

JAVA'S OLD TEMPLES

THE SPLENDID RUINS THAT MARK THE CENTER OF THE ISLAND.

They Date Back to the Eighth or Ninth Century and Show That Their Builders Were Far Advanced in the Art of Architecture.

If most people were asked to name those countries of the world in which are still to be found splendid architectural remains of bygone civilizations, the names of Egypt, India, Syria and Mexico would at once be forthcoming, but few would place the island of Java on the list. Yet not one of these could show ruins more numerous or more splendid, says the London Globe.

This may seem an exaggeration, but the same opinion has been universally expressed by the most eminent writers on the subject. As to the date and rise and fall of a civilization which has left behind it such splendid memorials authorities are much at variance, but for the most part they are placed between the beginning and the eighth or ninth century of our era. Certain it is, however, that at one time the island must have been ruled by a Hindu or Buddhist people far advanced in the arts of architecture and sculpture.

Among the finest and best preserved of these ruins is the great temple known as the Tjandi Barabudur, situated near the center of Java, in the sultanate of Djokjakarta. Originally designed probably as a dagaba or resting place for a portion of the ashes of Buddha, this building rises in the form of a terraced pyramid, the part at present above the ground being about 350 feet square by about 120 feet high. The terraces at present visible are seven in number, the whole being surmounted by a dome thirty feet in height.

Each of these terraces is covered on the inner wall formed by the terrace above, and in the lower terrace also on outer walls running round them, by a series of bas-reliefs which have probably not their equals in the world. Running in a double tier round the lower galleries and in a single tier round the upper ones they are estimated to have a total length of over three miles and represent by a continuous series of pictures not only the birth and life of the Lord Buddha in his final incarnation, but also a large number of the "jatakas" or previous lives of the master in the gradually ascending forms of animals and of men in various positions in life, and record his good deeds in each of those lives.

Thus we have the story of the Bodhisattva when on earth in the form of a hare, Indra, the lord of heaven, in the form of a traveler, weary and hungry, comes down to test the virtues of the various hermits. He receives fish from an otter, a dish of curds from a jaekal and fruit from a monkey, but the poor hare, having nothing else to offer, presents his own body to the hungry traveler and throws himself on a fire to be roasted. Interrupted now in many places by the work of a thousand years of earthquakes, tropical storms and fanatical Mohammedan destroyers, this wonderful picture story runs up through gallery after gallery to where, in the central dome, entirely closed in and hidden, stood the final image of the master, free from any ornament, crown or aureole, the Buddha raised above all earthly desires or passions.

In the whole of the series at present above ground there were originally no fewer than 2,141 complete bas-relief pictures, of which 988 are still in a fair state of preservation. There were, in addition, in niches round the terrace walls, 441 statues of Buddha larger than life, besides smaller ones last counting. The whole of this work is done not in soft stone, easy to manipulate, but in the hardest and most intractable kinds of lava and trachyte. Alfred Russel Wallace in his classical work on the Malay archipelago remarks, "The amount of human labor and skill expended on the great pyramid of Egypt sinks into insignificance when compared with that required to complete this sculptured hill temple in the interior of Java."

There is, however, one peculiar point in the construction which tends to show that the builders were not as good engineers as they were sculptors and architects. Round the entire base there runs what looks like a broad pavement of cubes of stone laid but not cemented together. This broad pavement has been removed in sections, each section being replaced in turn, and underneath was found another terrace, larger than any of those now visible and having its walls partly, but not entirely, covered with 100 more bas-relief pictures in fine preservation. These were photographed and covered in again. The total mass of square blocks of stone covering this hidden terrace amounts to 7,000 cubic yards.

The conclusion is inevitable that this hidden terrace was meant for the original lower terrace, but that with the building partly completed and the first set of sculptures still unfinished the builders found that their foundations were too weak for the huge structure and were obliged to sacrifice one terrace to strengthen them.

Had not this been necessary the building would have stood up even more colossal than it is. The temple of Barabudur is only one among many in Java. At the village of Prambanan, also near Djokjakarta, are the ruins known as "Chandi Sewa," or the "Thousand Temples," consisting of an outer parallelogram of 84 small temples, a second of 76, a third of 64, a fourth of 44 and a fifth, or inner one, of 28, in all 296 small temples in five concentric parallelograms. In the center is a large and beautifully ornamented cruciform inner temple. Most

of the smaller temples are in ruins, but some are still fairly perfect.

At Loro Jongran, close by, are fourteen small and six large temples of Hindu deities, Shiva, Durga and Ganesh being still represented by finely carved statues. At Gunung Praw, an extensive plateau reached in former times by four flights of stone stairs, each of over 1,000 steps, on the north, south, east and west, are remains of nearly 400 temples, and, to quote Wallace again, "The whole country between here and Prambanan, a distance of sixty miles, abounds with ruins, so that fine sculptured images may be seen lying in ditches or built into the walls of inclosures."

The above buildings are all of a religious character, but others may have been used for lay purposes, such as the so called "Water Castle" in the city of Djokjakarta itself, where may be seen the remains of high walled inclosures with broad tanks, now overgrown with weeds, but still showing their stone terraces and the stone steps leading to the water, having probably originally formed the pleasure of some Hindu potentate or possibly, from their very high walls, of his harem. In other parts are many ruins of forts, palaces, baths and aqueducts, and at Modjo-Agong over a large stretch of country every road and path shows a foundation of finely laid brick work, the paved streets of some old city of which only traces now remain.

One thing is noticeable in all this architecture—like the ancient Greeks, the builders knew nothing of the extreme utility of the arch in masonry; consequently few arches remain. But in some places, as at Mendoot, near Barabudur, complete roofs remain made by horizontal courses of masonry, each overlapping the one below it till they meet at the apex. Of course the roof for this has to be very high for the breadth spanned, but for small spans the system serves its purpose fairly well. From the above descriptions it will be seen that if some of the energy spent on Pompeii and Egypt could be spent on excavations in Java discoveries of the greatest importance might be made.—London Globe.

THE CHINESE DOCTOR.

How He Makes Examinations and Administers Medicine.

The method of treating sick persons adopted by Chinese doctors in some cities is similar to that of the other physicians of the United States and those of Great Britain. They depend much, however, on the examination of the pulse. Their sense of touch is so wonderfully developed that it is said they can determine the condition of the heart as well as some of the other organs merely by the feebleness or strength of the beats, but they say there are no less than twelve different movements of the arteries in the human body, all of which can be detected by feeling the fingers, wrist and arm.

When a patient calls on him for examination the doctor first presses the arm, wrist and fingers, touching nearly every part. Sometimes ten or fifteen minutes are occupied with this examination. Then he may ask if the patient is married or single and also his age, but this is about the limit of the examination. Apparently he can tell the nature of the disease without questioning further, and if the caller wishes a prescription he writes one in the ordinary Chinese characters on a generous sized square of paper.

Ring a bell, he hands the prescription to the Chinese attendant who enters, for each physician has his own shop, filled with the ingredients which he uses in treatment. If he has a large practice, he may employ a native chemist, who makes up the prescription.

One of the curious features of Chinese medical treatment is the way in which the physicians administer their remedies. Nearly all the offices of the principal doctors have what may be called a tea room attachment. This is a spacious apartment, well lighted, frequently ornamented with oriental pottery and pictures and containing small tables, each with two or three chairs. If the invalid does not wish to take his medicine at home, he is ushered into this room and while seated at one of the tables drinks his prescription as he would a cup of tea or a glass of wine. With few exceptions the medicine is in liquid form and served hot in dainty Chinese bowls, for most of it is composed of a decoction of herbs.

Each table contains a bowl of raisins, and when the attendant brings in the medicine he also brings in a glass of tepid water. If the drink is bitter, as it usually is, the patient can eat some of the raisins to remove the taste, while with the water he rinses his mouth and throat. Then he is ready to go home, returning the next day for another examination and dose.—Chambers' Journal.

Advice From Gounod.

For sentiments wisdom one would not usually consult either the booksellers' catalogues or the tribe of musicians, but a bit of advice from the composer Gounod to the violinist Ernst seems worth detaching from a London catalogue of autographs. Gounod writes in words that apply to other arts than music:

"Not too much piano, plenty of music; Not too much head, plenty of heart; Not too much study, plenty of retention; Not too much piecing together, plenty of invention."

"Don't listen to those who will tell you one mustn't imitate the masters. It's not true; one must not imitate a single master, but all. In this lay their greatness, and one cannot become a great master except by being of their family. Happy he whose relationship is the closest."—New York Post.

PETER THE GREAT.

History Shows That the Old Ruler of Russia Was a Monster.

Years ago, when a low standard of morals prevailed, the epithet "Great" was bestowed upon any monarch who won battles and enlarged the territory and resources of his kingdom. It mattered little then to the historian what might be a king's private character, provided he made his nation formidable by his brute strength and full treasury. Even if he was a bad man they eulogized him as a good ruler. Peter I. of Russia is called Peter the Great because he transformed a barbarous into a semibarbarous nation. But no one can now read the following summary of his character without a feeling of disgust. Voltaire, in his "Philosophical Dictionary," says that "Peter was half hero and half tiger." Macaulay declares that "to the end of his life he lived in his palace like a hog in a sty, and when he was entertained by other sovereigns never failed to leave unequivocal proof that a savage had been there."

Peter, when the fit was on him, literally caned everybody—from his cook to his counselor, from the meanest peasant to the highest noble—sparring neither age nor sex. He would get up from the table and flog the host who was entertaining him. He would stand at the door of the senate house and flog each senator that went in. Lefort was an intimate and trusted friend, yet on slight provocation he was knocked down and brutally kicked by his imperial master. But all this flogging was in the way of recreation. When Peter "meant business," it was a more serious matter. Incredible as it may seem, it is nevertheless well authenticated that one of his own sisters—It is said more than one—received 100 strokes of the whip on her back in the presence of the whole court.

In 1713 Alexis, his only son who outlived infancy, was for some offense of no great seriousness several times tortured in the presence of the diabolical father and in the end died either from the effect of the torture or by assassination. For sympathizing with Alexis the Princess Golitsyn, the bosom companion of the Empress Catherine, was publicly whipped by soldiers. For the same reason the brother of his first wife, Eudoxia—whom he had thrown into prison—was tortured and then torn in pieces on the wheel. Nothing ever told of Nero is more horrible grotesque than this, yet this man, or monster rather, is praised before the world as Peter the Great.

SUCCESS THOUGHTS.

The best in others will only come out to meet the best in you.

The man with an idea has ever changed the face of the world.

One reason why we do not make the most of the winning material in ourselves is because of a magnified idea of the great superiority of others who do things in the world.

As a rule no good comes from criticizing others. Anybody can do that, but the man who can accept his own honest estimate of himself and resolve to profit by it has achieved something.

No matter what you are doing, think your way. Don't go without thinking. Think everything out. Don't run without a schedule. Have a programme and go by it. Think! Think! Think!—Success.

Mr. Noble's Promise Given.

In the early stages of his ministry the Rev. Mr. Noble preached for some time in a village in Maine. One day a committee called upon him to settle with him for his services, and, after stammering awhile, signified to him that his further services were not desired.

"What does this mean, gentlemen?" asked the parson.

"Why," replied the spokesman, with some hesitation, "the people have got the impression that you are inclining to universal salvation."

" Gentlemen," answered Mr. Noble, "I never have preached that doctrine, but if I ever should I promise to make the people of this town an exception."—Boston Herald.

Women and Pins.

It seemed as if it would take a whole paper of pins to mend that torn dress. The wearer appealed to her car neighbor.

"Have you any pins?" she asked.

"The woman had none, but passed the query on, and in a little while every passenger was feeling along concealed edges and turning back lapsels. At last sixteen pins were produced. Fourteen of them were contributed by men.

"We never need them as much as the women, but somehow we carry them and they don't," said one of the latter.—New York Post.

Early Railroad.

In the pioneer days of railroading it was sometimes necessary for the freight conductor to run forward over the roofs of the cars to shout orders to the engineer. Traveling at night was generally avoided, though one road adopted the expedient of running ahead of the locomotive a flat car loaded with sand, on which a bonfire was kept burning as a headlight.

Seeing Double.

"You brute!" exclaimed Mrs. Lushley. "It makes my blood boil to see you come home in this condition."

"M' dear," said Lushley, "you look beautiful when y'r angry."

"Indeed?"

"Yesh. Anyhow, you shert'n'ly look doubly beautiful to me just now."—Philadelphia Press.

A Simple Truth.

Reporter—Well, to make a long story short—Editor—A good copy reader is necessary.—Cleveland Leader.

A VERY CAREFUL WOMAN.

Lady Eldon Could Not Abide Anything Like Extravagance.

Lord Chancellor Eldon was energetically aided in his parsimonious habits by his wife, of whom it was said that she and her daughter had but one bonnet between them. The Rev. R. H. Barham, author of "The Ingoldsby Legends," records in his diary an amusing story of Lady Eldon's parsimoniousness:

"June 1, 1822.—The chancellor is very fond of shooting. One morning last year his lordship, intending to enjoy a few hours' sport after a rainy night, ordered Bob, the pony, to be saddled. Lady Eldon told him he could not have it, but contrary being in the room, gave no reason. In a few minutes, however, the servant opened the door and announced that Bob was ready.

"Why, bless me!" cried her ladyship, "you can't ride him, Lord Eldon. He has got no shoes on."

"Oh, yes, my lady," said the servant, "he was shod last week."

"Shameful!" exclaimed her ladyship. "How dared you, sir, or anybody else that pony shod without orders? John," continued she, addressing her husband, "you know you only rode him out shooting four times last year, so I had his shoes taken off and have kept them in my bureau ever since. They are as good as new, and these people have shod him again. We shall be ruined at this rate."

CATCHING A LOON.

The Way a Hunter Got One and Why He Let It Go.

Once, and only once, I caught a young northern diver, says Graham West in Recreation. It was in July in the Laurentians in a little lake far back in the forest covered hills—loons always nest on small islands in lakes, never where foxes can get at the eggs or young. The birds at first are coal black. The one I took was the size of a pigeon and it took me twenty minutes to get it. When pursued the little fellows make for the open deep water, never skulk among the weeds, and rely entirely upon their wonderful diving powers. You can only catch them when they are very young and on a perfectly calm day when you can see them the instant they come up.

I followed the bird so quickly that I was always near when it rose and by shooting and brandishing the paddle frightened it into diving before it had regained its wind. At length it could not dive more than a foot or two below the surface and then I caught it in my hand. It was savage and snarled in the canoe. The mother kept near it from first to last, swam round the canoe, calling most plaintively the while, the note being "Whe-on-on," quite distinct from the usual mocking laugh, "Ha-ha-ha! Ha-ha-ha-ha!" I paddled the little loon about a mile and then put it overboard very gently, and the mother led it off in triumph.

Most Men Have It.

"That man who turned the corner a moment ago will probably go into No. 149," said the lazy man on the front steps.

The woman stood up to look.

"It was 147," she said.

"That is near enough," said the lazy man. "I knew he would stop some place in this part of the block."

"But how could you tell?" asked the woman.

"I could tell by the door key grab," was the reply. "Most men have it. Not one man in a hundred waits till he gets to his own door to take out his latch-key. The minute he turns into his own block he unconsciously digs into his pockets."—New York Post.

Bee Comb.

Bee comb or beeswax, the material of which the honey cells in the beehive are composed, is a wax produced by a system of chemistry carried on in the "wax pockets" which are located in the abdomen of all working bees. It is a peculiar substance and is said to be analogous to the fats of higher animals. Originally it was supposed that this wax was taken up in an almost pure state from the flowers by the bees, but recent experiments carried on by the leading botanists and chemists of the world conclusively prove that the bee is capable of elaborating his peculiar wax, although confined to a diet purely saccharine in its nature.

How He Got the Moon.

John Henry Maedler, the astronomer, whose favorite study was the moon, having learned that Frau Witte, the wife of the state councillor, owned a wonderful model of his pet luminary, spent years trying to gain possession of it. As her husband was living, he could not marry the owner of the model, so he married her daughter, and at the death of his mother-in-law the coveted moon became his.

A Lesson Wasted.

A mother was showing her dear little Joe a picture of the martyrs thrown to the lions and was talking very solemnly to him, trying to make him feel what a terrible thing it was.

"Ma," said he all at once, "oh, ma, just look at that poor little lion right behind there. He won't get any."

A Harsh Order.

On the beach near an English town a sign bearing this legend was nailed to a post:

"Notice.—Any person passing beyond this point will be drowned. By order of the magistrate."

Parried.

Young Husband—I wish I were single again. Wife—What for? You monster! Young Husband—To have the joy of marrying you again. Wife—You darling!

HARD QUESTIONS.

They Sound Simple, but You May Find the Answers Elusive.

"How many holes are there in a lacee boot of the ordinary type? Do you know how many there are in the pair you are wearing? That is another question—and it is a little ambiguous, for the average man's ordinary lacee boots are generally given away by his wife before he has had time to count the holes. "Which of the feet of a horse touch the ground in trotting?" asks the examiner. You may imagine the whole class raising arms and shouting, "All of 'em!"

Any one man may forgo another with ignorance, but our knowledge is in patches. Is it worth your while, supposing you have any business to carry through, to ascertain how many Y's there are on a clock face? Do you want to know how many ribs there are in the cover of your umbrella? This is the umbrella maker's business. You want only to find the time of day and avoid the rain. "Thousand words," says an editor to the amateur writer, who may be an umbrella maker. It happens many times a day. The amateur never knows what exertion and what space this means. But the journalist knows exactly the amount of gray matter, black ink and white paper the demand implies. How many words are there in this paragraph? Now—quick!

THE JAPANESE GIRL.

She Is Gentle and Modest, With an Air of Dainty Maturity.

There were not many Japanese women at the party, which made me wonder, considering the fact that there were hundreds of men present, but perhaps the absence of the many might be explained by the uncomfortable and self-conscious air of the few who were there in most unaccustomed foreign attire. Not that they wore it so badly. Not at all. That is a fiction of the foreign woman who is pleasantly blinded to the imperfections of her own kind.

Of course there are no Japanese girls with Gibson figures of lissom grace and Fifth Avenue strides of splendid freedom, but the same thing may be said of many other women in many other climes. Everybody cannot be an American girl, you know, and I declare I think the Japanese girl runs some of her European sisters a very close second in her ability to wear ungraceful clothes as gracefully as possible with very limited assistance from Mother Nature. All Japanese waist lines run up in front and all Japanese girls are "pigeon toed," but all Japanese girls are gentleness itself, and their dainty modesty serves to conceal a multitude of peculiarities.—Leslie's Weekly.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

A Text From Which Is Spun Lots of Stuff and Nonsense.

I take no stock in the lamentation of the sentimentalists about what they call "the good old times." There is a deal of stuff and nonsense trooled off on this text. Every man over fifty who is not precisely a boor is described as "a gentleman of the old school." We need not turn to the English satirists from Fielding to Thackeray to learn that all the essential ingredients of "Yankee Fair" had their existence 100 or 200 years ago. In the proportion that there were more nature and coarser fiber there were livelier doings. In proportion that there were fewer dramatic persons upon the stage there was better play for the individual. I confess that I like a little blood in mine. Sincerity even in wickedness has a flavor quite its own. But he who fails to see the world as it is and refuses to take it as he finds it falls inevitably betwixt the three legged stool of a very false philosophy and the high backed chair of a very ill judged perversity, with consequences sometimes serious and always humiliating.—Henry Watterson in Louisville Courier-Journal.

Success Following Failure.

We believe that nowhere is the man who has failed, without impeachment of his integrity, more sure of encouragement and assistance than here. Nowhere is there a more general and more active willingness to lend a helping hand to one who is down and is struggling to get on his feet again. Certainly in no country is a single failure so seldom accepted as final, and in none are there so many instances of successes following failures.—New York Times.

Giant Monument to a Child.

Mount Grace, in Warwick, Mass., seems to be in a way a giant monument to a little child. According to tradition, the Indians captured a Mrs. Rowlinson and her child. As the party were passing through the woods on their way to Canada, the child died and was buried at the foot of the mountain. The child's name was Grace and the mountain has been Mount Grace ever since.

Worse Than Lost.

"You lost your money in Wall street, did you?"

"I wouldn't say I lost it," answered the precise though unworly man. "The word 'lost' implies a remote possibility of its being found again."—Exchange.

Progressing.

"Don't you find it hard hustling for yourself?"

"Yes," replied the ambitious young chap, "but it's not half so hard as hustling for other people."—Detroit Free Press.

Gratitude is a fine virtue, and yet it is wearisome when carried beyond due bounds.—Le Sage.

The One Person.

There was a certain old New England minister who had a blunt way of getting right at the bottom of things. With a solemn air he announced from the pulpit one day that a button had been found in the collection. "Only one individual in the church could have been guilty of this trick," he said, "and I shall expect this person to replace the button with a coin." After service a member of the church owned up to being the culprit and asked: "How did you know I was the man?" "I did not know," said the clergyman. "But you said only one person could have done it." "Just so," was the reply. "Two persons could not have put the same button on the plate."

Cramp In The Legs.

People who are subject to cramp in the legs should always be provided with a good strong piece of cord, especially in their bedrooms. When the cramp comes on take the cord, wind it round the leg over the place where it is cramped, take an end in each hand and give it a sharp pull, one that will hurt a little, and the cramp will cease instantly. People much subject to cramp in bed have found great relief from wearing on each leg a garter of wide tape which has several thin slices of cork stitched on to it.

The Tools He Lacked.

"Why don't you go to work?" said a charitable woman to a tramp before whom she had placed a nicely cooked meal.

"I would," replied the vagrant, "if I had the tools."

"What sort of tools do you want?" asked the hostess.

"A knife and fork," said the tramp.—Tit-Bits.

We Eat Too Fast.

"The trouble is that we eat too fast," said the man who worries about health.

"That's right," answered the man who worries about money. "Some of us eat so fast that our incomes can't keep up with our grocery bills."—Washington Star.

He who comes up to his own idea of greatness must always have a very eye standard of it in his mind.—Hart.

Indulgent.

"Katherine, you will always find me an indulgent husband."

—You mean indulgent to me or indulgent to yourself?

Discussing the merits of a man's opponents gives him a decided ascendancy over them.—Goethe.

Overheard in a Bus.

First Old Lady—He was a bad character, but I never regretted at last.

Second Old Lady—Oh, no, he didn't. I saw that he died intestate.—London Globe.

Tidy.

"Is Spooney's wife a good housekeeper?"

"Well, I should say so. Why, he has to keep a private detective to watch his clothes so he can tell where he finds them. She's so tidy."—Liverpool Mercury.

"DO IT TO-DAY!"



"And to think that ten months ago I looked like that! I owe it to German Syrup."

The time-worn injunction, "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day," is now generally presented in this form: "Do it to-day!" That is the terse advice we want to give you about that hacking cough or demoralizing cold with which you have been struggling for several days, perhaps weeks. Take some reliable remedy for it to-day—and let that remedy be Dr. Boschee's German Syrup, which has been in use for over thirty-five years. A few doses of it will undoubtedly relieve your cough or cold, and its continued use for a few days will cure you completely. No matter how deep-seated your cough, even if dread consumption has attacked your lungs, German Syrup will surely effect a cure—as it has done before in thousands of apparently hopeless cases of lung trouble. (New trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. At all druggists.)

For sale by Boyle-Woodward Drug Co.

Paying a Debt of Gratitude

Note what Mr. Mott Allen, of Union City, says: Was badly afflicted with rheumatism for more than eight months and at times had to get up at 11 o'clock and stay up the balance of the night. Could not dress myself without aid from my wife. I am now entirely cured, and by the use of only one bottle of Crocker's Rheumatic Remedy. For sale by Stoke & Feicht Drug Co.

WANTED:

Boy about 16 years of age to do clerical work. Must be good at figures. Address in own handwriting:

BOX 357, Reynoldsville, Pa.

WANTED!

Girls to learn Cloth Picking and Winding.

Enterprise Silk Co.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

BUFFALO & ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Low Grade Division.

In Effect May 28, 1905. Eastern Standard Time.

EASTWARD.	
STATIONS.	10:00 No. 101 No. 102 No. 103 No. 104
Pittsburg	8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45
Grant	8:25 8:40 8:55 9:10
Henrieville	8:40 8:55 9:10 9:25
Yerkes	8:55 9:10 9:25 9:40
Waterbury	9:10 9:25 9:40 9:55
Saluda	9:25 9:40 9:55 10:10
Brookville	9:40 9:55 10:10 10:25
Franklin	9:55 10:10 10:25 10:40
Reynoldsville	10:10 10:25 10:40 10:55
Falcons	10:25 10:40 10:55 11:10
Falls Creek	10:40 10:55 11:10 11:25
DuBois	10:55 11:10 11:25 11:40
Saluda	11:10 11:25 11:40 11:55
Yerkes	11:25 11:40 11:55 12:10
Henrieville	11:40 11:55 12:10 12:25
Grant	11:55 12:10 12:25 12:40
Pittsburg	12:10 12:25 12:40 12:55

Train 101 (Sunday) leaves Pittsburg 9:00 a.m., 12:30 p.m., 4:00 p.m., 7:30 p.m., 10:30 p.m. Returns at 12:30 p.m., 4:00 p.m., 7:30 p.m., 10:30 p.m.

Train 102 (Sunday) leaves DuBois 1:00 p.m., 4:30 p.m., 8:00 p.m., 11:30 p.m. Returns at 1:30 p.m., 5:00 p.m., 8:30 p.m., 12:00 p.m.

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

PHILADELPHIA & ERIC RAILROAD DIVISION

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

EASTWARD.	
STATIONS.	10:00 No. 101 No. 102 No. 103 No. 104
Driftwood	8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45
Grant	8:25 8:40 8:55 9:10
Henrieville	8:40 8:55 9:10 9:25
Yerkes	8:55 9:10 9:25 9:40
Waterbury	9:10 9:25 9:40 9:55
Saluda	9:25 9:40 9:55 10:10
Brookville	9:40 9:55 10:10 10:25
Franklin	9:55 10:10 10:25 10:40
Reynoldsville	10:10 10:25 10:40 10:55