The decline of British aggleulture acrempanied the rise of the American farmer as purveyor to the world.

The estinction of the red man is a myth, for the state of New York still contains a population of 5257 classed

There are now 3291 miles of irrigating canals in Nebraska, which have cost \$1,772,084, and which water 1,698, \$31 peres of land.

The number of Arctic expeditions now in the north seems to indicate a disposition on the part of the explorers to discover the pole by means of the human chain device.

The pines in southern forests have been destroyed so rapidly for a number of years that much anxiety has been felt by those who realize the importance of preserving broad stretches of woodlands.

Since 1875 the whale fisheries have fallen of from 200,000 barrels of oil to 80,000 berrels, while whalebone has fallen from 10,000,000 pounds to 400,000 pounds. Petroleum accounts for the decreased output in the former and steel stays have taken the place of the latter in women's corsets

America's latest invasion has disrupted the ancient glass-blowing indastry of Belgium. An American flem has paid \$10,000,000 for the principal glass-blowing business in that country. Consequently there is a new impetus against American methods, and the Tieleian parliament has been asked to "keep the rascals out." The decline in the glass industry in Belgium, and its worderful facilities for continuing it, led the American investors to save

The use of the Roentgen rays on the human body has been open to the objection that mortification of the skin often fellowed the operation. This tendency of the rays' effect has been overcome by a French physician, who has found that the tubes worked by alternate currents of high frequency and high tension never produce crythema, but that, on the contrary, the rays so obtained possess the curative properties recognized in electro-therapep-

From France and not America comes the letest novelty in insurance. ways a London correspondent of the Fittsburg Dispatch. Up to the present the Yankees have led the way in innovations, and many of them have been so popular that they have been grafted on to English and French systems, but so far no American company has been bold enough to insure a candidate for parliamentary honors against risk of failure at the polls. A French company, however, has undertaken this work

Young Lochinvars in Kentucky go about with downcast looks, for Indiana's Gretna Green is under a ban. For generations it has been easy for eloping couples to cross the river and get married with great expedition before trate fathers could bar the sud- at one and he was in easy circumden rates. But the majesty of the law north of the Ohio is wrinkling its awful brows, and warnings have been given to ministers and to local officials near the border that indecorous other, left the world almost hand in haste and disregard of the provisions | hand, the certainty of leaving their of the statutes as to parental consent in the case of minors and concerning licenses must be sternly repressed. Hence the melancholy countenances of many a lovelorn swain and many a tender hearted maiden in the state of fair women and fast horses.

In the matter of recognizing the close relation between sound teeth and good health we have made great progress ing storm. since the days when a little aching in a child's molar was the signal for 'yanking" out the offending tooth. says the Chicago Record-Herald, Perhaps no grievance that is now treasured up against parental neglect is so keen as the one that is cherished by the person who has grown to manhood's estate to find himself short three or four molars or bleuspidsperhaps even a front incisor, which is a disfigurement for life. But we are still far behind the countries of Europe in recognizing the close relation between bad teeth and disease, according to the opinion of Dr. Truman W. Brophy, who was one of the two delegates who represented the United States at the recent International Dental Federation in London. Dr. Brophy was especially impressed with the means observed by European governments and municipalities to promote public knowledge of hygiene and to make the people understand the necessity of cleanliness. In England he was particularly struck with the attention said to the care of the teeth.

ACCOSCOCIONES ACCOSCOCIONAS ACCOSCOCIONAS ACCO An Affair of Honor.

When I was last in Paris I had a | missed her husband from her side, but letter of introduction to the Counters this caused her no surprise, for he de Clairmont, who lived in a venerawas in the habit of riging without ble mansion in the Faubourg St. Gerdisturbing her, dressing, and then takmain, near the ancient abbey church ing a ride on horseback. But he al-I found her to be an aged lady of a ways returned to breakfast, which was very old family, a very devout churchserved punctually at 11 o'clock in the coer, and a bigoted Legicimist, believforenoon. When therefore it came to ing in "divine right" and the Count be nearly noon, and he did not make Chambord, and fully expecting that his appearance, she was naturally unhe and his white flag would rule the His horse was very spirited and casy destinies of France when Orleanists. might possibly have thrown him, she Congressists and Republicans would thought But, on inquiry, it appeared be forgotten. Apart from dogma and that the animal was in his stall, and that M. de Granthier had left the house polities she was, however, a very charming and interesting person. She on foot. had eviden ly been very handsome in her youth, and even in her old age retained a little coquetry and much spirit. At the recital of some deed of daring and herolam her black eyes would flash and sparkle and her lips tremble with emotion. It was like

coing back to the past century to sit

quaint old furniture, rich and relig-

ously preserved, bung with portraits

warriors, priests and nobles, whose

mitres and swords had decayed, and

whose moldy and moth-eaten banners

waving in church and chanel, are but

tattered rags with the blazonry illegi-

One day I was tooking at the por-

rait of a lady so lovely, with a sweet

and melancholy beauty, that even the

disfiguring costume of the last cen-

tury, especially the abominable high

bend dress, could not mar its effect

for you looked only on the face and

forget the accessories. It was from

the pencil of Mme, Lebrun, the fa-

vorite artist of Marie Antolnette, who

has left us such touching souvenirs

I said. "I need not ask if the original

was a relative of yours, Madame, for

portrait might pass for my own like-

ness as I looked 50 years ago. I have

which looks like a reduced copy of

Mmc. Lebrun's charming picture."

"And the lady was-?"

miniature taken at the same age

"Pardon me," said the old countess

is an old family history, but it

I will tell you her story at full length.

is thought to have some of the ele

ments of romance. Perhaps it may be

of some future use to you as a story

yourself with patience, cousin, and

bear with an old woman's garrulity."

The old lady called me cousin be-

ause at some far away period there

was a matrimonial alliance between

our families, long before my grand

I will not attempt to relate the nar-

rative in the language of my hostess

but condense it and tell it in my own

The original of Mme, Lebrun's pic

ture, then, was Victorine de Grantier,

wife of Hector de Grantler, a gentle

man of wealth and family. The mar-

riage was an exception to the general

rule of French marriages, being a love

match. The parents of the lady had

permitted her to choose a husband for

berself: and though among her many

sultors were some more eligible in

point of fortune and opportunities for

rising in the world than Hector, she

gave him her hand because she could

De Grantier was handsome, gentle

and warm hearted. He had no vices,

and but little ambition. He was a poet

and a painter, though not a profession-

stances, although not reckoned a man

Never was there a happier couple

and when the bride's father and moth-

er who died within a few days of each

daughter the partner of a man devoted

to her, heart and soul, roothed their

There was a shade of melancholy it

Victorine's nature, and she often

thought to herself that her married

life was too happy-that it was like a

still, bright, summer day, so perfect-

so full of sunshine, so heavenly, that

weather seers pronounce it too lovely

to last, and regard it, with shaking

heads, as the precursor of a devastat-

And the storm that wrecked the

hand. Among her rejected suitors was

a wild, boid man, named Raoul Mal-

travers, an ensign in the royal navy

of a very distinguished family high

in power at court, who might well

look forward to the prospect of seeing

the broad pennant of an admiral floar

ever his own quarter deck. But, with

all the qualities of a noble race, he was

stained with many vices. He was a

gamester, a duellist and a libertine;

prodigal with his gold, cruel with his

Although his rejection was couched

in the most respectful terms, it roused

his worst passions, and he swore to

wreak a deadly vengeance on the rival

who prospered where he had failed

The hand he could not win himself

should never be clasped in wedlock

by another. In this temper of mind

It must be borne in mind that this

project of vengeance was a secret

locked in his own heart, to be di-

vulged in action, not in words. There-

fore, when, some months after the

marriage, the ensign returned from his

cruise, the incident did not create any

alarm in the breast of Mme. Victorine

One morning when she awoke she

sword and fatal in his hates.

he went to sea.

de Grantler.

bestow her heart with it.

of wealth.

last moments.

father emigrated to America.

way.

I see a family likeness in the head."

"You are right," she said.

"That lady, I am sure, had a story,"

of the unhappy queen.

her ancestors, and hear her talk of

her dim drawing room, with its

Mme, de Granthier ordered the breakfast things removed, after making a slight repast and then took up a book to while away the time until her husband's return. At 1 o'clock a visitor was announced-Capt, Paul leauvegard, an officer in the French Juneals. He was an intimate friend of De Grantier, as well as of the lady and scarcely a day passed without their seeing him.

"My husband. Have you seen anyhing of him?" she asked.

"I have been with him all the morning, malame, "Where is he? Why did he not re-

turn with you? How has he been en-Capt. Beauregard replied to the last

"In an affair of honor, madame," "A duel?"

"Yes; and he has been wounded. hought it best to prepare you for the

tecident." "He is dead," shricked the unhappy lady, as she fell back in convulsions. for she had read the truth in the cap-

Beauregard rang the bell and left her in charge of her maid, white he went into another room. It was agony bitter as the pangs of death to listen to her walls and sobs and shrieks; bu in an hour Florette, the waiting maid rale, frightened, with swollen eyes, for the, too, had been weeping bitterly, came to say that Madame de Grantier was calmer and desired to speak with the captain.

The officer found the lady white as marble, but strangely quiet and col-

"Hecter is dead?" she half asked, half asserted, Her friend drooped his eyes. The

nawer was sufficient. Now tall me how this happened." teller in your own country. So arm ald the lady. "Hector was kind and centle and courteous. He had no enc-

my-how could be have, for he never wronged a human being," "That did not prevent his baving an nemy-a mortal fee-who last night sublicly insulted him and thus forced

a challenge from your husband." "Ay, honor compelled Hector to draw the sword. But the name of that vilain-the murderer?"

"Raoul Maltravers." "He, the man whose hand I rejected? Oh, my poor, dear murdered Hector, Why did we ever meet? Fatal was the our in which you saw and loved me. Often have your lips told me that I had made you the happlest of men. little did you dream that I would give

you death as well as love." "I implore you, medam," said the captain, "not to view this tragedy in that light. An unforescen calamity has fallen on you, and my heart bleeds at sight of your distress. But I can do more than pity: I can and will averge Hector. Raoul Maltravers dies

by my hand,"

"Hold!" cried the widow, with andden and startling energy. 'I forbid you to espouse this quarrel. I have my own purpose of vengeance, and no man, not even you, shall be permitted to stand between me and my predestined victim. He has robbed me of more than life, but I will requite him I was a fond, weak, gentle, loving. happy girl. They who know me henceforth will know me as a timess thirstthis to others. Be my friend in this extremity, as you were his true and loyal friend to the last moment and conduct the funeral rites. You see how calm I am when I can speak these

words without convulsions." When Victorine was alone with her dead she had a wild outburst of passlonate grief, but it rapidly gave place to a calmness so stern that it would have appalled an observer had there witnesses in the chamber of happiness of Victorine was near at

"Hector de Grantier," she said, addressing the cold clay, "if my Creator spares my life, your son, whom your eyes were never to behold, shall be your avenger. I will rear him strong, valiant skillful and teach bim to look for no happiness, no rest, no employment, until he has slain the man who has robbed you of life, me of a husband and himself of a father."

Two months after the funeral the friends of the family were apprised that the widow lady was the mother of -daughter. Shortly after this event she retired with her infant child to an estate in Brittany.

Sixteen years passed away and then Mme. de Grantier, still wearing widow's weeds, again resumed ner residence in Paris. She lived in a fashionable quarter, but in great privacy, receiving only relatives, making no acquaintances. Her daughter, Claudine, had grown up a beautiful girl, the picture of health-a bright flower to bloom in the almost conventual gloom

of her mother's house. The only frequent visitor was the young Chevalier de Hauteville, a cousin of Claudine, and strange to say, a perfect image of the girl-the same

height, features and complexion. The gossips of the neighborhood said they were born for each other and predicted a marriage between the parties. But the servants of the family asserted that the old lady would never, for some reason of her own, probably that of nearvess of blood, permit the alliance, and that the young people rarely, if ever, met. It was observed that whenever Claudine had gone to church the chevaller was sure to make his appearance and when he was in the drawing room she was always absent. Whether this was arranged by the mother or whethor this young woman and this young man, so strangely alike, cherished an antipathy equally strange, was a mystery, like almost everything else in this mysterious household,

Had the widow, folled in her plan of rengeance by the sex of her offspring, forgotten or forgiven Raoul Maltravers? No one knew, but no one ever heard her pronounce his name.

Meanwhile Rhoul Maltravers bad left the sea, not being particularly fond of the music of heavy guns, for though brave enough on the due! ground, because he was the best blade in France, and always sure of victory, he was really a poltroon. He had married a very beautiful helress, and lived in arent splendor. He had more than one affair of honor after his marriage, with a fatal result to his antagonists,

One day the Chevaller de Hauteville cade a morning call on Mmc. de Grander. He found her in her boudoir. which was draped with black, and lighted with wax tapera.

"You know this is a sad anniversary," she rald. Then she added, with a sharp look of inquiry: "Raoul Maltravers.

"Dead," was the reply. "Come to my heart," cried Victorine. Claudine, you have avenged your fa-

"Claudine!" I exclaimed, in utter stonishment, when the old counters had come to this point of her narra-

"Yee," she replied, "the Chevaller de Hauteville and Claudine de Grantler were one and the same person. Mme. de Grantler had reared her daughter like a man and trained her to arms in the solitude of her old provincial manor house, where a wondrously skilled professor of the sword, an Italian, gave her lessons daily. You must not think too harskly of the memory of Victorine de Grantier. I am now positively certain that the death of her husband turned her brain, and that during all the years of her widowhood she a monomaniae. That she inspired her daughter with her fanatical idea of vengeance is natural-the mother lived or no other purpose.

"But what became of Claudine?" "She is still living at an advanced age, a widow," replied the countess. "Doubtless harrowed by remorse for having shed human blood?"

"It caused her great suffering for years, but the clergy whom she consulted told her that the circumstances absolved her from all moral guilt. She was an irresponsible agent of her mother-her judgment deliberately perverted by one wao had herself lost the power of reason. Yet were many cours of bitter serrow and penitence eassed by that unhappy woman. And ow let me show you a sad relie."

The old lady rese, walked to an bony cabinet and unlocking it took out a long, old-fashioned rapler and ado me draw it. I took forth the blade and remarked that it was cov-

ered with rust. Those darker stains are the lifeslood of a man," said the old lady, with a heavy sigh-"for that was the sword with which I killed Raoul Maltravers.

"You?" I cried. "Yes; for before I became Countess tier."-New York News.

FIJIAN FIRE CEREMONY.

Natives Who Walked Over Red Hot Stone with Impunity.

Two New Zealand medical men, Drs. Hocken and Colquohoun, recently visited Fill, where they had an opportuing for human blood. But no word of | nity of witnessing the now rare fire ceremony of the natives. It is so rare that the power is now confined to a single family living on an islet 20 miles from the Fijian metropolis, Sava. These people are able to walk reade and with bare feet, across the white-hot, stony pavement of a huge

An attempt was made on this occaion to register the heat, but when the thermometer had been placed for a few seconds about five feet from the oven it had to be withdrawn, as the solder of the covering began to melt, The thermometer then registered 282 degrees, and Dr. Hocken estimates that the range was over 400 degrees.

The fire walkers then approached, seven in number, and in single file even. Heaps of hibiscus leaves were clouds of steam, and upon the leaves and within the steam the natives sat chief nodded, or stood. The men were carefully examined by the doctors before and after the ceremony.

The soles of their feet were not thick blistered. The men showed no symp- | look. toms of distress, and their pulse was unaffected. Preliminary tests failed to show that there had been any special preparation. Both doctors, while denying that there was anything miraculous about the experiment, pressed themselves as unable to give cent piece and he never said a word | rind of one cut in strips and an ounce any scientific explanation.-London about sharing it with Billy. There's Chronicle.

Twenty years ago kerosene oil was practically unknown in China. In 1890 more than 100,000,000 gallons were imPEARLS OF THOUGHT.

He who makes a practice of decelving others is often the worst fooled mun in the crowd.

The grave of each conquered sin is an earthwork behind which we can fight and conquer a greater evil.

A debt paid when needed is doubly thanked and heeded, but a debt too long delayed is oft but half way paid. Those who dislike us serve us in a

certain way, for they put us on our mettle to disprove their disbellef in us. Mock modesty, like a patch, is used to cover a hole, a place where the integrity of the cloth or character is broken or wholly lacking.

When a good mother's teachings leave manhood's best lessons unlearned and his self respect failing, no wife, however loving, can reform him.

Misfortune is a tide that sweeps

small souls under and drowns little minds and bears great and brave ones on to noble and generous heights. End manners soll fine clothes from off in worse than contact with the

world does from without, and courtesy and kindness win where force fails, We seldom forgive those we have Injured, and the effort to justify ourselves makes us willing, aye, enger, to believe any false or evil rumor we can piace between them and our con-

Our enemies do us little vital barm speaking evil of us, for the friendship that crumbles under the lash of an evil tongue is best put away as good riddance of had rubbish, with thanks to those who unconsciously saved us from lavishing the best in us on an unworthy object.

BIG NEW ENGLAND FAMILY.

Descended from Benjamin Fletcher, Who Came Over in 1692.

About 300 descendants of Robert Fietcher, who came from England to Concord in 1630, gathered in Lorimer hall, Tremont Temple, on Sept. 4, to celebrate the quarter centennial of the organization of the Fletcher family

The president, Austin B. Fletcher of New York City, presided and introduced Rev. Mr. Staples of Lexington, who, in a brief prayer, evoked the divine blessing on their deliberations. In a brief address the president told of William and Mary, sovereigns of England, having sent to the colonies in 1692 Benjamin Fletcher to govern New York, and said that the Fletchers have since then been found in gubernatorial chairs from Missouri to Vermont. He snoke of the advantage of unions of this kind in bringing together long separated relatives and strengthening family ties, and said that this fact had been emphasized during the quarter century's existence of the union.

Prof. William I. Fletcher of Amherst college followed with a few words of greeting, and indulged in humorous reminiscences of past meetings which he had attended. He described at some length the branch of one family to which he belonged, and then passed on to a more general consideration. He said there is now a tendency to worship an ancestry, as is shown by the desire to study family and town his-

Photographs of houses still standing, originally occupied by members of the Fletcher family as early as 1653 and 1696, were shown and passed among the audience. It was announced that the oldest person present was Mrs. Maria L. Needham, aged 85, and the youngest Master Charles Warren Fletcher, aged 1 year. The oldest memher of the union is a lady 98 years old, whose infirmities prevented her attendance. A letter was read from Senof Vermont, a member of the family, whose absence was due to the presence of Vice-President Roosevelt in that state.-Boston Transcript.

The Murderer and Captain Byrnes. McGlein was a young ruffian who had murdered a saloon keeper at a midnight raid on his place. He was the fellow who the night before he was hanged invited the chief of detectives to "come over for the wake; they'll have a devil of a time." For six months Byrnes had tried everything to bring the crime home to him, but in vain. At last he sent out and had McGloin and his two pals arrested, but so that none of them knew of the plight of the others. McGloin was taken to Mulberry street and orders were given to bring the others in at a certain hour 15 or 20 minutes apart Byrnes put McGloin at the window in office while he questioned him. Nothing could be got out of him. As he sat there a door was banged below. Looking out, he saw one of his friends led across the yard in charge of policemen. Byrnes, watching him narrowly, saw his cheek blanch; but still walked leisurely across and around the his nerve held. Fifteen minutes passed; another door banged The murderer. then thrown into the oven, causing .coking out, saw his other pal led in a prisoner. He looked at Byrnes. The

"Squealed, both," It was a lie, and it cost the man his "The jig is up, then," he said, and told the story that brought him to or leathery, and were not in the least the gallows.-Jacob Rils, in The Out-

> Human Nature. Tommy-If I had a million dollars, Billy, I'd give you half. Billy-You don't mean it.

Presently Tommy picked up a 10a good deal of grown-up human nature in boys.-Boston Transcript.

The carat used in estimating the weight of gems is a grain of Indian wheat



Something About Starch. It sounds contradictory to advise making cold starch with hot water; but those who have once tried it find its results most satisfactory. This does not necessarily mean that the water must be boiling hot, but comfortably warm.

Starch made in this way works much better than that made with cold water. A little sait added to cold starch is an improvement, preventing it from sticking to the Iron.

It is always better to let clothes re main rolled some time after starching them, as they will then fron much If after these precautions you find the starch inclined to stick to the iron, it is because it is too stiff --The Ladies' World.

Salvage Soap. In a month's time quite a sizable heap of nubbins accumulates. We sort

the bathing soap from the household brown article. Meiting the latter in some boiling water, we bottle the solution and keep it to use in an emergency wash, particularly of flannel and woolen goods. With the better soap we do noble things. We pick out the un scented pieces, and to a cupful add three cupfuls of boiling water, dissolving thoroughly and adding lastly 5 cents' worth of salts of tartar. jefly-like resultanc is absolutely unrivaled for cleansing rugs and curpets, Scrub it into the article to be cleansed and then scrape perfectly dry with a smooth stick. To the scented bits of soap add holling water in the same proportion and a small lump of washing soda. This mixture will also jelly and makes an invaluably convenient shampoo. One member of the family, a faddist, saves her bits of soap to dry to chips when she pounds them to a powder and mixes it with bran to make s bran bath. Another member, philanthronic, keeps on hand a decoration of soapsuds and glycerine, treating the children to an occasional bubble party. -Alice Judson, in Good Housekeeping.

A Stitch in Time All housekeepers who look well to the ways of their households appreciate the value of a stitch in time. The principle inculcated by the proverb may be carried to all departments of the house. The household belongings which are kept continually in order by being mended as soon as they need mending cannot suddenly give out and need to be replaced. Prudent houses keepers keep a pot of gine ready to be melted when needed, a cement bottle for china ,and once a month or once a week, as it may be convenient, they repair breakages in china or in furniture. It is more trouble to learn to are a soldering fron, but this can be done, and when necessary a hole in tinware or in almost any common met-

al can be mended. Usually all that is

necessary is to stop a leak in time,

so it will grow no larger.

It is an excellent practice to keep a list of everything about the house that has gone awry, and every six months at least, if not oftener, see that it is made right. The best time is just after the spring and fall housecleaning. If this is done the house can be easily kept in order, and at much less cost than when every repair needed is left until it has become necessary to the comfort of the home that it should be attended to.-New York Tribune.



Orange Sauce-Cream one-half cupful of butter. Mix one saltspoon of salt. salf a saltspoonful of paprika, four tablespoonfuls of orange juice, one tablespoonful of lemon juice and onehalf cupful of water; stir into the well beaten yolks of two eggs and cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until thick and smooth. Add the creamed butter and serve at once.

Lemon Rice-Boll sufficient rice in milk till soft, sweeten to taste, then pour into a mould to cool. Peel a lemon very thick, cut the peel into half-inch lengths, cover with water, boil for a few minutes, pour off water, cover with a cupful of fresh water, add juice, and sugar to sweeten, then stew gently for two hours, after which allow to cool, when it will be a thick syrup, Turn the rice into a glass dish and pour the syrup over it.

Sweet Potato Fritee-Boil three meium sized sweet potatoes with their skins on until done, then remove the skin and cut each in half; place them in a shallow baking dish with a teaspoonful melted butter over each one, sprinkle with sugar and set in the oven to bake until they have obtained a fine golden brown color. Salt is omitted, as some do not wish it with the sugar; a half teaspoonful, however, sprinkled evenly over the hot potatoes as soon as they are peeled will remove all fiat taste.

Preserved Pears-Peel, halve and fore six pounds of pears, dropping at once into cold water to keep from discoloring. Put in a preserving kettle four pounds of sugar, two cupfuls of water, the juice of two lemons and of ginger root. Boil together 30 minutes, drain the pears, put in the syrup ard boll about 15 minutes, or until tender. Take them out, lay on platters and boil the syrup until thick. Put in the pears once more, let them just come to a boil, and can.

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Philadelphia & Eric Rallroad Division In effect May 26th, 1901. Trains leave

EASTWARD

(30) a m-Train il, weekdays, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, fiasieton, Pott-ville, Scranton, Harrisburz and the intermediate stations, arriving at Philade phia 6:23 p. m., New York, 9:30 p. m.; Bultimore, 6:30 p. m.; Washington, 7:45 p. m. Pullenan Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

in rion. 12:40 p. m.—Train s. dally for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:25 p. m., New York 10:21 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:30 p. m. Vestibuled parior cars and passenger conches, Burfalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

10: p. m.—Train 6. daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:23 a. m.; Washington 4:00 a. m.; Bultimore 2:30 a. m.; Washington 4:00 a. m.; Bultimore 2:30 a. m.; Washington 4:00 a. m.; Puliman Sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York, Philadelphia passengers can remain in siceper undisturbed until 7:3 a. m.

4.65 A. M. Pullman Sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Pulladelphia and New York. Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7: 6 A. M. 11:00 p.m.—Train 4.daily for Sanbury, Harrisburg and Internediate stations, arriving at Pulladelphia, 7:22 A. M.; New York, 9:31 A. M. on week days and 19:85 A. M. on Sunday; Baltimore, 7:15 A. M.; Washington, Saō A. M. Pullman sleepers from Erie, and Williamsport to Washington. Passonger caches from Erie to Philadelphia, and Williamsport to Baltimore. Palsadelphia, and Williamsport to Baltimore. Passonger caches from Erie to Philadelphia, and Williamsport to Baltimore. 2:17 p.m.—Train 1.daily for Sanburg, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m. weekdays, (6.33 a. m., Sanday) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington, 8:30 a. m. Vestibuled buffet sleeping cars and passonger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

2:39 a. m.—Train 2. daily for Buffalo via Emporium.

4:38 a. m.—Train 2. daily for Erie, Bidz-

a. m.—Train 9, daily for Erie, Ridz-ay, and week days for Dullois, Clermont and principal intermediate stations. mediate points.
48 p. m.—Train 15, daily for Ruffalo via

5:43 p. m .- Train 61, weekdays for Kane and intermediate stations.

		B. R	WEIRDAYS.	n.m.
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J.B. HUTCHINSON