

# FEATS BEFORE SANTIAGO

## WHY A BOLD ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE A SPANISH GUN FAILED.

Spurred through the mistake of an officer of the Regulars—How Two Hills Were Held—The Noble Feat of Sergeant Wittig of the Thirtieth U. S. Infantry.

Through the mistake of an officer of the regulars an attempt which would probably have been successful to capture a Spanish cannon in the fighting before Santiago was spoiled. The Spaniards had one great advantage over the Americans in those engagements. They knew the range of every hill and sent bullets along the crest whenever a soldier's head appeared, so that it was exceedingly dangerous to advance toward the enemy's position. Then, too, the ground was covered with small trees and thin underbrush, except in patches of about twenty feet in diameter, and of these the Spaniards had the range also. Accordingly it was impossible for the Americans to march in anything like order. The soldiers scattered out and often lost themselves. Sometimes they would come to a thick bush which they would skirt. When they got around it they frequently lost their direction, and confusion reigned.

On July 1 the First United States Cavalry was thus picking its way to the front and was ordered to deploy its skirmish lines. All the men had not kept their relative distances, and there was a bumping together of companies here and wide separation there. Across the San Juan River, then recalled, when the line was straightened out and again forced over it. Finally all struck out to reach the crest of the next hill, each in his own way. Among those hurrying forward was First Sergeant John Wittig, of Troop D. He is a native of Chambersburg, Penn., and has been fifteen years in the army. Sergeant Wittig had charge of a squad of sixteen men of his troop. When he reached the crest of the hill he had only a few of his squad with him. He didn't have time to hunt for the missing ones.

Instead he organized a second squad from the unattached soldiers there, some from his regiment and some from other regiments. He stationed his men on the hill, and soon saw a party of about forty Spaniards start away from a blockhouse, dragging a fieldpiece with them. Here was an opportunity not to be lost. The twenty regulars were lying on the ground. Sergeant Wittig gave them the range, 800 yards, ordered them to fire at will and dropped down alongside them and began shooting. The squad had fired two or three shots for each member and had dropped some Spaniards when a Colonel of another regiment called out:

"Sergeant, cease firing! Do you know who you're shooting at?"

"The Spaniards, sir," Sergeant Wittig replied, jumping to his feet.

"They're not Spaniards. That's Colonel Roosevelt and his rough riders."

"Colonel Roosevelt and his men are over there in that pocket. I saw them a few minutes ago."

"You're mistaken. Withdraw your men," said Sergeant Wittig, looking at Troop D men and retired. But there was disappointment in that squad of soldiers. As one of them said afterward:

"We had an excellent opportunity of capturing that gun. Why didn't that Colonel let us go on? If we could have killed half of that procession of scared Spaniards, we could have made the other half drop their big gun and run. And, if we once got that gun, maybe we wouldn't have turned it on the Spaniards!"

One of the incidents of the fight at San Juan was the holding of one of the hills in front of it by Lieutenant Hugh D. Berkeley and twenty men of Troop D, First United States Cavalry. Lieutenant Berkeley is from West Virginia and has as a wife a Lancaster County girl. About 2 o'clock on July 1 he and his twenty men got possession of the crest of a hill with a firing front of about 500 yards, and there they remained until the evening of the next day, when the First Cavalry was able to go to their assistance. They had a terrible time of it. They could not retire and they dared not advance. The Spaniards had the range on them and shot at them with every bullet. The Lieutenant and his men held as much execution as they could, but that was not very much. They had only five pieces of hard-tack for the entire thirty hours they were there, they had to guard 500 yards of hill from the enemy, and they were nearly worn out when their regiment rescued them.

One of the notable feats in the operations before Santiago was performed by Sergeant Edward Wittig, of the Thirtieth United States Infantry, whose home is in Adams County, Pennsylvania. He was in command of a small squad of men and a Gatling gun. He and his soldiers pushed their way up one of the San Juan hills, pulling the gun after them, cutting the barbed wire fences and reaching the top in the face of a furious fire from the Spaniards. Many men would have turned back and dragged the gun down the hill again, or, possibly, let it remain to be used by the Spaniards, for the bullets from the

# MAUSER RIFLES

Mauser rifles were cutting through the air with an unpleasant persistence. But the Pennsylvania-German Sergeant was not to be kept from the crest of the hill. He and his men were often compelled to halt and screen themselves in the underbrush; some were wounded, it seemed at all moments. The progress of the Gatling gun was never stopped long. Pulling and pushing it the soldiers got it to the crest and then what vengeance they took upon the Spaniards who had wounded their comrades! Turning the gun upon them Sergeant Wittig began pouring into their broken ranks 500 shots a minute, and they scattered in quick confusion. And so bravely did Wittig and his few men defend their position that the Spaniards were unable to dislodge them.—New York Sun.

End of an Ancient London Church. Owing to the recent changes, Holy Trinity, Minorities, has ceased to be a parish, and will be united to St. Botolph's. It may be well to remember that the church which will thus undergo transformation into a mere parish-room has a long and distinguished history. Originally the chapel of the Abbey of St. Claire, which was founded in 1293 by Blanche d'Artois, Queen of Navarre, the church was known by its present name as far back as 1563, some twenty-five years after Lady Elizabeth Savage had transferred the abbey to Henry VIII.

Among its plate are a pair of flagons, presented by "Honest Will Legge, the cavalier who was given the abbey buildings for his loyalty and left buried in the church. In that same seventeenth century the place enjoyed the same reputation for "gay marriages" as did the Fleet later on, but from 956 weddings in one year the total fell rapidly to only six in 1865, and now that warehouses have encroached on all the surrounding ground, the permanent population is so small that church and parish alike have ceased to have material reason for existence. And in these days no one pays much attention to sect and cult.—London Church Gazette.

The Chinese Family. One of the most striking elements in Chinese life is its solidarity. As a rule, the family has a much larger function than with us. The marriage of a son does not break in upon the family life, but enlarges it, the daughter-in-law becoming incorporated in the family of her husband. Several generations may be wedded together in one home, the authority of the elders becoming the more absolute with time. Growing old is certainly robbed in China of some of the terrors it has among us. The older a man grows the more weight is accorded to his wisdom. A girl may be worse than useless, a young wife is the hapless errand of her mother-in-law, but a mother is sure of honor, which increases with the years, and a grandmother rates in the generations with of iron iron. In the clan the family idea is again extended, and society compacted. The leading members of a clan are held largely responsible for the conduct of the rest, and are often punished for their crimes, although no one may suspect them of personal complicity with the wrongdoers.—New York Evening Post.

Sir John Lubbock's Pet Wasp. Perhaps the strangest pet ever kept by man was a wasp which Sir John Lubbock caught in the Pyrenees and resolved to tame. He began by teaching it to take its meals on his hand, and although the tiny creature was at first shy of going through its table d'hôte on such an unusual festival board, in a very short space of time it grew to expect to be fed in that way. Sir John preserved this pet with the greatest care. True, it stung him once, but then it had every excuse for doing so. Sir John was examining it on a railway journey, and the door being opened by a ticket collector he unceremoniously stuffed it into a bottle, and the outraged Spaniard, not feeling quite at home during the process, gave him a gentle reminder as to the proper way to treat a guest. The wasp was a pet in every sense of the word, and became so fond of its owner that it allowed itself to be stroked. It enjoyed civilization for just nine months, when it fell ill, and although Sir John did all he could to prolong its life it died. Many wasps have been under Sir John's observation, but he has never had such a genuine pet as this one.—London Chron.

A Blank Corner in the Brain. In most human brains there seems to be one blank corner, like the blind spot on the retina of the eye. There are words that one can never spell aright—numbers that are blundered over, items of knowledge, familiar to most, which some peculiar idiosyncrasy can never attain. An old school-fellow once suffered constant punishment and degradation because he never could remember how much nine times seven made. Universal sympathy would be felt for the poor lad—except on the part of the dominie—when, after hours of "keeping in," he would stammer, in reply to the fatal arithmetical question, "Nine times seven's fifty-six."

One of our present-day writers confessed recently that from his earliest boyhood, he has never been able to count anything in threes. All mental calculations he makes either in twos or fours, and he experiences the greatest difficulty in repeating the three times multiplication-table correctly from memory.—Household Words.

The Hyena's Digestive Powers. It would be difficult to imagine more extraordinary digestive powers than those of the hyena. One of these beasts has been known to swallow six large bones whole without crushing them.

# GOOD ROADS NOTES.

Tarred Macadam Roads. A method of laying macadam roads, in which each stone is coated with tar before it goes into the roadway, is used and advocated by the city engineer of Canterbury, England.

In his system the stones are prepared for the tar by heating them, either in the open, or in an oven or kiln. When done in the open, they are spread out on a flat bed, some twelve inches thick, and covered with three or four inches of coke and breeze, with a little wood to aid the fire, and in this way a stack of stones about five feet high is formed. It is frequently made conical and closed at the top. Then it is fired and allowed to burn for seven or more days. As this method, however, causes the disintegration of many stones, an oven or kiln, with its more equal temperature, is preferable.

The quality of stone should be used and heated long enough to assure great tenacity. It may be boiled in fifty-gallon kettles, for three or four hours, after half a bucketful of pitch is added, boiled a little longer.

The stones to receive their coatings are, for the most part, small, and the value of the tar for building is destroyed, and, if they are not hot enough, the tar will be so thick that it will soften in hot weather.

When the stone is proper temperature it is screened, so as to secure three distinct sizes—one to two inch for the bottom layer, one-half to one inch for the middle layer and one-quarter to one-half inch for the top layer. The bottom layer is three to four inches thick and is thoroughly rolled with a ten-ton roller; the second layer of half the thickness is laid and thoroughly rolled, and a very thin top layer is laid and also thoroughly rolled. A final top-dressing of quarter-inch and smaller grades screenings is put on, and traffic is admitted to work this fine material down into the road.

A road so formed it said to be capable of carrying the heaviest county traffic and to be good for seven years, with an outlay of four cents a square yard for repairs, when more extensive repairs may be required. The cost for a depth of three and a half inches of material thirty cents per square yard, excavating eighteen cents, broken brick ballast, twenty cents, labor, eighteen cents, rolling, six cents, contingencies, ten cents, a total of \$1.05 a square yard.

With a Moral. A correspondent of the L. A. W. Bulletin says: My neighbor, Dr. S., is a practical man. On a visit to one of the suburban settlements of Harrisburg, Penn., he met the county treasurer, who was going to the bank, and spoke as follows: "If you are at it again, just as I saw you last year and year before that, shoveling the dirt out of the gatters and piling it in the center of the road, just as your granddaddy did, to have the first rain wash it back again. Now, why don't you put the small stones back down, broken rock from this quarry and lay it five or six inches deep on your road, after dressing it off smooth, so next year you won't have to work here again?" He says his acquaintance scratched his head, and said: "It's true, and, by golly, I'll try it." So he found several hundred yards of fine macadam, and the roadmaster at work again, who said, "Aha! Doctor, we are working on your plan now, and it works so well I guess we'll keep at it."

The doctor concluded: "Now there are at least two miles of the finest kind of road that only needs a little patching and looking after to keep in elegant repair, where before the whole road had to be scraped up and dumped into the middle, only to be worked up into mortar by the passing vehicles."

Don't Travel in One Track. The last report of the Massachusetts Highway Commission states that an "important outlay" in maintaining stone roads is caused by the tendency of drivers to travel in one track, thereby causing "a single line of road to be worn for a width of one-and-a-half to two feet," and making necessary repairs that would not be called for if travel spread out a little over the surface. Signs reading, "Don't drive in the middle of the road," have been placed on roads where this tendency has been most marked and have been respected in many cases. The roads would be still further preserved if wide tires and axles of unequal length were used on heavy vehicles.

The Crosses in Paracrosses. Start road improvement now. The longer the delay, the greater the cost. If we had all the money bad roads have cost we could almost pave them in gold.

Remove loose stones from the highways. In many States the law expressly requires road overseers to do it.

"Good social life," says F. W. Blackmar, "which rests largely upon the economic, is essential to the well-being of a community. Good facilities for exchange and transportation lead to better political and social conditions, and we become acquainted and harmonize our interests so that a better life is developed."

When a Candle Burns. Nothing is lost when a candle burns. If the smoke and invisible vapors be collected and weighed, it would be found that they would weigh rather more than the whole of the original candle weighed before a match was applied to it—the extra matter being derived from the oxygen of the air.

# LOST—ANOTHER LINK.

Where, where is the time-honored proverb, some of our grandmothers knew? It was ample and checked, it was ribbon-backed. Nay, 'twas every known fabric and hue, and the linen ones whiter than snow-drifts.

So glossy with patience and starchy. Now where have they vanished or hid? Progress banished them all in her in-do-ble-do search?

Say, where is that cute little apron With pocket adorned with covet? (Fascinations unfold that small pocket hood For the fingers and eyes of each beau.) Such daintily, such forlornly aprons, Each ruffled or ribboned or laced, With strings most alluring, embracing, securing. It safe to her trim, slender waist.

Al, where is that dearest of aprons, So snowy, so soft and so good, When "mother's lap" captured every sorrow? Every heartbreak of playground or school? It is folded in lavender yellowed With time and with kisses and tears, Her sweet face recalling, her fond caress It summons from long, lonely years.

And where is that old-fashioned apron, The apron no new woman wears, Since her smart tailor gave most coarsely On such feminine frippery and snarers? Then what earthly occasion to wear it? Would it have aught to do with her? No small hands tending to some care, constraining, No apron strings tether her now.

Dame Fashion, restore the lost apron, Make womanly homelike the style! Our tail gowns neglect and our tailors reject. Reverse Folly's wheel just a while And bring the old days when only The home seemed the dearest, the best, When Cupid completely each manly heart assailed.

Boast fast with those apron strings! —E. M. Weston, to San Francisco Chronicle.

An appropriate explanation for an extravagant wife. "Dear me!" "Is Spencer's book a problem novel?" "I suppose so. He says the problem now is to secure a publisher."—Town Topics.

Penderson says he wishes he was a rumor, for a rumor soon gains currency, and that he has never been able to do.

At the Night School. "Who built the Swan Canal?" "Nobody, sir. Hit wasn't built. Hit was dug."—Chicago Tribune.

The Friend. "Did you point that mortal threat at me?" "Arise, prophetically!" "Indeed I did." "The Friend." "Never mind, I'll keep it a secret."—Pick-Me-Up.

"Susan, I hope it doesn't tire you to run up so many stairs to announce my visitors." "It does, but not near so much as I get worked out, I'll tell you, ain't it?"—Fanny Gals.

"Don't you speak to Miss Sharply any more, Miss Elderly?" "Indeed I do not, and what's more, I never will again. She had the impudence to send me thirty-six roses on my thirty-fifth birthday."

"Now, what," asked the interviewer, "did you come out of Santiago harbor?" "The Spaniard," said the girl, "by the smell of roast beef on the Brooklyn."—Philadelphia North American.

A young man advertised for a wife, and his sister answered the advertisement, and now the young man thinks there is no harm in advertisements, and the old people think it pretty hard to have two fools in one family.—Tit-Bits.

It was a Sunday dinner at a hotel in one of the smaller cities. The table girl was fat and frothy, and she lacked most of the minor conventionalities of modern society. But the climax came when she casually remarked: "When you all gets ready for ice cream just holler."—Field and Stream.

Stern Parent. "So you want to marry my daughter, eh, Young Man?" "I'm not only ready, but I intend to marry her." Stern Parent: "Oh, you do? Well, have you any expectations?" Young Man: "Yes, I expect you will decline to give your consent, and we shall have to elope."—Chicago News.

# A SWISS WEDDING.

## MANY VARIETIES SEEN BEYOND THE ALPS.

May Day is a Period Sacred to Lovers Throughout the Well Governed Little Republic—The Young Man Must Take Pains to Please.

HERE is no other European country in which there is so large and so essential a variety of marriage customs as there is in Switzerland, one of the very smallest countries in any country can in this respect be at all compared with the United States and the vast empire of Asia, Siam and China! What a couple.

In Lucerne, Switzerland, the marriage customs are rather pretty. May Day is a day sacred to lovers, a day of ardent courtships. Upon its dawn—and, indeed, until its midnight—the lover who would not only woo but win must proclaim the intention of his intentions distinctly and pay his mistress several prescribed courtesies. The most important of these is, perhaps, the planting of the courtship pine, or May tree. At day he plants before her father's door a wee pine tree heavy with fruit of tinsel and flowers of ribbon. This is considered the most marked attention a Lucerne lover can offer to the maiden of his devotion. If his suit is acceptable her parents invariably reward him with lavish entertainment. And nothing else so proves that a Swiss family is lifted quite off its feet and carried

delightedly down the stream of mad emotion as when it plunges into stintless hospitality.

On the eve of a Lucerne marriage the maiden friends of both bride and bridegroom gather together at his house for a frank little festival called "the love-garland tying." Each maiden contributes a basket or kerchief full of gay flowers, and each binds up and, going home through the late moonlight or the gray dawnbreak, each girl hangs her flowers upon the doorknob of her favorite youth's dwelling, or as often flings her fragrant challenge through the open window. These flowers the young man is supposed to wear to the morrow's wedding.

His sorrow. Jones—Hello, Robinson. Why are you looking so glum? Robinson—You know my rich uncle, the one whose wife I am to be? Yes. Well, he has been traveling in the Alps, and last week he slipped and fell down a crevasse. "And was killed, eh?" "No; he got off all right."

An Awful Disappointment. Mrs. Greyneck—Why, Johnny, what makes you feel so sad? Johnny—Boo-hoo! Grandpa fell down on the wet street walk and got his clothes all mud. Mrs. Greyneck—I'm so glad, my child, to find you kind-hearted and sympathetic. Johnny—Ye-ye-ye, and sister saw him and I—I didn't.

Altona & Phillipsburg Connecting R. R. CONDENSED TIME TABLE. In effect December 1, 1897.

Eastward—Week Days		Westward—Week Days	
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Altona	7:25	Phillipsburg	7:30
Phillipsburg	8:30	Altona	8:35
Altona	9:35	Phillipsburg	9:40
Phillipsburg	10:40	Altona	10:45
Altona	11:45	Phillipsburg	11:50
Phillipsburg	12:50	Altona	12:55
Altona	1:55	Phillipsburg	2:00
Phillipsburg	3:05	Altona	3:10
Altona	4:10	Phillipsburg	4:15
Phillipsburg	5:20	Altona	5:25
Altona	6:25	Phillipsburg	6:30

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Altona	11:45	Phillipsburg	11:50
Phillipsburg	12:50	Altona	12:55
Altona	1:55	Phillipsburg	2:00
Phillipsburg	3:05	Altona	3:10
Altona	4:10	Phillipsburg	4:15
Phillipsburg	5:20	Altona	5:25
Altona	6:25	Phillipsburg	6:30

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Altona	11:45	Phillipsburg	11:50
Phillipsburg	12:50	Altona	12:55
Altona	1:55	Phillipsburg	2:00
Phillipsburg	3:05	Altona	3:10
Altona	4:10	Phillipsburg	4:15
Phillipsburg	5:20	Altona	5:25
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Phillipsburg	12:50	Altona	12:55
Altona	1:55	Phillipsburg	2:00
Phillipsburg	3:05	Altona	3:10
Altona	4:10	Phillipsburg	4:15
Phillipsburg	5:20	Altona	5:25
Altona	6:25	Phillipsburg	6:30

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Phillipsburg	12:50	Altona	12:55
Altona	1:55	Phillipsburg	2:00
Phillipsburg	3:05	Altona	3:10
Altona	4:10	Phillipsburg	4:15
Phillipsburg	5:20	Altona	5:25
Altona	6:25	Phillipsburg	6:30

# Pennsylvania Railroad Time Table

## Table May 16, 1898.

Main Line. Leave New York, Eastward. 6:30 a.m. 7:30 a.m. 8:30 a.m. 9:30 a.m. 10:30 a.m. 11:30 a.m. 12:30 p.m. 1:30 p.m. 2:30 p.m. 3:30 p.m. 4:30 p.m. 5:30 p.m. 6:30 p.m. 7:30 p.m. 8:30 p.m. 9:30 p.m. 10:30 p.m. 11:30 p.m. 12:30 a.m.

Every Animal Its Own Doctor. Animals get rid of their parasites by using dust, mud, clay, etc. Those suffering from fever, drink water, and sometime plunge into it. When a dog has lost its appetite it eats that species of grass known as dog's grass, which acts as an emetic and a purgative. Cats also eat certain herbs, and when ill, seek out sheep and an animal suffering from chronic rheumatism always keeps as far as possible in the sun. The warrior ants have regularly organized ambulances. Latrelle cut the antennae of an ant, and other ants came and covered the wounded part with a transparent fold secreted in their mouth.

Beech Creek Railroad. N. Y. C. & H. R. R. Co. Leases. Condensed Time Table.

Westward		Eastward	
Leave	Arrive	Leave	Arrive
Altona	7:30	Phillipsburg	7:35
Phillipsburg	8:40	Altona	8:45
Altona	9:45	Phillipsburg	9:50
Phillipsburg	10:50	Altona	10:55
Altona	11:55	Phillipsburg	12:00
Phillipsburg	1:05	Altona	1:10
Altona	2:10	Phillipsburg	2:15
Phillipsburg	3:20	Altona	3:25
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Phillipsburg	5:35	Altona	5:40
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Altona	11:45	Phillipsburg	11:50
Phillipsburg	12:50	Altona	12:55
Altona	1:55	Phillipsburg	2:00
Phillipsburg	3:05	Altona	3:10
Altona	4:10	Phillipsburg	4:15
Phillipsburg	5:20	Altona	5:25
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Altona	4:10	Phillipsburg	4:15
Phillipsburg	5:20	Altona	5:25
Altona	6:25	Phillipsburg	6:30

CONDENSED TIME TABLE. In effect December 1, 189