

The daughter of the Apache chief Geronimo is to marry one of the wealthiest men in Texas. Let us cheer up. America may soon have an aristocracy of its own.

In a Dublin paper some time since was a biographical notice of Robespierre, which concluded as follows: "This extraordinary man left no children behind him, except one brother, who was killed at the same time."

The electric railroad to be built between Brighton and London is to be equipped with Pullman cars, and the 47 miles between the popular watering place and the British metropolis are to be covered in 30 minutes. This may be counted as another American triumph.

The world has never seen such a rapid accumulation of vast fortunes as are amassed in the United States every year. It is a shame and a disgrace that, in the midst of all this excessive opulence, any worthy person should suffer from poverty, exclaims the Kansas City Star.

There seems to be no danger that the world's supply of diamonds will fall for a long time to come. The De Beers Mining company of South Africa is now marketing diamonds to the value of \$3,500,000 annually, and states that, with its present holdings, it can maintain this output for 144 years.

The Railway and Locomotive Engineering Journal is of the opinion that perfection has about been reached in the mechanical appliances used to insure safety of railway travel, and that it is now time to turn to the humane part of the problem. This paper asserts that "in the past two years two-thirds of the accidents that have occurred on the big roads were due to overworking the men."

In working to stamp out duelling in Germany there is no doubt that Emperor William will have trouble. The German officer seems to cling to the custom. The moral courage required to frown at a rule of centuries is as yet not prevalent in army circles. The selfish pride, the superciliousness and the ignorance which aid in cultivating the present day duel will have to be overcome before the Emperor can abolish the pernicious and ruinous practice.

The difficulties of the English language are proverbial. Here is an apt illustration. An eminent German pianist had, with willing good nature, given half a dozen pieces at a private entertainment, but his hostess, with that lack of consideration for the physical comforts of performers which is not at all uncommon, wanted more. The herr professor was too tired, so, with a polite bow to the lady, he said: "Madam, der ghost is ready, but der meat is feeble." He meant, "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak."

It is only a question of time when woman will be freed from much of the drudgery of the household, and this will allow her more time in which to pursue her multiple interests. The women of Longwood, a fashionable suburb of Chicago, have established a co-operative home and achieved a record of 40,000 meals for \$5000. The co-operative society owns a club house, where the families assemble for meals. So satisfactory has been the enterprise that a garden has been worked with a saving on vegetables of \$300 a year. Each family has its own table and its own silverware. Not only has the woman member escaped household drudgery and responsibility, but there has been a great saving in the cost of living. This last item is bound to lead to a wider adoption of the system, thinks the Philadelphia Record.

The New York state railroad commissioners' report shows 2345 accidents on the railroads of the state for the year that ended June 30, 1901, in which no fewer than 795 persons were killed outright and 1555 were injured. This was a death list longer by 124 names than that of the preceding year. The fact is worth noting that of the 795 persons killed on New York railroads in the year covered by this last report only 16 were passengers. This accords with the latest report covering the whole country, which states the total number of lives lost in the year at 7865, of whom only 249 were passengers. As the total number of passengers carried on United States railroads for the same year was nearly 677,000,000, it is a nerve-quieting deduction that the chance of death by railroad accident which every person takes who boards a train is one in 2,308,000. On the whole, about the safest place for a person is on an American railroad train.

THE CONTRARINESS OF MARY.

By Elizabeth McCracken.

"Have you decided yet, dear, whether you will go to California with us, or out to the farm with Aunt Rachel? We won't urge either course, but you must decide something before Saturday."

Mary's mother stood in the doorway, buttoning her gloves. She looked anxiously at Mary, who sat on the lowest step, holding three open letters that she evidently was eager to read.

"Well, mother dear, here is my last 'complete and unconditional' decision."

"Really, Mary? You aren't going to have another before night?"

"No, mother, I've wavered long enough."

"You certainly have."

"Don't be 'sarcastical' to your one and only Mary," said the one and only Mary, with an embrace that almost ruined her mother's chiffon ruchings.

"You see, mother, if I go to Aunt Rachel's, I shall get so bored that Aunt Rachel will regret she ever asked me, and forget that she had ever labeled me a 'sunny presence.' Of course it would be near enough for Cousin Burney to come out and stir us up; but Burney is so absorbed in his summer hospital that he can talk of nothing else but stum children with the measles. Burney is a perfect bore—at times—since he got his M. D."

"My dear—"

"Now don't be shocked with your own Mary. I don't mean anything dreadful, but I'm not interested in measles and germs. Now if I go with you I'll have a lovely time, and Aunt Rachel will be none the worse in the end. So I am going with you. Are you glad?" she asked, with a wheeling smile.

"Of course I want you myself, dear; but Aunt Rachel does need the 'sunny presence.' She is so lonely! If you should change your mind again, remember that Aunt Rachel will enjoy having as many of your friends visit you as the house will hold," said her mother.

"Yes, I know; but I shall not change my mind now. In fact, I don't want to go to Aunt Rachel's, mother. I don't like farms, and—I would rather go with you."

A little shadow came over her mother's face; but she merely said: "Then it is decided that you go with us."

"Aren't you glad?"

"I am always glad to have you with me. Your father and I would be quite desolate indeed without you; but, dear, I wish you would learn to be more interested—"

"In uninteresting people? Perhaps I shall some time, but I am so tired of them now! Burney doesn't know any other kind; and really, mother, I couldn't stand a whole summer filled with a farm—and—and Burney's inevitable enthusiasm over dirty little children—aside from Aunt Rachel, who is always urging me to help Burney. No, it's dreadful! But I don't believe in Burney's giving up his summer to keeping children alive who have nothing to live for."

"We won't discuss that again," her mother said, gravely. "I must go now. Good-by, dear."

Mary returned to her seat on the steps. "Mother doesn't understand," she thought, wistfully. "I never wanted Burney to study medicine; and to give his time to saving lives that are better ended, when he might at least save valuable ones, it is too much. I simply won't stay near him all summer and listen to him! It will teach him a lesson," she concluded virtuously.

She had never wholly forgiven her cousin because he had, against her advice, studied medicine with the intention of devoting himself to the freedwards of the city hospitals for children.

"Why don't you do something that will benefit humanity, Burney," she had repeatedly said, "instead of keeping children alive who have no past no present and no future but misery?"

"You don't understand," Burney as repeatedly had said, "that I am relieving their misery for the moment. You don't know what they may have to live for. They are little human children and have a right to their lives; they want them, and I shall help them keep them."

"You are very foolish and sentimental," Mary said; but possibly she respected his foolishness and sentimentality more than she admitted.

"I think Burney might at least consider his family and come to California, instead of setting up a summer Fresh Air Hospital," she said pliantly to herself, as she unfolded her first letter.

It was from Aunt Rachel; and it said, in part, "I hope that you will spend the summer with me, dearie. I am getting to be an old woman, and won't save many more summers. You may fill the house with 'pretty maids all in a row,' if you like. . . . Do be kind to Burney. He is doing a noble work. Let him tell you about it."

"As if he didn't, day and night!" ejaculated Mary. "Do-be-kind to Burney." I'm not unkind to him, and he is chasing a shadow."

She began to read her second letter. It was from a distant friend, who said in it: "Father says your cousin, Dr. Burney Harrison, is doing such a fine piece of work this summer, with his Fresh Air Hospital for poor children. Do tell me about it and let me help if I can. I suppose you are absorbed in it. What kind of children are they—Irish or Italian? How much it will

mean to them! And how unselfish of your cousin! I remember seeing him once at college. Is he as nice as he used to be?"

Mary sat, with her chin in her hands gazing into space. "Absorbed in it! I've never even seen it. I suppose I shall have to go, or Grace will think I am a heartless wretch. Perhaps I am; but—Burney is so exasperating!"

Her third letter had fallen to the floor. She savagely pulled it from its envelope. It was, as she knew, from her cousin, Dr. Burney Harrison—who was so exasperating.

"My dear Miss Mary (quite contrary). (Burney is getting more horrid every day," commented Miss Mary.) "Won't you come down and see my garden grow," before you go away? I know you will see how valuable all lives are if you will just see and know some that are different from yours. You judge too much in the light of your own theories." ("The audacity of the boy!" exclaimed the theorist.) "You don't realize that the poorest, smallest human life is a part of the plan of the world, and can't be disregarded or forgotten."

"You'll come down on Thursday, won't you? Please do. When are you going to California?"

Mary slowly put the letter in the envelope.

Perhaps I haven't been very nice to Burney. He is trying to do good, but he is carried away by enthusiasm. I don't know much about slum people, but I do know how they live. They are just like animals; they have no higher natures. They don't have any ideals."

Mary pulled out Burney's letter and read it for the second time.

"I'll go Thursday. I might as well; and Grace wants to hear about it."

She went upstairs to her room and wrote a note to Burney. In the postscript she said, "I am not yet absolutely certain that I shall go to California. If I do it will be next week."

Dr. Burney Harrison's Fresh Air Hospital for children was merely a large house, very near the sea and not far from the city, and it had room for twenty children. Interested and generous friends had provided Burney with funds for the work, and five or six nurses, who expected no summer employment had volunteered their services.

"Why, Burney!" exclaimed Mary on Thursday morning, as they approached the hospital. "It looks like an ordinary house."

"It is an ordinary house—only with more children in it than most houses have."

"What kind of children are they—Irish?" asked Mary, mindful of her friend's questions.

"Some of them. There are all kinds. They aren't very ill, most of them. They merely need a little special assistance and good food and fresh air. Some of them would have died without it."

"O Burney, wouldn't it have been better for them if they had?" asked Mary.

"Mary, how can you ask that?" said the young doctor reproachfully.

"It seems better to me, Burney. But don't look so shocked. Show me your hospital. It is very much like a hospital inside, except that the rooms haven't so many beds; and there are so many windows that its like being outdoors."

"That's the important part of it," said Burney, eager to explain. "You see the children need principally air; and they get a lot this way; and it does them so much good! Burney fell into Mary's habit of italicizing, and Mary smiled at him more approvingly.

"Now, Mary, I have to go around and see the patients. Will you come or will you wander about as you like?"

"I'll wander, thank you," said Mary. "It will be more interesting."

She felt out of her element with the nurses; they evidently looked upon her as superfluous, and Mary was not accustomed to being viewed in any such light.

She peeped into the dining-room, smiled at the queer kitchen, examined with interest the cots on the broad piazza, and finally went into one of the cool rooms, through the door of which she saw four little white beds.

The little children in the beds were asleep, and Mary would have left the room had her attention not been attracted by a man who sat beside the bed in the corner, with his heavy eyes fixed upon the small yellow head resting on the pillow. He was, to all appearances, a commonplace Irish laborer, but something in his utter absorption in the child aroused Mary's curiosity.

She stepped lightly across the room and looked at the small, white face, with its pathetic mouth and droll, little turned-up nose.

"What a cunning little girl!" she said to the man, resolving to scold Burney for failing to tell her the children in the hospital were so dear.

"Sure, miss, an' it's that she is. She's me only, wan, and she's the amidge of her mother. She's homely, but she's real cute."

"Why, she's pretty!" said Mary, argumentatively.

"An' do you think so, miss? Well an' I've seen wuss-lookin' wans." He carefully smoothed the coverlet with his coarse red hand.

"She isn't very ill, is she?" Mary asked.

"Where is her mother?" she added suddenly remembering that the man had mentioned her.

"Ah, miss, she's dead; an' me little gur-ril would ha' been dead, too, but for Docthor Harrison. An' do you know Docthor Harrison?"

"Oh, yes, he is my cousin. I know him very well," said Mary.

"Sure it's a some man ye ne know; and it's proud ye must be to ha'vin' him for a cousin." Mary had never happened to take this view of Burney, and she made no reply.

"After awhile she said, 'Is your little girl very ill?' Her theories with regard to the value of such a child's life began to tremble somewhat.

"No, an' she's gettin' well now; but miss, it was sick she was. Ah, but Docthor Harrison worked, miss, for me gur-ril! It was near to dyin' she was, miss, when he took her in here, an' now she's gettin' well!"

Mary's eyes were large with wonder and interest.

"The idea of Burney's never telling me anything like this!" she thought fiercely. The man cared for this little girl exactly as other men cared for their little girls; and Burney—perhaps she hadn't encouraged Burney to tell her.

"And if she hadn't got well," she said to the man, "would it—would it have been dreadfully hard, wouldn't it?"

"Hard? Ah, miss, I can see as ye don't know how a mon feels wld his gur-ril. She's all the loffe of me is for, miss. If she'd died, it's nothin' I'd had left to me. It's the most them that's pore has, their children."

He gently touched the child's yellow hair, not noticing Mary was silent.

"It's next wake she's to have here, miss, and it's hard 'til be for her before she's strong, wld me gone all day," he said musingly.

Mary no longer hesitated. Let her come and spend a week with me after she leaves here. Please do! I'm going to stay all summer on my aunt's farm, and I'm going next week. It is only ten miles out to it, and you can easily come out when Aunt Rachel sends in for groceries; and I am Dr. Harrison's cousin," said Mary with a suspicious break in her voice.

"Oh, it's glad I'd be, miss, and it's yourself I'll be askin' the saints to bless, together with Docthor Harrison."

He took Miss Mary's patrician little hand in his hard red one, and pressed it with a favor that made her wince.

"Sure, ye have Dr. Harrison's own way wld ye."

Mary's chin went up slightly; then she laughed softly at herself, and asked the little girl's name and address.

"I must say good-by now and find Dr. Harrison," she said. "He will arrange everything with you."

She went swiftly to the hall, where her cousin stood talking earnestly to one of the nurses.

"Burney, come here this moment!" she commanded. "What do you mean by not telling me the truth about the people in this hospital?"

"Why, Mary—"

"You never told me the children were sweet, and that their fathers and mothers were fond of them."

"Why, I should think you would have known that," he began, but Mary interrupted.

"You needn't begin to make excuses; Burney Harrison! I'm going home now. It doesn't matter whether you can go now or not; I can go alone—but you'll hear from me about this, Burney Harrison!"

Poor Burney was kept in suspense for three days. Mary had suddenly gone to spend two days with Aunt Rachel, and Burney could get no hint of the revenge that she was contemplating.

"Mary always has been contrary," her mother said, and Burney did not see the laughter in her eyes.

Finally he did "hear" from Mary—on twelve pages of her best monogram paper—and these are the words he read in the concluding paragraphs:

"Aunt Rachel says the house will hold ten children at a time. You can send them for ten days each as soon as they are well. Grace is coming to stay all summer, and so are two of the other girls, so we can easily take care of them. The money father gave me in place of my tickets to and from California will be enough to pay for the things they need. First of all, though, Burney Harrison, you will just explain, if you can, why, in the hours you have talked about your slum children, you never happened to mention that they were sweet, and that they made as much difference to their fathers and mother's as any children.—Youth's Companion.

Chinese Honesty.

As for the honesty of these people, I appeal to every English merchant or banker, from Peking to Hongkong, to answer if he ever heard of a dishonest Chinese merchant or banker. So far from that, not only has every English bank two Chinamen to receive and hand out money, but every bank in Japan has the same. The English will tell you, half in jest, that the Japanese is an Oriental Yankee, and does not trust his own people; and they will tell you, half in earnest, that the English bankers employ Chinese to handle their money because they never make mistakes. These people of China have never had anything like a bankruptcy law. If a man cannot pay his debts, or some one does not secretly come forward and pay them, at the end of each year, he has "lost his face," and so he dies by his own hand. Yet, with all their piteous poverty, they have no such words as "hard times," for everything must be settled up at the end of the year. There can be no extension of time. Confucius forbade it.—Joaquin Miller, in the North American Review.

WHY INDIANS PAINT.

An Explanation of the Custom Given by a Former Indian Agent.

The question why Indians paint their faces so hideously has long puzzled people interested in the habits of the aborigines. The other night the question came up at a club in St. Paul.

A former Indian agent said that he had heard but one legend bearing on the point.

"I was sitting at a campfire one night," said he, "in a village of Jacarilla Apaches listening to the stories and legends that were being told when I propounded the old question again, hardly expecting even the expression of ignorance that hides so many of the thoughts of the Indians.

"To my surprise, however, I received the answer that I least expected. An old fellow who had sat all the evening listening to the stories without changing his attitude, grunted and straightened up as he heard the question. Proceeding with all due solemnity he told the following legend:

"Long ago, when men were weak and animals were big and strong, a chief of the red men who lived in these mountains went out to get a deer, for his people were hungry.

"After waiting all day he saw a deer, and shot at it; but the arrow was turned aside, and wounded a mountain lion, which was also after the deer. When the lion felt the sting of the arrow he jumped up and bounded after the man, who ran for his life.

"He was almost exhausted, and when he felt his strength giving way, he fell to the ground, calling on the big bear—who, you know, is the grandfather of men—to save him.

"The big bear heard the call, and saw that to save the man he had to act quickly; so he scratched his foot and sprinkled his blood over the man.

"Now you must know that no animal will eat of the bear or taste of his blood. So when the lion reached the man he smelled the blood and turned away; but as he did not his foot scraped the face of the man, leaving the marks of his claws on the blood-smeared face.

"When the man found that he was uninjured, he was so thankful that he left the blood to dry on his face, and never washed it at all, but left it until it peeled off.

"Where the claws of the lion scraped it off, there were marks that turned brown in the sun, and where the blood stayed on it was lighter. Now all men paint their faces that way with blood, and scrape it off in streaks when they hunt or go to war."

—New York Sun.

White Animals.

A Polar bear would not have chance in stalking seals if it were of a darker color. The only black spot about it is the tip of its nose. The sailors who first landed on various unknown arctic shores and bays stated that the bears used to take them for seals and begin to stalk them at a considerable distance, lying down flat on their bellies in the attitude in which the well-known photograph by Mr. Gambler Bolton shows the old Polar bear at the zoo, and wriggling along in that position until they came to an ice hummock, when they would get up, peer over to see of the "seals" were alarmed, and wriggle on again. The sailors added that they could always see the black nose when the bear got near, and vowed that the bear put his paw over his muzzle to hide it! The arctic foxes, the "blue" hare, the ptarmigan, rhyer, and ermine all undergo the seasonal change to white by an identical process. The hair or feathers, as the case may be, lose color and turn pure white by what may almost be described as an instantaneous process. In the foxes and birds the white comes in patches; but the speed of the color change is remarkable. There are many stories of people whose hair has turned white from shock "in a single night." Judging by the birds and foxes, these stories must be true. No one ever sees the process of fading going on. The feather or patch of fur which was brown or smoky gray suddenly whitens. Yet no one has actually seen the color going. The explanation usually given is that it takes place by night. There seems no "half-way" tint between the white and the original color.—The Spectator.

Embalmers in England.

There is a boom in embalmers in England. A representative interviewed a big undertaker on the new system of "arterial embalming" of the dead. He said:

"I have embalmed 50 cases during the past 12 months and am convinced that when the general public realizes the advantages of embalming and that the modern method is not a long and costly operation, but can be accomplished in two hours without disturbing the body and without resorting to the ghastly mutilation of bygone times, the custom will become as general in England as it is in every city and town in America.

"It is absurd to expect the sanitary authorities to get any good results by the disinfection of sick rooms when the corpse is allowed to remain in the house during the days between death and burial. But if embalmed all disease germs and bacteria are destroyed and the body presents as perfect an appearance as one who sleeps. No matter what contagious disease the deceased suffered from, after embalming there need be no fear of infection, and friends who traveled from considerable distances to attend the last sad rites of burial may view the body.—London Express.

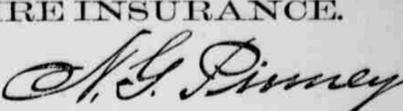
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CONDENSED TIME TABLE

IN EFFECT NOV. 8, 1901.

NORTH BOUND.	
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