The Euglish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children secured the conviction and punishment of nearly 3000 culprits during the past

The revision of the French dictionary by the Forty Immortals has, after twenty years of diligent effort reached the letter C. It was a wise provision which required the submission of this work to the mmortals.

The demand for agricultural imple ments in Egypt is increasing with the progress made in cultivating land. Farmers are rapidly finding out the value of improved machinery, and have in use already a number of threshing machines.

When it comes to safety in traveling possibly the modern steamship gives the greatest possible assurance. In evidence of this fact, it is of record that not a single man of that 250,000 sent by England to South Africa, has been killed or injured while on ship-

Another official report has reached Washington concerning the alarming Ugly Sam. Sam sat in the corner near mortality among the natives of Alaska and the Aleutian Islands. The diseases which have afflicted them are principally those imported along with the advent of civilized man, proving again that contact with civilization is dangerous to the savage.

The average annual income of professional criminals is estimated at about \$1160. This means that the community pays them a yearly salary of \$400,000,000. After this is spent for their maintenance we pay annually \$200,000,000 for their detection, conviction and support under national, state, county and city auspices.

There was a time when the efforts of people to escape compulsory vaccination would have been less unreason able than they are now. When phy sicians used humanized lymph (from the arms of children who may have been the victims of constitutional diseases) there was supposed to be danger of developing incidental disorders As a matter of fact, however, most of the charges of the transmission of disease through vaccination were groundless. In this day the virus is prepared with the utmost care, and is fully protected from all possibility of germ infection. Only the bovine virus is used, and the animals from which it is obtained are always in per fect health. No one need fear any thing worse than the effects of the harmiess virus, observes the Philadelphia Record.

Political and social conditions will remain, for many years, important factors in the development of South Africa. The war has stimulated an existing race antagonism. More than one generation must elapse, even though England's flag shall fly throughout the whole country, ere English neighbor and Dutch neighbor will forgive and forget. Peace may be declared, but many years will pass ere real peace will come, exclaims a writer in the Forum. Boer and Britain are not of one blood, and the pre- it?" ent struggle is but the culmination of nearly a century of antagonism. The intensification of the old bitterness will remain as a barrier to the peace and harmony of South Africa, until a new people shall arise who can forget Slachtersnek and Boomplatz, Amajuba and Ingogo, Ladysmith and Spionkop, Jameson and De Wet, Kruger and Chamberlain. This is not for the children of today, and it may not be for their children's children.

The Marine Hospital Service has made public the result of its interest ing effort to discover the healthiest place in the United States. Reports made to it from 1190 cities and towns having 1000 or more inhabitants are the basis of its curious announcement that Iowa, of all the more populous states, is the most healthful. Its annual death rate is 11.17 per 1000. Ohio leads the leading states in this respect, its death rate being 14.81. New York state's was 19.35, which is neither very high nor very low. A satirical comment on the wide fame of Colorado and Arizona as health resorts is the high death rate, 25.29 in the former and 32,28 in the latter, Arizona's being the highest in the whole union. Fairness requires it to be remembered, however, that these high death rates are doubtless due to the number of incurable consumptives who go there only to die. Of the large cities Washington has the highest death rate-21.17 per 1000. Philadelphia and New York are very close together, with a rate of 19.35. Boston's is nearly 21, and Chicago's is 14.68-lowest of all the cities of the

INDIRECTION.

Ambition swift and eagle eyed;
A will that does not bend;
A comprehension deep and wide;
Courage unto the end;
A faith tried even as by fire;

A faith tried even as by fire;
Taste laborn and select;
Morals that yield to no desire;
Manners that win respect;
All faculties of mind complete;
The feelings warm and true;
A soul unconquered by defeat;
A man who gets his due;
Yet, having all, and lacking this
Amid the worldly strife.

Amid the worldly strife, He is a failure, who shall miss The single aim in life.

—Charles W. Stevenson.

_____ LOVE IN SLEEPY CAMP

It was too hot for work in "Sleepy Cam, so nearly all the men had given it up for the day and lounged into Zeb's saloon to have a smoke and drink.

Though it was getting well on in the afternoon the sun was still blazing hot and there wasn't a breath of air to move the red dust. In a little shanty, not far from the saloon, sat two young diggers, both tall, well-built men, but one handsome, the other ugly-hence their nicknames, Bob the Beauty and the window, through which could be faintly heard the laughing and singing at Zeb's; Bob sat on the table, swinging his legs.

"It's a treat to git out o' that scorchin' sun," said Ugly, pulling a pipe out of his pocket, and knocking the ash on the floor.

"Yes," agreed Beauty, stretching his arms and yawning fearfully.

"We've had a grand day, haven't we. Beauty?" asked Sam, striking a match on his boot.

'Yes." Answered Bob, shutting his big mouth with a snap.

"You seem to take it awful quietyou don't seem to grasp that we-we two pards-have found the biggest nugget ever dug up in 'Sleepy Camp.'

'Oh, yes, I do," replied Bob, kicking so hard at the table leg that it seemed more than likely the rickety old thing would give away.

"Let's have another look at it!" So saying, Sam jumped to his feet and took a key out of his pocket, crossed to a large chest that was standing up against the wall, fitted it in the lock and threw back the lid

with a bank. It was a nugget-goodness know

how much it was worth. "Isn't it grand," cried Sam, falling on his knees and patting it affectionately with his hand.

"I should just say it was," said Bob, slipping off the table to have a look over Ugly's head.

"Another find half as big as that, and we're made fer life," and Sam closed the lid and locked it, putting the key carefully back into his pocket. Bob crossed to the table and took

up his former position. 'Ours has turned out a trump of

er claim," he said. Sam nodded his head and replied:

"Rather!" 'What'll yer do when yer have enough-give up work?" asked Bob. "I might think o' doin so," answered

Sam, relighting his pipe. "Might git married, eh?"

"Maybe," Bob slipped down off the table once nore and went to the door-opened it and looked out. Two or three miners were passing on their way to their shantles; they greeted him with "Good evening, Beauty," and walked on. Bob kicked the door to and strode across to Sam, who was still puffing

"Look here, 'Ugly,' " said Bob; "it's no good us two goin' on like this, is

"No," replied Sam, rising from his

"What's ter be done?"

Sam shook his head.

"Bout Lil, I mean," explained Bob. ."I know what yer mean, 'Beauty,' and Sam looked intently at the floor as if thinking.

"Who does she like the best o' us two?" asked Bob. "Can't say-the one she's takin' to

at the time, I guess. "Look here, Ugly," said Bob, "we've always been good pals, we've not had rows like Hackett and Black George, and it's a pity we should start now, especially 'bout a woman.'

"Yer right enough there!" agreed Sam.

"Now, we both love Lil," continued Bob, and there was a perceptible catch in his voice at the word "love," "and we think she cares fer us both jist the same.'

"Well, if one were to go, the one left would most probably have 'er-eh?" "Yes," from Sam, with a nod of the

"Who's to go?" asked Bob.

The two men looked at each otherthere was silence for a moment except for the distant laughing—then Sam felt in his pocket for something and

"Yer see this dollar piece? Well, it may sound a bit wrong to spin for her, but listen, Beauty, one of us two has ter go. I'll throw this coin up, you call, and if yer right I'll pack, but if yer wrong I'll stay."

Bob bit his lips.

"Is it a go?" asked Sam. "And the one that goes, does he take his share?" Bob asked.

"He takes that," answered Sam, pointing to the chest. "If yer call right yer have Lil-and I take the nugget, but if wrong yer go with the nugget and I stay with the gal."

"It seems a bit funny-"But." interrupted the other, "it's a

way out of the wood; if we both stay there'll be shootin'.

"All right, Ugly, it's a bargain. Bob drew a long breath. "We'll stick by the spin of that there dollar."

"We will. Shall I throw?" asked Sam quietly.

"Yes," came from Bob in the same "Call while it's high," said Sam, and

up it went-spinning round and round in the air. "Women!" cried Bob. Down it came with a ring on the

floor and rolled into a corner of the room. "See what it is," said Sam.

down into the corner. "It's heads," he cried, "I've lost. "And I've won," cried Sam, rushing over to the place and picking up the dollar, my dear old lucky coin," and ne put it to his lips and kissed it-

Bob crossed hesitatingly and peered

then went to Bob who was looking out of the window. 'Shake!" he said, holding out his hand.

Rob turned and took it, gripping hard.

'Here's the key of the chest-you've got the nugget," said Ugly Sam, "Yes-that's right enough," replied Bob the Beauty with a choke; "I'll be

off in the morning."

down to the claim.

. . . . It was early when Bob got up next morning-so early that there was only a very faint tinge of light in the east-but he hadn't slept a wink, so it was as good as tossing about for

another hour or so. He unlatched the door of the shanty as noiselessly as he could, for fear of wakening Sam, who was snoring away on his back, and slipped out into the open. He wanted to have a last look around, and straighten things up for his going-he'd have to make some ex cuse to the boys, he thought, they'd think it strange, and so he walked

Although he had gone out so quietly the click of the latch had been enough for Sam, who woke to find himself laughing, positively laughing, he was so happy

He didn't get up immediately, but lay there planning out his future happiness. He was sorry, very sorry, for Beauty, but perhaps the nugget would be some consolation to him; besides, he didn't think Bob liked the girl as much as he did.

Quite an hour passed before he dressed himself, a bit smarter than usual, and went out. He even picked a little yellow flower that was growing among the grass by the side of the track and put it into his buttonhole.

He had been walking for some time now and then breaking into song in his deep, rough voice, and hardly no ticing where he went-till he looked up and found himself by Peep Hollow. some way out of the camp; so he sat down with his back against a big pine and lit his pipe.

"As happy as a king I'd be," he started to sing between the puffs of smoke, when he stopped suddenly, for coming along the path toward him he saw a slight figure in a big straw hat. His heart gave a bound. It was Lil!

Ugly sat very still as she approached, and she didn't see him, be ing very interested in something she was talking to-he strained his ears to listen.

"You dear, dear, old fellow-how love you-better than all the world-Sleepy Camp thrown in."

It was a photo-picture she addressed hese remarks to, Sam could make that much out.

"There, back to your little hiding place and nobody knows nothing about yer." So saying she kissed it and slipped it into the front of her blouse

then, turning from the path, cut off through the pines. Sam had stopped his song to listen, and it was some moments before he thought of getting up to follow her.

but he did after a time, and tried to make out the way she had gone. He had been breaking through the

undergrowth for a few minutes when he saw something on the ground a few yards ahead.

"It's the picture she had," said Sam to himself, so he forced his way through the spot where it lay. It was face downward-he picked it up and turned it over-it was the Beauty's.

Sam let it fall with a half stiffed ery and put his hand to his throat, then kicked his way out to the track again

and made for the shanty. He met two or three of the boys

who were off to work, but never raise: his head to their greetings. Reaching the hut he pushed the door open and stumbled in. Bob hadn't returned (his things were still unpacked); he took a long time to say goodby to his friends.

Sam dropped into a chair, and stared hard at the door-then jumped up and rummaged in the locker for something and returned to the table with a dirty piece of paper and a little stump of a pencil.

He sat down and then, with his great heart like a lump of lead, wrote in a very illegible hand:

Beauty-Your sure ter be Dear snocked when yer see this, but you'll be glad. We tossed fair and square for the gal, and I won, well-1 were a fool ter think that a gal would like me in pref. ter you. Anyway, I soon found out my mistake, so I'm goin natead of you.

The rangements were that if one had Lil, the other had the nuggetso being, it belongs ter me, but I ain't goin't ter take it—you'd 'ave ter wait a time 'fore yer found another-p'raps never-I don't want it. Yer stay-I

Still always yer mate and pard, Ugly Sam. Leaving this scrawl upon the table Sam put a few belongings into a

bundle and went out-slamming the

As he threw the bundle over bis shoulder he noticed the little yellow flower in his buttonhole. He took it out and threw it away, lit his pipe and turned his back on Sleepy Camp. -Mainly About People.

LUXURIOUS DYING FOR \$15.

How an Italian Street Vender Played I on His Compatriots. The Italian colony of New York sup

plies this anecdote to a paper in the Century, entitled "Humor and Pathos of the Savings Bank."

An old Italian street vender, a consumptive, feeling that his end was drawing near, prepared a scheme for ending his days in comfort. Observe the originality and delicacy of the scheme that he successfully worked on Little Italy. He had only \$75 in the bank and of this he drew \$70 and redeposited it in a few days. He drew it again and again redeposited it, continuing the operation at brief intervals, until on the credit of his pass book he had entries of all those various sums footing up \$800, and on the opposite page drafts to the amount of about \$785-balance \$15. After carefully cutting out the page showing the amounts drawn and leaving the long line of deposits, he took to his hed and called in his friends. He was dying; they could see that, the old man told them. They were good fellows, and he loved them all, and he wished Pedro the banana peddler, and good Giovanni the boot black, and Arturo the wine seller, to know how affectionately he regarded them. What he had to leave them was not much -would Edgardo, good old Edgardo, kindly find, between the mattress and what used to be the springs, his bank book? Yes; that was it. Take it to the window and tell him how much was there. Eight hundred? Ah, well, thanks to God that it was so much; out oh that it were more, for such good

fellows as they. Dottore Bartollo had told him that ne might live three months, till spring; would his good friends put back his book under the mattress, and when he was gone-no, they mustn't crywould they take it up to the bank, draw the amount and divide it between them? Meanwhile, as his loving friends of the present, his heirs in the future, would they kindly attend to his little wants?

Would they? Did they? That old fellow was fed on the fat of the land while he lay there in bed. He drank more Chianti in a week than he had swallowed in five years. It was even hinted by some that Arturo the wine seller was hastening the end by the vile Chianti that he constantly produced from his stock, while the push cart man was so generous of unripe bananas for the sick room that there was a division of opinion in Mulberry street as to whether he was cheering his friend's finale with fruit, or endeavoring to complicate consumption with other ills.

At last he swallowed his last flagon of Chianti and through Little Italy made a decent pretense of sorrow, it was really en fete-at last the \$800 was to be drawn. I was in the bank when the principals in their holiday clothes and with a few chosen friends, arrived They stated the case, and asked for the amount, from which the push cart man was to receive some \$40 for fruit, the wine seller \$100, and the others variour sums invested for the invalid and his funeral, leaving some \$350 as the "dividend." I need not describe the small sized riot that followed when the abstraction of the pages from one side of the book was explained to the swearing mourners, and a tender was made to them of the \$15, all that the deeased had in bauk.

Fire Among the Redwoods.

Perhaps the most startling phenomenon of the fire was the quick death of childlike Sequoias only a century two ago, says John Muir the Atlantic. In the midst the other comparatively slow and steady fire-work, one of these tall beautiful saplings, leafy and branchy, would be seen blazing up suddenly all in one heaving, boom ing, passionate flame reaching from the ground to the ton of the tree, and fifty to a hundred feet or more above it, with a smoke column bending forward and streaming away on the upper free-flowing wind. To burn these green trees a strong fire of dry wood beneath them is required to send up a current of air hot enough to distill inflammable gases from the leaves and sprays; then, instead of the lower limbs gradually catching fire and igniting the next and next in succession, the whole tree seems to explode almost simultaneously, and with awful roaring and throbbing a round tapering flame shoots up two or three hundred feet, and in a second or two is quenched, leaving the green spire a black dead mast bristled and rough ened with down-curling boughs.

Russia a Land of Uniforms

If anything Russia excels even Ger pany in the matter of uniforms, writes a correspondent in the Chicago Tribune On the sidewalks of any of the large cities and more especially at rnilway stations, it is safe to assert that a least 25 percent of all male adults are in uniform. It is a puzzle to the tourist to identify the bearers of distinctive garbs, consequently the different branches of the govern ment service are often wrongly inter preted. The gaudy uniform does not always indicate a high official, as an officer of high rank may appear in a plain uniform and one of low rank not infrequently parades the streets with more fuse and feathers than his comPEARLS OF THOUGHT.

The man who procrastinates struggles with ruin.

Genius is only a superior power of seeing.-Ruskin

Fidelity is seven-tenths of business

Many a man's tongue shakes out its aster's undoing.-Shakespeare. Going to law is losing a cow for the sake of a cat.—Chinese Proverb.

Life is not so short but that there I always time for courtesy.-Emerson. Labor is the divine law of our existence; repose is desertion and sui-

cide-Mazzini. Life, true life, is not mere guarding against sin, but growth in good and toward good.-Brooke Herford.

Speaking much is a sign of vanity: for he that is lavish in words is a nig gard in deed.-Sir Walter Raleigh. No degree of knowledge attainable

want of hourly assistance.-Johnson. The conditions of conquest are always easy. We have but to toil a while, endure a while, believe always and never turn back.

by man is able to set him above the

Next in importance to freedom and ustice is popular education, without which neither justice nor freedom can be permanently maintained.-Garfield

Empty hours, empty hands, empty companions, empty words and empty hearts draw in evil spirits, as a vac uum draws in air. To be occupied with good is the best defense against the inroads of evil.-William Arnot.

CRAZY CROCKER'S DREAM. Ris Frediction of a Transcontinental Railroad Ridiculed.

The National Magazine has an interesting article on the development of American railroad systems, by E. E. Clark, grand chief conductor of the Order of Railroad Conductors.

When the late "Charne Crocker of Central Pacific rallway fame, crossing the plains in the forties was by oxteam over the old emigrant trail from Council Bluffs to San Francisco, he frequently predicted that within a comparatively few years a steam railroad would be running across the continent, following substantially the same course traveled by them. His prediction was considered so absurd by his associates that he was nicknamed "Crazy Crocker." Mr. Crocker had the satisfaction of not only secing his prediction come true, but of being one of the leading spirits in the construction of the first transcontinental railroad.

Since Mr. Crocker's dream was realized and the first transcontinental line was completed five other distinct and separate lines have been built to the Pacific coast, namely: The Canadian Pacific, the Great Northern, the Northern Pacific, the Santa Fe, and the Southern Pacific. With the extension of the roads and the building up of large systems has come a corresponding increase in the amount of business, and the building of railroads in unsettled and comparatively unexplored portions of our domain has done more to develop the resources of the country than all other agencies put

The Last Goodby. "There's one goodby that seems to drown all the others," said a veteran trans-Atlantic traveler the other day "I den't know why it is, but the long whistles from the countless craft on the way down the upper and lower bays appear flat and wooden to the three long blasts which the red hulled lightship on Sandy Hook bar pipes cut to us as, with the pilot safe in the C. Mitchell. speed' in the engine room, and we go scooting off to the eastward, to begin our long trip to Europe. Salutes are a more conventionality alongside this cheerful 'God speed you' of the light-

ship. It reminds one of the hearty

handshake of a big hearted man when

one's luck has been on the ebb. 'The formal whistles of the myriad of consequential tugs that were met on the way out, the acre of white linen that whipped the air at the pier end as we backed into the stream, the tooting of the dodging ferry boats and the screeching of the small fry going seaward through the winding channels, are one and all remembered when we turn in for the night, but forgotten when we turn out the next morning for a roll with old Neptune and coffee with shipmates. The three long blasts of the lightship, still on the bar, in all probability, but now many miles back of our creamy wake, alone remains fixed in the memory of the 'goodbyes' that came from the soul."—New York Mail and Express.

New Jersey's Lone Indian. In a little one-room house without windows, situated in a lonely spot

along the Maurice river, a short distance from Norma, N. J., lives the sole survivor of the South Jersey Indians. Dan Halstead. For more than half a century this old man, shunning the ways of civilization as much as possible, has clung to the habits of his forefathers. Halstead, though not a fullblooded Indian, is said to be a grandson of old Shamung, a great chief whose tribe had its hunting grounds along the banks of the Maurice river. The grandson of the old chief is a quiet, peaceful sort of a fellow, without kith or kin, and the only living friend he has in the world is his dog Prince, a mongrel. This dog is his sole companion. Dan Halstead lives with only one ray of hope to brighten his existence—that the red man will return some day to reclaim his hunting grounds and that he will then become a true Indian again and adopt the costume and manners of his race-Newark News.

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Why England Lage.

At present it is the fashion to blame the English workingman, his unions, the growth of the municipal idea-in fact, anything but the main reason, which is the woeful ignorance or supineness of those who are supposed to lend in the English electrical The American firms get profession. nto the English market in the first instance by supplying alternating current machinery which could be depended on to work continuously without breakdown. When traction work came along, what was easier than that some established English firm should take an American traction motor and One or two did essay the task, but they made such an awful mess of it that it was not until an American firm was established in the country that reliable home made car motors could be bought.

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In Effect May 26, 1901. LEastern Standard Time.

EASTWARD.						
STATIONS.	A. M.	No.II	No.H	1 No I	05 No	1
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A. M. P. M. P.

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

Driftwood as follows: Driftwood as follows:

EASTWARD

:00 a m-Train 12, weekdays, for Sunbury,
Wilkosbarre, Hazleton, Pottsville, Scrantes,
Harrisburg and the intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m.,
New York, 9:30 p. m.; Baltimore, 6:30 p. m.;
Washington, 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car
from Williamsport to Philadelphia and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia
and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

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

12:46 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. New York 10:23 p. m. Baltimore 7:39 p. m. New York 10:34 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenser coaches, Baffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

4:02 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 4:06 A. M. Pullman Sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York, Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 A. M.

11:00 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 7:22 A. M.; New York, 9:33 A. M. on week days and 10:38 A. M. on Sunday; Baltimore, 7:15 A. M.; Washington, 8:30 A. M. Pullman sleepers from Eric, and Williamsport to Philadelphia, and Williamsport to Washington. Passenger conches from Eric 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, 9:33 a. m. weekdays, 10:33 a. m., Sunday, Haltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington, 8:39 a. m. Vestibuled buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD!

Emporium.

33 a. m.—Train 9, daily for Erie, Ridgway, and week days for DuBois, Clermont and principal intermediate stations.

34 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and intermediate points.

1:48 p. m.—Train 15, daily for Buffalo via Emporium. Emporium. :45 p. m.--Train 61, weekdays for Kane and intermediate stations.

a. m. WEEKDAYS. 10 45 ar Clermont Iv 10 38 Woodvale 10 35 Quinwood 10 31 Smith's Run 10 25 Instanter 10 20 Straight 10 11 Glen Hazel

ar Falls C'k lv

J.B. HUTCHINSON