

With bold bacilli in a kiss and germs in the ice cream, pray who can tell what will become of love's young dream?

In dry regions there is a great deal of talk about meeting the drought problem by irrigation. There is only one drawback to irrigation, and that is the absence of water.

Those who have studied the subject carefully have estimated that a loss of nearly \$40,000,000 is sustained annually by the cultivators of the soil from insect ravages in the United States and Canada.

An Irish judge sitting in four courts, Dublin, in summing up a case in which the plaintiffs were a lady and her daughter, began: "Gentlemen of the jury, everything in this case seems plain—except Mrs. O'Toole and her charming daughter."

The Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post remarks that to keep up with the average small boy in these swift times requires 16 hours of exercise daily, a bicycle, an encyclopedia and all the latest editions of Ready Replies to Instant Inquiries.

A Paris schoolmaster has petitioned the French chamber against kings still being portrayed on French playing cards. He suggests that kings should be replaced by pictures of Thiers, MacMahon, Grevy and Carnot, and queens by equally prominent republican women. The parliamentary commission sitting on the petition has replied that the chance is impossible, since it would ruin quite a number of playing card factories.

"Blind Tom," who was the musical prodigy of the last generation, has reappeared in concert at the age of 52 years. He is the same mental imbecile as of old, and since retiring from the stage has spent his days in asylums and sanitariums, but his musical powers are said to be unimpaired. He can still play three airs at once, play with his back to the piano, and immediately reproduce any air which he hears. He is a human freak, unexplained and unexplainable.

Lord Dundonald, the well-known British cavalry general, has been giving, in an after-dinner speech, his conclusions drawn from his experiences in South Africa. He said that the ideal mounted man of the future would be one who was skilled in reconnaissance and outpost duty, could attack a position and defend a position, and was, above all, a good shot, and able to walk many miles without fatigue to ease his horse. As to the retention or not of the sabre, he thought the ordinary cutting sword should go, and some light weapon be substituted that could be utilized at the end of the rifle or for thrusting. The future was the mounted rifleman.

The Toronto Mail and Express states: "In 1867, the year of the confederation, the population of Canada was 3,371,594. In 1891 the population was 4,833,239. In 1901 the figure is estimated to be 6,000,000. If we have but 5,500,000, as some suppose, our increase will have been 2,100,000 since the Union. In 1817 the area of Canada was 499,760 square miles; in 1901 the area is 3,470,292 square miles, or about 40 percent of the area of the British empire. The addition of Manitoba and the northwest in 1870 and of British Columbia on July 20, 1871, and of the province of Prince Edward Island on July 1, 1873, brought in the additional three million square miles. In 1867 we had 2280 miles of railway, which had cost \$150,027,000; in 1901 there are 17,164 miles, which have cost \$98,266,000. In 1867 we exported \$57,567,000 worth of products; in 1900 we exported \$158,896,000 worth."

In Michigan a compulsory vaccination law has come in conflict with the compulsory school-attendance law, and has had the worst of the encounter. The supreme court of the state was arbiter in the contest, the case passed upon being the right of the Kalamazoo school board to exclude from the schools unvaccinated children. This it may not unqualifiedly do, the supreme court ruled. The legislature, the court says, has provided who shall and who shall not attend school, and it has nowhere undertaken to confer power on school boards to change the conditions. If the rule was that during the prevalence of smallpox in Kalamazoo the pupil could not attend school unless vaccinated, a different result would be reached, but as these epidemics never last very long the standing rule of the board that no person unless vaccinated can attend school at any time is beyond the power of the board to prescribe.

## WHERE THE SANDPIPERS NEST.

By Charles Tenney Jackson.

WHERE is the nesting place of the "pied pipers of Santa Barbara?" was long a mooted question along the Southern California coast. The crab fishermen who put out daily from the port in their picturesque craft, to sail northward along the peaceful waterways of the channel kelp, had said that the pipers reared their young on the swinging summits of the wonderful sea hedges that fringe the coast below Point Conception, and that the tiny birds spent the first weeks of their lives upon these fragile marine meadows above the heaving Pacific. But townsfolk, and among them naturalists, insisted that the birds nested inland along the sandy shallows of the creeks that wandered down from the encircling mountains to the sea.

No one had ever seen a sandpiper's nest, and the small birds, brownish-black with the deep rusty-red disks on side and back, swirling in flocks of hundreds over the blue waters of the channel, never revealed the secret of their birth. One of the Western universities once sent a young man, a student named Coville, to inquire into the sandpipers' habits, and not until then did the people of Santa Barbara discover that the tiny fellow and his habitat were of the least interest to the world.

The young student-naturalist determined to explore the kelp beds. From the mountains and high places along the coast one can see the sea hedges, stretching like ribbons of amber satin along the blue water, with the tumult of the open sea beating on their outer sides, and on the inner side the mirrored shoals where dwell the sandpipers and other fowl.

The channel kelp is a strong bulwark that breaks the waves and tides from the inner water, a woven wall of cable-like vines and plants, braided with sea grasses, weeds and parasitic algae, through which the coast steamers, when they wish to land, must keep a path cut to the wharves. Sometimes the great storms tear away many acres of the kelp and hurl it ashore in immense masses, with heavy stones and boulders still grasped by the roots of the sea plants, showing how strong is the anchorage of the marine meadows.

Coville went in quest of the sandpipers' homes below Point Conception, where, with a young man living near, he made daily trips to the sea hedges. They were out one afternoon as usual, in Edward Potter's boat, and had pushed far up a narrow channel into the kelp. The naturalist was watching on both sides, while his companion slowly rowed through the lucid water. It was after the high spring tides, when the crab fishermen raid the pipers' nest; the shore waters were smooth as glass under the sunshine. It was such delightfully lazy work that the two young men had long hours of waiting in which to become warm friends, and they were both interested in all the swarming, wonderful sea life about and below them.

But of the sandpipers' nests, nothing. The small birds circled about them with exasperating familiarity, perched on the water plants within our length with cries of "Weet! weet!" and were the most conspicuous tenants of the sea fields, but they baffled all attempts to discover their house-making and their young.

To-day the men went far from their usual haunts into the kelp, pushing the boat by main strength through sinuous openings and over masses of floating weed until, at 5 o'clock, they were thoroughly tired.

They rested in the bottom of the boat and ate their lunch. Potter had a shotgun, and was waiting for a shot at one of the hawks that circled about and darted at times at the swift pipers on the kelp. Coville scanned the undulating vegetation with his glass, seeking the sandpipers' haunts.

Then he gave an exclamation: "I've found them! There are young pipers on the weeds toward the sea! I've been watching them a long time; there ought to be nests if there are young. I'm sure there are young ones! Can't you see them?"

Potter laughed at the naturalist's enthusiasm, but he pulled in among the weeds, and when the rowing became hard they both worked with oar and pole until the craft was wedged in the fibrous vines of heavier vegetation than any they had yet encountered. It was on this that Coville discovered the pipers. He was right; there were very small, dark gray nestlings scurrying about the undulating sea floor.

Coville was demonstrative in his joy. He clambered from the boat and tried to walk on the mass of seaweeds, but broke through at times to his waist, and wherever he stood the plants slowly settled beneath him.

"Work the boat over here, Ed!" he shouted. "I've found them! Nests, real nests of woven sea grasses, the prettiest things you ever saw, swinging in the weeds! No wonder we have never been able to see them before; they're too small!"

The baby sandpipers ran hither and thither over their fragile meadows; hundreds of them, feeding on the floating insect larvae, fish roe, the jellyfish fragments and winged nautilus on the small channels between the kelp. They dived freely in pursuit of their food, but, like the elder pipers, could not swim.

The hunters had stumbled squarely into the sea nursery; hundreds of the birds were about them, old and young. Coville found nest after nest in the

dried, grassy tops above the water where the babies and eggs swung in delicate cradles over the deep. Intent on his search he was scrambling in the seaweed, caring nothing for his immersion every moment when the vines let him through. Potter was struggling with the boat, trying to draw it over a mass of cable-like plants. Under water the vegetation was viscid and treacherous. Potter had taken his shotgun out and laid it on a hummock. He was outside the boat trying to lift it above the mass of stuff.

Then Coville heard him shout, "While he was trying to depress the stern of the boat, his weight had forced it suddenly under water; it shot down sideways among the slippery vines, and when he tried to shove it back a great arm of the kelp had slipped above the gunwale, holding it tightly like a rubber band.

The boat kept sliding end foremost under water, and Potter's frantic efforts in nowise helped, for he, too, was slowly sinking from the weight on the fibrous mass. Coville ran to him, and they grasped the bow of the craft and tried to pull it forward. Instead, they forced themselves neck deep into the slimy vegetation, and had to abandon the effort. They drew off to safer footing and looked at each other in perplexity. The boat remained two-thirds submerged, locked in the weeds.

It all happened so suddenly that the real gravity of the situation did not dawn on them. Potter even burst out laughing at the colleague's blank face. "Pull off your clothes," he said. "We'll have to get under the boat and loosen that root."

"We can cut it, I suppose," said Coville. "I have a knife."

The shore, with the high mountains back of it, seemed so close, with the still water between; the kelp fields, a half mile wide, with the open water beyond, and the sun so bright over all, were so familiar that the possibility of danger did not strike them. "I can swim to shore if it comes to that," said Potter. "But we'll get the boat out in a minute."

He dived under it and worked strenuously at the vines, thick as a man's leg, that lay across its thwart. He came up for breath, and returned with Coville's knife. But the tough fibers resisted, and all the time the mass sank until the end of the boat was barely above the surface, and long streamers of kelp were beginning to throw themselves out from the sides over the diver, as if to hold him down.

Potter came up red-faced and exasperated. "Dropped the knife," he said, shortly, "but there's only one strand on the boat now. If I get that out she'll come up."

"But the whole business is sinking!" said Coville. "I thought that the stuff was going to close over you. Be careful!"

Potter went below. Through the crystal water Coville could mark every movement of his hands. Then something like a band of shining white in the smit water swept through the open place below Coville.

He yelled hoarsely at his companion, but Potter, although he did not hear the shout, saw the danger, and plunged upward to where his friend grasped his hand and drew him upon the sinking cables of kelp.

"A shark! What a big one he was!" cried Potter.

"Yes, I thought he had you; he went past like a shot!"

"That's bad. He wasn't after me, but all the commotion of the boat sinking had attracted the brutes. I never thought of that. There are fearfully big ones under the kelp. The fishermen say it's a feeding ground for them, the cuttlefish are so plentiful here."

The two young men peered fearfully down through the front-lattice windows into the depths. Blue, black and purple sea plants trailed upward, disturbed by the passage of the shark. But for the shadows they could have seen the bottom of the sea, so transparent was the still water.

"We're in a bad fix," said Coville. "You'll not dare to swim ashore now, with those fellows roused; it's a mile, I should say."

Potter looked disconsolate enough. The sun was setting, the mountains were purple in the east; the sea birds called all about them; the sandpipers, teratatingly impertinent, were running lightly about on the seaweed floor. But this was sinking under them. They drew back and noticed that the boat was hopelessly entangled. Then there came a swift swirl of water in the open spot where it had been. Two sharks dashed careening about the basin. They could see the white bodies flash fully under and around the boat, charging on the submerged craft, led, probably, by the scent of the provision under the thwart.

It began to appear as if they would. One of the brutes dashed into open sight not forty feet away, and when they neared a long open channel through the weeds, two or three more were visible, hanging warily in the water, and seeming to watch the agitation of the kelp below the men's feet.

Down the coast there was no one in sight. There was no possible escape except by swimming, and the seaweeds afforded no resting place. Two minutes at the most was the longest time they could stop in one place; then they would be waist deep, and the clammy stuff about their bodies was unpleasantly suggestive of the preying sharks.

There was no house visible except the Potter ranch near the coast. Edward could see the smoke curling up from the chimney on the point of land nearest.

"If we could only make them hear!" he said. "My sister's there; she's good with a boat and could take us off. But I believe she went to town."

They were forced to keep moving, scrambling on over the coarse dried hummocks of the seaweed that protruded from the water, but offered little security.

There was a long projection of the stuff landward, and on this they traveled as far as possible, and then they began to shout loudly for help.

Potter had managed to keep above water, and he repeatedly fired his shotgun.

After the sun had set they once imagined that they heard a response from the shore. They shouted and listened intently, but heard nothing more and could detect no sign of life on land.

The sea field was narrower here; the swell from the ocean made a long, uneasy undulation in the kelp which frightened them still more, and they tried to retreat to their steps. On the way they discovered that two of the sharks were moving slowly alongside in the clear channel, and as the men were under water above their waists now, they realized the danger of a sudden rush by one of the brutes, which might easily carry a man from his footing.

Potter fired into the water at the nearer shark, and succeeded in frightening both of them away, but they remained near by, watching with hungry eyes.

The men were now much exhausted and chilled by the water. Coville had lost his voice from shouting, and said that he could go but very little further. As it grew dark they could not pick the secure footing, and both went time and again into deep pools and had to swim out.

Potter had thrown away the gun, but continued to call wildly, although their chances of rescue seemed remote.

When they reached a place near the boat the sharks were frolicking about them in savage playfulness, heaving the water into bubbles by their strong rushes to the surface. None of them seemed inclined to charge on the prisoners as yet, although in the dark it was only a question of time when they would be seized under the water.

One of the monsters swept into the kelp not ten feet from Potter, and turning, tore at the water plants until the young man was thrown off and cried in terror to his friend. The sharks constantly grew bolder in their advances. The men pulled themselves up on the highest portion of the slowly sinking sea hedge and awaited the end; they had given up hope of escape from their grim pursuers.

Then suddenly in the dusk toward the shore they heard a girl's clear voice. They stared in amazement; then Potter cried out in joy at the sound of his name.

"Kate! Is that you? Hurry—help!" "I'm coming! What's the matter with you? Supper has been ready for an hour! I heard you calling! Where's the boat?"

"Hurry, Kate! The sharks are all about us—be careful!"

The girl was pulling with swift, powerful strokes along the side of the kelp beds. The men were crying to her frantically, and then began to flounder across the weeds until Potter at last sprang into the open water and swam the few remaining feet. He seized an oar.

"Coville's done up!" he cried. "He's just hanging to the stuff with his hands! Push the boat in!"

Potter leaped out again and caught the young naturalist in his arms, and they stood together until Kate forced the boat in near them. The men were almost beside themselves with the joy of their release. They lay limply in the bottom of the boat, telling the story of the adventure, while the girl rowed down the mirrored channels of the kelp fields and turned the boat toward the home shore.



The sun's surface is known to be subject to greatly increased disturbances every eleven years, known as the sunspot period. Auroral displays and disturbances of the earth's magnetism have a similar period.

A cooling tower made of brush and twigs is in operation at the power house of the Los Angeles Pacific Railroad at Sherman, Cal. The cooler consists of a timber framework sixty feet long, twelve feet wide, and thirteen feet high, filled up with brush and twigs, and it cools the condensing water for a 300 horse power compound Ball engine and a 400 horse power compound engine of the same make, working on a railway road.

The latest attempt to manufacture natural products has resulted in the invention of artificial leather. A Frenchman is the successful experimentalist. He places in an intensely alkaline solution refuse skins and hides cut into very small pieces. After the matter has become pulpy it undergoes a special process and is then pressed out like paper. The resulting article is strong and pliable and is said to make an excellent wall covering. It can be stamped or molded in the process of manufacture.

It is customary in sugar refineries to use steam for evaporating the syrup, and, as temperatures above the usual boiling point (212 degrees) are required, it has been the custom with some refiners to carry 100 pounds gauge pressure on the coils. It is claimed by an investigator that this is a source of loss over the common pressure of twenty or twenty-five pounds; he says that there is more than three times the loss at the higher pressure than at the lower, and this exclusive of external leaks by pipe joints, radiation, etc.

The telephone is likely to have a new use in a short time, and a humane one. Among the big mine-owners and mining companies in the Pennsylvania coal regions there is considerable discussion over the feasibility of building a system of telephones all through the underground workings, for use in cases of emergency, as well as for the transaction of daily business. This means of communication would be a great help to rescuers in the case of search for comrades accidentally buried under ground through cave-ins or explosions. It is believed that the companies will adopt some such system.

According to the nebular hypothesis, which is generally accepted by astronomers, the first stage of a star's existence is that of a nebula, from which by contraction and condensation, it gradually passes to that of a body. But there is an instance now of a reversal of this order, for a new star found in the constellation Aquila, in the summer of 1890, is shown by the spectrum to have passed into the nebulous state. This rare occurrence is confirmed by Professor Wendell, at Cambridge, who explains the strange phenomenon by suggesting that it was caused by a collision in space, the heat thereby developed being sufficient to turn solid matter into gas and vapor.

A recent test was made of the effect of X-rays on insects in the following manner: A box was made, half of wood and half of sheet lead. In the wooden half a number of larvae of flies, bees, beetles, and other insects were placed, and the box was then put in the field of the X-rays. The insect colony at once became greatly excited, and after crawling to and fro, finally emigrated, to a worm, to the leaden half of the box, where the rays would not penetrate. The experiment was repeated many times and always with the same result. A similar experiment was tried with the blind larvae of a certain species of beetle. A number of them were placed in an open cigar-box, which also contained a metal box with an opening. No sooner were the rays turned on than the insects showed signs of distress. Their uneasiness increased, and in a little while they all sought refuge in the metal box. As the larvae in the second experiment were entirely sightless, their perception of the rays must take place through the nerves of the skin.

To meet sudden and unexpected demands upon banks, a large sum is kept ready for use. The average large bank—say with total assets of \$20,000,000—is prepared by four lines of defense to resist sudden attack. In the vault or safe about \$500,000 in bank bills is always on hand; back of that is a cash reserve of perhaps \$1,500,000, deposited in various business banks subject to instant call; back of that again is perhaps \$8,000,000 in United States and other gilt-edged securities immediately marketable, and the fourth and last line of defense, and to be relied upon only in extreme stress, is \$6,000,000 or \$8,000,000 in bonds and mortgages, on which the mortgagors will be hurriedly called to make a payment on account if the bank is pushed to extremities. With such resources, disaster would seem impossible, though it has come to the best fortified institutions.—The Book-Keeper.

When a man is broke, it is natural that he should go all to pieces.

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Low Grade Division.  
In Effect May 26, 1901. (Eastern Standard Time.)

EASTWARD	
STATIONS.	No. 105 No. 106 No. 107 No. 108 No. 109 No. 110
Pittsburg	8:15 9:15 10:15 11:15 12:15 1:15
Red Bank	9:25 10:25 11:25 12:25 1:25 2:25
Lawsonham	10:35 11:35 12:35 1:35 2:35 3:35
New Berlin	11:45 12:45 1:45 2:45 3:45 4:45
Brookville	12:55 1:55 2:55 3:55 4:55 5:55
Reynoldsville	1:05 2:05 3:05 4:05 5:05 6:05
Paris	2:15 3:15 4:15 5:15 6:15 7:15
Gettensburg	3:25 4:25 5:25 6:25 7:25 8:25
Driftwood	4:35 5:35 6:35 7:35 8:35 9:35

WESTWARD	
STATIONS.	No. 105 No. 106 No. 107 No. 108 No. 109 No. 110
Driftwood	8:15 9:15 10:15 11:15 12:15 1:15
Gettensburg	9:25 10:25 11:25 12:25 1:25 2:25
Paris	10:35 11:35 12:35 1:35 2:35 3:35
Reynoldsville	11:45 12:45 1:45 2:45 3:45 4:45
Brookville	12:55 1:55 2:55 3:55 4:55 5:55
Lawsonham	1:05 2:05 3:05 4:05 5:05 6:05
New Berlin	2:15 3:15 4:15 5:15 6:15 7:15
Red Bank	3:25 4:25 5:25 6:25 7:25 8:25
Pittsburg	4:35 5:35 6:35 7:35 8:35 9:35

Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division  
In effect May 26th, 1901. Trains leave Driftwood as follows:  
EASTWARD  
8:00 a. m.—Train 12, leaves Driftwood for Sunbury, Williamsport, Gettensburg, Conowingo, Harrisburg and the intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:25 p. m., New York 10:15 a. m., Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 7:15 a. m. Vestibule parlor cars on passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.  
12:45 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:31 p. m., New York 11:21 a. m., Baltimore 8:21 a. m., Washington 8:21 a. m. Vestibule parlor cars on passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.  
6:00 p. m.—Train 6, daily for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:31 p. m., New York 11:21 a. m., Baltimore 8:21 a. m., Washington 8:21 a. m. Vestibule parlor cars on passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.  
12:17 p. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:31 p. m., New York 11:21 a. m., Baltimore 8:21 a. m., Washington 8:21 a. m. Vestibule parlor cars on passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.  
5:45 p. m.—Train 13, daily for Buffalo via Sunbury.  
4:15 a. m.—Train 9, daily for Erie, Ridgeway, and week days for Dulles, Clement and principal intermediate stations.  
9:15 a. m.—Train 4, daily for Erie and intermediate points.  
3:45 p. m.—Train 11, daily for Buffalo via Sunbury.  
5:45 p. m.—Train 10, weekdays for Kane and intermediate stations.

WEEKDAYS		SUNDAYS	
STATIONS.	Time	STATIONS.	Time
Driftwood	8:15	Driftwood	8:15
Gettensburg	9:25	Gettensburg	9:25
Paris	10:35	Paris	10:35
Reynoldsville	11:45	Reynoldsville	11:45
Brookville	12:55	Brookville	12:55
Lawsonham	1:05	Lawsonham	1:05
New Berlin	2:15	New Berlin	2:15
Red Bank	3:25	Red Bank	3:25
Pittsburg	4:35	Pittsburg	4:35

For time tables and additional information consult ticket agent.  
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