

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

Table with columns for EAST, WEST, and SUNDAYS, listing train numbers and times for various routes.

PHILA & READING R. R. NORTH. SOUTH. 7:30 A. M. 11:24 A. M. 4:00 P. M. 8:05 P. M.

SHORT STORIES.

Thirty-five foreign countries have diplomatic representatives in Washington. Baltimore has now fewer than 80,000 colored inhabitants and Louisville fewer than 40,000.

FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

It is a very important item to keep house plants clean and free from dust. Giving the poultry the run of the plum orchard will aid materially in keeping down the curculio.

GERMAN ARMY OFFICERS.

The respect and deference shown to the German army officer on duty and off duty by his countrymen are wonderful to see, according to a London writer.

NOTES OF NOTABLES.

The president works hard, but does not show it. He takes daily exercise. Charles L. Hutchinson, the million air banker of Chicago, has been a church worker and a Sunday school superintendent for the past twenty-four years.

CYNICISMS.

If you are all right, you needn't talk yourself to death telling about it. When a man sees a sign "Keep Out," he thinks it is meant for other people.

BRAKES AND COUPLINGS.

There are only twenty-three daily runs of 100 miles and upward on all the French railway systems. "Thirty to forty miles an hour is the rule for railroad trains in Russia; in Siberia fifteen to twenty."

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

An opera founded on Viola Allen's "In the Palace of the King" is a London possibility. Miss Bates is under contract to David Belasco to appear in "Under Two Flags" for another year.

A Mother's Statement of a Fine Result—A Weak Nervous Little one Made Strong and Vigorous.

Mrs. J. E. Daniels of No. 403 W. Mahoning street, Danville, Pa., says: "My little girl Leah 12 years old has been very poorly and nervous for a long time and last winter was so bad that I had to keep her out of school. I got some of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Pills at Gosh's drug store and gave her some of them. They strengthened her wonderfully, relieved the headaches and she rested so much better."

AN ADVENTURE ON THIN ICE

They were standing on the north shore of Craigie's pond, and Ripley said: "I'd agree to ride across there on a load of bricks. It is ridiculous for your uncle to say that the ice is not strong."

As for Gertrude, throughout the past week, when there had been so much talk about skating, she had modestly and perhaps unwisely neglected to mention that she was anything more than a plain, straightaway skater, whereas in reality she entertained a notion that she might be able to show even the distinguished Mr. Ripley a few points in the game.

"There's a hundred feet of water under you," said Kemp. Ripley shied toward the bank involuntarily, and then, ashamed of himself and enraged at Kemp's laughter, he strode out to where a strange looking, black rock about as big as the top of a chimney, rose a few inches from the level of the pond.

"That's what we call the smoke-stack," said Kemp. "It comes up every step from the bottom of the pond and rises two or three feet into the air."

"Well, Miss Allen, how do you like Ripley's pond?" Ripley, descending the bank, "It's queer stuff, though," he added, stepping gingerly out upon it; "dull to the eye and perfectly opaque, like a gray stone. I wonder how deep the water is here?"

"He put his right arm around her, and the ice ground under them. For the next few seconds it seemed to him that he was skating on water rather than ice. He knew that with this burden he could never reach the shore; he knew that to sink with her was the end for both of them. And then the black top of that strange rock called the "smoke-stack" seemed to start up under his eyes. His right skate cut clean through. He stumbled, recovered himself and stood gasping on the rock with Gertrude in his arms.

"Well, Miss Allen," said he, "how do you like Ripley's pond?" The manner of this singular question went far toward calming her, and the rock under her feet felt firmer to her limbs.

"But we've tried the ice there. We know it's strong," said he. "Don't be afraid." He stepped off the rock and extended his hand to her. She held back. He instantly drew her forward, and the next instant they both scrambled to the smokestack again, while in the place where they had stood appeared an ominous marking upon the ice like a great spider's web.

"I'll tell you what's a fact, Miss Allen," said the young man, with a warning to be conventional. "It's a war of nerves, and this ice is melting faster than any ice I ever saw before. Upon my soul," he added, "it's beginning to rain."

"Do you realize what that means?" she asked. "We shall have to stay here forever!" "Well, it mightn't be more than two or three weeks," said he cheerfully. "This weather can't last always. And with you for company!"

"Do you suppose it would do any good to scream?" she asked suddenly. "Let's try."

HOWARD FIELDING

Copyright, 1901, By Charles W. Hooke

"This is a hard proposition," he said. "I must think it over. If Miss Allen had taken the advice of sensible people—"

Ripley, glancing at Gertrude, perceived that her face was crimson. "I can't stand it either," he said. "Shall we make a dash? The ice will surely hold if we go fast."

She nodded and took his hand. The next instant they were skimming toward the shore. But in that very spot where Ripley had stood in the morning when Kemp had started him with mention of the great depth below Gertrude was seized once more with uncontrollable trembling.

Feeling that she would fall, Ripley drew her toward him involuntarily while his speed was checked. And then he felt the ice sinking under them. Strangely, there seemed to be plenty of time and yet not time enough to move. Ripley's arm was around her; his face was close to hers. She clasped him suddenly, but not with the clinging of the last impulse of her heart, for an embrace exhaled—hallowed, indeed—by the near presence of death.

And then they stood together, stood in water not over a foot deep, stood, heaven knows how long, in that rippling, while his speed was checked. And then he felt the ice sinking under them. Strangely, there seemed to be plenty of time and yet not time enough to move.

"Kemp, you scoundrel," cried Ripley as he waded ashore with Gertrude in his arms. "I thought you said there was a hundred feet of water there!"

"Did I?" said Kemp calmly. "I must have meant the other side of the pond. This side is as flat as your hand out to that rock and beyond it. But, you see, I wanted to scare you, and I did it too. That rock, by the way, is about as tall as a good sized tree."

"But I feel a thousand lives," he added, turning to Gertrude, "while we were skulking together afterward."

"And I a thousand also," she whispered. Kemp looked at them wide eyed; then, all in an instant, the color went out of his face, and the breath out of his lungs with a sound like a great sob.

"The president works hard, but does not show it. He takes daily exercise. Charles L. Hutchinson, the million air banker of Chicago, has been a church worker and a Sunday school superintendent for the past twenty-four years."

"I am told, sir, that you spoke of me as a common liar."

HER GIANT FOLDING BED

By C. B. LOOMIS

It was against Mr. Bentley's advice that Cora bought the giant folding bed. They lived on the sixth floor in a small "five-rooms-and-a-bath-steam-heated-all-improvements" flat, and he said that such a huge folding bed was out of all proportion to the size of the bedroom.

When she went down to the store, she found she was just in time to get one at half price. What luck! She had expected to pay \$35 for the bed, and she got it at \$25, although by what process of arithmetic twenty-five becomes the half of thirty-five she did not stop to inquire.

But with the reduced price of the bed her good luck ended, and she entered upon a chapter of annoyances that would have made the bed dear as a gratuity.

The bed people were just moving out and were too busy to send the bed home. Five separate expressmen refused to stir their wagons when they learned that it was a giant. She began to see that it was a trouble bed.

But the bed people were just moving out and were too busy to send the bed home. Five separate expressmen refused to stir their wagons when they learned that it was a giant.

After ten minutes or so Mrs. Bentley heard maddening footsteps on the stairs, the swish of tearing wall paper, the crash of falling globes, and she knew that they were bringing the bed up stairs. So did all the other flat dwellers.

The arrival at different landings was punctuated by the crash of plates and the fall of plaster. And on the third floor the bed fell on one of the men. Luckily he was a fat German, and he escaped with a barked shin and a mild temper.

Long before that there was a string of "home rooming" beds of families separated from their little ones by the Chinese wall of a bed. Those who were athletic enough climbed over and escaped to their apartments, but the rest had to content themselves with throwing kisses to their beloved ones and telling them not to despair.

Mrs. Bentley had no better luck than there were so many people living in the house. The stairs were black with them, and the bed moved with the deliberation of a glacier.

When the men reached the fourth floor they clamored for beer, and Mrs. Bentley, being inexperienced, sent for two bottles, which were brought in by the janitor's son.

The two men sat down, or, rather, up, way up, on the bed and opened a bottle apiece amid groans from the belated dwellers who lived above the third. It is probable that they were now quite friendly seconded the plan.

HER MAJESTY THE NEW WOMAN

By Eliza Archard Conner

Speaking of Christmas and the children, a lady tells me that long ago, when she was perhaps five years old, she heard some little ones of her acquaintance taking a little more than their stockings by the fireplace and Santa Claus came down the chimney in the night and put gifts for each into the small hose. They had to be careful, they said, to be good for several weeks previous to Christmas, so Santa Claus would reward them; they had also to see to it that their stockings were clean and had no holes, or Santa Claus would be displeased and pass them by.

"Here; we four men ought to be able to move a little bed—a bed. Now, altogether; pull!" Mr. Cochran is a successful politician, but he had the wrong kind of pull with him, and the only result of the effort was that Mr. Bentley pulled off some of the molding and fell on his back.

"Nothing daunted, Mr. Cochran said, "Let's go around by way of the fire escape and push."

The two expressmen and Mr. Cochran made nothing of passing from Mrs. Bentley's parlor to Mrs. Cochran's parlor by the fire escape, but Mr. Bentley was light headed and had to be helped across by his wife. Then the two entered the Cochran apartments, for the first time, like thieves in the night.

Now all six combined their strength and pushed, but the bed only laughed at them. "Well, nothing more can be done now," said Cochran. "The bed is here, and it's got to stay here for the present. Now, you men might as well go about your business. You've done what you set out to do—the bed is up here fast enough, and it's a good job."

"How much do I owe you?" asked Bentley of the German. "Two dollars. I'll send around a carpenter if you want."

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Bentley. "He'll be able to move it." But the carpenter who was Mr. Bentley helped by his faithful wife, and then they bade the Cochrans good night. It was such an impossible thing that had happened that everybody felt good natured once more, just as in a blizzard or a period of excessive heat people make light of their misfortunes and passively joke one another.

Next morning immediately after breakfast Mrs. Bentley went down to the bed company to see whether they could suggest a way of getting the bed out of Mrs. Cochran's doorway.

The bed moved, and a big sign in the window bore the legend, "To Be Opened in a Few Days as a Ladies' Luncheon."

For the space of two days that bed stood in the doorway while carpenter after carpenter came and looked at it and shook his head and went away.

Lately I was in a party where nine women were, incidentally brought together. Among the nine there was a lecturer and teacher, a physician, a playwright, an actress and two newspaper women. The other three I was not well enough acquainted with to find out what their work was. But is the professional woman here?

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