Since the entry of the two girls into the camp I had suffered one terror after another in quick succession, and now it struck me that in case Jack succeeded in fascinating this lawless group some of them, fired with a desire of possession, would break through all restraint. I had been wonderstruck that two defenseless girls should dare to come among them, and now I was stupeffed that Jack should dance before them and that Heien should permit ber to do so. But who shall measure the strength of woman's weakness? Mother Nature had taught Jack and Helen their power, and they went about their work with not a tithe of the fright that possessed me.

Meanwhile Jaqueline had drifted into the dance and was whirling, bending. Coating, every muscle alive with its especial motion. At times she would lull, poise berself for a moment then, like a fitful wind, start again with renewed fervor. At no time could there be discovered aught but delicate refinement in her movements, and now It was her purpose to attract without exciting her spectators. Stimulated by frequent bursts of applause and by the rapt attention of the men surrounding her, she found her main incentive in a far deeper, nobler motive, feeling, as she did, the critical situation, the dread responsibility, for a human life resting upon her.

What a singular scene! The ring of ugly faces momentarily softened by the sight of grace and beauty; the captain, his sharp face turning with the dancer and following her wherever she goes; Pete Halliday, standing with folded arms, lowering from under the brond brim of his sombrero, grinding his quid; Ginger's black face gleaming with pride at furnishing the music for his young mistress, inspiring her with his own inspired melody: little Buck. standing between two lank guerrillas "butternut," staring at his cousin and forgetful of her danger in his interest in her work; Helen Stanforth. standing apart, her strong face wearing the expression of a general who watches a cavalry charge intended to turn a position on which hangs the fate of the day.

The guerrillas, not one of whom would hesitate to slit a throat at the slightest prospect of gain, were watching the little soubrette not only with admiration, but with respect. during her performance one of the men applauded with a ribald remark. He was standing by the captain, who stretched his arm, brought it down with a backward stroke and sout the man sprawling. Jaqueline saw the act and the approving looks of the outlaws, who were in no mood to have their sport interrupted. The color left her cheeks, but she kept right on, and the episode passed without further consequences.

At a moment when the attention of the men had become riveted upon the dancer Helen, who had been gradually working her way from the group to ward me, came and sat down on the log behind Ginger, where she was partially screened by him. Watching her apportunity, she deftly took a revolver from her pocket and concealed it in the folds of her dress. With her eyes fixed upon the group about Jack, she waited for a burst of applause, and when it came, reaching back, she dropped the weapon behind the log at my feet; then, rising, rejoined the circle. I pushed the revolver under the log with the toe of my boot, then kicked dust and leaves over it. This accomplished. I breathed the most comfortable sigh of relief I have ever drawn in my life. The whole situation seemed changed by that little dust covered combination bits of metal. Stooping, I slipped it into the leg of my boot and felt that half the battle was won.

At that moment the setting sun came out from behind a cloud and shot lances of light through the trees, cover ing the group-the beautiful and the ugly, the good and the bad, the refined and the vulgar-with gilded splendor. I saw but Jaqueline. The usual fitful

ness of her disposition, her natural expression of careless indifference, had given place to a serious intensity deoting a great purpose. Poising herself between two movements, the gilding rays shone on her forehead. Then darting on her toes to another part of the ring, a quick succession of lights and shades passed over her brow, a glittering diadem of sun flashes. Truly God wouderful artist, since he touch even a dance with celestial pu-

Helen Stanforth turned to me. Pull ing her sunbonnet forward so as to conceal her face from the others, though they were too intent on Jaqueline to notice her, she moved her lips, ugh no sound came I knew she ided the word:

Near me was a tree, not far from hat another, underbrush, bushes-just the cover through which to make a reat. I could easily get down behind log, crawl into the thicket and Now for the first time the purof dear Jaqueline was fully ap-

could I leave these friends

"Not without the others," I whis pered.

Sitting down on the log so as to be nearer to me, she replied in a low volce:

"We will leave here when you are safely away. She will dance on to keep them from knowing you have gone. We have planned it so." "They will know you counived at my

escape and murder you." "Why should they? Go at once, or I

shall consider you an ingente." She looked so auxious, they had all made such a moble effort in my behalf, that I could not find it in my beart to disappoint them.

I slipped behind the tree, dropped to the ground and wriggled like a snake through the underbrush; then, rising, darted away.

A dozen yards -fifty-n hundred. The music of Ginger's banjo dies as suddenly as the clang of a bell on a passing engine. Will one minute or five pass before I am missed? A distant burst of applause-God bless the dear little dancer! Before me is an open space, then a dense clump of trees. If I can reach that thicket I can make a quick digression, and this may throw my pursuers off my track.

A confusion of yells, a bullet whistling by my ear. I reach the wood and push on through it, not daring to lose distance by digression with an enemy close behind me. My feet becoming entangled in a vine, I stumble and fall. A weight comes down on me, crushing the breath out of me. It is all over,

Pauting, bleeding, white as a ghost, I am led back to the guerrilla camp. "Shoot him!"

"Gimme a rope offen that pack mule!" "Tie him on a critter an send him down the mounting!"

A babel of brutal suggestions came from the different members of the sounding to me, stunned as I was. like final random shots at the slaughter of a "forlorn hope." Amid the clamor I saw but one sight-Helen and Jack locked in each other's arms. paralyzed with terror.

"Stand back, men!" cried the captain, pushing his way toward me. 'Have yo' forgot the money?" "Stand back!" roared Halliday. "He

belongs to me an Tom Jaycox! We tuk bim!

The captain's authority, thus support ed, saved me from immediate death,



Panting and bleeding, I am led back to the querrilla camp.

The men who were crowding around me gave way, a cord was brought, and my wrists and ankles were securely bound. No one seemed to suspect that Jack's dance had anything to do with my flight, except that I had taken advantage of the relaxed vigilance to make the attempt. Having tied me, they threw me to the ground, Halliday giving me a parting kick; a man was deputed to watch me, and the band, accustomed to such episodes, left me to turn again to what was far more interesting to them.

CHAPTER XL

STEALING THE GUNS. QUELINE once more became an object of undivided interest. The men crowded about her, staring at her, uttering exclamations of admiration, vainly seeking a way to do her honor. Presently they cut saplings, out of which they constructed a rude chair, decorating it with twigs and one ill favored bandit, to whom nature had imparted a spark of art. gathered wild flowers with which to put on finishing touches. When the sent was completed, the men looked awkwardly at Jack, and the captain, presenting the tips of his fingers, led her to her improvised throne. Helen. who at the first sign that I was to be temporarily spared had recovered her equanimity and had infused some of her restored courage into Jack, saw at once the advantage of keeping up her cousin's popularity. Seizing some of the flowers, she wove them on a framework of green twigs into a circular garland and insisted on crowning the favorite, not queen of May, for May had not yet come, but queen of a month far

more appropriate—April.

By this time night had come on, a roaring fire was lighted, and the guerrillas, forming a ring of which Jack was the sum, threw themselves on the

ground and listened to her cout, her songs, her stories, their fire lighted faces standing out of the gloom in grim contrast with her refined beauty. The captain, with his superior breeding, served as a link between her and his men, keeping them in check and stimulating their admiration by his own. If Jack flagged for a moment between her stories and her songs, Helen was quick to suggest new ones, and occasionally both were relieved by little Buck, who would throw in some quaint remark typical of that peculiar creature, the American boy.

So long as the songs and stories lasted there was nothing to precipitate trouble, but the entertainment could not go on all night, and I began to the moment when the girls should attempt to take their departure. Presently Helen in a firm voice said:

"Come, it's time for us to go." Shouts of "No!" "A dance!" "A song!" greeted the proposition, and the guerrillas began to form in groups to resist an exit. Helen, selecting the noisiest knot of men, drew a revolver from her pocket and, cocking it, moved toward them with her eyes fixed upon them, Whether it was that calm and steady. they were cowed by the wenpon or admired this evidence of woman's pluck, they opened a way. The captain, selzing the opportunity, quickly took Jack by the hand and led her after her cousin. Once beyond the ring, he assisted the girls to mount, then, mounting himself, the three rode away, followed by a cheer. As for me, I breathed one long sigh of relief.

"Well, Ginger," said Buck, "reckon ef we uns air goin to git to Sparty tomorrer we'll have to travel all night." "Is the nigger takin yo' to Sparty of nir yo' takin the nigger?" asked one

"Dut ain't gwine to mak' no differ'." said Ginger. "Mars Buck on I don' never had no trouble. Mars' Buck, be's my mars' till I gits to de new one."

Buck led his horse to the log and mounted, giving me a significant look, as much as to say, "I won't desert you," then rode away, followed by Gin ger, with the remark:

"Goodby, yo' fellers. Much 'bliged fo' the good time."

The restraint of the girls' presence being no longer felt, the men's behavior changed in a twinkling. The cantain's absence left Pere Halliday, the worst man in the gang, free to foment trouble, and he began to do so by sneering at his chief for being brought, as he expressed it, under petticoat goverufacait. There appeared to be two factions in the band-the one headed by Halliday or Jaycox and the other by Captain Ringold. Halliday set about instigating the guerrillas, or, rather, his adherents, to go after Helen and Jack and bring them back for another dance. To make matters worse, one of the men found some applejack, and it was not long before the gang were half drunk. Meanwhile the captain returned and received a hearty cursing from Halliday and his adherents. Several of them started to bring back the girls, but Ringold drew upon them and threatened to shoot them unless they returned. They staggered back, grumbling, and the captain adroitly proposed another pull at the applefack. This diverted them, and after finishing the liquor one after another sank into a drunken slumber.

It was midnight. Every member of the band was asleep save the man who was deputed to guard me. He was sitting on a piece of firewood, so placed that he could watch me across the flame. I lay on my back looking up at the stars and featherlike clouds that now and again floated across the great blue dome, the only motion apparent save the tree tops bending under an ocensional breeze. The fire flickered, the guard nodded, and an owl in the distance gave an occasional hoot.

I heard something stir in the under brush. Glancing aside, I saw a small light disk over a bush. It was the face

Now, in the name of all the gods, will those devoted friends never give over risking their lives in these useless attempts? What is to happen now? I scowled an order to the boy to go away, but he paid no attention to it. Something came sliding along the ground and lodged against me. The guard heard it, started, cast a quick glance at me, then about him, but, seeing nothing, relapsed into his for-mer quietude. I felt for what had

struck me and clasped a jackknife. Meanwhile Buck disappeared, but soon appearing again in his place, held up a carbine. He had doubtless stolen it from one of the men who slept on the edge of the circle about the fire Agnin he disappeared, and I watched eagerly for his return. The guard was still awake, though nodding, but had he been more watchful he would not likely have discovered Buck, for the underbrush, both where the boy appeared to me and where it skirted the sleeping guerrillas, was so thick that in passing around the camp be was comparatively safe from observation. Besides for most of the distance Buck traversed in his gun foray the guard's

back was toward him. I watch the point where Buck's head appeared, expecting to see it again, but in its stend presently see two white points. Straining my eyes, I discern the whites of two eyes, then a black

face. It is Ginger. A white line appears directly below the eyes, and he is showing his teeth in a smile. He raises his arm, and, behold, another gun! Again white line of teeth, and he puts the weapon down. Five, 10, 15 minutes elapse. Ginger holds his ground. Has he gone to sleep? No. Another five minutes, and he holds up another gun. Ah, I see. Little Buck, with catlike tread, is gathering in the arms. That's

well. He is far better fitted for such delicate work than a stiff old negro. The little pantomime begins to take shape in my mind and bring anticipaof which Jack | tions of more than a fight for my own massives on the life. If I can escape and Buck and

Ginger secure sufficient arms, it may e possible for all our party to get to gether and make a defense. I must tell Ginger to get some ammunition. But with a guard looking straight at me it is no easy task to convey an order by signs, and that to a stupid negro. Catching sight of a small stone beside me, I put out my hand, yawning to conceal my intention, let it fall on the stone and soon had it between the knuckle of my thumb and the point of my forefinger, as a boy holds a marble. Watching till the guard's head is turned, looking meaningly at Ginger, I fire the stone a short distance, hoping he will understand the word "ammunition." His face is a blank; it is evident that he does not know what I mean, and there is no prospect of his

getting it through his thick skull.

Ginger turned away, and I knew that ne was speaking to his young master then Buck's white face showed fiself inquiringly behind the negro's black one. I looked menningly at Buck and repeated the motion of firing. He caught my meaning and, taking up a gun, made a motion as if rumming a eartridge, looking at me inquiringly. I indicated that he was right. He went away and after a long absence came back and held up four cartridges, two in each hand. Then, putting down the boxes, he held up three fingers, and I knew that they had secured three guns. He next held up four fingers of the other hand, pointing to the sleeping guerrillas, and I knew he proposed to get one more gun.

Buck was a long while capturing the fourth gun. One of the men awoke, ynwned, ant up and looked into the fire, yawned again, lay down and was soon snoring. Then the guard got up from where he was sitting. There was n slight sound in the bushes, and he listened attentively. Then he put some wood on the fire and sat down again. He had scarcely seated himself before Ginger held up the fourth gun.

I moved slightly, showing my friends by my manner that I was about to try to get away. They appeared to under-



The guard opened his eyes and looked straight at me.

stand and gathered up the guns, Buck taking one and Ginger three, doing all so silently that no sound reached even I waited, watching the guard intently till he should nod. I had no expectation of his going to sleep. I only hoped to free myself from my thongs before he should discover my movement. He nodded. I moved. He opened his eyes. I snored. He nodded again. I grasped the knife. Thoughtful Buck! He had opened the blade. Drawing up my knees, I cut the ropes that bound my ankles, then felt in my boot leg for the revolver. I was about to cock it afternoon laid a plan for your escape." when I remembered that the guard would conceal the sound by a sneeze, but a sneeze might disturb some of the The owl, which had for some time been silent, booted. It usually gave three hoots in succession. I counted-one, two and at the third cocked my revolver. Through my half closed lids I cast a glance at the guard. His eyes were shut. I looked significantly at Buck and Ginger to show them that I was ready, then motioned them to Waiting long enough for them to put a few hundred yards between them and the camp and noticing that the guard's eyes were still shut, I prepared

to follow Rising slowly and silently, keeping my eyes fixed on the man by the fire. raising my revolver and taking as good an aim as possible with bound wrists, I stood on my feet. One step backward, then another, a third, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth. I had reached the bushes where Buck and Ginger had been concealed and was about to take one more step which would secure concealment when the guard opened his eyes and looked straight at me.

Surprise was his last emotion, my figure the last sight he ever saw. I shot him through the head and before the report had ceased to reverberate was in the bushes.

CHAPTER XII.

A DAYLIGHT ATTACK. ESPITE the thickness of the surrounding underbrush, 1 made quick progress. Jump ing clean over bushes, darting around trees and under low limbs, after running some 200 yards from the

guerrilla camp I came to a comparatively open space. Seeing a figure standing within it and surmising it to be one of my friends, I was about to call when a woman's voice cried "Halt!" I knew that I was covered by

a weapon and stopped short. "Yes, and you"-

'Helen. This way.' She darted away like a deer. I soon overtook her, and together we ran perhaps half a mile, when she began to climb an ascent leading to the base of an overhanging cliff. I saw through gloom a large and a small figure

the way up to a recess in the cliff, and I saw at once a position that we could hold against a dozen men so long as we had food and ammunition.

"Hello!" It was Jack's cheery voice. "Goody! Ain't I glad to get out o' the

wilderness! "I'm glad enough," I said as soon as I could get breath to speak, "but you women"-

There was no time for words. We set about rolling a big stone into a gap between two others, and as soon as it was in position had a continuous breastwork. The guerrillas were calling to each other in the woods below, but they did not seem to know where we were. I picked up one of the guns Ginger bad thrown down, Buck had one in his hands, Ginger kept one, and Helen selzed the remaining one.

'Where do I come in?" chirped Jack. "Here." I handed her the revolver, In which there were five loaded cham-bers, and told her to hold on to it, as she would doubtless need it. We all took position behind our brenstworks ready to repel an assault, at the same time seeing to the condition of our pieces. They were envalry earbines, all londed and capped ready for use.

"Where are your horses?" I asked. "Picketed down there," Helen replied, pointing westward, "In a thicket not far from the road."

"Have you anything to eat?" She glanced at a parcel on the ground, "I got that in a cabin. There's some corn pane and pork." "Barely enough for one meal. Any

water?" "There's some water trickling be tween the rocks back there." "That pone and pork means a chance

but It's a slim one." Helen set her lips, Jack turned pale, Ginger showed no emotion whatever, while Buck remarked that be'd be "darned if he didn't plunk one of 'em, anyway." As for myself, I was agiast at the terrible fate that threatened those who bud so nobly and so bravely risked all in my behalf.

"What brought you here?" I asked, impatiently, of Helen. "When you were taken from our house I resolved to follow. Buck came

in just as I started, and insisted on joining me. We traced you to Colonel Rutland's plantation"-

"I see. It was you I heard coming in after I went up stairs." "Ginger took the horses to the stable and was returning to the house when he saw two men climb a tree near your window and enter your room. watched from a distance and saw them bring you out, but he could not tell whether they were taking you away by force or assisting you to cape. Coming into the house, he told

us what had happened. "Jack started to awaken Captain Beaumont, but I stopped her. If you had been assisted to escape, this would be fatal. Besides, from what Jack had told me of the captain, I judged he would have his night's rest before starting in pursuit. I told Jack I would follow you myself, and she was wild to come with me. Ginger had seen you leave the plantation and knew the direction you had taken. We sent him and Buck ahead, and they soon came near enough to you to hear your horses' hoof beats, then waited for us to come up. Soon after we lost track of you, but, hearing something come crashing down the mountain"-

"A stone." -"we followed the direction of the sound. In the early morning Buck and Ginger came upon you unexpectedly. As soon as you had gone they rejoined us, we shadowed you and yesterday

"A wild, impracticable scheme. One would hear the click. I thought I circumstance has led to another, each involving you more deeply. My God. what a load of obligation! We can't stay here. We'll starve. Buck, couldn't you slip out in the darkness and find help?"

"No, siree; I'm not goin out o' hyar. I'm goin t' stay an fight with the rest. "But you may save all our lives." "Why don't you go, Mr. Brandy-

stone? "1? I must stay with your sister and cousin. Besides, I'm big and couldn't

get through as easily as you." "Well I nin't a-goin to sneak away if I am little." "Bucky," said Jack, "yo' needn't go

I'll go myself." "Yo' don' do nuffin like dat, Missy Jack," cried Ginger. "Dem grillers shoot yo'! Wha' mars' say of I go back

an tell 'em de apple ob he eye go down 'mong grillers fo' to git shot? I gwine, mars'," he added to me. But by this time there was more call-

ing among the men below, a streak of light appeared in the east, and I did not dare let any one attempt to evade the enemy. Besides, I could now see by the lay of the land that it would be impossible.

Something must have given the guerrillas an inkling of our whereabouts for as soon as it was light we could see them standing, looking up at our position. I told every one to lie low, hoping that some of the outlaws would climb up to investigate and we might pick them off. For more than an hour we remained concenled, only speaking in whispers; then we saw the knot of men below divide, three going to the west, three to the east, while three began to climb toward our fortress. One

remained below, and as the light increased I saw it was the captain. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

Sareastic. "Yes, I'm pretty well fixed," remarked the western millionaire. "I began life a barefoot boy and"-"Of course, but is that unusual out

your way?" "Well, yes. I'm rather an exception." "Well, well! I know it's quite common in the west for one to die with his boots on, but I didn't know you folks were born that way too."-Philadelphia

N. Hanau,

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50 cent Ladies' Shirt Waist,		25 cents.
75 cent Ladies' Shirt Waist,		50 cents.
\$1.00 Ladies' Shirt Waists,		50 cents.
\$1.25 Ladies' Shirt Waists,		75 cents.
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Men's Summer Underwear.

25 cent goods for 19 cents. 50 cent Men's Balbriggan Shirts, 421 cts. 50 cent Men's Balbriggan Drawers, 424 cts.

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Fine Clay Worsted Suits, \$8 and \$10, for \$5.00 and \$6.25. Fine Clay Worsteds, \$10 and \$12, for \$8.25. Best Clay Worsteds, \$12 to \$15, for \$9.50. Child's Suit, 75 ets; other houses would ask you \$1.50 for same

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RY. CONDENSED TIME TABLE IN EFFECT SEPT. 1, 1901.

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. Dally. † Daily except Sunday. Trains 3 and 6 are solid vestibuled, with hand-some day coaches, cafe, and reclining chair cars. Trains 2 and 7 hav Fullman Sleepers between Buffalo and Pittsburg, and Rochester and Pitts EDWARD C. LAPEY, General Passenger

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Effect May 26, 1901. [Eastern Standard Time

EASTWARD.					
STATIONS. Pittsburg. Red Bank Lawsemban New Bethichem Oak Ridge Maysville Summerville Brook ville Iows Fuller Reynoidsville Pancoast. Falls Creek Dutfols. Saboin Winterburn Pennfield Tyler Bennegette Grant Driftwood.	\$ 6 10 16 21 16 28 6 44 16 58 7 17 7 25 7 16 8 18	No. 113 A. M § 6 15 9 28 5 403 10 10 20 10 20 11 00 11 10 11 11 10 11 11 15 11 40 11 45 11 55	A N. 10 (00 11 10) 11 47 11 50 12 52 11 12 52 11 12 52 11 12 52 11 12 55 11	5 21 5 36 5 50 10 56 6 12 16 18 6 30 6 40	P. 500 X 4 4 6 0 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 1

WESTWARD

Train 942 Sunday) leaves DuBots 4.10 p. m. Falls Creek 4.17, Reynolds ville 4.39, Brook ville 5.00, Red Bank 6.30, Pittsburg 3.30 p. m. Trains marked * run daily; 5 daily, except Sunday; † flag station, where signals must be shown.

Philadelphia & Eric Railroad Division In effect May 26th, 1901. Trains leave Driftwood as follows:

EASTWARD

60 a m-Train 12, weekdays, for Sunbury,
Wilkesbarre, Hazieton, Pottsville, Scranton,
Barrisburg and the Intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:36 p. m.,
New York, 9:30 p. m.; Baltimore, 6:00 p. m.;
Washington, 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car
from Williamsport to Philadelphia and pasfrom Williamsport to Philadelphia and pas-senger conclus from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Wash-ington. 146 p. m.—Train's, daily for Sunbury, Har-

ington.

12:46 p. m.—Train s. daily for Sunbury. Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, aeriving at Philadelphia 7:25 p. m., New York 16:33 p. m. Baltimore 7:39 p. m., Washington 8:43 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia 4:07 p. m.—Train 6. daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m.; Washington 4:06 a. M. Pullman Sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:39 a. M.

11:00 p.m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and Intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 7:22 a. M.; New York, 9:35 a. M. on week days and loss a M. on Sunday; Baltimore, 7:35 a. M.; Washington, 8:30 a. M. on week days and loss a M. on Sunday; Baltimore, 7:35 a. M.; Washington, 8:30 a. M. Pullman sleepers from Eric and Williamsport to Philadelphia, and Williamsport to Philadelphia, and Williamsport to Philadelphia, and Williamsport to Baltimore.

2:17 p.m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 7:22 a. m., New York, 9:25 a. m. weekdays, 19:23 a. m. Sunday; Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington, 8:30 a. Westibuled buffet sleeping cars and passenger conches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD

WESTWARD ain 7, daily for Buffalo via 139 a. m.-Train

Emporium.

4:28 a. m.—Train 9, daily for Erie, Ridg-way, and week days for Dulkols, Clermont and principal intermediate stations.

9:44 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and inter-mediate points.

9:48 p. m.—Train 15, daily for Buffalo via Emporium.

5:44 p. m.—Train 61, weekdays for Kane and intermediate stations.

B. III. WEEKDAYS. a. m. 10 45 ar Clermont Iv 10 38 Woodvale 10 35 Quinwood 10 41 Smith's Run 10 25 Instanter 9 40 ly Ridgway as Brockwayv'l Lanes Mills McMinn Smt Harveys Kun Iv Falls C'k ar ar Falls C'k ly Revnoldsville