

# SLATER'S RAID...

By Frank L. Pollock

Copyright, 1913, by Frank L. Pollock

It was a cosmopolitan group that sat around the campfires of Slater's horse. The troop numbered twenty men all told, drawn from every one of the Anglo-Saxon races of the planet. There were Americans, Englishmen, Canadians, Australians and South Africans, and they had come from the ends of the earth to take part in such a row as promised to follow when Cuba threw out her flag against that of Spain. Their leader was a Viratino. There was not a Cuban or a Spaniard in the company, and the name of Slater's troop was a name of terror to the government forces from Pinar del Rio to Sagua la Grande.

To see them was to encamp no one would have supposed that they were engaged in one of the most daring raids that had been advertised since the war opened in 1895. The officers (there were two) sat democratically on the ground among their men. There was a talking, a laughing, a mingled sound of confused talking and of jovial, free-landed profanity. The shadows of the men loomed big on the background of tropical vegetation, where the red firelight flashed fitfully from time to time, and showed the form of a tethered horse and now the figure of a sentry leaning against a smooth cotopalm.

It was no small affair that these men were engaged in, nothing less, in fact, than a raid on the trocha line. It was not the policy of the Cuban leaders to risk a pitched battle, so to arouse the enthusiasm of the men and at the same time to keep the enemy on the alert; such expeditions were undertaken from time to time.

They had encamped some fifty miles from the Spanish line, and the attack was fixed for the next night. A dash across the country, a stealthy advance on the fortifications, another dash, a sabre and revolver, and a triumphal retreat—this was the programme that Slater's horse proposed to itself.

Next morning they rode up and down the rolling hills in the early dawn for two hours and then rested for the heart of the day in a cool and very secluded grove, where they would be screened from any wandering guerrillas. Late at night they saddled again and rode cautiously forward till they were not more than forty rods from the trocha itself. They could see the watch fires on the farther side of the great redoubt shining between the strands of the barbed wire fence stretched along the line.

Between them and the trocha lay a dangerous obstacle, an incandescent defense, composed of a number of wires drawn six inches apart and a foot above the ground. This network over which it was impossible to ride and, as its width was uncertain, dangerous to leap. Slater knew of this impediment, however, and had made his plans accordingly. Half a dozen men dismounted in silence and, taking snipers from their saddles, crawled forward into the darkness. The rest of the troop sat silently on horseback hearkening to the sounds and to the occasional clicking noise right ahead where their comrades were cutting the barbed wires.

In the course of half an hour the men came back and in whispers reported the way clear. The wires had been cut and dragged aside, so as to leave a road of sufficient width for the passage of the troop even in the hurried retreat which must follow. The whole party then dismounted and led the horses stealthily forward till almost at the very brink of the trocha. The Spaniards on the other side were clearly visible, while they themselves were hidden in deep shadow. Three men were left to guard the animals, and the rest scrambled into the ditch and up the other side.

So quietly was all this done that the whole performance passed unobserved till Slater sprang upon the parapet and began shouting at the Spaniards. They were taken by surprise and a shot from the nearest Spaniard, followed by a miscellaneous rattle of rifles along the lines. The troops swarmed out and saw a string of men hacking furiously at the wires with one hand and playing a sniping war with the other. In the dim firelight their numbers could not be ascertained.

At this amazing spectacle the soldiers fired a volley—that is, discharged their rifles in the general direction of the foe. When the smoke cleared this operation seemed to have produced no effect on the invaders, who had now cut and torn the strands apart and were actually within the inclosure. They bore down in line on the Spaniards, revolver in one hand, blade in the other. No soldier marked them as they, but men whose lives had often and often hung upon a pistol shot, and now their enemies felt the effect. In an seconds thirty of the blue uniforms were writhing on the soil, and the remainder held their hands up in surrender. The Spaniards were not without a proverb that teaches that discretion is the better part of valor. They drew back. Their shots seemed to have no effect on these madmen, whose pistols emitted a continuous stream of fire. The Spaniards became street, the retreat a panic. They crowded together and ran for the tents, a hundred men routed by seventeen. Slater did not pursue them farther. The long roll was sounding up and down the lines, and the firing would ring down a dozen regiments in five minutes. He had done all that was necessary, but cut up the enemy's line with a small number of a company and without loss, so that it was time to retreat as swiftly as he had made the attack.

A torch was thrust into the nearest cluster of tents, the flames gleaming through the meshwork of the barbed wire. A crash was heard inside the ditch, and the little band went back as they did, some leaving the cut wires and a score of dead to mark where they had passed. A minute more and they were mounted and thundering across country again. He had done all that was necessary, but cut up the enemy's line with a small number of a company and without loss, so that it was time to retreat as swiftly as he had made the attack.

He was wrong, for there was at that moment rage and cursing in the snail camp. The officer in command at that point had had a heavy weight that the rebels would never sink the lines. Naturally he was not to regret the delay which had caused them to be overtaken. Slater drew in

his horse, and the others gathered round. "Way's closed," said the leader sententiously. "Got to fight here or surrender."

"Or cut our way through," suggested the man from Harvard.

"The women!" remarked Slater, and the other accepted the fact.

"If they were only mounted!" muttered a trooper.

The Spanish riders were now drawing in, and a volley of carbines ran back from the trocha.

"They had aimed high, with the result that three men of the troop toppled from their saddles. This left that number of mounts free."

"Can you ride, senora?" said Slater. Each report in the direction of the trocha.

"Then mount here, if you please. We must try to cut our way out. Are you afraid?"

"It is the privilege of a Cuban woman to fear nothing, except capture by two men ruffians. There."

The man from Harvard was struck by her courage, but he could not stop to admire it. The women were helped astride the dead troopers' saddles (it was no time for false modesty), and the rest formed up around them. One of the women held out her hand toward Slater's holsters, but he pointed out the fact that there were pistols already in the holsters before them. They took these out and handled them with familiarity, and the women were ready.

The Spaniards had passed a few hundred yards away and were scrutinizing the men they had pursued. I do not know why they did not rush down and overwhelm them by sheer weight. Possibly their number counted against them, or their rifles were untried. At any rate, they stood still a moment till they saw the band form in hollow square, with the women in the center, and charge down upon them.

Slater was leading. The guerrillas were ordered forward to meet the attack, and when they came within fifty yards the pistols began to crackle on both sides. A charging horse stumbled heavily to the ground, throwing his rider headlong. An incessant volley poured from the dark recesses of the assault, and the Spaniards recoiled from the spot on which it was directed, where men and horses rolled together on the earth. A moment, and the little company, with the impetus of a bullet, had crashed into this shrinking and sunk right in for the Spaniards' lengths. There was a shimmer all about as the men swung the machetes above their heads and urged on the plunging horses. The Spaniards directly in front strove to get clear, to lance more room for fighting, and the insurgents pushed forward to the farthest inch. It really seemed for a little that they would win through the Spanish ranks.

The guerrillas next the troop were exchanging desperate words more than they were shouting. The Spaniards were pressing closer and firing wildly into the swirl of the fight with revolvers. Five of Slater's men had gone down beneath the blows that came from front and rear alike. There were but twelve left, and these reloaded their efforts to break through the trap that held them so fast. Slater rode in front, slashing to right and left with a huge machete. He cut down an opposing trooper, pistolled the horse as the rider fell and sprang forward into the space thus provided. His men followed and by sheer dint of blows managed to gain a few yards more. But the foe gathered close, and again two of the handful went down. The air was all a-quiver with steel blades about the fight, but now that the insurgents had got a few feet in advance more they were slowly, yet surely, thrusting their way through the circling crowd. But they lost a man for every yard they won. Pistol bullets hummed through the melee, striking down friend and foe alike. One of the women was hit on the neck by a musket ball, and the other, either wounded or fainting, slid from her saddle, and both disappeared beneath the press.

While Slater's horse thus melted away Slater rode in the front and knew not how the others fared. He only knew that he was leaving his desperate way forward as a bushman leaves his way through the tropical jungle. He had lost his hat, and his hair was clogged and dripping with blood, but he took no heed of wounds. All his effort was to reach the open space beyond, and at last, bleeding from head and neck, he swayed into the clear ground and looked about for his men.

Not one had followed. He was alone. The women he had rescued were gone too. He stared about as if dazed, while the Spaniards stood and wondered at the man who had done so mightily in the battle. The blood was pouring from a deep cut in the neck of his horse. The animal's knees began to tremble, and presently it sank to the ground.

Slater fell with it. The troops rushed forward, but when they came to him he was dead, with the red blade still clinched in his fingers.

And the women for whom this score of men had recklessly thrown away their lives lay trampled and crushed beneath the hoofs of the guerrilla horse. But shall it therefore be said of Slater's troop that their sacrifice was made in vain?

History is an act of creation. Facts, however exhaustive and absolutely ascertained, are but the bricks and mortar of the historian, fundamental, indispensable and most highly respectable, but in their raw state they are the unutilized possession of the one, or at most of the few. It is not till they have undergone the mental processes of the artist by the due selection and grouping of the materials at his disposal that there is evolved a picture comprehensible by the mass of men. Then only are they in any adequate sense communicated, made part of the general stock. Work that done may be justly called a creation, for while the several facts are irreversibly independent of the master's fabrication or manipulation, the master's fabrication or manipulation is a creative force, for while the several facts are irreversibly independent of the master's fabrication or manipulation, the master's fabrication or manipulation is a creative force, for while the several facts are irreversibly independent of the master's fabrication or manipulation, the master's fabrication or manipulation is a creative force.

It is a pity that the Spaniards had not been more than a few hundred yards away and were scrutinizing the men they had pursued. I do not know why they did not rush down and overwhelm them by sheer weight. Possibly their number counted against them, or their rifles were untried. At any rate, they stood still a moment till they saw the band form in hollow square, with the women in the center, and charge down upon them.

Slater was leading. The guerrillas were ordered forward to meet the attack, and when they came within fifty yards the pistols began to crackle on both sides. A charging horse stumbled heavily to the ground, throwing his rider headlong. An incessant volley poured from the dark recesses of the assault, and the Spaniards recoiled from the spot on which it was directed, where men and horses rolled together on the earth. A moment, and the little company, with the impetus of a bullet, had crashed into this shrinking and sunk right in for the Spaniards' lengths. There was a shimmer all about as the men swung the machetes above their heads and urged on the plunging horses. The Spaniards directly in front strove to get clear, to lance more room for fighting, and the insurgents pushed forward to the farthest inch. It really seemed for a little that they would win through the Spanish ranks.

The guerrillas next the troop were exchanging desperate words more than they were shouting. The Spaniards were pressing closer and firing wildly into the swirl of the fight with revolvers. Five of Slater's men had gone down beneath the blows that came from front and rear alike. There were but twelve left, and these reloaded their efforts to break through the trap that held them so fast. Slater rode in front, slashing to right and left with a huge machete. He cut down an opposing trooper, pistolled the horse as the rider fell and sprang forward into the space thus provided. His men followed and by sheer dint of blows managed to gain a few yards more. But the foe gathered close, and again two of the handful went down. The air was all a-quiver with steel blades about the fight, but now that the insurgents had got a few feet in advance more they were slowly, yet surely, thrusting their way through the circling crowd. But they lost a man for every yard they won. Pistol bullets hummed through the melee, striking down friend and foe alike. One of the women was hit on the neck by a musket ball, and the other, either wounded or fainting, slid from her saddle, and both disappeared beneath the press.

While Slater's horse thus melted away Slater rode in the front and knew not how the others fared. He only knew that he was leaving his desperate way forward as a bushman leaves his way through the tropical jungle. He had lost his hat, and his hair was clogged and dripping with blood, but he took no heed of wounds. All his effort was to reach the open space beyond, and at last, bleeding from head and neck, he swayed into the clear ground and looked about for his men.

Not one had followed. He was alone. The women he had rescued were gone too. He stared about as if dazed, while the Spaniards stood and wondered at the man who had done so mightily in the battle. The blood was pouring from a deep cut in the neck of his horse. The animal's knees began to tremble, and presently it sank to the ground.

Slater fell with it. The troops rushed forward, but when they came to him he was dead, with the red blade still clinched in his fingers.

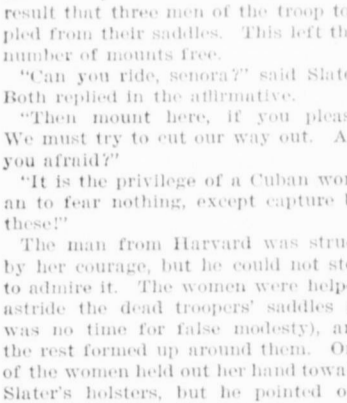
And the women for whom this score of men had recklessly thrown away their lives lay trampled and crushed beneath the hoofs of the guerrilla horse. But shall it therefore be said of Slater's troop that their sacrifice was made in vain?

History is an act of creation. Facts, however exhaustive and absolutely ascertained, are but the bricks and mortar of the historian, fundamental, indispensable and most highly respectable, but in their raw state they are the unutilized possession of the one, or at most of the few. It is not till they have undergone the mental processes of the artist by the due selection and grouping of the materials at his disposal that there is evolved a picture comprehensible by the mass of men. Then only are they in any adequate sense communicated, made part of the general stock. Work that done may be justly called a creation, for while the several facts are irreversibly independent of the master's fabrication or manipulation, the master's fabrication or manipulation is a creative force, for while the several facts are irreversibly independent of the master's fabrication or manipulation, the master's fabrication or manipulation is a creative force.

# A DELIGHTFUL SUMMER OUTING

## The Steamer "Cape May" Carries Thousands to the Ocean—Cool Cape Play Attracts Those Who Want to Enjoy a Delightful 200-Mile Sail Down the Delaware River and Bay—Points of Interest Along the Route.

"Off to Cool Cape May!" That's the hot-weather cry of thousands who every summer take a day



off and aboard the magnificent and commodious excursion Steamer "Cape May" journey down the historic Delaware River and Bay to the Grand Atlantic, where they disport themselves for several hours in the billows that roll upon the finest beach in the world, or they divide the time inspecting various places of interest before the Steamer starts homeward.

This trip to Cape May has become famous. The Steamer "Cape May" is the only steamer out of Philadelphia that makes daily trips to the ocean, returning early each evening. The "Cape May" is a luxuriously appointed boat. The owners have provided for every comfort and convenience of the passengers. There are steamers, chairs and comfortable couches on the main deck, and a number of attendants for those who want to enjoy comfortable repose during periods of the trip. The officers and attendants are thoroughly experienced and seek to give the passengers all attention to assure a pleasant trip, free from any annoyance whatever.

No disorder is permitted on the steamer. Ladies unattended and children are especially looked after, so that they may feel assured of a delightful outing.

How the little ones enjoy these trips to Cape May! They never forget it. The roomy decks form one vast playground. Then there are games and innocent amusements especially provided for them. There is an excellent orchestra aboard, and at times during the day and evening the young people gather on the main deck and enjoy a lively waltz or two-step, while their elders look on and recall the days when they were young and entered the merry dance. On Sundays sacred concerts are given by the orchestra.

### A FLOATING HOTEL.

The Steamer "Cape May" is really a modern hotel afloat. The appointments already referred to are equal to those of the first-class hotels. But the "Cape May," like best hotels ashore, provides sumptuously for the "in-between." The palatial dining room below decks is provided with a number of small tables presided over by competent waiters. The Steward and waiters in charge know their business, as all attest who have partaken of an appetizing breakfast served on the steamer starts on the trip, or a full course dinner served from 11.15 A. M. to 1 P. M. The suppers, especially the fish suppers, on the return trip are famous. Then, too, there are lunch counters at convenient places on the boat; also, oyster bars and ice cream parlors. Only the best of edibles and delicacies are served at very moderate cost.

To feed the "Cape May's" passengers requires supplies of meats, fruits, vegetables, bread and immense quantities. Often there are 2500 people aboard—and the stirring breezes and invigorating salt air certainly are appetite producers. The supplies for the dining room and lunch counters are taken aboard each morning and the perishable fruits and provisions are stored in mammoth refrigerators in order that they may be served in the very best condition.

New Jersey and Pennsylvania farms and dairies furnish the very best fruits, vegetables and purest and richest milk and cream. Cape May oyster beds are drawn on for finest oysters. In summer time, the Cape May cats are the epicurean's delight. Fish, fresh daily from the ocean, are taken aboard at the Cape May Steamboat Landing.

### DOWN THE RIVER AND BAY.

The "Cape May" covers 200 miles every day. The course is down the Delaware River and Bay along which are many points of interest, not to mention especially the interesting display of vessels, from every quarter of the globe, at anchor or under way up and down the river.

Points of interest especially worthy of note are League Island Navy Yard, where there are always several of Uncle Sam's war vessels in sight; Fort Mifflin, Chester, Wilmington, New Castle, long famed for its whipping post; Fort Mott, Fort Delaware, Reed Island, the Government Quarantine Station; Ship John Light, Cross Lodge Light, and the great jetties under construction by the U. S. Government. At Cape May Landing there is a large excursion house where passengers may enjoy entertainment and refreshment. Or the trolley cars may be taken for a ride along the coast to Swallow's Point, where there is another large excursion house with theatre attached, where high class vaudeville performances are given during the season. On this trip the charming city of Cape May, the Government Quarantine Station, Ship John Light, Cross Lodge Light, and the great jetties under construction by the U. S. Government, are seen from the front of the Cape May Real Estate Company's property, where work is progressing for the making of a New Cape May and the most superb seaside resort in the world. The property comprises 2,000 acres, providing 7,500 building sites. This development is of such a stupendous scale that it's worth looking into.

The "Cape May's" passengers who prefer to remain at the landing enjoy the excellent bathing on the splendid beach, where there is perfect safety for all ages and conditions. The "Cape May" starts on the return trip at 2.15 P. M., reaching Philadelphia early in the evening. The cost of this 200-mile trip is only \$1.00, and it's the greatest outing for so little cost anywhere in the world. The office of the Company is at 101 Arcade Building, Philadelphia, where full information may be secured. The "Cape May" leaves Pier 3, foot of Chestnut St., daily (including Sunday) at 7.30 A. M. When you write to the Company mention the

### MONTOUR AMERICAN.

TOUR TO THE PACIFIC COAST.

Via Pennsylvania Railroad, Account G. A. R. National Encampment.

On account of the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at San Francisco, Cal., August 17 to 23, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company offers a personally conducted tour to the Pacific Coast at remarkably low rates.

Tour will leave New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and other points on the Pennsylvania Railroad east of Pittsburgh, Thursday, August 6, by special train of the highest grade Pullman equipment. An entire day will be spent at the Grand Canyon of Arizona, two half days at Los Angeles, and visits of a half day or more at Pasadena, Santa Barbara, Del Monte, and San Jose. Three days will be spent in San Francisco during the Encampment. A day will be spent in Portland on the return trip, and a complete tour of the Yellow Stone Park, covering six days, returning directly to destination via Billings and Chicago, and arriving at Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York September 1.

Round trip rate, covering all expenses for twenty-seven days, except three days spent in San Francisco, \$215; two in one berth, \$200 each.

Round trip rate, covering all expenses for Los Angeles, including transportation, meals in dining car, and visits to Grand Canyon and Pasadena, and transportation only through California and returning to the east by October 15, via any direct route, including authorized stop-overs, \$115; two in one berth, \$105 each. Returning via Portland \$11 additional will be charged.

Rates from Pittsburgh will be five dollars less in each case.

For full information apply to Ticket Agents, or Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

Now it is said the Pennsylvania Railroad company is about to expend \$5,000,000 in increasing the capacity of its shops at Altoona. There ought to be rejoicing in the Mountain City.

# Orphan's Court Sale

## Valuable Real Estate!

Estate of John R. Kimerer, M. D., Deceased.

By virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of Montour County granted to him for such purpose, the undersigned Administrator of said decedent will expose to public sale (free and discharged from all liens and encumbrances whatsoever) upon the premises situate in the Third Ward of the Borough of Danville, in the County of Montour, and State of Pennsylvania, as follows, to-wit:

FRIDAY, August 21st, 1903, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of the said day, the following described real estate of the said decedent, to-wit:

All that certain messuage, tenement and town lot of land situate in the Third Ward of the Borough of Danville, in the County of Montour, and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, viz: Fronting on Bloom street on the Northward, lot formerly of Mrs. Mary Ann Arms, now of William K. Holloway, on the Eastward, an alley on the Southward, and a certain other alley on the Westward, containing in width on Bloom street fifty-four feet and eight inches, and in depth along the said lot of the said William K. Holloway and the last mentioned alley, respectively, ninety feet, more or less; and whereupon are erected a

Modern Three Story FRAME DWELLING HOUSE, a frame stable and other outbuildings. Said house has all modern improvements and appointments, is elegantly finished throughout, is nearly new, and all which together with its location make it

One of the Most Desirable Residences in Danville.

By a special order of the aforesaid court the said premises with the appurtenances are to be sold free and discharged from all liens and encumbrances whatsoever.

TERMS OF SALE—Twenty-five per cent of the purchase money shall be paid in cash upon the striking down of the property, and the balance thereof shall be paid upon the confirmation absolute of this sale. Deed to be delivered to the purchaser or purchasers thereof upon the confirmation absolute of the said sale, and the costs of writing the same shall be paid by such purchaser or purchasers.

AMOS VESTINE, Administrator of John R. Kimerer, Deceased. EDWARD SAYRE GEARHART, Counsel.

Danville, Pa., July 22nd, 1903.

ALL BRUSHED OFF.

A lady called at a chemist's shop, then, after examining one or two articles, remembered that she wanted some cosmetic for the toilet and turning to the chemist, asked, "Have you any bloom of youth?"

The merchant, over whose head more than fifty summers had passed, turned to one of his assistants and asked in a business way, "Have I any bloom of youth left?"

The clerk looked up with a quiet smile and answered, "I believe not, sir."—London Globe.

**Nasal CATARRH**

In all its stages there should be cleanliness. Ely's Cream Balm cleans, soothes and relieves the diseased membrane. Remove catarrh and drive away a cold in the head quickly.

Ely's Balm is placed into the nostrils, spreads over the membrane and is absorbed. It relieves inflammation and a cure follows. It is not drying and will produce no sneezing. Large size, 50 cents. Drug stores everywhere. Trial Size, 10 cents by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 59 Warren Street, New York.

# Why Razors Get Tired.

"Do you know why we dip a razor in warm water before we begin shaving, and do you know why some ignorant men say a razor is 'tired'?" asked the barber.

"Well, this is all due to the fact that a razor is a saw, not like a knife. Examined under the microscope its edge, that looks so smooth to the naked eye, is seen to have innumerable and fine saw teeth. When these teeth get clogged with dirt all the honing and stropping in the world will do no good; the razor is dull and nothing will sharpen it. Then is the time the ignorant say it is 'tired' and stop using it, but the wise know it is only clogged.

"The wise, though, don't suffer their razors to get clogged. They dip them in warm water before they use them, and thus the teeth are kept clean. It is because a razor is a saw that latter day's safety razors are so popular. They present a firm and resisting surface to the razor." Philadelphia Record.

One Oculist's Advice.

"So you have been trying to doctor your own eyes," remarked the oculist as the patient removed the bandage, displaying an aggravated case of conjunctivitis. "In many cases you can cure yourself, but if you don't know what treatments to avoid you are liable to do yourself injury. Old home-remedies are all right in their place, but I would advise you not to use ten leaves. They often give relief, but they bring on other complications. In fact, the ten leaf eye is well known to the profession. The lid is puffy, flabby and lifeless. If you wish to reduce the inflammation in your eyes use hot water with a cloth. That is enough. Yes, you may add salt if you wish, but it is merely an antiseptic and has no other virtue for eye lotions."—New York Press.

His Hope.

"I hope," said the doctor to a man, "that you haven't been betting on the races."

"I hope so, too," said the young man with the red necktie and the restless eye. "I hope I will wake up tomorrow and find out that the whole thing was a wild dream. But there's no use hoping."—Exchange.

**MORE LIVES ARE SAVED BY USING Dr. King's New Discovery, Consumption, Coughs and Colds.**

This wonderful medicine positively cures Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Croup, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup and Whooping Cough. NO CURE, NO PAY. Price 50c. & \$1. Trial Bottle Free.

**PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD TIME TABLE**

In Effect May 24th, 1903.

Seranton (D&H) Pittston	A. M.	12:14	12:40	1:06	1:32
Wilkesbarre	A. M.	12:15	12:41	1:07	1:33
Plymouth Ferry	A. M.	12:16	12:42	1:08	1:34
Nanticoke	A. M.	12:17	12:43	1:09	1:35
Moscow	A. M.	12:18	12:44	1:10	1:36
Walpole	A. M.	12:19	12:45	1:11	1:37
Netopok	A. M.	12:20	12:46	1:12	1:38
Catawissa	A. M.	12:21	12:47	1:13	1:39
South Danville	A. M.	12:22	12:48	1:14	1:40
Seranton	A. M.	12:23	12:49	1:15	1:41
Seranton (D&H) Pittston	P. M.	1:15	1:41	2:07	2:33
Wilkesbarre	P. M.	1:16	1:42	2:08	2:34
Plymouth Ferry	P. M.	1:17	1:43	2:09	2:35
Nanticoke	P. M.	1:18	1:44	2:10	2:36
Moscow	P. M.	1:19	1:45	2:11	2:37
Walpole	P. M.	1:20	1:46	2:12	2:38
Netopok	P. M.	1:21	1:47	2:13	2:39
Catawissa	P. M.	1:22	1:48	2:14	2:40
South Danville	P. M.	1:23	1:49	2:15	2:41
Seranton	P. M.	1:24	1:50	2:16	2:42

**Shoes Shoes**

Stylish! Cheap! Reliable!

Bicycle, Gymnasium and Tennis Shoes.

THE CELEBRATED **Carlisle Shoes**

AND THE **Snag Proof Rubber Boots**

A SPECIALTY.

**A. SCHATZ,**

**SOMETHING NEW!**

**A Reliable TIN SHOP**

For all kind of Tin Roofing, Spouting and General Job Work.

Stoves, Heaters, Ranges, Furnaces, etc.

PRICES THE LOWEST!

QUALITY THE BEST!

**JOHN HIXSON**

NO. 116 E. FRONT ST.

**PEGG**

The Coal Dealer

**SELLS WOOD AND COAL**

—AND—

**COAL**

—AT—

344 Ferry Street

# LUCKAWANNA RAILROAD

Buffalo

New York	A. M.	10:00	10:30	11:00
Seranton	A. M.	10:15	10:45	11:15
Wilkesbarre	A. M.	10:30	11:00	11:30
Pittston	A. M.	10:45	11:15	11:45
Netopok	A. M.	11:00	11:30	12:00
Catawissa	A. M.	11:15	11:45	12:15
South Danville	A. M.	11:30	12:00	12:30
Seranton	A. M.	11:45	12:15	12:45
Wilkesbarre	A. M.	12:00	12:30	1:00
Pittston	A. M.	12:15	12:45	1:15
Netopok	A. M.	12:30	1:00	1:30
Catawissa	A. M.	12:45	1:15	1:45
South Danville	A. M.	1:00	1:30	2:00
Seranton	A. M.	1:15	1:45	2:15
Wilkesbarre	A. M.	1:30	2:00	2:30
Pittston	A. M.	1:45	2:15	2:45
Netopok	A. M.	2:00	2:30	3:00
Catawissa	A. M.	2:15	2:45	3:15
South Danville	A. M.	2:30	3:00	3:30
Seranton	A. M.	2:45	3:15	3:45
Wilkesbarre	A. M.	3:00	3:30	4:00
Pittston	A. M.	3:15	3:45	4:15
Netopok	A. M.	3:30	4:00	4:30
Catawissa	A. M.	3:45	4:15	4:45
South Danville	A. M.	4:00	4:30	5:00
Seranton	A. M.	4:15	4:45	5:15
Wilkesbarre	A. M.	4:30	5:00	5:30
Pittston	A. M.	4:45	5:15	5:45
Netopok	A. M.	5:00	5:30	6:00
Catawissa	A. M.	5:15	5:45	6:15
South Danville	A. M.	5:30	6:00	6:30
Seranton	A. M.	5:45	6:15	6:45
Wilkesbarre	A. M.	6:00	6:30	7:00
Pittston	A. M.	6:15	6:45	7:15
Netopok	A. M.	6:30	7:00	7:30
Catawissa	A. M.	6:45	7	