discourse About on Street Cars.

A certain physician of this city, who never neglects an opportunity to study the traits of the people among whom his business takes him, has been making some observations recently that may serve as a basis for estimating the character of the average modern American.

"I have to travel on street cars a good deal," the physician said in explaining his course of procedure, "and I hear all kinds of people talk. A short time ago I thought I would keep a record of the words most frequently used within my hearing by people of all classes.

"I omit names, profanity and vulgarity, but otherwise this list, which represents one week's street car conversation, is absolutely correct. Here, then, is a summary of what married men talk about:

"Dollars mentioned within my hearing, 407 times; business, 295; money, 206; dollar, 194; stocks, 168; bonds, 162; job, 61; son, 69; daughter, 11; wife, 4; literature, 0; music, 0; art, 0.

"Married women: She, 409; party, 326; dress, 324; splendid, 316; dollars, 301; trimming, 187; cards, 151; price, 131; society, 130; baby, 129; clothes, 84; weather, 62; rich, 60; lovely, 59; perfectly awful, 46; doctor, 43; medicine, 34; music, 6; literature, 0; art, 0.

"Young men, unmarried: Corset, 502;aisy, 467; girl, 416; beaut, 391; fairy, 306; winner, 302; stunner, 284; handsome, 251; dance, 104; party, 87; old man, 88; fight, 79; money, 72; dollars, 50; no good, 42; cigarette, 31; college, 1; literature, 0; music, 0; art, 0.

"Young women, unmarried: Lovely, 409; just perfectly lovely, 491; horrid, 478; gorgeous, 463; fellow, 409; engaged, 387; dress, 371; stunning, 352; love, 295; party, 291; wear, 284; she, 206; opera, 108; ring, 31; mamma, 28; papa, 16; music, 9; mother, 1; picture, 1; poem, 1; art, 1.

"I intend," concluded the doctor, "to pursue this subject further, and may be able to give additional figures that will be interesting."—Cleveland Leader.

Barrels of Paper.

After three years of experimental work an English company has succeeded in producing paper barrels, which are able to compete favorably with barrels made of wood. The paper barrels are used at present principally for the carriage of gunpowder, mining fuses, fruit, flowers, molasses, paint, cement, matches, chemicals, dyes, asbestos, sugar, size and extract of meat. The materials used in making the barrels are waste paper, cardboard and (for the better quality) old sacks.

When cardboard is used it is soaked or boiled for six hours, and afterward treated in the same manner as the other raw material. This is carefully sorted and put into a rag engine or beater, where it is beaten and torn to pieces by a series of knives for about an hour and a half. It is afterward mixed with water until a pulp of uniform consistency is gained. This is rolled, joined, shaped and dried, and the barrel is finally covered with hoops.

Before the tops and bottoms are put in the barrels are painted with a water-proof composition, made of linseed oil and resin, for ordinary purpose barrels, and with a special varnish where they are used for food products. The standard size made is 16 1/2 inches in diameter by 28 inches long. The price at which these barrels can be produced enables them to compete favorably with wooden barrels; a barrel costing thirty-four cents in wood can, when made of paper, be sold for twenty-eight cents. One great feature is that there is no waste with the process, all "wasters" being beaten up into pulp again.—New Orleans Picayune.

A Question of Weight.

Bluffer—I'll fight the man that called me a liar