

WINDOW CLEANERS.

Working in Skyscrapers is Hard on Nerves and Stomachs.

"The reason that we are always advertising for window cleaners," said the foreman of a company that employs 200 men in this business, "is that so many men throw up their jobs after they have been at it a week or so. Some of them even do not last so long as that. A window cleaner can make as good wages as a mechanic or a mason. The work is steady because nearly all the window cleaning in New York's big buildings is done by contract."

"Any number of likely young fellows really in need of work who promise well enough at the start give out within a few days. Sometimes it is their nerves that go back on them, but more often it is their stomachs. We send away half the men who apply for jobs without even giving them a trial. If a man drinks or is so nervous that he has to dodge trolley cars he should keep out of this business."

"When we take a man on trial the foreman breaks him in gradually. We don't put him on a skyscraper job right away. A great many private houses in this city have their windows cleaned by contract, and we start him in on that. If a man is no good at ladder work it is no use bothering with him. From private houses the beginner is sent to department stores and finally to the tall buildings. Once in awhile we find a man who can start in on skyscraper jobs right away without any trouble."

"Don't look down. Look up all the time," is the constant admonition of the foreman. Not one man in ten is able to obey that order. The temptation to look down is irresistible. If a man can't break himself of the looking down habit it is all up with him. He is sure to come around sooner or later and give up his job."—New York Press.

YOUNG ALLIGATORS.

They Feed but Once a Month and Then Prefer Live Food.

"The thing of it being difficult to induce an alligator in captivity to eat is a mistaken idea," said a man who owns a young alligator and knows all about them. "The question is how. First of all, an alligator feeds but once a month and then prefers to eat anything that suggests life—anything that moves. For this reason anglovers, besides being good food for it, prove attractive to the eye of a small gator and later disappears with the same relish it would were the alligator in the streams of its native regions. Again, a small portion of raw beef makes excellent food for it, and the alligator never refuses to eat of a piece that is tied to a string and slowly drawn along in front of him. In this way giving a suggestion of life to the food. Another thing very important to know in the care of an alligator is to exactly understand how to make it comfortable. The best and simplest plan is to secure a box, any ordinary wooden box, and fill the bottom with sand, which is then covered with moss. Also have placed inside of the box, which must be kept in the sun as much as possible, a flower-pot saucer filled with water. This must be changed frequently. All of which makes the alligator very comfortable, for in case it should become tired of the water there are the moss and sand for it to get out upon. So with a properly arranged home or box and a little care as to its diet there is no reason why the little alligator tourists so frequently delight in sending their friends from Florida should not thrive in captivity."—Washington Post.

**Never Touched the Scotchman.**  
It is related of the late Shirley Brooks that he had at one time a very favorite pig who, alas, went the way of all pigs and was converted into bacon. Brooks sent some of the delicacy to a friend, with a note as follows: "His end was peace, and I send you a piece of his end."

The joke was related to a Scotchman, who laughed very heartily and shortly afterward having occasion to kill a pig of his own sent some to a relative, with the remark, "His end was peace, and I send you a piece of the pig." And he wondered why nobody saw the joke.—London King.

**The Worst of It.**  
"Barker is not much on form," said the first commuter. "Why, the other day I saw him eating breakfast food for supper. And that wasn't the worst of it."

"What could be worse?" broke in the second commuter.  
"Why, this," replied the first commuter, with a grin: "He actually had on evening dress at the time, with a morning glory in his buttonhole."—New York Times.

**A New Doctrine.**  
The Rev. Dr. Fourthly was making one of his pastoral calls at the Upjohn mansion.  
"Doctor," said little Johnny during a pause in the conversation, "I wish you would tell me what you think of the doctrine of prestidigitation."—Exchange.

**Parental Assistance.**  
Barnes—When I was young my mother always used to sing me to sleep.  
Shedd—Yes, women are good at that sort of thing, but it takes the father's voice to wake a fellow up in the morning.—Boston Transcript.

**Simple Medicority.**  
"Why did she marry him?"  
"I give it up. He wasn't bad enough to need reforming nor good enough to make a desirable husband."—Judge.

In finding fault it is very easy to be untruthful and unfair.—Atchison Globe.

Monkey Policemen.

In Hindustani monkeys are made useful, and they do police duty after a fashion and often really assist the police in quelling disturbances or suppressing riots. Sometimes these four-legged policemen act as protectors to weak and helpless, as this incident shows:

At Agra on the platform of a public warehouse a little street arab had spread his rug in the shade of a stack of country produce and had just dropped asleep when one of the wealthy residents strolled up with a pet leopard that had learned to accompany him in all his rambles.

A troop of monkeys had taken post on the opposite side of the shed, but at sight of the spotted intruder the whole gang charged along the platform and, instantly forming a semicircle about the little sleeper, faced the leopard with bristling manes, evidently resolved to defeat the suspected purpose of his visit.

**Ocean Cliffs Set on Fire by Waves.**  
It is not often that the waves of the ocean can set cliffs afire, but they do sometimes. At Ballybunnon, on the west coast of Ireland, the waves which for unnumbered centuries have been beating against the shores one day broke into a great deposit of iron pyrites and alum. A rapid oxidation took place which produced a fierce heat and set the whole cliff to burning. For weeks the cliff burned like a volcano, and great clouds of smoke and vapor rose in the air. When the fire died out, great masses of lava and clay burned to brick were seen in every direction.

In the arctic regions there is another such burning cliff, which when last seen was on fire for twenty miles. The burning material was composed largely of lignite, but is believed to be made up of several other combustible chemical substances, which had been set on fire when the waves reached them.

Sugar and the Hygienists.

Sugar is undoubtedly a food. It is a food of great energy. But we must not abuse it, says the Revue Scientifique. Why? Because, according to M. G. Bunge, the physiologist, pure cane sugar is lacking in lime and iron. Now, lime and iron are necessary to the organism. It is better to take the sugar in the form of legumes and fruits rich in hydrocarbons. And what is honey worth? Very little also. It has the same inconvenience—it also is wanting in lime and iron.

It will be observed, however, that if we consider all the advantages which, according to the hygienists, attach to various foods, we shall find that it is almost impossible to get any nourishment at all if we want to adjust our diet to scientific teaching.—Literary Digest.

Dumas and His Porthos.

Dumas, like Balzac, was fond of his own creations. Among them all he loved Porthos best. The great, strong, vain hero was a child after his own heart. One afternoon, it is related, his son found Dumas careworn, wretched, overwhelmed. "What has happened to you? Are you ill?" asked Dumas this. "No," replied Dumas pere. "Well, what is it, then?" "I am miserable." "Why?" "This morning I killed Porthos—poor Porthos! Oh, what trouble I have had to make up my mind to do it! But there must be an end to all things. Yet when I saw him sink beneath the ruins, crying, 'It is too heavy, too heavy for me!' I swear to you that I cried." And he wiped away a tear with the sleeve of his dressing gown.

Suspicious.

"Did Benny ask you for my hand last night, papa?"  
"Yes, my daughter."  
"And what did you think of the young man?"  
"I don't like suspicious men, my dear. I like a man who looks you in the eye."  
"Well, didn't Benny look you in the eye, father?"  
"No, all the time he was asking for your hand in marriage he had his eyes on my feet."—Yonkers Statesman.

Good Enough For a Beast.

A good little story is told of Mr. W. S. Gilbert. He put up his horse one day at a small country inn, on the signboard of which was painted conspicuously the notice, "Entertainment For Man and Beast." When his lunch was brought, he looked dissatisfied and surprised the waiter by saying, "This is all very well so far, but where is the entertainment for the man?"—London Tit-Bits.

Something Harder.

Auntie (finding Jackie sobbing in a corner)—Why, Jackie, what has happened to make you feel so bad this morning?  
Jackie—M-ma m-lased some jelly.  
Auntie—Ho, ho! I see. And her suspicions fell on you, eh?  
Jackie—No, auntie; it was her slipper.—Boston Courier.

No Divination Needed.

He—The astrologer described you exactly and said that I would marry you.  
She—Don't you think it was a waste of money to consult him?  
"Why?"  
"I could have told you the same thing myself if you had asked me."—Stray Stories.

Couldn't Think of Pillar.

Teacher—And what happened to Lot's wife?  
Scholar—She was turned to salt.  
Teacher—Into a what of salt?  
Scholar—Why—or—a sort of job lot of salt, I guess.—Exchange.

Mis Art.

"Why do you say he's a wonderful actor?"  
"Tell her," replied the obstinate Jess, "if I had a complexion as muddy as hers I'd be ready to make up too."—Philadelphia Press.

WAYS OF WINGED WOERS.

Incidents illustrating the Comical Side of Bird Life.

Wooling time brings to the front the comical side of bird life, and methods are as varied among our feathered neighbors as among ourselves. The extremes of dignified courtship and disreputable scurrilousness were shown by two well known birds, when the presence of a rival intensified affairs.

Two purple finches, suitors for the favor of the same sparrowlike maiden, placed themselves on each side about a foot from her and offered a musical contest. First one burst into rapturous song, flying up into the air, feathers fluffed out and snowy breast and rosy shoulders more lovely than ever. The solo finished, he dropped back to his perch and politely waited, while his rival poured out his madrigal. This alternate display continued several minutes, and apparently the umpire found it hard to choose, for she evaded decision by taking flight—both suitors following.

Different was the method of two orchard orioles, one in the immature plumage of the second year, the other in the full glory of maturity. This was a wrangle, accompanied by scolding and avian vituperation from beginning to end. If the theory of selection by fine dress be true, decision should have been easy, but after a whole day's trial the fair one ended it by a truly feminine scorn of theories, clogging with her plainer suitor, leaving the gorgeous oriole to console himself with another bride—which he did before the sun went down.—Collier's Weekly.

War.

There is, besides a pleasure in order, a very real fear of disorder. A mob, a fire or a runaway horse arouses a sensation of terror in the spectator quite apart from their potentiality of harm to himself. Mere force is not, as is supposed, the last argument of man. A civilized war would have more terrors for the stockjobber than the torments of the stock market. A man governed by force would be behind the puntillo of Christian fighting. We are never quite certain of an army. The disciplined brigade which nowadays captures the enemy's capital as tenderly as it would guard its own has, nevertheless, the same badges on its buttons as those which were fouled with the rape of San Sebastian and the murder of Bazelles. It may drown its manners at any moment in a torrent of blood and tears, and statesmen and others never forget the fact. War is but the crust of the volcano. Fires of unutterable horror hum beneath. The very perfection of the discipline which controls them is evidence of man's dread of disorder, for it is only fear that welds so strongly the furnace doors.—Blackwood's.

Swallowed what?

"Swallowed what?" hurriedly asked Mrs. Abbey, now more alarmed than amused.  
"Those two flies that got in my milk. But I swallowed them, mother; I swallowed them!"—Isadore Hedges in Ladies' Home Companion.

POULTRY POINTERS.

Laying hens must have meat or milk. Always feed some whole grain at night.

Early hatched chickens usually make the best breeding fowls.

Feeding a little at a time and often is better than overfeeding at any time.

A liberal use of ground bone will correct the tendency to laying soft shelled eggs.

Keeping fowls on hard floors will frequently cause swollen feet and legs.

Turkeys must have a good range to be profitable. They are insect eaters by nature and need a good range in order to thrive well and grow economically.

After the ducks and geese are through laying the feathers should be picked regularly. The time to pick them is when the feathers are ripe and before the fowls begin to lose them.

What a True Scholar is.

The scholar in the true sense is the man or woman for whom the schools have done their best. The scholar knows some one thing thoroughly and can carry his knowledge into action. With this he must have such knowledge of related subjects and of human life as will throw this special knowledge into proper perspective. Anything less than this is not scholarship. The man with knowledge and no perspective is a crank, a disturber of the peace, who needs a guardian to make his knowledge useful. The man who has common sense, but no special training, may be a fair citizen, but he can exert little influence that makes for progress. There may be a wisdom not of books, but it can be won by no easy process. To gain wisdom or skill, in school or out, is education. To do anything well requires special knowledge, and this is scholarship, whether attained in the university or in the school of life. It is the man who knows that has the right to speak.—President David Starr Jordan in Atlantic.

Epitaph Too Suggestive.

A man whose cheerful occupation is that of making tombstones is telling his friends about a woman who visited his place last week and said she wanted a nice tombstone put over her husband's grave, with some short, simple inscription on it.  
He asked how she would like the word "Resurgam." She inquired as to its meaning, and when he translated it as "I shall rise again," she said, in a panic, "No, no, mister; make it 'Rest In Peace!'"—New York Press.

A Hard Road.

"The way of the transgressor is hard," quoted the earnest citizen.  
"It is unquestionably," answered Senator Sorghum. "The way people have to employ lawyers and stand investigations is calculated to cut down profits terribly."—Washington Star.

That Was All.

"Maria," demanded Mr. Billus in a loud voice, "what have you been doing to my razor?"  
"Nothing," said Mrs. Billus, "except sharpening it again after shaving Fido's tail with it. It's all right, isn't it?"—Chicago Tribune.

Beginning to Realize It.

"I never heard Dinsmore acknowledge that he was growing old before today."  
"How did he acknowledge it?"  
"He announced that he felt just as young as he ever did."—Detroit Free Press.

Still Out.

"Tess says she's ready to make up if you will," said the peace-maker.  
"Tell her," replied the obstinate Jess, "if I had a complexion as muddy as hers I'd be ready to make up too."—Philadelphia Press.

ABBNEY'S GLASS OF MILK.

An Amusing Story of the Famous Artist's Boyhood Days.

In the days when Edwin A. Abbey, the distinguished illustrator and painter, was a small boy he had the habit of critically scrutinizing every dish that was set before him at the table, much to the embarrassment of his family. His frequent dismissals from the table were but ineffective reproofs, and something had to be done to work a cure.

"Eddie," said his mother one day, "I heard thee speak about going to Cousin Martha's for dinner next Sunday, and I am afraid we will have to make thee stay at home until thee learns politeness at the table. Thy picking at food would mortify me."

This threatened deprivation reduced the boy to tears, and after he had solemnly promised not to look at everything according to his habit he was told that he might go.

The day came, and a large and merry family gathered to do justice to a tempting meal. Each of the little folks had a glass of delicious rich country milk at his place.

Noticing that Edwin was surreptitiously glancing at his glass, Mrs. Abbey observed, with a well understood meaning, "Edwin, why art thou not drinking thy milk?"

With a determined air the boy hastily picked up the glass and, shutting his eyes as tight as possible, gulped its contents down.

This sudden procedure attracted the attention of all the guests, and, fearing at least a severe scolding, the boy exclaimed, "I did it, mother; I—I swallowed it!"

"Swallowed what?" hurriedly asked Mrs. Abbey, now more alarmed than amused.  
"Those two flies that got in my milk. But I swallowed them, mother; I swallowed them!"—Isadore Hedges in Ladies' Home Companion.

General Grant's Supreme Courage.

General Grant's courage was supreme. No man could face danger with greater composure. He did not seem to know the meaning of peril when duty called him to risk his life. At one time I saw the general escape death by a very slight margin. We were breaking camp at Spottsylvania Court House and under the fire of a Confederate battery. All of the headquarters equipment had been removed except a camp stool, and on this the general was sitting, while the shells of the enemy's guns shrieked over our heads. A shell passed just over the general, not missing him apparently by more than a few inches, and struck the ground about thirty feet away. Without showing the slightest nervousness he called to me to get the shell, saying, "Let's see what kind of ammunition that battery is using." I went and picked up the shell, which was a six pound spherical case, and the general examined it as coolly as if there was not an enemy's gun within 100 miles of him.—National Magazine.

The Point of View.

Two window washers were at work on the ledges of the sixteenth story windows of a downtown office building about ten feet from each other. As they hung to their straps and washed and polished the glass they could look into the offices, where a number of clerks were bending over ledgers and books.

For a half hour they worked and watched the clerks, who did not move from their confined position over their books. Finally one big window washer leaned back as far as his strap would permit and called to his fellow:  
"Ain't it strange what some folks will do for a living?"—Chicago Tribune.

Electrical Oscillations.

Hertz years ago first produced rapid electrical oscillations and showed that they traveled through space with the speed of light and reappeared as electrical oscillations and sparks in electrical arranged conductors at a distance. Starting with waves twenty feet long in air and oscillating 50,000,000 times a second, he worked down to waves one-tenth as long and ten times as rapid.

A Time Slayer.

Miss Nedor—This is a pretty time of night for that Dasher girl to be playing the piano.  
Miss Also—Oh, she's no respecter of time. You can tell that from the way she's playing.—Baltimore American.

What Did He Mean?

"Have you ever been married?" asked the magistrate.  
"No," replied the prisoner at the bar of justice; "but I've been blown up by dynamite."—Philadelphia Record.

The Parson's Comment.

"Yes," said the Billville father, "that boy shall be taught to tell the truth."  
"He's mighty young to be sent so far from home!" replied the parson.—Atlanta Constitution.

Being a good fellow requires time, money and a strong constitution. Mere will power will not suffice.—Puck.

LYNCH LAW.

It May Have Taken Its Name From a Mayor of Galway.

About the year 1500 one James Fitzstephens Lynch was mayor of the town of Galway, in Ireland. He had sent his son on a trading expedition to Spain with a good cargo and a large sum of money. The young man returned with a ship load of valuable commodities, which he reported as having been purchased with the money and with the proceeds of the outgoing cargo. After some time a Spaniard came along, demanding payment from the mayor for the goods he alleged had been bought on credit by his son. The mayor declined payment, as his son averred he had paid in cash for the goods. Unfortunately for the latter, a sailor who had been one of the crew on examination by Mayor Lynch declared that his unworthy son had spent in reckless debauchery not only the money entrusted to him, but the proceeds of the cargo as well; that he had then bought goods from a large firm on credit, and that when one of the partners of the firm came down to the ship before sailing to receive the money young Lynch murdered the man and had him thrown overboard to conceal the facts from his father.

The young man was immediately arrested and brought before his father, who, notwithstanding the tearful entreaties of his wife and daughters, sentenced him to death. He took him upstairs in his warehouse, adjusted a rope around his neck, having first secured it inside, and then pushed the young man out of the window, where his dying struggles were witnessed by the inhabitants of the town of Galway. In the town records this entry is yet to be seen:

"James Lynch, mayor of Galway, hanged his own son out of the window for defrauding and killing strangers, without martial or common law, to show a good example to posterity."

It may be from that incident that lynch law took its name. It is not a peculiar American institution, as is commonly supposed, but has been practiced in other countries. The English had a walled town in Devonshire of the name of Lydford, which became noted for the summary punishments inflicted on notorious offenders. They became proverbial in England as Lydford law, and it is not impossible that lynch may be a corruption of Lydford. In Scotland it was known as "Jedburgh justice."

James Lynch, a justice of the peace in one of the Piedmont counties in Virginia, whose methods were both summary and severe, is also credited with having an expedition of dealing with criminals now generally known as lynch law.—Pittsburg Gazette.

His Clerical Robes.

"Pooh! My papa wears evenin' clothes every time he goes to parties."  
"That ain't anything. Our minister wears his nightclothes every time he preaches."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

TO FARMERS AND MERCHANTS

We sell McCormick Binders, Mowers and Rakes.  
You will find a car of OATS, BRAN & RED DOG AT CHOP MILL and a man there to turn it into cash. Your chopping done on short notice. . . . .

TERMS: CLOSE PRICES AND SPOT CASH.

M. C. COLEMAN

We sell a brake for a buggy and surry

Dr. G. C. GIBSON,

A Graduate of our best Optical Colleges DR. OF OPTICS.

Will still visit regularly and can offer you the latest methods of work and you can reach him if changes are needed. See him if you need eyework.

G. C. GIBSON, D. O.,

Alumnus of Philadelphia Optical College, IMPERIAL HOTEL, Reynoldsville, Aug. 18. Brockwayville, Aug. 19.

CHARTER NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Honorable John W. Reist, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Jefferson County, State of Pennsylvania, on the 14th day of August, A. D. 1904, at 2 o'clock p. m., under the "Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29th, A. D. 1854, and its supplements, by S. B. Robinson, P. M. Brown, C. N. Lewis, F. 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 is to worship Almighty God according to the faith, doctrine, creed, discipline and usages of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and for these purposes to have, possess, and enjoy all the rights, benefits, and privileges conferred by the said Act and its supplements.

M. M. DAVIS, Solicitor.

COST OF TRAIN LUXURY.

The Reason that Railway Passenger Rates Are So High.

It may be asked why the railway locomotive does not pull passengers at a lower rate. Because it gives passengers so much room, comfort and high speed that it has to carry a ton of dead weight for each passenger. A locomotive weighing 100 tons pulls at 45 miles an hour 12 cars weighing 600 tons and containing 700 people weighing 50 tons, assuming the passengers to be men, women and children, but chiefly men, and to average 131 pounds each; 1,400 pounds of dead weight per passenger when every seat is taken. But cars cannot average more than seven-tenths full.

The railway carries free the passenger's 150 pound trunk and sends with him toilet rooms, heating stoves and fuel, smoking rooms, dining rooms and bedrooms. These houses on wheels and the locomotive which draws them have to be made very heavy in order to get the great strength made necessary by high speed.

If the railway could dispense with these comforts and luxuries and carry passengers packed closely inside and on top of low roofed, rattlebacked, unheated vehicles like the old stage and at slow speed it could pull passengers at one-tenth to one-twentieth the price of the old stage.—Engineering Magazine.

North Pole For Bald Heads.

"Talking of hair restorers," said the captain of a steamer who has been a whaler, "none of them is in it with the air of the arctic regions. A man with thin hair who falls to get a new crop if he goes within the arctic circle is a hopeless case. I have seen whalers who got bald when they stayed at home for a year or two and got a new crop of hair every time they went toward the north pole on a whaling expedition."

"How do I account for it? The farther you go north the land animals get shaggier. It is a provision against the cold. When the arctic winter approaches, the reindeer, the bears and other animals get a thicker coat of hair or fur. Similarly the hair on the human head thickens when you go far north."

"It is a fact. Now, I don't want you to think that once the follicles of the hair are dead new hair always comes, even in northern regions. Sometimes, when a man is apparently as bald as a billiard ball, the follicles are not dead, and there is hope for him."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division

In effect May 25th, 1903. Trains leave Drifwood as follows:

EASTWARD

Table with 10 columns: STATIONS, No. 10, No. 12, No. 14, No. 16, No. 18, No. 20, No. 22, No. 24, No. 26, No. 28. Rows include Drifwood, Grant, Pennfield, Winterburn, DuBois, Fall Creek, Reynoldsville, Brookville, New Bethlehem, Lawnsboro, Red Bank, Pittsburg.

WESTWARD

Table with 10 columns: STATIONS, No. 10, No. 12, No. 14, No. 16, No. 18, No. 20, No. 22, No. 24, No. 26, No. 28. Rows include Pittsburg, Red Bank, Lawnsboro, New Bethlehem, Brookville, Reynoldsville, Fall Creek, DuBois, Winterburn, Pennfield, Grant, Drifwood.

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M. M. DAVIS, Solicitor.

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¢

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

BUFFALO & ALLEGANY VALLEY DIVISION.

Low Grade Division.

in Effect May 24, 1903. Eastern Standard Time.

EASTWARD.

Table with 10 columns: STATIONS, No. 10, No. 12, No. 14, No. 16, No. 18, No. 20, No. 22, No. 24, No. 26, No. 28. Rows include Pittsburg, Red Bank, Lawnsboro, New Bethlehem, Oak Ridge, Mayville, Summerville, Brookville, Iowa, Fall Creek, Reynoldsville, Fall Creek, Pennfield, Fall Creek, DuBois, Winterburn, DuBois, Tyler, Hennezeite, Grant, Drifwood.

WESTWARD

Table with 10 columns: STATIONS, No. 10, No. 12, No. 14, No. 16, No. 18, No. 20, No. 22, No. 24, No. 26, No. 28. Rows include Drifwood, Grant