

For the Last Time.

BY JUDITH SPENCER.

"For the last time," Geoffrey said to himself, as with varying emotions he stepped into the phaeton and seated himself beside the smiling girl who was to drive him into the station for the early morning train. And he was simply echoing her words of the night before.

"All ready, Alice," he said lightly, So Alice flicked the pony with her whip and they were on their way.

It was a glorious summer morning and Geoffrey and Alice apparently enjoyed the drive—even though the conditions now were irrevocably changed. Yesterday afternoon she had met him at the train and they had driven back together an engaged pair. But since then their engagement had been ended by mutual consent, and this morning found them merely friends.

Geoffrey Maitland and Alice Wright had known each other all their lives, and had been engaged to one another—off and on—for years.

Their first engagement, while he was still in college and she just out of school, was broken by Alice in a fit of childish jealousy because he had gone on a picnic and had had a good time with the other girls, though she had been unexpectedly kept at home. But after a few weeks' interval and a due show of penitence on his part, she had forgiven him and taken him back into favor.

The next break occurred soon after Geoffrey's graduation. His father had set him up in business and he wanted to be married at once. But Alice had set her heart upon spending the summer abroad, and when Geoffrey unreasonably declared that she must marry him now or never, Alice returned her ring.

But the summer did not prove as pleasant as she had anticipated, and she was honestly glad to see Geoffrey waiting on the dock when the vessel reached its New York pier. He had a big bunch of roses for her—and when she discovered her engagement ring tied clumsily among the stems she laughed and blushed and slipped it on again.

That had occurred three years before the present time, and since then Geoffrey had had the grace to be patient, to say the least.

Indeed, he could not well be otherwise than patient, for his first business venture had not been a success, and soon he found himself in no position to marry.

Fortunately, the failure which had at one time seemed inevitable had been averted, and presently the tide of his fortune turned.

But when Geoffrey was once more in a position to think of marriage he had made the startling discovery that during all this time his tastes had been developing in one direction and Alice's in quite another, and that now they were no longer as congenial as they had been.

He was a born athlete, a lover of all outdoor sports, and just at present golf engrossed most of his leisure time. But Alice cared nothing for sports of any kind, and she was so entirely wrapped up in her Working Girls' Vacation Club and College Settlements and all sorts of charitable schemes that Geoffrey was bored to death in hearing of them.

Who possibly could have foreseen that such a pretty and attractive girl as Alice would all of a sudden have taken such a serious turn?

Geoffrey had thought very often about all this lately, and sometimes had wondered if it would not be better for them both to separate in time, rather than to marry and go on growing apart and be miserable for life. It had been the subject uppermost in his mind when he had arrived the afternoon before, and it had been a relief as well as a surprise to him when Alice had frankly broached the subject.

They talked it all over together then, reasonably discussing their varying tastes, their chances for future unhappiness, and in conclusion had calmly agreed that it would be better—infinitely better—to put an end to the engagement now, with no feeling but one of perfect friendliness and good will on either side.

"But we must remember," Alice had added with a sudden anxious puckering of her brows, "that this decision is final. Our engagement has been off and on so many times that even the possibility of another change would be to introduce an element of humor, to which I seriously object. We have carefully considered everything now, and have arrived at this decision—for the last time." And Geoffrey had given his assent.

The only thing he had felt really uncomfortable about was that Alice had insisted upon giving back her ring. He wanted her to keep it "for friendship's sake," but she had positively refused.

"No, Geoffrey," she said, "It is my dearest wish that you should soon make another and a happier choice, and it will be a satisfaction to me to feel that your wife—though she may not know of my existence—will wear and prize this beautiful pure gem. As for myself," she added, "you know I am not fond of jewelry, and I should never wear it now that its significance is gone."

"And you, too, will soon make another and a happier choice, I hope," he had said to her afterwards.

But Alice had smilingly replied, "That is possible, though hardly probable. I intend to devote myself entirely to trying to help and to improve the condition of these poor, ignorant

working girls who interest me so deeply. That is to be my life work, and I shall hardly find time or inclination to think of anything else."

And now the moment for their parting had come. The train was at the station, and Geoffrey, who had been standing by the phaeton chatting with Alice, extended his hand and said "Goodby." And as his eyes met hers—so friendly, but unembarrassed—he suddenly added almost mechanically, "For the last time."

"No, don't say that," Alice said hastily. "My friends are always welcome. Run down any time—if you can stand the chance of seeing half a dozen working girls enjoying their vacation, for I expect to keep the house full of them all summer."

A word of thanks as he lifted his hat, then he jumped aboard the already moving train and soon settled himself for the hour's ride back to town.

Geoffrey had been in his office less than an hour when the door burst open and Dick Williams, who lived in the little town from which Geoffrey had just come, came hurrying in. He was evidently very much excited.

"Say, old man, you haven't heard anything yet, have you?" Williams questioned breathlessly.

"Anything—about what?" Geoffrey asked calmly. "Oh, you poor fellow, I see you haven't. How shall I tell you. Maitland, old man, you must brace up and prepare yourself for—the worst."

"Hang it all, what are you driving at?" asked Geoffrey.

"I have just come in from Elmcourt," Williams said significantly.

"Have you?" said Geoffrey pleasantly. "So have I—only I took the 3:10 train."

"You did? I hadn't heard of that—though I remember now they did say she had driven some one over to the station and was on her way home. It must have happened almost directly afterwards—"

"She?" cried Geoffrey, now beginning to feel a strange alarm. "What has happened? Tell me quick—"

"The very worst; prepare yourself, my dear fellow. It was over instantly—she was killed."

"Who?" gasped Geoffrey in a strange choked voice, grasping at the frail straw of some possible mistake.

"Your own Miss Wright," said Williams plying. "I knew you'd be dreadfully cut up, you were so fond of one another and had been engaged so long."

The little ring in Geoffrey's breast pocket seemed suddenly to pierce him like a knife. Oh, that it had never left her hand.

"What happened?" he asked again hoarsely.

"She was driving home, they told me, and on the road she was overtaken by one of those infernal locomotives. Her horse took fright and bolted, she was thrown out—neck broken—picked up—dead."

Geoffrey sprang up and the expression on his face made the other man suddenly fear that he was going mad. He stood staring blankly at the office clock.

"If you want to go out there on the noon train I'll arrange to go with you," Williams said kindly.

"But, my dear fellow, you can't possibly—you've only seven minutes—"

He ended abruptly when he found himself talking to the empty air, for Geoffrey had seized his hat and was gone.

Out into the crowded street rushed Geoffrey, and never in old college days when he was in training did he run as he ran now. Broadway was at its worst—a confusion of rapidly moving cars, carts and carriages—but Geoffrey stopped for none of them. He dashed under the heads of horses and ran between cable cars, escaping so narrowly that the gripman yelled at him in a sudden chill, but he plunged on and gained the opposite side unscathed.

Some one humorously raised the cry "Stop thief!" but no one attempted to follow and none could have caught or held him had they tried. On and on he ran until the ferry house was reached, but just the fraction of a second late.

The gates were already closed and the boat was just starting from the slip. Geoffrey dashed past the man who was closing the wagon entrance and rushed out to the end of the dock.

Two working girls in the waiting room, who on their way to Miss Wright's—had just lost the boat, took him for a would-be suicide and shrieked aloud.

Geoffrey gathered himself for a spring and shot far out in a wild endeavor yet to catch the boat. But he was breathless now, and the space was widening with every instant. He felt himself falling short, but with a desperate effort he clutched at the boat's deck and clung there until two men dragged him up, swearing roundly at him the while.

Panting and overwrought, Geoffrey ventured into neither cabin—who knew who might be there to recognize and speak to him? So he stood in a narrow space between the vehicles, breathing hard, and with his hat pulled low over his eyes to hide the slow tears which now and then coursed down his cheeks.

On the train he sought the smoking car, where he pretended to fall asleep.

He since he was still alive, if he could only get the ring back upon Alice's poor dead hand before it should be noticed that it was gone, then no one need ever know that even before death came to separate them they had had one another goody—for the last time.

The train stopped at Elmcourt and Geoffrey, more than ever dreading recognition, cast a swift glance about him for some vehicle to carry him to the house.

And there, right before his eyes and just as he had left her not yet four hours ago, he saw Alice in her phaeton.

He thought it some mad delusion of his brain. He passed his hand across his eyes and looked again, but the vision still was there. She was bending forward, looking eagerly for those working girls who had failed to come, and he saw a shade of disappointment spread her face. Then she spied him, and her expression changed to one of bewilderment and then anxiety.

He staggered forward to the phaeton and grasped her arm. 'Alice! Is it really—and are you alive?'"

"Geoffrey! What absurd question! you certainly are crazy, or you are ill! Come, get right in—every one is staring at you."

He scrambled into the phaeton, still holding her fast, and Alice drove swiftly up the road.

"What's the matter?" she asked anxiously. "What brings you back this way? I'm sure you must be ill!" "Williams came to my office and told me you were—dead," Geoffrey said slowly. "Some horrid accident—and I—I came back—"

"Oh," said Alice, "I begin to understand. Well, what you heard was partly right, only it wasn't I. It happened to Miss White; you didn't know her, a middle-aged woman who lived above us on the hill. Evidently your friend mistook the names, while for Wright. Her horse bolted and—she wasn't much of a driver, poor thing—she turned him against a stone wall and was instantly killed. But—please don't hold my arm so tight, Geoffrey; it hurts, and really I cannot drive."

Then only did he become conscious of the tightness of his grasp upon her, and he released her with a confused apology and a forced effort to laugh.

But instead of laughter came a sudden sob, and burying his face in his hands Geoffrey broke down and wept like a child.

With an exclamation of dismay Alice turned off from the road into a quiet woodland lane.

After a few moments Geoffrey recovered himself and begged her pardon for the exhibition he had made of himself, adding with a really cheerful grin, "By Jove, did you ever see such a fool as I've been making of myself; but I couldn't help it. Fancy finding you alive and well, after I'd been thinking of you as—"

"And you cared for me—like that," Alice said, marveling.

"I didn't know it—I'll I thought that you were—gone," he admitted ruefully. "And then, well, I simply couldn't stand it, that's all. Alice, it's no use; you must consider things a bit. Can't you make up your mind to put up with me? I know you don't think much of me any more, and I don't pretend to care for all those things you're interested in. But then you are so awfully good and patient with all those foolish and ignorant poor people, and after all I can't be any more uncontentious to you than they must be—and so—"

"Oh, hang it, Alice, can't you be an angel and put up with me again—until death us do part—in awful, bitter earnest?"

"But, Geoffrey," said Alice, "you don't seem to remember that last night when we decided to end our engagement we agreed that this was for the last time." Yet there was a strange little gleam of a smile in her eyes as she said it.

"But that was before you had died and I had gone into oblivion," Geoffrey said penitently. "And besides, it shall be the very last time it ever is ended, I can promise you that. Alice, here's your ring, let me put it on again. Oh, if you could, let me know the depth of my misery when I thought of you as dead—and your ring in my pocket boring into my heart like a knife. I know you can't care much for such a fellow as I, but you said you probably would never marry any one else, and I am just absolutely certain that I can't live without you."

"You poor, dear boy," Alice said tenderly, as she held out her hand for him to slip on the sparkling ring. "What will you say, then, when I tell you that I love you—more than ever—and the most difficult word I ever spoke was this morning when I bid you good-by?"

He stared at her incredulously. "But then—I don't understand; why did you—"

"Because—well, I really thought that you no longer cared for me," she confessed blushing. "And I thought you would be happier if you were perfectly free—to choose again."

"And I have chosen again," cried Geoffrey, folding her in his arms. "I have chosen you—and it is for the last time, and, Alice, my choice is you."—Ladies' World.

The Santos-Dumont Family.
M. Santos-Dumont, the young Brazilian aeronaut whose flying machine is creating such a sensation in Paris, was born at Rio de Janeiro in 1872. He is the youngest of a family of 10 sons, and his father is a coffee planter in San Paulo. He is now probably the largest coffee farmer in the world. He owns 4,000,000 coffee plants, employs 6000 laborers, and has 48 miles of light railway on his own estate. He is known as the Coffee King.

Mignonette for Winter Flowering.
Rosa odorata, or, as commonly called, mignonette, is such an ordinary plant and flowers, as usually seen growing in most gardens in summer, that few attempt it more than once. Like everything else in gardening, however, if first-class flowers are desired, it must be properly worked for and have the right treatment to be successful.

For summer flowering, the first sow-

FARMERS' CORNER

Give Cows Warm Quarters.
Should the cows fall off in milk when the weather becomes suddenly cold, especially when they are well fed, it is an indication that the quarters are cold and that cold drafts of air come in from some source.

Getting Profit from the Stock.
No animal is profitable if it is not making gain in flesh or producing something. The horse performs labor, the cow yields milk, and the young stock should be kept in rapid growth; but the steers, wethers and barrows will entail loss if they do not show some gain, as they are heavy food consumers. Every pound of weight lost entails the task of making two pounds in order to regain the lost weight and compensate for the time. No farmer should be satisfied to have his stock at a standstill.

Spraying Potatoes Effective.
The effect of spraying potatoes for blight and rot has been strikingly shown by results obtained at the Vermont experiment station this year. This station insists that proper spraying, backed up by proper cultivation will protect the potato crop from these diseases and continual experiments and field trials covering a period of 10 years have proved this beyond a doubt. The potato yield at the station during the latter part of September when most vines were dead and many fields already dug, were as green and growing as at any time during July or August, and it is claimed that they were making potatoes at the rate of 25 to 30 bushels per week for each acre.

Wheat and Corn Rotations.
Rotation of crops should include some mode of clearing the land of weeds. Wheat and clover, followed by corn, clean the land, provided the corn crop receives thorough cultivation, but many weeds come up in the cornfield after the corn is "laid by," and it is not unusual for crab grass to then take possession of the field. Corn should be followed by another hoe crop, such as potatoes, cabbage, turnips or carrots, and at no period during the growing season should the land be allowed to grow weeds, as a late crop of sweet corn, to be used as fodder, may be grown and cut at any stage of growth. The system of rotation should be governed by the condition of the land and the value of the crops in market. No grain crop, however, should follow another, if it can be avoided, but if two grain crops are produced in two seasons the third crop should be clover or the land made to produce green manure or crop for turning under, lime also being used.

Dairy Accounting.
On most farms the keeping of any real system of accounts is an unknown thing, and even on the great majority of farms it is but a nominal practice, usually confined to a mere cash account of receipts and disbursements. It is true that the average farmer is not naturally an accountant, and this is in no wise said disparagingly, for neither should the average accountant make a good farmer. Every man by his trade as the saying goes. Yet on almost every farm some member of the family could easily be impressed into the service of keeping the accounts and records.

In no branch is this so important as dairying. The modern dairy cow is a complicated machine, perhaps a small one if she be a Jersey. Into her goes feed of various kinds and all sorts of balanced rations, or in some cases, possibly very unbalanced rations. Out of her comes milk. On top of the milk comes cream. Out of the cream comes butter. And often the skim milk goes into a helper calf, which is the future dairy cow. Here is a complicated process of manufacture. Here are chances for profit and loss all along the line. It offers possibilities in accounting to set one of the mathematicians at a great pork-packing establishment dizzy.

How many dairymen can tell how many pounds of milk each cow gives, the percentage of butter fat in each cow's milk, and the average for the herd, how many pounds of butter to each hundred pounds of milk, how much it costs to make a pound of butter and a few things like that? Yet this is just what many up-to-date dairymen know to a nicety. A scale, a Babcock test, a lead pencil and a little brains are the chief requisites.

If you know all this, some cows would be found eating their heads off, some giving little milk would yet run high in butter fat and vice versa.

Herd registers should be carefully kept. These can be purchased in convenient form to keep all the information which one needs regarding each individual.

There are possibilities in dairy accounting merely hinted at in this brief article. If you cannot start on an elaborate system all at once begin to keep a few careful, systematic records. Do some weighing, test your milk, fall to figuring.—M. A. Carson, in American Cultivator.

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For summer flowering, the first sow-

ing of seeds should be made in small pots about the beginning of March, and kept in the house until, say, April 15. At this time the small plants may be pricked out out of doors, and at the same time sow in open ground for succession, and continue once a month until August, which will be late enough for outdoor growing. This last sowing will have to be covered with ashes on the approach of cold weather, and may be depended upon until the crop in the greenhouse is ready. Keep well cultivated, and if green worms are troublesome, spray with paris green.

For winter growing I prefer raised benches to solid ones, having tried both methods. The principal reason is that one has better control of the moisture needed, and also of feeding with liquid manure. A somewhat light soil is preferable to a heavy one; that taken from the rose benches of the previous season, mixed with well rotted manure in the proportion of one part manure to four of soil, will be found to give good results.

When the benches are ready and filled with about six inches of soil, sow the seeds about the middle of August in drills about 10 inches apart, and thin the plants to the same distance. Keep the soil moderately moist at all times, going over the bench frequently to loosen its surface. As soon as the flowers appear, the side shoots should be removed, in order to throw all the strength of the plants into the main stems, but leave a few near the roots for future growth. At this period feeding with liquid manure should begin, at first rather weak, and subsequently increasing the strength. This should be continued as long as cutting the flowers is kept up, and usually will give a good supply until we begin again to cut from those growing out of doors.

Staking must be attended to at the proper time, or the flower spikes will soon bend down and become crooked and unsightly. For this purpose nothing will be found better than small pea bushes, with occasionally a single stake, as may be needed, for the stronger ones.

Mignonette may be grown in the same house with other flowering plants or vegetables. The temperature may range at night from 42 degrees to 50 degrees, with 10 degrees to 15 degrees more in the daytime, and ventilated according to the weather.—L. A. Martin, in the Country Gentleman.

Reclaiming Sod Land.
The plowing of sod land should be done in the fall, and the land well reduced in the spring with a disc harrow. In all sod land there exists many cut-worms, as the conditions are favorable for them, but the fall plowing exposes many of them to moisture and cold. Lime has been found excellent in the fall on sod land, and with the assistance of the frost (the alternate freezing and thawing of the land), the lime largely aids in bringing the soil into proper condition for corn in the spring. All soils that have been in grass should be followed with corn after the grass in order to insure good cultivation, but when lime is used the cloods and lumps will break more easily.

Soil lands should be rich in humus owing to the shading received by the soil, hence the use of nitrogen fertilizer is not so necessary as potash and phosphates. Any soil will improve when a good sod is formed, and a good sod makes abundant pasture, but when such lands are constantly grazed by live stock they will lose fertility unless manure or fertilizers are applied. One of the best mineral substances to apply is lime, as the results from its use are lasting if the farm is then properly managed.

The action of lime is sometimes slow hence the results from its use may not be apparent for a year or more, but nearly all soils are benefited by the application of lime when the soils are somewhat acid. This is especially the case when green manure crops are grown and plowed under. The bacteria of the soil can only perform the duties desired when the soil is rather alkaline, the condition for converting decomposing vegetable and animal matter into ammonia or nitrate by the bacteria depending largely upon the amount of mineral matter present. Clover is benefited by lime and potash because the soil is rendered alkaline, though both lime and potash are also plant foods. There is sometimes an excess of carbonic acid in the soil, generated by decomposition of vegetable matter, and lime neutralizes the acid. The use of lime also changes the physical character of the soil, both clay and sandy lands being benefited. Lime gives good results on limestone soils the lime existing therein is in the form of carbonate of lime, and is consequently not capable of exerting any material chemical effect, but when the limestone is burnt it is changed from a carbonate of lime to quicklime. Moisture then causes the quicklime to become hydrate of lime, and until it again becomes carbonate of lime (which happens later, after being applied on the land) it is in an alkaline caustic condition and also caustic. The soil of limestone regions is the same as the limestone rock to a large extent, and the action of air leached lime (quicklime) on limestone soils is as potent as on many soils that contain no lime. As lime will cause exhaustion of the soil if used alone, and the land cropped every year, yet it proves highly beneficial when manure, green material or fertilizers are applied. Lime is not strictly what is termed a fertilizer, though it is a substance found in the structure of every plant, but it serves to hasten the chemical action of other organic and inorganic materials existing in soils and thereby prepares the plant foods for better assimilation of plants, thus being a useful and indispensable assistant on nearly all farms.—Philadelphia Record.

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Guarding a Tunnel.
Should Italy and Switzerland fall out what would happen to Simplon tunnel? The opening on either side will look like the great doors of some medieval fortress, says an English magazine. And they will be fortresses in all reality. Suppose these two belligerents should fall out. They would rush like a waopping plague through that tunnel and invade each other? Indeed they would not. In the little fortress at each end there will be a man and a button. The man will press the button and bring down the mountain. When the smoke lifts there will not be any tunnel any more. Some 5,000 or 6,000 men will have worked night and day for five years and a half at a cost of 70,000,000 francs—and destruction.

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| EASTWARD. | |
|---------------|---|
| STATIONS. | No. 106 No. 105 No. 101 No. 105 No. 106 |
| Pittsburg | 6:15 6:45 7:00 7:30 7:45 |
| Red Bank | 6:25 6:55 7:10 7:40 7:55 |
| Lansdownham | 6:40 7:10 7:25 7:55 8:10 |
| New Bethlehem | 6:55 7:25 7:40 8:10 8:25 |
| Oak Ridge | 7:10 7:40 7:55 8:25 8:40 |
| Mayville | 7:25 7:55 8:10 8:40 8:55 |
| Summerville | 7:40 8:10 8:25 8:55 9:10 |
| Brookville | 7:55 8:25 8:40 9:10 9:25 |
| Iowa | 8:10 8:40 8:55 9:25 9:40 |
| Falls Creek | 8:25 8:55 9:10 9:40 9:55 |
| Reynoldsville | 8:40 9:10 9:25 9:55 10:10 |
| Canoeast | 8:55 9:25 9:40 10:10 10:25 |
| Falls Creek | 9:10 9:40 9:55 10:25 10:40 |
| DuBois | 9:25 9:55 10:10 10:40 10:55 |
| DuBois | 9:40 10:10 10:25 10:55 11:10 |
| Saluda | 9:55 10:25 10:40 11:10 11:25 |
| Winterbury | 10:10 10:40 10:55 11:25 11:40 |
| Pennfield | 10:25 10:55 11:10 11:40 11:55 |
| York | 10:40 11:10 11:25 11:55 12:10 |
| Hennocette | 10:55 11:25 11:40 12:10 12:25 |
| Grant | 11:10 11:40 11:55 12:25 12:40 |
| Driftwood | 11:25 11:55 12:10 12:40 12:55 |

Train 101 (Sunday) leaves Pittsburg 9:00 a. m., Red Bank 11:10 Reynoldsville 12:41. Reynoldsville 1:14, Falls Creek 1:31, DuBois 1:55 p. m.

| WESTWARD. | |
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| STATIONS. | No. 106 No. 106 No. 102 No. 104 No. 106 |
| Driftwood | 6:15 6:45 7:00 7:30 7:45 |
| Grant | 6:40 7:10 7:25 7:55 8:10 |
| Hennocette | 6:55 7:25 7:40 8:10 8:25 |
| Tyler | 7:10 7:40 7:55 8:25 8:40 |
| Winterbury | 7:25 7:55 8:10 8:40 8:55 |
| Saluda | 7:40 8:10 8:25 8:55 9:10 |
| DuBois | 7:55 8:25 8:40 9:10 9:25 |
| Falls Creek | 8:10 8:40 8:55 9:25 9:40 |
| Pancost | 8:25 8:55 9:10 9:40 9:55 |
| Reynoldsville | 8:40 9:10 9:25 9:55 10:10 |
| Falls Creek | 8:55 9:25 9:40 9:55 10:10 |
| DuBois | 9:10 9:40 9:55 10:25 10:40 |
| Canoeast</ | |