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In affect Warel 10 1000

		denect araren 10, 13	,00.	
WESTWARD,		. STATIONS.	RASTWAR	
PM	AM		AM	P
2.03	10.00	Sunbury	9 20	5
2 13	10 19	Selinsgrove Junction	9 09	4
2 19	10 15	Selinsgrove	9 04	4
2 28	10 22	Pawling	8 53	4
231	10 25	Kreamer	H 49	5 4 4 4 4
284	10 28	Meiser	8 45	4
2 40	10 34	Middleburg	8 40	4
2 46	10 39	Benfer	8 84	4
255	10 47	Beavertown	8 25	4
3 00	10 52	Adamsburg	8 29	- 4
3 97	19.58	Raubs Mills	8.13	B
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3 30	11 21	Painterville	7 49	3 3 3 3 3 3
386	11 27	Maitland	7 43	
345	11 35	Lewistown	7 35	2
3 47		Lewistown (Main Street.	7 33	9
150	11 40	Lewistown Junction.	7 30	- 5
1 50		Twa minow it a muchous	1 30	19

Train leaves Sunbury 5 30 p m, arrives at Selinsgrove 5 45 p m Leaves Selinsgrove 6:00 p. m., arrives

at Sunbury 6:15 p. m. Frains leave Lewistown Junetion : 4 52 a m, 10 13 a m. 1 10 p m, 130p m 5 22p m, 7 07p m, 12 02 a m for Altoona, Pittsburg and the West.
For Haltimore and Washington 805 a m 9 30, 102, 1 33, 4 33, 8 10 p m For Philadelphia and New York 6 58, 805, 9 80 a m, 1 92 1 33 4 33 and 1116 p m For Harrisburg 8 10 p m

Philadelphia & Erie R R Division NORTHERN CENTRAL RAILWAY WESTWARD,

Train leaves Selli sgrove Junction daily for sunbury and West. 9 25 a m, 12 58 p m, p m.--Sunday 9 25 a m,

Trains leave Sunbury daily except Sunday: 12 23 a m for Buffalo, 1 21 a m for E te and Canandaigua 5 10 a m for Bellefonte Erle and Canandaigua 9 42 a m for Lock Haven, Tyrone and the West. 12 48 for Buffalo, 1 10 p m for Bellefente Kane Tyrone and Capandaigua Tyrone and Capandaigua 5 45 p m for kenovo and Elmira 5 40 p m for Williamsport

550 a m, 955 a m 200 and 548 p m for Wilkes-barre and Hazelton 510 a m, 1010 a m, 205 p m, 545 p m for Shamo-kin and Mount Carmel Sunday 955 a m for Wilkesbarre EAST WARD.

Frains leave Selinsgrove Junction 1000 a m, daily arriving at Philadelphia 11 pm New York 5 33 pm Baltimore 3 11 pm

153 p m, week days arriving at Philadelphia 25 p m, New York 9 30 p m, Baitimore 6 00 p m

Washington 7 15 p m 134 p m daily, arriving at Philadelphia 7 32 p m New York 1923 p m, Baltimore 7 30 p m, Wash-Ingran 8 3 p m Ington 8 35 p m
Trains also leave Sunbury at 9.50 a m and 5 25 and 8 31 p m, for Harrisburg, Philadelphia and

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daysburg. Huntingdon and Bellefonte. 8-8-lyr Dr. Fenner's BOLDEN RELIEF



## \*\*\*\* The Horror of Three Sandals.

By Charles Fleming Embreo. 

THE old sluggish monster of revolution, long since drugged to sleep, some think to death, yet sometimes stirs. Its movements are dream-move-

ments, its snake-like convolutions are harmless. It is merely the habit of the dead past, when Dias was not yet Power, which causes the beast to heave its lethargic sighs and open up. from time to time, a red orb devoid of meaning.

Up over the Cuernavaca railroad comes now the military detachment lately sent into Guerro. The little company cats dinner by the Cuernavaca station. Five lank soldiers in sandals sit at a distance on the ground; and, whereas all the others are gay, these five sit depressed with gloom, recalling a strange thing.

The heart of Guerrero, state of golden miracles, is not yet opened to the world. Mountains and mysteries shut it away from modern life, Away down south, two hundred miles from the railroad, is the town of Three Sandals. Into it came, five years ago, an American named Stirge. He bought a mine and worked it all alone, and they said he stacked up gold in an adobe house as high as the roof. He was tall, with silken beard, feline grace, mild, deep, unreal eyes. Gold turned his head; gold made his house an empire, Three Sandals the center of the universe. He dreamed of severing this southern land from Mexico, and insane ideas of a monarchy came to him.

The chief of police was fat and flabby, and often full of pulque. He lived in a large house on the plaza by the palms. His sister was a beauty, aged nineteen, named Otilia.

"Otilia, I call you a failure," complained the chief, drinking three quarts of pulque in the patio, while she lounged lauquid under those enormous yellow flowers called "cups-of-"Manjarrez killed himself for you. Elias slew Negrete for you: Olivares robbed the haclenda to buy you a ruby, and was shot. The governor at Chilpancingo made a fool of himself for you. Bah! what good is all this if you can not find out the revolutionary schemes of that cursed American, and save my reputation. I want to kill him, and, alas!" with a comic shrug, spilling pulque-"there is no way.

"Hang him by his sweet, soft beard, Pepe, my love," said she, with a maile,

But!-the shadow of an excuse! 1 know he plots, but never a finger can I lay on him. Make him fall in love with you, witch; worm it out of him. Our reputation is at stake."

She dreamed, lying there graceful, beautiful, mischief in her languid eye. "I will," she said, and plucked a cupof-gold, and buried her flushed face therein.

She was shrewd. She was not of the dashing type. She was leisurely Sunday 12 23 a m for buffalo via Emporium, reserved. She had watched Stirge for 121 am for Erie, 5 10 a m for Erie and Canandaigus.

843 p m for William for Lock Haven and thinking came the knowledge that there was something of the mystic in his nature, that mystery might win him where other means would fail.

Every evening at six she wrapped herself in a black rebozo so that eyes glowing and portions of a face artificially pale were seen beneath lus-Mashington 10 50 p m

534 p m daily arriving at Philadelphia
.0 20 p m New York 353 a m. Baltimore 9 45 p m

842 p m. q at 11 y arriving at Philadelphia
125 a m. New York 113 a m. Baltimore 2 30 a m

When he stood in the door stroking his ing statue, she walked to and fro, to 125a m, New York 713 a m. Baltimore 2 30 a m Washington 4 05 a m. Trains also leave Sunbury:

Trains also leave Sunbury:
2 45a m daily arriving at Philadelphia 6 52 a m Baltimore 7 20 a m Washington 830 a m New York 9 33 a m Weekdays, 10 38 a m Sundays, 3 10 a m daily arriving at Philadelphia 7 22 a m, Washington 8 30 a m. Baltimore 7 20 a m, Washington 8 30 a m. Baltimore 12 a p m, Washington 1 15 p m. Washington 1 15 p m. Week days arriving at Philadelphia 153 p m, week days arriving at Philadelphia 153 p m, week days arriving at Philadelphia 2 away. silken beard and gazed on her, she

After one week of this mystery, the form of Otilia began to haunt him. She was very beautiful, said he. There were lurking in her eyes vast dreams, restlessness, towering ambitions-ah! like his own, like his own. He tossed in the night, somehow drawn to her. After all, was it good to be lonely? With such a mate to what grand heights night any man not sour! So from seeing her by chance, he came to watch for her, and when she passed his hand was frozen on his beard, or burned with fire that ran in all of his blood. Meanwhile a plan to overthrow the town's authorities, to gather men, to march on Chilpancingo, took form. Two officers nearest the person of the chief were Stirge's fellow-plotters.

On the eighth evening of this moving to and fro, wrapped in mystery, she let her rebozo wave a little wider open. He was devouring her with his eyes. He was like a god, strong and full of grace. Her sweet lips were pinkish; her neck was white. She sighed, but she looked on him with quick flames bursting from her eyes. The street was lonely. He stepped out and layed his long slim fingers on her arm. She paused, and they gazed at one another.

"Otilia, some dread thing haunts

"Yes, senor." Her eyes were down. "Otilia, a great weight is on you. I am one used to speaking out. When God puts fire into a man's heart, the man should never hide it, lest it burn him. Otilia, I seem to see myself in your eyes. Heart of my heart, I love

you.' She, exceedingly white, raised her eyes just enough to see his chin; and with a startling mixture of mischief and emotional upheaving, she remembered her words: "Hang him by his

sweet, soft beard, Pepe." He kissed her as the dusk cames. She went home, bewildered to find tha her eyes seemed blind. When she put her rebozo to them it came away wet. She walked statelily, looking at all the

low, barred windows. She entered her brother's patio and sat down under the great cups-of-gold. At supper she could not eat. In bed she could not sleep. In the night her little bare feet went softly up and down the room. In the morning she was afraid of herself, something within her heart scared her so.

The love passage thus began, and Otilia, in winning him, had lost herself. Ah, his god-like form, his foreign strength, his whiteness! She loved him The same old difference between so many loves characterized these. The man's vast schemes were mightier than his love. The woman's leve was mightier than all else.

At the edge of the town was a deerted alameda full of mango-trees. Here were aged stone benches seldom uesd. Here the shade was like dusk at noon, like midnight at dusk. Here they met evening after evening, she falling panting into his arms, he gazing at her scarcely scen face with hungry eyes.

"You are incarnate truth," he said. Blood flew to her face; her brain seemed drown. "Yet-1 was false." "What bad jest is this?"

She lay trembling. Somenow a fear entered him. "Speak!" he cried, almost letting

her from him. "I-I plotted against you." "How-it is a lie!"

"Oh, my soul's soul! I set about to win you, instigated by my brother. that I might learn your plan of revolution, and conquer you and bring you to death. Crush me if you mustthus have I lost myself-thus have you overthrown me!"

He let her fall on the old stone bench. The shade of the mango trees was deep. He stood a little way off, tall and still, and looked at her. Just here the revulsion came; for gold had made him insane with dreams. His love was second to his plot. Distrust sank deep in him. He felt himself betrayed. Cold drops were on his forehead. He had walked as in a deep gold mist. He gazed on this girl. She was incarnate treason; his love for her had turned to fear.

Wounded, ignoble, but grand with rage, he turned, and she was left alone. After that he smiled at her no more, nor looked at her. He dared not fice; that were confession and meant death. He dared not prolong delay.

She had groped her way home from the mango-grove. Though she was sweet and leisurly and shrewd, she had in her that fuel which, touched with fire, burns on to vengeance. But she was sad; and it seemed some second self mercilessly drove her on to the revenge which her better nature did not want. She wept, and grew thin in three days miraculously. Sometimes she joked with herself even yet, in manner ghastly. "Hang him by his sweet, soft beard," murmered she in bad night dreams; and she saw his head, in visons, hung thus, horrible.

The first night of their estrangement, the fat, pulque-drinking chief found letters at the home of one of his subordinates. They incriminated the subordinate, who was arrested and put in the little adobe jail across the plaza. The chief strove in vain to find one word of those epistles which might give ground for the arrest of But the American's tracks Stirge. were yet covered. The chief shed maudlin tears of exasperation.

The third night Otilia came knocking at his door at ten o'clock. She was admitted; the chief sitting in a gown on his bed's edge.

one," said she, steady-voiced, "when is he to be shot?" "At sunrise. I am writing the or-

der for the soldiers who will arrive to-night. Oh, you failure!" "Come, keep these railings for an-

other. Give me the order but leave the name a blank."

Her manner was cold, stern, and she was pale and sick. "Why?" he growled.

She put one hand on the foot-board and leaned close to him. "I may do that which your secret soul longs for," whispered she, "Do I not

know that it is his gold that you want? Think! They say it is stacked to the roof." "But I should be called to account for a baseless execution, you fool!" "I have a fading ink. I write the

name and show it to the captain. He executes the order. The ink fades. You substitute the rightful name, and on the captain lies the blame." He fell back in bed with a choking "It's on the table," he said, weakly.

She brought him the blank. He filled it out-all save the name. She left him staring stupidly at her, and presently heard him call for three more quarts of pulque.

Otilia was not so villainous as she seemed. She was tottering. She had scarce an idea that she should execute so dreadful a plan. It was the warring between those two differing selves of hers that drove her on to make these preparations. In these ugly hours, too, was the playfulness yet alive in her. She thought that to threaten him, in play, with this ghastly thing would be sweet mischief's way to win him back. If he would but smile at her once more! And deep in her other self said:

"Kill!" She could not rest. She wrapped herself in her black rebozo and went out. She walked by the fail and paused and scanned it. The plaza was dark and the palms rustled. She went down a street and sadly walked to and fro before the American's house, recalling the day he kissed her as the dusk came. At times hate raved in her. Memory drew her at length to the alameda, and beyond it. Under these trees had she rested in his arms. Beyond, where the fields were rocky-yonder in that lonely spot beside the gorge-was the tall fron post to which cominals were

shained to be shot. Out of the man go-grove, out of the days of love, she might lead him here to this iron post -and her fingers held the paper of leath. The night was very black. Suddenly she heard a crying out. Women and men were shouting back there by the town. She walked in that direction. The shouting was inreased, and there was a scurrying about near two thatched huts.

"The anta! The warrior ants," was he shout.

She came nearer to a hut. Men in andals went leaping with torches. There was a strange crackling in the thatches. Behold! the ground was black with marching millions. Scorpions, lizards, spiders ran terrorstricken from that army. The thatches were being pierced by thousands of anseen marauders. Human beings, seizing all things of value, fled crying nto the night.

These ants march in terrible batalions. There is no way known to man to stop them. They have their officers. They select a goal. On they some, and all things flee before. A house is overrun. Every living thing. or piece of food, vanishes. All other nsects are devoured. Men must absent bemselves till the ants depart. Returning, all is bare. The army has onquered, devastated, passed on.

Fascinated, she stood with some andaled laborers, who, on the outskirts of this scene of ruin, watched t by torchlight.

Where will they go next?" cried one. "Yonder, yonder, in that direction. See! The vanguard is already advancng thither!"

She beheld the leading battalion forming in fours, and heading away across the barren field. She looked up. A strange chill ran over her. That ronpost, yonder by the gorge stood in their track.

At midnight she passed Stirge's house, and he was going in. His door was open and a faint light shone on him. She paused, where he saw her. She looked at him, with her soul in ber eyes, and he spurned her. Her bad self flamed up. She ran away. wild with hate. She stood a moment under the palms, and there a diabolic purpose came to her.

It had long been a custom in this district to lead the culprit out very early in the morning. Chained in darkness to the post, he was confronted by a priest. The black hours dragged on, giving the criminal that most solemn season for repentance. Five soldiers and an officer were stationed near. When dawn came, and they could clearly see, they fired.

At eleven o'clock a detachment of soldiers had arrived. About one, Otilia came to the door of the decrepit barracks. The captain had orders to obey the chief of police. She came to him and said: "My brother is ill. His servants are sitting with him. So he ent me with this order." She disappeared. The captain rend

the command for the immediate execution of one Stirge, American.

A little later the unfortunate Anglo-Saxon schemer was seized in bed. They put on him clothes somewhat similar to those worn by runners in athletic contests, so that he was nearly naked. In the night they led him out and on through the black mangogrove. In that stony field by the gorge they chained him to a post. A priest came, was received with haughty contempt, and went away.

Silence, darknes weird waiting fo the dawn. The gold-maddened dreamer was a stole. He was as iron as the "This subordinate, the arrested post and chain. Out of the night shadows a ghost-voice called from yonder in the rocks:

"I can free you. I can yet free you. Tell me once more you love me, and life is yours."

He did not answer. The soldiers believed her crazy, or thought that St. Mary had come down.

"It is I who brought you here. Give me your heart, and it is I who shall take you away."

The night was yet black. He did not answer. What stole, beyond man's dreams of stoicism, was that man of Anglo-Saxon blood! Ay, Indians can endure. Savages can suffer and emit no sound. But of all God's creatures there is none so strong as the American steeled to bear.

There was wild war in her. She had meant to torment him. She had not meant that he be shot. She could never consent to kill, her better self was too timid. But his spurning had crazed her. At dawn, she thought, sinking down on the rocks, she would confess the substituted name, release him. But the second self joyed in tor-

The dawn came. Yes, the chained man's face began to show a little, white, out of the shadow. The captain formed his five men and bade them be ready. So, the day thus slowly coming, they stood waiting till they could see; and he stood yonder, his

arms chained high up on the post. The minutes went by. The scene was wild and rocky. The east began to faintly glow. Strange-strange. As he appeared yet a little clearerhow still he stood-how white. Merciproduces the above results in 30 days. It acts powerfully and quickly. Cures when all others fail. Young men will regain their lost manhood, and old men will recover their youthful vigor by using REVIVO. It quickly and surely restores Narvousness, Lost Power, Failing Memory, Wasting Diseases, and all effects of self-abuse or excess and indiscretion, which units one for study, business or marriage. It not only cures by starting at the seat of disease, but is a great nerve tonic and blood builder, bringing back the pink glow to pale cheeks and restoring the fire of youth. It wards off Jinanity and Consumption. Insist on having REVIVO, no other. It can be carried in vest pocket. By mail, \$1.00 per package, or six for \$2.00, with a positive written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Circular free. Address ful hand of Mary! is that hanging creature there a human being?

"Aim!" commanded the captain. The guns were raised. "A minute more and it will be light enough to see."

They waited. The light came rapidly. Behold! Suddenly the culprit seemed to start fully from the shadows. A second more and they would fire.

The guns fell. The men staggered. Horror chilled them. The face that looked on them was the face of a skull. The body that hung there by the chain was a clean, white skeleton, So terrible is the devastation of the warrior ant. So perfect is the labor of millions.

Stumbling away they found Otilia swooning on the rocks.—San Francis-



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HAYNERS

in a good rule to think twice before speaking." "Yes," said the savage bachelor, "I've had a dozen married men tell me the same thing."-Tit-Bits.

multimillionaire. He's a self-made man. Mrs. Biggs-Well, anyone could see

They Always Look It.

Biggs-There goes Stonyfellow, the

at a glance that he isn't tailor-made .-Chleago Daily News.

For Better.

Minister (reading wedding service) -- And, you, Hans, take this woman for better, for worse?

Hans Frankfurter (conscientiously) -For better, sir! She haf \$40-1 got nottings!-Brooklyn Eagle.

Reason for Failure

Nebb- How does it come Snappem, the photographer, failed in his profession?

Nobb Because his pictures looked like the subjects, Ohio State Journal.

His Principal Duty.

Merchant (to new boy)-Has the bookkeeper told you what to do in the afternoon? Youth-Yes, sir: I am to wake him

up when I see you coming .- Tit-Bits. A Definition. "Say, pa, what's connub-connubial

bliss? "Who told ye that?" "Tis in the book." "Trow the book away."-Judge.

Very Exciting. He-That must be a very interesting book you are reading.

She-Oh, it's awfully exciting! The

heroine changes her gown six times in the first chapter."-Tit-Bits. Saincal Question.

Ostend-Paw, are witches married? Paw-I guess not, my son, Ostend-Then what are they always doing with broomsticks? - Chicago Dally News.

Small Wonder.

Flimmer-What have you? Flammer-Four aces. And you? Flimmer - Heart fallure. - Ohio

State Journal.

At the Summer Hotel. "She has a good voice, but she doesn't seem to be able to control it." "No; she sings whenever anyone

asks her."-Smart Set.

Another Opportunity. A Certain Man, having read somewhere that Opportunity knocks only once at each one's Door, concluded to Sit up all Night for fear he would Miss the Call. So while he was Sitting near his Door there came a heavy knock thereon.

When he opened the Door a Stranger seized him and Beat him all up and Took his Money and Garments and Chided him for being so Easy.

"But," said the Man, thinking to excuse himself, "I thought it was Opportunity who knocked.'

"So it was," responded the Other, "but it was my Opportunity."

Moral: It is Better to Carry your Opportunity with you. - Baltimore American.