The Impreentions and Prophery of the Condemned Woman on the Senfold Recalled by a Strange Blemish on Col. Buck's Tombstone.

Close by the country road on the outskirts of the sleepy old scaport town of Bucksport, on the Penobscot, down in Maine, is a small family cometery Within the inclosure, with its high iron fence, in the quiet and almost gloomy shade, sleep the Bucks, the blueblooded and aristocratic clan which first settled the town and bequeathed it their name -and a legend

Of the many moss grown tablets and monuments the largest and most conspicuous is a tall granite shaft in plain sight of the highway. On one side is the inscription

> COL. JOHN BUCK. The Founder of Buchsport.

A. D. 1782. Born in flavorbill, Mass., 1719.

Died March 18, 1796.

On the other side is the single word and also something wrought by the marble worker. On the smooth surface of the pedestal is a enrious outline, irregular and describing that which can easily be imagined to be the form of a foot of normal size Some people say that it is a foot, but those are of the superstitions town fells who believe the legend which has been

choice stock in Bucksport for many

They that delight in perpetuating this story say that Cesonel Jonathan Buck was a very stern and harsh man and the leading spirit of his day and generation. His word was law in the community. He was the highest in civil authority and his decision as immovable as the granite hills that loom up in the baze of the northern horizon.

He was most Puritanical, and to him witchcraft was the incarnation of blas-Thus, so the story goes, when a certain woman was accused of witchcraft, at the first elamorings of the populace Colonel Buck ordered her to be imprisoned, and later, after a mere form of a hearing, she was sentenced to be executed as a witch. She pleaded to Buck for her life, but as to a heart of

The day of the execution came and the condemned woman went to the gallows cursing her judge with such terri ble imprecations that the people shud-dered, but the magistrate stood unmoved and made a sign to the officers to hasten the arrangements. All was ready and the hangman was about to perform his grewsome duty when the woman turned to Colonel Buck and raising one hand to heaven as if to direct her last words on earth pronounced this astounding prophecy

"Jonathan Buck, listen to these words, the last my tongue shall utter. It is the spirit of the only true and living God which bids me speak them to you. You will soon die. Over your grave they will erect a stone, that all may know where your bones are crumbling into dust. But listen! Upon that stone the imprint of my feet will appear, and for all time, long after your accursed race has perished from the face of the earth, will the people from far and near know that you murdered a woman. Remember well. Jonathan Buck, remember well!"

Then she turned to her executioners and another act, one of the forever ineffaceable blots, was made a part of American colonial history.

The "witch's curse," as it was called, and is to this day, was almost forgotten until many years afterward, when the monument was erected to the memory of Bucksport's founder. It had been in position hardly a month when a faint outline was discovered upon it. gradually grew more and more distinct until some one made the startling discovery that it was the outline of a foot which some supernatural draftsman had traced on the granite. The old leg-end was revived and the Buck cemetery was for years the Mecca of the superstitious and curious for miles around

The "witch's curse" had been fulfilled, they said. An attempt was made the stain, but all efforts tend ed only to bring the outline out in bolder relief. The stain or whatever it was seemed to penetrate to the very center

The hinges of the big gate have creaked for the last time to admit a Buck. The last of the race has been laid to rest beneath the oaks and maples, and the setting sun throws the adow of the once mighty Colonel Jonathan Buck's monument athwart the double row of mossy mounds, as it still exerting his authority, and the same rays light that mysterious tracing held up to the view of all that pass and repass along the dusty turnpike.

The imprint of the foot is a fact, and is there today as plain as ever. The legend of the "witch's curse" may or may not be a fact. The fanciful defend legend, but the practical point out the apparent discrepancy between the tion and the regime of Colonel Buck that the stain is simply an accidental fault in the granite, and that the legend was made to fit the foot and not the foot the legend. But the foot is there.-Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Witty Gallery God.

At a performance of "Faust" in Cork. Ireland, the gentleman who enacted the part of Mephistopheles was so stout that the trapdoor was too small to permit his descent to the infernal regions, and all of his person above the waist was still visible over the stage. One of the gallery gods, noticing his dilemma, ex-claimed. "Begorra, the place is full!"

A VICTIM OF TELEPATHY.

laked by the tlypnotte Route. There came to me late one night s stranger in wildest despair resolved to commit suicide that night if I could not help him, says Professor Munster berg in The Atlantic. He had been a physician, but had given up his pracbecause his brother, on the other side of the ocean, hated him and had him under his telepathic influence troubling him from over the sea with voices which mocked him and with impulses to foolish actions. He had not slept nor had be eaten anything for several days, and the only chance for life he saw was that a new hypnotic influence might overpower the mystical hypnotic forces.

soon found the source of his tron-In treating himself for a wound he had misused cocaine in an absurd way and the hallucinations of voices were the chief symptom of his cocninism. These products of his poisoned brain had sometimes reference to his brother in Europe, and thus the telepathic sys tem grew in him and permented his whole life. I hypnotized him, and snggested to him with success to have sleep and food and a smaller dose of cocaine. Then I hypnotized him daily for six weeks. After ten days he gave up cocaine entirely, after three weeks the voices disappeared, and after that the other symptoms faded away. It was not, however, until the end that the telepathic system was exploded.

Even when the voices had gone he for awhile felt his movements controlled over the ocean, and after six weeks. when I had him quite well again, he laughed over his telepathic absurdities. but assured me that if these sensations came again he should be unable, even in full health, to resist the mystical inter-pretation, so vividly had he felt the distant influences.

VOCAL CULTURE.

The First Step Is Keeping the Mouth

Shut. Asleep or Awake. "Proper breathing is so essential in voice production that it must receive first attention, and the first requirement is to keep the mouth shut," writes Katharine E. Junkermann in The Woman's Home Companion.

"Of course no tone can be either strong or pure if the lungs are cramped so that the air cannot find room. In order to increase the size of the lung ca pacity raise the chest and keep the body well and strongly poised.

"So much harm has been done to voices by allowing the mouth to become the regular air passage that the need of care cannot be too frequently emphasized. Besides the injury done by the unwarmed air entering the lungs the mucous membrane is hardened by the saliva being dried up, and the muscles of the tongue and throat grow stiff and less responsive. It is comparatively easy to control one's breathing when awake. but when asleep the harm goes on. To remedy this involves a slight discomfort, but one can endure it patiently looking to the end. Cut court plaster into little strips about one-fourth of an inch in width and paste several across the lips, placing them up and down. with the lips held naturally. If one is tempted to give up rather than endure the discomfort this method involves, a walk through an ordinary day coach or a night made hideous by the presence of a snorer in a near berth will cause a solemn vow to be taken never to do

The Magic of Rome.

The story of Rome is a tale of murder and sudden death, varied, changing, never repeated in the same way there is blood on every threshold; a tragedy lies buried in every church and chapel, and again we ask in vair wherein lies the magic of the city that has fed on terror and grown old in carnage, the charm that draws men to her, the power that holds, the magic that enthralls men soul and body, as Lady Venus cast her spells upon Tann hauser in her mountain of old. Yet none deny it, and as centuries roll on the poets, the men of letters, the musicians, the artists of all ages, have come to her from far countries and have dwelt here while they might, some for long years, some for the few months they could spare, and all of them have left something, a verse, a line, a sketch. a song that breathes the threefold mysof love, eternity and death. 'Studies From the Chronicles of Rome. by Marion Crawford.

The Spider's Elastic Appetite.

The spider has a tremendous appetite. and his gormandizing defies all human competition. A scientist who carefully noted a spider's consumption of food in 24 hours concluded that if the spider were built proportionately to the human scales he would eat at daybreak (ap proximately) a small alligator, by 7 a m. a lamb. by 9 a. m. a young camelo pard, by 1 o'clock a sheep and would finish up with a lark pie in which there were 120 birds. Yet, in spite of his enormous appetite, a spider has wonderful power of refraining from food, and one has been known to live for ten months when absolutely deprived of food. A beetle lived in a similar state of unrefreshment for three years.—St Louis Globe-Democrat.

Expensive.

Mattie—Why, what a beautiful ring you have, dear? What did it cost you? Myra—My liberty. It's my engage-ment ring.—New Orleans Times-Dem-

All the suitors for a girl's hand in Borneo are expected to be generous in their presents to her. These presents are never returned. Therefore the wily young lady defers as long as possible a positive selection of the happy man.

There never was a portrait made of Ethan Allen. The heroic style of statue of the hero in the national capitol is an imaginative representation.

WITH A PAIR OF SCISSORS.

The Wanderful Artistle Pents Per-

More than 200 years ago a little girl was born at Amsterdam, Holland. whose name was Joanne Koetren. She was a peculiar child in that she cared nothing whatever for play and sport. but found her greatest delight in making copies of things about her, imitatin wax every kind of fruit and making on silk, with colored flor act copies of paintings, which were st wonderful.

But after she had become very ac complished in music, spinning and con-broidery, she abandoned all times for a still more extraordinary art that of cutting. She executed landscapes, marine views, flowers, animals and per traits of people of such striking resemblance that she was for a time quite the wonder of Europe. She used white pa pers for her cuttings, placing them over a black surface, so that the minut openings made by her scissors formed the "light and shade.

The czar, Peter the Great, and others of high rank paid her honor. One man high in office vainly offered her 1,000 floring for three small cuttings. empress of Germany paid her 4,000 florins for a trophy she had cut, bearing the arms of Emperor Leorold, crowner with eagles and surrounded by a gar land of flowers. She also cut the emperor's portrait which can now be seen in the Royal Art gallery in Vienna. A great many people went to see her, and she kept a book in which princes and princesses wrote their names.

After she died, which was when she had lived 65 years, her husband, Adrian Block, erected a monument to her memory and had designed upon it the portraits of these titled visitors. Her cuttings were so correct in effect and so tasteful as to give both dignity and value to her work and constitute her an artist whose exquisite skill with the scissors has never before or since been equaled.—Lewiston Journal

THE LADY THE WINNER.

Amusing Occurrence in an Office Building Elevator In Chicago.

People who ride in "lifts" in this city acquire some queer experiences at times. The calling of the floors where passengers desire to debark or embark not infrequently produces some annusing situations. It all depends upon the style of the person making the an-nouncement. Of course conductors are mute participants in the game Here is one happening of yesterday which is certainly out of the usual run

Half a dozen passengers entered an elevator in a big down town office building. Doctors office there almost to the exclusion of other professions. One boy with a package asked to be deposited at the second floor. A woman stood mute while a medical man thought he would leave at the fifth. The conductor turned an inquiring head and the remaining passengers with one voice chiming in full chorus shouted:

"Seven up." murmured a gentle voice as the car reached the indicated floor.

Two men seeking the tenth floor glanced at each other with grins of appreciation as a stenographer, and a pretty one, by the way, entered the car She seemed unconscious of having created more than passing interest, but the conductor was alive to the situation. "The lady wins," he muttered to

himself as he gave the lever a yank and the car shot upward again.—Chicago Chronicle.

One on the Rector.

The little daughter of a local clergyman has reached the age where big words are apt to floor her and where she is very sensitive to the remarks of an older brother.

Not long ago she came running to her father.

"Papa, papa, George called me

"Why, what did Georgie say?"
"Oh." said the little girl, with strong expression of disgust, "he said I practiced what I preached! I don't

"Well, my child, I"-"But I don't, do I, papa? I don' any more than you do, do I?"

And then the rector choked up. But he took a half hour from his sermon and explained the meaning of the ob noxious expression to the best of his ability. - Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Coincidence.

"Somehow I'm awfully stupid to night," remarked young Borum languidly the other evening. "Indeed you are." retorted Miss Cut ting, somewhat impulsively

"Do you really mean that?" asked the young man in surprise.
"I merely indorsed your remarks

Didn't you just now assert that you were stupid?" she queried. "Yes," he responded, "but I only said so without thinking."

"And up to the time you spoke of it." she replied, "I only thought so without saying it."—Pearson's Weekly.

The Minister's Mistake,

This story is told of a prominent preacher: On a hot Sabbath as he was preaching he took from his pocket what he thought was his handkerchief, shool it out and wiped his face, intently talk ing all the time. To his surprise a broad smile was on every face in his audience when he discovered that what he has put in his pocket for a handkerchic that morning was a pair of his list child's drawers, the legs of which wer quite visible as he wiped the perspira tion from his face. - Homiletic Review

Nothing Special.

Library Assistant (to visitor who is wandering about in a puzzled manner)

—Can I help you? Are you looking for anything special?
 Visitor (absently)—No, thank you. I was only looking for my wife.—Library

Postng as a Hercules

"I could tell you a story about 'strong men photography. Some of the minor limbs of the fraternity depend on the cunning of the camera for advertise So said a photographer

'One fellow, who visits country fairand ensual shows, goes through tricks of a kind wonderful to the unscientific mind. They are merely tricks after all and his strength is a catch. He depends on his photos for advertisement in posing he folds his arms tightly, dilates the muscles of his neck and lines his veins with prussian blue. His plet in gives you Hercules in his power of mad In private he is a well developed estr man, without any swagger of sinew or

"Professional strong men are as clev er at make up as a society actress. The latter lavishes attention on face and neck, while is east and ribs, moss and throat occupy the former for hou: ere the camera confronts them. A f lines about the body add pounds to t weight of a strong man (in the p ture), a studied pose imparts additional formidability

"The veins of a certain professional Hercules protrude like whipcord in the photographic cabinet. He dusts them with powdered ultramarine and treatthe high parts of the muscles with in dian red Otherwise his picture would appear quite ordinary " Enquirer - Cincinnat

A Nice Little Hint For George.

A business man has a daughter and also a confidential clerk, and the con! dential clerk has for some time been at tentive to the daughter, but he has moor had not a month ago sufficient courage to come to the point, those the young woman, goodness knows, le er done anything to scare him off for he is a first class fellow in every respect. The other evening he was mak ing a call and about 9 o'clock her fa ther came in

"Ah, George," he said, "how about that deal we were talking about this afternoon? Did you see the party?

"Yes, sir " replied George, "and expected to see you this evening are tell you about it

"My dear," said the father, turning to his daughter. "will you retire for few minutes? George wants to spend business for awhite

The daughter rose up, but hesitated 'Why do I have to go?' she asked doubtfully

"Because, dear," smiled the father 'you are not interested. Why do you want to stay?' She blushed and started out

"Because, papa," she twittered. "I'd rather like to hear George talk business just once

Then George got red and the fathlooked at them both significantly, and the girl fled.—London Answers

Praise For the Bishop.

The bishop of-never mind wherebeing a newcomer and somewhat trou bled with a neglected diocese, thought to inspire his clergy to take occasional services during the week by periodical!; visiting out of the way parishes and taking one himself

On one of these occasions, having formed quite a good congregation and having been moved to much eloquened in his sermon, he felt a little not un natural desire to know if he had made any impression on the usually unim pressionable yokels, and put some lead ing questions to the old clerk, who was helping him to unrobe in the vestry "Well. I hope they've been pleased with " said the old man patronizingly "and I'm sure we tuk it werry kind o yer worship to come down and preach to us, but, yer knaw, a worsser one would ha' done for the likes o' we if so be," he added with becoming humil ity. "one could ha' bin found "-Liv ing Church

Martello Towers In England.

Whatever may have been the defen sive value of martello towers a century ago it has entirely evaporated now There are a good many of them on the coasts of Essex. Suffolk. Kent and Sus sex. These massive round towers, some 40 feet high, were regarded as and very likely were splendid defenses at the time they were erected, but they have long been used only for coastguard pur poses. Their name is derived from the Italian coast towers which were erected as a protection against pirates Warn ing that a suspicious craft was in sight was given by striking a bell with martello or hammer It was the power ful defense made in 1794 by Le Tellic at the tower of Mortella with only men against a simultaneous sea am land attack, led by Lord Hood and Ma jor General Dundas, which brought them into favor in this country. It was thought that they would be a splendid defense against "Boney" - London Chronicle

Ancient Glassmaking.

When the council of ten ruled Venice they issued a decree regarding the art of glassmaking It runs "If a work man carry his art beyond the limits of his country to the detriment of the re-public, he shall be desired to return 11 he disobey, his nearest relatives shall be imprisoned. If, in spite of their for prisonment, he remain obstinate in his wish to live abroad, an emissary shall be told off to kill him

Madame (to her chambermaid)-Jutine, the doorbell rang "Is madame sure it wasn't the

"Couldn't be-it is only quarter of 10.

"Yes, but madame knows the clock is fast!"-Echo de Paris. The little Japa are about as free from

the vice of drunkenness as any peop in the world. In fact, it is the rares thing in the world to see an inebriated subject of the mikado. The native drink, "saki," is used about as tea in this country, and it is but little mor-

intoxicating

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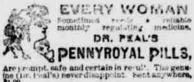
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7:03 a m-Train 8, weekdays, for Sunbury,
Wilkesbarre, Hazleton, Pottsville, Scranton,
Harrisburg and the Intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m.,
New York, 9:30 p. m.; Baltimore, 6:50 p. m.;
Washington, 7:15 p. m. Pulman Parlor car
from Williamsport to Philadelphia and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia
and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

of p. m.—Train 6, weekdays, for Har-risburg and intermediate stations, ar-riving at Philadelphia 4:39 A.M.; New York, 7:13 A. M. Pulinan Seeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:39 A.M.

sleeper undisturbed until 7:39 A. M.
10:12 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 19:38 A. on Sunday; Baltimore, 6:35 A. M.; Washington, 7:45 A. M. Pullman sleepers from Erle and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Uashington. Passengers in sleeper for Bultimore and Washington will be transferred into Washington sleeper at Williamsport. Passenger coaches from Eric to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

WESTWARD 4:38 a. m.—Train 9, weekdays, for Eric, Ridg-way, DuBois, Clermont and principal inter-mediate stations. 3:44 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Eric and inter-mediate tents. mediate points.
5:47 p. m.--Train 15, weekdays for Kane and intermediate stations.

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TRAIN 9 leaves New York 5:50 p. m., Philadelphia 8:50 p. m.; Washington 7:20 p. m., Ballimore 8:40 p. m., arriving at Driftwood 4:58 a. m., weekdays, with Pullman sieepers and passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie and Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport.

TRAIN 15 leaves Philadelphia 8:30 A. m.: Washington, 7:50 A. M.: Baltimore, 8:50 A. M.: Wilkesbarre, 19:15 A. M.: weekdays, arriving at Driftwood at 5:47 p. M. with Pullman Parior car from Philadelphia to Williamsport and passenger coach to Kane, TRAIN 3 leaves NewYork at 7:40 p. m.; Philadelphia, 11:20 p. m.; Washington, 10:40 p. m.; Baltimore, 11:50 p. m.; daily arriving at Driftwood at 9:44 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Phila to Williamsport, On Sundays only Pullman sleeper Philadelphia to Erie and Baltimore to Williamsport. On Sundays only Pullman sleeper Philadelphia to Erie and Baltimore to Williamsport.

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