## \* THE LONG CORRIDOR. By JOHN M. OSKISON.

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Richard Dumble, the millionaire brewer, fell in love with Henrietta Schouler he knew that his father would oppose their marriage. He was a sophomore at Harvard, and Henrietta was studying music with Madame Frisonne in Boston. Mrs. Sears, the girl's chaperon and aunt, had warned the youth that the attachment must be broken. "Not that I or Mrs. Schouler object for you are a nice boy, Edwin; but your father would rather see you dead

than allied to the Schoulers by marriage. Why? I can't tell you-go and ask your father." Edwin, hurriedly packing a bag,

rushed to his parent's big New York office, blurted out the story of his love for the pretty music student and demanded the reason for the anticipated opposition. There was a quarter of an hour of storming-an incoherent dammation by the old man of everything connected with the Schoulers, and a sweeping characterization of the family that brought the young the ragethat brought the young man to before an explanation was offered.

hen old Dumble said, tersely: s old Schouler was my secretary once. He married a woman of no famly, an adventuress, who has been tryto get a hold on me ever since. Anghter has been shipped from St. Louis to Boston to study this folde-rol French singing, and-mark my orda, my boy-and to take you in! in! You've been taken in, too, easily enough."

"But," the old man's voice was raised in anger, "you must not see that creat-ure again!" "Creature!" cried young Dumble,

starting up from his chair. "Sir, you must not say that again! Henrietta Schouler is the dearest, best girl on carth, and-" Edwin controlled himself with an effort.

"There is no use wasting words be tween us," said the father, speaking guietly now. "I can never consent to your marriage with that girl-I cannot consent to have you see her again. Sears agrees with me. Now, will you give me your word as a gentleman-as my son-not to try to see her If you go back to Cambridge?"

replied the son. "I love Henrietta better than my own life. I shall marry her, whatever you say or do.' Then, for a time, the two stood face to face. The father turned from his man The father turned from his gaze began to pace the thickly carand peted floor of his big office, and presently the son was measuring the opposite limit of the room. And so, for half an hour. At last the old brewer stopped to face his son and say:

"I am quite determined that this marriage shall not take place. You would do well not to try to force it. I prevent it. Now, go back to Cambridge with this thought before you always: I shall thwart every attempt you make to see the girl and will make it absolutely impossible for you to marry her. I hope you will recover from this madness.

The old man's tones were so even, so controlled, that the boy suspected a disposition to yield. He began to plead, saying that the girl was worthy, seautiful-everything desirable. But the thunder cloud began to gather, and the incoherent pleading was stopped.

'Go now, my son, before we quarrel further," said the old man, quietly.

Young Edwin went back to Cambridge, leaving his father to an hour of fierce anger, then a night of active planning. When the rumble of the milk carts in the deserted streets announced the morning, the old man went home and to bed with a smile of

When Edwin Dumble, son of old | descended upon the peaceful hill village two days before, and straightway begain the erection on the mountain top of a curiously divided, substantial structure, where, it was announced, a certain rich meteorological experimenter was to spend the winter and spring. it was a matter of snow formation and precipitation, it was said, in which Professor Butler was interested. .

Two days from the appearance of the workmen, the last nail was driven and a train of wagons, loaded with a winter's supply of food and clothing. was started for the top. And that evening when the darkness blotted out every feature of the landscape the old man appeared with a clinging, fright-ened-looking girl, on the mountain top. On the next evening, the dark-On the next evening, the darkness top. blotting everything from view as before the old man brought up a younger man, to be, as he said, assistant to the professor. Then, with a corps of closemouthed helpers, the experimenters shut themselves away from the world and were buried in the snow on the mountain top.

The mythical Professor Butler's experiment station was constructed in a peculiar way. Two low-roofed, solidly anchored structures, identical in size and shape, were set on the very edge of a precipice that dropped sheer 500 feet. Three walls of each structure were windowless, unbroken save by heavy doors-the third fronting the precipice, had abundant light and ventilation. And between the two structures, opening into each, was a long, covered corridor, lighted from the north, but through which, when it was completed, no man could pass.

Old Richard Dumble, who had as sumed the role of the professor, took his son to the end of this strange corridor, and, pointing to the door that loomed at the other end, said:

"In the room at the end of this long passage is the foolish young girl you profess to love better than your own life. This door here, as you see, is open, and will be left unlocked. Yonder door is likewise freely passable. But between these doors is this strange passage, through the floor of which, when either of you tries to pass, you will fall upon the rocks 500 feet below. I have had marked upon this passage floor the point beyond which you may not go without breaking through. On the girl's side I have taken the same precaution.

"I shall keep you both up here until you are tired of this farce you call loving. I can trust my keepers. I have everything ready to keep you a year if necessary. Whenever you are ready come to me and swear that you have banished all thought of Miss Schouler from your mind I will have you both released, send you back to Harvard, and make a man of you.

"But if, in reality, you love one an other better than life, you have only to rush together through this passage to a romantic death. Rather than to see you mated with that girl, I would come up to this mountain when the snow is gone in the spring and gather your bleached bones off the rocks. You won't do anything so foolish, I know, and so good-bye, my boy, until you send for me."

The old man went out hurriedly, choking a little over the last words. A ponderous lock grated as the father's form disappeared through the door, and the boy turned to gaze, fascinated, down that fatal corridor.

Presently, as he watched, Edwin saw he form of Henrietta Sch opposite door, and he started forward impulsively in an ecstacy of welcome. When the girl saw her lover, she, too, strainted forward a pace, and then recoiled with a cry of terror. That telltale maker which the old brewer had showed her stretched its impalpable

housand (for girl is the one in five that sex is certainly more impulsive), why then-but pshaw! he isnt." The brewer knew humanity passing well, and watched his experiment with confidence. Old Schouler was wild at the disappearance of his daughter; the little world in which the Schoulers and Mrs. Sears moved was in a turmoil; but-old Richard Dumble's world had a wider orbit! No suspicion attached to the old man, and the world

or that part of it that fretted over the young people's affairs, had to fall back upon the theory of an elopement. Descried by the world, ministered to by grim, close-mouthed servants, supplied with the comforts and amuse ments of normal young people-Edwin with books and gymnasium apparatus; Henrietta with music, the latest novel, embroidery-the two prisoners passed their days in maddening proximity. The corridor was far too long to permit the tender whisperings that lovers commonly use; indeed, there was always the bellowing wind as rival in any exchange of vows. But there was the language of signs, and eternal

trust that could be expressed in a clutching at vacancy. Books mocked the young man-what did they say but that love was always rewarded in the end Music, such as she knew, spoke to Henrietta of love that blossomed in a free young breast, and here the blasts that whirled up that precipice face turned her plaintive

notes to a thin wailing. The grim faces of the servants, passing in and out, silently, except for the jangling of the big keys, oppressed the spirits of both. A sort of desperate restlessness possessed the lovers-they paced their rooms, in and out of those corri-

dor doors, up to the line beyond which it were death to pass; and a great des-pair came upon them. Winter gave way at last to spring, and even on the bare mountain top, where the world stretched away from their view a thousand feet below, the

new balm came to renew the lovers' passion. Not once nad Edwin taken pen to write his defeat, not once had Henrietta failed to gain courage from a fresh sight of the man who loved her. Sometimes, in a lull of the everlasting mounting storm, they had called to one another to be brave and

faithful. The earth was released from the girp of the snow, and young leaves came out to clothe the trees on the beautiful New Hampshire hills. At last the little lakes that dotted a broad green valley shone up to the prisoners like

bright jewels on a warm, full bosom. Life, throbbing, new, eternal, woke the flame of love to white heat. The decrees of man seemed impotent, unreal. Heaven sent love, the cry of man to maid, and of the spring to young hearts, swept the lovers' reason and fear to the winds. A great cry rang out from the boy's lips:

"My love, do you rear death?" And the answer, keyed to an exultant pitch, rang back:

"Not with you, my sweetheart!" "Ah- then come." With the words, Edwin sprang forward to meet the on-

coming rush of the mad girl. One step over the white dead line, and the floor was creaking like thin ice. Two steps, and it was swaying like a show man's not. With the touch of hand to hand, the frail foundation splintered and fell with a crash, in which were mingled the terrified scream of the girl and the exultant cry of the infatuated lover. . . .

"Sir, my master bade me give you this paper, whenever you appeared here." Dazed, uncomprehending, Edwin Dumble glanced up from a tangle of broken beams to see a close-buttoned, deferential servant at his side,



## Grape Culture

For grape vines the best mulch and manure I have ever tried is old chip manure, chips and all. I pile them around my vines before the ground in thawed out, making the pile three of four inches deep, and letting it lie there until it gets thoroughly worked away by rain and other causes. It enriches the grond and also holds moisture, in addition to keeping the ground from thawing out early. I keep the vines well pruned and after the fruit is about half grown, I cut part of the leaves and some of the young shoots off to keep them from mildewing. I raise nothing but Concord and by this process I have obtained a good crop every season for the last 15 years .- A. J. Wright in the Epitomist.

## Feeding the Sheep

Sheep raisers will agree that the ralons for sheep require to be more varied than rations for any other farm animals; more than this, sheep seem to require more frequent changes than other animals as well as a greater portion of succulent food. This may be a revelation to most farmers, but the fact remains that sheep fed largely on dry grains are quickly in trouble and when sheep get off their feet it means

a decided reduction in the quality of wool If the ewes are with lamb they will especially need succulent food and the corn should be cut out of their rations entirely. If there are unmarketable potatoes on hand cut them up for the sheep feeding, say a quart daily with a little oil meal and bran mixed among them. Keep the ewes housed so that they will be dry and give them all the good clover hay you can afford. Other root crops will do nicely in place of the potatoes or ensilage may be fed in moderate quantities; the plan in feeding ewes is to give them rations which are not heating and which will keep their bowels in good condition .- Indianapolis News.

### Farm Improvements.

I have a few thoughts in mind about farm improvements which I am going to write, as it may be of some benefit to others. In the first place too many farmers practice too close grazing of the pasture lands. The hot sun of summer bakes the surface of the ground, killing the grass roots; this followed by the wind and frosts of winter not only ruins the pasture, but impoverishes the soil. Grass land that is not too closely pastured will retain the moisture it receives, forcing a more abundant growth. The practice of pasturing meadows after harvest, to any great extent, will be a loss in the next season's crop of hay. It should

be the aim of every farmer to have the soil in better condition after a succession of crops than when the ground is first broken. This may be done by not selling off the hay and grain, but feeding it on the farm; thereby returning to the soil in the shape of manure the equivalent of that produced. Whenever fences are required. and of whatever kind, they should be well kept. Nothing gives a farm a "run-down" appearance quicker than bad fences. It is no sign of improvement to see the fence corners lined with briers and bushes and the rails scattered about-all taking the room of some valuable crop. Board fences

sag over, with the posts a foot or more above the boards, which, if put that food. much deeper in the ground, might have made a good fence. The posts extending to him a square folded pa- of a wire fence should not be too far per. His eyes sought wildly for Hen- apart, and they should be well braced with each wire drawn tight. Again, venience and comfort. In the location

of the most important matters in the life of an apple tree, or, for that mat ter, of any fruit tree in the south, is that it should be headed low in order to protect the trunk from the sun and to make the tree less liable to be blown over. Then, too, a low-headed tree is an easier one to gather the fruit from. But when the trees start A head in the nursery, it is formed at various heights, and always too high for the nurseryman knows that people want tall trees, and he therefore does not head them low. When one of these two or three year trees is plented, it is very hard to start the head properly where it should have been started, for if cut back heavily at that time the buds start irregularly from the older wood. All this means that fruit trees of any kind should be planted in the orchard at one year from the bud or graft. The stem is then a mere shoot full of young buds, and can be headed back to any desired height. Orchard writers in the north commonly advise the pruning of all the side branches at transplanting, but to let the central stem remain, and to take the branches from this. This may be best where the winter snows are heavy, but here an open and roundheaded tree is far better. Planting then one year, or what the nursery men call "maiden" trees, the head can be made to start just where wanted, giving an orchard of uniform charac-

In this climate it is well to start all fruit tree tops at twenty inches from the ground. With a long, bare stem exposed to the sun, there is almost certain to be damage to the bark on the southwest side, and if the stem is tall it is hard to prevent this till the top shades it. But with a stem of 20 Capital inches a simple shingle stuck on the Surplus southwest side will be ample protection, and in one season the top will make growth enough to shade the stem from the sun. There is another advantage in planting yearling trees, and this is that the nurseryman can afford to sell them for loss than half the money he would have to have for three year trees, and the freight is much lighter and the labor of planting less. Of course, these little trees will need more careful cultivation, and may be run over by careless ploughmen. But any one who plants fruit trees should not only know how to treat them, but should look after them carefully, and not trust to ignorant hands. Some object to low-headed trees that they cannot get under them in cultivation. But this is not necessary. The feeding roots of a tree extend out as far or further than the branches above. Hence, if the soil beyond the branches is well cultivated it will be sufficient in the case of any tree.-North Carolina Experiment Station Bulletin.

### Poultry Notes.

The hen with the frozen comb is non-producer. Select eggs from the best layers and

hardiest hens for hatching. Hang blankets over the poultry

house windows on extreme cold nights In making up an egg ration, do not forget a liberal allowance of sunshine.

The hep cappot manufacture eggs when she is feeding lice with her life blood.

A dull, sunken eye in a fowl denotes defective nutritive power and lack of Pittsburg. Red Bank. constitution and vigor.

Change the litter in the scratching shed occasionally, and the fowls will work better and be healthler.

Prevent disease by keeping the poultry house clean, dry and properly ventilated, and supplying pure, nutritious

One of the great secrets of success Sabula Winterburn Pennfield. Tyler in the poultry business is in doing the little things at just the time when

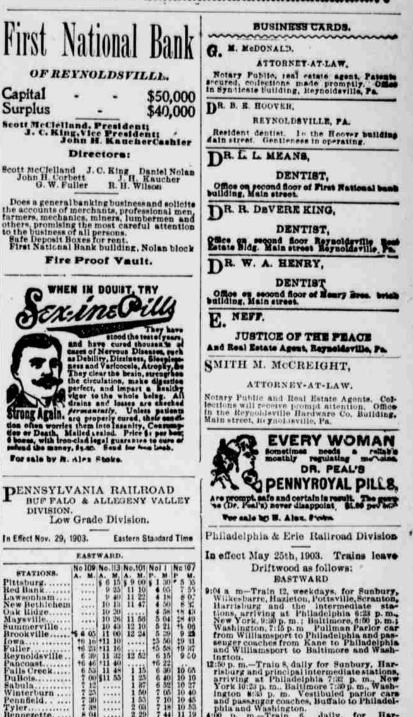
# THE JEFFERSON SUPPLY COMPANY

Being the largest distributor of General Merchandise in this vicinity, is always in position to give the best quality of goods. Its aim is not to sell you cheap goods but when quality is considered the price will al-ways be found right.

Its departments are all well filled, and among the specialties handled may be men-tioned L. Adler Bros., Rochester, N. Y., Clothing, than which there is none better made; W. L. Douglass Shoe Co., Brockton, Mass., Shoes; Curtice Bros. Co., Rochester, N. Y., Canned Goods; and Pillsbury's Flour.

This is a fair representation of the class of goods it is selling to its customers.

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"It will be unusual, and a little hard to manage, but it won't hurt them!' he muttered before going to sleep.

Mrs. Sears, co-plotted with Mrs. Schouler, was entirely satisfied with the result of Edwin's visit to his father ; the youth came back to her with pitiful pleading to be allowed to see Henrietta. But she had to deny him. she said. Her plan was to force an lopement, and the boy must be goaded to a very frenzy of desire. She privately determined to allow their next attempted meeting, which was due within two days. But when that time arrived she was thunderstruck to find that another plotter had entered the game; that Henrietta had been, in some inexplicable way spirited away from her home, half an hour before the young man made his back-yard entry to a deserted first-floor parlor.

As the youth opened the Searses' yont door on the evening following as buglarious entry, the girl's aunt het him, wild-eved and distrought.

"Oh, where have you taken Henrietwhere is the child " Mrs. Sears was in an agony of fear.

"I?" queried the astonished boy. "I eve not seen her for months. Oh! that has become of her-why did I not see her last night?" Mrs. Sears promptly fainted, and was given over to the care of her maid. Edwin could get nothing more from her. But he was determined to find Henrietta and marry her at once.

In a delirium of fear for the girl and rage at his own stupidity, he started to walk back to his rooms in Cambridge He never got to them. He disappeared from the college world as completely as though the earth had opened to swallow him.

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On the top of Cardigan Mountain, in New Hampshire, a stern-faced old man directed the labors of two score of workmen. This horde had suddenly he is the one in ten thousand, and the Atlantic Monthly.

barrier almost under her feet. On his side, Edwin approached the white line with an unnatural caution. With his toe on the edge, he felt the fragile floor quake and sway. He crept back to the doorway, a blind animal terror clutching him, and the sweat heading on his forehead. He stood for a moment gazing at the face framed beside his father's, in that other prison door. He stretched his arms toward Post. the girl, and cried out to his father

for pity. The man finished his talk to the girl and went out, paying no more heed to the boy's cries than to the wind that rattled the window

Then, for the two young people, began the most curious imprisonment that a prosaic twentieth century chronicle has ever recorded. In an age that fostered intrigue and inquisition, old Dumble would have been a master plotter. Now he was a shrewd, rich old autocrat with a purpose in view which he' was determined to accomplish as quickly as possible.

frames

Thus reasoned the old man; "Once in a thousand cases, perhaps, a man and a woman will sove one another better than life. In this practical age, though, the proportion may be cut down to one in ten thousand. What youth mistakes for the divine passion, lasting through and beyond the span of life, is the impatience of young years, the desire of a child for the moon, the changing whim of an eager Fan this quick flame to white age. heat and it will soon die to cold ashes. Now, if Edwin is of the nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine, he will soon wear out this love in daily sight of his desired one, and come back to

rietta. She was lying near him in an incongruous heap, looking about in a our houses should be built for conpanic of wonder. The youth opened the paper and of the farm buildings there should be

read: "If you are the one in ten thousand and risk death for the girl, you deserve her. Go and be married, and come to

me at once. I hope you will not be hurt by the splinters. "RICHARD DUMBLE."

"Splinters-" What kind of an afterdeath dream was this? Then young Dumble looked up to see the gaping hole in the corridor hardly six feet above the sawdust-covered ground on which he sat!-New York Evening

The Causes of Cynicism.

Cynicism is never a native quality of the mind. It always has its birth in some unhappy experience. The young man finds that the giri who has gathered up for him all the harmony and melody of earth rings hollow at the test, and he drops his lyrical language and becomes cynical of women. The citizen of Boston has naturally grown cynical of newspapers. The candidate for public office who has been definitely retired to private life by being "knifed" at the polls distrusts party politics. A man publishes

a novel and thenceforth is cynical of ful change about a place, as will the the publishers of novels. Yet these misfortunes have their salutary aspect. The disappointed lover, generalizing bitterly upon the sex, is not always but helping by economy to make by implacable. A cooler judgment tempers and restores his passion, gives it | tomist. another object and so guides him to a safer if less gusty and emotional love. The citizen of Boston, the betrayed candidate, the blighted young

novelist, all have for their condition, even though they know it not, a valuable compensation, for the very event that has brought them to this pass of reasonable cynicism has stirred their indignation-yes, in spite of their seeming inertness, indignation is now smoldering .- Arthur Stanwood Pier, in

some system. In early times the dwelling house was built near a spring; then the out-buildings scattered promiscuously around, very often the stable and barnyard on higher grounds than the house and sometimes the hog pen was between the house and the public road. Quite often we see the farm house built in a splendidly located place, but the barn or wagon shed built nearer the road, or it may be an orchard is planted to spoil the view, and I have seen a nice house and beautiful lawn surrounded by a fence sufficiently high for a zoo logical garden. Nature, and former

ownership, may have largely controlled the condition of our farms, yet the present owner of every place is responsible for the home surroundings now Shady and well kent lawns. thrifty orchards of choice fruits, and plenty of small fruits for family use are marks of improvements. How often do we see pretty places disfigured by negligence? Old farm machinery, etc., too often decorate the barn yard, and also unsightly wood piles, which might give place to handsome grape arbors. A few hours' work once in a while will make a wonmore liberal use of paint and white

wash about the building and fencesnot only greatly improving the looks, saving .- Louis Campbell in the Epi-

#### Planting an Apple Orchard.

Most inexperienced planters want large trees, and hence it is the common practice to keep apple trees in the nursery for from three to four years. The first year from the graft the tree makes a mere switch, and at the end of the season the nursery man their length .- St. James's Gazette. heads them back, and the trees branch in an irregular sort of way, and al-

The meat received into Smithfield market every year for the feeding of London exceeds 403,000 tons. ways too high from the ground for a permanent head in this climate. One

they need to be done.

If farmers would keen strict accounts with their fowls they would be surprised at the profit derived in pro portion to the capital invested.

In order to get a strain of blood established, it is not only necessary to breed in line, but to select and breed the choicest standard birds each year. Soaking whole grain by pouring boiling water over it and allowing it to remain for 24 hours, will cause it to swell and prove an acceptable change for the fowls.

Birds that have been fed heavily during the early winter to get them in show condition will probably not be so quick to lay as those that have been fed sparingly.

The breeder who pursues his work in a systematic manner is the one who gains the greatest measure of success. Select the breeding birds with a definite aim. If you want heavy layers ascertain which are your best layers and breed them only.

### Senses of Reptiles.

An Austrian doctor has lately published the results of his observation upon the special senses of animals. especially upon the sense of reptiles He concludes that these are capable of going directly towards water, which appears to attract them, even at long distances. Light acts upon them, independently of heat. Their sight is generally good, and it is probably their most acute sense, yet their vision is limited. Crocodiles cannot distinguish a man at distances above 10 times their length. Fish see for only short distances. The vision of serpents is poor, the boa constrictor, for example, can see no furth

 
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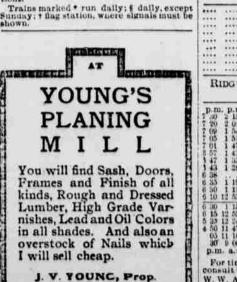
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 4 Driftwood. Train 901 (Sunday) leaves Pittsburg 9 6t.a.m., Red Bank 11.10 Brookville 12.41, Reynoldsville 1.14, Falls Creek 1.29, DuBois 1.45 p. m.

WESTWARD

16. M.P. m.P. m.P. M. P. m. P. M. P. M. Train 042 (Sunday) leaves DuBois 4.10 p. m. Palis Creek 4.17, Reynoldsville 4.30, Brook ville 5.00, Red Bank 8.30, Pittsburg 9.25 p. m. No. 107 daily between Pittsburg and DuBois. On Sundays only train leaves Driftwood at 8.20 a. m. arrives DuBois 2.00 p. m. arrives Driftwood at 3.40 p. m., stopping at intermediate stations.



and passanger conches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.
4:00 p. m.-Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 A. M. New York, 7:35 a. m.; Baitmore 2:20 a. m.; Washington 2:30 A. M. Pullman Sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York, Philadelphia and New York, Philadelphia to Sundury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia (1:30 A. M. Pullman Sleeping cars from Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 1:7 A. M.; New York, 9:33 A. M. on week days and 10:38 A. M. on Sunduy, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 1:7 A. M.; New York, 9:39 A. M. on week days and 10:38 A. M. on Sunduy; Haitimore 7:15 A. M.; Washington, 8:30 A. M. Pullman sleepers from Frie and Williamsport to Philadelphia, and Williamsport to Baitmore.
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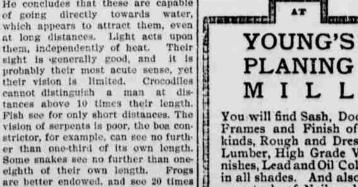
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Emporium. 1:41 a. m.-Train 0, daily for Erie, Ridg-way, and week days for DuBois, Clermont and principal intermediate stations. 9:50 a. m.-Train 3, daily for Erie and inter-mediate points. 3:45 p. m.-Train 15, daily for Buffalo via Emportum.

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