

PENNSYLVANIA HAILROAD. Sunbury & Lewistown Division. In effect March 18, 1900, WESTWARD. STATIONS. KASTWALD' AM P31 920 530 900 456 e M. A M 10 00 Sunbury Selinsgrove Junction Selinsgrove Fawling Kreamer 203 218 229 228 231 234 240 900 904 5回 8 (9 $\begin{array}{r}
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Leaves Selinsgrove 6:00 p. m., arrives at Sunbury 6:15 p.m.

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NORTHERN CENTRAL BAILWAY

WESTWARD, Train Faves S di agrove Junction datiy for gabury and West.

9 25 a.m., 12 55 p.m., p.m.--Sunday 9 25 a.m.,

frains leave Sunbury dolly except Sunday In m for Buff alo, 1 21 a m for E ie and Can-

ndaigua 10 a m for Bellefonte Erie and Canandaigua 10 a m for Lock Haven, Tyrone and the West, 23 as for Buffalo, 110 p m for Bellefente Kane Tyrone and Canandalgun 45 p m for henovo and Elmira 540 p m for Williamsport

Sunday 12.23 a m for buff do via Emportum. signa Sig p in for Vi-

550 a.m., 9 55 a.m. 2 00 and 5 i8 p.m for Wilkes-barre and Hazelton 510 a.m. 10 10 a.m. 2 05 p.m. 5 45 p.m for Shamo-tin and Mount Carmel Sunday 9 55 a.m. for Wilkesbarre EASTWARD.

Frains leave Soliasgrove Junction 50 a m, daily arriving at Philadelphin pm New York 5 53 p m. Baltimore 3 11 p m chington 416 pm 41 p m daily arriving at Philadelphia 1 p m New York 3 33 a m, Baltimore 9 45 p m discrete 105 h p. m

dington 1055 p.m. 2p.m. u.u.i.l.y activity at Philadelphia 4 m. New York 713 a.m. Baltimore 2.30 a.m. Trains also leave Sunbury

SUNSHINE AND MIST.

An hour ago-but one short hour-The landscape lay all clear and bright, The hills, in majesty and power. Stood forth all bathed in radiant light; The woods near by-the grand old trees, That hid the shadows at their feet. Stood crowned with suelight, as at ease, And glad once more the sun to greet.

One hour ago, all nature seemed Reflecting back the smile of God, The glory of His sunlight streamed On all anear and far abroad; It seemed as though to earth again Had come the beauty and the joy Of that so brief Edenic reign, Ere sin its beauty did destroy.

A single hour, and what a change Has come, so sudden and complete, The eye no longer has a range Beyond a few and near-by feet! A dense gray mist has come between, And blotted every charm from sight; The outlook, which so bright had been. Lies shrouded in the gray of night.

And comes there not in all our lives Just some such darkened hour as this, When gloomy fear the soul deprives Of all that makes for rest and bilss? When God seems far, and all the hills comes our strength are hid

from sight. Our souls with darkness of the night?

ut mists cannot endure for aye, They seen dissolve in drops of rain; he sumshine through them finds its way, The hills of God stand out again, The smile of God illumines all! How foolish new our funcles seem, As fades away the gloomy pall, Like some dissolving night-time dream! -William G. Haeselbarth, in Christian Work.

COLEBY'S GOOSE. By C. Lauren Hooper.

of Coleby's pond. It was cool there in the shade, and we felt very comfortable as we watched old Coleby, the blacksmith, at work in his hot, primy shop just across the sheet of water that hore his name, and which served as a sen for his stately fleet of

Coleby was an honest old German. He owed no man a cent, and was careful that no man should long owe him one.

Just and exact in his dealings, he expected men to be just and exact with him. Nevertheless, he was unfortunate enough to have provoked there in the shade that alternoon, we amused ourselves in a measure that pleased us highly, but sent him to the verge of distraction.

"Coleby, Coleby, bring back that goose!" we cried, with the rythmic swing of the voice with which the charcoal-vender cries his ware through the streets. "Coleby, Coleby, bring back that goose!"

Coleby's goose-that is, the one of the flock that was celebrated in our monotonous song-had one day strayed from the rest as they plucked grass on the common by the pond, and was last seen, as one of the boys told Coleby, near an inverted yawl, raised a few feet from the ground by standards, and used as a hencoop by a fisherman who lived in the vicinity.

that ingenious way of throwing the guilt on some one clse.

In fact a goose happened to be missing from the flock of another neighbor and never was heard of after, so far as I know. Thus the joke was on poor Coleby.

So we lay there in the shade that summer afternoon, and with a persistency that never flagged, we sang in rhythmic monotone:

"Coleby, Coleby, bring back that goose! Coleby, Coleby, bring back that goose!"

The anvil rang louder than ever and the sparks flew madly as Coleby's hammer beat down with fury. He became angrier each minute until at last, in a blind rage, he ran to the edge of the pond, brandishing in his hands a pair of tongs.

He swung them around his head and hurled them at us with the utmost strength of his brawny arm.

"Take that goose vunce!" he cried, and the tongs went straddling through the air and fell ker-chur

right in the middle of the pond. We boys really knew more about the history of that goose than anyone suspected or we cared to tell.

Alf Waters had caught her in a fence corner and had imprisoned her in his father's unused stable, and all to hear what a fuss Coleby would make, for nothing enraged him so much as a depredation committed on his geese.

Three nights after having taken the goose, Alf tired of his sport, and taking her under his arm he carried her to Coleby's coop. Coleby's coop was locked. What could Aif do? He had no intention of keeping the goose, for he was one of the best fellows that ever lived.

"Now," thought Alf, "I will put poor goosey where she will be comfortable for the night, and in the morning she will go home herself." The first place Alf thought of was

the upturned boat the fisherman used for a coop, and in five minutes the goose was comfortably settled on the ground with the two ducks and drake, while the three chickens slept on the roost above.

There! Alf had done his duty, and It was just in time, for scarcely half an hour afterward Coleby and the and there to keep out of harm's way fisherman met at the coop door, and each thought the other a thief.

The summer days were filled with the round of boyish pleasures, and, although I say it with regret, we boys frequently requested Coleby, in our too, and the goose hung down on most musical tones, to "bring back the floor. the mirth of us boys, and, as we lay that goose." And Coleby himself became so angry at us that we would scarcely dare to go near his shop. But there came an end to our teas-

ing and his anger, and this was how it happened:

Coleby's pond is made by a dam built across Fall creek just half a mile above its union with the Ohio. The dam had been built a long time, and the mill that stood by it was out of repair. We boys used it for general amusement purposes and the fisherman kept his boats there.

Below the dam on the side next the above the water. old mill was a deep pool, in which we boys delighted to swim, and into which we used to dive from a long beam that stuck out over it. This had carried him, boat and all down beam lay on the floor of the mill, from with it, and there he was, drowning one side and end of which the weath- before our very eyes.

were to be made, the boy remaining longest under water two times ou of three to be declared winner. If each boy won a dive, the contest was to be continued until one of them won two out of three.

To keep the beam from tipping when the boys, with Alf, who gave the signals, stood ready to dive, four or five of us stood on the other end and held it down.

Two dives had been made, Parker being winner in one and Rummel in the other, and very much excited, we stood waiting for the signal from Alf. who stood at the other end of the beam. The divers were poised for the leap, and we silently waited.

"One," said Alf, slowly and distinct.

ly, "two, th-" "Holt on dere-holt on dere!" exclaimed a familiar voice, in a warning tone.

And turning quickly we saw Coleby in the doorway at the front of the mill.

And, grasping her by the neck, he held up a dead goose.

It was the goose that Alf had put in the fiisherman's coop-the very one he had struck a few moments before with the stone. It had fallen out of sight behind a bowlder when hit, and we did not notice that it did not swim away with the others, "Vat you call dis?" thundered the

enraged man, "vat you call dis? I'll show you how so kill my geese." And he rushed at us with the fury

of a madman. At the very first sight of Coleby, Alt had wound his leg around the rope at

the end of the beam and slid down to the fisherman's boat. Coleby did not see him, but came at the rest of us, brandishing the goose as if he meant to destroy uwith it.

As he swung it around his head, we jumped from the beam and scattered in all directions. But we had forget ten. The beam, being left unbalanced, upreared and plunged the three buys with itself into the water.

There it stood, leaning up against the mill, its lower end deep down or the bottom of the stream.

The splashing of the boys in the water, our outeries as we ran here and above all, Coleby's cry of "I'll show you how to kill my geese!" made an uproar that was highly amusing. Suddenly there came a cry of "Help! help!" We stopped. Coleby stopped, Help! help!" came the cry from the

boys in the water. We ran to the end of the mill

where the beam had lain. Rummel was diving down by it. Parker and Sawyer were swimming around, calling for help, shouting "Alf's drowning!" both too frightened to do anything.

There by the beam, sticking up out of the water, was the stern of the little boat, and by it Alf's hands were beating the water. Now he sank, now he rose, but his head did not rise

In an instant we saw it all. When the beam went down, Alf's leg was still wrapped around the rope, and it



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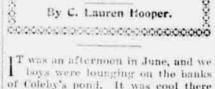
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Now, Coleby wouldn't really have out just reason, but he had a right to his suspicions, so he only listened quietly outside, with his ear against the weather-beaten yawl.

Suddenly, Coleby heard the drowsy "honk" of a goose-such a "honk" as a homesick goose might make if she were dreaming of a voyage with the fleet on Coleby's pond.

Coleby well knew that the fisherman only had three chickens, two ducks and a drake, and not a goose to his name; so he concluded that the fowl within was his.

Stealthily entering the coop, he took the goose under his arm, but, unused to such treatment, the goose made such an outery and fuss for freedom that the fisherman was aroused and hastened to the coop door, where he met Coleby, who had finally secured and quieted the frightened bird.

"Here, sir!" said the fisherman: "whose goose is that?"

"It ain'd your goose already," said Coleby. "It's mine goose."

"What do you keep her in my coop for, then?" shouted the fisherman. "Shame on you," said Coleby, "for

stealing a poor goose-a poor goose vat vas lost!"

"Steal it!" shouted the fisherman. 'I steal your goose! What do you mean?"

"How did yer goose get in your coop if you did't steal it?" Coleby asked, angrily.

And so the quarrel went on.

The fisherman was enraged. He said he hadn't stolen the goose, and didn't even know it was in his coop. Coleby would listen to no explanation, but went away triumphant, saying he would have the law on the fisherman, if any more of his geese were missing.

The next day the fisherman told it over the village that Coleby had been out raiding the coops, and had come for one of his ducks and chickens, but the goose already stolen made such a noise that it aroused him, and he came upon the scene only to be accused of having stolen a goose that he knew had not been in his coop.

No honest fisherman, he said, would stand being duped like that, and it was perfectly plain that Coleby had stolen the goose somewhere and took

Coleby mourned the loss of his tive hands. From the beam's end ing off my clothes. An open pocketgoose, and suspected that some of his daugled a rope which secured one of kaife was thrust into my hands.

We met Coleby's geese as we went across the common, and they hissed gone into his neighbor's coop with- at us, for they liked us no better than did Coleby himself. We cared not a bit for that, so we went on to the pond.

Ed Sawyer, Sam Parker and Ton-Rummel were to have a contest for blue. the championship in diving, and were to take the plunge from the long beam.

When we arrived at the mill, there sat six or eight boys on the floor along the open side of the mill, with their feet dangling over the water that lay cool and deep six feet below, They wers talking of the merits of the boys

who were to dive. Each one had his champion, and was asserting how much he would distance his competitors in the contest.

"Rummel's going to win," said Bill Haines. "I saw him dive under a coal barge at New Albany last summer and come up on the other side, and I know Parker or Sawyer can't beat that."

"Sawyer can," put in Bob Wilkins, getting up and walking to the end of the beam to look out over the common, "and he'll soon show you that he can, for here he comes, and Parker is with him."

We all went to the openside of the mill and greeted the boys with cheers. Tom Rummel, too, was seen coming along by Coleby's shop.

The geese waddled along in the path before him, and in a spirit of fun he ran among them, scattering them right and left. He ran them about until the old gander rose into the air, followed by the whole flock.

They happened to fly toward us, and as their clipped wings could carry them no further, they lit by the mill only to receive a shower of stones, when they took to the water, one of them having been hit by a stone from Alf's hand.

The geese made such an outery that Coleby came running from his shop, and would have punished Tom had be been able to catch him.

Tom ran to the mill and joined us in singing, "Coleby, Coleby, bring back that goose!" which he kept up until Coleby had done shaking his fist at us and had gone back into his shop. A few minutes later we were busily engaged in the diving contest.

The plan was for the three boys to stand together on the long beam and dive at the same time. Three dives

mouth filled with water; I strangled and nearly lost my senses. I dived. seized the rope to cut it, but was so unnerved that I dropped the knife. It was all up. Alf would drown, Al-

ready I saw him stretched out, pale and lifeless, his hair wet, his lipe

No, no; not so had as that. While we quick-witted boys had exhausted our plans for a rescue, the slow old blacksmith was just beginning to act. Slowly he took in the situation as he leaned against the upper end of the beam. Then he put his big hands against it and began to push. He pushed it out as far as he could reach. but that was not far enough. With all his massive strength, he pushed it again beyond the reach of his hands. It stood upright for a moment, then fell forward with a great splash. It

sank, it rose, and with it rose the little boat, half full of water, but in it was-Alf, strangling, half conscious, but saved.

One week from that day, five of us boys went over to see Colby. There were Ed Sawyer, Sam Parker, Tom Rummel, Alf Waters and I.

Alf carried a stuffed goose. It was goose he had put in the fishern's coop, and had finally killed. · looked as natural as if she were pic ing grass on the common, save that her eyes had a stare somewhat glassy, which was very natural for a stuffed goose.

I carried a pair of tongs. We had spent half a day in dragging the pond for them, and they were at last found, covered with mud. My sisters had gildd and covered them with ribbons until they were beautiful to behold,

The goose and the tongs were preented to Coleby awkwardly enough, forgetting all the fine speeches we had intended to make, but our sincerity was apparent when we confessed that we had done wrong, were sorry and wished to make a peace offering. The strong man's pardon was giv-

Days.

Like and Unlike. Browne-Whenever a woman be comes unreasonable it's attributed to her nerves. Isn't that singular?

Towne-Yes, but the unreasonable ness of a man is attributed to his serve, and that's still more singular. -Philadelphia Press.

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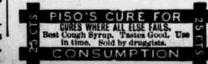
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Satisfactority Explained. "Why convertible and an"" are cried. If it remains little May, "I source it a branch the child reputed, "Tail got on much the star--Cathelie Starting and Times,

FATRERLY ADVICE.



"Wot's do matter, Billy ?" "Me intented trew me over beeux I didn't have no automobile."

"Take an old man's advice, an' don't have nothin' more to do wid her. A woman wid extravigant ident like dat would ruin any man."-Detroit Free Press.

Mental Activity.

The man whose mind is near content On one of rwy extreme is lead. He pushes on to fame a front rank. Or else he gets to be a crank. Washington Star.

He is Still Looking.

"Here's a good chance for you. Jack," said the father of the young man just about to graduate from college, looking up from the "want" advertisement in the paper.

"A chance isn't what I want." said the young man, loftily. "I'm looking for an opportunity."-Somerville Jour-

How It Was,

Bjones-That's a terrible elgar you're smoking.

Giles-It cost 30 cents. Bjones-So?

nal.

Giles-Yes. When I bought it the eigar man braced me for a quarter I owed him .- Judge.

en and his friendship won.-Golden