

AN INTERRUPT-ED ROMANCE

Kathryn Wilber was taking the longest way home from the village. A quarter of a mile or so remained before she would reach her destination. She was near the fork of two roads, she paused opposite an old oak tree. As she stood there a far-away look was in her face; just what that expression meant, the old tree might have told, but that was as silent as Kathryn herself.

Kathryn had left her reminiscences back at the old tree, and nothing especially recalled them till a week or two later when she took up the village paper and there took up the heading of a column "Whose Letters Are These?" meant nothing till, reading on, the color suddenly left her face, as with a little gasp, she began once more the perusal of the article, which read:

"Many of our townspeople are doubtless familiar with the ancient oak tree which, until a few days, stood near the crossroads in the eastern part of this town, but few, if any, probably know that at some time, who can tell when, this tree was put to use substituting the rural delivery boxes of today. A few days ago this old tree was cut down, and within its hollow trunk was found two letters, yellow with age, but still remarkably well preserved. Of whose romance are they a part? Who was Kitty? Who was Dixy? It is doubtful if any of our readers know. Whether in their anxiety to push the missives in beyond the discovery of others they placed them too far in till they fell within the hollow trunk, or how it all happened, who can say? Below we give the letters:

Wednesday.

Dear Kitty—It is no use, your father and mother will never consent as things are now, so I am going away. If I come back with something more than myself to offer you it may make a difference anyway, I am going. If you care for me, as I hope, meet me on Thursday, to-morrow, at 5 o'clock, at the oak tree, and tell me so. If you cannot come at 5 write and leave it here to say that you will wait for me till I come back. I am going Friday. Hopefully yours, DIXY.

Thursday.

"The second letter runs thus: Dear Dixy—I have had the hardest work to get away long enough to write this for we have company at the house. I wonder if your letter is waiting for me in our postoffice. I am going to take a pencil and finish this after I reach the oak tree, and have read your letter.

No letter here! Oh, Dixy, you said you would write! Why haven't you? I will wait a little while, perhaps you'll come. It seems to me that I have been here hours. I dare not wait any longer. I shall be missed. Don't disappoint me to-morrow. Yours, KITTIE.

Kathryn Wilber sat for a few moments unmoving. The years seemed to have rolled backward, she was a girl again, young and happy in the love of Richard Holman, for these were their letters—his and her—written 20 years ago. Her father had other plans for her marriage and would hear nothing of this penniless young man, and they had corresponded with the old oak as a receptacle for their letters, placing them where the decaying trunk formed an opening. Kitty and Dixy were their names for each other unknown to any besides themselves. Kathryn's eyes filled with tears as she recalled the heart ache of that day, and those following, when no letter came, and at length she heard that Richard had gone "out West," and still she did not hear from him. Ah, well, he had no doubt married long ago and would never know why she had not been at the old oak to bid him good-by.

A few weeks passed, when one bright morning Hulda came to her mistress' room with the announcement: "A gentleman to see you, Miss Kathryn."

Reaching the parlor she saw nothing familiar about the tall, broad-shouldered man with a sprinkling of gray in his hair, and he regarded her with a keen, eager glance before he asked: "Have you forgotten me, Kathryn?"

"The man was no longer young, but the years seemed to roll away, as with a quick breath she exclaimed: "Richard!"

It was Richard Holman, and a little later he was telling his side of the story. "I waited till dark at the old tree that day," he began, "and then as you did not come and I could find no letter, I told myself you had listened to your father and no longer cared whether I went or stayed. The next day I left Edgemoor and have never cared to come back, till I chanced to see a copy of the village paper, and there in black and white was not only my letter to you, but your reply. Then I could not get here quickly enough, for I knew you were still unmarried. Tell me, Kathryn, is it for my sake you have waited?"

"You must know it is, Richard," she answered, the color warm in her face.

"Then we wait no longer," he declared the man, a glad ring in his voice. "It has been too long already." And Kathryn agreed with him—ELLA M. HANCOCK.

Four Votes for Her Candidate. Cook—You vote like I vote—you and the young ladies—or I'll quit you. "Merciful heavens! And the Van Damms expected on Thursday!" Life.

Beyond Reason. There be two individuals who cannot be reasoned with—a girl in love and a man who is determined to run for an office.—New Orleans Picayune.

Notes and Comment

Of Interest to Women Readers

BETTER THAN TABLE CANDLES.

New Electrical Device for Utility and Decoration Without Wires for Dining Room Use.

Every woman has realized for some time past that the use of the candle as a table decoration was attended by danger and other shortcomings and a substitute has been eagerly sought. The solution of the problem has not been found in electricity, for the reason that lamps of this character lacked the feature of portability and their wires pleading the cloth and tables. A New York man has recently designed a piece of table decoration which takes the place of the candles on the dining room table in the home as well as the hotel and cafe.

The device is a pretty design embracing a silver receptacle capable of holding a single-storage cell. The battery stores sufficient energy to keep



Displaces the Candelabra.

The lamps glow for 14 hours, and the illumination emanates from three tungsten lamps supplied with switch for controlling them. Fitting neatly over the stand is a shallow glass dish containing cut flowers and water. The former are supported by a cast-glass disk with numerous holes into which the flower stems, etc., project. The lamp thus serves as a flower vase as well, and the effect of the light passing through the glass and water and playing around the flowers and leaves is very pretty indeed.

A LITTLE TALK TO GIRLS.

Qualify Yourself to Diffuse Inspiration, the Thing Our World Needs Most.

As you come to full growth and get out of school, of course, being American girls, you want, properly enough, and attain, more freedom of action. Gradually from telling you what to do your parents advise you what to do, and presently you consider whether you will take their advice or not, and if you don't want to, it will be hard to make your mind up. And as the years go on you return their kindness probably, by advising them, and in time they get to rely a great deal on your counsel.

Well, so much of freedom as consists in ignoring your parents' advice when you don't like it will come to you pretty soon, but as their control of you diminishes you will find it necessary to substitute for it control of another sort. If you don't want to have a hard time, of a girl who got nervous prostration and went to a sanitarium to rest one said the other night: "Oh yes, that's not surprising. She was the girl who said she never did anything she didn't want to." You see, an undisciplined mind that resists direction and is still unqualified for self-direction. The price of freedom is submission to something, it may be something within, but it must be something that stands for duty.

And I do beseech and charge you that as you look about for something to take care of and thus fulfill your destiny, you will take such charge as you may of men in general, and especially the young ones of your own generation, and try, in so far as you can, to make something of them that will be an advantage to the country and to the human race. You cannot make a good world without good men. Do try to make something of these young ones that you will find floating about. It will be good practice for you in the most important duty that falls to women. Don't compete with them in their employments unless you have to. All the college presidents wall over the young men because they can't get enough of them interested in knowledge. If you have some knowledge, feed out a little to them, sugar-coated, and if they have any, get it out of them. Most of the inspirations that men get, they get from women.

Do qualify yourselves to diffuse inspiration. It is the thing our world needs most. Material things immensely abound, means can be got for anything that deserves them, but the fire that touches the spirits of men is somewhat to seek. Money's plenty; bricks, stone, food, books and all that, but inspiration is scarce. Have it to give if you can.—E. S. Martin, in Harper's Bazar.

Salt and Soup. Never put salt into soup when cooking until it is skimmed, as salt prevents the steam from rising.

If too much salt has been added to soup slice a raw potato and boil it in the soup for a few minutes. The potato will absorb much of the salt.

Best Seal for Envelopes. When you seal an envelope with the white of an egg it is impossible to steam it open.

UNIVERSITY ON A NOVEL PLAN. The Methodists Are Slowly Building It at Washington.

The American University at Washington, D. C., is beginning the erection of buildings to cost \$2,000,000. The Methodists hope to crown their educational system with this post-graduate institution.

In two respects the American University will be unique, says the Educational Review, in that it will be the only educational institution in the United States which will confine its instruction to post-graduate studies and will not have any undergraduate schools attached to its scheme of education, and that the university will not enroll any students until every building is erected and the total assets, property and endowment amount to at least \$10,000,000. The buildings now being constructed are for the law department, the colleges of medicine, technology, art and a great museum.

THE WEALTHY BROTHER

Of Interest to Women Readers

The honk-honk of an automobile arrested the attention of Silas, and interrupted his peaceful reverie. He did not, however, recall his thoughts sufficiently to realize its proximity, but continued to drink in the scene before him with as much delight as if it were the first time in his life he had watched that glorious spectacle. Honk-honk-honk! broke impatiently upon the evening quiet. Silas rose from his accustomed seat, but he did not turn until the sun was fairly lost to view behind Craggy Point, marshalling into the ragged peaks jutting the horizon, like a caravan crossing a desert, all directed against the opaline light of a dying day. Then he scrambled down the precipitous path and instinctively made his way through the underbrush to the open. Honk-honk! again disturbed the stillness as Silas emerged from the shadowy recesses of the barn.

"Horace!" he advanced with his right arm extended, a callous, toll-stained hand, which was lightly grasped by the gloved hand of the automobile. "Glad to see you; come right in—haven't been to supper, have yer?" Apologetically: "Sorry to have kept yer waitin'; it's up an old 'flat rock.' Soons to me I never see Craggy Point look so powerful grand as she did to-night."

"I can't stop to talk about that old 'flat rock,' unless there's something there that can be turned into money. I'm in business. I have an opportunity to put you on an easy street, if you'll listen to me. Sil, I'm interested in a lumber company and they'll buy all your standing timber, just as it is. The price they'll pay will make you independent for the rest of your life; now what do you say? I've got to get back," consulting his watch, "they'll start cutting in two weeks' time, if you say the word."

Silas' rough hand stroked his chin, a characteristic gesture when he was troubled or in deep thought.

"You mean the 'East lot,' Horace?" "I mean that and all the other. You understand they'll take it all—every stick of timber you've got on the place."

"These trees are han'om'—an' some'er star now." "They'll pay you all they're worth. You ought to have confidence in me, Sil. I tell you what; I've made money a lot of it; but there's a lot more got to be made, too. It costs to keep up to the mark these days."

"I got confidence in yer, Horace. 'Nah't that, I know yer powerful smart in business, too, and I'm thankful to yer; but I can't jest bring myself to 'low these trees to be cut, yet—anyhow. You see Marthy sets a sight by those trees. She watches 'em the whole year round. Fust they're 'est a little green, then they get greener and greener, an' so on, all along. Marthy watches 'em and talks 'bout 'em every day. They're han'om', yer jest ought to see 'em now! That side hill's a flame of color."

"I dare say, but," sarcastically, "do you ever think of the color of the money you would get for those trees? Believe me, Sil, it's a snap. This lumber business is a side issue with me, but I'm in a position to give you a good show—something you might not get if you had to sell to a stranger. It's like finding money, only better; you don't have to pick it up; it's handed to you."

"I know, Horace, I know; but you see Marthy and me don't need much money; this old farm gets us a good living."

"Suff yourself, Sil. I can't stop to talk if we can't do any business, but it's mighty disgusting to a man to have his brother dragging away on an old farm when he might get out into the world and live if he would only make up his mind to do so. I say, Sil, I'll keep the offer open till to-morrow night. Think it over. You may change your mind."

Silas didn't think it over. He looked at it from every point of view his imagination could call to mind, and finally, as was always the case, he referred it to Martha.

"Yer could go anywhere yer wanted to and have most anything yer see yer wanted," he reminded while they were talking it over.

"I don't know as I want to go anywhere, specially; and if I had all the things Horace's wife has I'd be 'bout crazy with the care of 'em. I'm content as it is. Silas seems to me we're pretty well off; 'course we ain't rich like Horace, but I never thought of it before."

Silas didn't stroke his chin; instead, his rough hand sought his wife's and held it contentedly. And that evening when he clambered to his cot on "flat rock" to watch the sun sink behind the ragged peaks of Craggy Point, he knew the answer to his brother's offer would go unchanged.—LENA SPAULDING.

The Boy Suffragist. A mother in Miles City, Mont., writes to Mrs. Catt. "We were talking about women's rights one day, and my youngest boy started up and said, 'I would like to know who started this fool'sness, anyway?' We asked him what he meant. 'Why, the foolishness of not letting women vote. They know as much as men, and sometimes more.'"—Woman's Journal.

A True Republic. The only country we can think of where republican traditions are properly followed out is the little state of Andorra, and there they have no politicians; everybody works.—London Saturday Review.

Hindoo Playing Cards. The Hindoo playing cards are nearly all circular, and each card represents some historical or religious event.

To Him Who Waits. Most of the things that come to him who waits are disappointments.

Of Interest to Women

Miss Mabel Boardman to Be Unofficial Arbitrator of the White House — With Energy and Tact, She Has Placed the Red Cross Society on a Sound Basis.

Miss Mabel T. Boardman is the unofficial social arbiter of the White House. She has long been a particularly close and intimate friend of both the President and Mrs. Taft. Mrs. Taft, contrary to most of her predecessors, has no social secretary.

Her long residence in Washington, which has covered most of her married life, placed her much more familiarly in touch with society personages and ranges peculiar to the social life of the capital than any of the first ladies of the land who have graced the White House in a generation.

Miss Boardman is a sister-in-law of Senator Murray Crane of Massachusetts. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William J. Boardman, are wealthy. Their home in Washington has long been renowned as a meeting place for interesting persons and for the warm and boundless hospitality dispensed there.

Mr. Taft, who is president of the National Red Cross Society interested Miss Boardman in the work several years ago. With energy, intelligence and tact characteristic of the American girl who starts out to do things, Miss Boardman virtually breathed the breath of life into the Red Cross Society after the confusion into which its affairs fell during the Spanish War. Mainly through her efforts, says Hampton, the society was reorganized and placed upon a highly efficient and prosperous basis.

When the news of the Messina earthquake reached Washington Miss Boardman within half an hour took prompt action for the relief of the sufferers. In recognition of her work the Italian Government decorated her with a reproduction in gold of an ancient Roman civic crown. It was bestowed through the Italian Ambassador in Washington.

Miss Boardman has a desk in the offices of the Red Cross Society in the War Department in Washington. Except for a few weeks in summer she is there daily from morning until all the time in sight is disposed of.

It was Miss Boardman who got up the white plague Christmas stamps, 25,000,000 of which were sold. Their sale was conducted by the Red Cross.

A Cage for the Baby.

Our baby cage was a home-made one and cost a little over a dollar. It served our three babies and was then given away, as good as ever. I can't begin to tell what a great help it was to me, but any mother who has to do her own housework with a crawling baby around will know how to appreciate it. The "man of the house" would easily make one at home.

Take a board 2 feet 6 inches long by 2 feet wide, for the floor of the cage; nail it onto 2 cleats across the



ends, so as to raise the door above draughts; make a frame of 1 1/2-inch square strips of the same dimensions as floor, bore 1/2-inch holes to correspond in top of floor and the frame; get 1/2-inch round spindles 24 inches long and place upright from floor to frame; place wire about 1/2 inch apart; place casters on bottom; sand-paper the whole cage well and give a coat of cherry stain; when that is dry, apply a coat of varnish, and the cage is ornamental as well as useful. I made two pads for bottom of cage of cheese cloth and cotton batting, closely tufted, so if baby fell he would not get hurt, then I had a sofa pillow with wash covers that gave me a change of pads and pillow covers, as both are liable to get wet or soiled. The cage can be moved around easily from room to room or outdoors, yard or piazza, wherever mother may be. Put baby's toys into cage and as soon as he is able to be will begin to pull himself up to a standing position and hold onto the frame, so you see it helps him to walk as well as taking good care of him. Baby is better for less handling and mother can work around without fear of falling over him or hurting him. Ours was made 15 years ago and was as good as ever when we gave it away three years ago.—Mrs. M. C. Webber.

Hated to Take the Money. Frank L. Cobb, the chief editorial writer of the New York World, was on a vacation in the Maine woods one day when Joseph Pulitzer sent Cobb a cipher message.

Presently a country operator drove in to the Cobb camp and handed Cobb the message, which read something like this:

"Simplicity — agrandizement — griffon — herald — roderick — hopscotch — hamlet — publicity." "There's a dollar to collect for delivering that message," said the operator, "but I hate to take it. Somebody along the line got it all balled up, and there ain't no sense to it."

Champagne. It is said that when Sir Andrew Clark, Mr. Gladstone's physician, recommended a patient to drink wine, the latter expressed some surprise, saying he thought Sir Andrew was a temperance doctor, to which Sir Andrew replied: "O, wine does something help you to get through work; for instance, I have often twenty letters to answer after dinner, and a pint of champagne is a great help."

"Indeed," said the patient, "does a pint of champagne really help you to answer the twenty letters?" "No! no!" said Sir Andrew, "but when I've had a pint of champagne, I don't care a rap whether I answer them or not!"—Westminster Gazette.

Salmon's Rapid Growth. It is said that a twenty pound salmon which was caught in Scotland not long ago had attached to one of its fins a small silver plate marked "1935." Upon inquiry it was found that this label had been put on the fish by the Loch Lomond Angling Improvement Association in December, 1907, in a river feeding the lake.

The records show that it then weighed ten pounds, and thus in the space of eighteen months it had doubled its weight.—Forest and Stream.

Concrete Buildings in China. The construction of houses and walls of concrete in China was instituted several centuries ago, and is peculiarly common and extensive in Swatow, where it originated in the building of a chapel by a French priest. The absence of any brick structures or walls give ample proof of the stability of the concrete.

More than \$50,000,000 worth of soap is made and sold in the United States every year.

Now and Then. Out under the trees five-year-old Rena was amusing one-year-old Johnnie. A man noticing their merry antics halted to ask, "Is the baby a boy or a girl?" Rena, clutching her abbreviated skirts, scrambled to her feet excited at the astonishing news she had to communicate, and announced, "It's a girl now, but mama says that when it gets big it's going to be a boy."—The Delinquent.

MISSOURI'S BEST COW.

Princess Carlotta Alone Could Supply a Hotel with Milk.

Princess Carlotta, a Holstein cow in the dairy herd of the Missouri College of Agriculture, gives more milk than any other cow in Missouri. In the last year she gave 15,495 pounds of milk, or 1,300 gallons. From this 121 pounds of butter were made.

"This cow shows the advantage of using good stock in a dairy," C. H. Eckles, professor of dairy husbandry at the University of Missouri, said. "At the present price of milk in Columbia, 7 1/2 cents a quart, she would have brought her owner \$500 for this year. A cow with a record like that is worth about \$1,500. Her feed cost \$50, leaving a profit of \$450. This is more than 40 per cent. income, looking at it as an investment. Princess Carlotta produced as much milk as five ordinary farm cows. The five cows probably would cost \$200 to feed. The same advantage is gained as by using an efficient machine instead of an ordinary one. The upkeep is greater, but the results are worth it."

A person's average daily consumption of milk is one-third of a quart. On this basis Princess Carlotta could have supplied the milk for a hotel with seventy-five guests."

Natural Monuments. Although the objects are often only such as would be called "sentimental," there are no stronger supporters of movements for the protection of remarkable natural phenomena than scientific societies and individuals devoted to scientific work. Prof. John M. Clarke calls attention to the fact that Germany has taken in this matter. There a hundred motives induce interference for the protection of "natural monuments." In the forests of Luneburg an old gnarled fir-tree is guarded "for its very age and fascinating ugliness." Near Hamburg a patch of dwarf birch is protected as a rare survivor of the postglacial flora. Schleswig has set aside a low knoll crowned with a huge glacial boulder. Brandenburg cherishes a swamp wherein rare botany specimens are found, and Marienwerder a little lake in the woods where rare water-birds nest. Professor Clarke remarks upon the richness of our country in such monuments, and the constant danger of their extinction.

Life in an Oasis. The opening of a railroad from a point near Luxor into the Libyan desert has rendered easy the approach to the oasis of Khargeh, which is regarded as a typical example of these isolated centers of life. For three years just past Mr. H. L. Bradwell has resided in this oasis, studying the phenomena of springs, moving sands, wells, and so forth. The Libyan oases are deep depressions in a lofty plateau, which has a maximum elevation of nearly 2,000 feet, but the bottoms of the oases are only from 100 to 300 feet above sea-level. They are underlain by beds of sandstone which are the sources of the water-supply. Artesian wells 400 feet deep form practically inexhaustible means of irrigation, and such deep wells of sandstone probably has its sources in the Abyssinian highlands.

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NOTICE.

The Commissioners of Pike County will hereafter hold Regular Meetings on the 1st Thursday of each month, between the hours of 9 a. m. and 4 p. m. except in the months when Court may be in session, and then during Court.

THEO. H. BAKER

Commissioner's Clerk

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70, Way Sunday Only 7:21

49, Local except Sun & Hol 7:35

30, Local Except Sunday 10:30

4, Daily Express 1:55 P. M.

70