

SCIENCE AND OLD AGE.

Man Should Live Long Enough to Welcome, Not Dread, Death. From twenty to fifty a man should live for himself and his family...

The fact is that only one man in a million at present dies a natural death. We should live till 140 years of age.

All our instincts drop from us one by one. The child cries for mother's milk. The idea of such an ailment is repugnant to the adult.

The Day After. It is a strange omission that the day after, supreme and epoch making period of time, should have failed to receive the homage which is its just prerogative.

De Quincey, in his powerful bit of word painting entitled "The Knocking at the Gate," dwells on the thought that in "Macbeth" the climax of the tragedy, the moment most truly fraught with terror, is not the one in which occurs the murder of Duncan...

The magnitude of what has happened cannot be measured until the first touch of reaction has been felt. We cannot tell what has really occurred till the day after.—Atlantic.

Too Small to Obey. When a certain couple were married the wife was sixteen years old and big and buxom. The husband was two years her senior, but slim to thinness and not up to the average in height.

How to Make Pine Woods. Farmers in the White mountains have discovered, or learned, what farmers elsewhere are slow to ascertain. It is that if you lop off the lower limbs of balsams when they are young the limbs will not grow again.

Certain hotel owners, desiring pine lands near their hotels on account of healthfulness, asked a government forester how to get them. The reply was: "Cut off the hard woods, then turn the cattle in to pasture for three years. That will keep down the shoots of the hard woods, and the pines, which cattle avoid, will grow up, and their needles will keep down other growths."

Tricky Dynamite. "Perhaps nothing is more uncertain in the line of accidents than dynamite," said a dealer in the dangerous stuff. "You might drop a cartridge out of your hand, and it would explode and tear your body to atoms. Another cartridge taken out of the same case might be hurled from the top of a tall building and would land on the pavement like so much harmless wax, to be ground up under the wheels of heavy trucks and to be exploded with frightful havoc by the soft cushion tire of a bicycle."

Painful. "As a general thing," says a lawyer, "one doesn't expect to find a sense of humor in the employees of a prison. Let I know of a rather catchy reply made by a prison guard to the query of a visitor whether the existence of the guards was not a painful one. "Painful!" echoed the guard. "I should say it was when you consider what a number of felons we have on our hands."

An Ingenious Woman. The limit of masculine humiliation has been worked in the case of a Wichita man. His wife makes him wear trucks in the sleeves of his nightgowns, trimmed with pink ribbon so that the baby won't know the difference when he walks the floor with it in the night.—Kansas City Journal.

Quaint Logic. A bit of reasoning in a mode de Duane ascribed to Rosalind. "I don't like spinach, and it is very fortunate I don't because if I did like it I should eat it, and I can't endure it!"

A "Tip" For the Waiter. "Everything all right, sir?" asked the waiter. The patron nodded, but still the waiter hovered near. "Stenk cooked to suit you, sir?" he asked again presently.

Another period of silence. "I hope the service is satisfactory, sir." "Are you bidding for a tip?" demanded the patron. "Well, sir, of course we get tips sometimes, and I've got to go to the kitchen for another party, so."

"Here is the tip: I have a large, strident voice that I am capable of using. If anything is wrong, I'll let out a roar you can hear in the kitchen. If you don't hear it, you can know I am dining in peace and comfort, for it's no fun to have to pass verbal judgment on every mouthful I eat."

The Origin of Johnnyeuke. No doubt many others besides the writer may have wondered how Johnnyeuke came to be thus named. When a child, I settled it for myself by imagining John Smith, whom Pocahontas saved, had something to do with it. The cake, being made of Indian meal, became thus associated in my mind with the historical name. A writer in the Housekeeper says:

In tracing the term we find ourselves at a time antedating by many years steam cars and hotels on wheels, in an age when mankind depended entirely upon his four footed companions for transportation and had only saddlebags and a lunch was always acceptable. Cornmeal, forming so large a part of the dietary in those days, held a chief place in making up the lunch. Wet with water and a little salt added, it was baked in a shape that stored away in the saddlebags nicely and was called journey cake. This is the origin of our modern, unconventional Johnnyeuke.

Grounds For Divorce. A Salem (Mass.) man who sought a divorce proved, according to a Boston paper, that his wife tore the sign from his store, put into his tea something that made him vomit, threw his clothes downstairs, filled his shoes with cold water, put will in his overcoat pocket, threw water over him as he went downstairs, put pepper in his bed, made him sleep in an attic, wouldn't do his washing, wouldn't mend his clothes, made him darn his socks and sew buttons on his shirts, spat on his toast when he was getting his breakfast, rocked in a squeaky chair for hours at a time to annoy him, put grease on his Sunday clothes, wouldn't let him have a fire on the coldest evenings so that he often had to go to bed at 7 p. m. to keep warm, and finally "she rubbed a butcher knife over his neck and threatened to blow out his brains."

The Worm Turned. He loved her devotedly. He was also bowlegged. Both facts gave him pain at times. He passed it by with a rueful smile when she merrily said that his affliction gave him such an arch look and that, after all, he was a pretty good sort when you got on to his curves. He bore it patiently when she referred to his walk as parenthetical progress. But he rebelled and broke the engagement when she called her pet dog through the wicket formed by his legs.

A Quick Witted Waiter. During mosquito season a party of diners seated themselves at table in an outdoor restaurant, and a man of the party took the bill of fare and began to study it. A mosquito lighted upon it and instantly lost its life by a quick blow from the man, its little carcass remaining on the bill. Pointing to it, the man said to the waiter: "Do you serve those on toast?" And the waiter promptly replied: "They're on the bill, sir!"—New York Times.

Carried. Miss Frontispiece—Is it true that the new tower in our choir was arrested at Mrs. Goldmore's reception for forgeries he had committed in the south? Mrs. Highchurch—Yes. He had just finished singing "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia" in a way that brought a tear to every eye when the Richmond sheriff came in with regulation papers for him.

Sells the Heights. Miss Nuritch—Yes, indeed, he was real attentive to me, and he's a nobleman too. Miss Ascum—May Outwit met him, too, and she declares he's an actor. Miss Nuritch—Not at all. He assured me he was a lord admiral of the Swiss navy.—Philadelphia Record.

It is Curious. "It's curious," said Uncle Eben. "No-body wouldn't think of tryin' to play de banjo without takin' a few lessons, but everybody thinks he could step in an' run de gov'ment without no practice whatever."—Washington Star.

All Right Anyway. Miss This—Don't you think my new dress is just exquisite? Phannie—Oh, lovely! I think that dressmaker of yours could make a clothes prop look graceful.

WRITER'S THOUGHT CRAMP

The Way the Flood of Inspired Ideas Ebbs and Flows. If the fiction writer has his delicious moments, when he tastes the joys which come with the excitement of creative composition—and these he undoubtedly has—also he knows distressing periods of mental apathy.

He has been working away at top speed, full of gladness in that subtle fabric which his pen weaves in the warp and woof of paper and ink. His head is packed with inspired ideas, like a gift box from the gods. His hopes ride high. His ambitions scrape the clouds.

Then something happens. It is not a snap, a break, a crash—nothing so tangible. It is just a ceasing. Abruptly, unexpectedly, all his fine thoughts vanish. No longer is his a country of majestic, white-robed heights and alluring purple-toned valleys. All is flat and gray and bleak.

Just about now, if the writer only knew it, is a most excellent time to go fishing. At last, baffled, discouraged, heart-sick, he sits with his head in his hands, contemplating with foolish self-pity the melancholy spectacle of himself.

But, like drought and flood, war and pestilence and all other ills great and small, it passes. And he knows not how or when it goes. Days after he wakes up to find himself, pen in hand, hard at work again. Of its own accord apparently the machine has set itself in motion.—Sewell Ford in The Reader.

Saved Ann a Ducking. A colonial shrew who was threatened with the ducking stool was once saved by this plea: "You wish to duck Ann Willott to cure her?" her defender declared. "Now if she be not cured where is the gain in ducking her? And if she be cured all the women who now keep a guard over their tongues through distaste to be likened to such a known, notorious and contemptible scold as Ann will do so no longer; but although it is not like any should become such as she, yet all will scold a little more than now they do. The check of her example being removed. Now, it is better that Ann, being a single woman without family to afflict, should go unpunished and unducked, but despised by all, and wag her tongue as she will, standing therein for the whole town, than that she should be silenced and the tongues of other women run more free."

Nutritious Value of Oysters. The popular belief that the oyster is a most nutritious article of diet does not rest upon any scientific basis. The oyster as a food could not satisfy the demands of the human body. While the oyster, when not stewed, is very palatable, wholesome and easily assimilated by weak, impaired stomachs, it cannot be contended for a moment that it contains such elements and nutrition as may be found in beans, rice or potatoes. There is very little, if any, fatmaking or muscle-building material in the oyster. Its composition is largely nitrogenous, and, being rich in phosphates, it is generally regarded as an excellent food for the brain, but a man reduced to an exclusive diet of oysters would soon find himself deficient in adipose tissue and in those elements that go to make up physical force and vitality in the human body.

Rossini's Memory. The composer of "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" was blessed with a not very retentive memory, especially for names of persons introduced to him, a forgetfulness which was frequently the cause of much merriment whenever Rossini was among company. One day he met Bishop, the English composer. Rossini knew the face well enough and at once greeted him. "Ah, my dear Mr. —" but he could progress no further. To convince him that he had not forgotten him Rossini commenced whistling Bishop's glee, "When the Wind Blows," a compliment which "the English Mozart" recognized and would as readily have heard as his less musical surname.

Optical Illusion. A firm which was used in an English court for the price of a sign defended the case on the ground that the "y" in their name was smaller than the other letters. It was proved by measurement, however, that it was a sixteenth of an inch larger, allowance having been made for the fact that, owing to an optical illusion, the letter "y" always looks smaller than the neighboring letters. Judgment was given for the signmaker.

But They Use Them. The danger of carrying an argument to its logical conclusion is thus set forth by the Chicago Post: They were at a picnic. "Fingers were made before forks," she laughed as she helped herself in democratic fashion. "Yes," he admitted, "and people were made before clothes." She hastily reached for a fork.

Hoped He Might Improve. Husband (vittuperatively)—I was an idiot when I married you, Mary. Wife (quietly)—Yes, Tom, I knew you were. But what could I do? You seemed my only chance, and I thought then that you might improve a little with time.—Washington Times.

His Jubilee. Judge—Are you aware of any mitigating circumstances in your case? Criminal—Yes, your honor; this is the fiftieth year I have been arrested for vagrancy, and I thought that perhaps we might get up a little jubilee.

Brevity. Irate Author—What did you do with that article of mine on the American forests? Editor—Well, sir, to make a long story short, I cut it down.—Baltimore American.

To Judge a River's Breadth.

It is necessary to make use only of the eye and the beam of a hat to measure the width of any ordinary stream or even of a good sized river, and here is the way to do it: Select a point of the river bank where the grounds run back level and stand at the water's edge. Fix your eyes on the opposite bank. Now, move your hat down over your brow until the edge of the brim is exactly on a line with the water line on the other side. This will give you a visual angle that may be used on any level surface, and if, as has been suggested, the ground on your side of the river be flat you may "lay off" a corresponding distance on it. To do this you have only to hold your hat perfectly steady, after getting the angle with your hat brim, supporting your chin with your hand, if necessary, and turn slowly around until your back is toward the river. Now, take careful note of where your hat brim cuts the level surface of the ground as you look over the latter, and from where you stand to that point will be the width of the river, a distance that may readily be measured by stepping. If you are careful in all these details, you can come within a few feet of the river's width.—Detroit Free Press.

Her Latest Break. "My stay-at-home girl is an awful chatterbox," said a broker, "and the worst of it is that when we have guests at the house she is continually making breaks of the worst sort—breaks that tend to rattle the dry bones of the family skeleton in the closet. Recently when we had company at dinner she allowed her tongue to run away with her, as usual, the result of which was that she very much embarrassed both her father and mother, although the guests, I am free to say, seemed delighted. I had a very serious talk with her and impressed upon her, or tried to, that she must not tell any family secret. The next time we had company she was permitted to come to the table only by promising that she wouldn't utter a word. She behaved beautifully and had nothing to say until the dessert was about to be taken away. Then her lips began to quiver, and finally she burst into tears. 'Why, what's the matter, darling?' her mother asked. 'I—I want some more ice cream, if that isn't a family secret!' she wailed between sobs."—Philadelphia Record.

THE BOY JOHN WESLEY. No Evidence of Any Precociousness in His Religious Development. Of the nineteen children born to Samuel and Susanna Wesley only ten survived the period of infancy, and of these only three were sons. John was thirteen years younger than Samuel and six years older than Charles. Of his early boyhood only one incident is recorded. On a February night in 1709 the rectory was burned. The family, hurrying out in terror, left the boy John sleeping in his attic chamber, and he was taken out through a window only an instant before the blazing roof fell in upon his bed. Wesley always retained a vivid recollection of the scene, and more than a half century later, when, thinking himself near death, he composed his epitaph, he describes himself as "a brand plucked from the burning."

His mother deemed his rescue a providential indication that her son was preserved for some great work and resolved, as she says, "to be more particularly careful of the soul of this child that Thou hast so mercifully provided for." There is, however, no evidence of anything precocious in the religious development of the boy, but only a certain staid, overblissfulness which he got from his mother, but which to the more mercurial temperament of the father seemed in a lad not yet in his teens half amusing and half vexatious. "Sweetheart," said the rector to his wife, "I profess I think our boy Jack wouldn't attend to the most pressing necessities of nature unless he could give a reason for it."—C. T. Winchester in Century.

Readiness in Excuse. General Alexander McDowell McCook had a story illustrative of readiness in excuse which he used to tell occasionally. Some raw troops were drawn up for their first battle. They were on marshy ground, under fire, and ankle deep in slush. One of the soldiers was noticed to be trembling excitedly, and his fear might communicate itself to his comrades. An officer approached him. "Here, you, what are you trembling for?" demanded the officer. "Stop it, or you'll demoralize the company. You are in no more danger than any one else. Don't be afraid."

"I-I am not t-t-a-a-fraid," chattered the soldier. "I-I had theague last year, and—standing still in this m-m-mud so long has b-b-brought it on again—g-g-good! W-w-wouldn't I-I-t be a g-g-good idea to r-r-run a l-little and get warmed up?"

Philosophy. "My son," said the sage, "it has been observed by many wise men, and even by fools, that enjoyment is rather in anticipation than in realization. The events to which we look forward most hopefully are apt to prove disappointing."

And the old man stroked his white beard and said he would think it over. —Puck.

Some Comfort. The Flend—Yes, sir, I have run over nearly ten people with that automobile. Friend—Did any of them escape with their lives? "Oh, yes; but they'll never be the same again!"—Life.

Rapid Action. "Always think twice before you speak," said little Tommy's mamma. "Gee, naw," he answered, "if you do that you must do some pretty fast thinkin' sometimes when you get to goin' for paw!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Before we bring happiness to others we must first be happy ourselves, nor will happiness abide within us unless we confer it on others.—Maeterlinck.

ONIONS AND LEMONS.

Said to Be a Protection in Cases of Contagious Disease. When a mere lad I had often heard it said that the eating of onions and lemons was a protection against contagious diseases, and when about eighteen years of age I had an opportunity to test them for myself. I had spent the winter in the city of New Orleans, where, in the spring, yellow fever, of a virulent type made its appearance, causing an urgent demand for nurses, and, having faith in what I had heard of the protective power of onions and lemons, I concluded to take what my friends called a ghastly risk and made application at the Common Street hospital for a position as nurse, was accepted and entered at once upon a line of duty, in commencing which I began the use of raw onions and lemons, alternating weekly with lemons, always taking them just before going to bed.

I took no other remedy, although medicine was provided every morning for all attacks. At the expiration of the tenth week I was no longer needed and left in as vigorous health as when I entered the hospital.

On taking my departure I was reminded by the head physician that his medicine had probably preserved my health. Nevertheless a number of nurses and attendants had died of the fever, despite his vaunted medical ability. Before leaving the institution I acquainted the doctor with the fact that I had not used his medicine, but had relied solely upon my onion-lemon treatment, when he said it was a wonder that it had not killed me and if it had that I had deserved it.

On another occasion I had a similar experience with smallpox cases in a northern city, finding the onion and lemon a perfect protection to myself and many of my associates.—Medical Talk.

THE CHRISTIAN NAME. The term "Christian name" is used in England and America only. "Baptismal name" is used in other countries. The term seems to have been used first after the reformation, when Biblical names were used as a reaction against the use of the saints' names in the calendar. It is evident that all Biblical names are not Christian, but the reaction went so far as to consider everything in the Bible as Christian and everything not in the Bible as pagan or certainly non-Christian.

A Rough Criticism. Lord Houghton's epigram on "Sordello," probably the most obscure of Browning's poems, though it has often gone the rounds, is worth recalling. Said Lord Houghton, then only Dicky Milnes, "There are but two lines in 'Sordello' I can understand—the first and last—'Who will may hear Sordello's story told' and 'Who would hath heard Sordello's story told,' and both are false."

Exchange of Courtesies. One of the keenest of journalists and wits, Moritz Gottlieb Saphir, had the better of the late stranger against whom he ran by accident at the corner of a street in Munich. "Beast!" cried the offended person without waiting for an apology. "Thank you," said the journalist, "and mine is Saphir."

The Originator. "I wonder who made the first after dinner speech?" asked the philosopher. "Adam," replied the wise guy promptly. "As soon as he got through with the core of that apple he said, 'The woman tempted me, didn't he?'"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Forced to It. "You ought not to beg," she said. "No, ma'am," admitted the tramp. "Why do you do it?" "Well, ma'am, I wouldn't if I could get people to give me money by just lookin' sad."—Chicago Post.

The Canine Peeps.

No man has ever yet succeeded in painting an honest portrait of himself in an autobiography however adulously he may have set to work about it. In spite of his candid purpose he omits necessary touches and adds superfluous ones. At times he cannot help draping his thought, and the least shred of drapery disguises it. It is only the diarist who accomplishes the feat of self-portraiture, and he, without any such end in view, does it unconsciously. A man cannot keep a daily record of his comings and goings and the little items that make up the sum of his life and not inadvertently give himself away at every turn. He lays bare his heart with a candor not possible to the self-consciousness that inevitably colors premeditated revelation. Unknowingly he wears his heart upon his pen for days to peek at. While Mr. Samuel Peyps was filling those small octavo pages with his perplexing cipher he never once imagined that he was adding a photographic portrait of himself to the world's gallery of immortals. We are more intimately acquainted with Mr. Samuel Peyps, the inner man—his little mannesses and his geneosities—than we are with half the persons we call our dear friends.—T. B. Aldrich in Atlantic.

Punctuation. In the earliest Latin inscriptions and manuscripts no system of punctuation followed. The full point (.) was gradually introduced, being placed on the level, middle or top of the letters. In the minuscule manuscripts of the eighth, ninth and following centuries the period, on the line or high, was first used; then the comma and semicolon and the inverted semicolon, whose power was rather stronger than that of the comma. Some say that the Caroline minuscules of the ninth century exhibit the note of interrogation, for which the inverted semicolon, which was gradually dropped, may have furnished the mark. The Greeks use the semicolon as an interrogation point. In English the colon is said to have been introduced about 1485, the comma about 1501 and the semicolon about 1570. In Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia" (1587) all the punctuation points appear, including the note of interrogation, asterisk and parentheses.

Incorrigible. It was decided that Mr. Wright must administer a stern lecture to his four-year-old daughter Florence. The little girl had been naughty, but she did not seem to appreciate the fact, and Mr. Wright reluctantly undertook a "scolding."

He hunted to make the tender little heart ache and to see the dear child cry, but he forced himself to speak judiciously and severely. He recounted her misdeeds and explained the why and wherefore of his stern rebuke. Mrs. Wright sat by, looking duly impressed.

Finally Mr. Wright paused for breath and also to hear the small culprit acknowledge her error. The scolding was never continued. Florence turned a face beaming with admiration to her mother and said innocently: "Isn't papa interesting?"

At Home and Abroad. A few days ago an elderly gentleman and his wife were walking along the street when a lady in crossing the road fell down. The old gentleman rushed to her assistance and helped her in every possible way. When he returned to his wife, she looked like a thundercloud.

"It's all right; it's all right," he whispered. "Yes, I know it's all right!" she replied hotly. "Here's an unknown woman falls down, and you plow across the street to help her, and the other day, when I fell downstairs, you wanted to know if I was practicing for a circus."

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

BUFFALO & ALLEGANY VALLEY DIVISION. Low Grade Division. A Effect May 24, 1903. (Eastern Standard Time.)

Table with columns: STATIONS, No. 100, No. 101, No. 102, No. 103, No. 104, No. 105. Rows include Buffalo, Gettysburg, Harrisburg, etc.

Table with columns: STATIONS, No. 106, No. 107, No. 108, No. 109, No. 110, No. 111, No. 112, No. 113, No. 114, No. 115. Rows include Buffalo, Gettysburg, Harrisburg, etc.

Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division. In effect May 25th, 1903. Trains leave Driftwood as follows:

Table with columns: STATIONS, No. 116, No. 117, No. 118, No. 119, No. 120, No. 121, No. 122, No. 123, No. 124, No. 125. Rows include Buffalo, Gettysburg, Harrisburg, etc.

Table with columns: STATIONS, No. 126, No. 127, No. 128, No. 129, No. 130, No. 131, No. 132, No. 133, No. 134, No. 135. Rows include Buffalo, Gettysburg, Harrisburg, etc.

Table with columns: STATIONS, No. 136, No. 137, No. 138, No. 139, No. 140, No. 141, No. 142, No. 143, No. 144, No. 145. Rows include Buffalo, Gettysburg, Harrisburg, etc.

Table with columns: STATIONS, No. 146, No. 147, No. 148, No. 149, No. 150, No. 151, No. 152, No. 153, No. 154, No. 155. Rows include Buffalo, Gettysburg, Harrisburg, etc.

Table with columns: STATIONS, No. 156, No. 157, No. 158, No. 159, No. 160, No. 161, No. 162, No. 163, No. 164, No. 165. Rows include Buffalo, Gettysburg, Harrisburg, etc.

Table with columns: STATIONS, No. 166, No. 167, No. 168, No. 169, No. 170, No. 171, No. 172, No. 173, No. 174, No. 175. Rows include Buffalo, Gettysburg, Harrisburg, etc.

Table with columns: STATIONS, No. 176, No. 177, No. 178, No. 179, No. 180, No. 181, No. 182, No. 183, No. 184, No. 185. Rows include Buffalo, Gettysburg, Harrisburg, etc.

Table with columns: STATIONS, No. 186, No. 187, No. 188, No. 189, No. 190, No. 191, No. 192, No. 193, No. 194, No. 195. Rows include Buffalo, Gettysburg, Harrisburg, etc.

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Table with columns: STATIONS, No. 216, No. 217, No. 218, No. 219, No. 220, No. 221, No. 222, No. 223, No. 224, No. 225. Rows include Buffalo, Gettysburg, Harrisburg, etc.

Table with columns: STATIONS, No. 226, No. 227, No. 228, No. 229, No. 230, No. 231, No. 232, No. 233, No. 234, No. 235. Rows include Buffalo, Gettysburg, Harrisburg, etc.

By virtue of an order of the Court dated June 22nd, 1903. FRANK S. HOFFMAN, Executor.