

JEFFERSON HUMBLED

ONLY TIME THE GREAT ACTOR WAS GREETED WITH HISSES.

It occurred in St. Louis when the genial comedian, then a mere boy, through stage fright, turned a tableau into a dismal fiasco.

The only time Joe Jefferson was ever hissed from the stage occurred in St. Louis, where in later years he was to become one of the most pronounced favorites of all the actors who visited the city.

Jefferson's early life was of the most varied description, though never extending beyond the limits of the sock and buskin save when for awhile he essayed to run a cafe in a Texas town, but, despite its kaleidoscopic quality, it was never one in which the embarrassment of dismal artistic failure entered except on this occasion. The genial actor, the dean of the American stage at the time of his death, did miss it in a kindly but brief manner in his "Autobiography," yet it is apparent that he was stung to the quick by the fiasco, for he did not appear in St. Louis again for thirty-two years and then only when his position had soared to assured and brilliant stellar heights. Speaking of this re-occurrence in 1873, he merely says that it was his "first in St. Louis since the memorable season when as a youth I had been hissed from the stage."

It was in 1844 that the trouble occurred, when Jefferson was but fifteen years old. The occasion was his first trip to the west and south. He had joined the company, of which his mother was a member, the season before, when it was starting for the west, had played in Chicago, then only an insignificant village, worked down through Illinois to Louisiana and Mississippi, and on the return north began a summer engagement in St. Louis under the management of Ludlow & Smith, then one of the most prominent theatrical firms in the country. The stars of his company, an exceptionally good one for its time, included players whose names are well remembered even unto today, and among them were such notables in the stage world as Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keen, Anna Cora Mowatt and James K. Hackett.

The season spent in travel had been uneventful, and that in St. Louis was no departure from this even tenor except for the unfortunate fiasco which befell young Jefferson. Everything went well until the night of the Fourth of July, and on this occasion the management decided to make the performance fitting to the day by introducing at the close of the regular bill a patriotic tableau, in which Jefferson was deputed to act as soloist and sing the "Star Spangled Banner." When the assignment was given him he was plunged into an ecstasy of delight. Hitherto he had been playing all manner of small parts, handling properties and doing such other things of general utility as the managers saw fit to saddle upon him, and now for the first time in his career he was to stand in the center of the stage, the attention of the audience concentrated upon his youthful form, and render the star number of the bill.

The patriotic tableau had been heavily billed, and the house was crowded for the Independence day performance. Jefferson was in a frenzy of excitement, and as he peeped through the curtain at the great audience he felt that his reputation was made. For days he had rehearsed the national anthem, sung it "backward and forward," as he subsequently declared, until he was certain of the effect he would produce, coupled especially with the enthusiasm that would naturally be in the air on such an occasion. This night his fame was in the making; on the morrow it would leap from tongue to tongue around the town. So he felt and proudly strutted the stage in the ardor and assuredness of his youth, waiting impatiently for the moment to come when he, and he alone, would be the center of interest, the star of the principal event on the bill.

At last the dramatic offering of the evening reached its final curtain, and the preparations for the patriotic number began. They were simple enough—a wood setting, the company grouped in conventional attire on the stage. "Those who had swallowtail coats wore them," said Jefferson later in life, "and those who were not blessed with that graceful garment did the best they could." In the center of the conventional half circle stood the "Goddess of Liberty" on a small dais, one of the female members of the troupe in ordinary evening dress, with a pasteboard Roman helmet on her head and her figure draped with a United States ensign.

Jefferson stood by the side of this imposing woman, and as the curtain rose a great roar of applause went up from the crowd of patriots assembled in pit, balcony, gallery and boxes, and at that wave of sound the boy's heart leaped to his throat, his brain swam, and his tongue seemed suddenly transformed into a huge, thick piece of solid muck. He had stage fright in its worst form, but as the orchestra struck up the first notes of the anthem he managed to bring back a measure of his self control and advanced boldly to the footlights. In a trembling voice he uttered the words, "Oh, say can you see"—and his mind was a blank. Red flames seemed to start in torrents across his vision, his brain ached, and his body trembled, but he could remember no more.

Grasping the situation, the orchestra leader stopped the musicians and began the anthem over again, but it was of no avail. Once more Jefferson essayed to sing, but no additional words could he recall, and as he stood there

shaking in every limb, bated in perspiration, bewildered and gasping, there came to his ears the sound that had never greeted him before nor ever was to greet him again—a hiss, loud, sibilant, shrill and penetrating. Some of the audience began to laugh, others took up the chorus of the hiss. "I love my country," said Jefferson in speaking about his feelings at that moment, "but at that hour I cursed our national anthem from the bottom of my heart."

The Goddess of Liberty turned toward him slightly, and he heard her gentle voice murmur, "Poor fellow!" It sounded like the noise of a cannon in his ears and added to his confusion. The hissing increased, and sarcastic epithets were hurled above the bedlam. The orchestra played over and over again the introduction of the anthem, old Muller, the leader, calling out, "Go on, go on." But it was no use. The hissing had done its work, and with presence of mind enough to bow, Jefferson retreated hastily to the wings, where he threw himself into the arms of his mother, and together they sobbed over their misery over the incident and the failure.

It was weeks before Jefferson recovered from the blow the fiasco had inflicted upon him and years before he could think of St. Louis without a shudder, yet, though condemning hissing for so slight an offense, never a word did he utter at any time in his life against the city or its citizens that had used him so unkindly. The warmth of the reception tendered him on his reappearance in St. Louis, thirty-two years later, more than compensated him for that early fiasco, as he personally declared at the time, and subsequently he came to love the city that had given him such a cold douche and set down in its records his only marked failure of any kind.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THEY WOULDN'T GROW.

A Sharp Swindler Once Sold Uncle Sam Botted Seeds.

Several years ago Uncle Sam was "snagged" by a sharp swindler as ever swindled and who afterward managed in some clever manner to keep without the precincts of the penitentiary. The sharper in this particular case worked his wiles on the authorities of the department of agriculture, it is stated, and put the free garden seed division of that department in bad odor with numerous agriculturists for many moons thereafter.

He was a grafter from Craftsburg, this fellow was, and his particular graft was bottled tomato seed. He conceived the brilliant idea of furnishing the department of agriculture with large quantities of these seeds from the vegetable canneries of Maryland, Delaware and New Jersey, representing them to be the fresh product of the tomato vine and excellent for propagating purposes.

The fact that the tomato seeds had passed through boiling water in the process of canning and were therefore practically cooked and rendered unproductive did not bear a feather's weight on the fellow's conscience, for was not Uncle Sam regarded as common prey for all manner of grafters? He was backed by influence, and the government bought liberal quantities of his bottled seeds.

When these were sent out in little manila envelopes broadcast by members of congress and others to farmers and even back yard gardeners in all parts of the land labeled "Early Duchess Tomato Seeds," with full directions for planting, the government agents acted in perfect good faith. But at the expiration of the proper period and tomato vines failing to rear their heads from the soil where the cooked seed had been planted there arose a howl long, loud and bitter. The tomato crop is said to have been short that season, and so many protests were hurled at the department of agriculture by the injured ones that it became necessary, old employees say, to establish a new division temporarily in the department known as "the division of protests and tomato seed inquiry," and for a time it was the busiest branch in the building of agriculture.—Washington Star.

When Brodie Bluffed Mitchell.

Once, when in England, Steve Brodie, the famous bridge jumper, was in a party which included Charlie Mitchell, the prize fighter. Mitchell made some remarks derogatory to John L. Sullivan, to which Brodie rejoined with some sarcastic observations on the sprinting ability Mitchell displayed while in the ring with Sullivan. This angered the prize fighter, who knocked Brodie flat. As he scrambled to his feet, Mitchell made another rush at him, but by then Brodie had a pistol in his hand, and thrusting it under his assailant's nose, remarked: "You think you're going to make a reputation off leekin' Steve Brodie, don't yer? Well, you just hit me once and there'll be a lot in the papers about it, but you won't read it." That closed the incident.

What Fatigue Really Is.

Tiredness is as natural a condition of life as is the ability to perform work, writes Andrew Wilson in the Illustrated London News. It is nature's signal that rest and repose are necessary in order to recuperate the vital powers. Think for a moment of the supply of nourishment (which means the giving of energy, or "the power of doing work") to any part. The healthy frame receives its due quota of food materials and out of them builds up its substance and obtains its working power. But the supply of energy is not constant; hence after a certain exhaustion of the store it originally possessed the human engine demands more coal and water. Fatigue is the sign manual which authorizes the fresh supply.

LET HIM BE NAMELESS.

A Method of Punishment as Old as Mankind Itself.

When men wish to punish one of their fellows in a peculiar way, when they desire particularly to show their deep disapproval of some wrong he has committed, they do not cast him into prison; they do not even take his life; they blot out his name. All other punishments which men have devised from the days of darkest barbarism to the present sink into comparative insignificance beside the subtle, searching, complete penalty of the simple dictum, "Let him be nameless."

In the chapel at West Point there is a tablet in which names of the country's Revolutionary heroes are graven in gold. And there is one name all but scored out with a sinister bar of black, just enough of the letters showing to enable one to trace the name, "Benedict Arnold." This was the nation's way of erasing the name of a traitor.

In the regular army the officer who steals is ostracized absolutely. Not only is he forbidden to have any commerce with other officers, but they are forbidden to associate with him or to recognize him in any way. In his native place he is published as one not fit to associate with gentlemen. This is the army's way of punishment for those who have failed to measure themselves closely to the standard of an officer and a gentleman.

Blotting out the name of an offender is not a new method of punishment. It is as old as mankind itself. When Job wished to show his abhorrence of a wicked man he said, "His remembrance shall perish from the earth, and he shall have no name in the street." David also said of the transgressors against divine and human laws, "Let them be blotted out of the book of the living." The eternal fire and brimstone of the earlier—and some of the later—stern religions still leaves existence for the culprit. But man comes as near to decreasing annihilation as he can when he would have the remembrance of a fellow being perish from the earth and would have him walk the streets nameless and unknown and unrecognized.

To the sensitive man, the man who has reared a structure based on character and embracing culture and social standing, there must be a poignancy about this sort of punishment that searches the very depths of the soul. To such a man the quietude, the isolation, of a prison cell is little more than escape from the accusing eyes of his fellows. No law's penalty can add to his mental suffering. He is in a worse plight than Cain, for Cain bore a distinguishing brand. Cain still had a name.

Hale wrote about the man without a country. But what pen is capable of describing the feelings, the sufferings, of a man without a name? He has been blotted out of the book of the living, yet he lives. He appears in the streets, but without a name. His remembrance has perished from his earth, yet he remembers, and in this remembering while all others have forgotten lies the chief sting, the deepest thrust of the way men punish when they say "Let him be nameless." To be forgotten of men while one still treads the earth; to meet in the eyes of former friends and acquaintances no glimpse of recognition; to be a cipher where once one was a figure of consequence—can human ingenuity devise greater punishment than this?—Chicago Post.

The Hour Before Breakfast.

Romance is coy in the morning; courtship thinks it requires moonlight, but the hour before breakfast is the best in the day, and it is the hour that lovers should set; the all important step in life. We do not half appreciate the morning, when the faculties have come from their rest with new lights and garnered energies.

Suppose Newton had been sitting under that apple tree after dark, how could he have known what hit him? A happy marriage is quite the biggest thing any man can achieve for himself. Millions are poverty without it. Does it not follow that the wise young man of this generation ought to apply the best rules of human experience to the greatest moment of his life? The hour before breakfast ought to be his time. If she looks well then she will look lovely all the other hours of the day. It is not only an opportunity for the man; it is a test of the girl. Moonlight has its uses, moonlight has its beauty, but the flowers bloom unseen. It is the hour before breakfast that all nature is brightest, and it is the hour before breakfast that love should be up and doing.

Two neighbors were conversing the other day when one said to the other: "By the way, how is Mrs. Hogg, the invalid, going on?" "Oh," replied the other, "they do not call her Mrs. Hogg now."

"Why, what do they call her?" "Oh, they call her Mrs. Bacon now. She's cured."

How to Express It. "I'm so sorry supper isn't ready," said Mrs. Dinsmore to her husband when he came in. "I attended the meeting of the sewing circle this afternoon, and I couldn't get away."

"Hemmed in, were you?" asked her husband.

What Irritates Him. Mother—Willie, you must stop asking your father questions. Don't you see they annoy him? Willie—No'm; it ain't my questions that annoy him. It's the answers he can't give that make him mad.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Vainglorious men are the scorn of the wise, the admiration of fools, the idol of parasites and the slaves of their own vaunts.—Bacon.

THE POWER TO PLEASE.

A Potent Factor For Success In Any Career You May Adopt.

The power to please is a tremendous asset. What can be more valuable than a personality which always attracts, never repels? It is not only valuable in business, but also in every field of life. It makes statesmen and politicians; it brings clients to the lawyer and patients to the physician; it is worth everything to the clergyman. No matter what career you enter, you cannot overestimate the importance of cultivating that charm of manner, those personal qualities, which attract people to you. They will take the place of capital or influence; they are often a substitute for a large amount of hard work.

Some men attract business, customers, clients, patients, as naturally as magnets attract particles of steel. Everything seems to point their way, for the same reason that the steel particles point toward the magnet—because they are attracted.

Such men are business magnets. Business moves toward them, even when they do not apparently make half so much effort to get it as the less successful. Their friends call them "lucky dogs." But if we analyze these men closely we find that they have attractive qualities. There is usually some charm of personality about them that wins all hearts.—Success.

THE MAGICIAN'S THUMB.

It Is His Worst Enemy In Sleight of Hand Tricks.

In every sort of magic the magician's thumb is his worst enemy, says Nina Carter Marbourg in Leslie's Weekly. If he could strike off that thumb and still have its assistance when necessary he would be a happy man. In closing the hand the thumb usually bends toward the palm in advance of the fingers. In this way it many times is much in the way, and practice is necessary to get a magician's thumb in perfect training. But when he has practiced in the school of magic for some time the thumb becomes so flexible that it will bend nearly to the back of the hand.

Cards are invariably the beginning of a magician's education. In handling cards the thumb is especially in the way, and this is the reason why this trickery with the pasteboards is selected for the beginner. To change one card for another in front of one's very eyes and still to have made no perceptible movement of the hand is a trick that beginners learn to perform before they have been in the school for any great length of time. This, as may be imagined, is a difficult piece of work to become proficient in, and here is just the place where determination plays a great part in success.

BISMARCK CONSENTED.

He Was the Final Arbitrator of an English Love Match.

When the third son of the Duke of Argyll bestowed his affections upon an unfitted woman he felt bound to ask the old gentleman's consent. The duke answered that personally he had no objections to the match, but in view of the fact that his eldest son had espoused a daughter of the queen he thought it right to inquire her majesty's pleasure on the subject before expressing his formal approval.

Her majesty, thus appealed to, observed that since the death of the prince consort she had been in the habit of consulting the Duke of Saxe-Coburg on all family affairs.

The matter was therefore referred to Duke Ernest, who replied that since the unification of Germany he had made it a rule to ask the emperor's opinion on all important questions.

The case now came before the kaiser, who decided that, as a constitutional sovereign, he was bound to ascertain the views of his prime minister.

Happily for the now anxious pair of lovers the "Iron Chancellor," who was then in office, had no wish to consult anybody and decided that the marriage might take place, and it did.

Knife Blades. Pocketknife blades are very unevenly tempered. Even in so called standard cutlery some blades are hard and some are soft. For the latter there is no remedy, but the temper of hard blades can easily be drawn slightly. Take a kitchen poker and heat it red hot, have the blade that is to be drawn bright and hold it on the poker for a moment. When the color runs down to violet blue, stick the blade into a piece of tallow or beef suet until cold.

A Change. Two neighbors were conversing the other day when one said to the other: "By the way, how is Mrs. Hogg, the invalid, going on?" "Oh," replied the other, "they do not call her Mrs. Hogg now."

"Why, what do they call her?" "Oh, they call her Mrs. Bacon now. She's cured."

DESPERATE FIGHTING.

"The Men Threw Themselves on the Bayonets of the Enemy."

It is a phrase merely to those of us who do not know war at first hand, "Then the men threw themselves on the bayonets of the enemy." It sounds desperate and dramatic, but this account in Blackwood's Magazine by a naval sublieutenant at Port Arthur shows what it really means:

For thirty long minutes a hand to hand struggle had continued. Men threw grenades in each other's faces. Half demented samurai flung themselves upon the bayonets of the dozen Muscovites that held the traverse in the trench. Who shall say that the day of the bayonet is past? Although there was not a breach that had not its cartridge in the chamber, yet men roused to the limit of their animal fury overlooked the mechanical appliances that make war easy. They thrust to come to grips, and to grips they came.

But it had to end. The old colonel had fought his way through his own men to the very point of the struggle. He stood on the parapet, and his rich voice for a second curbed the fury of the wild creatures struggling beside him.

"Throw yourselves on their bayonets, honorable comrades!" he shouted. "Those who come behind will do the rest!" His men heard him; his officers heard him. Eight stalwarts dropped their rifles, held their hands against their heads and flung themselves against the traverse. Before the Russian defenders could extricate the bayonets from their bodies the whole pack of the war dogs had surged over them. The trench was won.

AIDING THE MEMORY.

Mnemonic Systems Have Been In Use From Time Immemorial.

The art of rendering artificial aid to the memory by associating in the mind things difficult to remember with those which are easy of recollection is said to have originated with the Egyptians. The first person to reduce it to a system was, according to Cicero, the poet Simonides, who lived 500 B. C. His plan is known as the topical or locality plan and was in substance as follows: Choose a large house with a number of differently furnished apartments in it. Impress upon the mind carefully all that is noticeable in the house so that the mind can readily go over the parts. Then place a series of ideas in the house—the first in the hall, the next in the sitting room, and so on with the rest. Now, when one wishes to recall these ideas in their proper succession, commence going through the house, and the idea placed in each department will be found to readily recur to the mind in connection with it.

It is related that this mnemonic plan was first suggested to the poet by a tragic occurrence. Having been called from a banquet just before the roof of the house fell and crushed all the rest of the company, he found on returning that the bodies were so mutilated that no individual could be recognized, but by remembering the places which they had severally occupied at the table he was able to identify them. He was thus led to notice that the order of places may by association suggest the order of things.

Italy and Her Criminals. In Italy whenever a famous criminal trial is on the newspapers take sides violently, search for evidence and assume all the prerogatives of the court. That they are even more sensational than the American press in this regard is indicated by the fact that Italian reading accounts of great cases in the American papers are always struck with the moderation of tone shown and wonder how it is that Americans take so little interest in what concerns the whole world. "The Americans are a great people," say the Italians, "but cold; they don't even warm to their own criminals!"

New Field For Dictionaries. Mrs. Ella Mentary writes to a department store for a dictionary of convenient size and scope to be used in bed. Her husband has recently taken to the use of long words in his sleep talk.—Lippincott's Magazine.

A FOOLISH PLAN.



"'Tis a joy to eat—I welcome my dinner hour; Because I rout indigestion with August Flower!" "Constipation is the result of indigestion, biliousness, flatulency, loss of appetite, self-poisoning, anemia, emaciation, uric acid, neuralgia in various parts of the system, catarrhal inflammation of the intestinal canal and numerous other ailments that rob life of its pleasures if they do not finally rob you of life itself. "I'm bound in the bowels," is a common expression of people who look miserable and are miserable—yet who persist in "letting nature take its course." "What a foolish plan, when nature could be aided by the use of Green's August Flower, which is nature's own remedy for constipation and all stomach ills. "August Flower gives new life to the liver and insures healthy stools. "Two sizes, 25c and 75c. All druggists. For sale by Boyle-Woodward Drug Co.

Sir Walter Scott's Funeral. That is a touching story told of the funeral of Sir Walter Scott: The road by which the procession took its way wound over a hill, whence can be seen one of the most beautiful landscapes. It was his habit to pause there to gaze upon the scene, and when taking a friend out to drive he never failed to stop there and call the attention of his companion to the most beautiful points of the view. Few could refrain from tears when, carrying their master on his last journey, the horses stopped at the old familiar spot, as it were, for him to give a last look at the scene he had loved so well.

A Class Room Pun. When Lord Kelvin was Sir William Thomson his lectures were not always in simple enough language for the students to understand, and they were usually glad when his demonstrator, named Day, took his place. On one occasion when Sir William Thomson left for town one of them wrote in large letters in the class room: "Work while it is Day, for when the knight cometh no man can work."

A Quick Choice. The late bishop of London was once ordered by his physician to spend the winter in Algiers. The bishop said it was impossible; he had so many engagements. "Well, my lord bishop," said the specialist, "it either means Algiers or heaven." "Oh, in that case," said the bishop, "I'll go to Algiers."

One Sense Keen. Nell—She claims that she makes it a point to be blind to the faults of others. Belle—Well, she may be blind, but she's not deaf. She likes to listen to tales of them.—Exchange.

The happiness of the wicked passes away like a torrent.—Racine. She Reasoned It Out. Ethel—Mamma, if a little boy is a lad, why isn't a big boy a ladder? Mamma—For the same reason, I suppose, that, although a little doll is a doll, a big doll is not a dollar. Ethel (reflectively)—That's so. My big doll was \$2.—Kansas City Journal.

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Cathartics are not tonic-laxatives. Pills and salts and castor-oil are cathartics. They leave the system in an exhausted and depressed condition. Many cathartics contain drugs that produce hemorrhoids and other unfavorable complications. Celery King is a tonic-laxative. It restores the intestinal tract and digestive organs to their normal condition. It cures constipation and the ill resulting from inactive bowels. Price, either herb or tablet form, 25c. For sale by Boyle-Woodward Drug Co.

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

BUFFALO & ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

In Effect May 28, 1905. Eastern Standard Time.

STATIONS.	EASTWARD.			
	No. 109	No. 113	No. 101	No. 15
Pittsburg	8:22	9:00	1:30	6:55
Red Bank	9:25	11:05	4:05	7:55
Lawsonville	10:25	12:05	4:55	8:55
New Bethlehem	11:25	1:05	5:55	9:55
Oak Ridge	12:25	2:05	6:55	10:55
Mayport	1:25	3:05	7:55	11:55
Summerville	2:25	4:05	8:55	12:55
Brookville	3:25	5:05	9:55	1:55
Patuxent	4:25	6:05	10:55	2:55
Fallers	5:25	7:05	11:55	3:55
Reynoldsville	6:25	8:05	12:55	4:55
Patuxent	7:25	9:05	1:55	5:55
Fallers	8:25	10:05	2:55	6:55
Brookville	9:25	11:05	3:55	7:55
Summerville	10:25	12:05	4:55	8:55
Mayport	11:25	1:05	5:55	9:55
Oak Ridge	12:25	2:05	6:55	10:55
New Bethlehem	1:25	3:05	7:55	11:55
Lawsonville	2:25	4:05	8:55	12:55
Red Bank	3:25	5:05	9:55	1:55
Pittsburg	4:25	6:05	10:55	2:55

WESTWARD.

STATIONS.	WESTWARD.			
	No. 108	No. 106	No. 102	No. 14
Driftwood	8:25	9:05	1:35	6:50
Lawsonville	9:25	10:05	2:35	7:50
Summerville	10:25	11:05	3:35	8:50
Brookville	11:25	12:05	4:35	9:50
Patuxent	12:25	1:05	5:35	10:50
Fallers	1:25	2:05	6:35	11:50
Reynoldsville	2:25	3:05	7:35	12:50
Patuxent	3:25	4:05	8:35	1:50
Fallers	4:25	5:05	9:35	2:50
Brookville	5:25	6:05	10:35	3:50
Summerville	6:25	7:05	11:35	4:50
Mayport	7:25	8:05	12:35	5:50
Oak Ridge	8:25	9:05	1:35	6:50
New Bethlehem	9:25	10:05	2:35	7:50
Lawsonville	10:25	11:05	3:35	8:50
Red Bank	11:25	12:05	4:35	9:50
Pittsburg	12:25	1:05	5:35	10:50

Train 102 (Sunday) leaves Pittsburg 6:00 p.m., Red Bank 7:30 p.m., Lawsonville 9:00 p.m., Brookville 10:30 p.m., Patuxent 12:00 p.m., Fallers 1:30 p.m., Reynoldsville 3:00 p.m., Patuxent 4:30 p.m., Fallers 6:00 p.m., Brookville 7:30 p.m., Summerville 9:00 p.m., Mayport 10:30 p.m., Oak Ridge 12:00 p.m., New Bethlehem 1:30 p.m., Lawsonville 3:00 p.m., Red Bank 4:30 p.m., Pittsburg 6:00 p.m.

In effect May 28th, 1905. Trains leave Driftwood as follows:

EASTWARD.

Train	Time	Destination
9:04 a.m.	Train 12, weekdays, for Sunbury, Williamsport, Hazleton, Pottsville, Scranton, Harrisburg and Philadelphia.	
11:04 a.m.	Train 14, weekdays, for Sunbury, Williamsport, Hazleton, Pottsville, Scranton, Harrisburg and Philadelphia.	
1:04 p.m.	Train 16, weekdays, for Sunbury, Williamsport, Hazleton, Pottsville, Scranton, Harrisburg and Philadelphia.	
3:04 p.m.	Train 18, weekdays, for Sunbury, Williamsport, Hazleton, Pottsville, Scranton, Harrisburg and Philadelphia.	
5:04 p.m.	Train 20, weekdays, for Sunbury, Williamsport, Hazleton, Pottsville, Scranton, Harrisburg and Philadelphia.	
7:04 p.m.	Train 22, weekdays, for Sunbury, Williamsport, Hazleton, Pottsville, Scranton, Harrisburg and Philadelphia.	
9:04 p.m.	Train 24, weekdays, for Sunbury, Williamsport, Hazleton, Pottsville, Scranton, Harrisburg and Philadelphia.	
11:04 p.m.	Train 26, weekdays, for Sunbury, Williamsport, Hazleton, Pottsville, Scranton, Harrisburg and Philadelphia.	
1:04 a.m.	Train 28, weekdays, for Sunbury, Williamsport, Hazleton, Pottsville, Scranton, Harrisburg and Philadelphia.	
3:04 a.m.	Train 30, weekdays, for Sunbury, Williamsport, Hazleton, Pottsville, Scranton, Harrisburg and Philadelphia.	
5:04 a.m.	Train 32, weekdays, for Sunbury, Williamsport, Hazleton, Pottsville, Scranton, Harrisburg and Philadelphia.	
7:04 a.m.	Train 34, weekdays, for Sunbury, Williamsport, Hazleton, Pottsville, Scranton, Harrisburg and Philadelphia.	
9:04 a.m.	Train 36, weekdays, for Sunbury, Williamsport, Hazleton, Pottsville, Scranton, Harrisburg and Philadelphia.	
11:04 a.m.	Train 38, weekdays, for Sunbury, Williamsport, Hazleton, Pottsville, Scranton, Harrisburg and Philadelphia.	
1:04 p.m.	Train 40, weekdays, for Sunbury, Williamsport, Hazleton, Pottsville, Scranton, Harrisburg and Philadelphia	