WOMEN AND THEIR INTERESTS

TALK TO YOUR CHILDREN OF HIDDEN PITFALLS

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

When foolish young girls write letters to young men asking them to call, or trying to make appointments, or to begin a correspondence, they must not be surprised if those letters are seen by eyes for which they are not intended.

Young men do not respect girls who make advances to them.

They do not respect girls who call them on the telephone, or who write unsolicited letters, or who try to attract their attention in any way. They may respond to such advances, but they feel only pity or contempt in their secret hearts for such girls.

Here is a portion of a letter sent by a girl of seventeen to a man she never saw. She explains that she obtained his address from a letter he wrote to a little girl of nine, regarding some Christmas gift. She says: "So I take the advantage of writing to you. But if you see any of my friends or relatives please don't mention my letter.

She Gave a Romantic Description of Herself

I am five feet four inches tall, weigh 130 pounds, have hazel brown hair and blue eyes. I have been attending high school, but am at home now, taking music lessons. I will be seventeen my next birthday. I attend the Methodist church. Please do not forget the secret; do not mention my name. Hoping to hear from you soon as possible. Respectfully yours"——Then follows her name and address.

Of course the parents of this child have no idea that she could be guilty of such an indiscretion.

But there is where the misfortune lies.

The parents have not realized that their daughter is growing out of childhood into womanhood. That she is following the natural bent of all created beings, and thinking along romantic lines.

Every normal girl and youth of that age is romantic, and it should be understood by parents, and the situation should be met as naturally as the teething time is met previously.

Girls in their teens often do foolish things, as this girl did, simply because they have an excess of vitality and their brains are excited and their imagination unduly developed.

Given the right occupations, the right reading, the right diversions and the wise guidance they should have, at this time, they are saved from folly and indiscretion.

Social distractions under the care of older people, outdoor sports, dancing, music and nature studies in the open air, would use the surplus energy of a girl like this, so that she would not be seeking a clandestine correspondence with a young man she has never seen.

Fortunate the Young Man Was Not Evilminded

There is nothing vicious in her letter; but the most lamentable consequences could easily result if the young man had been evilminded enough to lead her on to further follies.

When any girl feels tempted to write a letter, or communicate with a man secretly, and hide the matter from her parents, she is on the path to danger; she is on the road which leads to folly, and more than possible shame.

No man respects such a girl.

If he meets her advances and acceeds to her wishes to enter into secret correspondence, he does so because he wants to see how foolish and silly she will be; and he is not her friend, but her worst enemy. Men always want to make the advances to women. It is their nature. And they hold in light esteem any woman of any age who usurps this privilege.

Mothers, look after your young daughters.

Talk to Your Children of These Hidden Pitfalls

Become their intimate friends and confidants. Talk to them on all these subjects; give them interesting books to read; give them helpful and healthful occupations and pleasures; give them the society of the opposite sex, but guard them through all these years of adolescence. It is not the girl with a sensible, wise, tender mother, who writes such a letter as the one quoted above.

Be Clean! Inside and Outside

If you would be healthy, strong and happy. Baths keep the skin clean and in good condition. But what about the inside of the body? You can no more afford to neglect it than the outside. It is just as important that the system be cleansed of the poisonous impurities caused by weakness of the digestive organs or by inactivity of the liver.

DR. PIERCE'S
Golden Medical Discovery
(In Tablet or Liquid Form)

Cleanses the system—and more. It puts the liver in such a condition of health that it purifies the blood—as it should. It helps the stomach digest food so that it makes good blood—rich, red blood to nourish and strengthen all the organs.
You may avail yourself of its tonic, revivifying influence by getting a bottle or a box of tablets from your medicine dealer—or send 50c for a trial box. Address as below.

FREE "Dr Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser"—a French cloth bound book of 1008 pages on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to cover mailing charges. Address Dr. V. M. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

JUNIATA COUNTY **FAIR** PORT ROYAL

September 9 to 11

SPECIAL TRAINS

Thursday, September 10

Leave Harrisburg Thursday, September 10, at 7.45 A. M., Newport 8.45 A. M., Millerstown 8.54 A. M., Thompsontown 9.04 A. M. Returning, leave Port Royal 5.30 P. M. for Harrisburg and intermediate stations.

REDUCED FARE EXCURSION TICKETS
sold to Port Royal September 9 to 11, good returning until September 12, inclusive.

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Estimates cheerfully furnished.
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Don't start off the first thing this Fall with a repetition of your coal troubles of former years. Keep your peace of mind and insure body comfort by using judgment in your coal buying. Montgomery coal costs no more than inferior grades, and insures maximum heat, even consumption, and lower coal bills. Dust and dirt is removed before you get your coal from

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Write today for a testing bottle of
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The world's most famous perfume, every drop as sweet as the living blossom. For handkerchief, atomizer and bath. Fine after shaving. All the value is in the perfume—you don't pay extra for a fancy bottle. The quality is wonderful. The price only 75c. (6 oz.). Send 4c. for the little bottle—enough for 50 handkerchiefs. Write today.

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ED. PINAUD BUILDING NEW YORK

THE LAST SHOT

By FREDERICK PALMER

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[Continued.]

"Hello!" Lanstron called softly. "Hello!" he called louder and yet louder.

Receiving no answer, he retraced his steps and seated himself on the second terrace in a secluded spot in the shadow of the first terrace wall, where he could see anyone coming up the main flight of steps from the road. When Marta walked she usually came from town by that way. At length the sound of a slow step from another direction broke on his ear. Some one was approaching along the path that ran at his feet. Around the corner of the wall, in his workman's Sunday clothes of black, but wearing his old straw hat, appeared Feller, the gardener. He paused to examine a rose bush and Lanstron regarded him thoughtfully.

As he turned away he looked up, and a glance of definite and unfaltering recognition was exchanged between the two men. They had the garden to themselves.

"Gustave!" Lanstron exclaimed under his breath.

"Lanny!" exclaimed the gardener, turning over a branch of the rose bush. He seemed unwilling to risk talking openly with Lanstron.

"You look the good workman in his Sunday best to a T!" said Lanstron.

"Being stone-deaf," returned Feller, with a trace of drollery in his voice, "I hear very well—at times. Tell me"—his whisper was quivering with eagerness—"shall we fight? Shall we fight?"

"We are nearer to it than we have ever been in our time," Lanstron replied.

The hat still shaded Feller's face, his stoop was unchanged, but the branch in his hand shook.

"Honest?" he exclaimed. "Oh, the chance of it! The chance of it!"

"Gustave!" Lanstron's voice, still low, came in a gust of sympathy, and the pocket which concealed his hand gave a nervous twitch as if it held something alive and distinct from his own being. "The trial wears on you! Do you want to go?"

"No!" Feller shot back irritably. "No!" he repeated resolutely. "I don't want to go! I mean to be game—I—" He shifted his gaze from the bush which he still pretended to examine and suddenly broke off with: "Miss Galland is coming!"

Lanstron started toward the steps that Marta was ascending. She moved leisurely, yet with a certain springy energy that suggested that she might have come on the run without being out of breath or seeming to have made an effort.

"Hello, stranger!" she called as she saw him, and quickened her pace.

"Hello, pedagogue!" he responded.

As they shook hands they swung their arms back and forth like a pair of romping children for a moment.

"We had a grand session of the school this morning, the largest class ever!" she said. "And the points we scored off you soldiers! You'll find disarmament already in progress when you return to headquarters. We're irresistible, or at least," she added, with a flash of intensity, "we're going to be some day."

"So you put on your war-paint!"

"It must be the pollen from the hydrangeas!" She flicked her handkerchief from her belt and passed it to him. "Show that you know how to be useful!"

He performed the task with deliberate care.

"Heavens! You even have some on your ear and some on your hair; but I'll leave it on your hair; it's rather becoming. There you are!" he concluded.

"Off my hair, too!"

"Very well. I always obey orders."

"I oughtn't to have asked you to do it at all!" she exclaimed with a sudden change of manner as they started up to the house. "But a habit of friendship, a habit of liking to believe in one's friends, was uppermost. I forgot. I oughtn't even to have shaken hands with you!"

"Marta! What now, Marta?" he asked.

He had known her in reproach, in anger, in laughing mockery, in militant seriousness, but never before like this. The pain and indignation in her eyes came not from the sheer hurt of a wound but from the hurt of its source. It was as if he had learned by the signal of its loss that he had a deeper hold on her than he had realized.

"Yes, I have a bone to pick with you," she said, recovering a grim sort of fellowship. "A big bone! If you're half a friend you'll give me the very marrow of it."

"I am ready!" he answered more pathetically than philosophically.

"There's not time now; after luncheon, when mother is taking her nap," she concluded as they came to the last step and saw Mrs. Galland on the veranda.

Ater luncheon Mrs. Galland kept battling with her nods until nature was victorious and she fell fast asleep. Marta, grown restless with impatience, suggested to Lanstron that they stroll in the garden, and they took the path past the house toward the castle tower, stopping in an arbor with high hedges on either side around a statue of Mercury.

"Now!" exclaimed Marta narrowly. "It was you, Lanny, who recommended Feller to us as a gardener, competent though deaf! I have proved him to be a man of most sensitive hearing. I didn't let him know that he was discovered. You brought him here—you, Lanny, you are the one to explain."

"True, he is not deaf!" Lanstron replied.

"He is a spy?" she asked.

"Yes, a spy. You can put things in a bright light, Marta!" He found words coming with difficulty in face of the pain and disillusion of her set look.

"Using some man as a pawn; setting him as a spy in the garden where you have been the welcome friend!" she exclaimed. "A spy on what—on my mother, on Minna, on me, on the flowers, as a part of this monstrous game of trickery and lies that you are playing?"

There was no trace of anger in her tone. It was that of one mortally hurt. Anger would have been easier to bear than the measuring, penetrating wonder that found him guilty of such a horrible part. Those eyes would have confused Partow himself with the steady, welling intensity of their gaze. She did not see how his left hand was twitching and how he stilled its movement by pressing it against the bench.

"You will take Feller with you when you go!" she said, rising."

Lanstron dropped his head in a kind of shaking throb of his whole body and raised a face white with appeal.

"Marta!" He was speaking to a profile, very sensitive and yet like ivory. "I've no excuse for such an abuse of hospitality except the obsession of a loathsome work that some man must do and I was set to do. My God, Marta! I cease to be natural and human. I am a machine. I keep thinking, what if war comes and some error of mine let the enemy know where to strike the blow of victory; or if there were information I might have gained and failed to gain that would have given us the victory—if, because I had not done my part, thousands of lives of our soldiers were sacrificed needlessly!"

At that she turned on him quickly, her face softening.

"You do think of that—the lives?"

"Yes, why shouldn't I?"

"Of those on your side!" she exclaimed, turning away.

"Yes, of those first," he replied. "And, Marta, I did not tell you why Feller was here becauce he did not want me to."

CHAPTER VI.

A Crisis Within a Crisis.

Following the path to the tower leisurely, they had reached the tower. Feller's door was open. Marta looked into the room, finding in the neat arrangement of its furniture a new significance. He was absent, for it was the dinner hour.

"On my recommendation you took him," Lanstron said.

"Yes, on yours, Lanny, on a friend's! You"—she put a cold emphasis on the word—"you wanted him here for your plans! And why? You haven't answered that yet. What purpose of the war game does he serve in our garden?"

His look pleaded for patience, while he tried to smile, which was rather difficult in face of her attitude.

"Not altogether in the garden; partly in the tower," he replied. "You are to be in the whole secret and in such a way as to make my temptation clear, I hope. First, I think you ought to see the setting. Let us go in."

Impelled by a curiosity that Lanstron's manner accentuated, she entered the room. Apparently Lanstron was familiar with the premises. Passing through the sitting-room into the room adjoining, where Feller stored his tools, he opened a door that gave on to the circular stone steps leading down into the dungeon tunnel.

"I think we had better have a light," he said, and when he had fetched one from the bedchamber he descended the steps, asking her to follow.

They were in a passage six feet in height and about three feet broad, which seemed to lead on indefinitely into clammy darkness. The dewy walls sparkled in fantastic and ghostly iridescence under the rays from the lantern. The dank air lay moist against their faces.

"This is far enough." He paused and raised the lantern. With its light full in her face, she blinked. "There, at the height of your chin!"

She noted a metal button painted gray, set at the side of one of the stones of the wall, which looked unreal. She struck the stone with her knuckles and it gave out the sound of hollow wood, which was followed, as an echo, by a little laugh from Lanstron. Pressing the button, a panel door flew open, revealing a telephone mouthpiece and receiver set in the recess.

"Like a detective play!" were the first words that sprang to her lips. "Well?" As she faced around her eyes glittered in the lantern rays. "Well, have you any other little tricks to show me? Are you a sleight-of-hand artist, too, Lanny? Are you going to take a machine gun out of your hat?"

"That is the whole bag," he answered. "I thought you'd rather see it than have it described to you."

"Having seen it, let us go!" she said, in a manner that implied further reckoning to come.

"If out of a thousand possible sources one source succeeds, then the cost and pains of the other nine hundred and ninety-nine are more than repaid," he was saying urgently, the soldier uppermost in him. "Some of the best service we have had has been absurd in its simplicity and its audacity. In time of war more than one battle has been decided by a thing that was a trifle in itself. No matter what your preparation, you can never remove the element of chance. An hour gained in information about your enemy's plans may turn the tide in your favor. A Chinese peasant spy, because he happened to be intoxicated, was able to give the Japanese warning in time for Kuroki to make full dispositions for receiving the Russian attack in force at the Sha-ho. There are many other incidents of like nature in history. So is is my duty to neglect no possible method, however absurd."

[To be Continued.]

POULTRY NEWS

BEWARE OF OVER CROWDING POULTRY

This Condition Kills More Birds Than All Other Evils of the Yard Combined

So many chickens are well attended during the early period of their growth, and they steer clear of sickness, and look like developing into big, sturdy birds, then, for some reason unknown to the attendant, they gradually loose vigor, go off their feed, droop their wings, and chirp in a plaintive manner. Often the cause of such a change in the birds is traceable to the fact that overcrowding has been permitted—a condition that annually kills more chickens than all other evils of the poultry yard combined.

If chickens are allowed to outgrow their sleeping quarters, sickness among them must be expected. What the growing youngsters require to keep them lively and vigorous is roomy and airy sleeping quarters. So many people after removing the brood hens from their coops allow the youngsters to occupy the latter and for a time the little ones farewell, and then they begin to droop. It is the close confinement to stuffy coops night after night to which the mischief is due.

Rather than allow the chicks to go on occupying the coops in which they were brooded, the attendant will do well to place them in a roomy shed, the floor of which is well covered with fine ashes or dry sand, and on top of which is placed a good covering of chaff or other litter. Several broods, after leaving the care of hens may be placed in a building such as an ordinary scratching shed, and there they may be allowed to sleep. During periods of unfavorable weather there could be no better place to exercise the youngsters. Throw their grain into the litter and thus make work compulsory.

Do Not Feed Fattening Food During Molting Period

No special formulas are needed for feeding fowls through the molting season, contrary to a quite general belief. But the rations should not consist of fattening foods, such as corn and buckwheat, exclusively. While growing new feathers the protein element of food is needed as much as while producing eggs, and this should be furnished in the form of meat, meal or scrap, skim milk and the grains of good protein content. The whole wheat products, oats, gluten feed, oil meal, alfalfa and clover are all good. In short, feed the fowls as well as though they were laying.

Neither are any special formulas necessary for breeders, but if they can be induced to eat them, either whole or ground, oats may well form a considerable portion of their grain food. They should have ample range and not be forced for laying through the Fall and early winter; to this end but little meat should be given.

AMUSEMENTS

MANY ATTRACTIONS AT HERSHEY PARK, LABOR DAY, SEPTEMBER 7

Never was Hershey Park so beautiful as it is now. The mammoth flower beds scattered over the park are a magnificent sight to behold. There are acres of pretty lawns, plenty of shade, attractive buildings, etc. It is little wonder, after all, that strangers on their first visit, remark, "What a beautiful place." There will, no doubt, be thousands of people who will take advantage of Labor Day.

The management is gradually placing amusements of the highest type at different sections of the park, so that no matter what part of the park you are in, there is something of interest. Of the amusements, perhaps the most popular one is the swimming pool and the shute-the-shute.

Two baseball games will be played here on Labor Day, one in the morning and one in the afternoon.

Hershey Park has two beautiful large dancing pavilions and every holiday you will find these pavilions filled to their capacity. Labor Day there will be dancing afternoon and evening. At the theater a high-class vaudeville show and 4,000 feet of war pictures await those who are fortunate enough to see them.

Then there is the beautiful three-abreast jumping-horse carousel, situated perhaps at the most breezy spot in the park. The electric train of miniature cars also is a very high-grade attraction—one never getting tired of it. Indeed, as stated before, it is necessary that you see these many attraction, such as boating, bathing, shooting gallery, photo gallery, etc., to appreciate them.

Added to all this, is the ever-increasing Zoo filled with many wild animals, birds, alligators, etc. Thousands of people visit this free Zoo daily. We owe it to ourselves to visit this beautiful resort while in its height of beauty.

Hershey Park maintains a band of forty pieces, which will render open-air concerts afternoon and evening. This band is composed of expert musicians and, no doubt, have played to more people this season than any other band in the United States.—Advertisement.

THE VICTORIA SHOWS STRONG FEATURES

The Victoria Theater has for a long time had the reputation of showing strong special features. To-day's bill is no exception. The headliner for to-day, entitled "Darkness and Dawn," is a Great Northern special multiple reel picture, which insures its being a high-class production. "The Village 'Neath the Sea" is a two part offering of exceptional merit. "The Masquerader" is a Keystone comedy, and that means a good laugh. On Monday we show the eleventh episode of "The Million Dollar Mystery."—Advertisement.

"HIGH JINKS"

The action of "High Jinks," the musical farce which Arthur Hammerstein will present at the Majestic Theater, Thursday evening, revolves around an escapade at a French watering place, in which a doctor exchanges wives in order to protect himself from a jealous and revengeful Frenchman, who insists on kissing his wife because he kissed the Frenchman's wife. The kissing that caused all the trouble results from the effects of a magic perfume, which made everyone who got a whiff of it hilarious. The perfume, as well as the play, is called "High Jinks," and "High Jinks" is also the title of the dancing gem of the score of the musical jollity.—Advertisement.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN"

Local theatergoers will be interested in the announcement of the appearance, Monday and Tuesday, of the favorite Southern drama, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the greatest of all emotional plays.

The company has been selected with great discrimination, and in the matter of scenic equipment and accesories the presentation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will measure up to a high standard. The engagement at the Majestic is for two days, with daily matinee.—Advertisement.

POULTRYMEN WANT HELP FROM STATE

Fanciers' Association Quizzing Candidates to Learn Their Attitude on Question

Pennsylvania poultrymen have concluded that it is due alone to their modesty that the State has never given the poultry industry recognition worth while. They have never asked for State support, it just occurs to them, and the fault they admit is therefore all their own. But if the State defaults in this matter in the future, the responsibility will rest with others than the poultrymen.

Local poultry associations in Pennsylvania are asking questions of the candidates for State office. The Johnstown Fanciers' Association has appointed a committee to interview the State candidates and learn of their attitude on the following points:

First—State aid for poultry associations holding annual shows.

Second—Proper equipment and buildings at Pennsylvania State College in keeping with the extent and value of the poultry product in this State.

Third—Creating a bureau of poultry husbandry in the Department of Agriculture and the appropriation of funds sufficient for the maintenance of same.

Hen's Attitude Tells Her Laying Abilities

The hen's attitude tells to a very large extent whether she is a good or a poor layer. A sluggish, listless and slow bird is always a poor layer. On the other hand, a singing, contented, alert, quick, snappy and nervous fowl is generally a good layer. Some breeds are of course not as nervous or quick in the movements as others and allowance should always be made for this fact. The larger the breed, the slower its movements. Those individuals that are the first off the roosts in the morning and the last on them at night are the best layers, all other factors being equal. Those individuals that are noticed to be busy all day long, scratching in the litter, eating and drinking, are unquestionably the best layers.

EDISON DIAMOND DISC RECITALS

Given daily at our store are largely attended by music lovers. You are invited. J. H. Troup Music House, 15 South Market Square.—Advertisement.

PAXTANG PARK

To-day will see the ending of the summer vaudeville season at Paxtang Park. An excellent show of six acts makes up the closing bill and to-night will be your last chance to pay the park theater a farewell visit until next summer.

On Monday evening there will be a band concert in the park theater. The Commonwealth Band will be the attraction and an elaborate program has been arranged. No admission will be charged for seats in the auditorium. A free concert by so popular a band should make Labor Day one of the big days of the park season.—Advertisement.

AT THE PHOTOPLAY

"The Convict Hero," a four-act drama; "The White Mouse," two-act Selig drama, and a special John Bunny Vitagraph film, "Bunny's Birthday," along with the eleventh episode of "The Perils of Pauline," make the program at the Photoplay to-day. See funny John Bunny and the terrible time Bunny has at his birthday party. Flora Finch, as his wife, cannot be equaled as a commedlene.—Advertisement.

Second Fly Contest of the Civic Club

AUGUST 3 TO SEPTEMBER 26

$5 for first prize; several other prizes, and 5 cents a pint for all flies brought in on the 20th of September.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only Constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.
Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio
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Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

How to Buy Lumber

It's no easy matter to select the kind of lumber that will wear longest.

Some lumber is high priced, but you don't have to specify "clear" throughout your building.

There's more than one grade of lumber and many kinds of wood.

What you need is a suggestion here and there from some one who knows lumber.

We can easily tell you if No. 1, 2 or 3 quality will suit and the kind of wood to buy.

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MAIN OFFICE:
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Business Locals

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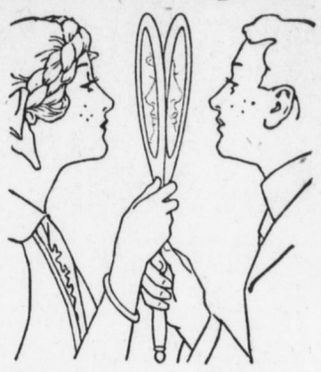

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SUNDAY, AUG. 30
SEPTEMBER 13
1914

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Hummelstown ..	2.00	6.18
Swatara	2.00	6.24
Hershey	2.00	6.27
Palmyra	2.00	6.35
Annville	1.85	6.45
Lebanon	1.75	6.57
Myerstown	1.75	7.11
Richland	1.75	7.17
Sheridan	1.75	7.21
Womelsdorf	1.70	7.27
Willow Grove, arr		10.15

Returning, Special Train will leave Willow Grove 9.00 P. M. for above stations.

Tickets good only on date of excursion on above Special Train in each direction. Children between 5 and 12 years of age half fare.

Cumberland Valley Railroad TIME TABLE

In Effect May 24, 1914.

TRAINS leave Harrisburg—

For Winchester and Martinsburg at 5.03, *7:50 a. m., *3:40 p. m.

For Hagerstown, Chambersburg, Carlisle, Mechanicsburg and intermediate stations at 5:03, *7:50, *11:53 a. m., *3:40, 5:32, *7:40, *11:00 p. m.

Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9:48 a. m., 2:18, 3:27, 6:30, 9:30 a. m.

For Dillsburg at 5:03, *7:50 and *11:53 a. m., 2:18, *3:40, 5:32 and 6:30 p. m.

*Daily. All other trains daily except Sunday. H. A. RIDDLE, G. P. A.
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