

THE FIERCE BUFFALO

HE IS MORE THAN A MATCH FOR THE KING OF BEASTS.

In fact, one of the African Bull is not afraid to tackle two lions at once and has even been known to kill an elephant.

The bulls of all the species of the genus are as savage and dangerous at times. The Romans knew no better sport than to see a powerful bull of the common domestic species toss a lion unless it was to see him toss a man, and bullfights are still the most loved diversion in all Spanish and Spanish-American countries. The American bison used to be a fine fighter, the only indigenous animal which could whip him being the grizzly bear. But unquestionably the fiercest and most formidable gladiators of this genus are the buffaloes of Asia and Africa.

Experience has taught the lions of Africa discretion, and they never hunt the buffalo singly, but always in pairs or companies. The buffalo is far larger and more powerful than the lion, and a good toss of his long, sharp, powerful horns, which frequently exceed twelve feet from tip to tip, is usually enough to kill the so-called "king of beasts." In fact, one buffalo is almost a match for two lions. Once when Sir Samuel W. Baker was hunting in Africa he found the dislocated skeleton of a buffalo lying intermixed with the broken bones of a lion. He concluded from appearances that two lions had attacked one buffalo, but that the buffalo had killed one of them, but had finally succumbed to the other. Major Vardon and Mr. Oswell once saw a buffalo bull carry on successfully a fight against three lions until he suddenly dropped dead from the effects of a wound which Major Vardon had previously given him.

The Asiatic buffalo is smaller and less muscular than his African cousin, but he has his full share of prowess. He is more than a match for the tiger, which declines the combat unless urged to it by hunger. Even the domestic bull buffalo usually will whip the tiger. The Indian driver of a pair of large buffalo bullocks plunges unhesitatingly into the darkest and most tangled forest, aware that the tiger probably will not attack him when thus accompanied, and that even if it should his team would make short work of the ferocious beast with their massive horns. It is said the buffalo sometimes kills even the elephant, its mode of attack being to thrust its horns into the elephant's belly. This may happen sometimes, but can hardly take place often, as the great weight and strength of the elephant make it when enraged a foe which neither the buffalo nor any other animal can withstand. Buffalo fights and fights between buffaloes and tigers are main features in the entertainments of Indian princes.

Most species of wild animals usually get along pretty well among themselves, but fights between buffalo bulls are frequent and deadly. The victor in such contests always remorselessly pursues the fleeing vanquished and tries to look him in the rear. Sir Samuel W. Baker once came upon a pair of old bulls which, while fighting, had got their horns interlocked so they could not get loose. Having a rifle of great effectiveness, he killed them both at one shot.

The buffalo is not only one of the most redoubtable of fighters, but is also the most ruthless and ferocious of animal. Many animals, some rather infuriated, says Sir Samuel W. Baker, "but they can generally be turned by the stunning effect of a rifle shot, even though they may be mortally wounded, but a buffalo is a devil incarnate when it has once decided on the offensive. Nothing will turn it. If not killed it will assuredly destroy its adversary. There is no creature in existence that is so determined to stamp out the life of its opponent. Should it succeed in overthrowing its antagonist it will not only gore the body with its horns, but it will endeavor to tear it to pieces and will stand upon its lifeless form and stamp it with his hoofs until the mutilated remains are disfigured beyond all recognition." It is this ferocity of the buffalo which makes buffalo hunting so exciting and so perilous a sport. Experienced hunters are always careful not to stand in front of a buffalo which has been felled by a bullet and is apparently dead, for after every sign of life is gone it may spring to its feet and deal destruction in every direction. Baron Harrier, a Prussian, shot a buffalo on the White Nile several years ago. His native servant had just taken a position near the head of the animal, which was apparently dead, when it sprang to its feet and knocked the man headlong. Baron Harrier's rifle being unloaded, he courageously clubbed the weapon and tried to drive the buffalo off. The animal turned furiously upon him and stamped and gored him to death. The missionaries who found his body also found the carcass of the buffalo lying near it, and a little farther away was the body of his servant.

No land animal except possibly the elephant loves water so much as the buffalo. In a wild state it frequents swampy ground, where it wallows in the water and plasters itself with mud. Its coat of mud when hardened in the sun affords it protection from the great gnats which, especially in Africa, cause it much annoyance. The buffalo does not lose its love of water when domesticated, and its practice of lying in every stream it comes to even hitched to a cart gets it many flies and cursings from its drivers. A buffalo's usual way of affording

CRIMINALS ARE FATALISTS.

Is Matter How Often Captured, They Stick to One Specialty.

"Criminals seem to be the strongest kind of fatalists," remarked a judge who is widely known as an authority on criminology. "I have noticed that when a criminal is arrested after finishing one sentence the second charge is generally the same as the one which first got him into trouble. It seems like a strange kind of fatalism. I've known instances where one criminal has been arrested and punished five or six times on charges exactly the same." "What makes him do it? I'm not sure I can explain it satisfactorily, but I know it to be the case. It has occurred to me, and possibly this is the simplest explanation, that he reasons for a criminal adhering strictly to one line of work is the same as the fascination which holds a gambler to a table although luck is against him. "Each failure or each loss shows the victim a point which he has hitherto been ignorant of, and it is easy to convince himself that the next time he will escape that mistake. "And so it goes—ever the next time, just one more chance, and then another, ever confident that the luck must change and that each turn of the wheel leaves him just that much better equipped and that much more likely to win finally. Then there is the desperation, the unconscious and petty determination to make a success of it. "If he fails and is arrested, convicted and punished the process of the law simply goes to show him wherein his first job was bungling and poorly carried out. The first feeling of resignation that follows the bitterness of punishment is when he tells himself that next time he will not repeat the error which led to his detection on the present occasion. No sooner is he out of the penitentiary than he essays again to try his luck, this time carefully avoiding the mistake which first brought him to grief. "It is a well known fact that no criminal, no matter how expert or how daring, can cover up all his tracks. The very best crook will leave at least one loophole, will commit at least one error, which eventually fastens the guilt upon him. The poor criminals leave clues according to their skill or experience. So our imaginary crook, the second time he plans a job, while he carefully avoids a repetition of his first error, is almost sure to make some other one, and so on, each succeeding crime and detection pointing out to him the lines of his weakness, so that he is irresistibly led onward to his destruction."—Detroit Tribune.

ART OF ENTERTAINING.

Two Dressed Guests and the Lesson They Visited.

I once invited two brilliant sisters to come and stay for a few days at our little house in the country, writes John Strange Winter in Black and White. I don't know why I gave the invitation; it was done impulsively and on the spur of the moment. As we walked away from the house my husband said to me, "Why did you ask them?" "I don't know," I said blankly. "I don't know what we shall do with them. I don't know what we have at the other house to amuse brilliant women like these?" They arrived on the day we had fixed. We passed a happy evening, for dinner and country air round off the first day of a visit very easily, and the following morning when I came downstairs I found the sisters sitting in deck chairs in front of the house. To me they addressed themselves straight. "Now, we just wanted to say something to you," said one of them. "Would you please mind not entertaining us? We don't want to go anywhere, and we don't want to see any one. You'll find us, we have no doubt, and your beds are delightful. Give us these deck chairs, these lovely gardens, this perfect air, and we want nothing more. It is recreation and pleasure to us to feel that we can let ourselves go and do absolutely nothing. There is an old friend of mother's who is staying at a house three or four miles away, and if you could make it convenient to lend us the pony cart—no, not the carriage—we will go over and pay our respects to her, but otherwise, if you want to be kind to us, let us be absolutely idle all the time we are here."

I took them at their word, blessed them with all my heart, and they stayed a fortnight. When they left they declared they had never spent a fortnight so good, and we had become so fond of their cheerfulness and homelike company that we were loath to part with them even then. But think if I had tried to entertain them and they had submitted to be entertained and to have every hour paraded out! How dreadful! Premia Upon Marriage. In certain quarters of the world certain premiums are put upon early marriages. Some years ago the mayor of a southern town in France offered a reward of \$20 to every couple under the age of twenty-four who sought the matrimonial altar during his term of office. The mayor expended many thousands of francs in the manner described. Many years ago, when the number of marriages in a certain Alsatian town was far below the average, the municipal authorities publicly announced that all persons who married within a certain period should be exempt from local taxes for the space of five years. An epidemic of marriages set in at once. A well known Austrian nobleman was anxious to encourage matrimony among the peasants on his estate. He undertook to provide each bridegroom with tobacco supplies for life and each bride with four pairs of gloves yearly. The offer acted like a charm.

Remarkable Feats of Strength.

Louis de Bouffiers, who lived in the sixteenth century, could break a bar of iron with his hands. The strongest man could not take from him a ball which he held between his thumb and first finger. While standing up, with no support whatever, four strong soldiers could not move him. He remained as firm as a rock. Sometimes he amused himself by taking on his shoulders his own horse, fully harnessed, and with that heavy load he promenade the public square, to the great delight of the inhabitants. At about the same time there lived a Spaniard named Pledro, who could break the strongest handcuffs that could be put around his wrists. He folded his arms on his chest, and ten men pulling in different directions with ropes could not unfold them. Augustus II., elector of Saxony, was a man of great strength. He could carry a man in his open hand.

Corrected.

When Lord Young of the Scottish court of sessions was practicing before that court he appeared on one occasion before Lord Deas, who was accustomed to speak "broad Scotch." The printed "issue" or statement of facts in the case had got very dry aged and dirty from much handling, and Lord Deas, holding it up with a disgusted expression on his face, exclaimed, "Maister Young, dae en' that an' thae?" Young, throwing up his hands in affected horror, replied: "Heaven forbid my lord! I call it an' issue."

A PSYCHIC MESSAGE.

IT ROUSED A RAILROAD OFFICIAL TO SUDDEN ACTIVITY.

The Story of a Special Train That Was Sidetracked and How the Passenger Traffic Manager Got Warning of the Mishap. A number of railroad officials were chatting after a business meeting, when the discussion chanced to drift upon the question whether railroad men are superstitious. Presented with the opportunity to display their knowledge, some of the passenger men drifted into the realms of esoteric Buddhism and psychic phenomena, with a touch of spiritualism thrown in for full measure. Finally one of the party, a passenger traffic manager, insisted that he was neither superstitious nor did he understand psychic phenomena. "Just the same," he concluded, "I had one of those psychic things happen to me when I was engaged in trying to induce the Louisville and Nashville to travel by the Louisville and Nashville. The Grao Opera company was coming to town for a week's engagement, and the outfit, scenery and all, was coming over our line, thanks to the persuasive ability of the Louisville and Nashville's gentlemanly representative, who at that time was your humble servant. "The day before the grand opera season should be upon us the advance agent called upon me and, rubbing his hands gleefully, declared that the advance sales had been enormous. "A good first night," he declared, "would make the engagement a record breaker. If everything goes well to-morrow night they can't stop us. I suppose that scenery is on the way all right and will show up on time? "I assured him that it was as he supposed, and he left me in a happy frame of mind. The next day as I was sitting in my office thinking about nothing particular the conviction flashed upon me that it was up to me to get the Grao scenery to town in time for the opening performance. I laughed at the conviction at first, but it recurred to me with irresistible force, and I could not get it out of my head that the scenery was being done up on a side track somewhere between St. Louis and Nashville. I remembered that the opening opera was to be 'Aida,' which requires the double stage and therefore an endless amount of scenery. Accordingly if that scenery did not arrive no makeshift would supply the want of it. "By early afternoon I had worked myself into a state bordering upon nervous prostration, and finally I bolted for Major James Geddes' office. The major was then a division superintendent, and after apologizing for mixing up in a matter that was really none of my business, I asked him if the Grao scenery was on the way. "Certainly it is," he replied convincingly. "It left St. Louis early last evening and is coming special on a fast schedule. It will be here within an hour from now!" "How do you know all that?" I demanded. "Know it, know it?" shouted the major wrathfully. "How do I know it, my alive? Haven't I got the reports showing the makeup of the special, the time it left St. Louis and its schedule on which it is running? You had better get back to your office, young man, and keep on selling tickets. Don't meddle with the operating department unless you can talk sense." "Just the same, major," I insisted, "I have reason to know that the Grao scenery is not on the way to Nashville!" The major's wrath knew no bounds. "Where is it, then?" he shouted. "Somewhere on a side track between here and St. Louis," I replied. "Young man," said the major, rising, "you are such a blamed fool that I will break my rule and take the trouble to convince you that you are one instead of kicking you out of my office. Come with me!" "We rushed upstairs to the train dispatcher's office, where the major ordered the dispatcher to show me progress of the Grao special. "It's not progressing. It has been lying on the side track at Rioledo for five hours," replied the dispatcher, "and I've been scouring the system for an engine. The special's engine went dead." "The major forgot me, forgot everything, except that special. In a trice he had another engine tearing up the track to get to Rioledo from a point a few miles away, and then he cleared the track and gave the scenery the right of way clear to Nashville. That run of 185 miles from Rioledo to Nashville stands as a southern record today, but it burned up nearly every car in the outfit to make it. The special arrived thirty minutes before opening time. I had an army of wagons and men waiting for it, and before the curtain was rung up every stick of it was in place." "What did the major say?" was asked. "The next day he sent for me and said, 'Young man, the next time you have one of those nutty hunches hit the main line and see me before it works off.'"—S. G. A. in Chicago Record-Herald.

Learning to Dodge.

Wall Street—So your son is studying law. Do you expect that he will stick to it? Speculator—Oh no! I just want him to know enough about it so that he will be able to evade it successfully. —Detroit Free Press.

Ties and Time.

She—What is the difference between a made up tie and one you're yourself? He—Oh, about half an hour.—Cassett's Journal.

ORIGIN OF WHIST.

The Game Was First Called Triumph and Afterward Trump.

Whist was first called triumph, a name which was afterward corrupted into trump. The eighteenth century saw the whole object of the game being to win tricks by leading high cards or by trumping. Then came the era of Hoyle, which may be said to have lasted from 1790 to 1890 and taught players to think not only of their own hands, but of the other hands also, and to take advantage of the positions of the cards in them. Hoyle also taught that trumps might be more profitably employed than in simple trumping and showed that they might be used to disarm the adversary and to obtain secondary advantage in trick taking by other suits of less apparent power. It was not until 1890 that the philosophical era can be said to have begun, and the origin of the new movement was a knot of young men at Cambridge, England, known as the Little Whist school. This body kept records of its games, but no one thought of making the data known until 1861. Coherence in the system of play was still wanting, and this was supplied in 1864 with Dr. Pole's essay on the theory of the modern scientific whist.

THE ART OF EATING.

Food Must Please the Mind as Well as the Palate.

Pawlow has established the physiological importance of the mental state on digestion, having shown, for instance, that delirious produce secretion of gastric juice as soon as they are perceived by the eye, even before they are eaten. The food must not only be palatable, but must be served in an attractive manner—fine dishes, table decorations, etc. In eating we must take time to chew our food thoroughly. This serves a double purpose—first, through the act of mastication the coarser particles of food are broken up; second, more saliva is secreted and is thoroughly mixed with the food. The digestion of starch is thus materially aided, and the proteins are made more easily accessible to the action of the gastric juice. Water should accompany each meal. It increases the appetite and the enjoyment of food. After eating we should rest a little while before returning to our work.—Dr. Max Einhorn in Medical Record.

A DIFFICULT PENANCE.

Irish Pilgrims to the Skellig Rocks Risk Their Lives.

Ten miles off the coast of Kerry, in the west of Ireland, lie the Skellig rocks, one of which has been for years the scene of a difficult penance. A zig-zag path leads up some 700 feet to a light-house, but 700 feet more must be climbed before the summit is reached, where stand the ruins of St. Michael's monastery and a cross of St. Michael. Here on the anniversary of St. Michael devotes risk their lives in performing their devotions. First they have to squeeze themselves through the Needle's Eye, a tunnel in the rock thirteen feet long, the passing of which is like the ascent of a chimney. Then they creep on all fours up the Stone of Pain, whose smooth surface one false step is fatal; then, gathering outside the Spindle, a rock 1,500 feet above the Atlantic and projecting some ten feet, each pilgrim must "ride a cock horse to St. Michael's cross," say a Pater-noster and shuffle back as best he can.—Pearson's Weekly.

Mama.

A mother sent her twelve-year-old daughter to the pork butcher with money to purchase a ham. "Tell Mr. — that I want a ham exactly like the last two I bought," she said, and when the little lady arrived at the shop she delivered the message thus: "Mr. —, mamma says she wants another ham of the same hog as the last two she bought." How many of us wish that when we accidentally pick up a first rate ham the same hog could keep on producing its like for time and eternity! As the butcher says: "I can run a pig for a month or two; but they suddenly get tough and dry and hard and altogether disappointing."—New York Press.

Antiquity of Brewing.

The ancient Egyptians understood and practiced the art of brewing several centuries before the Christian era, as did also the ancient Greeks. Spaniards and Britons made a fermented drink from wheat, which was used in Spain under the name ceria, and also in Gaul. Tacitus tells us that in his day, about 100 A. D., beer was the common beverage and that the Germans understood how to convert barley into malt. Six hundred years later Charlemagne gave orders that the best brewers should always accompany his court.

A Continuous Round.

"Bivens seems very proud of the fact that he has a bank account." "Yes, it has developed him into a financier of the continuous type." "How is that?" "He checks his money out just for the pleasure of putting it back again."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A "Practical" Wedding Gift.

Pearl—Oh, we had a delightful wedding and received so many silver presents. Ruby—That was fine. And did your father give something in silver too? Pearl—No, he gave us a bottle of acid to test the other presents with.—Chicago News.

It Doesn't Take Any Grit to Grumble.

Chicago Tribune.

DESERT SHEEP HENDERS.

Their Lonely, Dreary Life Tends to Drive Them Crazy.

Do you realize what it means to watch 5,000 sheep alone in the desert? You have read weird, ghoulish stories of the horror of the solitary lighthouse keeper's life, but compared to the days of the Mexican shepherd those of the average keeper of the light are filled with gaiety and noise. Even with their one or two dogs the shepherds often go insane, and were it not for the company of their shaggy rilles the lunacy among them would rise to an almost incredible percentage. If we are to believe those who have followed the sheep in the desert and therefore may be supposed to know. Once in old Santa Fe, N. M., I met a man who for twelve years had followed the sheep. His work was done. All day long he sat in a chair in the rear of a little dove store, crouched over, gibbering to himself, beating an idiot. He still saw his sheep swaying like a great white wave among the sagebrush, and ever in his ears sounded the killing monotone of their bleats. One boy, though fifteen years of age, is mentally no further advanced than the average child of five. His father is a shepherd, his mother died when he was four years old, and his father took him out upon the range. All his life has been spent among the sheep. He is one with them today. How is it possible, then, you ask, that men are to be found willing to watch them? It is very easy. Sheep herding is a lary job at best, and the "graze" is the latest creature on earth. For 820 a month he is willing to sit in the sand and listen to the never ending bleating until the little mind he has given way and they fetch him in from the range insane. He is glad to take the chance for \$20 a month. The greaser is not the only shepherd in the west. On the vast ranges of Nevada and Wyoming you may run across an occasional college man tending the sheep. Once, indeed, a college professor, ill of consumption, undertook to follow Maypole heathers for the summer. In autumn they found him insane, on his hands and knees among the sheep, bleating with them. Day after day his eyes beheld only a brilliant turquoise sky, in which huns a sea of brass; an ocean sweep of sage flecked sand and a slowly moving, compact mass of sheep. His ears hear no sound save the steady "Baa, baa" day and night, affecting him as the Chinese criminal of ancient days was affected by the regular tap, tap of a hidden drum. And yet so long as the desert continues to provide food for the "heathers" so long will shepherds go mad among the flocks, and for ten years the desert's greatest value to man has been the food it has offered the sheep, nor yet is the store depleted.—Pilgrim.

The Wickedness of Growing Old.

Here are the three deadly symptoms of old age: Solitism, stagnation, intolerance. If we find them in ourselves we may know we are growing old, even if we are on the merry side of thirty. But, happily, we have three defenses, which are invulnerable. If we use them we shall die young if we live to be a hundred. They are: Sympathy, progress, tolerance. The first is the hardest to most of us, because our own little prison of the actual is so happily so important to us. There is no denying the fact that when you have a toothache yourself it is hard to have to consider other people's aches. But it can be done, though it generally involves physical effort, for we must bestir ourselves and act. The mere feeling of sympathy expressed by action is a poor, useless thing, but the soul, determined not to grow old, can force the body to such physical effort, though there is no denying that it is hard work.—Harper's Bazar.

Toothache.

Toothache is something to be dreaded. Until a dentist can be consulted and the exact cause of the disturbance located and professionally treated it is an excellent thing to moisten the finger and, after dipping it into some bicarbonate of soda, rub it on the gum round the sore tooth. It is also a relief to mix a teaspoonful of this bicarbonate of soda in half a glass of warm water and rinse the mouth with such every little while, holding a little in the mouth for a few seconds so that it penetrates all the crevices. The soda, being an alkali, serves to neutralize the acids in the month, which are often the cause of toothache.

Knew the Crowd.

A street preacher in a vest of Scotland town called a policeman who was passing and complained about being annoyed by a certain section of the audience and asked him to remove the objectionable ones. "Well, ye see," replied the cautious officer, "it would be a hard job for me to see them, but I'll tell ye what I'd dae if I were you." "What would you do?" eagerly inquired the preacher. "Just get round w' the hat!"

His Line.

"Yes," said the lecturer, "I'm dealing in furniture these days." "How is that?" asked a listener. "Making one night stands under a lecture bureau, with the help of the time tables."—Baltimore American.

When to Cut Woods.

She—When should a young widow discard her weeds? He—Oh, I don't know, but I suppose she should cut them out just as soon as she wants to raise a second crop of orange blossoms.—Baltimore Herald.

Decision of Character.

Decision of character will often give to an inferior mind command over a superior.—Witt.

WANTED!

Girls to learn Cloth Picking and Winding.

Enterprise Silk Co.

Pennsylvania Railroad
BUFFALO & ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.
Low Grade Division.
In Effect Nov. 27, 1904. Eastern Standard Time.

STATIONS.	EASTWARD.				WESTWARD.			
	No. 10	No. 101	No. 102	No. 103	No. 10	No. 101	No. 102	No. 103
Pittsburg	9:00 a. m.	9:15 a. m.	9:30 a. m.	9:45 a. m.	7:45 a. m.	7:30 a. m.	7:15 a. m.	7:00 a. m.
Fort Bank	9:20	9:35	9:50	10:05	8:05	7:50	7:35	7:20
Lansdown	9:40	9:55	10:10	10:25	8:25	8:10	7:45	7:30
Oak Ridge	10:00	10:15	10:30	10:45	8:45	8:30	7:55	7:40
Mayport	10:20	10:35	10:50	11:05	9:05	8:50	8:05	7:50
Brookville	10:40	10:55	11:10	11:25	9:25	9:10	8:25	8:10
Youngstown	11:00	11:15	11:30	11:45	9:45	9:30	8:45	8:30
Chillicothe	11:20	11:35	11:50	12:05	10:05	9:50	9:05	8:50
Delaware	11:40	11:55	12:10	12:25	10:25	10:10	9:25	9:10
Yatesburg	12:00	12:15	12:30	12:45	10:45	10:30	9:45	9:30
Wheeling	12:20	12:35	12:50	1:05	11:05	10:50	10:05	9:50
Pennard	12:40	12:55	1:10	1:25	11:25	11:10	10:25	10:10
Tyler	1:00	1:15	1:30	1:45	11:45	11:30	10:45	10:30
Bennettsburg	1:20	1:35	1:50	2:05	12:05	11:50	11:05	10:50
Greenfield	1:40	1:55	2:10	2:25	12:25	12:10	11:25	11:10
Driftwood	2:00	2:15	2:30	2:45	12:45	12:30	11:45	11:30
Pittsburg	2:20	2:35	2:50	3:05	1:05	1:00	1:15	1:10

Train No. 10 leaves Pittsburg 9:00 a. m., Buffalo 10:00 a. m., Brookville 11:00 a. m., Youngstown 12:00 p. m., Erie 1:00 p. m., Buffalo 2:00 p. m., Pittsburgh 3:30 p. m.

Train No. 101 leaves Pittsburg 7:45 a. m., Buffalo 8:45 a. m., Brookville 9:45 a. m., Youngstown 10:45 a. m., Erie 11:45 a. m., Buffalo 12:45 p. m., Pittsburgh 2:30 p. m.

Train No. 102 leaves Buffalo 4:00 p. m., Erie 5:00 p. m., Brookville 6:00 p. m., Youngstown 7:00 p. m., Buffalo 8:00 p. m., Pittsburgh 9:30 p. m.

Train No. 103 leaves Buffalo 4:45 p. m., Erie 5:45 p. m., Brookville 6:45 p. m., Youngstown 7:45 p. m., Buffalo 8:45 p. m., Pittsburgh 10:00 p. m.

Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division

In Effect Nov. 27th, 1904. Trains leave Driftwood as follows:

EASTWARD.	
STATIONS.	Time.
Driftwood	6:30 a. m.
Willsboro	7:00
Hazleton	7:30
Port Jervis	8:00
Scranton	8:30
Washington	9:00
Baltimore	9:30
Philadelphia	10:00

JOHNSBURGH RAILROAD

STATIONS.	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4
Johnsburg	7:00 a. m.	7:15	7:30	7:45
Willsboro	7:15	7:30	7:45	8:00
Hazleton	7:30	7:45	8:00	8:15
Port Jervis	7:45	8:00	8:15	8:30
Scranton	8:00	8:15	8:30	8:45
Washington	8:15	8:30	8:45	9:00
Baltimore	8:30	8:45	9:00	9:15
Philadelphia	8:45	9:00	9:15	9:30

ELIZABETH & CLEARFIELD RAILROAD

and Connections.

WESTWARD.	
STATIONS.	Time.
Philadelphia	8:00 a. m.
Baltimore	8:30
Washington	9:00
Scranton	9:30
Port Jervis	10:00
Hazleton	10:30
Willsboro	11:00
Johnsburg	11:30

PITTSBURG, CLARION & SUIPERVILLE RAILROAD

Passenger Train Schedule. First Class Trains Daily except Sunday, connecting with P. & E. Trains at Summerville.

GOING EAST.			
No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	
Clarion, leave	7:50 a. m.	11:10 a. m.	4:25 p. m.
Suiperville, arrive	9:00	12:30	5:25
Waterford, leave	9:15	12:45	5:40
Summerville, arrive	9:30	1:00	5:55 p. m.
GOING WEST.			
No. 2	No. 4	No. 5	
Summerville, leave	8:55 a. m.	12:50 p. m.	6:25 p. m.
Waterford, arrive	9:15	1:10	6:45
Clarion, arrive	9:30	1:25	7:00