The Judge's Joke.

Ex-Judge William Riley of Virginia tells a funny story on himself concerning an experience he had in the senate at Washington. As everybody who has anything to do with the senate knows, the marble baths there are very fine. They are for the use of the members of the senate and their friends. A card from a senator will admit any one. When Mr. Riley was in Washington, he used frequently to make use of these baths, going to a friend of his in the senate for a card. He would then go down in the baths, where a Georgia darky attended to the rooms. He used to berate the colored attendant in pure southern style. The senator heard one of these tirades and he put up a joke on the ex-judge. The next time he came for a card he got it as usual. Then he went down stairs and disrobed. When he had finished undressing, the colored attendant came up and said, "Boss, you kyant hab no bath heah."

"What's that, you black rascal?"

"I dun said, boss, dat you kyant hab no bath heah."

"Why?" said the startled father.

"Read dis yeah kyard, boss," said the darky, as he handed it out. The card read:

"Keeper Potomac River—Please give bearer one bath. —— ——."

Rock Drilling.

The cost of hand and machine drilling is made the subject of some instructive comparisons in The Wormlandeks Annaler. It appears that at Danemora, Sweden, mechanical rock drilling costs 50 cents per yard, while hand drilling is only half that amount, so that the single advantage possessed by the former would seem to consist in the greater depth to which the holes may be drilled. At the place named the mean depth of holes with hand drilling is 2 feet 4 inches in stopes and 2 feet in conversed steps or overhand stopes, while with machine drilling the depths are 5 feet and 3 feet 8 inches, respectively. In the year 1890, with hand drilling, a meter shothole brought down 2.17 tons of rock; in 1892, with machine drilling, four tons, or 3.32 tons if the subdivision of the rock masses by hand drilling be taken into consideration. Doubling the depth of the hole, therefore, loosened nearly double the quantity of rock or increased by more than some 50 per cent the mass of subdivided rock. The price paid for hand drilling in Danemora is at the rate of 25 cents per meter

One Way to Tell Time.

"What time is it?" I asked the janitor of a down town office building.

The old fellow reached into his vest pocket, pulled out a battered silver watch, looked at it intently, and then taking a pencil from another pocket jotted something down on a bit of paper. Next he reached into another pocket and pulled out a second watch, the companion of the first, looked at it and again jotted something down on a bit of paper. Then he began a little computation on his slip of paper, after which he announced:

"At the time you asked, sub, it was just 27 minutes past 3. That's exact."

"Much obliged," I said. "But will you kindly explain to me why you had to look at two watches and go through all that figuring before you could tell me?"

"Why, you see, sub," he replied, "this here watch that I carries in my vest is a mighty good watch, but it loses just ten minutes every day. This other watch that I carries in my pants is just as good, but it gains ten minutes every day. So first I looks at one, and then I looks at the other, and then I takes my pencil and figures out the average between the two. That way I gets the time exact, suh."—Buffalo Express.

Kissing.

An English journal prints the following: "A very disagreeable habit of the king of Portugal is that he kisses his male friends. The princes of our reigning house all do this, and of course it is common enough abroad; but, thank heaven, so far this nasty looking (no matter how really innocent) habit has never become fashionable in this country. It is of course all a mere question of etiquette, but let us fervently pray that Englishmen when they meet with or part from their friends will never get to think it the correct thing to kiss one another. Etiquette in parting varies all over the world. In America the men shake hands and the women kiss one another and sometimes cry, for the American ladies are champion weepists. In France and in Italy even more the women weep, while the men kiss and hug one another almost as vigorously as if they were in a wrestling match. An English woman shakes hands with a man of her acquaintance, while in Spain she always gives her hand to be kissed. It makes the same sensation in Madrid for a man to take a woman's hand and shake it as it would in London for a foreigner to seize a lady's hand and kiss it."

Turning the Tables.

A professor who once took with him to an appointment a favorite student thought to test the young man. He was to take the morning service and the young man that of the evening. Accordingly while on the road to the appointment the professor "pumped" the youngster. When his surprise when on giving out his text he found that the professor had stolen a march upon him. His surprise was turned to dismay when he found that not only text, but also "heads" and all had been appropriated. Now, it happened that the pulpit was an old fashioned one, and the professor was very stout. To get in, a ladder had to be procured to enable him to climb over the top. After service he chuckled over his triumph. His triumph was, however, turned to disaster at night when the young man announced his text, "He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber."—Newcastle Chronicle.

The Ways of the Opossum.

Just why the great zoologists of the present day should have chosen to consider the opossum an animal of a lower order than the stupid and helpless sloth, and the third order from the lowest of all, is not so easy to understand as it ought to be. As a matter of fact, nature has done a great deal for the opossum—far more than for the great majority of quadrupeds. Note what the creature is, and can do, and match it if you can. It eats almost everything that can be chewed—wild fruit, berries, green corn, insect larvæ, eggs, young birds and quadrupeds, soft shelled nuts and certain roots. It is a good climber, and has a very useful prehensile tail. It forages on the ground quite as successfully as any squirrel. It usually burrows under the roots of large trees, where it is impossible for the hunter to dig it out, but sometimes it makes the mistake of choosing a hollow log. When attacked, it often feigns death to throw its assailants off their guard. Like the bear and woodchuck, it stores up a plentiful supply of fat for winter use, when food is scarce, and, above all, the female has a nice, warm pouch in which to carry and protect her helpless young, instead of leaving them in the nest to catch their death of cold or be devoured by some enemy.—W. T. Hornaday in St. Nicholas.

Queer Wills.

A Paris medical journal states that on opening a short time ago the will of a Parisian the following clause was found: "I request that my body be delivered to the Paris Gas company for the purpose of being placed in a retort. I always used my mental powers for the enlightenment of the population at large, and I desire that my body be used to enlighten the people after my death." Squire Hawley of the village of Hatfield, near Doncaster, left the whole of his estate to his groom, on the condition that his funeral should be conducted in a certain way. He died on a Christmas day and was buried in his own garden in the center of the graves of his cattle, that had died during the rinderpest. He was laid out in full hunting costume, including spurs and whip, and was carried from the house to the grave on a coffin board, when he was placed in a stone coffin, which, weighing more than a ton, had to be lowered by means of a crane. His pony was shot and buried at his feet in bridle and saddle, and his dog and an old fox were buried at his head.

Never Satisfied.

"Yes, my eldest daughter married for money."

"She is happy, of course?"

"Far from it. While she has everything one could wish for, she is far form being happy. She loved another."

"Your second daughter also married, did she not?"

"Yes, she married a man for his good looks."

"I suppose she is happy."

"Indeed she is not. While her husband is a good provider, he can't afford to give her what her oldest sister receives, and, consequently, she is unhappy."

"And your youngest daughter, the one I always thought so much of, is she married?"

"Yes, she married a man for love."

"Ah, sensible little girl!"

"But her husband is very poor!"

"Still, with all her poverty, she loves the man of her choice, and is, of course, happy?"

"No, indeed. She is the unhappiest of the three."—San Francisco Wave.

A Salvation War.

A fierce but somewhat funny war is waging in Pontiac, Mich., where the Salvation Army has its headquarters in the same building with a saloon, the former up stairs and the latter on the ground floor. Every man who wants a drink has to run the gantlet of a line of pickets set out by the Salvationists, and the incidents of the skirmishes and hand to hand conflicts are highly interesting to onlookers.

Rome's Attempts to Be Modern.

The tendency in Rome has of late been toward the artificial, and it is a refreshment to come upon some untouched portion of what is good as well as picturesque. The attempt to produce a modern capital at all hazards and costs has told upon the population as well as upon the city itself. For at great centers the first result of modern civilization is vice, and the next is degeneracy. It is really quite useless to ignore the fact in print, when it is perfectly apparent to every man in his senses. Italy is no worse than other countries, but neither is she an exception to the general rule, and since the most necessary institutions of civilization are prisons and hospitals, it is to Italy's credit that she should have spent as much as she has upon them in the midst of so much utterly senseless extravagance in other directions.—Marion Crawford in Century.

When Emerson Proposed.

Mrs. Ellen Emerson says that she remembers well the day when her father, the Concord philosopher, set out to propose marriage to her stepmother. "The liveryman seemed to know," she adds, "that it was a special occasion, and the horse and buggy which he gave father were made garish by a pair of bright yellow reins. Poor father looked so disconcerted. He pleaded gently for something less conspicuous, but the man was obdurate. I can see him now driving off with those glaring reins hanging loosely over the horse's back."

Her Opinion.

"The worst tyrant possible is a liberated slave."

"Et—yes. I guess that's the reason so many devoted lovers make such horrid husbands."—Indianapolis Journal.

Revolutions are not made; they come. A revolution is as natural a growth as an oak. It comes out of the past. Its foundations are laid far back.—Wendell Phillips.

"BOCK" BEER.

How the Beverage Is Brewed and Prepared For the Trade.

"Bock" beer is the keynote of history of beer brewing, as it is understood by the people of this day. It is generally supposed that beer is of distinctively German origin, whereas it is a fact that beer was brewed by the men of many nationalities in many parts of the world centuries before the Christian era. The Egyptians, the Greeks, the Romans, made beer from corn and barley in those ancient times. The lager beer of the Germans was a Bavarian product and "bock" beer originated in Bavaria.

We have heard a number of stories as to the origin of the term "bock" beer, and while they all vary as to detail, they are as a rule correct. When beer was first brewed in Bavaria and for a long time afterward in that and all other parts of the world, ice formed no part in the manufacture, though it was very necessary that it should be fermented and stored in a cold temperature. As ice was not relied upon to make this cold air and as artificial refrigeration was not dreamed of, brewing was done only in cold weather, and the beer was stored in chill vaults underground. Here it was left to age until some time in spring, say the latter part of April or the beginning of May, when the vaults were thrown open and the thirsty public was regaled with a pure, wholesome draft of the foamy beverage. And as the first issue from these vaults was stronger and liable to go to the head, the people were said to be "bocked," hence the name. Another version of the story is that when the vaults were thrown open, a buck jumped out and that gave rise to the name and also to the widely advertised "William" goat who adorns the "bock" beer signs of the present day.

But "bock" beer season is a time of sentiment to the Germans, and other people have imbibed the sentiment with the dark and heavy drink. They want "bock" beer at the proper time and they will drink it then and enjoy it.—Wine and Spirit Journal.

JOSEPHINE'S EXTRAVAGANCE.

Even the Emperor Napoleon Was Bothered by Dressmakers' Bills.

Throughout the late summer and autumn of 1807 the imperial court was more stately than ever before. The old nobility became assiduous in their attendance, and, as one of the empress' ladies in waiting is said to have remarked, the court "received good company." On his return Napoleon had found Josephine's extravagance to be as unbounded as ever, but he could not well complain, because, although for the most part frugal himself, he had this time encouraged lavishness in his family. Still, it was not agreeable to have dressmakers' bills flung into his carriage when driving in state with his consort, and on one occasion he sent an unprincipled but clever milliner to the prison of Bicetre for having disobeyed his orders in furnishing her wares to the empress at exorbitant prices. The person was so indispensable to the court ladies, however, that they crowded her cell, and she was soon released.

At St. Cloud, Malmaison, the Tuileries and Fontainebleau the social vices of courts began to appear, but they were sternly repressed, especially high play. By way of contrast, the city of Paris was at that very moment debauched by a profusion of gambling hells and houses of prostitution licensed at an enormous figure by Fouche and producing great revenues for the secret police. The gorgeous state uniforms of the marshals, the rich and elegant costumes of the ladies, the bespangled and bright coats of the household, dancing, theatricals, concerts and excursions—all these elements should have combined to create brilliancy and gayety in the imperial circle, but they did not.—"Life of Napoleon," by Professor Shane, in Century.

Difficulties of Carnation Culture.

Luck is not a reliable factor in the difficult problem of carnation culture. It demands exhaustive knowledge of the habits, requirements and diseases of the plant, unceasing watchfulness and unremitting labor the year through. Even when all is done that seems possible to merit success, the grower is liable to the exasperation of finding that particular varieties, upon which he may have based his most sanguine expectations, obstinately refuse to flourish under his care. Almost every carnation culturist knows varieties that he "simply cannot raise" and neither he, nor anybody else, can tell the reason why. Of course, there must be something lacking, in soil, water, air or treatment, which they require, but it seems as if they were capable of taking offense at him, or his surroundings, and preferring death, or at least unproductive life, to endurance of the association.—Scribner's.

Willing to Oblige.

Ex-Senator Sawyer was quoted in Washington as saying: "When they ask me if I want to be a delegate, I tell them 'No, I don't care anything about it, that I have been to a good many conventions; that I am pretty near 80 years old, and that if any of the boys want to go in my place I am perfectly willing to have 'em. At the same time, if they want to make me a delegate I'll accept. I've got nothing else to do, but I'm too old to have any ambition, and hereafter will do anything that is wanted of me, but no more."

This is a very sensible and moderate observation. But it applies to all sorts of jobs, including United States senator.—La Crosse (Wis.) Chronicle.

New Idea In Railway Tracks.

The annoyance of wheels slipping on tracks, especially in up grades, and the tremendous resistance experienced have led to a new invention. The rail is provided with an edge or rim covered with cogs or teeth, and the wheel has similar cogs which engage with them. These cogs are set on diagonally, inclining downward, and are less likely to accumulate dust and dirt.—New York Ledger.

Old Parish Registers.

A vicar, John Painter of Worle, is accused in 1581 of having got so drunk "at a Taverne in London, being the howse and signe of the Swanne in old Fysh Street," that he had to be "carried to his Lodginge, or some other convenient place, (he) being so dronke, not hable hym-selfe to goe," that is walk. He is also charged with being "a common player at Bowles in the churchyard of Worle (his own parish), and a common haunter of Tavernes, alehouses, Bearbeatinge (baiting) and Bel-beatinge, yes, upon the Sabbaths days, and an usual plaier at Tables (backgammon) & Cardes in the ale houses and Tavernes."

On Sept. 25, 1621, John Brock of Dundry is presented.

"For usualle playing of the Cnes and cudgills in the churchyard theare on Sabbaoth dases and holie dases, as namelie hee, with others, did so uppon St. Marke's dase past, and being reproved by the churchwarden for the same, hee gave him a froward answer, sayinge, 'wee are at exercise to doe the kings service, & you might not suffer us, but the whiles, you cutt your neighbors throats.'"

"That on Scondnise, 1 Julij, & on Scondnise 24 Jonij last, hee, Arthur Payton, and Edward Ward, tayler, did dance in the churchyard thereof," and Richard Hulford "played upon his instrument to those that usualle dounce in the churchyard theare."—Academy.

The Real Malay.

The real Malay is a short, thickset, well built man, with straight black hair, a dark brown complexion, thick nose and lips, and bright, intelligent eyes. His disposition is generally kindly, his manners polite and easy. Never cringing, he is reserved with strangers and suspicious, though he does not show it. He is courageous and trustworthy in the discharge of an undertaking, but he is extravagant, fond of borrowing money, and very slow in repaying it. He is a good talker, speaks in parables, quotes proverbs and wise saws, has a strong sense of humor, and is very fond of a good joke. He takes an interest in the affairs of his neighbors, and is consequently a gossip.

He never drinks intoxicants; he is rarely an opium smoker. But he is fond of gambling, cock fighting and kindred sports. He is by nature a sportsman, catches and tames elephants, is a skillful fisherman, and thoroughly at home in a boat. Above all things, he is conservative to a degree, is proud and fond of his country and his people, venerates his ancient customs and traditions, fears his rajahs, and has a proper respect for constituted authority—while he looks askance on all innovations, and will resist their sudden introduction.—Swettenham's "Malay Sketches."

Chinese Horrors.

The poor wretches supposed to have been implicated in the Hwasong outrages were handcuffed, looking filthy, wild, ghastly, half starved, but a few days of Yamen prison life makes them more like beasts than men. Their handcuffs are taken off while in the court—an exquisite irony of hinted mercy—for they have to kneel all the time while before the court, and as they all begin by lying, swearing they were nowhere near the scene, and so on, the instruments of torture are quickly brought in. A thin linked chain is coiled on the floor. On this the prisoner, bare knees must kneel. Then his head is dragged back and up, and his pigtail is tied high up to a rack; a pole is then thrust across his legs in the back of his knees and two soldiers stand on either end, crushing the poor wretch's knees into the chain coils, causing intense agony. Thus the English consul, Mr. Mansfield, could not stand and insisted the thing should be stopped.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Useless Forebodings.

"What a vast proportion of our lives is spent in anxious and useless forebodings concerning the future—either our own or that of our dear ones! Present joys, present blessings slip by, and we miss half their sweet flavor, and all for want of faith in him who provides for the tiniest insect in the sunbeam. Oh, when shall we learn the sweet trust in God that our children teach us—we, who are so mutable, so faulty, so irritable, so unjust and he, who is so watchful, so pitiful, so loving, so forgiving? Why cannot we, slipping our hand into his each day, walk trustingly over that day's appointed path, thorny or flowery, crooked or straight, knowing that evening will bring us sleep, peace and home?"—Phillips Brooks.

Both Names Changed.

A good story is told of an English family living in Norfolk county who possessed the euphonious name of "Bug." As that term in England is never mentioned in polite society and signifies a minute insect noted for its power of jumping, the family of that name did not appreciate its uniqueness. Upon coming into possession of some money, they at once petitioned to have it changed to "Howard." Their request was granted; but, alas for them, the bugs of that portion of the country were henceforth known by the more refined title of the "Norfolk Howards."

Two Views of Life.

"We must accept the theory of eternal life," says the pessimist, "because we can explain the present existence upon no other theory than that it is a punishment for sins committed in a previous state."

"And I," says the optimist, "accept the theory of eternal life because it seems to me reasonable to expect a chance in a future state to correct the blunders I commit in this one."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Another Star Out.

Old Friend—Hello! So you are in trade, now, Jim. Why did you retire from literature?

Jim Crow—Got hungry.—New York Ledger.

HE CRACKS A WHIP.

But He Is a Phenomenal Artist In the Use of the Lash.

A decided sensation has been created in Vienna by a man who probably stands alone in the world in his particular line of performance. This gentlemen's name is Pisledug, and he is an Austro-Hungarian by birth. He is an expert, or, rather, a phenomenal artist, in the use of the whip.

The first thing he does is to take a long lashed, stout handled whip in each hand, and, with orchestral accompaniment, proceed to crack or snap them at a terrific rate. The sound made by his whips in this manner is graduated from a noise like a rifle report to the soft click of a billiard ball. It makes a curious sort of music and serves to show how he can regulate the force of each stroke.

More interest, however, is evinced when he seizes a vicious looking whip with an abnormally long lash. It is provided with a very heavy handle of medium length. This is his favorite toy, and what he can do with it is really wonderful. He first gives an idea of what fearful force there lies in a whip lash in the hands of an expert.

A large frame, over which is stretched a calf or sheep skin, is brought on the stage. This is marked with dots of red paint. The man with the whip steps up, and, swinging the lash round his head, lets fly at the calfskin. With every blow he actually pulls a piece right out from the leather, leaving a clean cut hole.

These pieces are distributed among the audience to show that there is no trickery about the performance. After this he takes a frame with three shelves. On these there are a dozen or more of medium sized apples lying very close together and provided with large numbers. Any one in the audience may designate which apple he wishes struck, and the unerring lash snatches it out like a flash.

A still more difficult feat is the snapping of coins from a narrow necked bottle. A piece of silver about the size of half a crown is put over the cork of the bottle, which stands on the edge of a table. The whip artist, without appearing to take any sort of aim, sends the long lash whistling through the air and picks off the coin without jarring the bottle, much less breaking it.—Vienna Letter.

A FATAL MISTAKE.

It Was Made by a Profuse Frenchman In His Leave Taking.

A citizen of France who has an inveterate habit of confounding everything which is said to him and has been endeavoring to acquire a knowledge of our vernacular was about leaving his boarding house for a more comfortable quarter. All the little mysteries of his wardrobe, including his last nether garment and umbrella, had been packed up, when he bethought to himself the unpleasant duty now devolving upon him—that of bidding "ze folks" goodby.

After shaking his fellow boarders cordially by the hand and wishing them, with incessant bowing, "ze verree best success in ze virl" and "ze benediction du chief," he retired in search of his "dear landlady," to give her also his blessing. He met her at the staircase, and advancing, hat in hand, with a thousand scrapes, commenced his speech: "Ah, madame, I'm going to leave you. You have been verree amiable to me, madame. I will nevare forget you for zat. If in my countree, I would ask zer government to give you a pension, madame." The good lady put down her head and blushed modestly, while our Frenchman proceeded: "Well, I must go. You know in messe life it is full of pain and trouble. If Got adopted ze virl rich Lamartine made in his poesie, zen sure should he no more pain. Adieu, madame—adieu! Perhaps forever."

Thereupon the Frenchman was making his exit, when he was suddenly called back by his landlady, who interestedly inquired, "Why, Mr. C——, you have forgotten your latchkey." Mr. C—— appeared amazed, apparently not understanding his interrogator. "Yes," continued Mrs. M——, "you know it is the rule for all boarders to give me their latchkeys." "Oh, madame," interrupted the Frenchman, with enthusiasm, "I will give you not one—not one, but mazzands!" and, applying the action to the word, he sprang toward Mrs. M——, and, embracing her tightly in his arms, kissed her most heroically. The affrighted Mrs. M——, recovering herself at length, cried out, "The key, Mr. C——, the key!" Frenchy, looking confused, confounded, ejaculates with heavy sighs, "Oh, madame, I got you mixe for one koes, and I give it to you. Vat a fatale mistake!"—Scottish American.

Bennett and Stanley.

It is a treat to hear Henry M. Stanley tell of the way in which he was started in his work of exploring Africa. He was then writing for James Gordon Bennett on the New York Herald. One day Mr. Bennett sent for him. He went to his rooms and found the proprietor of The Herald in bed. Mr. Stanley made himself known, and a conversation like this ensued:

"Stanley, I want you to go to Africa and find Livingstone." With that Mr. Bennett rolled over in bed and thought that the matter was settled.

"But, Mr. Bennett," said Stanley, who was struck dumb by the gigantic task outlined, "that will take time, money, preparation, and, in fact, many things must be settled."

"Draw on the office for $1,000 and go and find Livingstone. Keep drawing until you find him. That is all."

Stanley left the room in a whirl, but he [illegible]

Germany and Steam.

In Adolph Wurtz's queer little volume of mechanical statistics and oddities, which bears the very appropriate title of "Curiosities of the Steam Engine," we find the following: "The very first steam engine which ever revolved its wheels in Germany was set in motion by Hackert at Freibelwetter on Aug. 23, 1785."

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURG R R

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

TRAINS DEPART.

7 35 a.m. Curwensville and Clearfield
9 55 " Bradford, Buffalo and Rochester.
10 50 " 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 37 " Punxsutawney and Big Run.
6 51 " Clearfield and Phila.
7 20 " Falls Creek.

TRAINS ARRIVE.

9 35 a.m. Punxsutawney and Big Run.
7 30 " Falls Creek.
10 33 " Bradford and Ridgway.
9 40 " Curwensville and Clearfield.
12 00 p.m. Clearfield & Phila.
1 00 " Punxsutawney and Big Run
4 37 " Rochester and Buffalo.
4 33 " Punxsutawney and Big Run
5 20 " Curwensville and Clearfield.

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

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

M. Loudergan, 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 Exp No 32	Mail No. 34		Nov. 17, 1895.		Read Down Exp No. 33	Mail No. 35
P M	P M				A M	P M
	1 35	Ar	Patton	Lv		12 30
	1 14		Westover			12 38
8 20	12 00	Ar	Mahaffey	Lv	6 05	7 15
9 00	12 15	Lv	Kerrmoor		5 20	6 42
8 50	12 06		Iselin		5 30	6 32
8 43	11 58	Ar	Kerrmoor	Lv	5 27	6 38
8 38	11 53		New Bloomport		5 32	6 33
8 32	11 46		Glenn		5 38	6 39
8 25	11 39		Mitchella		5 45	6 15
8 05	11 20	Lv	Clearfield Junc.	Ar	6 15	5 34
7 55	11 11		Clearfield		6 25	5 5 / 5 10
7 45	11 00	Ar	Clearfield Junc.	Lv	6 35	6 19
7 37	10 51		Woodland		6 45	6 29
7 33	10 46		Bigler		6 52	6 31
7 28	10 39		Wallaceton		6 57	6 40
7 15	10 29		Morrisdale Mines		7 06	6 46
7 00	10 22	Lv	Munson	Ar	7 15	6 57
6 55	9 55	Lv	Philipsburg	Arr	7 40	7 22
7 27	10 40	Ar		Lve	6 55	6 30
7 05	10 17	Ar	Munson	Lv	7 37	7 00
6 40	9 57		Peale		7 40	7 25
6 20	9 28		Gilliltown		7 57	7 44
6 14	9 20		Snow Shoe		8 04	7 52
5 58	8 24		Beech Creek		8 49	8 44
5 05	8 06		Mill Hall		9 01	8 57
4 58	8 02		Lock Haven		9 07	9 03
4 47	7 55		Youngdale (Wayne)		9 16	9 12
4 35	7 40		Jersey Shore Junction		9 29	9 24
P M	7 05	Lve	Williamsport	Arr	10 05	10 00
	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 Fall Brook 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.

9 04 A. M.—Train 5, daily except Sunday, for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 4.50 p. m., New York, 7.35 p. m.; Baltimore, 6.45 p. m., Washington, 7.50 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia.

3.39 P. M.—Train 6, daily except Sunday, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 4.50 a. m., New York 7.35 a. m. Pullman Sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeping car undisturbed until 7.00 a. m.

Sunbury and intermediate stations, arriving Philadelphia, 6.35 a. m.; New York, 9.35 a. m. week days and 12.50 p. m. on Sundays; Baltimore, 8.20 a. m.; Washington, 7.40 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

9.26 A. M.—Train 1, daily except Sunday, for Ridgway, DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations. Leaves Ridgway at 3.00 p. m. for Kane.

[illegible] A. M.—Train 3, daily except Sunday, for Kane and intermediate stations.

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 8.35 a. m. Washington 7.50 a. m.; Baltimore 8.45 a. m. Wilkesbarre, 10.15 a. m.; daily except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood at 6.27 p. m. with Pullman parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport.

TRAIN 3 leaves New York at 8.00 p. m. Philadelphia, 11.20 p. m.; Washington, 12.45 a. m. Baltimore, 12.30 p. m.; daily arriving at Driftwood at 9.30 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 8.35 a. m., daily except Sunday, arriving Driftwood 7.20 a. m.

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.
(Daily except Sunday.)

TRAIN 19 leaves Ridgway at 9.20 a. m. Johnsonburg at 9.45 a. m. arriving at Clermont 10.40 a. m.

TRAIN 20 leaves Clermont at 11.00 a. m., arriving at Johnsonburg at 11.44 a. m. and Ridgway at 12.00 noon.

RIDGWAY AND CLEARFIELD R. R.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY

SOUTHWARD. P. M.	A. M.	STATIONS.	NORTHWARD P. M.	P. M.
12 10	9 30	Ridgway	1 35	6 20
12 18	9 38	Island Run	1 25	6 05
12 22	9 42	Mill Haven	1 21	[illegible]
12 31	9 52	Croyland	1 11	[illegible]
12 38	10 00	Shorts Mills	1 02	[illegible]
12 43	10 05	Blue Rock	12 56	[illegible]
12 44	10 07	Vineyard Run	12 57	5 52
12 46	10 10	Carrier	12 50	5 49
1 00	10 22	Brockwayville	12 36	5 30
1 10	10 32	McMinn Summit	12 30	5 20
1 14	10 38	Harveys Run	12 20	5 10
1 20	10 45	Falls Creek	12 20	5 15
1 40	10 55	DuBois	12 05	5 00

TRAINS LEAVE RIDGWAY.

Eastward	Westward
Train 8, 7.17 a. m.	Train 9, 11.50 a. m.
Train 6, 1.45 p. m.	Train 1, 3.00 p. m.
Train 4, 7.35 p. m.	Train 2, 8.25 p. m.

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

We Employ Young Men to distribute our advertisements in part payment for a high grade Acme bicycle, which we send them on approval. No work done until the bicycle arrives and proves satisfactory.

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