Another member of the "coo" has fust died. That leaves about 10,000 of them still alive and flourishing.

It is a pity that men of genius can not formee their own greatness so as to take precautions against the publication of their love letters.

Frenchmen who have duels to fight insist on carrying surgical supplies to the field of honor, although a little sticking planter would answer every

Queen Wilhelminn of Holland is said to be dissatisfied with the \$100,-000 crown lately presented to her by loyal subjects. Perhaps she didn't get in on straight.

Two thousand thousands in counterfeit money having just been destroyed at Washington, it is evident that we have a great deal of enterprise devoted to the wrong way of making millions.

A western woman wants damages for the loss of her appetite for cucumra as the result of an accident. The uping sued should institute a nter claim for services rendered: -to immunity from cholera

> ools are to be established in Lonr physically defective children. ne formulated by the school ment committee provides for es to convey the children to the schools, where a mid-day be served.

> > ems that broken necks can ally mended. A case is the Chicago university who broke his neck in last October. He was y the surgeons, and is This is encourag-

> > > that the scientific making the mossome means of ug it for carryt would be unt were it to be 'round instead as heretofore

> > > > assion of the the whipping noteworthy the police he project. rience of nishment

> > > > > es that e fact ys in

e to earth the sun, it would take 98 years for light to dart across the abyss of space. This gives us some idea of he immensity of the universe.

pert testimony to weigh, it is not an en question whether the country-Sunny South. Save for an occanal isolated dissenting voice, like of Russell Sage, men of mark and me are quite agreed that the surundation of a staunch, symmetanhood is laid amid rural surings. This is a trite subject, ically reopened, and of late more exploited than usual. It is ala live sablect.

Industrious German is at it One of them has been calcuag how much it would cost in Gerfor a man to make a Franken in out of a man so far, at least, as ure will permit. He has been putgether an old artilleryman who out of sundry wars with very of his original anatomy left: ct, there was nothing but the trunk, the head and about half of the ace. It cost \$165 to provide him with air of hands and arms. The legs e to \$140. He fitted him with a which cost \$80, but it really was first-class article, else it would st \$100. When he had finished which included a pair of good ery serviceable eyes he found cole cost of material came a little less than \$600, and a very

THE TRAVELLED MISS TREE.

BY HENRY DICK.

Most little girls are fond of stories, and Annie MacFarlane was no exception to the rule; but then, she was the fortunate possessor of a grandmother who could tell the most charming stories in the world. Of these Annie's favorite was a really, truly, live story that had happened to grandmother herself when she was a little girl. Annie called it the "Lydia Tree Story," and twice a year, for a few days at Christmas and a for a good long time in summer, when she went to visit her grandmother, they began at once with poor Lydia.

"Haven't heard anything from Lydia Tree yet, have you, grandmother? Annie would call from the carriage

And grandmother always shook her head and smiled, it seemed a little sadly, as she said: "Nothing yet, my

This was the story:

When grandmother was a little bit of a girl she did not have as many playthings as little girls have now and the few she had were so plain and home-made that the children of to-day would consider them very poor affairs Indeed; but to grandmother they were beautiful, never having dreamed of anything any finer than her simple toys, it never occurred to her that they could be thought ugly or ridiculous.

Grandmother lived on a large fram not far from the city of Boston. she was the only little girl in the family, she was greatly petted by every In the long winter evenings, when there was little to do, some of the farm hands who were clever with their pen-knives used to employ their skill in whittling out toys for grand-

Sometimes they were rough block houses that came apart, which you fited together puzle fashion. Sometimes they were curious trick boxes made of countless small pieces of wood, which only those who were admitted to the secret could open. Sometimes they were wooden chains made of small links which had been cut from a long strip of wood, which grandmother thought made beautiful necklaces. Poor grandmother! You see this was long ago and she didn't know

But the toy of toys which had simply filled her little heart with rapture was-what do you suppose?-a whitebirch doll. Can you fancy such a

Its head was made of a knot of white birch wood upon which eyes, nose and mouth had been painted with yellow paint. It had a attle blue calico sunconnet, from under which hung two long yellow braids made of braided silk. It had a blue calico dress like the sunbonnet. Ita sleeves were stuffed with rags for arms, and it had two little pieces of wood for hands. Legs it had none; but then its dress was very long, and grandmother never missed them.

It must be that little girls who are intended to grow up into good grandmothers have grandmothers' hearts from the first. When this beautiful doll was given to grandmother, she took it without a word, and simply sank down on the floor and hugged it to her small breast with a rapture which made her speechless.

"linven't you a word of thanks to give John, my dear?" said grandmother's father. He wished his little daughter to grow up well-mannered d about 1803. and not to be ungrateful. Grandeated about 6. mother simply could not speak; but she looked at John with such beaming eyes that he understood.

"That's all right, little 'un," he said, as he gave her brown hand a pat John must have had a grandmother's

heart. Grandmother does not remember how the doll came to be called Lydia Tree; but Lydia Tree she was from the first. Never-until the terrible day which we are coming to-was eared boy has the advantage of the grandmother separated from Lydia ty-reared boy in the race of life, says Tree day or night. From that day she forgot to be lonely or to feel sorry that there were no little girls with whom she could play. Lydia Tree filled all

the empty places in her heart. What secrets they shared! What plans they made! And they played together so happily! Lydia Tree was always thinking of new games-that is, grandmother pretended that it was

Ldvia Tree who thought of them. One day in the early summer it happened that there was a great deal of work to be done for some reason or other, so grandmother was told to take Lydia Tree and go out and play in the front yard, where they wouldn't

be "under people's feet." So they went out and sat beside the horse-block, as it was called, for it was the place where the wagons always stopped and where people mounted their horses. The horseblock was the stump of an old tree with a smoothly planed top, which made the most beautiful place in the

world to play store. It was Lydia Tree's turn to be store keeper that day. She was standing propped up against the side of the block, trying to persuade grandmother to buy some very expensive kind of calico, which grandmother was not sure she could afford. They were discussing the important matter of whether it would wash or not, when grandmother heard the clatter of orse's hoofs coming up the road. Both she and Lydia Tree forgot the excitement of driving a bargain in their interest in seeing who was coming at

that hour of the morning.

************************ It seemed to grandmother afterwards that at first the rider intended to to keep on without stopping; but just as he came opposite the horse-block, his eye lighted on the little girl with Lydia Tree hugged tightly under arm. He aparently changed his mind and reined in his horse.

Grandmother was never able to give much of a description of the man. She always had a vague idea that he was much browned by the sun, that his blue clothes were of a queer cut, and that he spoke in some way differently from people she knew.

But he smiled down upon her very pleasantly as he asked, "Who lives here, little girl?"

"My father," said grandmother, promptly. And then, as she was really a very

polite little girl and wished to behave properly, she introduced herself, "An' I'm his little girl, an' this is Lydia Tree. At the sight of Lydia Tree's inter-

esting countenance held up for his inspection, the stranger seemed much affected. Probably he had never anything quite so beautiful. Grandmother was very much pleased; so when he asked her if she could get him a drink of water, as he was very warm and thirsty, and politely offered to hold Lydia Tree while she went to fetch it, she consented at once. It rould be a pleasant and novel experience for Lydia Tree to be on horseback. She was not the mother to deny her child any reasonable pleasure or advantage. Lydia Tree was handed up to the stranger, and grandmother departed for the water.

It took her some minutes, for the drinking gourd was rather large for her small hands, and she had to walk very slowly to avoid spilling the water. When she reached the horse block she saw Lydia Tree's head sticking out from the top of the stranger's jacket. She looked very much distressed, grandmother thought, buttoned up in that way, with her arms inside, Grandmother felt half inclined to cry. She was just about to request Lydia Tree's return, when the stranger finished his long draught.

"I think I'll take Lydia Tree now, please," said grandmother, holding up her short arm.

The man cast his rapid glance over the yard. There was no one in sight. He gave his horse a sharp cut with the whip. It seemed to grandmother afterward that in that one jump they were down the road, leaving nothing behind them but a cloud of dust.

It was several moments before her poor little brain was pierced with the terrible idea that Lydia Tree had also gone. For a moment she was simply paralyzed with anguish. Then, with a cry which brought her mother running from the house, she threw herself on the ground in a tempest of

It was some time before any one could make out what had happened. Poor grandmother could only wring her hands and son: "Lydia Tree! O. Lydia Tree!" When, finally, she had become sufficiently coherent to give tirem some idea of the tragedy that had befallen her, horses were saddled and several of the farm hands started in pursuit. Grandmother was a great favorite and everybody burned with indignation to think that a grown man should meanly rob a little girl of her treasure.

The man had too long a start. Never him or Lydia Tree, although it was many years before she gave over ex- tion: pecting them both. She could not beleve that he did not intend to come back. Her heart was sore at the thought of Lydia Tree compelled to live among strangers. They all decided that the man was probably a sailor who had stolen this odd-looking baby dell, perhaps to take to a little child

of his own. Grandmother's father tried to comfort her by promising that John should make another Lydia Tree for her. John somehow understood little girls as few grown-up people do. So he made her a playhouse instead, for which grandmother was secretly very grateful, although she did not think it right to say she didn't want another doll, as her father had suggested it. She and John became greater friends than ever. He certainly did have a grandfather's

This story of Lydia Tree was Annie's favorite story. She never tired of hearing it. It was her secret conviction that Lydia Tree would return some day, although grandmother had given up expecting her. She never dreamed that she was to have any part

When Annie was 10 years old, her father had some business that obliged him to go away over to Holland, to the city of Amsterdam.. As he might have to be there for many months, Annie and he mother went with him. It was certainly a great ex-perience for a little girl, and to say that Annie enjoyed all the wonderful things she saw on that journey and the quaint life in that curious old world city would not express it. It is only with the part of her journey that has to do with Lydia Tree that

this story is concerned. When Annie and her mother had been living in Amsterdam about a month there was a great fair held there for the benefit of some charity. Annie's father had been told that one of the chief exhibits was a collection

of all sorts of curious toys, which the children from all parts of the world are accustomed to play with. So Annie and her mother went one after-

It would take too long to tell of all the curious things that made up that wonderful collection-of the tops from Iceland, kites from Japan, stilts from the Marquesas islands, and what Annie called "Noah's Arks," from Africa.

Of course what interested her most was the collection of dolls. Annie thought most of them frightful, and felt a great deal of pity for the unfortunate children who had nothing better to play with.

There was a very kind man there who explained a great many things to Annie and her mother in faultless English. He showed them the most primitive form of doll from Mashonaland. Africa. Simply a small lump of wood, polished and blackened with age, with a few scratches on top to represent features. The dolls of the Kaffir tribes were a little better; they at least could boast of arms and legs. Then there were dolls from West Africa, made of hard brown wood highly polished. The strangest thing about these dolls was that their bodies were nade bell shaped. Within the bell hung a bunch of clappers made of reeds, which were supposed to repre-

sent the voice of the doll. "I do not think that the little girl finds these strange dolls very beautifull," said their guide laughing. "In one moment I will show you some that you will admire more, for they have come from the city of Paris. But first will show you a quaint doll from your own America. She is not very beautiful, either."

As they walked on, Annie's mother stopped a moment to examine some object that had attracted her eye. was startled by a cry of "Mother, mother, mother! Oh, do come here!"

She found Annie dancing up and down in excitement, waving something about, to the great astonishment of their new friend.

"It's Lydia Tree, I know it is, I know it is!" cried Annie, nearly in tears.

It certainly was. In every particular the outlandish looking doll baby answered grandmother's careful description. There was the knotted wooden head with the yellow paint features; the blue calico dress and sunbonnet, the yellow silk braids, the legless body. Annie's mother was nearly as excited as her little daughter. With a few words of explanation she asked permission to take off the sunbonnet. She had suddenly remembered a part of the story that Annie had forgotten. If this really were the long-lost Lydia Tree, her name would be found cut in the back of her head where John had carved it so many years before; and there it was! The curator was very much amused and interested but of course Lydia Tree had to be returned to her shelf for the time being, as she was a part of the collection.

I do not know just how it was managed, but the curator and Annie's father laid their heads together and managed it; but first one of the Amsterdam papers published a long account of the "Traveled Miss Tree's" life and adventures. Annie could not read it, to be sure, as it was all in Dutch, but the paper is one of her treasured possessions today. It tells how Miss Tree had been sent to the fair by the grand-daughter of a long dead Dutch sea captain, who had hought the queer doll from one of his satlors, presumably the very man who

had robbed grandmother of Miss Tree. At all events Lydia Tree crossed the Atlantic once more in Annie's own trunk. After landing in New York grandmother a visit. You can imagline how excited Annie was when, almost tumbling out of the carriage in

"Haven't heard anything from Lydia Tree yet, have you, grandmother?" 'Nothing yet,, my dear," said grand-

"Well I have!" shricked Annie, and waving Lydia Tree before grandmother's amazed eyes, she threw herself

into her arms. it was certainly a complete surprise; and when, after a happy day, Annie came to grandmother for her goodnight kiss, she received one of even more than usual tenderness. "It was the most beautiful present I ever

received in my life." she said. For many years afterward Lydia Tree, after her stormy and adventurous life, passed her time sitting in a

low chair beside grandmother's bed. Grandmother's glance was sometimes a little dimmed when she looked at the old companion of her childhood. So many things had happened while Lydia Tree was on her travels .--Youth's Companion.

General Bell in the Philippines. Once when riding ahead of his column in company with 10 of his officers they suddenly came upon a 100 or more insurgents. Bell was cut off from his comrades and found himself alone in a clearing with seven Filipinos, who were armed with rifles. He had only a revolver and only one shell in it. He rode headlong into the group of Filipinos shouting, and he shot off his single pistol ball. It struck the captain, and the others ran. He caught them and commanded them to throw down their rifles. He cantured a part of them and brought them back to their captain, who had only been wounded in the arm. When he rejoined his companions he was leading the captain and two other Filipinos as his prisoners. It was for this exhonor. It was Captain Bell who rescued Lieutenant Gillmore and his comMAUD.

The Man with the Hoe, on that sum-When Mand Muller raked the bay,

Was at work in the corn, just over the And Mand was a girl of good horse

the Man with the Hoe said,

Marry me "tio get a reputation!" said she. He worked it right, and in course of

He, too, was written up in rhyme.

And so they were wed, 'mid feasting and laughter, And lived very happily ever after.

— Detroit Journal.

HUMOROUS.

Muggins-Why do you allow your oy to work in a bowling alley? Buggins-Oh, just for pin money. "The shirtwaist must be about to

bloom." Why do you think so?" cause there goes one on a bud." Heax-I suppose when the footpad held you up you were greatly in-

reacher-Man proposes and-and what? Who can complete the sentence? Bright Pupil-And that's the

Romantic Mald-1 wonder what the vild waves are saying? Practical Youth-Oh, they are probably telling fish stories to each other.

Nell-Has Mr. Slokoche proposed to you, yet? Belle-No. He reminds me of a self evident truth. "How do you mean?" "He goes without saying."

Teacher-Of course you understand the difference between liking and loving? Pupil-Yes, miss; I like my faer and mother, but I love apple ple. Towne-So he's really dead. Well,

he made a hard fight. If ever a man had an iron will he was the man. Browne-Yes, but I'll bet the lawyers will break it.

Prison Visitor-This wouldn't have happened to you if you had been thing in proportion. taught to pray from your childhood Convicted Burglar-You're wrong. was taught to prey from my childhood

"And do these Indian girls never evince a tendency to relapse into their former savagery?" Tears sprang to the eyes of the mission worker. "Ah, yes," sighed she. "Only last evening they set the table without putting doy lies under the finger bowls."

They were on the train, on their edding trip. "It seems to me the conductor is rather personal," complained the bride. "Perhaps he thinks this is a personally-conducted tour, eplied the groom, who was still ratfled from has recent experience.

"So you quarrelled with George?" said one young woman. "Yes," swered the other, with much pathos. Is your engagement broken off?" "Oh, no. I told him I never wanted to see face again, and he said that he would leave me forever. But we didn't go so far as to break off our engagement."

A PYRAMID OF DIMES.

They Count in the Grand Total of the Government's Receipts.

"Does the government make much out of these pretty blue stamps?" she asked the clerk at the stamp window as her gloved hand dropped a dime on the glass counter in payment for a special delivery letter to Charlie.

"Certainly, miss," responded the clerk. "The government must get revenue from some source other than the internal revenue and import taxes. they went almost immediately to pay It tries to make both ends meet in the postal service and endeavors to earn an honest penny or two extra.

"You will now, upon mailing that And Beal Estate Agent, Reynoldsville, Pa. her eagerness, she asked the old ques- letter, obtain a special service, for which, of course, you ought to pay. The government cleans up a neat little pile each year from dimes paid for special delivery stamps, receiving last venr 5.191.000 pieces, and employing 2173 messenger boys to deliver them, the average time for the delivery of each letter being 15 minutes.

"The government received in revenue from his source dimes to the amount of \$627,800, and paid for running this branch of the service \$477. making a neat little profit of 100. \$147,000.

"You see, miss, the carrying in the mails of love letters like the one in your hand, and other missives, costs money, and the department spent last year \$107,700,000 to do it. As it received only \$102,300,000, there was a deficiency of \$5,385,000. Of these receipts \$94,000,000 came from the sales of postage stamps, stamped envelopes newspaper wrappers and nostal cards. So every cent the government may make adds to the total receipts and lessens the deficiency, even down to the amount received from the sale of waste paper. The profit it makes on the sale of the little stamp books with leaves that won't stick together at an advance of only one cent over the face value of the stamps in the book has yielded \$4500 in a single month. -Washington Star.

Virtue Poorly Rewarded. A curious example of the reward of excessive virtue is the case of certain British pickle manufacturers who have een making their pint bottles hold a little more than a pint, to be on the safe side of the English law. these pint bottles arrived at Canada found that there was a law in operation which provides that any package measuring more than a pi must pay duty as a quart.-I

It takes a brave man to ace a denpanions of the navy.-The World's tist, and even then the

THE NATIONAL GAME.

Carrick is pitching fine ball for the Washingtons. Norton, the Hoboken pitcher, is re-

Hans Wagner is still tearing off safe

drives for the Pittsburg Club Crollus, the Bostons' new right-fielder, has come up to all expectations,

Amos Rusic, of Cincinnati, has been sent to West Baden Springs to get in playing form. McGraw's latest recruit for his Baltimore team is Charles Jackson, of

Philadelphia, an outfielder, Heidrick, of St. Louis, has simply been "killing" the ball since the season opened. So has Jack Doyle. Manager Selec, of Boston, made a

trip to Princeton hopeful of signing Hillebrand, the crack college pitcher. He learned that Hillebrand has signed to coach the Tigers until June 1. The cadets of the West Point Milltary Academy are taking more than usual interest in baseball this year. They have been practicing hard for months and expect to have an excep-

tionally strong team. "I have got a strong team," says Frank Selee, the Boston manager, "Barry in left field is faster than anybody I have had there in a long time, and DeMontreville at third suits me. He is a better base runner and hustler than Collins."

Rawson, prospective shortstop of the New Haven tento, wears glasses and says they do not handleap his playing. Not counting smoked spectacles sun fields, ball players who l worn glasses on the field have been few and far between.

It's numble that the American League did more damage to the National's third bases than any other position. Cross from Brooklyn. Gray from St. Louis, Collins from Bos-ton, Bradley from Chicago and Wil-liams from Pittsburg are the last corner men who have "jumped."

-Miss Ella Ewing, the Missouri giantess, who is eight feet four inches in height, recently completed a house for herself at the town of Govin, in that State. Her new house has doors 10 feet high, ceilings 15 feet high, chairs, tables, beds and every-

Three young women of Sedalia, Mo. will soon start a magazine there. It will be literary in character and will be christened "The Trio."

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BUFFALO & ALLEGHANY VALLEY DIVISION. Low Grade Division. [Eastern Standard Time.] In Effect Nov. 25, 1900.

DENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

niler 11 16 32 12 52 p. 85

Driftwood .. eynoldsville \$ 33 18 45

Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division.

In effect March, 18, 1901. Trains leave

Deflect March, 18, 1891. Trains leave Driftwood as follows:
EASTWARD

100 a m-Train 12, 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.; Balthnore, 6:00 p. m.; Washington, 7:5 p. m. Pullman Pacior car from Williamsport to Philadelphia and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

senger conches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

1:22 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p. m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:39 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

4:09 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. M.; New York, 7:13 a. m.; Baltimore, 2:36 a. m.; Washington 4:05 a. M. Pullman Sieeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York, 7:13 a. m.; Baltimore, 1:36 a. m.; Callington 10:35 p.m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 7:22 a. M.; Washington, 8:30 a. M. Pullman sicepers from Erie, and Williamsport to Washington. Passenger and Williamsport to Washington. Passenger conches from Erie to Philadelphia, and Williamsport to Baltimore.

11:32 p.m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, and Williamsport to Baltimore.

11:32 p.m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, and Williamsport to Washington. Passenger conches from Erie to Philadelphia, and Williamsport to Baltimore.

11:32 p.m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:23 a. m. weekdays, (10:33 a. m. Sunday) Baltimore 7:29 a. m., Washington, 8:30 a. Westibuled buffer sieeping cars and passenger conches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

principal intermediate stations...m.--Train 3, daily for Eric and intermediate points. 4:00 p. m.—Train 15, daily, for Buffalo via 5:45 p. m.--Train 15, weekdays for Kane and Intermediate stations.

B. III. WEEKDAYS Woodvale Quinwood Smith's Run lv Ridgwayn 8 25 1 29 8 43 McMino Smt 7 51 105 8 25 1 49 8 29 Harveys Run 7 54 1 05 6 30 1 15 8 35 1 V Falls C kar 8 00 1 10 6 10 1 05 8 25 1 V DuRois ar 8 10 1 25

6 30 1 15 7 08 ar Falls C'k lw 8 20 1 20 5 17 6 12 12 52 6 54 Beynoldsville 8 33 1 32 5 50 5 30 12 24 6 25 Brookville 9 00 1 59 6 00 4 50 11 47 New Bethl'm 9 40 2 38 6 45 4 65 11 10 Red Bank 10 15 3 29 7 25 1 40 9 309 V Pittsburgar 12 35 5 30 10 15 p.m. a.m. p.m. p.m. p.m. p.m. For time tables and additional information

J. B. HUTCHINSON J. R. WOOD, Gen Manager Gen. Pass. Ag't. BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTS-BURGH RAILWAY.

On and after February 1, 1201, passen-ger trains will arrive and depart from Reyn-oldsville station, daily, except Sunday, as follows:

2.30p. m. Week days only. For Falls Creek, DuBois, Curwensville, Clearfield, Punssu-tawney, Butler, Pittsburg, Brockwayville, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett and Bradford.

Bradford.

ARRIVE.

1.25 p. m. Week days only. From Clearfield,
Curwensville, Falls Creek, DuBols, Pittsburg, Butfor and Punxsutawnsy.

TRAINS LEAVE FALLS CREEK.

2.57 a. m. Dally. Night Express for Punxsu-tuwney, Dayton, Butler and Pittsburg, Pullman sleepers. 10.54a. m. and 8.20 p. m. Week days only. For Du Bois, Stanley, Sykes, Hig Kun and Punx-sutawney.

DuBois, Stanley, Sykes, Big Kun and Punxsutawney.

244 p. m. Daily. Vestibuled limited. Reclining chair and cafe cars. For Punxsutawney. Dayton. Butter and Pittsburg.

SORTH BOUND.

234 n. m. Daily. Night Express for Ridgway,
Johnsonburg, Buffalo and Bochester.

L30 p. m. Week days only. Pullman sleepers.
For Brockwayville, Ridgway, Johnsonburg,
Mt. Jewett and Bradford.

1237 p. m. Daily. Vestibuled limited. Reclining chair and cafe cars. For Ridgway,
Johnsonburg, Bradford, Buffalo, and Rochester.

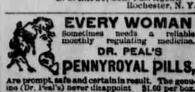
ester.

.05 p. m. Week days only. Accommodation for Reynoldsville. Trains for Curwensville, Clearfield and intermediate stations leave Falls Creek at 7.28 a. m. and 2.40 p. m.

mediate stations leave Falls Creek at 7.28 a. m. and 2.40 p. m.

Thousand mile tickets good for passage over any portion of the B. R. & P. and Beech Creek railroads are on sale at two (2) cents per mile.

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are prompt safe and certain in result. The genu-ine (Dr. I'eal's) never disappoint \$1.60 per box. For sale by H. Alex. Stoke.

3:39 a. m.—Train 7, daily for Buffalo via orium.

m.—Train 9, daily for Eric. Ridg-and week days for DuBois, Clermont