"Well, I'll be darned!" exclaimed the pains, and other womanly ailcaptain, stunned with surprise. "What are you doing out a night like this?"

the blow came up," said the "cemmodore" as he started to take off his old rain coat, "an I jest thought I'd come over an tell you how glad you ought to be that you ain't out tonight. I done 28 years' service on the lakes, but I never seen as wild a night as this before."

The "commodore" was known from one end of the great lakes to the other. He was nearing the threescore and ten mark, and for five years he had not been in active service. It had been said that he was familiar with every shoul and eddy in the chain of lakes, and his advice was often sought by some of the eldest captains in the service. He loved the water and the vessels, and to remain away from them was a hardship.

The "commodore" was always welcome on the vessels, for aside from his worth as an advice giver he was a capital story teller. His supply of yarns seemed to be inexhaustible, and he was in his glory when he was "spinnin." "This night," said the "commodore" as he walked over to the cabin window.

"makes a sailor wish he was in some other business. But'I like it-in port." The old man's presence had killed the interest in draw poker, and the captain about \$1 a pound, while in Italy, began to fish for a story.

haven't you?" asked the captain.

only time in my life."

faces looked askance.
"I wasn't much more'n a cub," began stan' the pressure, an he made for an state, after which it is run into molds arm around the p'int. But the wind of the proper shape. was too much, an the boat, the Lenox, rode to some rocks with a crash. There England's Old Common Field System, was no time to lose, an it was hump fer yerse'f. In my excitement I rushed from a "common." It is a field bemadly to the hole, an as I came back longing to numerous owners. The land past some flour barrels a dark figger consists of long narrow strips, perhaps darted by me an fell over a coil of rope. not more than ten yards wide and run-He didn't budge after he hit the floor. ning parallel with one another. What I kind o' fergot about the tub goin to are the exact rules of cultivation that

family history. My mother died when I lar rotation, such as wheat one year, was less'n a year old. The old man barley or oats the second and fallow couldn't look after us kids—there was the third. When the crops were harme an Ted an Nance-an he turned us vested, each member of the community ever to a good old soul by the name of getting his or her share, all could put Mrs. Brenker. Ted was a little terrier. In their cattle, which roamed over the He was allus doin jest what Mother whole field, feeding on the stubble, etc. Brenker didn't want him to do. One And this was termed the "right of day he disappeared, an nobody ever sack." The "common field" system was seen him arterwards. Mether Brenker gradually done away with by statutos an Ted's disappearance broke her down liam IV.-London Express. an killed her a few years later. By this time I was about 12 years old, an when Mrs. Brenker died I had to get out for myse'f. I took to the farm fer awhile, General Sherman to use his influence but arter I got streng enough I went to for her son in order that he might be shippin. I'd told Mother Brenker that I'd allus keep an eye open for Ted.

"Well, to git along with the story. When I was stoopin by the side of the form tryin to git a look at the face a his grandfather and his great-grandfash of lightnin through a porthole give me a full view of his face. Well, sir, would you believe that I nearly keeled over when I seen the features? All the time the timbers was creakin, but I didn't seem to hear 'em. I lifted the body up and drawed it where I a living?" could git a better look at it. My hair fairly stood" "Was he dead?" excitedly broke in

the purser. "Did he recognise you?" asked the

"It sounds like a fairy tale," said the

captain, who was thoroughly interested "The feller finally opened his eyes,"

west on the "commodore," with great feeling, "an I spoke to him. There was no German in our blood." "What had that to do with it?" asked

"Well," began the old sailor, a faint twinkle coming to his eye, "the feller said suthin in the worst kind of Dutch, an I made for the deck, him arter me."

-Chicago Record-Herald. Personal and Real.

Lord Wellesley's aid-de-camp, Keppel, wrote a book of travels and called it his personal parrative. Lord Wellesley was quizzing it and said to Lord Plunket: "Personal narrative-what is personal parrative, Lord Plunket? What should you say a persenal marrative meant?" Plunket answered, "My lord, you know we lawyers always understand personal as centradistinguished from real."

The Odd Shillings There is very little difference between a pound and a guinea; only a shilling, and yet the keen business man insists that the shilling shall be considered. After Thackeray's series of lectures on the four Georges had been delivered in London, Willert Beals says that he called upon the novelist in Onslow square with a check for

"What's this. W. B.?" cried Thackeray, reading the check. "Pounds? Our agreement says guineas, and guineas it must be."

"You are aware that the lectures so far have involved very heavy losses,"

said Beale apologetically.
"That's not my affair," said Thackeray. "I don't know what occult means you have to protect yourself from loss. Guineas. W. R.! Guineas

it must be, and nothing else. I must have the shillings." And the shillings were sent him immediately.

Wood Eaters.

The veddahs, or wild hunters, of Ceylon mingle the pounded fibers of soft and decayed wood with the honey on which they feed when meat is not to

# "Pleasant Dreams"

but sighs. She knows that the pains that rack her will not stop for darkness, and that if she

ments, have found

womanly diseas

pains and nervousness. It makes weak women strong and sick women well. women strong and sick women well.

"I deem it my duty to express my heartfelt graitiude for having been the means, under Providence, of restoring me to health," writes Mrs. B. H. Munn, of Springhill, Leon Co., Pla.

"For nearly two years I suffered from female weakness so I could not stand on my feet any length of time; could scarcely walk at all. Appetite was much impaired; I bad bearing-down sensations; can't express how badly I did feel. Had tried several kinds of medicine which did me little or no good. At last decided to try Dr. Plerce's Pavorite Pracription. I had not taken all of two bottles before I saw it was benefitting me, so I continued to take it until I had taken seven bottles, when I felt entirely cured. Did not feel a touch of my old complaint. It has been over a year since I took your medicine, and I can truthfully say that my health has been better for the last year than it had been for four years previously.

"You may publish this as a testimonie."

had been for four years previously.
'You may publish this as a testimonial." Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

#### Chocolate.

In South America the retail price for the better grades of chocolate averages France, England and in the United 'I reckon you've had plenty to do States the better grades sell at a much with bad blows like this on the open, lower price. In America the ordinary chocolate of trade sells for about one-"I been out when a feller needed an third of the price that is charged for it umbrella an a string to keep his hat on where it is produced. The cause of with," said the old sailor modestly. "It this, the producers say, is that the was jest about such a night as this that original product is adulterated greatly my hair stood on ends for the first an before reaching its final market, a cheaper article than the cocoa bean The vessel men were silent, but their constituting the large proportion of 90

per cent of the chocolates of commerce. The cocoa bean from which chocolate the "commodore" as he sat down on a is manufactured is produced in its fintool chest, "an that was a darn long est form in Venezuela, though various time ago, more'n 40 year. I was ship- other parts of Central and South Amerpin on an old coast freighter runnin ica grow and export large quantities. 'tween Boston an the north coast p'ints. Two crops of the bean are gathered We left Boston at dusk. The cap'n was each year, and the manufacture cona bit leary, fer the look in the west was sists simply in grinding up the beans anything but cheerful. We had round- into a meal and then adding sugar and ed Turkey p'int, when the blamedest arrowroot, with the necessary flavor, blow you ever seen come up in a hurry. usually vanilla or cinnamon. The mass The cap'n knowed the old tub couldn't is moistened until it is in a semifluid

A "common field" is quite distinct pieces an bent down over the form.

"Let me break in here with a little but of old it was usual to have a reguobtain in Kent today we do not know, d come to look upon us kids as her'n, in the reigns of George III and Wil-

> Time to Go to Wor'-A woman was once trying to induce given a place in the army, for which, however, he had shown no particular fitness. "His father was in the army," said the urgent mother, "and so were

> father, and it seems as if he ought to follow the line." "Hm! Three generations in the army," said the general. "Don't you think, madam, that it is about time for one member of the family to work for

is an amusing little fellow, and he will entertain you by the hour if you will

first mate as he moved nervously.

"Well, sir," continued the old man, ignoring the remarks, "the mouth was is presence by his dropping things on load 'em on Joe's donkeys. What could there, an I knowed the forehead in a your head. Then he plays hide and be simpler?" seek with you as he zigzags up a tree. While he pauses for thought, or pos-sibly to wash his face, another squirrel

men that caught and boxed those slip-pery, noisy shotes declared that it was comes scudding along the branches of a neighboring tree, and away they go, gust. "Morbleu! I nevair before see ze one chasing the other, jumping from branch tip to branch tip, racing up and down the trunk and making the bark

Nevertheless the crated porkers were hoisted upon the pack saddles, two for and falls headlong 20 or 30 feet to the ground, landing there with a force that nakes him bounce. You think every bit, and, after a moment spent perhaps in letting the stars set that must have freight. suddenly risen before his eyes, he streaks it up the nearest tree after the other fellow. Long after they have disappeared from sight you hear them

> Philadelphia Record. Her Opinion of Asparagus. It seems that asparagus is not grown in the tropics—at least it was not grown at Rio de Janeiro when a certain American gentleman, who had lived several years in the Brazilian capital, went with his wife and 8-year-old daughter to visit friends living near Buenos Ayres, a part of the continent where the climate is better adapted to the

fruits and vegetables of the temperate regions. At the first dinner after their arrival the visitors were treated to some fresh asparagus. The little 8-year-old daughter was likewise served with the asparagus, but she evidently did not hink much of it as an article of food. Her mother tried for some time to oax her to eat it. Finally the little Arl, taken between the rudeness of whispering at the table and the rudeness of not eating her food, leaned over and, with a choking voice and quiver-ing lip, whispered to her mother: "Mam-

Softening the Parting.

and rotten at the other."

Twelve was on the point of striking. "To think," cried the fair girl in anguish, "we will never see each other

ma, it is not nice. It's raw at one end

again till tomorrow night!" "Bear up, sweet one!" was his encouraging remark. "Time will pass. Besides, I'll write to you when I get home and in the morning."-Philadelphia Times.

#### OBSTINACY.

We the contrairy chap that makes this world a Cries the young maid to her mother, as she retires to rest. The mother smiles, The fellow that keeps sayin "yes" when I keep thinkin "no

nap Than waste my time in argument with that con-

I am sometimes sorry for him from the bottom of

my heart

To see him so deluded. In some lines he's really But his way of gettin twisted on a plain an simple fact
Is most exasperatin to a mind that sees exact.
The queerest thing about him is that he can never

That he is holdin out ag'in the truth instid of me. An honestly believes that that means me instid of him!

### Mike and the Banshee.:

An Incident of Logging Camp Life In the Sierra

By JOHN HAMMOND HAMLIN.

nountains are numerous sawmills, which re making extensive inroads upon the nagnificent tracts of timber land. The chain of mountains abounds in picturesque scenes, evergreen trees, gigantic and medium sized, and fuzzy little thickets of diminutive saplings clothe the entire range, barring the hald, snow capped peaks and the acres cleared by the hand of man.

The State Line sawmills are perhaps as well known as any other on the Truckee river, a stream that runs a dozen or more like institutions along the eastern slopes of the sierras. For a matter of convenience the site of the State Line mills is situated on the banks of the Truckee and within a few hundred feet of the Southern Pacific railway, in-suring an abundance of water power and a ready means of shipping lumber. But the logging camp is perched way up near the snow line, and access to it is impossible by vehicle on account of the steep, broken contour of the mountainous dis-trict. Of course it is very essential that the logging camp be kept well supplied with provisions, and, as there are never fewer than 30 hearty and vigorous men employed at their various tasks prepar-ing the virgin forests for the saw, you

can imagine what a quantity of food is required to keep the larder well stocked. The mode of conveying all kinds of supplies to the airly located camp is by a train of seven pack mules-small, wiry creatures that are strong and agile and quite capable of carrying a burden equal to their own weight up the arduous mountain trail that colls in a tortuous fashion from the mill up the high mountains to the rough log cabins which constituted the loggers' domain. A sight long to be remembered are these donkeys, laden with cumbersome pack saddles, piled high with miscellaneous goods, carefully pick-ing their way up the dizzy trail. You wonder that such tiny creatures can stag-

ger under the loads, let alone their climb

ing an almost perpendicular ascent. It is no easy thing to pilot a train of mules up a narrow mountain trail. They cannot be hurried out of a slow, slow walk, frequently coming to a halt and occasionally lying down in the middle of the trail. This last act is exceedingly aggravating, as the pack has to be removed before the donkey can arise again. With all the trials and tribulations connected thereto French Joe got along splendidly as muleteer of the State Line pack train-a big, cheerful man, with a deep, sonorous voice that each individual donkey had grown to understand. His "Hello, Jinny!" rang out nke a rich toned bell and urged on the mules when a lash would not have availed in the least. Every day the trip had to be made. Besides the provisions for the men, there were 20 head of oxen and as many horses to be supplied with provender. One day the superintendent of the logging camp, while down on a visit to the mills, happened to observe a drove of pigs rooting about the boarding house. He suggested to his employers that it would be an excellent idea to have a few of them up at camp, as there was plenty of refuser from the tables to keep them fat and his men would appreciate fresh pork now and then. The mill owners agreed with him,

and so begins the real motive of this tale.

It was next to impossible to drive pigs along a wide, level roadway. It was utterly impossible to drive them up the mule trail. How, then, could these ten fat young porkers, weighing from 50 to Alive in his native woods the squirrel The men gave it up as an unsolved rid dle. Just then French Joe's voice sang out a loud "Holloa, Jinny!" and the su-

Easily said, but the weary corps of and falls headlong 20 or 30 feet to the their valiant struggles against capture, gave no signs of displeasure at their penakes him bounce. You think every culiar position. The funny little donkeys, frain of sense must be knocked out of accustomed to burdens varying from the small body, but he only blinks a fresh meat to cord wood, seemed quite in-

different to the oddness of their live French Joe's good natured smile wreathed his broad face once more as he beheld the comical array of pig laden mules. "It ees verra funny, zis ting, but it ees again like what I nevair see before. chattering together up among the leaves like two watchmen's rattles.—

The design will not pleased be if ze pig squeal in ze ears."

The afternoon was well advanced when Joe sang out his "Holloa, Jinny! Come, Cayuse!" which started the mule train on its difficult climb up the mountain trail. The trail zigzags beneath tower-ing pines up a very steep slope, then it winds along a canyon for a mile, ascends

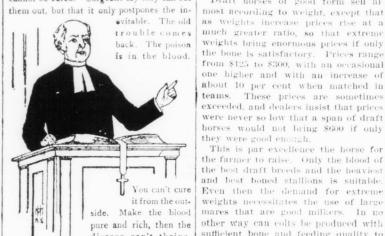
winds along a canyon for a mile, ascenus
arother pitch and finally traverses a
broad, wooded plateau, comparatively
level, at the extreme end of which, on a

from passing the burdened animals, so he had to content himself with shouting vociferously at the mules as they slowly moved over their daily route. In spite of all his precautions one beast calmly laid down at the steepest part of the first pitch. Joe was compelled to remove the pig freight and clumsy pack saddle before

Markley—I suppose you were laid down at the steepest part of the first pitch. Joe was compelled to remove the pig freight and clumsy pack saddle before the erring mule could regain an upright position. In the first place the train had started late. This delay and the uncommon deliberateness of the whole string of mules consumed a great deal more time. Jde's stock of patience began to ebb. His ready tongue poured forth a surprising mixture of French and English interjections as the twilight threw gloomy shadows throughout the silent forest. When the lead mule topped the final declivity and passed beneath the great pines which studded the plateau, it was quite dark. Now Joe thought it ample time to use other means than his voice to urge the slothful donkeys onward, so he alighted from his riding animal, gathered a pock-etful of rocks and mounted again. He had practiced this method before and knew that a stinging blow from a stone had its effect.

### Saving Lives.

Doctors declare that cancerous growths cannot be cured. Surgeons say they can cut



disease can't thrive That is exactly what Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is good for. Rev. I. W. Hill, pastor of the M. E. Church at West Almond, N.Y., some years ago

suffered with a cancer of long standing on the lip and concluded to have it removed. About three weeks before the operation he purchased Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, and continued taking it for some time after the cancer was removed. Ten long years have passed since then, and no trace of the ugly thing has returned.

This wonderful medicine acts as a nerve and blood food. It makes permanent cures of Scattered throughout the Sierra Nevada | Nervous Debility, Sleeplessness, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism and all Women's Weaknesses. It restores the disordered liver to a healthy condition and cures constinution.

\$1 a bottle at druggists'.

through the slats of one of the pig boxes, and its effect was indeed telling. All the way up the consignment of swine had emitted scarcely a grunt, and such a piercing squeal, coming so suddenly from the stricken pig, electrified the staid donkey upon whose back he was strapped. As Joe had prophesied, "ze mule will not pleased be if ze pig squeal in ze ears." The mule snorted hoarsely. He jumped forward against the one in front of him. The pig squealed again—a terrific, maddened squeal, that did not die away, but grew more ear splitting than at first Every mule in that heretofore snail-like same ears must have gathered in a great volume of that horrid din, for the lead donkey struck out on a lumbering trot,

closely followed by the other thoroughly alarmed beasts.

Towering pines bordered the trail; a pack saddle came in contact with a big tree trunk; another shrill scream joined with the first. The jolting, swaying boxes, with their lusty lunged inmates, fairly shrieked, and the faster the mules ambled the more deafening waxed the dim old woods. What unearthly cries dispelled their wonted quietude!

Summer was in progress in the long, low boarding house at the logging camp. Two rows of tired, hungry men were busily making wonderful inroads upon China Tom's well cooked viands. Tal-low candles shed a dim light upon the ruddy faces of the "crew."
"Now, Mike, you know there's no such

thing as fairies or banshees. So what do you spin a yarn like that for?" "Oi sweer me grandfather hearn wan, an didn't he tell me the truth, now, whin he says he did?"

An animated conversation ensued. The men dearly loved to hear Mike rant about him simply for that reason. In the heat of the discussion China Tom appeared at the door which opened into the kitchen. He carried a dish of smoking suet pudding in either hand. The Mongolian seemed uneasy; he hesitated and looked back over his shoulder. Some of the men noticed that his whole form shook violently. Before they had time to say a word the Chinaman let both dishes fall with a and he made a frantic dash for the door. His one sailed out behind him in straight line, and as he disappeared the men heard a gasping "Him debbil, sure! He catchee me!"
"What's up with the heathen?" said

Through the chinks of the logs came a strange sound. Every man heard it. A chorus of discordant screams broke sharply on their ears. It grew louder, louder. A frightful calamity seemed impending. The main volume split up. A piercing shriek, apparently borne on wings, circled about the cabin. Another uncanny cry rent the air from the direction of the stables. The woods were full of screech-

ing, screaming noises.
"Catamounts!" yelled a burly logger. "Mary, mither! Save me sowl! It's the banshee! Och, it's the banshee!" The banshee! Did it not tally with Mike's vivid description of skurrying, whistling winds, of terrorizing cries, of dire premonitions?

Mike fell upon his knees, praying audibly and rapidly. No one directed a single jeering remark toward the praying Irishman. The crew's jesting mood had vanished. They knew not what explanation to offer in regard to these unnatural

A clatter of hoofs dashed up to the cabin, a heavy body threw itself against the latched door, broke through and a hugo man stood before them. "Ah, mor bleu! It ees one verra big meestake, zis

ting, I know."
"Joe, holy smoke! Man, what have you been doing?" shouted the superin-

"Ze pigs zat m'sieur wished that I bring up are arrived, and zey squeal in ze mule's ear, and ze mule he run away." "Ran away with the pigs! Where are

they now?"
"Oh, m'sieur, it ees not easy to say! A relieved laugh resounded through the

candle lit dining room. Mike arose sheepishly from his knees. In a short time lanterns were twin-kling midst the forest aisles—here, there,

everywhere. The men had no difficulty in locating the strangely burdened mules for spasmodic squeals still echoed through the woods. When the seven donkeys were corralled, it was found that three or four boxes had burst open, liberating the pigs. The men made merry as the re-mainder of Joe's freight was turned loose in an unoccupied stable.

As the superintendent suggested, the

French Joe always rode in the wake of the train on a mouse colored donkey. The narrowness of the trail prevented him from passing the burdened animals, so he

### Markley-I suppose you were surprised

"He has built him what he calls a Queen Anne villa, but it strikes me as being a tawdry imitation merely!"
"Extremely tawdry! Why, the roof
doesn't leak even!"—Detroit Journal. Mexican Fruits. It is said that the net annual profit

derived from the cultivation of tropical fruits in Mexico ranges from 100 to over 200 per cent. had its effect.

The very first stone he threw crashed

Vice is most dangerous when it puts on the semblance of virtue.

#### THE HORSE TO RAISE.

The One Par Excellence For the Draft horses of good form sell al trouble comes much greater ratio, so that extreme back. The poison | weights bring enormous prices if only teams. These prices are sometimes exceeded, and dealers insist that prices were never so low that a span of draft horses would not bring \$600 if only they were good enough.

the farmer to raise. Only the blood of the best draft breeds and the heaviest

and best boned stallions is suitable.

weights necessitates the use of large

mares that are good milkers. In no

the markets. Even then the youngster in large amounts from the very first. Plenty of good pasture, clover hay. oats and corn is imperative, and there is no better feed for young horses than whole. Only the best blood should be ments.' used, and then every effort must be the first if he is to top the market. All this is much like growing beef, and these are the horses to produce on the farms. They can be produced nowhere else to advantage, and when it CATARRH is remembered that the draft herse really the highest priced standard horse in the market it is easy enough to see what horse the farmer should raise. Easy and pleasant He not only sells for more average to use. Contains no money, but if bred with the same care injurious drug. there are fewer culls, and no training It is quickly ab-is required beyond light common work sorbed. Gives Reto familiarize him with the harness

works almost by instinct, and he re-

quires no special training to go upon

the markets.-E. Davenport.

Cave Dwellers In Dieppe. People who only know the gaver side

Dieppe would be surprised to hear of the existence of the cave dwellers there. One is apt to connect such people with the knawed bones and flint implements of prehistoric times. But here they are at Dieppe within a stone's throw of the casino, and they may be seen any day about the town selling the shellfish from the rocks outside their habitations. They have certain marked characteristics, one being a peculiar complexion of their own that can be traced largely to a disinclination on the part of the cave dweller to avail himself of the water that washes also is peculiar, but whether it really belongs to the stone age no one seems a license from the municipality, though, which savors of no age but the present.

other way can colts be produced with They were looking over the paper toattain the size and finish demanded by gether. "Oh, my, how funny!" said

"Why, here's an advertisement that says, 'No reasonable offer refused.'" "What is there odd about that?" "Nothing, nothing," she replied, trygreen corn cut from the field and fed ing to blush; "only those are my senti-

> AND HEALING CURE FOR Ely's Cream Balm HAYFEVER DE HEAT

HAY FEVER lief at once. and with drawing. The disposition of \_\_\_\_\_lt opens and cleanses the Nasal Passthe draft horse is so docile and his and ages. Allays Inflamation.

Heals and Protects the Membrane. Large Size, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail: Trial Size, 10 cents by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, | Signature | Sign

# 

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Rev. EDWARD J. GRAY, D. D., President, Williamsport, Pa. 

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#### D. L. & W. RAILROAD. Shoes, Shoes

TIME TABLE. Corrected to May 1, 1901.

Plymouth June ...

Bloomsburg Rupert. Catawissa Danville

Willow Grove.... Lime Ridge.....

GOING EAST.

11 51

11 43

8 22 11 29

Connections at Rupert with Philadelphia & Reading Railroad for Tamanend, Tamaqua, Williamsport, Sunbury, Pottsville, etc. Ad Northumberland with P and E. Div. P. K. R. for Harrisburg, Lock Haven, Emporium, Warren Corry, and Erie.

Daily. + Daily except unday. f Stop or signal.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD,

TIME TABLE

In Effect June 2nd, 1901.

 Pottsville
 IV § 5 50
 \$ 11 55 §

 Hazleton
 7 65
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 Tombicken
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 Fern Glen
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 Rock Glen
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 Nesconeck
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Catawissa...ar 8 55 11 57 4 35 7 32 Catawissa...lv 8 55 11 57 4 35 7 32 South Danville 9 14 12 15 4 53 7 51 Sunbury... 9 35 12 40 5 15 8 15

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Harrisburg...lv | A. M. | P. M

Lewistown Jc. " ..... 7 30 ..... 3 10 Sunbury ..... ar ..... 9 20 ..... 5 00

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E Bloomsburg. " 7 39 | 10 43 | 2 43 | 6 32 |
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Creasy. " 7 52 | 10 56 | 2 55 | 6 46 |
Nescopeck. " 8 02 | 11 05 | 3 05 | 6 55

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 Hazleton
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 Pottsville
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TRAINS LEAVE DANVILLE

(weekdays only)

For Philadelphia II.25 a m,
For New York II.25 a m,
For New York II.25 a m,
For Milton 7.32 a, m, 6.04 p, m,
For Milton 7.32 a, m, 4.00 p m.
For Williamsport 7.32 a, m, 4.00 p m.
Trains for Baltimore, Washington and the
South leave Twenty-fourth and Chestnut
Streets, Philadelphia, weekdays—3.3, 7.14

10.22 a, m, 12.16, 1.33, 3.03, 4.12, 5.03, 7.26, 8.26 p,
m, 12.21 night. Sandays 3.23, 7.14 a, m, 12.16

1.33, 4.12, 6.03, 7.26, 8.26 p, m.

ATLANTIC CITY RAILROAD,
Leave Philadelphia, Chestnut Street Wharf ATLANTIC CITY RAILROAD,
Leave Philadelphia, Chestnut Street Wharf
and South Street Wharf for Atlantic City.
Weekdays—Express 8.00, 9.09, 10.45 a. m., 1.00
(Saturdays only 1.30) 2.00, 3.40, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00,
45.40, 7.15, 8.30 p. m. Accommodation 6.00 a.
m. 45.40, 6.30 p. m. Sundays Express, 7.30, 8.00,
8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00 a. m., 4.45, 7.15 p. m. Accommodation 6.00 a. m., 5.00 p. m. \$1.00 Excursion daily 7.00 a. m. Additional Sunday,
7.30 a. m.

cursion daily 7.00 a. m. Additional Sunday, 7.30 a. m. Leave ATLANTIC CITY DEPOT—Weekdays. Express—Monday only, 6.45, 7.00, 7.45, (from Baltie Extension only, 7.55, 8.20, 9.00, 10.15, 11 a. m., 2.50, 4.30, 5.30, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30 p. m. Accommodation 5.25, 7.05, a. m., 3.50 p. m. Sundays Express—8.45 a. m., 3.50 p. m. Sundays Express—8.45 a. m., 3.50 p. m. Sundays—1.55 a. m., 4.32 p. m. 3.30, 4.30, 5.00, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00 9.30 p. m. Accommodation—Parlor cars on all express trains.

For CAPE MAY—Weekdays—8.30, 8.45, 11.45, a. m., 2.15, 4.20, 5.30 p. m. Sundays—8.45, 9.15 a. m., 5.00 p. m.

For OCEAN CITY—Weekdays—8.45 11.45 a. m., 2.15, 4.20, 5.30 p. m. Sundays—8.45, 9.15, a. m., 5.00 p. m.

For SEA ISILE CITY—Weekdays—8.45 a. m., 5.00 p. m. Sundays—8.45, 9.15, a. m., 5.00 p. m. Sundays—8.45, a. m., 5.00 p. m. Sundays—8.45, a. m., 5.00 p. m. Sundays—8.45, a. m., 5.00 p. m. Sundays—9.45 a. m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices.

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