ALL THE NEWS OF CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA TOWNS

GETTYSBURG MAY LOSE ENCAMPMENTS

Vational Guard Authorities Remove Buildings From Battlefield

\$200 IS GIVEN FOR CHARITY

Finance Committee of Nurse Association Completes Canvass For Funds

Newport's Oldest Resident SPECIAL CARS TO Oliver P. Zimmerman Was



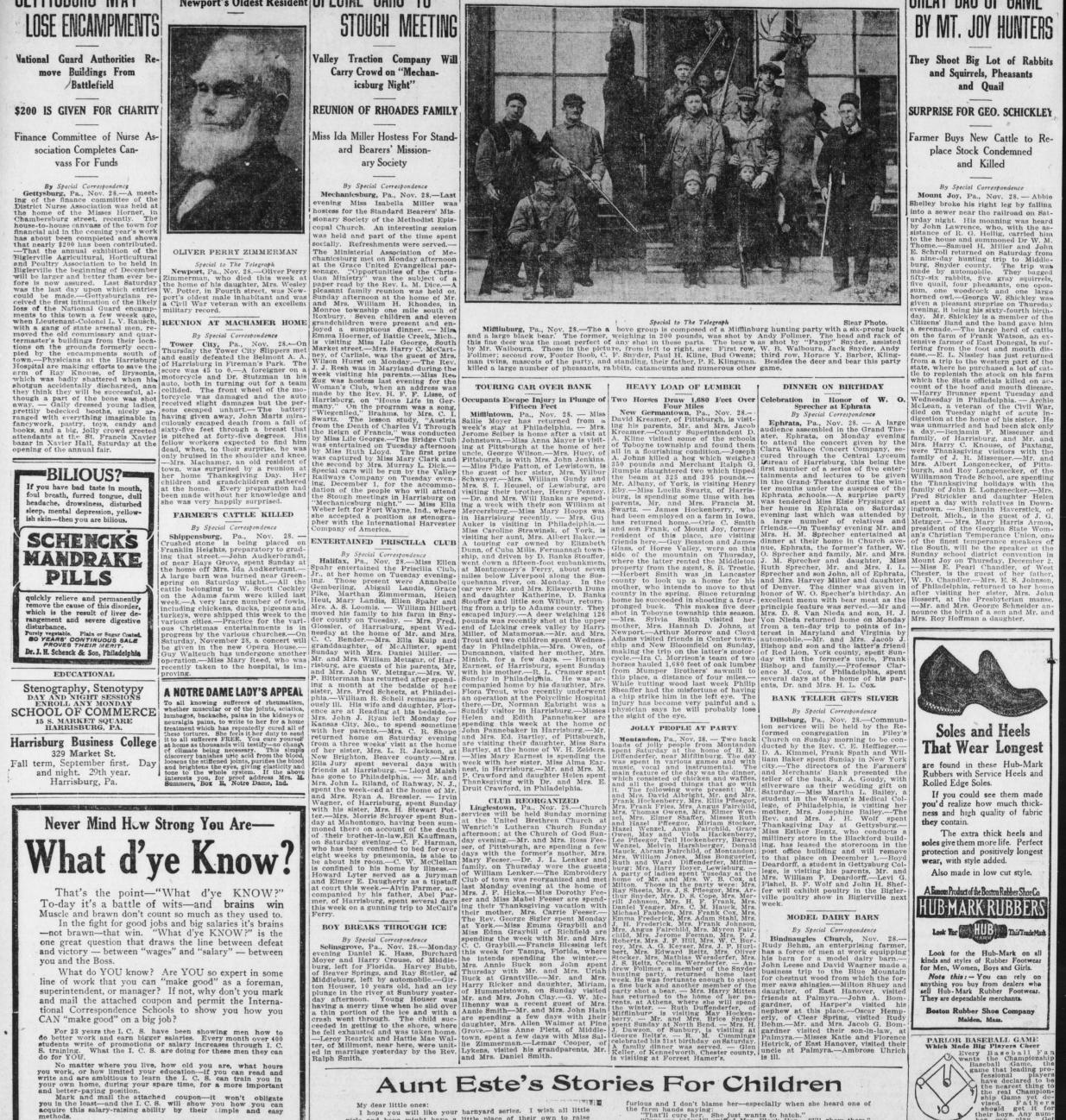
STOUGH MEETING

Valley Traction Company Will Carry Crowd on "Mechanicsburg Night"

REUNION OF RHOADES FAMILY

Miss Ida Miller Hostess For Standard Bearers' Missionary Society

MIFFLINBURG HUNTING PARTY AND THEIR GAME TROPHIES



GREAT BAG OF GAME BY MT. JOY HUNTERS

They Shoot Big Lot of Rabbits and Squirrels, Pheasants and Quail

SURPRISE FOR GEO. SCHICKLEY

Farmer Buys New Cattle to Replace Stock Condemned and Killed



PARLOR BASEBALL GAME
Which Made Big Players Cheer

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Baseball Game, the game that leading players cheer are the clarent to be the nearest thing to the nearest thing to the real Championship Game yet devised. Father should get it for their boys. Any unwyour friends to organize Leagues Mor fascinating than any other home game or evening entertainment. Interest old and young alike, and grips the closest attention of the most enthus institute fans.

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closest attention and the state fans. It your dealer can't supply you. SEND US \$1.00 AND WE WILL FORWARD A GAME TO YOU BY PARCEL POST, Quick seller. Agents write for terms

GREBNELLE NOVELTY CO. Dept. 105, Metropolitan Building 15th and Wallace Sts., Phila., Pa.

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

p. m. *Daily. All other trains daily excep Sunday. H. A. RIDDLE, J. H. TONGE. G. P. A.

Aunt Este's Stories For Children

I hope you will like your barnyard series. I wish all little girls and boys might have a little place of their own to raise chickens and ducks and turkeys che chickens and ducks and turkeys, etc.

Now to-night I want to tell you the story of

THE TIME OLD BLACK HEN STRUCK

Now to-night I want to tell you the story of the story of the things of the carest little black Hen you ever saw. She was just a fat, rolly polly sort of a creature with a shiny black suit and little beady eyes. Well when she grew big enough to lay eggs like he whitest, prettiest eggs that were laid in her coop house and she was very proud of them; because, you see, she had been led to believe all her life that when she was able to lay eggs she could hatch a little brood of chickens all her own.

But little by lite o hatch little baby chickens. No, indeed—in far she became quite indignant over the way she was treated—in a she became quite indignant over the way she was treated—in the she was able to the she had a pretty, big, white egg and started to cachie a bit about it to her neighbor hens, and tell them what a fine thing she had done, than some big giant of a man or woman came out to the nest where it lay, and without so much as a "thank you" or "by-your-leave" carried the pretty egg which as saw the shell of it again.

Well Black Hen just stood it as long as she could—but at last she got up her dutch, if you know what that means—she ruffled her black feathers a bit—and she made up her mind she would not lay another egg—no sir, not one more egg. So she just sat on the nest all day and would not budge; and whenever any one came to look for an egg she picked at them and ruffled some more until she looked about twice as big and fierce as she really was.

The folk from the farmhouse got so cross that what do you

some more until she looked about twice as big and fierce as she really was.

The folk from the farmhouse got so cross that what do you suppose they did to poor old Mrs. Black Hen. Well, they just pulled her out of that nest by the back of her shiny back tall and threw her—ruffles and peck and all—out into a driving rain. My, but Mrs. Black Hen carried on. She just cackled and cackled, and cackled; and clucked and clucked—for she was

furious and I don't blame her—especially when she heard one of the farm hands saying:
"That'll cure her. She just wants to hatch."
"Cure me indeed!" snifed Mrs. Black Hen. "Till show them."
So she just kept up her dutch—indeed, I think she got it up some more—and refused to lay eggs—she just would not lay eggs, but every chance she got she crawled back to that nest—and sat some more and brooded.

Well, one day Mrs. Black Hen was rewarded for sticking to her idea. She heard the farmer say as he came out to look at her:
"Give her thisteen."

"Give her thirteen eggs and set her-perhaps she'll feel better

her: idea. She heard the farmer say as he came out to look at her: "Give her thirteen eggs and set her—perhaps she'll feel better then."

Well, sure enough the next day out came the farmer man with thirteen of the prettlest eggs and laid them in the nest—and for six long weeks no one disturbed her or said a word to her—in fact they were as nice as could be and brought her things to eat and drinks of water—and poor Mrs. Black Hen commenced to think after all the words are surely as the same of the commenced to think after all the words are surely as the same rewarded once more—for near the same after while she was rewarded once more—for one morning she awakened and right beneath her left wing she heard a faint "peep-peep" as if it were muffled. Well, she just moved a hit—and there she saw one egg was picked—and a tiny little voice was saying: "Let me out, mother Black Hen; I am your first baby come to live with you."

And after while there was a rap on the door of another shell and another voice said:

"Let me out, Mother Black Hen, I have come to live with you."

And so all through that happy day one by one the little egg-shell doors opened and one by one. little bables came out until Mother Black Hen was the happy and proud mother of thirteen little yellow fussy-wussy bables.

And then such a proud "peep-peeping" and cluck-clucking you never heard—and even old Daddy Rooster joined in the fuss and celebration with about ten more "cock-a-doodles" than usual.

"For after all," said he, "Black Hen makes a very beautiful mother and I don't blame her in the least for wanting to show what a fine mother she really could be—and those bables are pippins."

Loving'y,

AUNT ESTE.

AUNT ESTE. Lovingiy,

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