# QUEER WEDDINGS.

## OCCASIONS WHEN ODDITY WAS AN IMPRESSIVE FEATURE.

**Freaks Who Have Been Joined in Wedlock—Many Cases of Marriage by Proxy. Wedded by Phonograph—Symbolical Marriages of India.**

The conventional idea of a wedding does not agree with the tastes of some people, and occasionally very eccentric and sometimes romantic marriage ceremonies are solemnized. Men and women entirely opposite in disposition and character frequently unite in the holy bonds of matrimony—sometimes much to their mutual regret. This peculiar fact, it would seem, also applies to oddities of human nature. In many of the traveling shows the freaks who help to draw money from the public intermarry, and it is not an unusual thing to find the fat man wedded to the skeleton woman and the tattooed man to the bearded lady.

Mrs. Hannah Battersby, who one time toured the country as a fat woman, was married to a Pennsylvania man, and it is stated as a curious fact that no sooner were they married than she began to lose flesh and he to gain it. His weight increased so rapidly that he soon took to exhibiting himself as a fat man. An exception to this rule of contrast, however, was Colonel Glover, the giant who stood 6 feet 7 inches. He was wedded to Martha Peabody, the American giantess. Several years ago, when they appeared in public together, they used to receive as much as $750 a week.

The Italian consular agent at Cincinnati performed the most peculiar marriage ceremony on record. The groom was a well to do resident of the Ohio city, and his bride lived in Italy. The contracting parties were thousands of miles apart when the wedding was performed, the marriage being by proxy. The consul filled in a blank certificate, which he forwarded to authorities in Italy, who in the presence of the parish priest exhibited it before the bride, who affixed her signature, accepting it as her action. The marriage was perfectly binding.

A very similar ceremony was performed some time ago. The affair took place by proxy, and Miss Maple was married by a clergyman in New York to a man who at the time of the marriage lay dying in a Texas town. The bridegroom was represented in the ceremony by the bride's cousin, who made the necessary responses and signatures as his proxy. The two lovers had been engaged for a long time, and Miss Maple wished to bear the name of her betrothed even though she could do so only as a widow.

The all important ring is sometimes forgotten, and in more than one case the door key of the church has had to do duty, but it is not often that portions of the marriage service are omitted. In a southern town, however, a little while ago, after the party had left the church, it was discovered that the clergyman had forgotten the words, "with this ring I thee wed," etc., thus relieving the bridegroom of the most serious part of his obligations, and the fair bride was minus a wedding ring. Instead of sitting down to the breakfast the party hurried back to the church and were thus practically married twice in one day.

Cupid ran amuck some years ago among the old folk of a Georgia town. An old soldier, 78 years of age, led to the altar an aged damsel who had seen 72 summers. There were three bridesmaids, whose ages respectively were 60, 68 and 70. They were all spinsters. The best man, who was 75, brought the combined ages up to 423 years.

An unusual kind of marriage was celebrated in New York recently. This was between a couple both deaf and dumb. They held prayer books while a friend pointed out the different passages in the service as they were spoken by the clergyman, and they made the customary responses in the deaf and dumb alphabet.

An ingenious couple once conceived the idea of being married by phonograph. In the place where the bridegroom resided he and the minister went over the marriage service, and he recited the proper responses into the instrument. The phonograph was sent to the lady, she willingly supplying the requisite, "I will," and "I do" in the presence of her pastor, who then pronounced the pair united in matrimony. No explanation is given of how they got over the difficulty of the ring.

A well known anthropologist, in describing various marriage customs, refers to a strange sort of symbolical marriage which is supposed to have originated in India. It is a marriage with trees, plants, animals and inanimate objects. If any one proposes to enter upon a union which is not in accordance with traditional ideas, it is believed that ill luck which is sure to follow may be averted by a marriage of this kind, the evil consequences being borne by the object chosen. In various regions a girl must not marry before her eldest sister, but the difficulty is overcome by the eldest daughter marrying the branch of a tree. Then the wedding of the younger daughter may safely be celebrated.—Buffalo Express.

### Contradictions.

"The more the merrier." Not so. One hand is enough in a purse. "Nothing hurts the stomach more than surfeiting." Yes, lack of meat. "Nothing but what has an end." Not so. A ring has none, for it is round. "Money is a great comfort." Not when it brings a thief to the gallows. "The world is a long journey." Not so. The sun goes over it every day. "It is a great way to the bottom of the sea." Not so. It is but a stone's cast. "A friend is best found in adversity." Not so, for then there is none to be found. "The pride of the rich makes the labor of the poor." Not so. The labor of the poor makes the pride of the rich.—New York Ledger.

# WELL SOLD TURTLE.

## IT WAS OF THE SNAPPING KIND, AND THEREBY HANGS THIS TALE.

**It Opened the Way For a Country Lad to Wall Street, a Rich Wife and Business Success—Qualities Displayed In a Small Transaction Which Pleased the Banker.**

"I would not have minded John's action on the floor the other day," said a broker to a party of friends yesterday, "if he had not used such a tone of suspicion when he demanded more margin on certain stocks that I had with him in a loan."

"It's only his way, Charlie," said a hearer. "He didn't mean to injure you at all."

"Possibly he did not," said the first speaker. "It may have been due to the training that old Dutch banker —— gave him and his innate desire to let nothing escape.

"When he and I were boys," Charlie continued, "I spent several summers on his father's farm out in Jersey. It was there that he met his partner, and there is a curious little story connected with their first business transaction, one in which he 'did' the old fellow, but at the same time endeared himself to him.

"John and I had been fishing, and among other things had caught a snapping turtle that weighed about 20 pounds. We were carrying the snapper home tied to a stick, one having hold of each end of it, when we met the banker driving along in a buggy to his summer home.

"Our catch presented a good appearance, and the old fellow stopped to inquire about it, as he had never seen so large a turtle before except in the market. He asked what we were going to do with it, and we told him what delicious soup it would make. At once he wanted it and offered 50 cents for it. I was for accepting the 50 cents, but not so John. He felt that he had a customer and held out for $1, and he got it.

"Old —— was a little afraid of the snapper's jaws, but John and I bridled the turtle by passing a bit of fishing line around it and between its jaws and so tied its head well back under its shell. We then received our silver dollar, tossed the snapper under the seat of the old man's buggy, and he drove off with it.

"As he did so I started on toward home, but John sat by the roadside.

"'What are you waiting for?' I said.

"'The snapper,' said John.

"'It's gone,' said I.

"'Mebbe it is, and mebbe it ain't. Wait a minute and watch the old man,' said he.

"And sure enough, before the old man had gone half a mile we heard him yell and then saw him jump from his buggy.

"John rolled on the grass and laughed nearly as loudly as the old man had yelled.

"Picking himself up, he said, 'Let's go get our snapper.'

"'I'd rather have the dollar,' I said.

"'What's the matter with having both?' he replied, and tossing me the dollar and telling me to remain where I was he started up the road after the old man, who was afraid to go near his buggy, for the snapper had bitten through its bridle, had nipped the old man's shins and had taken undisputed possession of the buggy.

"He found the old fellow in a state of consternation, swearing at the snapper in the most expressive German at his command and rubbing his shins at the same time.

"'What you sell me—de devil?' asked the old man.

"'No, a nice fat, juicy snapper,' said John, and I sold him too cheaply, too. He'll make delicious soup and plenty of it.'

"'Donnerwetter! Soup! I'll haf no soup! Gif me my tollar and take de brute.'

"'I haven't your dollar. Charley has it back there in the road. Take the snapper to him, and I guess he'll give you the dollar.'

"'Me! Me take das eatin ting? I vouldn't get into that puggy now for a quarter each vay. Get 'im out and keep the tollar.'

"It was like rolling off a log for John to take a stick, prod the snapper and jerk him to the ground as soon as he had fastened his jaws upon it. Old Dutchy, as we called him, jumped into his buggy as soon as the snapper reached the ground and drove hurriedly away.

"Of course I rejoined John, and we soon had his snappership swinging from our stick. We walked home in triumph, with the dollar in one pocket and the snapper, metaphorically, in the other. Our joke was too good to keep, and that night we related it to all who visited the mill.

"The old man bore us no ill will, but still he never wanted to buy any more of our 'schnappers,' although he occasionally stopped to look at them from the seat of his buggy when he met us carrying them home.

"John and I were sitting on the mill steps one evening when the old man drove up. He stopped, asked John to ride with him, and together they drove off. They were gone about an hour. That night John said, 'I'm going to be a banker.'

"'You—going to be a banker! What nonsense!' I exclaimed.

"'Nonsense or not, it's a fact. The old man tonight asked me to take a position with him. I told him I knew nothing of the business and would be a failure.'

"'You be a failure!' he said. 'You, who haf sot me a schnapper and haf got my tollar and my schnapper! Dot is too funny. You come vit me. I want you, and some day I put you on de exchange. You judge human nature, and you know animal nature. De bulls and de bears is de place for you.'

"John went with the old man and ever since has had the dollar in one hand and the snapper on the stick in the other. He married the old man's daughter, got into the firm and now owns the whole concern."—New York Times.

### One of Eugene Field's Pranks.

When Eugene Field was city editor of the Kansas City Times, he found great amusement in annoying one of the characters employed on the paper. Ferguson was one of the "make ups" on the paper, and in Wyandotte, where he resided, just over the line from Kansas City, he was the leader of a local temperance society. For over a year Field, on coming down to the paper to go to work, would write a personal concerning Ferguson. Generally it ran like this: "Mr. John Ferguson, the well known 'make up' of The Times composing room, appeared for work yesterday evening in his usual beastly state of intoxication." This entertaining bit Field would send down in a bundle of copy, and the others of the composing room would set it up and say nothing.

Poor Ferguson knew that this awful personal was in their midst, and every night would go carefully over every galley for the purpose of locating and killing it. It gave him vast trouble. Every now and then Field would not write his personal about Ferguson, and then the bedeviled Ferguson was worse off than ever. As long as he could not find it it might still be there. It almost drove the poor man off the paper. Now and then it escaped his eagle eye and was printed. On such occasions Ferguson's burdens were beyond the power of even a Christian spirit to bear.

### Delay That Wasn't Dangerous.

Once in a while the dry pages of government reports are enlivened by details of sensational incidents. Witness the following from a report of John W. Fleming, United States mine inspector for New Mexico: "I arrived at Cerillos on the evening of the 26th of February, at 11 p. m. On the morning of the 27th I went out to the White Ash Coal mine, about 2½ miles from the town. When I arrived there, I asked the superintendent of the mine, James Duggan, about the condition of the mine, and he informed me that it was never better; that he had been in the mine every day for eight or ten days past, and had taken air measurements and found that the ventilation was better than ever before. Upon my request that he proceed into the mine for its inspection, he stated that he was required to go to the coke ovens of the company at Waldo, about 2½ miles distant, and would return by noontime, and we would go into the mine." At 11 a. m. an explosion of fire damp occurred in the mine which killed 24 men, and showed the inspector that, sometimes, delays are the reverse of dangerous.

### A Fond Mother's Ruse.

There is a mother on the north side who has a family of small children. One day she became very much interested in a book, and it seemed as if she must read it, but the children bothered her very much. Finally she thought of a scheme whereby she could get rid of the children, so she took a broom and put a red cloth on it and hung it in the window. She then told the children they must play she had the smallpox, and that they must not dare come near her, for they would catch it. They kept away beautifully all the afternoon, and she finished the book. Some of the neighbors also saw the red flag and asked the children what was the matter, and they said smallpox, and the report was current on that side of town in a very short time. Not only the children, but the neighbors, kept away until they learned of the scheme.—Indianapolis Journal.

### Ancestors.

Abraham Hayward, the famous Quarterly reviewer, once thought that he would like to have some ancestors, so he walked straight to a picture dealer's. Selecting a portrait of a cavalier in half armor, with features not quite unlike his own, Mr. Hayward made a bid for it, but deeming the price asked too high, he went his way. A few days later Mr. Hayward went to dine with Lord Houghton, and was astonished to find the picture in the dining room. Seeing that it attracted his guest's attention, Lord Houghton said: "Very good picture that! Came into my hands in a curious way. Portrait of a Milnes of the commonwealth period—an ancestor of mine." "Ah, indeed!" said Mr. Hayward. "He was very near being an ancestor of mine."

### Witches In Eggshells.

When Napoleon III was approaching sovereignty, he asked a judicious friend to observe him carefully for a week and to point out to him anything that he did which was not according to the severest code of the manner of a well bred man.

At the end of the week there was only one practice which his friend had noticed. The emperor, after eating a boiled egg, invariably thrust his spoon through it.

Whence this practice has arisen, at one time not uncommon, it is difficult to say. Some date it from a very early period and assume that it was done originally in order to prevent witches sailing in the eggshells.

### Russian Distances.

One gets an idea of the magnificent distances of the czar's realm from learning that a Russian general who was in a hurry to get to St. Petersburg from Vladivostok found the time saving route was to go to Yokohama by steamer, thence by another steamer across the Pacific to San Francisco, by rail to New York and by steamer to Europe. The gap between the finished sections of the Transsiberian railroad is so many hundreds of miles in length that the general would have lost time in traversing the wilds of that vast country, where horses furnish all the transport.

### Inconsistent.

"Why are you looking so serious, Bobby?" asked the fond father.

"Thinkin about the preacher. He went and told us we should not covet other people's things and then tried to get all the pennies we had."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

# GRANT RAIDED THE PARTY.

**How the General Once Broke Up an Interesting Poker Game.**

J. F. B. Lillard tells the following poker story, says the San Francisco Wave:

"General Grant once interfered in a most unwarranted and arbitrary manner with a poker game that was paying me a big profit," said Andrew Danner. "It was shortly after the battle of Shiloh, and we Confeds were feeling pretty badly down in the mouth. I was on the advanced picket line one bright moonlight night, and the Yanks had a post only a few hundred yards away. We shot at each other until we got tired of the sport, then we swapped newspapers, coffee and tobacco. A daredevil young Yankee corporal walked right into our post, sat down on a log as unconcerned as you please and asked us if we knew how to play draw poker. Did we? We rather thought we did. Had we any greenbacks? A few. Then he pulled out a deck of cards, and we sat down to play. Pretty soon another Yank came over, then another, until there were six of them, and we all joined in and played a wide open game, forgetting that the cruel war was not over.

"Luck came my way, and I soon had everybody but the Yankee corporal broke. The rest were squatted round, blue and gray, watching the game, when there came that ugly 'c-l-i-ck ick' so familiar to the soldier's ear. We looked up, and there stood a Yankee sergeant with four men, their muskets cocked. 'Members of the Forty-ninth, consider yourselves under arrest,' said the sergeant. 'Oh, come now, sergeant,' the corporal began, when a horseman reined up behind the guard, and he concluded, 'General Grant, by hokey!' The bluecoats got up looking like a lot of whipped schoolboys and saluted their commander, who eyed them as sternly as a sphinx. They filed in front of the guard and started for camp. When their backs were turned on him, Grant removed the cigar from his mouth, and, with a cynical smile, asked the Confederate nearest him, 'Who's ahead?' 'Oh, we are,' replied the defender of the stars and bars. 'Those chumps you've brought down here can't play poker a little bit. But they can fight, general,' I remarked. 'Have to sometimes,' said Grant dryly and rode away."

# HOW PEOPLE REST.

**Some Races Sit and Lie Down, While Others Crouch and Kneel.**

There is wide difference in the modes followed by the various races of the world in taking their rest. It seems to the American that by far the most satisfactory way to do it is either to sit or lie down, but there are millions of human beings that rest quite as well in quite a different way.

The most barbarous races crouch and kneel when resting and do it so comfortably that they sleep in those postures as easily as an American does in bed. The lower classes among the Hindoos and some of the South American races sleep thus, the men usually crouching and the women kneeling.

In the next higher grades of civilization those positions give way to sitting with crossed legs. This is the sitting posture of the Mussulman and the Pacific island races, as is well known. In some Persian houses, however, it is not unusual to see the inhabitants and guests ranged about a room kneeling against the wall.

Another step upward on the ladder of civilization brings us to chairs of various forms. A primitive chair consisting of a simple wooden support a few inches high is found in some parts of Africa. Then comes the same support with a round crosspiece, which is seen in Guinea, and then a flat crosspiece with two legs, which is used in the upper Nile country. Finally comes the three and four legged stools and chairs, sometimes in simple form and sometimes handsomely carved, which are found among the civilized races all over the world.

In Egypt the fellahs retain the four postures of their ancestors, the kneeling, the sitting, the cross legged and the sitting upon the ground with legs joined. All four date from the eighteenth dynasty.—Exchange.

### Ore Treatment.

A process has been brought forward in Sweden, by Olm and Loftrand, for extracting gold or bismuth from ores by means of melted lead. The process can be applied to mineral mixtures containing, for example, iron ores, limestone, bismuth, native gold, quartz, or silicates, and even when the mixtures are so poor in gold and bismuth that it would otherwise be unprofitable to work them. The method now brought forward consists in placing the ores in a bath of melted lead, keeping it as free as possible from any contact with the air. To gold ores which contain little or no bismuth enough of the latter substance is added to reduce the melting point of the alloy as far as possible, in this way preventing oxidation of the alloy and loss of metal which would otherwise result. The bath made use of for this purpose is filtered through a cylinder, the bottom of which consists of a perforated sheet of metal covered with a layer of asbestus, pieces of iron wire and coal dust.

### Cause of Nose Bleed.

In weak persons bleeding at the nose is frequently hurtful and should be stopped without delay, as continued hemorrhage may prove fatal if neglected.

Those who suffer from poorness of blood, or anæmia, and are sometimes seized with violent nose bleeding, should avoid, as far as possible, anything which may tend to bring it on. Gentle exercise only should be taken, as violent bodily movements may provoke a repetition of the hemorrhage. Even running down stairs hastily should be avoided.

Bleeding at the nose is usually a sign that something is wrong with the system. The cause should, if possible, be discovered and steps taken to remove it.

# SAND SUCKERS.

**Old Hulks That Are Profitably Utilized In a New Industry.**

As the steamers pass along St. Clair flats, between Lake Huron and Detroit river, the passengers see numbers of old hulks anchored off in shallow water and invariably ask the steward or one of the deck boys what they are there for. The answer always is given in a gruff and contemptuous tone, as if it were a fool's question:

"They're sand suckers."

"What's a sand sucker?"

"Old tubs that suck up sand."

"How do they suck up sand?"

Then the oracle looks at you and grins. He doesn't quite know whether you're a farmer yourself or are guying him, and it takes a great deal more questioning to find out the fact that a new industry has been found to utilize ancient and leaky hulks that are not fit to go to sea.

The bottom of Lake St. Clair and the flats that surround it are covered with beautiful white sand, and these boats go out every morning, anchor in a favorable place near the channel, and drop overboard large hose pipes of canvas or rubber, with iron tips, which sink of their own weight. Then they set the pumps going and suck up the sand, which brings a good deal of water with it, and is deposited in the bottom of the boat. The sand settles, and the water rises to the surface and returns to the river through holes pieced for its accommodation. Thus, before sunset the hatches are filled with pure, clear sand at a nominal cost, which is unloaded on the docks at Detroit and sold for building purposes.

In early days there was a community of Frenchmen who made a business of gathering this sand and hauling it to the city, but they had to work very hard because of their ignorance of hydraulics and their lack of boats. They poled and rowed up flatboats, which they would fill by jumping overboard in shallow water and shoveling in the sand. They would work a month with the water up to their waists and not get as large a cargo as a modern sand sucker, operated by two men, can pick up in a single day.—Chicago Record.

# SUGAR NOT INJURIOUS.

**The Idea That It Destroys the Teeth Is Ridiculed.**

A writer in the Contemporary Review devotes most of an article on champagne to the popular idea that gout is produced by the sugar contained in that drink. The paper is "not a medical paper," but the writer brings forward considerable evidence to show that champagne has nothing to do with the production of gout, and in an aside speaks of that other popular notion that sugar destroys the teeth. He says:

"In corroboration of the fallacy of the sugar and gout idea it may be mentioned that the still more reprehensible dogma, from a sanitary point of view, that sugar ruins the teeth is equally false. Indeed, how the idea ever came into existence is a mystery, seeing that the finest, whitest and strongest teeth are found in the mouths of negroes growing up on sugar plantations, dating from the earliest years upward consuming more sugar than any other class of people whatever. Those at all interested in the value of this fact here [illegible] around among their patronized dentists and see whether the sugar eaters or the sugar shunners have the finest teeth, and they will find, other things being equal, that the sugar eaters, as a rule, have the best teeth. The only possible way for accounting for this libel against sugar seems to be by supposing that it originated in the brain of one of those economically disposed great-grandmothers at the time when sugar was 2 shillings a pound in order to prevent her children gratifying their cravings for sweets at the expense of the contents of the sugar basin."

### She Sang Crouch's Song.

"The death of poor Crouch," says an English correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, "brings to mind a pathetic incident which occurred at one of Mile. Titiens' concerts in the opera house at New York in 1876. The famous singer, as an encore, sang 'Kathleen Mavourneen,' the only time she did so while in the United States. It excited a furore of applause, and Mlle. Titiens' leaving the stage she was informed that a man, supposed to be a lunatic, was fighting his way over the barriers from the pit to the stage, determined to speak to the singer. The prima donna told the authorities to let him come to her. On entering the man burst into tears, sobbing out, 'Oh, Mlle. Titiens, I never before heard my song as you have just sung it!' 'Your song,' was the astonished reply. 'Why, you are not Crouch, surely?' 'I am indeed,' replied the composer, 'even then an old man, 'and I felt I must thank you myself.' It was indeed the unlucky Crouch, who had strayed together the price of a pit seat, little dreaming that his own now world famous song would be the most rapturously applauded item of the night.

### Before Black Stockings Were Worn.

"I saw a little girl in striped red and white stockings the other day," said the woman, "and it made me think of the time when I was a little girl myself. There was no thought of black stockings then. The small legs of all the small girls looked like sticks of variegated candy. The child who had the gayest combination of stripes was the happiest, and if the color scheme happened to be displeasing to our youthful tastes there was such a feeling of utter woe as I know I seldom feel now that I am 'grown up.'"—New York Times.

Philippe I of France did not deserve the title of the amorous any more than most other French kings, but in spite of this fact it was bestowed upon him on account of his numerous intrigues with the ladies of his court.

The first gold pens were made by hand in 1840 in the city of New York.


BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURG R. R.

On and after June 14th, 1896, passenger trains will arrive and depart from Dubois daily except Sunday, as follows:

TRAINS DEPART.

7 35 a. m. Curwensville and Clearfield
9 55 " Bradford and Richmond.
11 55 " Punxsutawney.
12 50 p. m. Falls Creek.
1 45 " Punxsutawney.
4 50 " Clearfield and Williamsport.
1 10 " Ridgway, Bradford and Buffalo.
4 37 " Punxsutawney and Helvetia.
4 50 " Clearfield and Falls.
7 25 " Falls Creek.

TRAINS ARRIVE.

9 55 a. m. Punxsutawney and Big Run.
7 30 " Falls Creek.
10 30 " Bradford and Ridgway.
9 40 " Curwensville and Clearfield.
12 50 p. m. Clearfield & Phil'a.
1 10 " Punxsutawney.
4 37 " Rochester and Buffalo.
4 30 " Punxsutawney and Big Run
7 25 " Curwensville and Clearfield.

Thousand mile tickets good for passage between stations at 2 cents per mile.
For tickets, time tables and full information call on or address,
R. L. Underdegan, Agent, DuBois.
E. C. Lindsey, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

Beech Creek Railroad

N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. Co. Lessee.
CONDENSED TIME TABLE.

Read Up | May, 17, 1896. | Read Down
No. 23 | No. 21 | No. 19 | No. 10 | No. 2
P M | P M | A M | P M
1 55 Ar. Patton Lv
Westover
Lv Keenoor
Curwensville
8 45 12 18 Ar. Kerrmoor Lv 5 41
8 30 12 18 New Milport 5 42
8 21 12 07 Olanta 5 52
Mitchella 5 15
Clearfield Junc. Arr 5 20
7 50 11 31 Clearfield 6 25
Clearfield Junc. Lv 6 05
7 37 11 12 Woodland 6 17
7 33 11 05 Bigler 6 22
7 26 10 58 Wallaceton 6 27
7 19 10 50 Morrisdale Mines 6 33
7 07 10 41 Lv Munson Ar 7 15
6 30 10 pm Lv 7 40
7 27 11 01 Ar Phillipsburg Ar 6 45
Lv 6 55
7 05 10 32 Ar Munson Lv 7 17
7 00 10 32 Winburne 7 22
6 40 10 12 Peale 7 40
6 30 9 50 Gilliland 7 57
6 18 9 40 Snow Shoe 8 04
5 18 8 48 Beech Creek 8 49
5 05 8 38 Mill Hall 9 01
4 55 8 31 Lock Haven 9 07
4 47 8 15 Youngdale (Wayne) 9 16
4 35 8 00 Jersey Shore Junction 9 29
4 10 7 35 Jersey Shore 9 50
10 00 7 21 Lv Williamsport Ar 10 05
P M | A M | A M | P M

p m | a m Phila. and Reading R. R. | a m | p m
12 40 *5 55 Ar Williamsport Lv 10 20 *11 35
8 35 *11 30 Lv Philadelphia Ar 5 05 7 10
4 30 Lv. N. Y. via Tamaqua Ar 8 00
7 30 Lv. New York via Phila. Ar 3 25 9 30
am p m | p m | a m

*Daily. †Weekdays. 8.00 P M Sundays. 10.15 A M. Sundays. New York passengers traveling via Philadelphia on 10.05 a. m. train from Williamsport, will change cars at Columbia Ave., Philadelphia.

Connections—At Williamsport with Philadelphia and Reading Railroad. At Jersey Shore with the Fall Brook Ry. At Mill Hall with Central Railroad of Pennsylvania. At Phillipsburg with Penn'a. R. R. and Altoona and Philipsburg Connecting 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. KERRIGAN, General Passenger Agt.
A. G. PALMER, Superintendent.
Philadelphia, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

IN EFFECT JUNE 14, 1896

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

EASTWARD.

9 34 A. M.—Train 8, daily except Sunday, for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 6.23 p. m., New York, 9.40 p. m.; Baltimore, 6.00 p. m., Washington, 7.15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia.

3 38 P. M.—Train 6, daily except Sunday, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 4.10 a. m., New York 7.50 a. m. Pullman Sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7.00 a. m.

9 35 P. M.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury & Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 6.52 a. m.; New York, 9.50 a. m. week days and 10.20 a. m. on Sundays; Baltimore, 6.00 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 car per morning. Passengers dining from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

WESTWARD

7 34 A. M.—Train 1, daily except Sunday for Ridgway, DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations. Leaves Ridgway at 9.15 a. m. for Erie.

9 50 A. M.—Train 3, daily for Erie and intermediate points.

3.36 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 8.25 a. m. Washington 7.20 a. m.; Baltimore 8.00 a. m. Wilkesbarre, 10.15 a. m.; daily except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood at 3.26 p. m. with Pullman parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport.

TRAIN 2 leaves New York at 8.20 p. m. Philadelphia, 11.20 p. m.; Washington, 10.40 p. m., Baltimore, 11.50 p. m.; daily arriving at Driftwood at 9.50 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 6.30 a. m., daily except Sunday, arriving Driftwood 7.45 a. m.

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD
(Daily except Sunday.)

TRAIN 10 leaves Ridgway at 9.20 a. m. Johnsonburg at 9.38 a. m., arriving at Clermont at 10.35 a. m.

TRAIN 20 leaves Clermont at 10.45 a. m., arriving at Johnsonburg at 11.41 a. m. and Ridgway at 12.00 noon.

RIDGWAY AND CLEARFIELD R. R.
DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY

SOUTHWARD. | STATIONS. | NORTHWARD
P. M. | A. M | | P. M. | P. M.
12 10 | 9 25 | Ridgway | 2 00 | 6 10
12 17 | 9 33 | Island Run | 1 53 | 6 02
12 21 | 9 36 | Mill Haven | 1 48 | 5 59
12 32 | 9 46 | Croyland | 1 37 | 5 49
12 36 | 9 52 | Shorts Mills | 1 34 | 5 44
12 40 | 9 57 | Blue Rock | 1 19 | 5 39
12 42 | 9 59 | Vineyard Run | 1 17 | 5 37
12 45 | 10 01 | Carrier | 1 25 | 5 34
12 55 | 10 12 | Brockwayville | 1 15 | 5 24
1 05 | 10 22 | McMinn Summit | 1 05 | 5 15
1 09 | 10 25 | Harveys Run | 12 59 | 5 10
1 15 | 10 30 | Falls Creek | 12 56 | 5 20
1 45 | 10 40 | DuBois | 12 47 | 5 1

TRAINS LEAVE RIDGWAY.

Eastward
Train 8, 7:17 a. m.
Train 6, 2:10 p. m.
Train 4, 7:55 p. m.

Westward
Train 3, 11:00 a. m.
Train 1, 9:15 p. m.
Train 2, 7:01 p. m.

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

FOR FINE JOB WORK

CALL AT THIS OFFICE