Bismarck was a discriminating diplomatist clear through to his epitaph.

Football has been prohibited in Mexico because of its cruelty. Nothing but innocent amusement like bull-fighting goes there.

France now concedes that the Americans are rather a superior people. This is gratifying, but had she not changed her opinion the United States would probably have gone right along, just as though France herself did not exist.

A professional school of electricity is to be established at St. Germain, near Paris, France, to be called the Ampere Institute. The school is intended to furnish laborers and foremen with an electrical education, and first-class instruction will be given in both theory and practice.

A "purse" raised by the grateful passengers on a train saved from destruction by an alert small boy near Burlington, Vt., a little while ago, was found when placed in his hands and carefully counted to contain $1.80. Whether the passengers lacked appreciation of the value of their limbs or their lives is not told, but it is said the company "will do the right thing by the lad."

The more the country sees and hears from the young hero Hobson, the more it is fascinated by the roundness, the largeness of his development. Mentally, physically, morally, he is built upon the heroic model. If one were asked for a type of the result of a century of democratic institutions, for a man who would best embody the American citizen, self-reliant, self-contained, ready for any emergency and master of it when it came, could he do better than to point to Richmond Pearson Hobson? asks the New York World.

Major-General Crease, of the British Royal Marine Artillery, has devised a new scheme for the coast defense of Britain. His plan is to build eighteen floating batteries of 11,500 tons each, thickly armored from deck to keel so as to be practically torpedo-proof, but of such light draught that they can fight in shallow waters. They are to be armed each with sixteen heavy guns in four two-story turrets, and manned by naval militia. He would have, besides, nine "battleship exterminators," armored destroyers of great speed, supplied with a ram, torpedo tubes and light guns. The cost would be $100,000,000. General Crease is now on the retired list.

Some of the manufacturers of glucose in Chicago have turned their attention to the production of corn oil—an article extracted by pressure from the germ of the grain by a method similar to that used in the manufacture of linseed oil, leaving a residuum not unlike in its character the oil cake of commerce. It seems that in the production of glucose, it was a matter of necessity first to extract the germ, this, for a long time, involving a waste. As against this, a company now turns out some 350 barrels of corn oil per day. Most of the oil goes to England for soapmaking. It is shipped in second-hand oil barrels, each of a weight, when filled, of 400 pounds, rated at the factory at three cents per pound. Some of the oil is used in this country principally in mixing cheap paint and for adulterating linseed oil. It is regarded as a rapid "drying" oil.

Men prominent in shoe manufacturing in Lynn, Mass., believe that that industry needs for its profitable continuance a trade training-school. It is as essential to their business, they say, as is the textile school to the distinctive industry in Lowell. The difficulty to be met is that of maintaining a supply of trained workmen. Because of the tyranny of the trades unions, only the families of members of the unions can learn the lasting or cutting trade. A young man cannot learn the branches of the trade in Lynn unless his father teaches him. Otherwise if he wishes to learn the trade, he must go out of Lynn, or earn a commitment to the State prison. In the latter institution he is imperfectly taught, and if he learns the trade thoroughly elsewhere, he is apt to remain where he served his apprenticeship. In either event the Lynn industry suffers, as the manufacturers lose large amounts every year through the poor work of lasters or cutters who profess to know the trade, but have not sufficiently mastered it. The manufacturers of the city have promised their support to the movement of opening a trade school, and the project will probably be brought to the attention of the City Council at an early date.

PERSEVERE.

If at first you do succeed,
Try again!
Life is more than just one deed;
Try again.
Never stop with what you've done,
More remains than you have won,
Full content's vouchsafed to none;
Try again!

If you've earned a bit of fame,
Try again!
Seek a still more honored name,
Try again.
Sit not down with folded hands,
Cramp not hope with narrow bands;
Think what prowess life demands!
Try again!

If you're won on lower plane,
Try again!
Life is more than one campaign;
Try again.
Send your guidons to the fore,
Strive to seize one standard more,
Still ungained are palms galore;
Try again!

If at first you do succeed,
Try again!
For future harvests sow the seed,
Try again.
Rise with sacred discontent,
Realize that life is lent
On highest searches to be spent;
Try again!

—C. A. S. Dwight, in Youth's Companion.

A STAND-UP FIGHT.

By Eleanor Kirk.

"EARS to me, an able-bodied fellow like you could find something to do if he tried hard enough!"

Albert Duryea, a youth of eighteen, with a frank, handsome face, and a sturdy, well-knit frame, looked somewhat grave and discouraged as these words fell from the lips of the rich merchant to whom he had applied for a position.

"That's what everybody says, sir," the boy replied. "And that's what I thought myself when I started out. I have good references," he added, with a brave struggle against disappointment, "and I will do anything to earn a little money to keep my mother with. She isn't very strong, sir."

Albert Duryea had spent nearly a month in the endeavor to find work, and at this point it was about all the poor fellow could do to keep from breaking down ignominiously.

He had always supposed that if it was necessary for a son to support his mother, everybody would be interested in helping him.

The mothers who suffered poverty and hunger either hadn't any sons, or their sons were not willing to work for them. But he had not walked the streets for four weeks without finding out his mistake.

"Your mother's a widow, then?"

The merchant glanced up from his bills and surveyed his companion again from head to foot. At last—and Albert's heart gave a quick, joyful leap—somebody was interested in his mother.

"Yes, sir," he replied. "Perhaps you remember Hamilton Duryea? He was my father. He failed in business about six months ago, lost everything, and then—then he was taken very ill, and only lived a little while. I was all ready for college, but of course I had to give up that and try to see what I could do."

"I remember your father very well," the gentleman responded, with considerable interest and respect in his tone; "but where are your father's friends? I should think that among them all a position might be scared up for you."

"But they say there are many young men wanting situations and times are so hard. They tell me there doesn't seem to be anything doing," the youth answered.

The grim face of the merchant relaxed a little, and a ghost of a smile played about his mouth.

"Times are always dull, my boy, when a man wants work," he said.

Then he put his hand into his pocket and drew out a roll of bills.

"I don't feel justified," he went on, "in making room for a clerk I do not need. I should like to give you employment, and if there was a vacancy I would set you to work to-day. This," extending his hand with a five-dollar inclosed, "will help your mother a little, perhaps."

Albert Duryea drew back as if he had been struck, while all the blood in his body seemed to have rushed to his face.

He opened his mouth to speak, but the words would not come. The man of business dropped the money on the counter and resumed his work.

The boy stood for a moment a picture of helpless wretchedness, then, unable to say anything but a low and almost inarticulate "Good-morning, sir," turned and left the establishment.

Of course, he must have looked like a beggar, and acted like a beggar, he said to himself, or he never would have been taken for a beggar. He supposed his clothes looked rather out of date, but they were clean and certainly not ragged.

All this time he had been laboring under the mistake that he presented the appearance of a gentlemanly young fellow. This was a revelation, indeed. He must have been looking too high. His former social standing did not count, and his education seemed to be going for nothing.

He had never once thought of shoveling coal, or asking for a porter's or a waiter's position. Suppose he got a chance to put ten or a dozen tons of coal into somebody's cellar, would he do it? he inquired of himself. He would. Was there anything honest he would not do for his mother? There was not.

Some way, he grew stronger, and the ache left his heart, as he assured himself that there was no occupation so menial that he would not welcome it for his mother's sake.

There was one offer that he had declined. It was to canvass for a pictorial volume. He could not recall the name. He remembered that in his former home the servants were always instructed to dispose as speedily as possible of all such applicants, and he had never seen any house where canvasser were welcomed. He was glad to think he had always been sorry for those poor people.

Now everything else had failed, and he could not go home again with the old story of hard luck. His mother was growing weak and ill for the lack of the nourisheng food she had all her life been accustomed to, and he couldn't bear it another day.

He would canvass for this book. If folks slammed their doors in his face, he would try to be ashamed of them, and not of himself. It was a hard job, and when at last, equipped with his book and his circulars, he climbed the first flight of steps to the doorbell, he was in a state of excitement which none but the sensitive can ever understand. But he rang the bell, and the summons was answered.

"I have a book to show the lady of the house, please," said Albert, politely, but firmly.

"Go show it to the cobble-stones," was the inspiring answer. "The lady of the house ain't in."

And bang went the door.

It would take too long to relate the varied experiences of this amateur canvasser, but out of three hours' consecutive and conscientious ringing of bells, Albert managed to interview two ladies and one little girl. One lady already had the volume. The other would think about buying it. If the canvasser was around that way in a week or two, she would talk with him again.

The little girl wanted to see the pictures. The servant, kinder or more unsuspicious or intuitive than the rest, let the boy into the hall, while she went upstairs to her mistress. Unfortunately, the lady was asleep.

Albert lingered a few moments, and let the little girl examine the book, and then, tired and sick at heart, turned to leave the house.

"I wish you'd stay longer," the child told him kindly. "When will you come again?"

"Some day, perhaps," the boy answered, as he turned his head away to hide the tears that had filled his eyes.

The little girl's recognition of his true charcter had softened his heart, and made it easier for him to ring a few more doorbells.

But it was all of no use. Albert Duryea was utterly deficient in all the qualities that make a successful canvasser. It was getting late in the afternoon, and there was nothing to do but to take the book back, and confess his failure. But how could he go home to his mother with such a story? He had walked miles and miles. He was foot-weary and soul-weary. How could he give up when this canvassing had come to be his only resource? So he spurred himself on again, and went to house after house, but with the same unfortunate result.

There was only one more residence on the block that remained to be tested, and as he ascended the step, a coal cart was depositing its load upon the sidewalk. A middle-aged, rather sharp-featured woman opened the door, and passed down a receipt to the driver; as she did so, she gave the boy a quick glance, and shook her head.

"We don't want to buy anything," she said.

"Have you engaged any one to put your coal in?" Albert asked, respectfully.

"No. Why?" the woman inquired.

"Because if not, I wish you would let me do it."

"You? You want to put in that coal?"

"Yes, madam."

"But you'll spoil your clothes."

"Are you willing I should put it in?"

"Willing? Yes. There are three tons on that sidewalk. I usually give twenty-five cents a ton. I'll give you a dollar for the three."

"All right, ma'am," said Albert, cheerily. "Thank you! Will you please take care of this book for me, and tell me where to find a basket and a shovel?"

The lady took the book, looked the youth over again, and then gave him the desired information.

"Take it easy," she said. "It's back-breaking work for one that's not used to it."

The gratitude of this boy for the opportunity to earn a dollar by the hardest kind of work was indeed pathetic and gave his employer a sharp heartache.

"Oh, I shall get on very nicely, I am sure," Albert responded, his fine face aglow; "and I'm so glad I happened to come along in the right time."

"Well, don't break your back, that's all! And if you get too tired, don't be ashamed to let me know."

A smile was the only answer to this kindness. There were sympathetic people in the world, after all his rough experience, Albert told himself. Every pleasant word had been an additional inspiration, and the way the coal flew into the cellar would have put to shame many a professional shoveller. Occasionally the laborer straightened himself up and gave the overtaxed muscles a little rest; but it was only a little. It was growing duskish now, and very soon his mother would be anxious about him. The last half ton went hard, but it was in finally, and then a servant came out with a broom.

"You are to go in the laundry and wash up," she said, as Albert was going to take the broom, "and then the mistress wants to see you in the back parlor."

Never was toilet made in speedier time. Albert wondered if all the coal men went to the back parlor to see the mistress, or washed and brushed. He knocked on the door of this apartment.

"I asked you to come in," the lady said, "because my brother wants to see you. Come this way."

And Albert followed her into an exquisite dining-room, where, at the head of a small but elegantly appointed table, sat the merchant who had offered him five dollars in the morning.

The boy's face was on fire again.

"I thought I recognized you," the gentleman remarked, with a smile. "And so you have been putting in my coal?"

"I didn't know it was yours," Albert replied.

"I suppose not," said the merchant. "I want you to sit down here beside me and have some dinner. You have earned it, goodness knows! so please don't refuse. And, Albert, I wish to say also that the boy who preferred to earn a dollar by shovelling coal to taking five that he didn't earn, is just the young fellow I need, and I cannot afford not to make a place for such a one. You can come to work to-morrow morning at eight o'clock."

"I'm afraid you'll think, sir, that I haven't much gift of language," Albert responded, when he could command his voice; "and the fact is, I'm too astonished and overjoyed to know what to say."

"Never mind about saying anything," said the gentleman. "Sit down and have some dinner. That's the most practical thing to be done now."

Albert had had nothing to eat since breakfast, and his recent exercise had made him frightfully hungry; but he was loyal to the last.

"Mother will be waiting for me and worrying," he replied, simply, and I know I ought to be going, if you'll please excuse me."

"Very well," the gentleman assented. "Here is your dollar, and sister has packed a basket for your mother. Don't refuse it, my boy."

"No, sir, not for the world!" said Albert. "And, oh, I am so grateful to you both! Perhaps, some day, I can show you better than I can tell you. Good night, sir! Good night, ma'am!"

Mrs. Duryea thought it was a young whirlwind that had rushed into the house that evening instead of her son. He could usually tell a straight story, but now, shoveling coal and a five-dollar bill were so mixed up with canvassing for a book, a dear little girl and a splendid situation, that it was a long time before she could make head or tail of it.—Golden Days.

Reporter and Lawyer.

The lawyer didn't want to be interviewed. He had tried to impress this fact upon the mind of the reporter in so many words. But the reporter was very persistent. He was endeavoring to convince the lawyer that it would be to the advantage of everybody if he would talk.

The man of law interrupted him. "Just have a seat for a moment, young man," he said, motioning to a chair at the other end of the office.

The newsgather congratulated himself on the fact that his cause was as good as won.

The lawyer bent over his desk, and for a moment or two there was silence in the room, save for the rasping scratch of his pen.

Then he sat erect, and after scanning the sheet of letter paper on which he had been writing affixed his signature folded the sheet, and handed it to the reporter without a word.

Here is what the reporter read:

"Mr Reporter: Dear Sir—In reply to your request for information about the matter to which you refer, I beg leave to apprise you of the fact that I have absolutely nothing to say. I reiterate, I have nothing whatever to say; therefore, I presume you will grasp the idea that I do not wish to say anything. Yours, etc.,

"JEREMIAH H. BLACKSTONE."

Not wishing to be outgeneraled, the reporter took an old envelope out of his pocket and scribbled the following on the back of it:

"Mr. Jeremiah Blackstone, Attorney at Law; Dear Sir—Yours of to-day received and contents noted. Inasmuch as the letter itself deserves publication as tending to bear out the old saying that it takes a lawyer longer to say nothing than any living being, my mission has not been entirely futile."

This he deposited on the desk in front of the lawyer without comment of any kind, and departed forthwith.—Chicago Journal.

After the Honors.

They sat on the beach, and he had been talking to her very earnestly. Now he was waiting for her to speak.

She dug holes in the sand with her parasol and blushed and hesitated.

"George," she said at last, "your attack has been almost irresistible, and I feel that I must surrender——"

"Dearest!" he interrupted, and it was evident then that the maneuvring was to be at close quarters.

"Provided," she went on, "that it is understood that I am to be accorded all the honors of war."

"Which are?" he said inquiringly.

"A diamond engagement ring," she replied.

Having agreed to this, the final details of the capitulation were soon settled.—New York Journal.

Steel-Hardened Glass.

Through persistent experimenting a process has been discovered by which glass can be hardened to the consistency of steel and its first practical application is being given to the manufacture of skates.

IS A SMART WOMAN.

MISS HORACE GREELEY PERRY AND HER WORK.

Edits One of the Leading Papers of Minnesota and Finds Time for Good Deeds on the Outside—Somewhat of a Politician.

"I HAVE been a newspaper 'man' all my life," said Horace Greeley Perry recently, "and my connection with the press of the country dates from my christening. My father was a warm admirer of Horace Greeley and he insisted upon my bearing the name of the greatest American editor. I suppose I am the only girl in the world who is named for the late editor of the New York Tribune."

Miss Horace Greeley Perry is young and pretty and the proprietor and editor of the St. Peter Journal of St. Peter, Minn. She is the only woman in the state who edits a paper and she is also the youngest member of her profession in Minnesota. She says that she has risen from the ranks, having started as a newsgirl selling papers on the street. At 12 years of age she began setting type, later doing job work, until she took charge of the paper she now owns.

Under her able administration the Journal secured the county printing contract, after a contemporary's monopoly for 21 years. Politically this young woman is a Democrat. Miss Perry is intensely interested in prison reform work, and is a member of the

HORACE GREELEY PERRY.

State Prisoners' Association. She visits the prison and is a friend of the Youngers, the famous outlaws, regularly paying them a visit every month. Cole C. Younger edits the Prison Mirror, and in a late number he paid the following tribute to his friend:

"The State Editorial Association may well feel proud of its noble little daughter, who has so bravely assumed the responsibilities of a newspaper career, and who, we fain believe is destined to inscribe in letters of gold upon our country's history the honored name of Horace Greeley Perry."

A New Wine Berry.

"There is a new table berry on the market this year," said a market dealer to a reporter, "which proves that there is something new under the sun after all, at least in the berry business. The newcomer is called the wine berry. In shape and color it is not unlike the raspberry, though it is a trifle smaller in size. Its taste and flavor is a combination of the raspberry and the old-fashioned red currant. It is superior to either of the berries from which it sprung, and has an advantage over either in that it ships better and lasts longer. It is a graft from the raspberry and is the result of considerable study and experiment. It grows in every respect like the red raspberry, and is as prolific. Those that have been sent to market so far this season do not show up as well as they should for the reason that there has been but little rain in this section of the country for the past two months, when the fruit was making."—Washington Star.

No person in Norway may spend more than threepence at one visit to a public house.

Altoona & Philipsburg Connecting R. R.

CONDENSED TIME TABLE.

In effect December 1, 1897.

EASTWARD—Week Days.

	A.M.	A.M.	NOON	P.M.	P.M.
Ramey	7.25	9.20	12.25	3.00	6.00
Houtzdale	7.37	9.32	12.37	3.12	6.12
Osceola Mills	7.56	9.51	12.56	3.31	6.31
Philipsburg	8.10	10.05	1.10	3.45	6.45
	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.

WESTWARD—Week Days.

	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Philipsburg	8.20	11.15	1.45	5.00	8.10
Osceola Mills	8.33	11.31	2.01	5.16	8.26
Houtzdale	8.50	11.50	2.22	5.35	8.45
Ramey	9.00	12.00	2.32	5.45	8.55

SUNDAY TRAINS.

Read Down.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.
Ramey	5.00	1.00	8.40
Houtzdale	5.12	1.12	8.52
Osceola Mills	5.31	1.31	9.11
Philipsburg	5.45	1.45	9.25
	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

Read Up.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Ramey	10.25	2.45	6.45
Houtzdale	10.15	2.35	6.35
Osceola Mills	9.56	2.16	6.16
Philipsburg	9.40	2.00	6.00
	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

CONNECTIONS—At Philipsburg (Union Station) with all Beech Creek Railroad trains for and from Bellefonte, Lock Haven, Williamsport, Reading, Philadelphia and New York; Lawrenceville, Corning, Watkins, Geneva and Lyons; Clearfield, Mahaffey and Patton; Curwensville, DuBois, Punxsutawney, Ridgway, Bradford, Buffalo and Rochester.

At Osceola for Houtzdale and Ramey with P. R. R. trains leaving Tyrone at 7.20 P. M.

G. M. H. GOOD,
General Sup't.

Pennsylvania Railroad Time Table

May 16, 1898.

Main Line.

Leave Cresson—Eastward.

Sea Shore Express, week days	6 30 a m
Altoona Accommodation, week days	9 25 a m
Main Line Express, daily	10 40 a m
Altoona Accommodation, daily	1 00 p m
Mail Express, daily	3 17 p m
Philadelphia Express, daily	8 11 p m

Leave Cresson—Westward.

Johnstown Accom., week days	8 12 a m
Pacific Express, daily	8 36 a m
Way Passenger, daily	1 35 p m
Pittsburg Express	3 45 p m
Mail	4 07 p m
Eastline, daily	8 25 p m
Johnstown Accom., week days	8 34 p m

Cambria and Clearfield.

Southward.

Morning train for Patton and Cresson leaves Glen Campbell 4:45; Mahaffey 5:00 a m; La Jose 5:03; Westover 5:11; Hastings 5:17; Garway (for Cresson) 5:28; Patton 5:30; Bradley Junction 7:05; Kaylor (for Ebensburg) 7:16; arriving at Cresson at 8:10 a m. Afternoon train for Patton and Cresson leaves Glen Campbell at 1:45 p m; Mahaffey at 2:00; LaJose 2:03; Westover 2:11; Hastings 2:19; Garway (for Cresson) 2:30; Patton 2:35; Bradley Junction 4:05; Kaylor 4:19, arriving at Cresson at 4:45.

Northward.

Morning train leaves Cresson for Mahaffey at 9:30; Ebensburg 10:00; Kaylor 10:21; Bradley Junction 10:33; Patton 10:47; Garway (for Hastings) 11:07; Hastings (for Mahaffey) 11:22; Garway (for Mahaffey) 11:38; Westover 11:44; LaJose 12:02; Mahaffey 12:15; arriving at Glen Campbell at 12:45. Afternoon train for Patton and Glen Campbell leaves Cresson at 5:25; Kaylor 6:16; Ebensburg 6:26; Bradley Junction 6:38; Patton 6:42; Garway (for Hastings) 7:00; Hastings (for Glen Campbell) 7:15; Garway (for Glen Campbell) 7:33; Westover 7:39; LaJose 7:57; Mahaffey 8:10; arriving at Glen Campbell at 8:40 p m.

For rates; maps, etc., apply to ticket agent or address Thos. E. Watt, P. A. W. D., 303 Fifth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

J. B. Hutchinson, Gen. Mgr. J. R. Wood, Gen. Pass. Agt.

Becoming Converted.

He—Do you believe there is anything in the theory that one becomes what one eats? She—Well, yes. I'm beginning to believe that there is. I have noticed that you seem to be particularly fond of squash.—Cleveland Leader.

No Doubt True.

Wheeler—"I wonder what has become of Walker; I haven't seen him for a week." Ryder—"I saw his wife yesterday. She said he was learning to ride a wheel." Wheeler—"How's he getting along?" Ryder—"On crutches, I believe."

Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburg Ry.

On and after July 3, 1898, trains will leave Beech Creek Depot, Clearfield, as follows:

8:25 a. m. Reynoldsville Accommodation, for Curwensville, DuBois, Falls Creek and Reynoldsville. Connecting at DuBois for Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Bradford and Rochester.

11:25 a. m. Buffalo Express, for Curwensville, DuBois and Falls Creek. Connecting at DuBois, for Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Bradford and Buffalo.

6:12 p. m. DuBois and Punxsutawney Express. For DuBois, Falls Creek and Punxsutawney.

Trains arrive, 8:30 a. m., and 3:10 and 6:20 p. m.

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

C. L. Hyslip, Agent, Clearfield, Pa. E. C. Lapey, Gen'l Passenger Agt., Rochester, N. Y.

Beech Creek Railroad.

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

Condensed Time Table.

Read up Exp. No 37	Mail No 33	May 15, 1898	Read down Exp. No 30	Mail No 98
p m	p m		a m	p m
10 25	1 45 ar	Patton lv	5 00	4 00
10 04	1 24	Westover	5 22	4 21
9 40	1 00 ar	Mahaffey lv	5 45	4 49
9 15	12 32 lv	Kerrmoor	6 10	5 05
9 05	12 22	Gazzam	6 20	5 15
8 58	12 15 ar	Kerrmoor lv	6 27	5 22
8 53	12 11	New Millport	6 31	5 26
8 47	12 05	Glanta	6 37	5 32
8 40	11 59	Mitchells	6 43	5 38
8 10	11 30	Clearfield	7 10	6 05
			(6 50	
7 51	11 12	Woodland	7 29	5 47
7 45	11 05	Bigler	7 36	6 53
7 38	10 58	Wallaceton	7 42	6 59
7 28	10 50	Morrisdale Mines	7 52	7 07
7 20	10 40 lv	Munson	ar 8 00	7 15
6 55	10 15 lv	Philipsburg	(ar 8 25	7 40
7 40	11 00 ar		(lv 7 40	6 55
7 18	10 35 ar	Munson lv	8 02	7 17
7 12	10 31	Winburne	8 07	7 22
6 46	10 10	Peale	8 35	7 42
6 25	9 55	Gillintown	8 41	8 01
6 18	9 48	Snow Shoe	8 47	8 08
5 18	8 54	Beech Creek	9 38	8 37
5 05	8 41	Mill Hall	9 48	9 10
4 58	8 31	Lock Haven	9 55	9 17
4 50	8 25	Youngsdale (Wayne)	10 00	9 27
4 37	8 12	Jersey Shore Junction	10 10	9 40
4 32	8 08	Jersey Shore	10 15	9 45
†4 02	†7 38 lv	Williamsport	ar 10 50	10 20
p m	a m		a m	p m
p m	a m	Phil'a & Reading R R	p m	p m
†2 30	*7 17 ar	Williamsport	lv †12 04	*11 20
†8 30	*12 01 lv	Philadelphia	ar 3 20	7 00
†4 00	lv	N Y via Tamaqua	ar 9 40	
†4 55	‡9 00 lv	N Y via Phila	ar ‡10 40	‡9 10
a m	p m		p m	a m

*Daily. †Weekdays. ‡8:00 p m Sundays (10:55 a m Sundays).

"b." New York passengers travelling via Philadelphia on 12:04 p m train from Williamsport will change cars at Huntingdon St. Phila.

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 Philipsburg with Pennsylvania railroad and Altoona & Philipsburg Connecting railroad; 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.

A. G. Palmer, Superintendent. P. E. Horrison, Gen. Pass. Agent, Philadelphia, Pa.

Pittsburg & Eastern Time Table.

TO TAKE EFFECT MAY 23, 1898.

Westward

Leave	No 1 a. m.	No 3 p. m.	No 5 p. m.
Union Station (Mahaffey)	7 00	1 45	5 55
Beech Creek Junction	7 02	1 47	5 57
Mahaffey	7 05	1 49	5 60
Labelhurst f	7 08	1 52	5 44
Mechers	7 15	1 57	5 50
Wetzell f	7 18	2 00	5 53
Works f	7 21	2 05	5 56
Sunderland f	7 24	2 07	6 00
Elk Lick f	7 28	2 10	6 03
Burnside	7 30	2 12	6 05
Passmore f	7 32	2 15	6 07
Glen Campbell	7 37	2 23	6 15
Horton Run f	7 41	2 21	6 19
Fuller Run	7 45	2 25	6 20

Eastward

Leave	No 2 a. m.	No 4 p. m.	No 6 p. m.
Fuller Run	7 45	2 40	6 20
Horton Run f	7 49	2 31	6 24
Glen Campbell	7 50	2 35	6 25
Passmore f	7 58	2 42	6 33
Burnside	8 00	2 44	6 35
Elk Lick f	8 02	2 45	6 37
Sunderland f	8 05	2 48	6 40
Works f	8 08	2 52	6 44
Wetzell f	8 12	2 55	6 47
Mechers	8 15	2 58	6 50
Labelhurst f	8 21	3 03	6 56
Mahaffey	8 24	3 06	7 00
Beech Creek Junction	8 28	3 08	7 03
Union Station (Mahaffey)	8 30	3 10	7 05

f. Flag station.

Connections—At Union Station, Mahaffey, with Beech Creek railroad, L. & C. division Pennsylvania railroad, and P. & N. W. railroad; at Whiskey Run with Mechers & Newpanning railroad; at Mechers with P. & N. W. railroad.

NOTES—Until further notice trains will run only between Union Station (Mahaffey) and Glen Campbell. All trains daily except Sunday.

S. H. Hicks, General Manager.
Mahaffey, Pa.