

# LIFE OF TRAGEDY

## CAREER OF BOWIE, INVENTOR OF THE FAMOUS KNIFE.

### The Original Weapon Was Made From a File, and With It Its Owner Killed Sixteen Men—His Final Fight at the Alamo, Where He Died.

There are men who seem especially created to fill a certain place in the affairs of their time. This has been particularly true in American history. The man that in the storm and stress of the period was most needed has always come to the fore at the supreme moment. If ever this was demonstrated by circumstances it was in the early history of the Texas republic, that storm born state evoked from the revolution of 1836.

In his remarks concerning the early history of Texas that President McKinley made on one of his tours he referred most felicitously, though briefly, to the four men who under Providence had been most prominent in the early days, when the greatest state in the Union in the matter of territory was a young and struggling republic—Houston, Travis, Crockett and Bowie. He spoke of classic ground, too, for it was at the Alamo, where he then stood, that three of the four crowned with their lives their devotion to the young state, whose foundations they had laid deep with the soil of their blood.

Of this group of heroes, as worthy of place in song or story as any who so gallantly died under shield before Troy, the least known of them all and yet in many respects the greatest was James Bowie, famous only by reason of the world renowned knife called by his name. A few words touching his ancestry may not be out of place. He was not from Maryland, as has been so often stated, but was born in Burke county, Ga., in 1796. In 1802 his father emigrated to Louisiana.

That country was then still under French domination. There had been large tracts of land granted by the French crown in the territory named for Louis XIV., and one of these, in the parish of Catahoula, was acquired by the elder Bowie. He was a man of substance, owning nearly 100 slaves. He soon had his estate well opened out and was growing superb crops of cotton and corn. His son James he sent first to a famous private school at Natchez, Miss., and afterward to the Jesuit college then located at New Orleans.

James Bowie, in 1827, was challenged to a duel with Norris Wright. The pocket pistols of that day were uncertain. It was long before the percussion cap had been brought into common use, and the flintlock arm was the only firearm known. It was liable to miss fire just when it ought not to. Bowie determined to rely upon a knife he had caused to be made for just such a contingency. He had taken a fourteen inch long file, such as was then used to sharpen crosscut saws and the upright saws used for turning out planks from logs. He had the file marks carefully ground off the file and the smooth piece of steel skillfully reduced by the grindstone until it was about the thickness and weight he desired. Then he took it to a Spaniard in New Orleans known as "Pedro, the skilled cutler," a man who had learned his art in Toledo, where the finest sword blades in all Spain were forged. He tempered and finished the knife, fitted it with a crosspiece and haft. When it was done James Bowie had a weapon "fit to fight for a man's life with," as he said to Governor Wells. It was beautifully balanced, and the artist had hollow ground it like a razor, with a double edge for three or four inches from the point.

The knife was fitted with a wooden scabbard, covered with leather, and was sharp enough to shave the hair off the back of one's hand. This was the original Bowie knife, though it was somewhat modified subsequently in shape. Bowie, while a student at New Orleans, had studied other things besides the humanities, as the dead languages of Greece and Rome were then called. By accident he found in his fencing master a man who could not only use the sword, but was a master in the use of the cuchillo, the Spanish fighting knife, a weapon not unlike the Bowie. Our young student entered enthusiastically into the training and science of old Spain in that nation's one national weapon. And so he was much better equipped for the deadly fight that was so near at hand.

Natchez island, where the fight was to be, was midway between the Louisiana and Mississippi shores of the great Father of Waters. Therefore it was a favorite meeting place for gentlemen who had to adjust affairs that might have a fatal ending, as the authorities of neither state could interfere. "I stayed all night with James Bowie," said a friend of his, who died in his nineteenth year. "On the night before the fight was to take place I never saw a man sleep more soundly than he did nor eat a better breakfast the next morning."

It was understood that each of the principals should have but one friend, and certainly not more than two, on the ground. But Mr. Wright had five or six present. The fight began with the pistols. One of Bowie's missed fire, while both of Wright's bullets took effect upon his antagonist.

Thinking he had Bowie at his mercy, Norris Wright sprang upon him. In a moment Bowie had drawn his deadly knife, and, though two or three of Wright's friends were shooting at him and hitting him, too, Bowie made one awful slash at Wright's neck. The keen steel hit into the very neck bone. The head shot out over Bowie, and

Norris Wright was dead before he touched the ground.

Seriously wounded himself. It was for some time a very doubtful question whether or not he would ever get well. But youth, a temperate life and an excellent constitution finally brought him around, and in a year from that time he killed General Crain with the same knife he had used in his first encounter. "The knife doesn't miss fire," he said to an intimate friend, Mr. Bynum of the parish of Rapides, "the pistol does." This, of course, was long before the perfection of the percussion cap or the invention of the revolver.

James Bowie was engaged in the purchase and contest of claims for great tracts of lands that had been granted by the French crown. When Louisiana was ceded to the United States and finally became a state, there was a good deal of trouble on this account over some of the titles of land along the Red river and its tributaries. A man often had to fight for his plantation, as frequently he would not give it up to somebody with an old French or Spanish grant. It was in these contests that James Bowie did most of his killing. He had sixteen lives on his hands from the use of that one bloody knife. After much consideration he had made a knife that has been the model and pattern for all the real bowie knives that have ever had the sanction of their originator.

In 1835 Bowie sold his Louisiana property and went to Texas. The Lone Star State was in the throes of a bloody revolution. The gallant resistance of the Texans so exasperated General Santa Anna, who was chief in command of the Mexican forces, that he swore he would take no more prisoners. When Bowie arrived in Texas and offered his services to the young republic he was at once made a colonel of riflemen in the army of Texas.

In January, 1836, Colonel Bowie was ordered to San Antonio de Bexar to assist in holding that place against Santa Anna's coming forces. The siege ran along until March, when San Antonio, trusting in the pledged word of honor of Santa Anna, with a starved out garrison, surrendered. A general massacre took place. Travis, Crockett and Bowie were murdered in cold blood, a stain on General Anna's memory that time can never blot out. Colonel Bowie was badly wounded three times and was in a room of the main work of the place called the Alamo. He opposed the surrender as long as was possible.

He was lying on his bed when he heard the triumphant Mexicans coming in. It was the first hint he had had of the surrender. He knew that his life was ended. He could, however, move about a little. The instant the Mexicans came into the room they began shooting at him. He grasped his knife and leaped among them like an enraged tiger, and when the firing ended six of his enemies had crossed the Styx with James Bowie and gone with him to the shades.—Houston Post.

### Debtors Years Ago.

1806.—Rejoicing.—On Monday evening, in consequence of the insolvent debtors' bill having received the royal assent, the king's bench prison was illuminated and the debtors testified their gratitude to the legislature and the noble lord (Holland) who brought forward the bill for their relief with every demonstration of joy. Immediately after the gates of the prison were shut (10 o'clock) Mr. Emmerton, one of the turnkeys, being universally respected for his attention and civility in the line of his duty to the unfortunate confined, was carried three times round the building, preceded by flags and colors flying, accompanied by the loudest shouts of applause and approbation of his general conduct. And Mrs. Emmerton, from whom the more distressed have so repeatedly found relief, had the pleasure of hearing her name mentioned with every expression of esteem. Many loyal toasts were given suitable to the occasion, and the evening passed with the utmost possible hilarity and joy.—Reprint of July 23, 1806, in London Globe.

### The Vulgar Restaurant Habit.

Restaurant hospitality is a remarkable feature of the times, and many is the weary housewife who blesses the arrangement. It lifts from her all worry and trouble and gives her as good a chance of enjoyment as any of her guests. The very popularity of this form of entertaining, however, constitutes a prominent photograph of modern society. The first thing that strikes one on entering is the babel of voices. Every one screams. Women who should be and ostensibly are society leaders yell their remarks. It is not unusual to see crossed knees, elbows on table and cigarettes when the meal is over. To a certain extent, perhaps, these things are due to our cousins, who have a very large continent to be American in, but whose infectious high spirits are, on Kipling's "island nine by seven," a little overpowering in their expression.—London Critic.

### The Value of Salt.

Besides being such an essential part of culinary art, salt has many other uses perhaps not generally known. Salt cleanses the palate and furred tongue, and a gargle of salt and water is often efficacious. A pinch of salt on the tongue, followed ten minutes after by a drink of cold water, often cures a sick headache. Salt hardens the gums, makes the teeth white and sweetens the breath. Salted water and alcohol in solution should be used for rubbing weak ankles. Salt used dry in the same manner as snuff will do much to relieve colds, hay fever, etc. Salt in warm water if used for bathing tired eyes will be found very refreshing. Salt and water will stop hemorrhage from tooth pulling.

# MILITARY DISCIPLINE.

## A Little Passage Between a German Colonel and a Lieutenant.

The noted soldier and historian Theodore Ayrault Dodge was educated in Berlin, and at a dinner party, apropos of Germany military discipline, he once said:

"The German soldier must never appear in public except in uniform. Even when he is on furlough he must not under any circumstances wear civilian dress.

"Well, Swartz, a young lieutenant of cavalry, during my residence in Berlin was one day engaged in some adventure or other and put on, to disguise himself, a suit of black cloth. Dressed in this suit, he was passing down an unfrequented street when he came face to face with his colonel.

"Detected in so grave a misdemeanor, Swartz proved himself the possessor of a resourceful mind. He said to the colonel in a bass voice different from his own:

"Can you tell me, sir, where Lieutenant Swartz lives? I am his brother from the country, and I have come on to pay him a visit."

"The colonel readily and politely gave the required information and passed on.

"The lieutenant congratulated himself on his escape. He hurried home and put on his uniform. Duty late that afternoon called him before the colonel again. He saluted with confidence. The colonel regarded him oddly.

"Lieutenant Swartz," he said, "I wish you'd tell your brother from the country that if he pays you another visit I'll put him in close confinement for ten days."

# THE FIRST RAILWAYS.

## When Sixteen Miles an Hour Made the Passengers Dizzy.

In 1825, when the railway was opened between Liverpool and Manchester, the Liverpool terminus was at Wapping. Lime street tunnel was not completed until about six years later.

At first the service consisted of three trains each way on week days and two on Sundays, but this was soon found to be insufficient. After Lime street station was opened there were six first class trains and six second class trains each way on week days and two of each description on Sundays. The journey of thirty-one miles occupied nearly two hours, which led to complaints that the speed was too great to be pleasant and caused dizziness. On the other hand, sanguine expectations were indulged in that in course of time the average rate of traveling would be at least double the ordinary speed of the swiftest conveyances drawn by horses.

### Majesty of the Law.

A great deal is said of the majesty of the law, and a sonorous phrase has been coined to express it, but its majesty resides in the sternness, promptness, impartiality and fearlessness with which laws are enforced and the authority of the courts vindicated. If the law has ever been brought into contempt it has been done by no act of criminals or of intending offenders, but by the weakness and failures of the officers of the law and the ministers of justice to maintain the majesty with which the law should clothe them.—New Orleans Picayune.

### Took Nothing.

Mrs. Green (who thinks of engaging a servant)—But is the girl honest? Can she be trusted? Mrs. Brown (the girl's former mistress)—You need not be in the least alarmed. She is perfectly honest. All the time she was with me I never knew her to take a thing—not even my advice as to how things should be done.

### A Team.

"Between the two, Jones and his wife cover a good deal of lingual ground."

### Hare.

"Hardy tells me he never deserts a recruited bill."

If you want to retain your faith in a critic you ought never to see the things he criticises.—Pall Mall Magazine.

# MIRACLE PEARLS.

## Images of the God Buddha Are Grown to Order by Muscels.

"You may live in China all your life and find something new on the last day," said one of the veteran missionaries to me at Hangchow. "And on our last trip out into the country on our village rounds we came upon these," producing a pair of shells on whose inner concave surface lay imbedded rows of "bilster pearls" and the famous "miracle pearls"—tiny pearly images of the Buddha in low relief.

These miracle pearls have been known as products of Chinese skill and ingenuity for centuries. Every muscel possesses one or more shells with the pearly image embedded, and in the old days of the East India trade the New England sea captains used to bring them home from their cruises. They got them, of course, at Canton, but Canton no longer knows them or shows them for sale, and persistent questioning can get no clue as to the place where the muscels are made to order. They used to be sold at the Buddhist temples in Canton, and I had been told that they were also brought by the pilgrims as souvenirs of their visit to the sacred site of Pootoo, in the Chusan archipelago, but no one knew where the "pearl yards" were, where the seat of Chinese pearl culture might be.

"I saw these on the ledge of the wall in one house, and when I asked about them they told me to come and see," and without any effort, prolonged interest, question or search the good missionary stumbled upon the whole business of the miracle pearls.

Pearl rearing, it seems, was the chief industry of that remote village in the Chekiang province and had been its unique specialty for ages. Each generation had passed on the secrets of the art and knew not when it began, who first taught or evolved the processes by which the fresh water muscel is induced to retain mud pellets and small metal objects which are slipped into the shells and to diligently cover them with mucous substance.

The foreign visitor who had chanced upon the miracle making village was taken to a place where eight or ten men sat around tables prying the muscel shells open to admit of little pellets of baked clay and bits of flat metal, impressed evidently from a die, in the shape of a seated Buddha.

The mud balls are slipped in, and the muscel does the rest, but the little scraps of Buddhas must be placed right side up with care, as Chinese aesthetic culture has never reached the appreciation or evolution of an intaglio.

The muscels are put in ponds and left there two or more years and are then ready for opening and cutting the "bilsters" and Buddhas free from the shell surface. Whether the muscels were fed by the pearl cultivators the visitor did not learn, nor just the arrangement of rotation or alteration of ponds of each season's harvesting.

While the villagers carried on the other usual industries of rice and silk culture, the pearling remained the chief source of wealth, some families realizing as much as 300 silver dollars each year from their pearl crop. The bilster pearls go to jewelers and are worked up into elaborate Chinese hair ornaments, and the miraculous images of the Buddha, tiny, carefully modeled, exquisite little half inch long jewels, are sold as sacred treasures and talismans to pilgrims at the Buddhist shrines around Hangchow and at Pootoo for the little while each season that the limited supply lasts.—Chicago Tribune.

### Overreached.

The president of a college was talking to a little group of undergraduates about the wisdom of economy.

### Some London Street Names.

In London there are some quaint street names. In Bermondsey a road running by the side of the river is called Pickle Herring street. In Chelsea there is a World's End passage near Gray's inn, a Cow Bath square, and every one knows Poultry. Paternoster row, Amen corner and Ave Maria lane have all kept their names since Roman Catholic times, hundreds of years ago, when the processions used to pass along chanting orisons. The principal street in Edinburgh is the famous Cowgate.

### Life and Love.

If love is to flourish between two people they must each be slow to take offense and not only willing, but glad, to pardon at the first and faintest sign of penitence; still more, to overlook entirely the sin which has been a blunder or an accident. Life and love are in great part the art of bearing with other people's shortcomings. Every offender, whatever the offense, is in the eyes of the law entitled to a fair trial, and no one should be condemned unheard. The exercise of a modicum of common sense and justice would nip most quarrels, whether between lovers or others, in the bud. Some one has wisely said that scarcely a novel was ever written which could have run to the end if the hero and heroine had been fully frank with one another. Most dissensions are founded upon misunderstandings. Much may be forgiven to those who love much by those who return such affection. Nor is it sufficient to forgive without forgetting the offense. The slate should be wiped clean and the transgression be as though it had never been.

# THE FRONT SEAT.

## Is It Worth a Conflict Between the Husband and Wife?

Without inviting discussion of this thorny question, I may say that my own opinion is—supposing anybody wants it—that a husband's rights are what he can get. My view of a wife's rights is the same. Whether it is wise for either party to get all that he or she can is a question of expediency to be decided according to circumstances and individual inclination. The governing principle of the situation is that when two people ride the same horse one must ride behind. If both desire to ride in front, either one must give way or they must fight it out. In this fight one or the other may be so knocked about as to have no heart left for the enjoyment of the front seat, or the weaker vessel, while resigning himself to the back seat, may yet make the front one so uncomfortable that the occupier's life is a misery to him.

The question, therefore, whenever a conflict of rights arises is whether the front seat is worth fighting about, and, if so, how long and how hard. Some people prefer the back seat. Many would like to take the front for choice would rather give it up than have a row about it. They don't always lose so much as you might think. Mr. Welles, the elder, when his wife broke his pipe, stepped out and bought another, and a great man was of opinion that this, if not philosophy, was "a very good substitute for it."—Henry Labouchere in London Truth.

# THE TWO HEADED EAGLE.

## Origin of the Custom of Its Use as a National Symbol.

Austria and Russia today use the two headed eagle as one of their symbols. The origin of the custom is clouded more or less in obscurity. Professor A. H. Sayce, the authority on eastern antiquities, traces the travels of the symbol from primitive Babylonia down to the present time. In describing an ancient block of sculptured stone found in the east Professor Sayce says: "The block bears upon the inner side the figure of a double headed eagle, with an animal believed to be a hare in either talon and a man standing on its two feet's head. The same double headed figure, supporting the figure of a man or a god, is met with at Boghaz Keni and must be regarded as one of the peculiarities of Hittite symbolism and art. The symbol, whose prototype goes back to primitive Babylonia, was adopted in later days by the Turcoman princes, who had perhaps first seen it in the Hittite monuments of Cappadocia, and the crusaders brought it to Europe with them in the fourteenth century. Here it became the emblem of the German emperors, who have passed it on to the modern emperors of Russia and Austria. It is not the only heirloom of Hittite art which has descended to us today."

# Moltke Was a Spy in France.

Was the late Marshal von Moltke ever employed as a spy in France? A writer in La Vie Contemporaine says he was. In 1808, says the writer in question, Count von Moltke entered France in disguise and inspected the frontier of the Rhine and the lines of Wissemburg. In particular he made a study of the defenses of Forbach and Spicheren. There is always, according to the same authority, a regular espionage department connected with the German army. It is a bureau, with a general at the head of it. It comprises three sections, at the head of each of which is a colonel. Each colonel has under him a certain number of officers of the general staff and clerks. The officers in this service are selected with the greatest care from among the most capable and distinguished men in the service.

# Neglected Education.

Oliver Herford was entertaining some men friends in his flat one evening when a servant from the apartment below his brought a message to the effect that the gentleman in 316 was unable, by reason of the alleged noise made by Mr. Herford's party, to enjoy that peace and quiet he thought was due him.

"Present my compliments to the gentleman," said Herford calmly, "and tell him that I could when I was three years old."—Harper's Weekly.

### Her Dainty Hat.

"I dearly love birds," he gently sighed. And then what did she do but hasten to the open piano and softly begin stinging. "I wish I were a bird."

### A Bankrupt.

Howell—That was a queer petition in bankruptcy that Rowell filed. Powell—What was queer about it? Howell—He gave his assets as one wife and his liabilities as alimony for three others.—Town Topics.

### Achievement.

"Rightleigh says he has finished the most difficult part of his new novel."

"Found a publisher, has he?"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

# INDIA INK SECRET.

## Something That the West, With All Its Science, Cannot Fathom.

With all their modern improvements and all their science, none of the advanced nations has been able to produce the equals of the Chinese and Japanese lacquers or India inks. Chemists, ink manufacturers and artists have tried for generations to discover the secret that enables the Chinese, with primitive processes, to produce these materials in such perfect form, but this secret still are secrets.

The manufacture of India ink in particular has baffled all foreigners. It is made in China today practically as it was made four centuries ago, when Chen Ki Suen invented the process. The oil is pressed out of the seeds of a certain plant and then set to simmer, while the workman adds a mixture of powdered redwood, grated sandalwood and seeds of almonds and other powders.

After the simmering is ended the result is filtered and set aside for a long time to settle. Then it is put into its earthen dishes, each of which has wax made out of a reed. A great quantity of these little dishes are set on bricks, and over each is placed a funnel shaped clay cover. Then the bricks are lit, and the soot produced by the burning mass is caught on its inside.

This is so delicate an operation that the workmen watch the slightest change in the weather, for a small difference in temperature will make a big difference in the quality of the soot. The finest soot is prepared in rooms that are absolutely airtight. If there are any windows in them they are covered with paper pasted over them so as to close every crack in the walls.

Every little while the workman goes cautiously to a dish and dusts the gathered soot off with a feather. Although it is so soft and fine that it will float in the air, it still is not fine enough for the Chinamen. They put it through sieves, and only after it has passed through them is it considered fit for mixing with the liquid material that turns it into India ink. Nobody outside of the Chinamen in the secret knows what this liquid substance is.

After it has been mixed it is kneaded for many hours and then ground fine again in mortars, which stand in water baths, so that there shall not be the slightest change in the temperature.

Then the stuff is slaped into the sticks that we know, and it is beaten with little hammers until each stick is perfect. After this the sticks are placed into wooden forms to harden. The forms have raised letters carved on them, and these impress themselves on the sticks, making the trademarks which are familiar to all users of India ink.

Even after the sticks are hard and appear perfect the Chinaman is not satisfied. Each stick is wrapped with fine silk paper, and then they are laid into a box. The spaces between them are filled with ashes obtained from rice straw. Every day the ashes are taken out and new ashes put in until every bit of moisture has been extracted. Then the sticks are unwrapped, brushed, rubbed and finally polished with a polisher made ofagate.

After that the India ink is considered ready for the market.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

# The Boomerang.

The boomerang is constructed in every possible curve from a straight line to a right angle, the curve invariably following the natural grain of the wood. The upper side is often convex and the under side flat, both of which, with a slight movement of rotation—a kind of "screw back" billiard stroke—help to preserve the axis and plane of rotation parallel with itself on the principle of the gyroscope. Thrown forward to hit an object some forty yards away, the boomerang slowly ascends, rotating with the imparted motion, just as a kite rises while a boy runs to start it. Then it moves back, taking the line of least resistance, and falls down the inclined plane it ascended till it drops close to or behind the thrower. Such were the best weapons, as all kinds were used, in India, Africa and Australia. Nothing but experience of its shapes and curves and long practice can master the trick and poise of the weird weapon.



The name Eldredge has stood for the BEST in the Sewing Machine World. Here is a New Eldredge: BETTER than EVER, and Superior to all others. Positive take-up; self setting needle; self threading shuttle; automatic tension/lease; automatic bobbin winder; positive four motion feed; capped needle bar; noiseless self adjusting roller bearing wheel; steel piano; five ply nickel plated woodwork; with a beautiful set of nickel steel attachments. Ask your dealer for the Improved Eldredge and do not buy any machine until you have seen it.

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# PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

## PITTSBURG & ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

### Low Grade Division.

#### In Effect May 29, 1904. Eastern Standard Time

STATIONS.	EASTWARD.				
	No. 10	No. 11	No. 12	No. 13	No. 14
Pittsburg	8:15	9:00	9:45	10:30	11:15
Red Bank	8:47	9:32	10:17	11:02	11:47
Lawsonham	9:09	9:54	10:39	11:24	12:09
New Helshem	9:31	10:16	11:01	11:46	12:31
Jack Ridge	9:53	10:38	11:23	12:08	12:53
Mayport	10:15	11:00	11:45	12:30	13:15
Summersville	10:37	11:22	12:07	12:52	13:37
Brownville	11:00	11:45	12:30	13:15	14:00
Iowa	11:22	12:07	12:52	13:37	14:22
Fulton	11:44	12:29	13:14	14:00	14:45
Reynoldsville	12:06	12:51	13:36	14:22	15:07
Paterson	12:28	13:13	13:58	14:44	15:29
Falls Creek	12:50	13:35	14:20	15:06	15:51
DuBois	13:12	13:57	14:42	15:28	16:13
Saluda	13:34	14:19	15:04	15:50	16:35
Wintertown	13:56	14:41	15:26	16:12	16:57
Yonkers	14:18	15:03	15:48	16:34	17:19
Tyler	14:40	15:25	16:10	16:56	17:41
Bonanza	15:02	15:47	16:32	17:18	18:03
Grant	15:24	16:09	16:54	17:40	18:25
Ortwood	15:46	16:31	17:16	18:02	18:47

Trains 101 (Sunday) leaves Pittsburg 9:00 a. m., Red Bank 11:00 a. m., Brownville 12:41 p. m., 1:14 p. m. Falls Creek 1:35, DuBois 2:00 p. m.

STATIONS.	WESTWARD.				
	No. 10	No. 11	No. 12	No. 13	No. 14
Pittsburg	8:15	9:00	9:45	10:30	11:15
Red Bank	8:47	9:32	10:17	11:02	11:47
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Jack Ridge	9:53	10:38	11:23	12:08	12:53
Mayport	10:15	11:00	11:45	12:30	13:15
Summersville	10:37	11:22	12:07	12:52	13:37
Brownville	11:00	11:45	12:30	13:15	14:00
Iowa	11:22	12:07	12:52	13:37	14:22
Fulton	11:44	12:29	13:14	14:00	14:45
Reynoldsville	12:06	12:51	13:36	14:22	15:07
Paterson	12:28	13:13	13:58	14:44	15:29
Falls Creek	12:50	13:35	14:20	15:06	15:51
DuBois	13:12	13:57	14:42	15:28	16:13
Saluda	13:34	14:19	15:04	15:50	16:35
Wintertown	13:56	14:41	15:26	16:12	16:57
Yonkers	14:18	15:03	15:48	16:34	17:19
Tyler	14:40	15:25	16:10	16:56	17:41
Bonanza	15:02	15:47	16:32	17:18	18:03
Grant	15:24	16:09	16:54	17:40	18:25
Ortwood	15:46	16:31	17:16	18:02	18:47

Trains 102 (Sunday) leaves DuBois 4:10 p. m., Falls Creek 4:37, Reynoldsville 4:39, Brownville 4:50, Red Bank 5:00, Pittsburg 5:20 p. m.

No. 107 daily leaves Pittsburg and DuBois. On Sundays only train leaves Driftwood at 3:30 a. m., arriving at 6:00 a. m. at Reynoldsville, leaving DuBois 2:59 p. m., Driftwood 3:40 p. m., stopping at intermediate stations.