MUST FACE DANGERS.

THUS OUR SOULS GROW AND OUR MISSIONS ARE FULFILLED.

Reflections on the Uselessness of Shallow Water Explorers—Where Should the Blame Rest For Many Failures?—The Responsibility of Paternity.

What would be thought of a ship that was launched from its docks with flourish of music and flowing wine, built to sail the roughest and deepest sea, yet manned for an unending cruise along shore? Never leaving harbor for dread of storm. Never swinging out of the land girt bay because, over the bar, the waters were deep and rough. You would say of such a ship that its captain was a coward and the company that built it were fools.

And yet these souls of ours were fashioned for bottomless soundings. There is no created thing that draws as deep as the soul of man; our life lies straight across the ocean and not along shore, but we are afraid to venture; we hang upon the coast and explore shallow lagoons or swing at anchor in idle bays. Some of us strike the keel into riches and cruise about therein, like men-of-war in a narrow river. Some of us are contented all our days to ride at anchor in the becalmed waters of selfish ease. There are guns at every porthole of the ship we sail, but we use them for pegs to hang clothes upon or pigeonholes to stack full of idle hours. We shall never smell powder, although the magazine is stocked with holy wrath wherewith to fight the devil and his deeds. When I see a man strolling along at his ease, while under his very nose the brute is maltreating a horse, or some coward venting his impotent wrath upon a creature more helpless than he, whether it be a child or a dog, I involuntarily think of a double decked whaler content to fish for minnows. Their uselessness in the world is more apparent than the uselessness of a Cunarder in a park pond.

What did God give you muscle and girth and brain for if not to launch you on the high seas? Up and away with you then into the deep soundings where you belong, O belittled soul! Find the work to do for which you were fitted and do it, or else run yourself on the first convenient snag and founder.

Some great writer has said that we ought to begin life as at the source of a river, growing deeper every league to the sea, whereas, in fact, thousands enter the river at its mouth and sail inland, finding less and less water every day, until in old age they lie shrunk and gasping upon dry ground.

But there are more who do not sail at all than there are of those who make the mistake of sailing upstream. There are the women who devote their lives to the petty business of pleasing worthless men. What progress do they make even inland? With sails set and brassy stanchions polished to the similitude of gold, they hover a lifetime chained to a dock and decay of their own uselessness at last, like keels that are mud logged. It is not the most profitable thing in the world to please. Suppose it shall please the inmates of a bedlam house to see you set fire to your clothing and burn to death, or break your bones one by one upon a rack, or otherwise destroy your bodily parts that the poor lunatics might be entertained. Would it pay to be pleasing to such an audience at such a sacrifice? We were put into this world with a clean way bill for another port than this. Across the ocean of life our way lies, straight to the harbor of the city of gold. We are freighted with a consignment from roomage hold to keep which is bound to be delivered sooner or later at the great Master's wharf. Let us be alert, then, to recognize the seriousness of our own destinies and content ourselves no longer with shallow soundings. Spread the sails, weigh the anchor and point the prow for the country that lies the other side of a deep and restless sea. Sooner or later the voyage must be made; let us make it, then, while the timber is stanch and the rudder true.

When you look at a picture and find it good or bad, as the case may be, whom do you praise or blame, the owner of the picture or the artist who painted it? When you hear a strain of music and are either lifted to heaven or cast into the other place by its harmonies or its discord, whom do you thank or curse for the benefaction or the infliction, whichever it may have proved to be, the man who wrote the score or the music dealer who sold it? You go to a restaurant and order spring chicken which turns out to be the primeval fowl. Who is to blame, the waiter who serves it or the business man of the concern who does the marketing? And so when you encounter the bad boy, whom do you hold responsible for his badness, the boy himself or the mother who trained him? I declare, as I look about me from day to day and see the men and women who play so poor a part in life, it is not the poverty of their performance that astonishes me so much as the fact that it is as good as it is.

With the parents that many boys and girls have and the training they receive I am perfectly amazed that they ever attain to even half way respectability. Did you ever stop to think, I wonder, what an awful responsibility is laid upon you with every child given to your home? If you appreciate the risk and take the responsibility I shouldn't think you would find much time for other callings. A man who is drawing up the plans for a new house attends to his business closely and doesn't go off on many picnics or sail over seas in pursuit of pleasure while his plans are pending. A man who has entered a young horse for the Derby spends most of his time training the colt. He doesn't loaf about town or read novels or lie abed late; he is alert and on hand if he expects to win the race. Carelessness and indifference never brought a winning horse under the wire yet.—Amber in Chicago Herald.

THREE OLD DEATH SIGNS.

A Case Where Their Application Furnishes Food For the Superstitious.

Do you believe in the superstitions connected with the house of death? The contributor confesses that he has always been skeptical about them, but there are three old signs which prophesied death in a Waterbury home, which are almost remarkable in their coincidence, if not in supernatural significance.

A group of people were sitting in a pleasant room one evening in one of the suburbs of Waterbury, where neighborly intercourse is often freer than in the city itself. There was a knock at the door and another neighbor came in on an errand. Another knock and another neighbor, and then a third. Then someone remarked: "Three knocks and three callers. The next will come in without knocking, and death will come in after him." The next incomer opened the door without a knock, and it was a neighbor's boy, as strong and healthy a lad as one is likely to see anywhere. And death was behind him, though they did not see him nor think much of what had been said.

This boy's mother has always been disturbed by an extraordinary anxiety and restlessness at the approach of death to any of her relatives. It has happened several times that she has been pursued, as it seemed, through the house, from garret to cellar and through all the rooms, by an incorporeal something which she tried to escape. No one could stop her or quiet her for a long time. A day or two after the mysterious fourth call at the neighbor's door this mother, who had heard nothing about that incident, was seized with this intangible fear and began her perplexed wanderings through the house, in and out, up and down, she walked, with a frightened air, trying to escape—what? She did not know, but they agreed that death was pursuing some member of the family.

One day not long after, the boy who was the fourth caller and whose mother had had this premonition was sick. Not very, but a little. His father was sent for in the city to come home. He was detained and walked home in the early evening. A strange cat followed him home, crossing his track and winding its way in and out of his along the road. At home was another strange cat which had followed a sister home. They were stopped at the door and soon were joined by two more. The four stood there on guard all night and all next day with a dreadful patience and persistence, craving admittance with signs of horrid appetite, dodging into the house whenever the door was opened, and kept at a distance only by great difficulty. They might have been stoned or shot, but that is not the way the old superstition reads. The boy inside grew worse and died the next day.

This is not a very remarkable story, but it made a good deal of an impression on the contributor as it was told to him by a member of the family who knew that these things had happened in just this way, that they were old superstitions which still live, and who asked him if he believed there was anything in it.—Waterbury (Conn.) Republican.

A Workingman's Discovery.

Some years ago a tobacconist discovered the utility of tinfoil for wrapping tobaccos. Theretofore paper had been exclusively used for the purpose, but it did not serve to keep the moisture of the atmosphere away from the tobacco nor preserve the natural moisture of the tobacco from the effects of a dry or heated atmosphere. Paper also absorbed the aroma of the weed and was not sufficiently lasting. Therefore tinfoil was used for wrappers. But it became costly and could only be rolled to a certain thickness or thinness, beyond which the ingenuity of man seemed to find it impossible to go. The fact was that no rollers could be made to sustain the pressure necessary to mashing the tinfoil to a leaf sufficiently thin to suit the manufacturer.

Many ingenious inventors struggled with the proposition for months and gave up the problem as unsolvable, when a simple workman about the shop one day, after rolling two sheets to the customary thickness, put the two sheets together into the rollers and made both halves as thin as they were before. This was as simple as standing an egg on end, but it created a revolution in the manufacture of tinfoil for tobacconists' use and made a mint of money for the discoverer.—Philadelphia Press.

The Lamp Rock of Asia.

On the shores of Lake Rangkul, in the Cashgar mountains, in central Asia, stands the famous Lamp Rock of Asia, which is so called from a cave in its side from which a constant stream of pale, greenish light is emitted. Ney Elias, the English adventurer, who passed it in 1885, thinks it possible that the light is due to some phosphorescent mineral in the sides of the cavern near its opening. The natives of that section have never attempted to investigate the matter, each seeming content with the story told by his father, which is this: "The cave is the dwelling place of a demon, who guards vast treasures stored there, and the light is from a diamond worn in a band around his forehead." Elias' explanation of the mystery is probably the true one.—St. Louis Republic.

Helping Her Out.

Mr. Wayback—Great Scott! What you got the hired man plowin up the front yard for?

Mrs. Wayback—Our darter says that the first picture she takes with her new camera will be the house, and her book of instruction says she must break up the foreground, but of course she can't do that herself.—Lowell Times.

Record Breakers.

Jagson says if horsemen could trot their horses as fast around the track as they can around the hotel radiator there would be a record broken every day.—Elmira Gazette.

A WATERLOO SOLDIER

PECULIAR BUT PICTURESQUE LETTER FROM NEW ORLEANS.

Kenneth Lamar's Interview With a Belle of a Past Age—The Wanderings of a Decaying Brain—An Interesting Old Man's Dream of the Past.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 11.—This is our one city of everlasting life. It electrifies the visitor from the north. When winter storms are crashing down in the higher latitudes, the Crescent City maintains the greenery, the flowers and the melody of the summer tide.

And so it was that under a blue Brazilian sky, with the birds a-singing, the sun a-shining, the flowers a-blowing and the air as soft as that of Araby the Blest, I came out to Lafayette park, or place or square, known indifferently by all three names, to read a book of poems that I had been called upon to review. Who was it said, "The weather makes the man?" I think it was a contemporary of Ossian, for through his translator, Macpherson, he puts forth the same idea as a quotation of his time; but anyhow the idea, though trite, was true as when it was formulated.

I was sitting on a bench under a magnificent magnolia, following this train of thought, when my attention was suddenly attracted by the fact that a tall, slender old man of volatile movement and a singular look had been passing back and forth before me since I had taken my seat.

He stopped in front of me, as I rudely stared at him, and remarked:

"A match, sir?"

I handed him one, and he sat down beside me in the most, matter of course manner as he lighted a remarkable pipe (he curtly notes say the occident in the form—a pipe of queer wood, grayish, still more queerly carved—a grewsome thing.

I looked at him more closely. He was nearly 100 years old, of medium size, with features of an antique cast. His hair, eyebrows and mustache were white as the snows I have seen blowing over the bluffs of Lake Superior, but his face was whiter still, without a wrinkle, and his perfect teeth were whitest of all, but his eyes were black and deep and treamful, and his lips were as red as the roses of Persia, while his form was as straight and as lithe and as swift of movement as that of any dweller by the eastern seas of Oriental.

That a creature like this should be smoking a pipe and asking for a match was such an incongruous thing that a cold chill crept through me, and I folded my papers preparatory to leave.

"Stay, stranger," he said in a voice lightly touched with a French accent, "I harm you not. I was a soldier of Waterloo—one of a few that live."

Only now and then he dropped into the semi-French, semi-English dialect.

"Waterloo?"

"Oui! I was a drum boy. Rat-a-tat-tat!" and he beat his cane on the seat with a splendid precision of time. "I am a hundred! Rat-a-tat-tat! See, I was hurt here. Good medicine—good medicine! Ah, oui, air Americaine!"

The old man lit his pipe after rolling up his sleeve and pointing to two wounds, one on either arm.

"I was 12 years of age when I went as a little drum boy. I lived at Plancenoit. My parents—no, my mother"——

He began wandering.

"It was my mother taught me. It was—was my father was killed."

"Killed? How?"

He sprang to his feet like a young man.

"How?"

He left me, and the birds sang in the swinging boughs of the trees above me as I read Rossetti, the beauty of whose language will remain with us forever.

"Didn't I tell you he was one of the British devils? Didn't I tell you? Didn't I tell you he came from England, where he served as one to the manner born in Belgium?"

"No," I said, "but you say you killed your father." I spoke with a cold tone that I very seldom use.

"Yes. Glory to God, I killed my father!"

"Now, tell me the whole story," I said.

"Nay, nay."

"Part of it," then I pleaded.

But this was all that he would tell:

"It was after the first communion of Sister Agnes, just after that Sunday I took my rough and ready drum and fought like a devil, throwing my drum away. I killed my father there.

"But I had only these two wounds and could walk—walk as well as I can now. We found ghastly bodies everywhere, grinning corpses. Then came a tempest that tore and smote and crucified under moonless skies, and the dead men became big—ah-h-h, swollen by the rain."

He trembled from head to foot.

"Well, they were buried?" I said, half inquiringly.

"Yes, buried between layers of wood that were set on fire and cremated."

I waited a moment, for I knew that more was coming.

"Many, God help them, lay on the field! Years after their bones were shipped back to Great Britain."

"And what was done with them there?"

"Done with them there?" He laughed a loud, cynical laugh. "Done? Done? What is done with every unnoted hero beneath the sun? Sooner or later he becomes simply manure for the living!"

With a wave of his cane he went his way, and I never saw him more.

KENNETH LAMAR.

And Some Are Starving Now.

Statisticians claim that the earth will not support to exceed 5,994,000,000 people. The present population is estimated at 1,467,000,000, the increase being 8 per cent each decade. At that rate the utmost limit will be reached in the year 2072.

The war between Spain and Portugal, 1830-40, cost $350,000,000.

CHARACTER IN THE PALMS.

The Study of the Hand Has Become a Social Fad.

[Special Correspondence.]

CHICAGO, Jan. 11.—Barnum's alleged remark that people like to be humbugged has received a fresh complification in the palmistry fad, which has become somewhat prevalent in social circles in this city. Reading palms enables a few "professors" to gather a few dollars from the gullible and superstitious and serves to furnish diversion for those upon whom time hangs heavily. By attention to a few simple rules practiced by successful palm readers every one can read his own palm and get what satisfaction there may be in something which has only a modicum of truth for a basis of what it reveals.

The left hand should be studied, unless the person beleft handed, but in case of doubt the other hand should be consulted for auxiliary evidence. The thumb and fingers are each divided by the joints into three phalanges. The intuitive faculties are represented in the first, reasoning powers in the second and material instincts in the third phalanges.

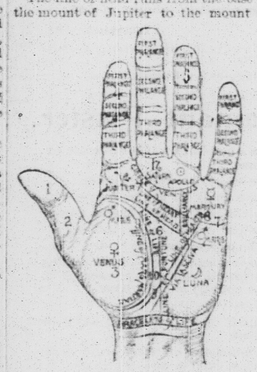
Beginning from the forefinger, the fingers are named Jupiter, Saturn, Apollo and Mercury. The fleshy pads at the base of each finger are termed "mounts" and are named after the fingers below which they occur. The "ball," or third phalange of the thumb, is called the mount of Venus. In the center of the palm is the plain or triangle of Mars. Below the mount of Mercury is the mount of Mars. Extending from the last mount up to the wrist is the mount of Luna, or the moon.

The line of life should, if perfect, completely encircle the mount of Venus. A long, regular line, deep, but narrow, soft in color, denotes long, healthy life and good character.

The line of Mars, or martial, should be of a clear red color. It is a "sister" or inner line of the line of life. In soldiers it indicates success in fight; in civilians, violence of the passions.

The line of heart extends from the mount of Jupiter to the mount of Mercury. If deep, of a good color and narrow, it indicates a strong, good-heart, firm affection and even temper.

The line of head runs from the base of the mount of Jupiter to the mount of



PALM OUTLINES.

Mars. If even, narrow and long, it indicates strong will and judgment and acute mental perception.

The line of fortune or fate should run in a straight, unbroken line from the "bracelet" to the base of the second finger. Broken lines denote troubles. Both hands should be read when studying the line of fate.

The line of Apollo or brilliancy, a very lucky line to possess, rises from the plain of Mars or from the life line toward the third finger. If straight and clear, it indicates fame in the arts or wealth.

The line of health starts diagonally from the wrist to meet the line of head close to the mount of Mars, or at the top of the mount of Luna. This line is unfortunately often wanting.

"The milky way," rarely noticeable, runs from the wrist across the mount of Luna. It indicates a cunning and faithless spirit. It is liable to be mistaken for the line of death.

The girdle of Venus, fortunately uncommon, is as a whole indicative of a bad character.

Bracelets of life—these encircle the wrist and denote length of life, fortune and happiness, especially if they rise toward the hand.

MINNIE SCOTT.

A Kind Old Chicken Man.

[Special Correspondence.]

SUMMIT, N. J., Jan. 11.—About a week ago I went out to Bernardsville. I took the train to that region of tonic air that irons the wrinkles out of a man's bronchitis so quickly that real estate cannot be touched with a financial 40 foot pole. It is a very hilly country, and the hills are hard to climb. So I leased a carriage and had a man drive me in the direction of Mendham.

When we had gone about a half mile, we came to an ideal old-fashioned farmhouse, and when I noticed about 30 hens of all classes and conditions perching peacefully upon a wagon pole I asked my guide if he knew the happy possessor of the place.

"That's Tom Randlo's," he said, at the same time making a sportive reach at the horse with the whip, "and Tom is the greatest man in this county for chickens. Some men like horses and others dogs, but Tom's weakness for chickens is known all over. When he has nothing else to do, he goes out and sits on the wheelbarrow and smokes his pipe and talks to them. They hop upon his knees and listen to all he has to say, just as if they would understand him. One day an old hen fell asleep and laid an egg in his lap. Those chickens are so fond of Tom that they follow him in the house, and sometimes he is awakened in the morning by the crowing of the old Shanghai rooster on his bedpost. They lie under the kitchen stove like cats, and one day last spring one of his Dominick hens that had been missing some time came down out of the garret with a brood that she had hatched in one of Tom's old soft hats."

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

UNDERPAID CLERGY.

SOME OF THEM RECEIVE LESS THAN A DRAPER'S CLERK.

The Trials and Final Reward of an English Curate in the Eighteenth Century. Extracts From a Diary Which Tell a Dismal Tale of Privation.

A great deal is heard from time to time about the underpaid clergy. It has been recently said by an English writer that "there are many clerks in holy orders who receive less than clerks in linen draper's shops." This is especially true in Europe, where the clergy, or at least the curates, are paid such miserably poor stipends that but for the generosity of the parishioners they could not live.

In the United States, too, the clergyman, usually a college-bred man of talents and refinement, receives a salary altogether out of proportion to his calling and his ability. This remark does not apply to the clergy in the large cities, to many of whom are paid very large salaries. In New York city, for example, it is said that there are 100 ministers who receive salaries of $10,000, and many of them have rectories or parish houses free in addition. But in the country towns, east and west alike, the minister who gets $2,000 is a rare exception. Many, perhaps the majority, do not receive as much as $1,000.

While the reflection may not prove of tangible benefit to these underpaid servants in the highest of callings, still it is interesting to know that in a social and in a financial way, and in the self respect consequent upon these conditions, the clergyman of today is vastly better off than the chaplain or curate of a century ago. In point of abject poverty there are no vicars of Wakefield today, nor any chaplains who figure as jesters or buffoons, as did many of the more favored ones of Goldsmith's day.

The following extract from The Gentleman's Magazine of 1796 shows how poor was the lot of the curate of that time:

"Monday—Received £10 from my rector, being one-half year's salary; obliged to wait a long time before my admittance to the doctor, and even when admitted was never once asked to sit down or refresh myself, though I had walked 14 miles. Item—The doctor hinted he could have the curacy filled for £15 a year.

"Tuesday—Paid £9 to seven different people, but could not buy the second pair of black breeches offered me as a great bargain, my wife wanting a petticoat above all things, and neither Betsy nor Polly having a shoe to go to church.

"Wednesday—My wife bought a petticoat for herself and shoes for her two daughters, but unluckily, in coming home, dropped half a guinea through a hole which she had never before perceived in her pocket and reduced all our cash in the world to half a crown. Item—Chid my poor woman for being afflicted at the misfortune and tenderly advised her to depend upon the goodness of God.

"Thursday—Received a note from the alehouse at the top of the hill, informing me that a gentleman begged to speak to me on pressing business. Went and found it was an unfortunate member of a strolling company of players, who was pledged for sevenpence half penny. In a struggle what to do. The baker, though we had paid him but on Tuesday, quarreled with us, to avoid giving any credit in future, and the butcher sent us word that he heard it whispered how the rector intended to take a curate who would do the parish duty at an inferior price, and therefore, though he would do anything to serve me, advised me to deal at the upper end of the town. Mortifying reflections these, but a want of humility is, in my opinion, a want of justice. The Father of the universe lends his blessings to us, with a view that we should relieve one another, and we consequently do no more than pay a debt when we perform an act of benevolence. Paid the stranger's reckoning out of the shilling in my pocket and gave him the remainder of the money to prosecute his journey.

"Friday—A very scant dinner, and pretended therefore to be ill, that, by avoiding to eat, I might leave something like enough for my poor wife and children. I told my wife what I had done with the shilling; the excellent creature, instead of blaming me for the action, blessed the goodness of my heart and burst into tears. Mem.—Never to contradict her as long as I live, for the mind that can argue like hers, though it may deviate from the more rigid sentiments of prudence, is even amiable for its indiscretion, and in every lapse from the severity of economy performs an act of virtue, superior to the value of a kingdom.

"Saturday—Wrote a sermon, which on Sunday I preached at four different parish churches, and came home excessively wearied and excessively hungry; no more money than twopence half penny in the house, but you see the goodness of God! The strolling player whom I had relieved was a man of fortune, who accidently heard that I was as innocent as I was indigent, and from a generous eccentricity of temper wanted to do me an essential piece of service. I had not been an hour at home when he came in, and declaring himself my friend put a £50 note in my hand, and the next day presented me with a living of £300 a year."

An Indian's Diplomacy.

I heard a good story of a celebrated Indian potentate who took an English peer, who was staying with him, out shooting. Truth to tell, the peer shot very badly, and the eastern prince was sorely puzzled to combine oriental compliment and empty gamebags. At last, with a low bow, he said, "Your excellency shot splendidly, but God was very merciful to the little birds!"—London Gentlewoman.

CAMBRIA AND CLEARFIELD.

No.708 P. M.	No.702 A. M.	STATIONS.	No.708 A. M.	No.700 P. M.
5 20	9 00	Cresson	8 12	4 20
5 22	9 42	West End	8 10	4 18
5 24	9 44	Emerald Park	8 08	4 16
5 27	9 47	Lockett	8 05	4 13
5 28	9 49	Muster Siding	8 04	4 11
5 30	9 51	Munster	8 02	4 09
5 33	9 55	Loed	7 59	4 06
5 36	9 58	Keyler	7 56	4 03
5 50	10 13	Bradley Junction	7 43	3 00
6 07	10 31	PATTON	7 27	3 32
6 11	10 37	Tank Siding	7 23	3 27
6 16	10 44	Beech Siding	7 18	3 01
6 25	10 53	Garmay	7 10	3 12
7 12	11 42	Westover	6 22	2 25
7 33	11 29	Ledjoe	6 07	2 03
7 32	12 30	Mahaffey	5 45	1 45

GLEN CAMPBELL BRANCH.

	12 25	Mahaffey Junction	11 50	
5 50	12 35	Mooers	11 40	3 25
6 04	12 39	Ridge Siding	11 25	3 10
6 13	12 28	Cush Creek Junc.	11 15	3 00
6 26	1 11	Glen Campbell	11 00	2 45

SUSQUEHANNA BRANCH.

2 10	6 08	Cherrytree	11 40	7 15
2 38	6 35	Barnesboro	11 15	6 47
2 45	6 55	Spangler	11 05	6 40
3 05	7 17	Carrolltown Road	10 45	6 20
3 09	7 03	Bradley Junction	10 20	5 54

P. A. AND NORTHWESTERN R. R.

Ex Sun. p. m.	Mail a. m.	STATIONS.	Mail a. m.	Ex Sun. p. m.
3 28	8 00	Bellwood	11 12	5 00
3 36	8 30	Lloydsville	10 45	5 15
4 17	8 45	Glasgow	10 21	4 56
4 37	9 14	Coalport	10 00	4 41
4 45	9 23	Irvona	9 53	4 35
4 56	9 40	Bennezette	9 40	4 42
5 17	10 02	Ladjoe	9 47	4 05
5 30	10 15	Mahaffey	9 05	3 51
5 35	10 20	Mooers	8 59	3 49
5 44	10 29	Sidney	8 49	3 41
5 52	10 37	Hillman	8 41	3 33
5 52	10 42	Winslow	8 34	3 28
6 02	10 50	Ethel	8 29	3 24
6 09	10 58	Canoe Creek	8 21	3 16
6 15	11 05	Punxsutawney	8 15	3 10
	11 11	Lindsey	8 10	
	11 20	Homtie	8 00	

ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAILROAD.

LOW GRADE DIVISION.

On and after Sunday November 19, 1893, trains leaved Driftwood and Pittsburg will run as follows:

EASTWARD. Driftwood Acc.	Mail	Pittsburg Ac.	STATIONS.	WESTWARD. Mail	Pittsburg Ac.	Brookville Ac.
A.M.	P.M.	P.M.		A.M.	A.M.	P.M.
9 00	9 25	3 30	Driftwood	10 10	5 00	6 35
9 18	9 44	3 42	Benezette	10 53	5 41	7 16
7 51	8 18	2 15	Tyler	11 30	6 00	7 44
7 41	8 00	2 05	Penfield	11 40	6 10	7 54
7 10	7 35	1 35	DU BOIS	1 05	6 50	8 25
7 00	7 25	1 20	Falls Creek	1 36	7 20	8 52
6 44	6 57	1 00	Reynoldsville	1 42	7 40	9 08
6 25	6 38	12 43	Fuller's	1 58	7 57	9 05
6 07	6 20	12 25	Brookville	2 20	8 19	9 25
5 47	6 00	12 05	Summerville	2 38	8 38	9 44
5 36	5 41	11 46	Maysville	2 58	8 57	10 04
5 24	5 27	11 42	Hawthorn	3 02	9 01	10 08
5 19	5 28	11 27	Fairmount	3 06	9 05	10 18
5 12	5 25	11 20	New Bethlehem	3 15	9 15	10 25
.....	4 52	10 57	Sligo Junction	3 47	9 47	.....
	4 40	10 45	Red Bank	4 00	10 00	.....

Mail No. 2 leaves Driftwood at 10.45 a. m. and arrives at Pittsburg at 6.35 p. m. Pittsburg Accommodation leaves Driftwood at 5.00 a. m. arriving at Pittsburg at 12.05.

Mail No. 1 leaves Pittsburg at 8.40 a. m. and arrives at Driftwood at 3.20 p. m. Driftwood Accommodation leaves Pittsburg at 1.30 p. m. and arrives at Driftwood 8.25 p. m.

DAVID McCARGO, Gen'l Supt.
J. P. ANDERSON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

The County Fair

affords an excellent opportunity for the pickpocket to get your watch. If you would be proof against his skill, be sure that the cow (or nag) is a

This wonderful bow is now fitted to the

Jas. Boss
Filled Watch Cases,

which are made of two plates of gold soldered to a plate of composition metal. Look equally as well as solid gold cases, and cost about half as much.

Guaranteed to wear 20 years.

Always look for this trade mark.
None genuine without it.
Sold only through watch dealers.

A watch case opener which makes a handsome charm sent free on request.

Keystone Watch Case Co.,
PHILADELPHIA.

A BREAKFAST APPETITE

Can Best be Aided by the News of the World Concisely Told and Brightly Commented Upon.

THE PATRIOT is the only complete morning newspaper that reaches Central Pennsylvania at an early hour of the day.

It is one of the foremost Democratic newspaper in the State and the only one printed at the State Capital, the official and political centre of the Commonwealth.

It prints the news, receiving it over its own wires through the extraordinary facilities of the great Press Associations, aided by its own correspondents.

THE PATRIOT is Democratic to the core. It is opposed to bosses and an enemy to corrupt monopolies. It isn't afraid to fight the wrong; it never hesitates to speak for the right.

The leading question during the winter will be Tariff Reform. In November next Pennsylvania will elect a Governor, members of Congress, and State Legislature. The man who keeps informed must read, and the man who reads should get The Patriot, daily or weekly.

To place THE PATRIOT in the hands of a yet larger constituency we will send the DAILY from now until March 1, 1895, by mail to any new subscriber on receipt of five dollars. The WEEKLY will be sent to any new subscriber from now until March 1, 1895, on receipt of one dollar.

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DAILY, every week-day morning in the year, $5 a year.

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THE PATRIOT COMPANY,
HARRISBURG, PENN'A.