Copyright, 1901, by Frederic Van

[Continued from last Week.] "Barrington," murmured Lisle, not heeding the interruption, which, how-ever, did not escape the keen eyes and shrewd surmise of the lawyer. "Then my true name is Lisle Barrington, or is

the name Lisle also false?" "No; that name was given to you in this room when you were a year old. You had not been named. It was nec essary that you should be supplied with one in order that it might be in serted in the will. Your father's moth er was a Lisle, and for that reason and also because the name is not indicative of sex you were called Lisle."

"Thank you. Now, sir"-tremulously "can you tell me about my mother?" "Yes," replied the lawyer. He might have been a stone image for all the feeling he manifested, and yet he must have realized the heart eagerness with which Lisle asked the question.
"Will you do so, Mr. Maxwell?

would like to have you tell me as much as you can about her without question on my part."

"I will tell you all that it is necessary for me to mention. Whatever further information you require I think it best that you should obtain from her in per-

Lisle leaped to her feet in great excitement. Her agitation was so strong that for a moment she could not utter a word. At last, however, she sank back upon the chair and more to herself than to the lawyer murmured: "She lives! My mother lives! Thank God!"

parently unconscious of the effect produced by his statement, "your mother lives. Her home is not very far from turn to Nevada, at least for the sumhere. I will give you the address when you leave me to go to her, which I suppose is your intention, but"-"My intention!"

-"but I hope that you will hear me through first. I am very glad that you are here and that it is your evident intention to atone as far as you can for the great wrong that she has suffered. I want to say to you that your father did his wife a deep injustice, and in consequence she has been a great sufferer. But she has borne it bravely and without permitting the world to know of her sorrow. She is still a beautiful woman, she enjoys good health, and she has never despaired of your return. She has always insisted that your father would send you to her when he saw death beckoning to him. She has never looked for his return. Now, Miss Barrington"-Lisle started at the name so calmly uttered-"the hour is still early. As your guardian, I regard it as my duty to advise you to go to your mother at once. Such business as we have to transact can be attended to at another time. This gentleman, I have no doubt, will accompany you."

"Yes, at once-at once! I thank you, mine. Will you go now, Craig?"

"Ready, Lisle," replied Craig, but he did not turn his head, and in another moment they were in the street, and the card upon which Daniel Maxwell held in Lisle's firm grasp.

The distance that they had to travel was spoken between them until they had mounted the steps which led to the door of the house wherein Lisle was born. Then Craig Thompson put out one hand and detained his companion.

"Walt, Lisle," he said. "There is something that I want to say to you before you ring the bell. It isn't fair that you should have too many sudden surprises in one night, and I want to prepare you for another that is to come." 'What is it, Craig?" asked Lisle.

"Do you remember that night at your home in the west when you sang to me while I sat on the veranda?" "Yes, I remember."

"Do you remember what you sang?" "Yes; Asher's 'Alice.'

"And how it affected me?" "Yes."

"Do you remember what I said to you about the song at that time?" "Not distinctly. What was it?"

"I told you that your voice sounded like my sister's. I told you that she used to sing it to me. I told you that I liked the song particularly well because its name was the same as her name - Alice. Do you remember, Lisle?" "Yes: I remember now."

"Well, little woman, don't you see what I mean?"

"No, Craig. What do you mean?" "This: When I went away from here 25 years ago, that sister and my worthless self were all there was left of our family. I went away, an outlaw, with state's prison staring me in the face, and it broke her beart. I wrote to her. and she begged me to return, and after seven years I came, but I came in the night, for I was afraid to appear in the

elaylight, and I went to her house.' "Why do you tell me this now, Craig?" "Be patient, Lisle. I went to her house. I had sent her word that I was roming. I had been two hours with her and was on the point of taking my departure when her husband appeared. My sister was in my arms. I was kissing her, and she was clinging to me, begging me not to go. Her husband had never seen me. He misunderstood what he saw. He struck me with his

cane, and I was knocked senseless When I recovered, Alice was insensible on the floor, and he had disappeared. I carried her to the sofa, saw that she had only fainted, kissed her and went away more than ever convinced that the greatest service I could do for her was to keep out of her life forever. I never once thought that her husband would so misjudge her that she would have no opportunity to explain my identity. I did not know him: I had never seen him; I knew his name; that was all. That night when he struck me I did not see his face. The blow fell before I knew that he was in the room. Lisle, the name of my sister's husband was Philip Barrington."

"Hush, Lisle; it is true! Your mother is my sister. Her name was Alice Craig. My name is Thomas Craig. I am your uncle. Come, now; let us go

God has given us the right this night to make one woman happy." "Two, Craig-I shall always call you that if you are my uncle-two, for I am

happy!" A moment later they passed into the house together.

CHAPTER XVII. "NOT LIKE OTHER WOMEN EITHER!"

where Lisle passed the years of her youth. Gathered upon he veranda near where the low windows of the library opened from it were Lisle and her mother, Thomas O. Thomas of Kansas City and his daughter and, sitting upon the balustrade,

with his long legs dangling over it,



"Come, now; let us go in."

Craig Thompson. A year had passed since that same party, with the exception of Mrs. Barington, was assembled there a year that had meant much to Lisle and in fact to them all. Craig was just the same old Craig, not a whit altered except by the disappearance of the beard, which he had not again permitted to grow, and the fact that he wore his hair shorter than formerly. In other respects be was the same. He had resumed his western manner and habits with his western dress, and, if the truth be told. Lisle liked him better so. There was something incongruous and unfamiliar about him while he was in the east, and, after the trip abroad, during which he accompanied Lisle and her mother, they all elected to remer, and Erna and her father were in-

vited to join the party. Regarding the reunion of mother and daughter at that time one year ago, when, with Craig. Lisle had left the presence of her lawyer to call upon her mother, very little need be said. To look upon them now, side by side, one seemed to be the counterpart of the other, with the difference wrought by years alone, for, although Lisle had resembled her father, she certainly was "the image of her mother."

The two ranches were combined into one, and both were under the management of Craig Thompson, who had lived the free western life so long that he preferred it to any other and who also clung to his western name with the same tenacity with which he adhered to habits which had become second nature to him. "Tell you what, Lisle," he said when

the conversation lagged somewhat, "people who live in the great cities of the east don't know what life is. You can't live to please yourself in such a place, no matter how hard you try, and out here you can't help it. The only times in my life when I feel independent of all creation are when I have got sir, in my mother's name as well as in my legs a-straddle of a good horse, with a coiled riata on the pommel of my saddle, a pair of forty-fours in my belt, a cool breeze from the peaks of the Sierras filling my lungs and my eyes roaming over a bunch of cattle had written the address was tightly that stretches away just as far as I can see. That's the life for me, and I'm going to live it to the end of my days. was not great, and it was soon coverwant to, but I'll stay here and see that the bank accounts don't dwindle and keep my account with the Lord straight, too, for I don't believe I could do it in

the east." "You ought to marry, Mr. Thompton," said Erna. "You wouldn't be so lonely when Lisle and her mother are

"Well, I don't know about that. Maybe you're right, and maybe you're wrong. I can't tell, though, what I would do if you were a little older or I here a little younger. Perhaps in that hase I'd ask you to marry me." "It might be that the difference in our ages would not be objectionable to

me," said Erna mischlevously. "You might ask me anyhow. It is the only way to find out." "No. it isn't. There is another."

"What is it?" "Never to ask at all. You see, Erna I don't want you. I never would be ontented anywhere unless I was boss, and if you made me stand around the way you do your dad I'd be the unhappiest fellow out of jail, and anyhow you're spoke for, so Tom tells me." "I might give the other fellow the

mitten for your sake," she retorted. "Then I wouldn't have you anyway," he answered. "A gal that'll go back on one fellow for another will never be true to anybody, and I wouldn't give 2 cents for her-not if she was the prettiest critter this side of kingdom come. Come on, Tom. Let's go over to the corral and see the horses.' As they moved away Mr. Thomas

murmured in an undertone: "What a lovely woman Lisle is!"

"You bet!" replied Craig. "Tonight reminds me of the first time that I ever saw her," continued Thomas. "She was a man then, but even then I noticed that she was not like

"No, and now she ain't like other women either. She's got enough of both in her to make the finest woman on top of God's green earth, and that's what she is.

After that they changed the subject and talked horse.

THE END.

Curiositles In Language.

It is curious to note at so late a pe

riod as 1580 the prothesis of "n" to which a word beginning with a vowe was subject when it was preceded by a participle ending in "n;" hence, "In England," pronounced "In Ningland." Such oddities as "a nele"-"an eel"may thus be explained by supposing not that the "n" of the article has shift ed its position to the substantive, but that it has simply dropped away from its double. We may conclude also that Goodby," the present representative of "God boui" (Anglice, "God b'wee"). was unknown to London ears in 1580. A Frenchman would not have failed to tell us if he had heard anybody saying

"Goude bai." Some persons think that the two forms have different etymologies, but it is more probable that the older form corrupted into the later when the pronunciation of "b'wee" was found troublesome and the etymology was lost sight of. Such corruption would be facilitated by confusion with the expressions "good day," "good night;" hence the change of "God" to "good," which

puzzles so many.-Notes and Queries.

Little Nell Fowler

ALBERT

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Crowds lined the streets from curb stone back to the very buildings, and as far almost as the eye could reach this dense mass of humanity, men, women and children, cheered and waved parasols, hats, handkerchiefs and min-

The great Labor day parade passed slowly along, and parties of picnickers filled the street cars on other thorough-

Fathers, husbands and sons were where every son of toil should be on such a day, in the ranks of the labor men on parade. A few were working in miniature shops erected as floats representing some particular line of industry and drawn along the streets by gayly decked horses, but the multitude tive union, doing his little to swell the showing in the army of the laboring man, the bone and sinew of a great

Ted Gardner, as usual, was in line. Ted's friends always looked for him on various unions and labor organizers representing the different branches of mechanical art. For six years Ted had been with the Westchester company, and there was not a man of the five hundred and more employees who earned his livelihood within the walls but had a cheery word for Ted. Since the last Labor day parade, however, to appeared to be just as cheerful as in too much night work at home.

"It's enough to work your eight hours each day, Ted," said Fitson to him the morning of the parade, "and put in hid her face in the pillows. "Not the kind that knocks around,

Fits," replied Ted. "Go over and see the girl, then, my boy," responded Fitson as a parting shot. "That's better still."

"Good advice," muttered Gardner to himself, "but I quit that a year ago." The Westchester employees always met after the Labor day ceremonies and had an excursion of their own in a general, good, old fashioned picnic style. This year Ted had decided to take charge of the two floats that came from the Westchester shops and see them safely returned. He was not going to the picnic.

On one float, showing a small marine engine and three benches with the same number of men busily at work, was Ted attired in working clothes and doing nothing in particular, but moving about.

His mind was evidently on the other float ahead, for he continually glanced in that direction. On this float was a genuine, if small, naphtha launch, and to add to the realistic effect three la dies of the office staff and as many men from the same department, becomingly attired in boating costumes, were lounging about on the cushions The small engine in the craft was not working, but the naphtha was occasionally lighted to keep steam up for the purpose of blowing the ear split ting whistle at stated intervals.

It was not the float itself that at tracted the attention of young Gardner, but little Nell Fowler, one of the three ladies. Nell was the oldest daughter of big Joe Fowler, for many years foreman of the Westchester works, and a man who thought well of Ted and had kept his eve on the boy in the early days, for "there's some round the world seeing things all you thing more than ordinary in that cuss," he would say. But Joe contracted dip theria during the epidemic in the shops in 1899 and was the third of the eight men carried off that never to be forgot-

ten spring. The company did "something handnome," as the boys put it, for each of Dakota averaging 1,660 pounds each the bereaved families, and in addition were sold in Chicago last August at in Fowler's case took into the office at \$107.90 per head. a fair salary his daughter Nell, a youn; woman of some twenty summers.

The day of Joe's death Ted had met Nell walking down to the works to deliver the message. She was weeping. He had never spoken to her be fore, but he suspected her mission and, raising his cap politely, said feelingly: "Please, Miss Fowler, I'll tell them at the works. Don't you go down there.'

Nell hesitated a moment, looked ap pealingly at him, then "Thank you, she said. "You are very kind." Quickly she retraced her steps, and Ted. watching the retreating figure for a moment, sauntered off to break the news to the office staff.

Yes, he remembered all that as though it were yesterday, yet it was almost three years ago. Labor day of that year Nell was not at the picnic but on the next holiday she was there, and on that very day he had told her. It needed no telling, for Nell had known long ago, as every woman does, and she was proud of it, but she sat silently picking a wild flower to pieces as he spoke, and finally when he asked that she give up the office and come with him to a new home of their own she rose to her feet and moved away.

He had followed. From then on she seemed to change. At least Ted thought so. Again he had spoken and this time got an answer. It was "No." If she held any love for him, it was hidden deep somewhere beyond the vision of

human eyes. "If it's on account of your mother, Nell," Ted ventured, "why, of course, she'll live with us. I want her too. Why, bless you, Nell," he went on with a cheerful smile, "I believe I want her as bad as I do you."

But Nell only shook her head, and day after day, as Ted passed the office, he watched her bending over the desk, and she seemed to be slipping farther and farther away from him and his

All this flashed through his mind a he parade moved on, and he glance from the cheering crowds to the little

figure in the float ahead. The procession was now near end of the line of march and had stopped temporarily at the bridge over the river, which rushed past the sou entrance to the park, where the fine review and sports were to take place In the small launch ahead the occ pants were taking advantage of th stop to change seats. The engine was starting the flow of naphtha under the boiler to produce more steam for a final screeching of the little whistl

as they entered the grounds. Nell had moved down to the stern of the boat. Before she was seated, how ever, there came a deafening report and a blaze of light, followed by the

screams of women. Ted heard and saw it all. For second he did not move, could not, but it was only for a second. Then he leaped over into the crowd; in another instant he was climbing up the burn

ing float. The naphtha had exploded.

APPRAISEMENT OF over each other, screaming in theh frenzy to escape death beneath the hoofs of the horses. Ted reached the seat and grasped the lines. The ani

Year 1903.

No; he could not control them! On they dashed on the edge of the stream but not into the saving flood. Losing occupants stood screaming, not daring tour and State of Pennsylvania, viz: to jump. The engineer was writhing

in agony, a mass of flames. The pain was driving him mad. Suddenly he jumped to his feet, leaped into the air and-to his death. Nell stood with her face buried in her hands. The flames reached for her skirts. Now her hands were stretched out toward him. "Ted!" she cried and staggered forward. Gardner caught her in his arms, and, standing for a moment poised on the edge of the sway ing vehicle, he shot forward and over

The horses, almost mad with fright

dashed off at a wild pace. Men, won en and children rushed and tumble

ward the river. Would he guide then

minute or less.

time was losing life.

nto the water? The crowd saw his ef-

sand, but he made it. from under the influence of the soothone of the huge floats that preceded the there at the bedside, one little hand resting softly in his own big palm. She opened her eyes slowly, and they

met his "Ted, dear, you are alive?" she murmured. "I was-afraid-that"-

"Hush, little girl!" Then, bending over, he kissed a bandaged hand. "You must not talk just now, and, his most intimate friends Ted had not besides, dear," he went on smilingly, "I know what all your fears were. You the old days. Moreover, he was doing have a bad habit of talking in your



least twenty-five years, perhaps much

mortgages on the farms than they ever helped to remove.

any other state and is not through

ninety-six sheep being killed by a single lightning stroke in Colorado.

accepted abbreviations for tomatoes, potatoes, cucumbers and cantaloupes.

hickory wood being worth \$6 as fuel, worth only \$2.40.

We know of one man who by letting his wife have all the poultry money re ceived a nice fur coat last year as a Christmas present.

The nut growers of the Pacific coast are to have a convention in the near future. It is safe to infer that they will have a cracking good time.

Pennsylvania with the smallest.

being subject to the almanac.

were fed to advantage, however.



way a cold in the head by mail; Trial Size, 10 cents by mail.

J. J. BROWN, THE EYE A SPECIALTY.

Hours-10 a. m. to 5 p. m.

fort and cheered. All this happened in List of persons and firms engaged in selling and vending goods, wares, merchandise, commodities, or effects of whatever kind or nature. residing and Ted looked back into the float. The doing business in the County of Mon-

ANTHONY TOWNSHIP.

DANVILLE, FIRST WARD.

Houghton, W. C. tead, Boyd E. Wagner, Miss L. COOPER TOWNSHIP.

Dewald, J. B.

Abbott, C. F.

Gillaspy, James V.

Heddens, Daniel B.

Heddens, James C.

Grand Union Tea Co.

Gosh, Wm.

Grone, A. H.

Harris, A. G.

Hunt, D. C.

James, U. Y.

Knoch, Paul

Leniger Bros.

Lowenstein, S.

Marks, Daniel

Martin, James.

Montgomery, J. Cooper

Moore, H. R.

Owen, F. M.

Peters, F. G.

Philips, A. M.

Riehl, James L.

Roat, George W.

Schram, Mart H.

Schatz, Andrew

Williams, W. C.

Woods, Chas.

Carr, John A.

Esterbrook, H.

Foust, Russell

Harner, F. R.

Heffner George

Koons, Harry

Mills, Samuel

Rishel, W. H.

Walker, W. H. N

Byerly, Daniel

Beyer, Chas.

Boyer, Franklin

Bernheimer, H.

Cleaver, J. B.

Cole, J. H.

Cromwell, M.

Cochell, Frank L.

Dreifuss & Co.

Dietz, L. C.

Divel, Henry

Doster's Sons

Davis, L. J.

Dailey, James

Eckman, D. R.

Evans, T. J.

Foster Bros.

Fallon Bros.

Gouger, W. L.

Gearhart, J. B.

Haney, David H.

Hill, Mrs. Emma

Howe, F. W.

Henrie, J. & F.

Johnson, O. C.

Jacobs John Sons

Longenberger, H.

Longenberger, C. & M

Kinn, Chas. M.

Lyons, C. S.

Lunger, W. E.

Landau, M. L.

Limberger, Wm, E.

McWilliams, Carl

Miller, Charles

Maiers, Elias

Marks, R. L.

Mayan Bros.

Martin, James

McCormick, D. O.

McCaffrey, Susan

McLain, G. L.

Myers, Geo. A

Miller, R. S.

Peters, A. M.

Persing, I. A.

Peifer, Clarence

Rieck, Caroline

Rosenstein, B.

Rosenstein, A

Riley, M. J.

Ryan, James

Roat, Wellington

Russell, Andrew

Rempe, Henry

Russell, F. R.

Rogers. W. J.

Ricketts, S. F.

Salmon, Hairy G

Rank, C. A.

Rossman, Geo. R.

Rosenstein, Mrs. R.

Reifsnyder, Geo. F.

Pegg, R. J.

Murray, P. C. & Son

McCormick, D. O. & Co.

O'Brien, Mrs. Kathryn

Pursel & Montgomery

Paules, W. R. & Co.

Haney, Charles W.

Goldman, H. & Bros.

Fry, J. H.

Cohen & Newman.

Danville Milling Co.

Dougherty, James F.

Ellenbogen, Harry & Bros.

Boettinger & Dietz

Ritter, C. C.

LaRue, Abram

Kemmer, Albert

Gibbons, John C.

Hoffman, Theo. Jr.

Aten, W.

Sechler, George R.

Thomas, Mrs. Wm. J.

Trumbower & Werkheiser

Wintersteen, George B.

DANVILLE, SECOND WARD.

DANVILLE, THIRD WARD.

Yorgy & Reifsnyder

Schoch, H. M.

Shannon, J.

Magill, R. D.

Litz. Carl

Hunt, G. Shoop

Hancock, C. P.

below. It was one chance in a thou It was not until after midnight that the physicians allowed her to come out ing opiates. When she did, Ted was

He raised a warning finger.



Thrashing machines have put more

The granger who goes to church in a

were sold in Chicago last August at Upon the basis of a cord of shellbark

the world also.

The average hay crop of the year is placed by the department of agriculture at 1.45 tons per acre. Oregon shows up with the largest crop and

In Galicia the wage of the farm lastarving to death on a pittance of from 3 to 16 cents a day. Men are justified in fighting before it comes anywhere

A friend writes us that if Canada thistles which we have known could not be disposed of in this manner, not

periment station on the value of conlimental foods in the fattening of stock are adverse to the use of such foods. Some brands of prepared food specially rich in protein and free from dope



Cream Balm is placed into the nostrils, spreads over the membrane and is absorbed. Relief is im-nediate and a cure follows. It is not drying—does not produce sneezing. Large Size, 50 cents at Drug

Waples & Garrison.

Amesbury, A. C. the embankment, down into the river Antrim, W. L. Bailey, S. & Co. Bausch, Mrs. E. M. Butterwick, N. Z. Corman, E. Davis, Mrs. Letitia Dietz, S. M. Drumheller, O. R. Evans, K. J. Evans, T. A.

With an effort she raised his big brawny hand to her lips, then, turning,



Seed corn will retain its vitality at

Georgia raises more peaches than

planting peach trees yet. There is an authenticated record of

rubber tired surrey ought to give at least \$25 toward the parson's salary. Toms, spuds, cukes and cants are the

A lot of grass fed steers from North

the wood of the Lombardy poplar is

The people of the United States have in their possession one-fourth of all the gold there is in the world and about one-fourth of all the good things in

borer has been so reduced that he is

thistles are cut each year on the 9th and 10th of July and the 5th and 6th of August it will finish them up. The

Recent tests made by the Iowa ex-



ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

Eves tested, treated, fitted with gla es and artificial eyes supplied.

Market Street, Bloomsburg, Pa.

Swarts, J. W Smith, Geo. F. Shelhart, David

mals made a swift turn and fled to Of Montour County for the

Smith, Joe Smedley, Fred Seidel, W. M. Smith, Geo. H. Schott, T. A. Schott, Anthony Tooley, J. F. Thomas, Gomer Tully, Thomas Titel, Lewis Tooey & Henning. Welliver, S. J.

Woods, E. A. Warga, Mrs. S. Wands, Miss C. DANVILLE, FOURTH WARD. Bruder, John Deitrick, Peter

Harris, B. H. Hofer, Mary A. DERRY TOWNSHIP. Mowrer, Charles Mowrer, C. F.

Vognetz, G. D.

Kramm, W. H.

Beeling, F. S.

Rishel, D. R.

Heller, W. C.

Wise, B. F. LIMESTONE TOWNSHIP Felton, L. E.

LIBERTY TOWNSHIP. Ford, Wm. G. James, Bart Moser, Richard B. MAHONING TOWNSHIP.

Roberts, John E. MAYBERRY TOWNSHIP. Vought, Z. O.

VALLEY TOWNSHIP.

Delsite, E. S. Lawrence, W. S. Moser, Frederick Wise, W. D. WASHINGTONVILLE. Cromis, Geo. W. Cotner & Diehl

Gibson, C. F. Gibson, E. W. Gault, A. B. Heddens, A. L. Heddens, George K. Heddens, Fanny Messersmith, W. J. Yerg, Fred Yerg, T. B.

Deighmiller, C. J. WHOLESALE VENDERS G. Weil, First Ward. Atlantic Refining Co., Third Ward. Bloch & Benzbach, Third Ward.

WEST HEMLOCK TOWNSHIP.

Welliver Hardware Co., Third Ward. POOL AND BILLIARDS. O. R. Drumheller, First Ward. James L. Riehl, First Ward. C. M. Kinn, Third Ward. BROKER.

Goeser John H. & Co., Third Ward.

EATING HOUSE. Wyant, J. B. Notice is hereby given to all concerned in this appraisement, that an appeal will be held at the Commissioner's Office Natiooke...... at the Court House in Danville, Pa., on | Mocanaqua ... Wapwatlopen Saturday, May 30th, between the hours | Nescopeck. of 9 a. m. and 4 p. m., when and where you may attend if you think proper.

JAS. F. DOUGHERTY,

Danville, Pa., April 28th, 1903. Traverse Jurors. First Ward, Danville-John Freeze, John H. Gernet, John Jacobs, Sr.,

 John C. Peifer, Oscar G. Reily.
 Catawissa.....lv
 8 5 11_57
 4 13

 Second Ward, Danville—Frank
 J.
 Sunbury.....ar
 4 21 15 4 31

 John C. Peifer, Oscar G. Reily. Boyer, Thomas Black, Sr., Jacob Berger, Patrick Griffen, Charles Leighow, Harry Schick. Third Ward, Danville-Conrad Aten, Simon Brown, Con Conley, D. O. Mc-

Riffle, Albert Young. Fourth Ward, Danville-Charles Ford, John Krieger, Hugh McCaffrey, John Merrill, Patrick Scott. Anthony Township - Frank E. Diehl, W. O. Krumm, Joseph W. Sweitzer.

Cooper Township-John Casey, Sr.,

Cormick, Wellington Roat, James

Charles Fry. Derry Township-C. H. Springer, George Raup. Liberty Township-John F. Ack. Limestone Township-Calvin W. Derr, David Foust, Charles Golder, Harrisburg.... lv | 11 45 || 5 00 || 7 15 10 || P. M. A. M. C. J. Mincemoyer.

Charles Uttermiller, Thomas Madden, Peter Mottern, James C. Lake, Lloyd Krum, William Jordan, Jr., Antheny Deihl, Fred Becker. Valley Township-E. J. Beyer,

Mahoning Township-Lewis Seitz,

Samuel Fausey, Samuel Kester. Washingtonville-B. F. Umstead.

Grand Jurors. The following is the list of jurors for May term of Court: First Ward, Danville-John F. Hix son, William F. Johnson, A. S. Patton, Thad. S. Vincent.

Second Ward, Danville-John Lor-Third Ward, Danville-Jacob Fischr. Thomas T. Schott. Fourth Ward, Danville-John Caro diskey, Thomas Dempsey, Thomas H. Lee. Samuel Lormer, Miles Welsh,

William Zeilenbach.

Charles H. Rudy.

Anthony Township-John Dennen, Joshua Hagerman. Cooper Township-Alfred Blecher. Derry Township-C. S. Mourer. Liberty Township-Robert C. Auten, F. M. Millheim. Limestone Township-George W.

Mahoning Township-William Fern

Valley Township-Philip E. Beyer,

Rboert M. Blue. Dizzy?

Then your liver isn't acting well. You suffer from biliousness, constipation. Ayer's Pills act directly on the liver. For 60 years they have been the Standard Family Pill. Small doses cure. All druggists Want your moustache or beard a beautiful

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the

catches on the white miller and black flies. These are the most popular for this date and have been unusually sucessful this season, owing to low creeks. These, however, have not been used to the exclusion of other baits. Already this season the coackman has been used with much success. The queen of the waters and the old

standby, the black gnat, have not been

neglected by the old fly fishermen.

THE TROUT SEASON.

With the trout season in full swin

devices which the crafty fisherman

has invented to catch the wilv trout.

Though they are as ingenious as can

be conceived, it must be remembered

And another consoling feature for the

late season fisherman is that the trout

Early season fishermen report many

annot be made to bite.

that all the trout are not yet caught.

t is interesting to note the different

LACKAWANNA RAILROAD.

BLOOMSBURG DIVISION

These flies will be very popular within two weeks. Fishermen still cling to the old style, altered to suit their tastes, of baiting with a two-foot leader and the three flies, the brown leading, then the black or white, according to the traditions governing the sport. Fish- Nor ing this season has been made more enjoyable by the use of the enamel line. It has certainly saved much profanity. Nothing aggravates an old fisherman, it is all in the sport. But with a new one, he loses his nationce each time his line catches on the overhanging branch or wraps around the

eliminated to a great extent by the enamel line. The advantages of this line are many and it meets the need as nothing else can. It cannot be soaked if it stays in the water for 20 years. While it is pliable, it will not wrap around ob- Pittston stacles for the reason that it is smooth and will not cling. This is what

roots of a distant laurel about 30 feet

down the stream. This has been

makes the line so popular.

Automatic reels have not thus far Scranton. proved as popular as it was expected they would. Old fishermen seem to be suspicious of them and cling to the improved simple reel. The market has many varieties of good, simple Buffalo

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cures Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Pneumonia, Hay Fever, Pleurisy, LaGrippe, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup and Whooping Cough. NO CURE. NO PAY. Price 50c. & \$1. Trial Bottle Free. PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD,

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