Marsh Gas Under Ice.

An interesting chemical experiment, quite new to me, was performed by a party of skaters in the neighborhood of Baltimore. It is possible that it has been performed before, but I have not yet found any one who has seen or heard of it. The skaters were on a large artificial lake upon which remarkably clear ice had formed. In various places white spots were noticed in the ice, suggesting, as one of the skaters said to me, "air bubbles." Some one bored a hole through one of these white places and applied a flame to the gas, which took fire. This led to further experiments, and it was found that by boring a small hole a long thin jet of flame could be obtained, and this continued for some time.

The gas was of course marsh gas, formed by the decomposition of the vegetable matter at the bottom of the lake. The above method of demonstrating the formation of this gas in nature is, from the æsthetic point of view, a great improvement on the usual method described in the textbooks, which consists in stirring a pool of stagnant water with a stick and collecting the gas that rises to the surface. Skating ponds illuminated by natural gas are among the possibilities of the future.—Letter in Science.

Watched Himself Die.

"Our village doctor, good man that he was," says a woman visiting in the city from an interior town, "has just died. He was very much absorbed in his profession and studied every case, from a run of typhoid fever down to an attack of measles, as if it were his first patient. When his own mortal illness prostrated him, he diagnosed it clearly, watched his symptoms and the effect of the remedies used, and warned the attending physician several days before his death of the hopelessness of his condition, as evidenced by certain feelings no one but a professional patient, with every sense alert, could have discovered. He was conscious up to be last, and as the end approached had himself bolstered among his pillows into a half sitting position. He kept the fingers of one hand on the pulse of the other, and though he said nothing, the expression of his face showed that he was interested professionally in watching himself die. As he drew his last breath the fluttering at his wrist must have indicated it, for he let his fingers drop, looked around the group gathered about him with as clear and intelligent expression as any that ever shone on his face, said aloud and distinctly, 'Dead now,' and was."—New York Times.

The Court Smiled.

Some years ago, in a suit which turned on the state of mind of a lady who had been a member of a sisterhood, the late chief justice, then Mr. Coleridge, was cross examining a witness, who gave evidence as to the plaintiff's behavior while an inmate of the sisters' home. Among other things it had been deposed that plaintiff had been guilty of a breach of discipline in eating a certain plate of strawberries.

Mr. Coleridge—Eating strawberries, really?

Witness—Yes, sir. She was eating strawberries.

Mr. Coleridge—How shocking!

Witness—It was forbidden, sir.

Mr. Coleridge—And did you, madam, really consider there was any harm in that?

Witness—No, sir, not in itself, any more than there was in eating an apple, but you know, sir, the mischief that came from that.

The court smiled, and Mr. Coleridge seemed to lose the thread of his ideas for the moment.—Household Words.

One of His Tricks.

Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, Hannibal Hamlin's father, was a man who put considerable faith in human nature. He also owned sheep when he lived on Paris Hill, and he took considerable pride in them. One day when a neighbor brought in a particularly fine wether and offered to sell it at a reasonable figure the doctor took the neighbor's word that he had raised it and purchased. He was later informed by his observant son that he had bought one of his own sheep that the speculative neighbor had purloined. So the doctor hunted up the scamp, made him disgorge and then asked him what he meant by such actions. The neighbor was wholly unabashed, and looking the doctor shrewdly in the eye he stuttered, for he was afflicted in that way, "Dud-dud-dud-doctor, y-y-you know I'm tricky as the dud-dud-devil, 'n that's one of my tut-tut-tricks."—Lewiston Journal.

Widener's Advice.

According to a veracious Pittsburg contemporary, P. A. B. Widener of this city was holding on to a strap as a Broadway cable car in New York swung around the Fourteenth street curve. The car was crowded to suffocation. "Never invest your money in a cable car company, my boy. It won't do you a bit of good," said Mr. Widener to the young man who was with him. "Why not?" was the reply. "I should think this line must be a gold mine. Do you mean to say they don't pay up their dividends?" "Oh, yes, I get my dividends all right, but I never get a seat."—Philadelphia Record.

No More Managers.

There are no more managers in the theatrical business—at least, if there are, they are back numbers. Nowadays we have only directors. It is Modjeska's direction of Frank L. Perley; John Hare, direction of Clarence Fleming; James O'Neil, direction of William F. Connor; Stuart Robson, direction of William Hayden. It is only the man with a diamond globe in his shirt front and a howitzer sized cigar between his fingers that "manages."—Theatrical Tidings.

A List That Might Be Extended.

Shakespeare was never laureate, nor Milton, nor Pope, nor Crabbe, nor Burns, nor Byron, nor Shelley, nor Coleridge, nor Keats.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

The Literary Agent.

When we next hear the question asked, "What shall we do with our boys?" we shall answer, "Make them literary agents." All you want is a little room in a central situation, pens and ink and a lady typewriter. Capital is quite unnecessary, for if the agent is not absolutely destitute of wits the flies soon walk into his parlor. How does he tempt them? Nothing can be simpler. In an age of publicity nothing is sacred from the interviewer, and after a few paragraphs as to his whereabouts have been judiciously placed in the newspapers he shares the fate of emperors and actresses, and is interviewed, either in The Daily Chronicle or The Bookman, both of which journals devote much space to the chronicle of small beer.

The interviewer naturally begins by saying that there are few men better known than the agent, and proceeds to describe his servant, and his maid, and his ox, and his ass, and his personal appearance with the minuteness which the British public expects in an interview. "My authors" are then touched upon, and the agent modestly says that they came to him unsought, unasked. "You would be surprised if I gave you the names of one or two," and so on ad nauseam. Then a note is handed in, and the agent bows the interviewer out, after arranging that a few copies of this nice homely chat may be sent to him for private circulation. A few days later the flies arrive, their manuscripts in one pocket, their preliminary fees in the other.—National Review.

Derivation of "Charivari."

It is stated that this word is found in French in the fourteenth century, and reference is made to Littré. I have no means of referring to Littré, but desire to indicate the use of the words "chery feire" by Gower. I give the complete sentences from the prologue to the "Confessio Amantis:"

> For if men loke in holy chirche
> Betwene the worde and thei they wirche,
> There is a ful great difference,
> They prechen us in audience,
> That noman shall his soule empeire,
> For al is but a chery feire
> This worldes good, so as they telle,
> Also they sain there is an helle,
> Whiche unto mannes sinne is dine,
> And holden us therefore in cheche
> That wicked is, and do the ill.

The late Professor Henry Morley, in the "Carisbrooke" edition of the "Confessio Amantis" (1889, page 39), simply gives "charivari" as the equivalent of "chery feire." Is this the form in which the expression occurs in early French? If so, it would seem that this puzzling word should yield its secret to persistent investigation on the part of French scholars, though there are two words to trace instead of one.—Notes and Queries.

Thin Skinned Oranges.

It has often been questioned why orange growers will graft and plant varieties with thick skins when the great public appreciates a thin skinned one more highly. Asking a grower, if not one of the secrets of the orange growing trade, why this was thus, he replied that the thin skinned kinds were rarely as productive as the thick skinned ones—that the public would give no more for a box of thin skins than for a box of thick ones—and as there was consequently more profit in growing orange skins than in growing orange flesh the skins carried the day.

We have never heard such an explanation before, and this may be only "chaff." Still, the great question remains, Why do orange growers graft and plant thick skinned sorts when the thin skins are preferable?—Meehan's Monthly.

Boston's Public Library.

In Boston, at least, is a public library where the eye may share its pleasure with the mind and our popular taste may gain that impulse in the right direction for which, with us, the opportunity is still far too meager. We have had no Medici to adorn our streets, and often our public buildings have been the deplorable issues of inexperience and political scheming. Now, for once, we have an enduring monument worthy of our material prosperity and progress. Turning away, we linger and look back at the long inscription of its northern facade—"The Commonwealth Requires the Education of the People as the Safeguard of Order and Liberty"—and we are profoundly grateful to the commonwealth which has justified itself so nobly that all the world may lear from it a useful lesson.—Scribner's.

His Price a Difficulty.

"Every man has his price," sententiously announced the philosopher of the all night drug store, where the street railroad franchise was being discussed.

"Well," said the wit of the establishment, "I wish somebody would discover my price and offer it to me."

"My boy," solemnly remarked the perfumery drummer, who had not spoken before that evening, "there is no smaller coin made than a cent."

And for several seconds there was no sound heard save the drip, drip of the real mineral waters from the hydrant.—Buffalo Express.

Wanted It Out.

An old highland sergeant in one of the Scottish regiments was going his rounds one night to see that all the lights were out in the barrick rooms. Coming to a room where he thought he saw a light shining, he roared out, "Put oot that light there!"

One of the men shouted back, "It's the mune, sergeant!"

Not hearing very well, the sergeant cried in return: "I dinna care a tacket what it is! Put it oot!"—Scotsman.

Not Worthy a Wife.

The missing bridegroom is getting numerous. The latest one's absence from the wedding ceremony is said to have been due to his excessive bashfulness. A man who is too modest to attend his own wedding doesn't deserve a wife and he isn't likely to get one.—Boston Herald.

A Cast

In an action b[illegible] killed by a tram[illegible] says: "The plai[illegible] the train was [illegible] tanooga, and [illegible] toward Knoxvil[illegible] same track [illegible] tions, and une[illegible] collision was [illegible] "It is insis[illegible] while the [illegible] intended for [illegible] the three dogs [illegible] however, seems t[illegible] the witness, as he [illegible] mile away from [illegible] whistle was [illegible] would, we think, be [illegible] diligence for the sa[illegible] each particular dog [illegible] ly as he had [illegible] each dog that [illegible] sounded for him [illegible] appears that [illegible] their train [illegible] regular schedule [illegible] track at their [illegible] could run. On [illegible] ff's dogs w[illegible] road's track [illegible] which simply [illegible] these facts it is [illegible] were guilty of the [illegible] negligence and [illegible] such consideration [illegible] under the law."—Ca[illegible]

London In[illegible]

M. Grosley, who vi[illegible] 1765, notes that the old [illegible] of any one who sneezed, [illegible] vailed in his own coun[illegible] abolished in England by [illegible] He was given to understa[illegible] late a snuff taker in Flore[illegible] was like complimenting [illegible] or of the hair of his wig [illegible] the way, he announces in [illegible] is usually brown, being c[illegible] affected by the mud and d[illegible] streets. This ingenuous explanation [illegible] his statement that Pope was not b[illegible] in Westminster abbey because he w[illegible] Catholic, and that Queen Anne in [illegible] Paul's churchyard wears a hoop, [illegible] to suggest that some of his obliging [illegible] formants must occasionally, in [illegible] eenth century parlance, have treated [illegible] Grosley to a "bite." But, in sa[illegible] that his chapter of clubs is disappo[illegible] ing, it must not be forgotten that [illegible] visited one very remarkable specimen [illegible] this all popular Georgian institution [illegible] the society of "Robin Hoodians" [illegible] whose freethinking discussions [illegible] pokes rather cumbrous fun in the Cov[illegible] Garden Journal.—Longman's Ma[illegible] zine.

That Troublesome K.

There have been many estimable pe[illegible] ple whose stumbling block has been o[illegible] thography, and it has sometimes proved [illegible] an almost insurmountable obstacle.

There was once in eastern Tennessee [illegible] a judge well versed in the law, but en[illegible] tirely self educated, who had this same obstacle of orthography to contend with all his days. In early life he had lived in Knoxville, and for a long time insisted on spelling the name Noxville.

His friends at last educated him up to the point of adding the K; so thoroughly, in fact, did he learn this lesson that when, a few years afterward, he removed to Nashville, nothing could prevent him from spelling the name Knashville.

After a few years' residence there the judge removed again, this time to Murfreesboro. One day he sat down to write his first letter from this place. He scratched his head in perplexity for a moment, and finally exclaimed:

"Well, I'll give it up! How in the world can they spell the name of this place with a K?"—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Tried the Doctor.

The Lancet tells this story to show the trials of a country doctor in France. A young physician settled in a commune, whose paupers he attended for $10 per annum. One night, soon after his arrival at this El Dorado, he received an urgent summons to visit a patient who lived at a distance of six kilometers from the village. On reaching the cottage—it was then 11 p. m.—he found the doors closed and lights extinguished. In reply to his knocks the door was opened by a sturdy peasant, who laughingly informed him that there was no illness in the house, but that his wife had wished to see if, when any one was ill, he would come if sent for! The unfortunate medico—since dead from overwork and probably underfeeding—remarked, "I could have felled him to the ground."

What Put It Out.

"Accidents?" said the old sea captain. "No, we never have any to speak of, on this line. Why, one trip about a year ago the ship caught fire down in the hold, and we never discovered it till we got into port and began to discharge."

"That's strange. What put the fire out?"

"Why, it burned down through to the sea and the water put it out. Couldn' burn the water, you know."

And the captain walked away smiling, while the interlocutor was so astonished that he never thought of asking why the ship did not sink.—London Speaker.

Mustard Poultice.

Mix a large tablespoonful of mustard with a half pint of cornmeal, pour on this hot (not boiling) water and stir on a good fire until it is thick. A little molasses added to this detracts from the danger of the poultice sticking. When the mixture is cooked thick enough, spread between two pieces of thin muslin, and lay smoothly upon the aching spot. The amount given above will make two or three ordinary poultices.

Where we cannot invent we may at least improve. We may give somewhat of novelty to that which was old, condensation to that which was diffuse, perspicuity to that which was obscure and currency to that which was recondite.—Colton.

The Wickedness of Sleeping.

This idea was almost dominant in religious society 60 years ago, and sometimes assumed forms which, if not ridiculous, were at least quaint. It was, for instance, held to be wrong for any but invalids to sit in easy chairs, not, as is [illegible] only imagined, from any ignorant [illegible] to the injury done to the figure, but because "lolloping" betrayed a blameworthy tendency to ease and self indulgence. That was the origin also of the extraordinary prejudice against taking any extra sleep. The old knew well that sleep, when sleep is not needed is to the young the most wearisome of all obedience; nevertheless they believed that to wish to sleep more than a strictly regulated time, which, according to modern hygeists, was too short, was a mark of sinfulness self indulgence, and it was visited, therefore, with moral reprobation.

Early rising was extravagantly praised, not because it lengthened the day, for the early risers went to bed early, but because it was disagreeable, and some curious rules of diet—for example, abstinence from sugar—were defended in part upon the same principle. We have known girls cut off their curls avowedly because they were proud of them, and men go about in shabby clothes because, as they averred and believed, it was well by diminishing comfort to promote serious reflection.—London Spectator.

Kandiyohi's Premature Celebration.

When the late W. R. Marshall was governor of Minnesota, a strong effort was made to move the state capital to the capitol lands in Kandiyohi. It became an issue before the public in the election of members to the legislature, and as soon as the legislature convened a bill was introduced. A fierce fight followed, resulting in the passage of the measure through both houses. It was placed on Governor Marshall's desk for signature. The residents of Kandiyohi became wild over the success of the bill, and before the governor had affixed his signature they came down to St. Paul, engaged 8 or 12 oxen, attached them all to a wagon on which was placed a miniature design of the old capitol, under which was emblazoned in large letters, "To Kandiyohi County." This vehicle was drawn through Wabasha and Third streets, St. Paul, and while the people did not like it, they remained quiet until the governor had acted on the bill. In a few hours after the display the governor vetoed the measure. The Kandiyohi boosters did not have two-thirds of the legislature, and it was impossible to pass the bill over the veto. St. Paul's celebration followed.—Minneapolis Journal.

Wilson and the Expert.

A good gold dust story is told on George Wilson, who owned the famous Paris mine in Park county, Mon. Wilson was visited by some Englishmen one day, among whom was an expert of the English pattern—one who knew all about mines and a great deal about everything else, in his own opinion. They wanted to see some of Wilson's gold, and he panned out some very fine colors for their edification.

"But that isn't gold," pronounced the youthful expert, after a critical examination. "Me dear fellah, I am a graduate of the English School of Mines, and I know gold when I see it, you know. That is iron."

Wilson didn't say much. He just leaned over and took the alleged expert confidingly by the shoulder: "Mebbe it isn't," he said, "but don't go and give it away to those fellows down at the Denver mint, for I have been selling this stuff to them for gold all along."—Butte Mountain.

A Story of John Bright.

Concerning the late Mr. John Bright's extensive acquaintance with poetry many stories have been told. Sir William Geddes, principal of Aberdeen university, in a lecture on "Poetic Ideals of Education," which he has published, tells another. When Sir William escorted the great orator through the great halls of the university and showed him the famous portrait of Beattie by Reynolds, he mentioned this connection with Byron. Bright stood a moment in silent enchantment, gazed on the beautiful figure of the Genius of Truth, then rolled off the opening stanza of Lord Byron's dedication to "Ianthe"—

> Not in those climes where I have late been straying,
> Though beauty there hath long been matchless deemed—

without a falter or a flaw.—Westminster Gazette.

What We Have Now.

"We have no great murder trials now," he said as he threw down the newspaper.

"Why, John, there have been a whole lot of them in the last year," she protested.

"You're mistaken, my dear," he asserted. "We have had a lot of minor murder trials, but no great ones. There have been some very sensational murders"—

"And the murderers have been tried," she interrupted.

"True," he admitted, "they have been tried—for insanity, not for murder. I didn't say that we had not had any great insanity trials, you know."—Chicago Post.

The Largest Pumping Engines.

The largest pumping engine ever made in the United States was placed at the Philadelphia waterworks in 1892. It is 33 feet high and occupies a floor space 36 by 40 feet. The total weight of this giant machine is 475 tons, without the base plates and foundation strips, and it pumps 20,000,000 gallons of water every 24 hours.

The first modern exhibition of the holy coat of Treves took place in the year 1844, and during the year 900,000 people viewed the relic.

The common mussel is provided with a rope which may be attached to a stone or twig to hold the animal in position against the current.

Shakespeare In London.

Shakespeare "came to London," entered, in fact, into eternal fame through its gates. Why he came, or precisely when, is largely a matter of conjecture. Over this, as over so much of his life, lies a veil that he himself never chose to lift. That he was poor is certain, and highly probable that he was quite unfriended. Whether he had any consciousness or persuasion of his almost miraculous gifts we can only guess. The impulse that led him there cannot have been altogether due to chance or whim, but that he could have foreseen the splendid result is altogether impossible. Like many a less gifted mortal, he sustained the struggle of hope and fear. The first folio of his plays sells today for a large sum of money, but let us imagine a romance worth 20 islands of treasure.

Suppose some one, wrenching away a shaky panel in an old house in Warwickshire, came upon a concealed cupboard, wherein lay, thick with the dust of 300 years, a roll of manuscript, curled and yellow with age. And suppose that, on unfolding it, he found it bore the title "The Life of Me, William Shakespeare." Here surely would be a record of unparalleled interest and chiefly the chapter which should tell of how he came to London. Think of what that step was to him, consider the power of his mind, imagine it at the age of 50, looking back with calm unruffled insight on its own history as a drama, and then reflect what he, Shakespeare, could say about that youthful entry into London, and how depict it. A king's ransom would not buy the chapter, and a temple would be a poor place to house it.—Chambers' Journal.

Would Rather Run the Risk.

Mrs. Corntossel had been thoughtfully gazing at the ceiling while the daily paper lay in her lap.

"Hiram," she said, "hev you seen this 'new woman's Bible' they're talkin 'bout?"

"No. I hain't laid eyes on to it yet."

"D'you think it's any better'n the old un we're used to?"

"I d'no. You might git one and jedge fer yourself."

"No, Hiram. I won't do anything of the kind. I try not to be behind the times even if we do live in the country. I don't begridge what the daily papers cost, and the lectric car buzz, 'cause I know thet it means progress. I'm convinced thet the republican form of government is a eternal success, and I mus' say thet I've got a strong suspicion thet a woman ez is taxable under the law orter hev a vote ef she wants it. I wanter to be right up ter date, Hiram; but when it comes ter tryin ter put modern improvements on the Scriptures I declare I'd ruther take my chances, Hiram, on bein a back number."—Washington Star.

Smallpox.

The marks that smallpox leaves on the hands and face may be entirely prevented by the simple expedient of hanging red curtains round the patient's bed.

This marvelous discovery was made in the reign of Edward I by Dr. Gaddesden, who from that time has been persistently ridiculed and laughed at by men of science to this day, notwithstanding the fact that he claimed to have effected many cures, notably that of Edward II himself when Prince of Wales.

He ordered that the patient should be wrapped in scarlet cloth, and that the bed and furniture of his room should be painted in the same color. This was the main cure, but he continued to treat the patient in the usual manner.

It is only quite recently that it has been discovered that everything claimed for this simple remedy is perfectly true.—London Standard.

Names Wanting.

In names taken from trade, such as Archer, Fisher, Brewster, Glover, etc., to be found in the London Directory, neither Banker, nor Soldier, nor Sailor occurs, but it must be remembered that the first of these names is scarcely as old as the days of the Stuarts, before which time the Goldsmiths "kept running cashes" and acted as "banquiers," for the word is one of modern French importation. Soldier (soldat) also is of foreign and comparatively recent origin. The absence of Sailor is supplied, though very sparingly it must be owned, by Boatman and Boatwright, Shipman and Shipwright. But, then, it is only in comparatively modern times that we became a sea loving people, and that "Britannia" began to "rule the waves."—Gentleman's Magazine.

Odd Provision For the Safety of Liners.

"Do you know," said a prominent shipping man, "that it is a rule with the big transatlantic steamship companies that the wife of the captain shall not travel in his ship? It's a fact. The company strongly prohibits its captains from taking their wives aboard with them. The supposition is that if anything should happen to the ship the captain, instead of attending to his public duty, would devote his attention mainly to the safety of his wife. So that if the wife of a captain wants to go abroad she must take passage in some other vessel. This rule also holds in many of the freight lines."—Philadelphia Record.

A Trusting Nature Shocked.

"I am sorry to have to tell you, young man," said the aged clergyman, "that the sermon you delivered this morning was preached by John Wesley more than a hundred years ago."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the young divinity student, both shocked and grieved. "I—I found it in a volume of sermons published by the Rev. Philetus Muggins in 1825 and long since out of print! Whom can one trust?"—Chicago Tribune.

An Impossibility.

A colored pastor in Texas, demanding a salary, is reported to have said, "brudern, I can't preach heah and boa'd deb'n!"

Character.

Character is like stock in trade; the more of it a man possesses the greater his faculties for making additions to it. Character is power—is influence; it makes friends, creates funds, draws patronage and support, and opens a sure and easy way to wealth, honor and happiness.—J. Hawes.

Sunday Observance In Boston.

No more "work of convenience" on Sunday. Work of "necessity or charity" may still be performed. Under which class does preaching come?—Boston Traveller.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURG R R

—O—

On and after Nov. 10th, 1895, passenger trains will arrive and depart from DuBois daily except Sunday, as follows:

TRAINS DEPART.

7 20 A Curwensville and Clearfield
9 55 " Bradford, Buffalo and Rochester.
10 35 " Punxsutawney and Big Run.
1 05 p. m. Falls Creek.
1 45 " Punxsutawney and Big Run.
4 50 " Clearfield and Williamsport.
5 15 " Ridgway and Bradford.
6 27 " Punxsutawney and Big Run.
6 45 " Clearfield and Phila.
7 00 " Falls Creek.

TRAINS ARRIVE.

9 55 a. m. Punxsutawney and Big Run.
7 30 " Falls Creek.
10 25 " Bradford and Ridgway.
9 40 " Curwensville and Clearfield.
10 10 p. m. Clearfield & Phil'a.
1 05 " Punxsutawney and Big Run
6 27 " Rochester and Buffalo.
6 30 " Punxsutawney and Big Run
7 20 " Curwensville and Clearfield.

Thousand mile tickets good for passage between all stations at 2 cents per mile.

For tickets, time tables and full information call on or address,

M. Lundergan, Agent, DuBois.
E. C. Lapey, Gen'l Pass Agent, Rochester, N. Y.

Beech Creek Railroad.

N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. Co., Lessee.

CONDENSED TIME TABLE.

Read Up					Read Down	
Exp	Mail	Nov. 17, 1895.			Exp	Mail
No 6	No. 68			No.	No. 69	No. 35
P M	P M			A M	P M	P M
.....	1 35	Ar	Patton	Lv	10 40	4 15
.....	1 14		Westover		10 20	3 55
9 25	12 00	Ar	Mahaffey	Lv	9 00	4 15
9 00	12 15	Lv	Kerrmoor		9 20	4 42
8 50	12 05		Gazzam		9 30	4 52
8 43	11 58	Ar	Kerrmoor	Lv	9 37	4 58
8 38	11 53		New Washington		9 42	5 03
8 33	11 46		Oganta		9 48	5 09
8 25	11 38		Mitchella		9 55	5 15
8 05	11 20	Lv	Clearfield Junc.	Ar	10 15	5 34
7 55	11 11		Clearfield		10 25	5 45
7 45	11 00	Ar	Clearfield Junc.	Lv	10 35	6 19
7 37	10 51		Woodland		10 45	6 49
7 31	10 44		Bigler		10 52	6 54
7 23	10 39		Wallaceton		10 57	6 59
7 15	10 29		Morrisdale Mines		11 06	7 08
7 07	10 22	Lv	Munson	Ar	11 13	7 17
6 55	9 55	Lv	Philipsburg	Arr	10 40	7 25
7 27	10 40	Ar		Lve	10 55	6 05
7 05	10 17	Ar	Munson	Lv	10 17	7 00
6 49	9 57		Peale		10 00	7 25
6 20	9 28		Gillintown		9 37	7 46
6 13	9 20		Snow Shoe		9 04	7 52
6 18	8 54		Beech Creek		8 49	8 16
6 05	8 39		Mill Hall		8 31	8 37
4 58	8 32		Lock Haven		8 07	8 00
4 47	7 55		Youngdale (Wayne)		7 16	9 13
4 35	7 40		Jersey Shore Junction		7 00	9 34
*4 00	†7 30	Lve	Williamsport	Arr	6 05	10 00
P M	A M				A M	P M

*Daily. †Weekdays. §6.00 P M Sundays, §10.55 A M. Sundays.

Connections—At Williamsport with Philadelphia and Reading Railroad. At Jersey Shore Junction with the Pa'l Br-ch Ry. At Mill Hall with Central Railroad of Pennsylvania. At Philipsburg with Penn'a. R. R. At Clearfield with the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburg railway. At Mahaffey and Patton with Cambria and Clearfield division of the Pennsylvania railroad. At Mahaffey with the Pennsylvania and Northwestern railway.

F E HERRIMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agt. Philadelphia, Pa.

A G PALMER, Superintendent.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

IN EFFECT NOV. 25, 1894.

Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Division. Time Table. Trains leave Driftwood

EASTWARD.

8:04 A. M.—Train 8, daily except Sunday, for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 6:30 p. m., New York, 9:38 p. m.; Baltimore, 6:40 p. m., Washington, 7:50 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia.

1:39 P. M.—Train 6, daily except Sunday, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 4:10 a. m., New York 7:35 a. m. Pullman Sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:00 a. m.

Erie Mail, for Sunbury and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 6:52 a. m.; New York, 9:35 a. m. (week days and 10:15 a. m. on Sundays); Baltimore, 6:20 a. m., Washington, 7:00 a. m. Pullman cars and passenger coaches from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia. Passengers in sleeper for Baltimore and Washington will be transferred into Washington sleeper at Harrisburg. Passenger coaches from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

WESTWARD

1:20 A. M.—Train 1, daily except Sunday, for Ridgway, DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations. Leaves Ridgway at 4:00 a. m. for DuBois.

[illegible] A. M.—Train 3, daily for Erie and intermediate points.

3:27 P. M.—Train 11, daily except Sunday, for Kane and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR DRIFTWOOD FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

TRAIN 11 leaves Philadelphia at [illegible] Washington 7:35 a. m., Baltimore 8:40 a. m., Wilkesbarre, 10:15 a. m.; daily except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood at 8:27 p. m. Pullman parlor car from Philadelphia, Williamsport.

TRAIN 2 leaves New York at 8:00 p. m., Philadelphia, 11:20 p. m.; Washington, 10:00 p. m., Baltimore, 11:50 p. m.; daily arriving at Driftwood at 6:50 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Philadelphia to Erie and from Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie, Baltimore to Williamsport.

TRAIN 1 leaves Renovo at 6:35 a. m. daily except Sunday, arriving Driftwood 7:20 a. m.

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD

(Daily except Sunday.)

TRAIN 19 leaves Ridgway at 8:30 a. m. Johnsonburg at 9:45 a. m., arriving at Clermont 10:40 a. m.

TRAIN 20 leaves Clermont at 10:50 a. m. arriving at Johnsonburg at 11:44 a. m. Ridgway at 12:00 noon

RIDGWAY AND CLEARFIELD R. R.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY

SOUTHWARD.			NORTHWARD.
P. M.	A. M.	STATIONS	P. M.
2 10	9 30	Ridgway	[illegible]
2 15	9 38	Island Run	[illegible]
2 22	9 42	Mill Haven	[illegible]
2 31	9 52	Croyland	[illegible]
2 38	10 00	Shorts Mills	[illegible]
2 42	10 08	Blue Rock	[illegible]
2 44	10 07	Vineyard Run	[illegible]
2 48	10 10	Carrier	[illegible]
1 00	10 22	Brockwayville	[illegible]
1 10	10 32	McMinn Summit	[illegible]
1 14	10 38	Harveys Run	[illegible]
1 20	10 45	Falls Creek	[illegible]
1 45	10 55	DuBois	[illegible]

TRAINS LEAVE RIDGWAY.

Eastward	Westward
Train 8, 7:17 a. m.	Train 5, [illegible]
Train 6, 1:45 p. m.	Train 1, [illegible]
Train 4, 7:55 p. m.	Train 2, [illegible]

M. PREVOST, Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Agt. Pa.