

Danville Intelligencer

Established in 1828. D. AUST LUCE Editor and Proprietor. DANVILLE, PA., JUNE 30, '05.

Published every Friday at Danville, Pa., at \$1.00 a year in advance or \$1.25 if not paid in advance; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Democratic State Ticket. FOR STATE TREASURER, WILLIAM H. BERRY, of Delaware county. FOR JUDGE OF THE SUPERIOR COURT, JOHN B. HEAD, of Westmoreland county.

Democratic County Ticket. FOR ASSOCIATE JUDGE, FRANK G. BLEE. FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY, CHAS. P. GEARHART.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER, CLARENCE W. SEIDEL, GEORGE M. LEIGHOW.

FOR COUNTY AUDITOR, THOS. VAN SANT, AMANDA'S SHULTZ.

"Jermiah Grimes," Esq.

LIBERTY TOWNSHIP, JUN 28, 1905. DEER EDITOR:

That there Farmer Dave, as he calls himself, is one of the god-darned liars that ever chewed too shillin tobako. He said a lot of stuff about Betsy Jane that gave him away bad. I used to think he told the truth, but you see Betsy Jane (we always called her Betsy) is my haf Sister.

You know pap was married too and one haf times, but the first time did not cost him any thing. There was a young preacher there who wanted to git his hand in at the bines and married him four nobbin, so pap cum out of the thing pretty good—so I heard them tell. Talk about Betsy being good looking! Holy Saint Maria! She was as homly as a stump fence, and had a face on her like a lantern.

The last time I seen her she'd not improf, by a long ways. She never livd in Derry township, no more than you or I did. When I last heard from her she livd in an ally up in Sagoberg, and I'll bet you she's still there. Her hare were as redd as the main on my old sor horse, and she had a top to mach it. Pap always said that she was the confoundest stubbornst youngster he'd ever had.

She sed her hare was aburnt, but I say it was redd. The last time I saw Bets, her house and kids was a site to see. I cud not finde a cleep place to lay my old hat, and Bets was sprall out on the table writin letters fur that man grean's paper. Sez I, Bets, you don't you get at and clean up. I wash about a dozen of these here howling kids and git them suttin to eat, and let that old grean writ his letters himself.

You just dry up and mind your own bines, says she, if I can make twenty fits a yepe writin, I'm gone to do it. I tel you Bets, you sed, she didn't hav redd hare for nothin. That was alus the trouble with Bets, she was aping the men, and talking politics, when she'd ought to be tendin her houshold dootys.

Pap always said she was a "om-boy, and had no womly instink about her. If she had, she'd writ a little pece tellin how to kurl the baby's hair, how to cur the gapes in chickens, or else to the wimmen as how they shouldn't push there liver out of place by tite lace. Haw, haw, haw! That's gude what that there Dave sez about that there Charman Blvd felling and skinning his noas. It's a pity he didn't break his god darned neck, and then the Dimmycart party wud hev been rid of one noasans emyhow. Of curs, I doant no him, but that's wot I heard them tell. The ole wome is callin me to cum to bet, so wil hev to stopp. yours truly, JERMIAH GRIMES.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeze Entertainment. Mr. and Mrs. James Freeze entertained a number of their friends at a party given at their home, 1011 Market street, Saturday evening. Those present were: Misses Jennie Reed, Bessie Block, Barbara Bloom, Blanche Reed, Mary Casiner, Lizzie Jones, Sarah Jones, Mary Walker, Helen Keeley and Agnes Harley; Messrs. Charles Kead, George Keat, Joseph Schwan, Edward Shovin, Howard Booddy, Howard Charles, Albert, and Arthur Freeze.

A House Party. Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Sechler held a house party at their home, Ferry street, on Saturday. The guests present were: Mrs. J. D. Cook and daughter, Freda, of Renovo, Mr. and Mrs. J. Mont Rishel and daughter, Jennie, of Utica, N. Y., and Mrs. James P. Rishel, daughter Viola, and son Norman, Mrs. Eugene Rishel, son Earl, Miss Ella Curtis and Mrs. J. A. Feising.

At 7 o'clock the party boarded the trolley for a few miles ride in the country. All enjoyed a pleasant day.

Funeral of Child. The funeral of little Harry T. Hall whose death Sunday occurred as the result of burns, took place Monday afternoon from the residence of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Hall, West Center street. The pall bearers were: Frank Payne, John Hickey, James Dalton and Michael Dalton.

There were many beautiful flowers. Friends from out of town who attended the funeral were: Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eut, David Hall and mother and sister of Bloomsburg.

The 10th Annual Bible Conference of the Y. M. C. A. of Pennsylvania, will be held at Eaglesmere from July 8th to 19th.

THIRD BRIGADE WILL PLAY WAR GAME

"Camp Lewis L. Roney" will be the name applied to the Summer encampment of the Third brigade at Mt. Gretna, July 8 to 16. The name honors the memory of the late Captain Roney, of Allentown, quartermaster of the Fourth regiment, on the staff of Colonel G. O'Neill, who died several months ago. The application is especially appropriate in view of the fact that it was at Mt. Gretna that Captain Roney won his laurels as an expert in laying out camp sites and in the erection of the regimental headquarters.

Regimental quartermasters on Friday visited Mt. Gretna and selected sites for the encampment. The camp will be laid out on nearly the same lines as heretofore, the brigade headquarters being located on the ridge overlooking Lake Conewago at the regimental quarter to the north along the railroad.

The camp will not only be unique in the matter of a three-day tramp through the Conewago Valley with military maneuvers and incidental practice, as if in actual warfare, but there will also be several other novelties. Among them will be the confession of the division headquarters for which there will be no need. Instead of the Governor spending two or three days in camp as heretofore, Governor Pennington will remain but one day. On inspection day—probably Friday, July 14—he will make the trip to Mt. Gretna and the Pullman buffet car in which he makes the trip will also serve as his headquarters.

The general order issued for the camp by General Gobin last week directs commanders to be especially careful in inspecting the foot wear of the men before they leave the encampment, as considerable marching will be done during the week. General Gobin comments that the method of conducting encampments in the past has been productive of no more good than is derived from military drill and that is the basis of his change of programme for this year. He has not fully decided upon the programme to be followed for the reason that weather conditions will enter largely into the matter, but it is probable that the brigade will start on its three-day tramp on Monday morning. Two regiments will leave early in the morning, taking the high road to Bullitt's, a small station on the railroad, about two miles from Mt. Gretna. The rest of the brigade will follow about two hours later, marching with all the precautions that could be observed in actual warfare and invading an enemy's country.

A rear guard, flankers and outposts will be features during the day and sentry duty at night. During the course of the march there will be various maneuvers as the nature of the country affords opportunity, to ascertain what the regimental commanders can do in handling their commands and also to give the militiamen an idea of evolutions and general movements in the open country, such as would be encountered in actual warfare.

The return will be made on Wednesday night or Thursday morning, when Mt. Gretna will be captured as the final finale of the entire movement. To effect this achievement it will be necessary to surround the entire resort and a considerable territory will be covered. As the resort will be filled with officers, their families, band members and school teachers, it is altogether likely that capitulation will be effected without bloodshed and the occupation by the invaders will be without hostile demonstration on the part of the vanquished.

General Gobin already has commitments of the entire country to be covered and will spend some days there this week to become thoroughly acquainted with the land so that the marches can be made without damaging cultivated fields or other property. A wagon train of thirty wagons will accompany the brigade on its journey and each battalion will have the use of one wagon. Portable stoves will be used and fresh meat will be issued each day. Shelter tents or "dogies," as styled in the regular army, will be used. The movement will be made in heavy marching order and each man will carry his personal property besides rations and small tent. Each unit will also be furnished with thirty rounds of ammunition to be used in the warlike demonstration.

The Philadelphia Battery of Artillery which forms part of the Third brigade, will make the journey to camp on Monday and the Governor's Troop will also do so in former years, starting from the armory at Harrisburg.

Electrician's Close Call. Borough Electrician Jones was badly shocked Saturday night and altogether had rather a close call.

Due to a short circuit, which caused the wire to burn off, the arc light at the corner of Church and East Market streets dropped to the ground. The electrician being apprised of the occurrence hurried to the spot. There were reasons for believing that the wires at that point were dead but Mr. Jones in righting matters got hold of one that carried current. Unable to release his hand he was thrown forward helplessly.

The few bystanders fearful of coming in contact with the electrical current and not knowing what to do were nearly frantic when Joseph Weidman, an attaché of the Standard Electric Light Company, providentially happened along. Joseph knew precisely what to do and approaching the electrician administered his body a sharp quick blow with the foot which had the effect of disengaging him from the wire although the resistor from the light caught himself got a shock, which sent him reeling. Valuable assistance was also rendered by Seth Lerner, who accompanied Weidman. The electrician was in rather serious condition for a while. He was taken to the office of Dr. Paulus where the proper remedies were applied. He was much better yesterday.

Sickly and Weakly Persons. Use Speer's Port Grape Wine and Bergandy because it gives tone and strength. It beats all other wines for family use and keeps the aged alive.

MURDER SUSPECT IN JAIL

Frank Riko, an Italian, about 43 years of age, is now locked up in a cell of the Northumberland county jail. The arrest was made on suspicion of his being the slayer of Michael Wanzie, whose brutal murder of a Tuesday, has aroused the great indignation and indignation, and for the apprehension of whose murderer, two reward is, each getting \$5,000, have been issued.

The work, leading up to the arrest will make a story by itself when the proper time comes. County Detective Geise, Constable Harry Waters and Officers Morgan and Cannon assembled at Natalie about 10 o'clock Tuesday morning and went to Riko's home.

Riko's wife was not communicative, and seemed scared at the arrival of the police. She told them Mr. Riko was not at home. Just then a neighbor entered and told them he was on his way to the trolley road.

The officers gave pursuit. Riko, some distance ahead, saw them and went into the bushes. Later he reappeared on the public road. The police, thinking him armed, followed him warily some distance, and then, making a combated rush, captured him. He made no attempt to shoot and would not talk.

During that visit to the Riko residence, the wife was approached with some leading questions. She denied that her husband ever owned a shot gun but search revealed it locked up in a cupboard. There was a muzzle loading piece.

Some of the further evidence which those interested in the capture tell of is the discovery of a piece of metal, from which slugs similar to those used in the charge which killed Wanzie, were very lately cut. Places of cotton wadding, identical to that found near the scene of the murder, used in making a muzzle-loading charge, were found with metal and gun.

What further evidence has been found, will be brought forth at a preliminary hearing to be held soon. The prisoner was approached by a newspaper representative in his cell in the Mt. Carmel lock-up. He freely gave his name, using good English, and said that he lived at Natalie for seven years and had a wife and seven children.

He was neatly dressed, wearing a stiff boated shirt and a thick tie, and was speaking carefully from the danger of some time. It is supposed he was waiting for the trolley car at the time of capture.

Boys' Bible Class Picnic. The annual picnic of the Thomas Beaver Boys' Bible Class of the Y. M. C. A. will be held at DeWitt's Park, today. Procession will start from Association building promptly at 1 o'clock. Members of the class are invited, and will receive tickets any time after 9 o'clock this morning. A fine time is expected. Only members will receive tickets.

Down at Sellisgrove the councilmen have taken a vigorous stand against the dog nuisance. Any dog running at large on the streets of the said town that is not properly muzzled, is impounded and unless released by the owner within forty-eight hours, the brute is taken out and shot. Danville is overstocked with a lot of curs that ought to receive similar treatment. The fact that public safety requires it should induce the borough authorities to put some restriction upon the dogs that are too numerous at large in our town.

That Little Pain in Your Back threatens your Kidneys. If allowed to go on a little while you will get into another state of laugher. "I don't see where the absurdity comes in," I retorted. "If that isn't an amulet, then what is it?"

I supplied my wife with dignity while Florine recovered herself. "It isn't an amulet, it's a picture of a girl once who wore an amulet," she said at last. "It was the well, the picture of somebody she liked."

"Picture—ah! To be sure, I wasn't an Adloner, neither was I afraid of breaking the camera, but for one reason or another I had faced a photographer. Picture, was it? Was she the girl I wondered."

"It wasn't bone, metal, stone, paper or wood," she went on. "And she didn't wear it as a protection against anything. She just wore it because she liked it, because she liked the man whose picture was in it."

"It wasn't an amulet then," I said, setting down my cup. "Unimaginary folks get their definitions out of the dictionary. Other people—"

"How about a walk?" I interrupted. I could not even pretend to be disagreeable any longer; neither could I muster up determination enough to leave her—lovely, laughing sprite that she was. Perhaps there was less danger in walking.

"As I sat down something at my feet caught my eye. I picked it up. It was a heart shaped locket set with rubies. It flew open in my hand, disclosing two scraps of white cloth. I examined the pieces with some interest, especially I noticed that my monogram graced the upper one. They were two corners from one of my handkerchiefs evidently. Anyway it was my monogram. When my eyes fell on the other piece a bewildering lot of thoughts chased through my brain, of that piece bore my profile, traced cleverly in purple ink. Florine's amulet—a "picture of a man she liked!" No more letting a paltry fortune stand between us, if she really cared, and it must be the case, or—

"When I got so far I jumped up and started joyfully for Florine's presence. The other idea assailed me. Suppose Florine should think that my finding the amulet indicated my declaration; that it was an affair of honor, so to speak. I laid the locket carefully under a small fir and went back to the summer house. I was scarcely seated

SEED US A COW

Steer, Bull or Horse hide, Calf skin, Dog skin, or any other kind of animal skin, will be used in the making of a fine, soft, light, colorless and moth-proof, forbes, rug, coat or gloves. THE CROSSBY FRISKIAN FUR COMPANY, 116 Mill Street, Rochester, N. Y.

FLORINE'S AMULET

By INA WRIGHT HANSON Copyright, 1904, by Ina Wright Hanson

I found Florine by the tea table on the veranda gazing dreamily into her cup. She wore my roses in the belt of her white gown and in her bronze hair. For some time I had not dared to approach Florine without being filled with disagreeable speeches; otherwise I should have been guilty of proposing to her. Considering that her monthly income was quite equal to my annual one, a proposal of marriage from me would be palpably absurd. I sighed, and my sigh aroused Florine.

"Oh, I'm glad it's you!" she said brightly. "I saw a visitor in my teacup."

I frowned and took a chair on the other side of the table. "I wish you wouldn't," I said. "Wouldn't what? Give you a cup of tea? Well, you needn't drink it. Are you afraid it will hurt your complexion?"

Her tone was bantering, but her eyes had a hint of concern in their violet depths. I looked away at I answered: "The other night at pit you turned your chair around three times, and then when you lost you attributed it to the misplacing of your rabbit foot."

"I did make the mistake," she said gravely. "It wasn't the rabbit foot; it was the day. Wednesday is my unlucky day."

"If you keep on folks will think you are weak-minded," I continued, keeping my gaze carefully from the dangerous charm of her face. "I have actually heard it said that you wear an amulet."

Florine was silent so long that I was compelled to glance at her. She was regarding me with what might be termed a complex look. Her mouth was dimpled with smiles, her lifted brows were derisive, but her eyes were troubled. I ignored the eyes.

"This superstitious business detracts from your reputation," I went on relentlessly. "It is the flaw in the diamond, the blight in the rose, the—"

"Fly in the ointment," she suggested politely. "To have it told around that you wear an amulet!" I retorted in fine scorn.

Then Florine laughed. When Florine laughs— "You poor old dear!" she exclaimed as soon as she was able. "I don't believe you and the ghost of an idea what an amulet is!"

I was solid on that score, for I had just learned the definition from the dictionary. "An object, usually a peculiar bit of metal, bone, paper, wood or the like, worn by superstitious people as a protection against witchcraft, bad luck, disease, accidents, etc. a charm."

"Oh, don't!" she choked. "You are too absurd." Then she went off into another gale of laughter. "I don't see where the absurdity comes in," I retorted. "If that isn't an amulet, then what is it?"

I supplied my wife with dignity while Florine recovered herself. "It isn't an amulet, it's a picture of a girl once who wore an amulet," she said at last. "It was the well, the picture of somebody she liked."

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FLORINE'S AMULET

When Florine came flying down the path, her flimsy gown floating like a lovely white cloud around her. "You can laugh or you can scold. I don't care!" she asserted tearfully. "I did wear an amulet, but now it's gone!"

She sat down by me and dabbed at her pretty eyes with a square inch of lace edged hana. "I neither laughed nor scolded. I began telling her a story: "Once upon a time there lived a beautiful princess adored by every one. In her court was a man, neither rich nor overwise, but loving her, he thought, best of all. She accused him of having no imagination, and maybe he had none, but she saw in the sunset gold of the princess' hair, in every blue flower hue of her eyes, in every purpling streamlet, the music of her laughter. Often he criticized the princess, although to him she was perfect—"

"What did he do for her, then?" cried Florine. "He had a mighty purpose."

Florine giggled. I looked at her suspiciously, but she made another dab at her eyes, so I went on: "For all his harsh words he repented in sackcloth and ashes, and when the day came he knelt on the ground at her feet."

"Oh, no!" corrected Florine. "He might have taken rheumatism or something."

"Were ever eyes so blue or lips so sweet?" I plunged ahead recklessly. "He took her little hand in his"—sustaining action to the word—and put his arm around her so and kissed her like this—"

"How dare you!" said Florine very softly. "I don't dare," I answered meekly. "I was only showing you what the man did who belonged in the court of the princess."

"Why?" "I don't know what the princess did after he—after that," I sighed, although looking at Florine hopefully.

"Oh, the princess said, 'I have lost my amulet, and I can never see happiness without it; so methinks I will publish a decree that to him who findeth it will I give his heart's desire.'"

"She will give the amulet, O princess!" Florine cried. "The decree should state that the amulet is inclosed within a case of gold, shaped like my loving heart and set around with rubies like drops of my own heart's blood; that the amulet is of fine linen, marked with purple; that each separate line stands for love, trust, happiness; that all the lines together form the lineaments of—"

Florine's dark lashes rested upon very pink cheeks. She hesitated, as if to search for the amulet. "I announced, rising. She looked at me approvingly. I peered under the step, made two short detours in the direction of the lake, then discovered it under a small fir tree."

Florine clasped her little hands. "How beautifully the story proceeds!" she cried as I sat down again to tell her my heart's desire.

"I am wondering though," she mused a long time afterward, "how the man came to find the amulet under a fir tree when the princess lost it in the summer house."

EVERYBODY WANTS A TIP

Experience of an American Woman While Visiting Venice. One of the things that most astonish you with regard to the warring class Italian is the perfect frankness with which he shows his desire for a tip. No false modesty obscures it. You may sometimes fear that you will forget it. Let such fears forever rest. He will remind you, while you are asking you if you have your parasol when he sees it in your hand or if you know the way out when he has just told it to you. The whole poor population of Venice is absolutely naïf in its exhibition of a desire for any small sum of money the passerby may throw it. The children, one and all, make a demand for a soldino as a matter of course. It is a sort of greeting to every foreigner casually as a phrase of general usage.

Coming from the bath you see the girl who has charge of the bathhouses. If you don't she has a dozen ways of making herself disagreeable next time you return. If you see the old woman who draws out from some inner recess a cheap mirror which distorts your countenance and allows you to look into it and see how truly hideous the human visage can be made to appear. Before the bath you have to fee the old woman who gives you your bathing suit. If you neglect her the next time you come she will give you a suit that doesn't fit you or is full of holes.

"When you go out on the terrace for black coffee, which costs 10 cents, you fee the waiter. When you get into your gondola you fee the old man who draws it close to the steps with a hooked stick and offers you his withered arm to lean on. The hotel you get another old man with a hooked stick and a withered arm. And then at dinner, if you haven't just fed the waiter or he will be cross, and up in your room afterward if the female chambermaid refuse to answer the bell—San Francisco Argonaut.

Byron No. 22 Wren. The London Tattler tells us no hymn under thirty-seven is now sung at the English church at Monte Carlo. A member of the congregation, a certain English peer, once went to the rooms of the London Tattler. It has a rooming service and put the maximum on thirty-two, the number of the last hymn. It turned up, and the "inspiration" was widely talked about, as such things are in the frivolous society of the principality. The next Sunday the little church was crowded, and the last hymn being again a low number, an unseemly rush to the rooms took place directly it was announced. Curiously enough, the number again turned up. The hymn was not sung. On the following Sunday the church would not hold all the would be worshippers, but their ungodly intent was frustrated, as all the hymns were "off the board," and have been so ever since.

Trees That Make a Noise. A curiosity is known in the tropics as the sand bark tree and also as the monkey's dinner bell. It has a round, hard-shelled fruit about the size of an orange, which when ripe and dry bursts open with a sharp noise like the report of a pistol. Its juice is poisonous. The South American trumpet tree might furnish a handy wire musical instrument, inasmuch as its hollow branches are utilized for loras and also for drums.

CALIFORNIA

Do you want to live where the climate is mild the year round—where labor is never oppressed by stress of weather, and where animal vitality is never lost by mere conflict with cold?

Do you want to live in a region where the resources are more varied than in any other equal area in the world, where the division of great ranches affords a fine opportunity to get a small farm that will assure you a competence?

Do you want to live where, with a minimum of labor, you can grow profitable crops of grapes and small fruit, oranges, lemons, olives, prunes and almonds, alfalfa and grain, where crops are sure, business is good and capital easily finds profitable investment?

Then go to California, where both health and opportunity await your coming.

The Chicago, Union Pacific and North-Western Line

is the most direct route to the Pacific Coast, and there are two fast through trains daily via this line, over the famous double-track railway between Chicago and the Missouri River.

Special low round-trip rates are in effect via this line throughout the summer to various Pacific Coast points, and colonist low rate one-way tickets will be on sale during September and October, which give an unusual chance for settlers to make the trip at a minimum of expense.

Daily and personally conducted excursions are operated through to San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Portland without change, on which a double berth in a Pullman tourist sleeping car from Chicago costs only \$7.00, via the

Chicago & North-Western, Union Pacific and Southern Pacific Railways.

W. B. KNISKERN, P. M. G. & N.-W. Ry., Chicago, Ill. Please mail for my address, California booklets, maps and full particulars concerning rates and train service. FILL IN THIS COUPON AND MAIL IT TO-DAY.

FARMERS AND DAIRYMEN! ATTENTION! Orders will be taken for a guaranteed 43 per cent. Protein Brand of Cotton Seed Meal, delivered off the car at Pottsgrove, at a reduced price. Send inquiries and orders by mail to Pottsgrove. Persons having orders will be notified on arrival of the car. C. H. McMahan & Bros. Special Dairy Foods and Dairy Supplies, HAY AND FEED Pottsgrove, Northumberland Co., Pa.

A \$45 Machine for \$20 IF YOU NEED A SEWING MACHINE

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a few continue to keep money by their homes. In thus doing, they are not only risking the loss of money, also their lives. How much safer and better it would be if they were to bring their money to this Bank where it will be protected in our Steel lined vault, and where it will earn—

3 PER CENT. INTEREST PER ANNUM FOR THEM

The First National Bank OF DANVILLE, PA. Resources over \$1,200,000.00

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The Standard Railway of This Continent PROTECTED THROUGHOUT BY THE Interlocking Switch and Block Signal System

Schedule in Effect Nov. 29, 1903

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