

RUSSIAN PILGRIMS.

HOW AGED PEASANTS ATTAIN CASTE IN THEIR VILLAGES.

They Travel Far Away to Pray at Distant Shrines and Monasteries. The Holy Places They Visit and at Which They Are Fed and Lodged.

When the snows of winter melt in Russia and the woods are fragrant with violets and the ice in great masses floats down the rivers to the sea the peasant who is on the threshold of old age, tired of long inaction, comes forth from his izba and looks abroad. Strange thoughts have been stirring in him for several months, recollections of a vow that he once made that, if heaven willed, he would one day worship in a certain monastery and there venerate the relics of its saints. For many a long year it seemed as if this vow would never be fulfilled, for there was work to do in the village of which he could in no way rid himself, and still more pressing was the burden of a numerous family that could not be left. But now the children have grown up and can fend for themselves, and the father and mother are no longer of the same value to the community as laborers. Indeed were they to quit the village they would not be much missed. One way, however, remains for them to redeem their lost position and to entitle themselves for the rest of their lives to the respect of all their neighbors. It is to go on a far distant pilgrimage.

Innumerable are the sacred places in Russia and out of Russia which the pilgrims visit. On the sterile tundras that end in the lonely strand where the waves of the White sea fling their foam upon the walls of the Solovetsky monastery; on the quays of Odessa, awaiting the steamer that will carry them to Jaffa, or on the monotonous straight roads that for ever upon verdant ledges of white stemmed birch or somber pine to the resting place of St. Serge, near Moscow, or of the saluts who sleep in the catacombs of Petchersk at Kiev, there may be seen bands of pilgrims, staff in hand, journeying on foot, through poverty or in accordance with a vow, to their far-off goal. The men often wear clumsy but comfortable shoes of plaited bark, stockings fastened round the leg with string, breeches reaching to the knees and wide, baggy, heavy coats attached to the waist with a colored belt. The women have a colored undershirt, a short dress and bodice all in one and a bright hued handkerchief wrapped round the head, a knapsack on the back and a gourd or kettle fastened to a girdle. But the costumes are very various, and it would be impossible to describe them all.

These pilgrims beg for money comparatively rarely. They have the self respect and independence which befit people presumably so pious. Perhaps they have saved for this pilgrimage for many years; they are hardly up to the last degree. At night they sleep where they can, in a monastery or perhaps in sheds that have been erected for them by the road, and when they wish to drink they stop and ask for water at a peasant's hut, where they are respectfully received. If they are short of bread the poor monk will give them some, if he has any, for the charitable instinct of the people in Russia is inextinguishable. And perhaps, too, they will render some service to the homes that they visit. Tolstoy has described a pilgrim to the Holy Land who found a whole family dying of starvation and set them up again. And when Saturday arrives, and all good people are bound by their religion to take a bath, then men and women will plunge into the river regardless of the want of bathing machines and careless of all bathing regulations.

Glad, after this interminable march of many weeks, is the Russian pilgrim when he sees far off, flashing against the azure sky, the domes of the churches of the holy places where he is to worship, and especially is he glad if it be a town, like Kiev, that stands on a range of wooded hills, breaking the monotony of the endless plain. Singing a more joyous hymn, he approaches eagerly, for he knows that there are food and lodging assured him at his destination. At Jerusalem there is an immense convent built, supported by the Russian government, which is well aware of what the pilgrims do to increase Russian influence and her reputation in the Holy Land. At Solovetsky there is a hotel with sloping counters that serve as a resting place. At the lavra of Petchersk, the oldest of the Russian monasteries, there has been a house for the poor since the eleventh century. Some of the pilgrims are accommodated in rooms that resemble well kept baylofts, and each one has a locker, where he may sit during the day and sleep at night. There is a hospital there, too, with eighty beds, and a special wing for those whose ailments are not of a serious description. And for three days pilgrims are lodged and boarded free, and many are allowed to come and go just as they will.

Lang's Literary Output.

Andrew Lang held at one time what must have been very nearly a world's record in literary output. His regular weekly work was six leaders for a morning newspaper, two humorous sketches for an evening journal, two long articles, two book reviews and a contribution to a weekly illustrated paper. In addition to this he devoted four hours every day to what may be called pure literature. He turned out books at the rate of three a year or even more. In 1890, for instance, there appeared from his pen the "Red Fairy Tale Book," "Life, Letters and Diaries of Sir Stafford Northcote," "How to Fail in Literature" and "Old Friends." For weeks together his work would average 25,000 words a week.

CARLYLE AND EMERSON.

No Evidence That Either Ever Seriously Studied Christianity.

The grave charge is to be brought against both Carlyle and Emerson that, while they were the product of Christian civilization and drew the substance of their message from the religious faith of their people, there is no evidence that either ever seriously studied Christianity. The greatest phenomenon in human history engages but lightly the attention or the enthusiasm of either, nor does either fathom the need of the humanity that has risen on the strength of the gospel of Christ. It was the dim perception of this fact that led Lord Jeffrey to remark to Carlyle that he went about as if he were to found a new religion. No one had done anything for man's soul until he came. One can hardly read the correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson without the feeling of their excessive consequentness in the presence of the immense historic achievement of spiritual genius; in the presence of the spirit, the teaching and the influence of Jesus. Both were essentially modest men, and yet they lived in the sense of a uniqueness and an importance which they do not possess. They are both frequently ostracized when uttering with literary distinction only the commonplace moral wisdom of the Christian world. It is a valid criticism upon Carlyle and Emerson that they failed to recognize the rock which they were hewn and that they did not exhaust the quarry; that they were oblivious of the pit whence they were dug, and that the precious metal remained after they were taken out in boundless abundance.—Rev. George A. Gordon, D. D., in Atlantic.

The Black Death in England.

In England the black death in the fourteenth century made its first appearance in Dorsetshire and quickly spreading over the west it reached London by way of Oxford, leaving death and desolation behind it everywhere. It was as fatal in the country as in the town. Whole villages were wiped out of existence. The dead lay unburied as they had died, for priests had been swept away with their flocks, and in many parishes there was no one left to celebrate mass, while every trade and craft was suspended in the universal terror and suspense.

To add to the horror of the times bands of marauders roamed about unmolested, robbing alike the dead and the living, and dogs, deprived of their masters by death, came together in packs, made ferocious by hunger, and scoured the country like so many bands of wolves.

A Story of "Old Ironsides."

One of the most famous of the Constitution's exploits was during the war of 1812, when she escaped from Broke's squadron, among which she had accidentally fallen. The sea was almost a dead calm, so Captain Hull had to resort to towing. All her boats were lowered, with long lines attached, and in addition Hull had ropes spliced together to make a line half a mile long, to which he attached a keel anchor. This was carried in a boat half a mile ahead and dropped, when the crew hauled the ship rapidly forward. The commodore of the English squadron soon adopted the same tactics, and if it had not been for a breeze springing up the Constitution would have been captured.

The Shark Files the Feather.

Speaking of sharks to an old sailor, I first heard the proverb "The shark files the feather." It appears to be true. We are acquainted with the voracity of the shark. When following a ship it will devour without discrimination any article that may be thrown overboard, such as cordage, cans, cloth, wood, shoes, knives, spoons, forks, plates, etc., but sailors declare that it will never touch a pilot fish or a fowl, either alive or dead. It avoids sea gulls, sea meads, petrels and every feathered thing. Such being the case, why do not people who bathe in shark infested waters wear a suit made of feathers?—New York Press.

To Reform Him.

Minister—You say you are going to marry a man to reform him. That is noble. May I ask you who he is?
Miss Beauty—It's young Mr. Bond-clipper.
Minister—Indeed! I did not know he had any bad habits.
Miss Beauty—Yes, his friends say that he is becoming quite miserly.—New York Weekly.

Good Position.

A young lady applicant for a school, says a St. Louis humorist, was asked the question, "What is your position upon whipping children?" and her reply was, "My usual position is on a chair, with the child held firmly across my knees face downward." She got the school.

The English Pheasant.

It is claimed that the pheasant of the English preserves can trace its pedigree directly to the brilliant bird of the same species in Japan. About half a century ago a few live pheasants were brought from Japan and crossed with the common species. The result of this was, it is said, that a new race of birds was introduced, and the beautiful pheasant, with its iridescent plumage, was produced and naturalized as an English bird.

The American Father.

Ascum—Another baby, and a girl this time, eh? How does it make you feel to have a daughter?
Popley—Great! One of the first things you think about it is how a foreign nobleman will come courting her some day and how you'll turn him down good and proper.

Not by Exclusion.

He—I had a hard time getting a good wife.
She—Goodness! Have you been married several times?
Oh, no; but I courted my present one six years.—Philadelphia Ledger.

POSTPONED HER BATH.

Miss Flora Shaw, the well known correspondent of the London Times, was once traveling through Africa in a bullock wagon. The sun was blazing, the bullocks were slow, the dust was indescribable. She was making for a frontier town, where she anticipated the comforts of a bath. At the entrance to the place Miss Shaw, dead beat, dusty and irritable, found herself confronted with the ordeal of a public reception. The officials read her a welcome. She was as civil as she could be. Then she bolted for the hotel. She gave but one order—"Hot water, quick!"

She sat on the edge of the bed and waited. Some minutes passed. At last a black servant entered with a tin vessel, in which there was something steaming. Seizing it, Miss Shaw poured out a milky, odoriferous liquid. She turned to the servant for an explanation. The hotel was very short of water. As a distinguished guest, a point had been stretched for her. They had sent her the water in which the fish had just been boiled!

Living by His Books.

An amusing story is told of Robert Buchanan, the author, who, like many another well known literary man, had a hard struggle at the beginning of his career. He had just published one of his early novels when one day he found himself the possessor of a fine appetite, but without any money in his pocket at the moment to get a meal. He thought of ways and means for some time and finally hit upon an idea. He went to the office of his publisher and asked for three copies of his new novel, directing that the cost should be placed to his account. Armed with the fresh, nicely bound volumes, he immediately sought out the nearest secondhand bookseller and disposed of the copies for as much as they would bring.

When and Where to Rest.

Rest does not mean absolute inaction, but a change to mental occupation if muscular work has been indulged in, and vice versa if mental work has been indulged in. We should endeavor to sleep eight hours out of twenty-four under the most favorable condition.

As to where:

In a comfortable bed on a firm mattress and pillows or cotton mattress and pillows, as both answer the same hygienic purpose; among our books three hours a day if our work is muscular, or an out of door active life if mental the same amount of time to some complete change of locality, to others a change of climate and to still others of environment, and so on and so on.

As to when:

(1) As nearly as possible one day in seven. (2) An annual vacation. (3) After excessive mental or physical exertion.

Miracle of Emerson's Style.

Emerson's highest artistic quality has in it always a suggestion of miracle. One "cannot see how it was done," and imitation is disaster. The sentence, the phrase, creates in the mind a sense of luminousness, so keen is the vibration. This may be said of all works of high artistic genius, but in the case of Emerson the miraculously luminous effect is peculiarly felt. On a building at the Pan-American exposition at Buffalo the visitor who read the following words, even if he could not remember having read them before, might not long doubt as to their origin: "O rich and various man, thou palace of sight and sound, carrying in thy senses the morning and the night and the unfathomable galaxy; in thy brain the geometry of the city of God, in thy heart the bower of love and the realm of right and wrong."—Century.

The Unfortunate Clam.

The first man who used the expression "Don't be a clam" should be credited with a bit of advice chock full of wisdom. Somebody is after the clam in season and out, day and night. It is devoured in soft shelled infancy by fishes, sea fowl and crows, is sealed in cans, made into stews and chowders, baked in big pies on the seashore and dug for fishermen's bait.

Carriage's Great Snake.

The ancients firmly believed in monster serpents of all kinds and of both the land and marine species. During the wars with Carthage a great snake is said to have kept the Roman army from crossing the Bagradas river for several days. The monster swallowed up no less than seventy Roman soldiers during this combat and was not conquered until a hundred stones from as many different catapults were fired upon it all at one time. The monster skin and skin were preserved and afterward exhibited in one of the Roman temples. The dried skin of the creature was 120 feet in length, according to Pliny.

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A SECOND DINNER.

The Diary of a German Gentleman, Bartholomew Sawstrow, who lived in the times of the Emperor Charles V., gives us a good idea of the gastronomic customs of those times.

Sawstrow's description of the table habits of the greatest ruler in his day is very interesting. Young princes and counts served the repast. There were invariably four courses of six dishes. The emperor had no one to carve for him. He began by cutting his bread in pieces large enough for one mouthful, then attacked his plate. He often used his fingers while he held the plate under his chin with the other hand. When he felt thirsty he made a sign to the "doctor" standing by the table; then they went to the sideboard for two silver flagons and filled a goblet which held about a measure and a half. The emperor drained it to the last drop, practically at one draft.

During the meal he never uttered a syllable, scarcely smiled at the most amusing sallies of the jesters behind his chair, finally picked his teeth with quills and, after washing his hands, retired to a window recess, where anybody could approach him with a petition.

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A VACUUM PRESERVE EXPERIMENT.

Chemical science has taught us how to overcome the dreaded diseases that have swept away whole cities in the past. It has taught us the manufacture of explosives and munitions of war and has made possible the greatly improved modes of travel, and it may be truly said that to chemistry we owe the most material progress the world has made.

While this little experiment will not deal with the hidden secrets that live in the famous laboratories or treat upon the mystic powers of viscosity and repletion, it will show what power the absence of air has in attracting movable substances into the place that has been vacated by the air. Few think when they breathe the atmosphere that surrounds them that it has a pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch or that it can attract even a piece of iron into the space which it leaves.

For an example of the strength of air take any tumbler, fill it about half full of tissue paper, set fire to the paper, turn over the glass in a basin containing water about one-half inch deep and then watch the water ascend the interior of the glass.

Didn't Know His Own Child.

At Antietam, just after the artillery had been sharply engaged, the Lock-bridge (Va.) battery was standing waiting orders. General Lee rode by and stopped a moment. A dirty faced driver about seventeen said to him: "General, are you going to put us in again?"

Think of such a question from such a source to the general of the army, especially when that general's name was Lee!

"Yes, my boy," the stately officer kindly answered, "I have to put you in again. But what is your name?"

"Your face seems familiar somehow." "I don't wonder you don't know me, Sir," laughed the lad, "I'm so dirty, but I'm Bob."

It was the general's youngest son, whom he had thought safe at the Virginia Military Institute. "God bless you, my son; do your duty," and the general rode on.

Spoke Too Soon.

Alexandre Dumas was one day the guest of Dr. Glital, a leading practitioner in Marseilles. After dinner, while the coffee was being handed round, the host requested the great novelist to enrich his album with one of his witty improvisations.

"Certainly," replied Dumas, with a smile, and drawing out a pencil, he wrote under the eyes of his entertainer the following lines:

Since Dr. Glital came to our town
To cure diseases casual and hereditary
The hospital has been pulled down—
"You flatterer!" he exclaimed the doctor, mightily pleased; but the poet went on:

And we have made a larger cemetery.

Mrs. Hamilton's Ice Cream.

Mrs. Alexander Hamilton had the first ice cream in the city of Washington. She used to tell with amusement of the delight with which President Andrew Jackson first tasted it. Guests at the next White House reception were treated to the frozen mystery, and great was the fun of the initiated when they saw the reluctance of others to taste the cold stuff. Those from the rural districts especially eyed it suspiciously, then moiled each tearful with the bread before swallowing it. The next time they had a chance they ate it with delight.

It Wanted His Tongue.

At an auction sale in a Scotland village the auctioneer was trying to sell a number of domestic utensils, including a porridge pot. As usual, he was making a great fuss. Finishing, his keen eye caught a well known worthy, the head, standing at the back of the crowd, and he shouted out:

"Malster McTavish, make me an offer for this pot. Why, it would make a splendid kirk bell!"

"Aye," replied the headie, "if your tongue was in it."

Waited Twenty Years for a Solution.

A bit of pure and harmless mischief at recitation at Yale was the device of a member of the class of '72, who introduced at recitation a turtle covered by a newspaper paster on the shell. The tutor had too much pride to come down from his perch and solve the mystery of the newspaper movement, but twenty years after, meeting a member of the class, his first and abrupt question was, "Mr. W., what made that paper move?"

Our Cooks.

"I believe," said the young physician, "that bad cooks supply us with half our patients."
"That's right," rejoined the old doctor, "and good cooks supply us with the other half."—Chicago News.

Dolly's Explanation.

"Mother, what are twins?" asked little Bobbie.
"I know," chimed in Dolly. "Twins are two babies just the same age; three babies is triplets, four is quadruplets, and five is centipeds."

His Peripatetic Lunch.

Waitress (at quick lunch stand)—Do you want to eat this sandwich here or take it with you?
Gentleman—Both.—Harvard Lampoon.

Pure Selfishness.

Mae—How did Bessie raise the money to go abroad and study music?
Ethel—The neighbors took up a subscription. I believe.—Puck.

Gold nuggets from the Klondike create a structure and appearance quite different from those of any other locality.

The Stableman's Fling.

On one occasion a famous clergyman witnessed the fact of a stableman in coaxing a recalcitrant colt into his stall and soothing him until completely reconciled. Having expressed his congratulations, he remarked with a touch of melancholy:

"I wish I could get the workmen of my parish into church as easily as you get your young horses into their stalls, Thomas."

"Well, sir," said Thomas, "I should think it could be done, providin' you understands the nature of 'em an' gives your mind to it."
The cleric smiled. Thomas might manage horses, but workmen—that was a different matter.
"Perhaps you'll think it over and let me know your method," he finally suggested.

Thomas promised and, being appealed to a few days later, was ready with his "method."
"And you think you have hit on a plan to get workmen to church, Thomas?"
"I think so, sir."
"And how would you?"
"Bilddin' 'em an' back 'em in," said Thomas.—Kansas City Independent.

Edam Cheeses in History.

"The famous Edam cheeses which grace the table of every well kept hotel and restaurant in the country," said a prominent grocery man, "are often a subject of inquiry as to what they are and whence they come. Their round shape, with that peculiar reddish purple tinge, is a marked contrast with all other cheese productions of the world. There is nothing new fashioned about them, for if colonial tradition is true Mynheer Peter Heijs of Edam, Holland, who brought a lot in the hold of his Dutch ship in 1631 to the Delaware river, so tickled the fancy of the Indians with these odd looking articles that he bought a large tract of land, afterward named the Valley of the Swans, from the redskins with a barrel of his Edam cheeses. After the cheese had been devoured the gentle aborigines repented themselves of their rash speculation and a month later massacred the entire Dutch colony."

Irish Wit.

I must admit that Irish wit is often of the most mordant and even sardonic kind. Was there ever a more sardonic stroke of description than that O'Connell gave of Peel's bloodlessness? "His smile was like the silver plate on a coffin."
Of another and lower quality, but good of its kind, is the following fish-wit: A friend of mine was waiting his turn to be served in a fish shop when a little weazened old gentleman priced every fish in the shop. "How much is this—and this—and this—and this?" etc., till the exasperated shopman exclaimed: "Ah! Go on out of that wad ye! It isn't fish ye want, but information!"—London Answers.

Babies' Crying.

The instant a child is born it cries. This is a providential expansion of the lungs and not, as many suppose, an indication of suffering or pain. Well developed, well formed and healthy babies cry lustily at birth, while the weak child has a feeble little cry. For the first few months the cry is tearless, and it is not till the second year that lachrymal or tear ducts are fully developed. After that there is a copious shedding, and a very slight cause will lead to crying.

The Cure that Cures Coughs, Colds, Grippe, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis and Incipient Consumption is

OTTO'S CURE

Cures throat and lung diseases. Sold by all druggists. 25¢ & 50¢.

RIDGEWAY & CLEARFIELD RAILROAD AND CONNECTIONS.

P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
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W. W. ATTERBURY, J. E. WOOD.

CHARTER NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Honorable John W. Reed, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Jefferson County, State of Pennsylvania, on the 15th day of August, A. D. 1903, at 2 o'clock p. m., under the Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations, approved April 29th, A. D. 1874, and its supplements, by S. S. Robinson, J. Brown, A. N. Lewis, E. H. Beck, and B. E. Hoover, all of Reynoldsville, Pennsylvania, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called The First Methodist Episcopal Church of Reynoldsville, Pennsylvania, the character and object of which was to worship Almighty God according to the faith, doctrine, creed, discipline and usages of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and for those purposes to have, possess, use and enjoy the rights, benefits, and privileges conferred by the said Act and its supplements.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

It is hereby given that Frank S. Hoffman, Executor of W. M. Foster, deceased, will sell at public sale or outcry, on the premises in the Borough of Reynoldsville, County of Jefferson, State of Pennsylvania, on the 15th day of August at 2 o'clock p. m. of the said day A. D., the following described lot of ground situated in Powers and Warren's addition of town lots in said Borough bounded and described as follows: On the West by an alley sixty feet; on the North by lot No. 145, one hundred and fifty feet; on the East by lot No. 144, one hundred and fifty feet; on the South by lot No. 144, one hundred and fifty feet, containing one thousand square feet, being lot No. 144 in said plan. Terms of sale: One-third (1/3) of purchase money, at confirmation of sale by the Court, the remainder in two equal annual installments from that date with lawful interest thereon from the same time, secured by bond and mortgage, entered on record at the time, or by judgment bond entered at the same time as the deed is delivered.

By virtue of an order of the Court dated June 2nd, 1903.
FRANK S. HOFFMAN,
Executor.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

BUFFALO & ALLEGANY VALLEY DIVISION.

Low Grade Division.

Effect May 24, 1903. [Eastern Standard Time.]

STATIONS.	EASTWARD.						WESTWARD.					
	No. 10	No. 11	No. 12	No. 13	No. 14	No. 15	No. 16	No. 17	No. 18	No. 19	No. 20	
Pittsburgh	8:00	8:15	8:30	8:45	9:00	9:15	8:00	8:15	8:30	8:45	9:00	
Red Bank	8:15	8:30	8:45	9:00	9:15	9:30	8:15	8:30	8:45	9:00	9:15	
Lawsonham	8:30	8:45	9:00	9:15	9:30	9:45	8:30	8:45	9:00	9:15	9:30	
New Bethlehem	8:45	9:00	9:15	9:30	9:45	10:00	8:45	9:00	9:15	9:30	9:45	
Oak Ridge	9:00	9:15	9:30	9:45	10:00	10:15	9:00	9:15				