

# THE COCOON CRADLE

### MODE OF WRAPPING UP THE LITTLE REDSKIN PAPOOSE.

**Dead Bedecked Buckskin Bag In Which the Indian Baby Hunting Grows and Thrives—Origin of This Queer Cramped Cradle.**

Fancy a tiny copper colored papoose buckled up snugly in a queer buckskin bag that resembles nothing in nature so much as the cozy cocoon cradle of a baby butterfly and then draw upon your imagination still further, picturing this odd receptacle swinging from the leafy canopy of an Indian wickiup or brush arbor, and you have before you an Indian baby and his wonderful cradle.

Gorgeous yellow butterflies and brown Kiowa babies are seldom linked together in song or story, yet in real life their wrappings while in the chrysalis state bear a remarkable resemblance to each other.

The cocoon cradle proper and its various modifications as found among the different tribes of North American Indians are constructed from the skins of animals. And right here we may pause and trace the origin of another famous nursery rhyme to the Indian cocoon cradle, for did not the father of Baby Bunting go a-hunting to get a little rabbit's skin to wrap that mythical baby in? All full blood Kiowa babies are born into the pho-lo-yo-ye, or rabbit circle, and are taught to dance in the mysterious circle of rabbits as soon as they learn to toddle, belonging to the rabbit order of the Kiowa soldiery.

Hence a rabbit skin would be a very appropriate wrapping for a Kiowa Baby Bunting, though neither large enough nor strong enough for his cradle. The red deer of the forest, quarry of the redskinned hunter, gives of his beautiful covering to make the cradle that is to swing from the tree top, literally tree tops cut from the cottonwoods and elms that fringe the clear little streams rippling through the Kiowa reservation and piled high on a framework of poles to serve as a "summer parlor" in front of his father's tepee.

The crane deer hide is carefully dressed by a tedious and secret process known only to these Indians, and when finished is as soft and pliant as the most expensive chamouis skin. Then loving fingers skillfully embroider with quills beautiful beadwork designs upon the delicately tinted deerskin. Kiowa cradles are more ornamental than those of other tribes, and Kiowa squaws excel in that marvelous Indian beadwork now the popular fad of their paleface sisters. Some of this beadwork embroidery is not only very beautiful, but very elaborate. The Sioux squaws, who alone rival their Kiowa sisters, ornament the cradles of their little ones with bands of deerskin, upon which are wrought in colored beads gorgeous patterns of men, horses, birds, fish and flowers. Instead of a wooden framework they substitute a basket work frame of reeds and sometimes they use seed and grasses instead of beads.

The Cheyenne, Apache and Comanche Indians all use cocoon cradles patterned after the Kiowa cradles, but theirs are not ornamented as elaborately as those of the Kiowas. In truth, the grim and warlike Comanche of the plains wastes very little time in decorating the receptacle of his offspring. A stout piece of deerskin, fastened to an equally stout wooden frame and laced up securely with rawhide thongs, suffices his simple need.

The origin of the cocoon cradle itself, like that of the redskins, seems wrapped in mystery, though we might with reason trace this primitive cradle back to the Lapps of northern Europe, whose babies sleep in little hollowed out affairs swung down from the lower limbs of trees. They are lined with moss and laced up, and in shape are exactly like the primitive Indian cocoon cradle from which the modern cocoon cradle, beautified and improved, has been evolved.

After the beadwork embroidery is completed the deerskin pouch or bag is fastened securely upon a strong board whose two upright handles, projecting above the headpiece or hood, are strengthened by a crosspiece at the back. These handles are very convenient when the mother is busy about her many tasks; if it be warm weather, baby is swung from the top of the brush arbor, his round, brown face peering smilingly from out its trappings of gayly beaded deerskin, his bright little eyes blinking at the sunbeams shining through the leafy roof, or the flames of the nightly campfire leaping up to mingle with the moonlight. When "trading" at the agency stores, the squaw props the cradle, "baby and all," against the counter and goes calmly about the important business of laying in a supply for her family in their tepee far out on the reservation.

Mother love fills the heart of a poor squaw as completely as it does that of her more fortunate paleface sister. Her clumsy fingers fashion playthings of shells, odd shaped bones, carved wooden beads, bright pieces of tin, china or glass, which she hangs about the hood of the cocoon cradle in reach of the chubby brown fists. Baby soon learns to rattle these primitive playthings gleefully.

Strange as it may appear, the redskinned Baby Buntings seem to thrive in their cramped quarters, but they enjoy as a famous treat a change to the blankets upon their mothers' backs, when the toiling squaws are forced to go down to the scant timber stretches along the creek to bring up firewood and water for the camp.—Los Angeles Times.

## A CASE OF LUCK.

### How the Lack of a Nickel Won a Good Paying Position.

Little Mrs. Tyler sighed as the trolley car whizzed past her. "To think," she mused, "that I should have come to this—too poor to spend 5 cents for car fare! If I could only get more music scholars! Then Bob could have the beefsteak and the fruit he needs—dear, patient Robert!"

Time was when Frederica Fechner's piano playing had won her many a social triumph, but that was before she had married the penniless Robert Tyler, to begin life anew across the continent. Now that he was sick they had only the pittance her pupils brought her.

Today Mrs. Tyler was very tired. No wonder she had sighed when the car had glided past her, and home was a mile away. Strains of Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith" drew her inside a music store. Music always rested her. A girl was playing upon a grand piano, and several persons stood about. Mrs. Tyler strolled their way.

One after another took a turn at the instrument. The newcomer was too interested in the playing to question wherefore. Finally a man approached her.

"It is your turn next," he said. "She was about to explain his mistake when the humor of the situation appealed to her, and she was seized with a desire to carry out the joke. Accordingly she took her seat and began Paderewski's "Love Song." She did not know for what she was playing, but she vaguely felt that it was a test of some sort, and she threw her soul into her fingers. When she ended there was a little burst of applause, and "something else" was called for. She responded with Liszt's "Schubert's Serenade" and then with Chopin's "Cradle Song."

A sheet of music was placed before her, and a lady came forward to sing. If there was one thing in which Mrs. Tyler excelled it was in accompaniments, and now she did her best. The face of the man who had invited her to play was one broad smile as he inquired deferentially:

"May I ask whom we have had the honor of hearing? You have distanced them all, my dear madam. The place is easily yours."

Mrs. Tyler looked at him in bewilderment, then she laughed and explained. He explained too.

She had unwittingly taken part in a trial of applicants for the double position of accompanist for a singing master and piano player for the music shop. A salary was named that left the little woman nearly dumb with surprise, so amply it fitted her present needs. She wanted to dance all the way home. Fatigue was forgotten.

"I'm glad you didn't ride," remarked Robert Tyler whimsically.

"Oh!" cried his wife, and the exclamation was a thanksgiving.—Youth's Companion.

## The Family Tree.

A pleasant pastime, literally, for those who have no more pressing duties and wish to get outside their environment at least in thought will open up before her who begins to mount a family tree. Tracing one's genealogy may become—probably will become—a matter of absorbing amusement and attention, for it entails a thread gathered up here, dropped there, a letter to write, a book to read, a register to consult. To the self absorbed, the despondent, the listless, one may recommend this diversion as certain to suit even rather morbid conditions of temperament, and yet as certain to gently force the mind away from itself to other persons and things in opening up a wider and wider field of reflection.—Harper's Bazar.

## Quaint Prayers.

The chief of the Leslies is said to have prayed before a battle: "Be on our side. An gin ye canna be on our side, aye lay low a bit, an' ye'll see the carles get a-hidin' that must please ye." An old covenantor, who ruled his household with a rod of iron, is said to have prayed in all sincerity at family worship: "O Lord, be a care o' Rob, for he is on the great deep, an' thou holdest it in the hollow o' thy hand. An' be a care o' Jamie, for he has gone to fight the enemies o' his country, an' the outcome o' the battle is wi' thee. But ye need na' fash o' yerse' wi' wee Willy, for I hae him here, an' I'm cawpable o' lookin' after him mysel'."

## Careless of Honors.

Pastor Kneipp, the famous discoverer of the "barefoot cure," who was appointed chamberlain by the pope, cared little for the honor. He did not even take the trouble to open the letter announcing the appointment and first learned of the honor conferred upon him by the arrival of a deputation at the Woerschofen cloister to congratulate him. He declined to be addressed, however, as "monsignore." It was with difficulty that he was persuaded to leave his retreat to go to Rome to thank the pope.

## Basis of His Esteem.

"It is proper to respect an office under the government," said the patriotic citizen, "even if you do not happen to approve of the man who holds it." "Of course," answered Senator Sorghum. "It is to the office that the salary and perquisites are attached, not to the individual."—Washington Star.

## Mean.

Husband—My, but I wish I had your tongue! Wife—So that you could express yourself intelligently? Husband—No; so that I could stop it when I wanted to.—Detroit Free Press.

Good breeding is the result of much good sense, some good nature and a little self denial for the sake of others.

## Coaches in France.

As regards the history of coaches in France, Henry IV. was assassinated in 1610. Soon after his death some engravings were published representing him being murdered in his carriage by Ravalliac. It is from these that we get a fair idea of the coaches.

They are simply square boxes, measuring by scale six feet in length by three and a half feet in width, on four wheels of the same diameter, without any springs or straps and seating six persons in all—namely, two with their backs to the horses, two facing them and two more, one on each side of the two "boots" at the side. Each vehicle had a roof, resting on light columns, and curtains to draw or to let down.

This agrees well with the received accounts of the incident, according to one version of which Henry rode in an open carriage, and according to another that as soon as the fatal blow was delivered by the assassin the king's attendant who rode with him in the carriage drew the curtains, and, hiding the king from public view, assured the enraged people that he was only wounded.—Notes and Queries.

## Cuban Women.

The Cuban women—and the men as well—are intensely affectionate. They say much in words, often more than their hearts feel. But they are very warm hearted. Every letter that I get from girl friends of six months acquaintance is a love letter, full of passionate expressions of endearment. The Cuban women mature quickly, and a girl of fourteen in Cuba is as mature as a girl of seventeen here. Early marriages are the rule. The Cuban women are dainty, pretty and very like the French women, with many of the French ways and ideals. They care little for forming themselves into clubs for literary culture, and woman suffrage doesn't agitate them. They are vastly more interested in being clever needlewomen, good musicians, good housekeepers, charming sweethearts, than in running the government.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

## Farragut's Death.

Admiral Farragut's death was due to the selfishness of a woman. The admiral and his wife were coming from California, when a woman occupying a seat in front of them in the car opened a window. Admiral Farragut was ill, and the strong draft of wind which blew directly upon him chilled him. Mrs. Farragut asked the woman courteously if she would not kindly close the window, as it was annoying to her husband. The woman snapped out: "No, I won't close the window. I don't care if it does annoy him. I am not going to smother for him." Admiral Farragut thus caught a severe cold, which resulted in his death. A few days before the end came he said, "If I die, that woman will be held accountable."—Exchange.

## Easy to Keep Afloat.

If every person knew that it is impossible to sink if one keeps his arms under water and moves his legs as if he were going upstairs, and that one may keep this motion up for hours before fatigue ends it, there would be few casualties. Such is the fact. Except where cramp renders motion impossible, the man who gets an involuntary ducking has small chance of drowning. He can generally keep afloat until rescuers appear. The people who drown are those who frantically wave their arms out of water and lose their self possession.—Chicago Journal.

## The Castle in Chess.

The castle in chess owes its shape and name to a misunderstanding of its old Italian name, "rocco," as if it were "rocca" a castle or fortress. The words rocco, rook and roc (French) come from rokk, the old Persian name of the piece, which was in the shape of an elephant. Curiously enough, the elephant carried a little castle on his back, and the position of the piece on the board seemed suitable for a castle.

## By Jupiter, Take This.

The letter "R" at the head of all prescriptions is derived from the Latin word recipe, the imperative meaning "take." The little darter over the tail of the "R" is the symbol of Jove, or the Latin god Jupiter, and invests the writer with his authority—by the power of Jupiter. Therefore the sign properly reads, "By Jupiter, take this."

## Yourself.

Man's greatest enemy is himself. If every man in the world should be as careful of describing an honest opinion of himself as he is of getting the good opinion of others there would be a vast difference in the standing of the majority of mankind.—Lynn News.

## On Duty.

"Hello!" cried the policeman. "Reading a paper, eh? I thought you were a blind man!" "So I am during business hours," the blind man replied, "but I'm off duty now."—Philadelphia Press.

## Might Be, but Not Wisely.

"Do you consider him a man who can be trusted?"

"Well," replied the Boston purist, "I suppose he can be trusted, but there would be considerable risk attached to the proceeding."

## The Book That Held Him.

"Yes, I picked up this book last night, and I never budged out of my chair until 4 o'clock this morning." "Goodness! Was it that interesting?" "No; but I didn't wake up until that time."

## Willing to Listen.

Tess—She was boasting that she is a very good listener. Jess—Yes. She's what you might call a fluent listener. She loves to hear herself talk.—Exchange.

## QUAINT SWISS FESTIVAL.

### How the End of Winter and Advent of Spring Are Celebrated.

Switzerland has long been known as the land of festivals rich in local color, such as the Feast of the Vines, in Canton Vaud, and the Feast of the Cows, in Canton Valais. One of the quaintest of the old Helvetic popular feasts is the Zurich annual celebration, known as the Sechselauten. This curious fest has as its raison d'etre the burning of a toy snow man in commemoration of the death of Winter and the birth of Spring.

The festival begins at 8 o'clock on the morning of Sechselauten, when a procession of gayly attired boys and girls is formed to escort the snow man to the great public square, called Stadthausplatz. Boys dressed as pierrots drag the car on which the portly snow man stands along the narrow streets of old Zurich. These pierrots are followed by companies of knights in armor, members of the various guilds in their respective picturesque costumes, cow herders, fishermen and clowns, with a car bearing the emblematic figure of Spring in the rear.

This figure of Spring is greeted with the cheers of the crowd of onlookers, who have turned out to make merry on what to them is the greatest fete day of the year. Finally the procession ends its long march at the Stadthausplatz, and the snow man, familiarly known as Bogg, is placed on an immense pile of wood. At this stage the festivities are interrupted by luncheon, and the crowd disperses until afternoon, when another and much more important function takes place. A procession of guilds is formed, with each member dressed in the costume of his craft, as in medieval times, followed by a long line of artistically decorated men.

Toward the end of the afternoon the procession reaches the Stadthausplatz, where the Bogg is awaiting its doom. The scene now becomes most picturesque. The crowd of onlookers, several thousand strong, gathers round the Bogg, while the neighboring lake is dotted with boats filled with people. Underneath the Bogg stand a number of men, torch in hand, all ready to put the pile on fire when the signal is given. This signal is a boom of bells from the belfry near by. As soon as given the Bogg is in flames, and the clearing of the people fills the air. When finally the flames reach the snow man a loud explosion takes place, shattering the Bogg to pieces. This is to proclaim to the populace that winter has really passed away and that spring is at hand. The cheers of the crowd increase, while all the church bells are rung. Thus the festival comes to an end, and the people of Zurich return to their homes to indulge in banqueting and dancing, which bring the day to a close. Cafes and restaurants are kept open all night on this occasion, and the farmers assembled from the villages of the canton continue their rejoicings until the small hours of the morning.

The origin of the Sechselauten is unknown, but dates back to the days of William Tell and of other classical Swiss traditions.—New York Tribune.

## The Cost of War.

Give me the money, says a recent speculative philosopher, that has been spent in war and I will purchase every foot of land on the globe. I will clothe every man, woman and child in an attire of which kings and queens would be proud. I will build a schoolhouse on every hillside and in every valley over the whole earth. I will build an academy in every town and endow it, a college in every state and fill it with able professors. I will crown every hill with a place of worship consecrated to the promulgation of peace. I will support in every pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning the chime on one hill shall answer to the chime on another under the earth's wide circumference and the voice of prayer and the song of praise should ascend like a universal hosanna to heaven.—New York Globe.

## Ancient Mirrors.

Wilkinson, the historian, shows that the world is indebted for mirrors to the ancient Egyptians. At first they were made of metal, so well compounded and polished that some recently dug up from Thebes have regained a wonderful luster after burial for thousands of years. Oval in shape, they were fastened to carved wooden handles. References are made to such looking glasses in Exodus and Job. The Greeks and Romans made similar mirrors of silver.

At Murano, near Venice, in the thirteenth century the republic protected the trade and jealously guarded its secrets, securing a lucrative business for a century and a half. Mirrors were then made from cylinders of glass flattened on stone, carefully polished, beveled at the edges and silvered by an amalgam.

## Origin of Pussy's Name.

A great many years ago the people of Egypt, who had many idols, worshipped the cat among others. They thought she was like the moon, because she was more active at night and because her eyes changed like the moon, which is sometimes full and at other times only a slight crescent, or, as we say, a half moon. So they made an idol with a cat's head and named it Pasht. The same name they gave to the moon, for the word means the face of the moon. The word has been changed to "Puss" and "Puss" has come at last to be "Pussy," the name the most of us give to the cat. Puss and pussy cat are pet names for kitty anywhere now. But few think of the name as given to her thousands of years ago and of the people who then bowed down and prayed to her.

## Tired-Out Women.

Fagged-out women, suffering from backache, unable to stand long or walk far, or with symptoms incident to the weaknesses peculiar to the sex—such women need a friend to tell them that many such symptoms are the result of physical conditions that can be remedied only by building up the strength. This building up can be done most effectively with Cellery King. It cleanses the stomach and bowels, giving restful sleep and the appetite of girlhood.

Sold by H. Alex. Stokes.

If you have anything to sell, try our Want Column.

## He Cures Others—Why Not You? DR. McCLELLAN.

SPECIALTIES: Catarrh and Diseases of the Ear, Nose, Throat, Lungs, Liver and Nerves. Examination FREE and Private. Now permanently located Suites 4, 5, 6 and 7, Wingert Block, 36 North Brady Street, DuBois, Pa.

## NERVO-VITAL DEBILITY

Men, many of you are now reaping the result of your former folly. Your vitality is falling and you will soon be lost unless you do something for yourself. There is no time to lose. Impotency, like all diseases, is never on the standstill. With it you can make no compromise. Either you must master it or it will master you, and fill your whole future with misery, woe and disappointment. I have treated so many cases of this kind that I am as familiar with them as you are with the very daylight. Once cured by me you will never again be bothered with nervousness, falling, loss of ambition or other symptoms which rob you of your vitality and absolutely unfit you for study, business, pleasure or marriage. My treatment for weak men will correct all those evils and restore you to what nature intended—a hale, healthy, happy man, with physical, mental and other powers complete.

DR. McCLELLAN.

Hours 9 a. m. to 8 p. m. NO INCURABLE CASES TAKEN.

## Caterpillars and Grubs.

It is altogether surprising what caterpillars and grubs can survive and appear to like it. Some mites live on strychnine, eating it with avidity. Professor Atfield tried the same fare on cheese mites, and up to 50 per cent of strychnine they lived and thrived as perhaps only mites can be expected to do. Over 50 per cent of poison they found to be an error of diet and promptly died. There is a sort of caterpillar which lives on magnesia; one wonders vaguely whether a perpetual course of magnesia is not found somewhat enervating. But, then, the caterpillar is a being wholly depraved, which nothing can kill. The grub of the fur moth particularly is an indiscriminate feeder, liking wool as readily as fur and a horse's hide as well as either, and will dine heartily on such poetic fare as butterflies' wings. And it is destruction personified, taking a wanton pleasure in cutting off a multitude of hairs more than it can possibly require, and not seeing seemingly can kill it. Turpentine, sea salt, tobacco and sulphur fumes—these "remedies" only drive it away, that is all, as the passenger in Hans Andersen's coach used a sprig of myrtle to drive away the flies.—London Globe.

## Odd Old Laws.

In an old set of laws of the Choctaw Nation there is a clause which relates to the killing of witches. For witchcraft the penalty was death, and for alleging oneself to be a witch or for saying that any other person was one was punishable by sixty lashes on the bare back.

Another declared that no doctor could take money or any of the belongings of a patient he treated if the patient died. If the patient were raised up from a sick bed the doctor could accept what was offered to him, and if nothing was offered, then he could take in goods what was his just compensation.

In 1834 the Choctaw council passed an act which made a person who bargained to sell any of the Choctaw land a traitor and punishable by death. Any white man who encouraged such action was deported. An Indian who sold or disposed of land either to individuals or to the United States in toto should be considered a traitor and shot on conviction. This was just preceding the beginning of the work of the Dawes commission.

## Animal and Plant Allies.

An interesting instance of the manner in which insects sometimes assist the growth of plants is furnished by the history of a climbing plant which grows in the Philippines. At an early stage in its career the plant, which like other plants, begins to grow from the ground, severs its connection with the soil and thenceforward lives with its roots attached to dead bamboo canes. It develops, in addition to other leaves, certain pitcher shaped leaves, into the cups of which it sends a second set of roots. A species of small black ant frequents the pitchers and incidentally carries into them minute fragments of decaying wood and leaf mold, from which the roots derive a constant supply of food for the support of the plant.

## Cause For Fear.

"I'm so afraid of lightning," said the pretty girl, who was a born flirt. "And well you may be," rejoined one of her masculine victims. "You have a heart of steel."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

## For Thirty Years

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## The Good Old Way.

A severe cold or attack of the grippe is like a fire, the sooner you combat it the better your chances are to overpower it. But few mothers in this age are willing to do the necessary work required to give a good old-fashioned reliable treatment such as would be administered by their grandmothers, backed by Boeche's German Syrup, which was always liberally used in connection with the home treatment of colds and is still in greater household favor than any known remedy. But even without the application of the old fashioned aids German Syrup will cure a severe cold in quick time. It will cure colds in children or grown people. It relieves the congested organs, allays the irritation, and effectively stops the coughs. Any child will take it. It is invaluable in a household of children. Trial size bottle, 25c; regular size, 75c. For sale by H. Alex. Stokes.

## PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

BUFFALO & ALLEGANY VALLEY DIVISION. Low Grade Division.

In Effect May 29, 1904. Eastern Standard Time

EASTWARD.	
STATIONS.	No. 108 No. 109 No. 110 No. 111 No. 112
Pittsburg	7:15 8:00 8:45 9:30 10:15
Red Bank	7:45 8:30 9:15 10:00 10:45
Lawsonham	8:15 9:00 9:45 10:30 11:15
New Bethlehem	8:45 9:30 10:15 11:00 11:45
Mayport	9:15 10:00 10:45 11:30 12:15
Summersville	9:45 10:30 11:15 12:00 12:45
Brookville	10:15 11:00 11:45 12:30 13:15
Low	10:45 11:30 12:15 13:00 13:45
Falls Creek	11:15 12:00 12:45 13:30 14:15
Reynoldsville	11:45 12:30 13:15 14:00 14:45
Pancoat	12:15 13:00 13:45 14:30 15:15
DuBois	12:45 13:30 14:15 15:00 15:45
Sabula	13:15 14:00 14:45 15:30 16:15
Winterburn	13:45 14:30 15:15 16:00 16:45
Brookville	14:15 15:00 15:45 16:30 17:15
Tyler	14:45 15:30 16:15 17:00 17:45
Genesee	15:15 16:00 16:45 17:30 18:15
Grants	15:45 16:30 17:15 18:00 18:45
Driftwood	16:15 17:00 17:45 18:30 19:15

Train 91 (Sunday) leaves Pittsburg 6 a. m., Red Bank 11:30, Brookville 12:15, Reynoldsville 1:15, Falls Creek 1:45, DuBois 2:45 p. m.

WESTWARD.

WESTWARD.	
STATIONS.	No. 108 No. 109 No. 110 No. 111 No. 112
Driftwood	6:30 7:15 8:00 8:45 9:30
Grants	7:00 7:45 8:30 9:15 10:00
Genesee	7:30 8:15 9:00 9:45 10:30
Tyler	8:00 8:45 9:30 10:15 11:00
Pancoat	8:30 9:15 10:00 10:45 11:30
Winterburn	9:00 9:45 10:30 11:15 12:00
Sabula	9:30 10:15 11:00 11:45 12:30
DuBois	10:00 10:45 11:30 12:15 13:00
Falls Creek	10:30 11:15 12:00 12:45 13:30
Pancoat	11:00 11:45 12:30 13:15 14:00
Reynoldsville	11:30 12:15 13:00 13:45 14:30
Low	12:00 12:45 13:30 14:15 15:00
Brookville	12:30 13:15 14:00 14:45 15:30
Summersville	13:00 13:45 14:30 15:15 16:00
Mayport	13:30 14:15 15:00 15:45 16:30
Oakridge	14:00 14:45 15:30 16:15 17:00
New Bethlehem	14:30 15:15 16:00 16:45 17:30
Lawsonham	15:00 15:45 16:30 17:15 18:00
Red Bank	15:30 16:15 17:00 17:45 18:30
Pittsburg	16:00 16:45 17:30 18:15 19:00

Train 92 (Sunday) leaves DuBois 6 a. m., Falls Creek 4:17, Reynoldsville 4:40, Brookville 5:00, Red Bank 6:00, Pittsburg 6:30 p. m.

No. 107 (daily) leaves Pittsburg 6:30 a. m., New York 8:30 a. m., arrives Buffalo 10:00 a. m. Returning leaves Buffalo 12:00 p. m., arrives Pittsburg 3:40 p. m., stopping at intermediate stations.

C Trains marked \* run daily; † daily, except Sunday; ‡ flag station, where signals must be shown.

## Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division

In effect May 2