

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

PENNSA. R. R.

DATE	EAST.	WEST.
7:11 A. M.	9:14 A. M.	12:15 P. M.
10:17 P. M.	12:21 P. M.	7:51 P. M.
5:50 P. M.	8:51 P. M.	1:15 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

10:17 A. M.	1:15 P. M.
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D. & W. R. R.

DATE	EAST.	WEST.
6:57 A. M.	8:09 A. M.	12:17 P. M.
10:19 P. M.	12:17 P. M.	8:50 P. M.
6:16 P. M.	8:40 P. M.	1:47 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

6:57 A. M.	12:47 P. M.
8:40 P. M.	8:40 P. M.

PHILA. & READING R. R.

DATE	NORTH.	SOUTH.
7:52 A. M.	11:24 A. M.	1:00 P. M.
1:00 P. M.	11:24 A. M.	7:52 P. M.

BLOOM. STREET.

DATE	EAST.	WEST.
7:54 A. M.	11:24 A. M.	1:00 P. M.
1:02 P. M.	11:24 A. M.	7:54 P. M.

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FOR LITTLE FOLKS

DOG STORIES.

Examples of the Intelligence of Our Canine Friends.

A dog named Gus was once brought by being in the company of a sensible child.

One dear little fellow would play hide and seek just as nicely as you can, hiding his eyes with his paw when he was told to and hunting everywhere for the children until the last one was found. When it came his turn, he would hide under a chair or desk and fairly shake with excitement for fear they would see him.

A Lieutenant Walker once had a setter which was very devoted to him. He was ill for a few days, and the dog would not leave his side. One day Mr. Walker brought in some wood and remarked rather reproachfully, "Why don't you bring in some wood, Jake?" The dog went at once to the shed and brought in a stick and dropped it into the woodbox. He did this six times, when, probably thinking that was his share, he walked back to his old station.

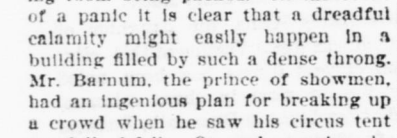
How glad he was the first day the lieutenant sat up! First he went for his stockings and then his boots, as much as to say, "Come, come, now try and dress yourself."

A lady once had a pretty dog who got cold at night and whined and cried so much that she made him a little flannel nightgown. It was buttoned at the neck and had a blue ribbon to fasten it around the waist. That dog was very proud of his clothes. He was like some of the boys, if a visitor called who wished to see his nightgown, his mistress had only to say, "Go get your nightgown," and he would travel up stairs and get it.

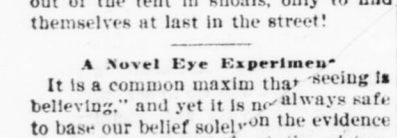
"But where's the shirt?" she asked one day. Back he trotted and soon came down trailing his blue ribbon behind him, just as delighted as he could be.

A Barnum Race.
Complaints have been made from time to time that some public meetings have been dangerously crowded, even the gangways and every inch of standing room being taken up. In the event of a panic it is clear that a dreadful calamity might easily happen in a building filled by such a dense throng. Mr. Barnum, the prince of showmen, had an ingenious plan for breaking up a crowd when he saw his circus tent too full of folk. On such occasions he used to stick up a big bill, in full view of the sightseers, bearing in large letters the following notice: "This Way to the Express." Eager to see this unheard of monster, the people poured out of the tent in shoals, only to find themselves at last in the street!

A Novel Eye Experiment.
It is a common maxim that seeing is believing, and yet it is not always safe to base our belief solely on the evidence of our eyesight. Look at the picture which is here shown for example. Observe the two little frames in which the beginning of the words are placed. Which is the bigger frame of a friend? He will surely answer the point hand one. It looks so, doesn't it?



Which is the Larger?
Well, here is another case in point, showing how easily your eyes may be deceived you. If you measure the little pictures separately, you will find they are exactly the same in every respect; yet, being placed in the positions they occupy, the one looks larger than the other. It is only another example of the way in which our eyes are tricked.



A Shred Miss.
While walking in the suburbs the bishop of Norwich met a little girl of about eight or nine who asked, "Oh, please, sir, will you open this case for me?"

The bishop, smiling on the demure little maiden, held back the gate for her to pass through, and when she thanked him with a smile he asked her if she was not big enough to open the garden gate herself.

"Oh, yes, sir," she replied sweetly; "but, you see, the paint is wet, and I should have dirtied my hands."

Penny Little Bob.
I was driving with my little Bob, two and one-half years of age, along the country roads when the dogwood was in bloom. The beautiful white flowers excited his ardent admiration. He inquired what they were several times and was told, "That is dogwood." Presently he spied near the roadway a very small specimen not more than a foot high, but covered with blossoms. "Look, mamma," cried he. "There is a little puppy wood!"

He Loved Lawyers.
It is said that Peter the Great, after witnessing a contest between two eminent counsel at Westminster, London, remarked: "When I left St. Petersburg, there were two lawyers there. When I got back, I will bring out of them."

THE LOST FINGER

A Story of Pioneer Life in Central America.

The ranch of Senor Diaz was on a charming slope, overlooking the broad, smooth waters of one of the tributaries of the Parana, on whose opposite shore the rank grass grew ten and twelve feet high.

The house itself had a tropical character; it was Spanish-American, with a cool, shady veranda, a long, low front, painted walls and latticed windows, a spacious court and a flat roof, covered with a parapet, which gave the whole structure the appearance of a fort. Many acres of cultivated land showed long lines of sugar cane and tall trees laden with bananas, in surprising contrast to the dark, impenetrable mass of wild bushland which in the distance surrounded the settlement.

Senora Diaz was one of the tropical beauties of whom Murillo dreamed. "I am going to test your gallantry," she said, coming out on the veranda while he sat, "by asking you to help me to water my flowers, for with my lame hand it is not easy for me to lift the heavy watering pot."

"I am at your service, but allow me—am I wrong?—to remind you that you promised to tell me the story of how your hand was lamed?"

"Certainly. As soon as the flowers are watered we will have coffee on the veranda, and you will hear all about it."

Accordingly, he was shortly afterward sipping coffee with the little Lolita, my host's only daughter and my pet, beside me, while her mother rolled a cigarette, lighted it and began as follows:

"When we came here this was a very nice place, and we had to endure a number of pests. For instance, when Lolita was a baby, my husband and his men went off one morning to work as usual, and the child lay asleep on a mat at the end of the room. Suddenly I saw on the floor the skin of a snake, from which the whole body had been sucked, as from an orange. I knew at once that a snake must be near, for they feed on mice and eat them in this fashion, but, carefully as I looked about me, I could see no snake, all at once it occurred to me that it might be under the baby's mat. I snatched the child up and placed her in safety. Then I lifted softly a part of the mat and there it was—the long, slimy, green and gold reptile coiled up and fast asleep. Ah, how I jumped! I ran out into the courtyard to call for help. Luckily our man, Jose, was there, and he killed the reptile. But as we cleared more acres the snakes left us to hide themselves in the forest. I began to hope our cars were ended, but wild beasts now first appeared on the scene.

One morning while we were at breakfast one of our herdsmen brought the news that our cattle, which graze in the tall grass on the other side of the river, had been attacked by the jaguar. The man who told us this had escaped with his life, yet he would have scarcely done so if he had not misled the beast or had there not been a fox alarm.

A week passed without a new attack, and we had come to think less about it, when suddenly three or four Indians rushed in to tell us how a great jaguar had broken into their camp and killed a woman and one of their dogs.

When we heard of this and the story he judged that it was the same animal that had attacked our bull, for the Indians described it as a creature of singular color, far lighter than any that had been about there, so that they called it "The White Death."

All that I thought it high time to do something, and my husband called his people together to go out and hunt the animal.

I remember that morning distinctly. They went away cheerfully enough, they went with his gun and hunting gear, and Moro, our bloodhound, was with them. My husband turned around just as he entered the wood and kissed his hand to me. Then he and his companions vanished in the forest.

When I found myself with Lolita alone in the house and thought of what might happen if they met that terrible wild animal, such anxiety seized me (although I never thought I could be in danger), that I could not be contented until I had looked every door in the house, and then I seated myself in the great sitting room, took Lolita on my lap and tried to tell her a story.

Suddenly I heard a scratching along the roof, and then a dull thud, as if something heavy had fallen.

Anxious and nervous as I was, I started up with a cry, although I had no presentiment what it was.

The next moment I heard just over me a sound which I could not mistake—a long, passionate roar—a cry that I had often heard from the woods at night and never without feeling as if my heart stood still. The thought rushed through my mind, "Oh, heaven, the jaguar!"

I shall never forget that moment. For a second I was paralyzed and helpless, as if a light flashed upon me. The jaguar was not to be kept off if he penetrated here from the roof, for most of the inner doors had only draperies. In my dining room was a great heavy meal chest, nearly empty and large enough to hold six or seven persons. I seized it, and I could get it through the window.

I seized the child, ran with her into the dining room and crept into the chest. Unfortunately it had a spring lock, so that I was forced to hold the lid open with my left hand to guard against its locking and immediately, stifling us. But it had more than an inch of space, and my child, completely hid my fingers.

It was not a moment too soon. We were scarcely hidden when I heard the great claws scratching along the floor, and the hungry sniffling of the jaguar showed me that he was in search of food.

He came straight to the chest and paused a moment, as if he feared a trap. Then he put his head close to the small opening, so that I could feel his hot breath. He sniffed awhile and then tried to raise the lid with his paw.

How I trembled! But, thank heaven, the great paw would not go in the narrow crevice, and I held the cover fast by clinging to the inner part of the lid. He sniffed all the strength of desperation, all he could do was to stretch out his tongue and lick my fingers until they bloated as if they had been scratched by a saw. And then, as he tasted blood and heard Lolita cry—for my poor darling was just as frightened as I was—his eagerness increased, and he began to utter piercing yells, which sent my chills over me.

I wonder why the fright did not kill me, but the touch of Lolita's little arm around my neck seemed to keep up my courage.

Still the worst was yet to come. When the jaguar found that he could not reach me from above, he sprang upon the chest. His huge weight crushed my fingers between the two parts of the lock. Then I thought all was over and shrieked so that my cries rang through the whole house.

But my cries were presently answered by a sound which made my heart throb with joy—answered by the barking of our bloodhound. The jaguar heard it, too, for he sprang down and stood for a moment listening, then ran to the door as if to flee.

Again came the sound of the dog's bark—this time nearer—and at the same time the voices of men calling to each other. Contrary to expectation, they were already coming back.

Meanwhile the jaguar seemed to be bewildered and ran wildly to and fro. Suddenly a loud cry came from one of the windows, followed by two shots and a fearful howl; my husband's voice anxiously called:

"Cachits, where are you?" I had just strength enough left to get out of the chest, drag myself to the door and let my husband in. Then I swooned away.

They told me afterward that our bloodhound found the jaguar's trail, leading straight back to the house, and all his hurried home at full speed, fearing harm would come to me.

My husband and Jose came in front of the rest and shot the jaguar through the window, but my husband told me that when he saw the animal in the house he felt as if stifled.

I could not move a joint of that hand for many weeks afterward. The Indians gave me medicine to heal a skin sore, but they say that after while I shall be able to use it again. I did not need this injury to make me remember that day. If I were to live a thousand years, could I forget the few terrible moments that I spent in the chest—moments that seemed to comprise an eternity of terror.

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CHOICE MISCELLANEA

Russia Innocent For Once.
How suspicious all are of Russia! Some years ago one bright day morning three warships were sighted off the coast of the island of Japan. They made the entrance into the outer harbor, all apparently with full steam ahead. Suddenly one stopped and the others passed. In a set position she hung, staring madly all day long, with no noticeable change. She did not even turn with the tide. There she stood planted as though not in water, but on land. The other vessels watched about, lowered their boats, and there was great commotion. We learned at night that the Virechus had a cork four feet long with the tide. The cork was nailed on an island near by. The far east said, "Ah, in a trick of Russia to secure a footing in Korea." English came by and said, "By Jove, these rascals are up to something!" Japan here to "look-see." All strange long the Russian fleet struggled with the ill-fated ship, and just when hope of success began to dawn a wild autumn storm struck her, and the ship herself went down by the island reefs to be lost evermore in the main."

Household Hints.
Mix stove blacking with a little ammonia to prevent it burning off. A teakettle should never be allowed to stand on the side of the fire with a small quantity of water in it. A rose poultice is made by packing fresh rose petals in salt, a layer of the petals, then a layer of salt, and keeping them covered for six months. A convenient substitute for a cork-screw when the latter is not at hand may be found in the use of a common screw with an attached string to pull the cork.

Stain on silverware require prompt attention, otherwise they will become permanent. A solution of sulphuric acid will remove the stain left by medicine. Dip the spoon in the acid, repeating the process until the stain has disappeared; then wash in very hot water.

Diluting Tea.
Few housekeepers remember, as they should, that when it is necessary to dilute strong tea it should be done with water at the boiling point. The poor flavor of tea, made strong at first and then diluted, is due to the fact that the tea has been steeped in cold water, and the essential oils have not been properly extracted. It is usually caused by the addition of hot, not boiling, water to the first infusion. A lesson in this matter may be had from the Russians, who serve the most delicious tea in the world, and who prepare it in the most judicious manner. It is usually an essence of tea. This is diluted to the strength wished, with water kept boiling in the samovar. This water is not allowed to cool and re-boil, but is renewed as needed. Freshly boiled water is insisted upon by all connoisseurs in tea-making.

A Street Parable.
A little girl stood at a window blowing soap bubbles. Beneath stood a little boy, and as she blew bubbles he tried to catch them. They broke and disappeared on all sides, but the two laughed and kept up the game, she smiling down and he gazing upward eagerly.

"Behold, a parable!" said a man to a woman. "The eternal relation of the sexes." You blow beautiful bubbles down to us from your height, and we weary ourselves in trying vainly to catch them. Poor little boy!"

How About This?
"Isn't it strange," said the observant young woman, "that you almost never see a woman the back of whose head is beautiful who has a pretty face? I don't know how many times I have seen women the back of whose heads

A Name Twice Made Famous, Now a Shining Mark for Imitators.
The name "Chase," twice made famous, is a shining mark for the unscrupulous to imitate upon and appropriate in order to fool upon the public their worthless preparations. These bids of prey, by using the name Chase, expect the public to be fooled into believing they are the medicine of Dr. A. W. Chase, who first became noted as the author of the world-famous Dr. Chase's Peppermint and Family Cure. How wrong have they been, misled by the wonderful success of his Nerve Pills, with Nerve, Brain and Blood Tonic. They play upon the name Chase, but do not use the Chase's Peppermint. They imitate, but do not counteract the potent and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, who has been the Nerve Pills now recognized as infallible for building up pale, weak, thin-blooded, nerve exhausted sufferers. Who are excited and brain-weary. Who are nervously exhausted. Who are weak and have no sleep. Who are nervous headache sufferers. They remove the cause of blood impurities, securing refreshing sleep and impart strength. They build up people who find their strength and vigor waning. They soothe and refresh, replace languor, and give a general lassitude with energy and animation. Cure Nervous Dyspepsia.

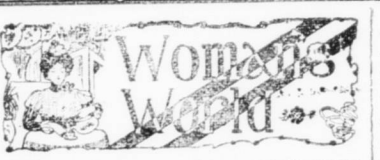
Fire Among Savage Nations.
According to Pitty Ewe was a long time unknown to some of the nations of the Pacific, and when a celebrated astronomer made them acquainted with that element and how to produce it they were wild with delight. The Peruvians, Mexicans, Greeks and several other nations are now well acquainted with the use of fire, and the Chinese, who were the same of their progenitors, Sanjimon, Yola, Putatch and other ancient writers are full of nations which, at the time they wrote, knew not the use of fire or had just recently learned it.

Extinct Society Species.
If there are now few or none of the all-conquering "selles" and "Vas," it is equally certain that the plain woman has become an extinct species in society. The health craze makes for beauty, as it enjoys exercise, early hours, rock and sunbathing, and eating and drinking. The plain woman, dowdily dressed, has been left behind with the dead and gone nineteenth century. We are all moderately beautiful in 1901.

George's Father.
Augustine Washington, the father of George Washington, was engaged in 1732 in making pig iron at Accokeek furnace, in Stafford county, Va., across the state and circle by land, which did not remove their hats, with the result that the management at last decided to give the fair ones a gentle hint.

Jack and the Baby.
Eleanor—What was the baby crying about just now? Did he want the moon again?
Cecily—No, Jack was trying to make him smile with the glove-stretcher.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

An Anxious Inquiry.
When little three-year-old Ada was told the story of her wife being turned out in a pillar of salt, she asked her mother anxiously, "Is all salt made of ladies?"



A WOMAN ADVANCE AGENT.

Hustle and Tact Are the Qualities That Brought Her Success.

The original and, it is said, the only woman advance agent now on the road is Miss Jack Wesley Walker, who does all the advance billing and advertising for Times' hand. Miss Walker is a bright and attractive young woman of twenty-four and has made such a success in her chosen vocation that she is able to support her mother in comfort in a pleasant apartment in the Jerome in West One Hundred and sixteenth street.

"How did you come to start in such a business?" was the first question asked Miss Walker by a reporter.

"Quite naturally," she replied. "I was for several years in newspaper work at one time on the New Orleans Harlequin, which was devoted to the

Times for the Coronation. One firm of manufacturers of artificial jewelry in this city is now at work on eight 'tiras ordered by women of title in England to be worn at the coronation ceremonies in London next spring. The orders were sent here through the London branch of the concern and came to New York because the workmen imported by the firm from France are the most expert that could be found there.

The orders came from women who do not own the kind of tiras that are thought suitable to the coronation festivities or owned none at all. They will be able by an expenditure of several hundred dollars to get a tira which will look enough like one with genuine jewelry that would cost several times as many thousands to pass in a crowd.

The extent to which artificial jewels are worn is scarcely understood. Not long ago a wealthy American woman married to an Englishman of title was wearing in London a famous chain of alternating pearls and diamonds, supposed to have cost nearly \$30,000. The chain was never recovered, and her husband gave her another. As a matter of fact he gave her another imitation of the chain that had been the genuine chain had for a long time reposed in a bank beyond the reach of ordinary thieves. It is in this way that the false jewelry is most worn. Many women in this city have false replicas of their most costly pieces.—New York Letter.

Women in Business Abroad.
The head of the Prussian state railway has announced that for the future as many women as possible will be employed by them in those posts suitable for women. They will hold positions at the ticket offices, telegraph offices, be telephone clerks at the counting offices and at the goods offices in London a great number of women are already employed in various government posts, and each year sees fresh openings made for them. In Germany there are numbers of women dentists as well as doctors, and many people prefer to have their teeth attended to by a woman, and children also seem less nervous when a woman attends to them. In spite of this, however, the women dentists are not so popular as women physicians. Many men patients prefer to have women assistants; their patients finding this a pleasant arrangement, for, though the assistant does not actually stop the teeth, she is always in the room to help her employer.—London Times.

London Women Vegetarians.
Women vegetarian enthusiasts in London are doing some beneficent as well as educational work in their charity this summer. The New York Tribune tells of four new soup kitchens for poor children, through which it is hoped this diet may be introduced into large numbers of these homes. As soon as the kitchens are in full operation it is intended that soup shall be furnished to families in their homes at a nominal cost.

The queen has been provided with six huge boilers of soup, and for a penny any wife may obtain one pint of soup, a large slice of whole meal bread and another of whole meal currant bread, sometimes varied with sweet. The scheme was introduced by Miss Florence E. Nicholson, general secretary of the London Vegetarian society, and the London Vegetarian association.

English Women as Physicians.
That the English woman is establishing a reputation in the profession of medicine is evidenced by the fact that at the last intermediate examinations of the University of London for the degree of bachelor of medicine twenty-one women students were present, and sometimes varied with credit, two taking honors. Also encouraging is the increasing number of women receiving public appointments in institutions where women and children are treated and serving on hospital staffs. The Metropolitan Hospital for Women at Epsom road is managed almost wholly by women physicians. The London Royal Free hospital has appointed two resident medical officers who are women.

Women Upset Norway Politics.
The privilege recently granted women to vote for and sit in municipal councils in Norway is adding unusual interest to the approaching elections. The women's party anticipates "Away with politicians! Only men and women who further social reform to the front!" Conservatives and Liberals are trying to induce the women to vote for their candidates, but even in the small towns the women insist upon their right to pick the best men of both parties and to support the women candidates. The men are greatly disturbed and do not know how to vote.

It is reported that Miss Hattie Setz of Poplar, Kan., was recently named first deputy sheriff because of her courage and persistence. She traveled thirty miles on horseback to arrest three men charged with murder and succeeded in bringing them safely to jail.

Often the shrinking effect of rat-drops seems to have ruined light silks, when all that is required is from the silk on the wrong side with a piece of muslin between the goods and the iron.

Thirty-four women schoolteachers from Cuba have entered the State Normal school at New Paltz, N. Y., for a year's instruction. The Cuban government is paying their expenses.

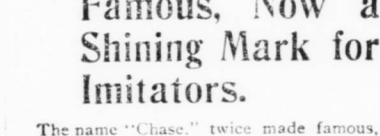
There are now about thirty women pastors of Unitarian churches in the United States. The latest addition to their ranks is Miss Estella E. Padgham of Syracuse, N. Y.

A woman letter carrier is numbered among the employees of the postoffice department. This is Miss Edith Hill of Greenwich, Mass.

A wee drop. Sandy—An' ye want a drap o' whisky afore ye gang home, Tammas? Tammas—Ah, weel, just a wee draple.

Sandy—T'ven say when, ladie. Tammas—Nay, mon; the glass will say when.—London King

The above is the right kind prepared by the Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. 25 cents per box. All others are imitations.



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