

VOLUME 4.

Railroad Time Tables.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

IN EFFECT MAY 19, 1895.

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

EASTWARD

6:04 a. m.—Train 5, daily except Sunday for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 1:29 a. m.; New York, 9:32 a. m.; Baltimore, 6:15 p. m.; Washington, 7:30 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia.

8:29 p. m.—Train 6, daily except Sunday for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 1:29 a. m.; New York, 9:32 a. m.; Baltimore, 6:15 p. m.; Washington, 7:30 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia.

WESTWARD

10:30 a. m.—Train 1, daily except Sunday for Ridgway, DuBois, Clearfield and intermediate stations. Leaves Driftwood at 10:30 a. m. for Erie.

10:30 a. m.—Train 2, daily for Erie and intermediate stations.

10:30 a. m.—Train 3, daily except Sunday for Kane and intermediate stations.

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.

(Daily except Sunday.)

RAIN leaves Ridgway at 9:30 a. m.; Johnsonburg at 9:45 a. m., arriving at Clearfield at 10:45 a. m.

RAIN leaves Clearfield at 10:30 a. m., arriving at Johnsonburg at 11:44 a. m. and Ridgway at 12:00 p. m.

RIDGWAY & CLEARFIELD R. R.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

OUTWARD.

M. A. M.	STATIONS.	A. M. P. M.
7:15	Ridgway	1:35 6:30
7:25	Indian Run	1:45 6:40
7:35	Mill Haven	1:55 6:50
7:45	Croyland	2:05 7:00
7:55	Shorts Mills	2:15 7:10
8:05	Rice Rock	2:25 7:20
8:15	Vineyard Run	2:35 7:30
8:25	Carrier	2:45 7:40
8:35	Brookwayville	2:55 7:50
8:45	McMinn Summit	3:05 8:00
8:55	Harveys Run	3:15 8:10
9:05	Falls Creek	3:25 8:20
9:15	DuBois	3:35 8:30

TRAINS LEAVE RIDGWAY.

Eastward. Train 5, 7:15 a. m. Westward. Train 1, 11:34 a. m.

Train 6, 8:29 p. m. Train 2, 10:30 p. m.

Train 3, 10:30 p. m. Train 3, 11:25 p. m.

S. M. PREVOST, Gen. Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen. Pass. Agt.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RAILWAY.

The short line between DuBois, Ridgway, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo, Rochester, Niagara Falls and points in the upper oil region.

On and after June 17th, 1894, passenger trains will arrive and depart from Falls Creek station, daily, except Sunday, as follows:

1:20 p. m. and 5:30 p. m.—Accommodations from Punxsutawney and Big Run.

8:50 a. m.—Buffalo and Rochester mail—For Buffalo, Buffalo, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo and Rochester, connecting at Johnsonburg with P. & E. train 3, for Wilcox, Kane, Warren, Cory and Erie.

8:52 a. m.—Accommodation—For Sykes, Big Run and Punxsutawney.

2:20 p. m.—Bradford Accommodation—For Bechtel, Brockwayville, Ellmont, Carson, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett and Bradford.

5:10 p. m.—Mail—For DuBois, Sykes, Big Run, Punxsutawney and Walton.

Passengers are requested to purchase tickets before entering the cars. An excess charge of Ten Cents will be collected by conductors when fares are paid on trains, from all stations where a ticket office is maintained.

Thousand mile tickets at two cents per mile, good for passage between all stations.

J. H. McINTYRE, Agent, Falls Creek, Pa.

E. C. LAPEY, General Supt. Gen. Pass. Agent.

Buffalo N. Y. Rochester N. Y.

ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY COMPANY commencing Sunday May 26, 1895, Low Grade Division.

EASTWARD.

STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 5.	No. 9.	101	109
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Red Bank... 10 10 10 10 10 10

Lawsburg... 11 11 11 11 11 11

New Bethlehem... 12 12 12 12 12 12

Oak Ridge... 13 13 13 13 13 13

Mayville... 14 14 14 14 14 14

Summersville... 15 15 15 15 15 15

Brookville... 16 16 16 16 16 16

Sell... 17 17 17 17 17 17

Fuller... 18 18 18 18 18 18

Reynoldsville... 19 19 19 19 19 19

Falls Creek... 20 20 20 20 20 20

DuBois... 21 21 21 21 21 21

Sabals... 22 22 22 22 22 22

Wintersburg... 23 23 23 23 23 23

Pensfield... 24 24 24 24 24 24

Glen... 25 25 25 25 25 25

Oliver... 26 26 26 26 26 26

Secaucus... 27 27 27 27 27 27

Grant... 28 28 28 28 28 28

Driftwood... 29 29 29 29 29 29

WESTWARD.

STATIONS.	No. 2.	No. 6.	No. 10.	106	110
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Driftwood... 10 10 10 10 10 10

Grant... 11 11 11 11 11 11

Secaucus... 12 12 12 12 12 12

Oliver... 13 13 13 13 13 13

Glen... 14 14 14 14 14 14

SEALED BY A SHOT.

A SINGULAR INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE AROUND ANTIETAM.

Union Soldiers Almost Fished For Lack of Water Discover a Spring—A Confederate Shot Ended the Struggle For Sparkling Liquid.

From the first peep of dawn Hooker, on the extreme right, having crossed Antietam creek the previous evening, had been pounding the Confederates and getting as good in return, and Mansfield in the center had been seconding Fighting Joe's endeavors with varying success, so that it was fully high noon before Burnside on the left received any intimation that his wing of the army was to have any greater share in the controversy than that of interested auditors. Though there had been some brisk skirmishing in front of the left, all eyes in that quarter were turned toward the center of the stage, and when it was learned that the gallant Mansfield had gone down in the conflict there was many a pang of grief, for Mansfield was a hero.

While the troops lay massed by brigade in the open fields and broiling sun between the creek and the low bluff to the east of the bridge, they sought to prepare themselves for whatever might come by keeping their canteens filled with water. The creek, so near and yet so far, proved to be a danger line for the occupants of both banks of the stream, for it was almost certain death for either Federals or Confederates to approach the stream, so that Burnside's men spent their time by reliefs in procuring the coveted liquid wherever it could be found in the rear.

Directly eastward from the famous stone bridge, and immediately to the rear of one of the massed brigades, and scarcely 200 yards distant from the creek, was found by some of the eager searchers a diadem in the shape of a stream of cool, pure water pouring from the face of a slaty embankment of scarcely more than ten feet in height.

During all the past time that this diminutive stream had been making its egress from the bosom of the earth it had been permitted to spread itself out over the adjoining meadow land or find its way to the creek through the shallow morass that formed at the base of the insignificant knoll from which it seeped. Never, perhaps, since the creation did such a small trickle of water jump so suddenly into importance and usefulness as did the one in question, for the practiced eyes of the water-fished Yankees, who had learned by their experience on the peninsula to smell water afar, followed up the moistened water course to its source, and, having found the head thereof, it was but a matter of a few minutes till they had a solid stream of the sparkling gem of about one-half inch in diameter pouring through a trough which had been improvised from the bark of a nearby sapling.

This improved condition of the little stream, becoming known to all the troops lying near by, proved to be the signal for a general riot, for the struggle for the privilege of holding the canteen under the spout became so boisterous that the officers were compelled to place not only a guard, but a cordon, of troops around it to prevent the contending soldiers from murdering each other in their mad endeavor to get just one taste of the coveted prize. All this, too, in the face of the fact that the Johnnies beyond the creek had opened their batteries and musketry on the columns then moving in the direction of the bridge, and numerous missiles found their way to a disagreeable proximity to the spring. But just as a semblance of order had been restored the word was passed to "fall in," and the life-giver was left to itself and for the time forgotten, but as the brigade advanced by battalion the soldier could not refrain from casting a backward glance of regret at the thread of silver dancing in the afternoon sun.

Half an hour later the battle was on in all its fury, and every moment added to the stream of wounded men pouring backward out of the line of danger. Those who knew the spring made straightway for it, followed by others, for who of those who ever had the experience can forget for a moment the terrible condition of a wounded soldier with an empty canteen?

If the strife for possession of the spring previous to the advance had been furious, it was now a thousand times worse, for around that bit of moisture surged a maddened, frenzied mass of bleeding humanity in all the conditions of wounds resulting from the fierce battle then raging less than half a mile distant and consequent turmoil. So fierce was the struggle that they destroyed the spout, and the mad and famished men would rush forward if only to get a hand wet.

At this supreme moment a Federal battery took a position on the knoll immediately above the spring and opened on the enemy. This brought a reply from a Confederate battery on the high ground beyond the creek, and about the first gun from the other side settled the contention as to the value of the little stream, for a solid shot struck the embankment about a foot above the outlet of water, buried itself out of sight and shot off the water as completely as a faucet ever stopped the flow from the nozzle of a hydrant. Notwithstanding the excellent practice of the rebel arti-

lery, some of the suffering soldiers hovered about the spot for a time in the hope that the water would find another outlet, but such proved a vain dream indeed, as the writer, 30 days thereafter, passing that way, sought in vain for the coveted nectar and found the only evidence that a stream had ever flowed from the spot to be the dilapidated remains of the improvised bark spout.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

One of Eugene Field's Franks.

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 devoted 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 Oerillos 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 2 1/2 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 2 1/2 miles distant, and would return by noon, 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. No only the children, but the neighbors, kept away until they learned of the scheme.—Indianapolis Journal.

Ancestor.

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 Miles of the commonwealth period—an ancestor of mine." "Ah, indeed!" said Mr. Hayward. "He was very near being an ancestor of mine."

Wishes 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 wishes sailing in the eggshells.

Harder Than Diamonds.

When boron is made to act upon carbon under the heat of the electric furnace, two bodies are formed, one of them stable, the other attackable by a mixture of potassic chlorate and acetic acid. The first of these has the formula B₂O₃. C. M. M. Moissan, in La Nature, says it is obtained by the direct union of boron with carbon in the electric furnace and in other ways which are indicated by the author.

Boride of carbon belongs to the same class of compounds as silicide of carbon (carbide of silicon). Like the latter, it possesses great stability and great hardness. It occurs in brilliant black crystals, having the density of 2.61. Heated to 1,000 degrees C. in oxygen gas, it burns slowly and with more difficulty than the diamond, yielding carbonic acid and a black residue coated with melted boric acid. The most curious property of this new compound is its excessive hardness. While silicide of carbon scarcely polishes the diamond and does not cut it, facets may be produced on the diamond by using the dust of boride of carbon. The latter is very friable. It can be pounded fine in a mortar, then mixed with oil and used instead of diamond dust for cutting diamonds.

The hardness of this boride is apparently less than that of the diamond, since it grinds more slowly, but the facets are cut with great clearness, and it is the first example of a definite substance capable of cutting the diamond. The compound therefore is harder than silicide of carbon.—Popular Science News.

Do We Eat Too Much?

If you require proof that we do, suppose that we have for breakfast a nice fresh roll which eats like a piece of cake, will we not eat more heartily than if we had to partake of bread two or three days old?

Can it be affirmed that it is absolutely necessary to have several courses for dinner? After the second course we only eat for the sake of eating. There is no doubt that we eat more than enough to satisfy our hunger.

If we compare the quantity of food which satisfies a peasant and that which is considered necessary for a rich man, we shall be inclined to think that they belong to a different species.

A fisherman will be contented with a piece of bread and cheese, but the tourist who goes with him takes a tremendous hamper crammed full. It is not because physiological necessity is more exacting in the one man than in the other, but because the gentleman is accustomed to eat, not according to the dictates of hunger, but until all the courses are exhausted—and in many cases until it is materially impossible to eat more.

The Arab who accompanies the sportsman on an excursion in the desert finds a piece of hard bread and a few dates sufficient for his wants; the sportsman is afraid of dying of hunger if he does not take with him several baskets of provisions, boxes of preserved meat and the like.—London Tit-Bits.

The Mirage.

Lord Raleigh says that the delusion of water appearing in mirages on hot, sandy plains is due to the fact that the undisturbed stratum of air near the earth is highly rarefied. A ray of light falling very obliquely upon this stratum and being totally reflected reaches the eye of an observer just as it would if reflected from water. The phenomenon is, strictly speaking, one of refraction rather than reflection. Now, just as the glass lens forms an image on the screen, so the crystalline lens of the eye forms an image on the retina or sensitive back part of the eye. This retina image is inverted, as all retina images are, and being projected to another strata of rarefied air above has the effect of making the delusion perfect. Raleigh further says that there has been much unnecessary speculation in connection with the theory of inverted retina images, the mystery being that we do not see all things inverted. The truth of the matter is—no look for something you never saw in a book—we do not see the retina image at all; we only feel it. If we could see the image on the eye of some one else, we would certainly see it inverted.

Painful.

She—Then you are willing to die for me?
He—Ach, with pleasure!
She—Well, I don't ask for that, but I am going to put your affection to the test.
He—By all means. What an I to do for you? Shall I capture a lion, or say to the mighty ocean, "Stand still; my love commands it!"
She—No, I don't crave after any such impossibilities. There is only one thing I ask of you.
He—What is it?
She—Never to come here again.—Unsere Gesellschaft.

Two Drummers For Trade.

A Portland merchant has recently had illustrated to him in the persons of two commercial travelers great vicissitudes of fortune. One who called to solicit trade for a certain brand of catchup was at one time one of the leading merchants of Boston, and his residence, when adversity came, sold under the hammer for \$78,000. The other, who had a line of cigars, had been twice elected governor of one of the largest of the middle western states.—Portland (Me.) Advertiser.

Power Consumption In Piano Playing.

The amount of power expended in playing on a piano has recently been figured out in a way which, if not altogether accurate, is at least interesting. Commenting on the statement made that "it requires more force to sound a note gently on this instrument than it does to lift the lid of a kettle," The American Art Journal says that this is "easy to verify if one takes a small handful of coins and piles them on a key of the piano. When a sufficient quantity is piled on to make a note sound, they may be weighed and the figures will be found to be true. If the pianist is playing fortissimo, a much greater force is needed. At times a force of six pounds is thrown upon a single key to produce a solitary effect. With chords the force is generally spread over the various notes sounded simultaneously, though a greater output of force is undoubtedly expended. This is what gives pianists the wonderful strength in their fingers that is often commented on.

A story used to be told of Paderewski that he could crack a pane of French plate glass half an inch thick merely by placing one hand upon it as if upon a keyboard and striking it sharply with his middle finger. Chopin's last study in C minor has a passage which takes two minutes and five seconds to play. The total pressure brought to bear on this, it is estimated, is equal to three full tons. The average "tonnage" of an hour's piano playing of Chopin's music varies from 12 to 84 tons.

Wagner has not yet been calculated along these lines.—Cassier's Magazine.

The Magicians of India.

The magicians of India are a clever lot. For a rupee (30 cents) they will furnish quite an entertainment. One beats a drum and acts as interlocutor, while there is generally a small boy or girl as assistant. A clever trick is performed by placing the small boy or girl in a basket, covering the opening. After ramming a sword in the basket from the top and all sides, until one imagines the youngster done to death, the basket is opened and he is still there intact. No preparations are made beforehand, and these cunning tricks are done on the ground but five or ten feet away. In the same way a small bush is made to grow under merely a cloth covering. Considering that the magician has no accessories, it is really wonderful.

The last part of the magician's programme was no trick by any means. A cocoon was handed to me for inspection. It seemed sound and solid. After a great deal of drumming and hooting to produce an excitement the cocoon was thrown into the air 20 feet. With a loud yell the magician sprang under it, when it descended and the cocoon burst to pieces on his head. The blow staggered him at first, but a few approving pats on the back by his comrades and a drink of whisky soon straightened him out. Nautch girls, accompanied by one or two musicians, are frequently seen dancing in the street, but their performance is very slow and uninteresting.—Ontario.

The Real Mistress of Balmoral.

The ruler of Balmoral castle is not the queen, but the housekeeper, a Mrs. Mussen, a typical personage of her class, gowned always in rustling black silk, lace trimmed apron and white cap. She and the queen are said to be excellent friends, and many a gossip have they had together when affairs of state have been laid aside.

Mrs. Mussen also stands high in the favor of the little Battenbergs, who are sure to seek her out as soon as they have landed at the castle, for she fairly idolizes the little ones and keeps many a treasure in her apartments with which to regale them.

To the world at large Mrs. Mussen is a holy terror. Her word is law, and she enforces it at the point of the bayonet or the broomstick. It is said that once the queen wanted a certain maid, to whom she had taken a fancy, detailed to the care of her own room, but the housekeeper remonstrated, telling her majesty it was quite out of order and she really must not spoil the servants by undue notice. The queen was wise enough not to insist, and "dear Mrs. Mussen's" won the day.—Strand Magazine.

Boiler Scale.

A very novel method of getting rid of scale in a boiler is credited by a Boston paper to an engineer in that city. The scale came from the use of well water. The feed pipe enters the front of the boiler just about the water line, and has slots cut in it about an eighth of an inch wide, instead of the ordinary spraying method of distributing the water, and surrounding the feed pipes is a larger pipe, about 6 inches in diameter and cut away at the top; the feed water enters the boiler and discharges through the slots in the feed pipe, depositing all the foreign matter in the water into this catch pipe instead of into the boiler—the success of the plan depending upon having a high temperature of feed at about the boiling point, when the solids held in suspension or solution in water will be deposited.

Fall of Business.

A tramp was put out to pasture on the Bancroft, Neb., rock pile recently with a ball and chain attachment. The attachment was no so great as to prevent his selling the ball and chain for \$1 to a green farmer as a curio, and making off with the money.—Burlington Hawkeye.

The Melon Didn't Conat.

The memoirs of General Marbot upon the first French empire relate that, on the occasion of a very formal distribution of rewards made by Napoleon before Ratisbon, an old grenadier came forward and demanded somewhat sharply, to the astonishment of all, a cross of the Legion of Honor.

"But what have you done?" said Napoleon.
"Why, sire," said the soldier, "it was I who, in the desert of Yafa, when it was terribly hot and you were parched with thirst, brought you a watermelon."
"Thank you," said Napoleon, "but a watermelon for a general is not worth a cross of the Legion of Honor."

The grenadier flew into a violent rage. "Well, then," he shouted, "I suppose that the seven wounds that I got at Arcola and at Lodi and at Austerlitz and at Friedland go for nothing, eh? My 11 campaigns in Italy, in Egypt, in Austria, in Prussia, and in Poland you don't count I suppose?"

"Tut, tut, tut!" exclaimed the emperor. "How you do get excited when you come to the essential point of the whole matter! I make you now a chevalier of the Legion of Honor for your wounds and your campaigns, but don't tell me any more about your watermelon!"

John's Demise.

Mr. L., a good natured German, was the prosperous proprietor of a considerable clothing business in a country town. He had in his employ one John S., whom he had advanced from cashboy to head clerk and who had for many years been an attache of the store. Since his promotion John had several times asked for a raise in his salary, and each time his request had been granted. One morning John again appeared at the old merchant's desk with another request for an increase of \$10 per month.

"Vy, Shon," said Mr. L., "I dink I bays you pooty vell alretty. Vat for I bays you any more?" "Well," replied John confidently, "I am your principal help here. I have worked you up to a large trade. I know every detail of the business, and indeed I think you could not get along without me." "Is dot so?" exclaimed the German. "Mein Gott, Shon, vot vood I do suppose you vas to die?" "Well," hesitated John, "I suppose you would have to get along without me then." The old man took several whiffs from his big pipe and said nothing. At last he gravely remarked, "Vell, Shon, I guess you better consider yourself dead."—Business Journal.

Old Pomp.

Old Pomp, the colored porter of the University of Pennsylvania, has held that position since 1864. "As a consequence," says the Philadelphia Record, "the faithful, good natured darky enjoys privileges extended to no other person connected with the university. Even Provost Harrison bows with no small deference to Pomp, and the professors and students alike obey his mandates and respect his wishes. Pomp carries his importance with well assumed dignity and is the special pride of hundreds of the students and alumni of the big school. He is widely known by reason of his foghorn voice, which has coached the various athletic teams on to many victories."

Our army does more traveling than any other on the globe. When troops are moved in France or Germany, it is only for a short distance, but shifting the position of a regiment in this country sometimes involves thousands of miles of travel.

Man is a bundle of habits; in a word, there is not a quality or function, either of body or mind, which does not feel the influence of this great law of animated nature.—Paley.

Shiloh's Cure is sold on a guarantee. It cures incipient consumption. It is the best cough cure. Only one cent a dose, 25cts., 50cts. and \$1.00. Sold by J. C. King & Co.

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Will give new price-list next week.

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