THE SALE OF A KISS

[Original.]

"Oh, Mr. Felary," said Miss Garland when I called, "I am so glad you've come. Do you know, there's to be a raffle for the benefit of the orphan asylum, and the ladies of the committee have assigned me fifty chances. If the articles to be raffled were for women I could get rid of them, I'm sure, but since they are a man's chronometer watch and chain I don't know what to do. I can't go among men asking them to take chances."

"I'll be happy to take one of them."

"That's very kind of you. Now, couldn't you think of some plan for placing the whole lot at one time?"

"That would be a pretty big contract. Most men have watches with which they are satisfied."

"Don't you think that some man could be found to do it? Or two, or three—any number?"

"I don't know any person or persons whom I would ask."

"Can't you think up some privilege to go with the chances—something that would be an honor rather than of intrinsic value?"

I remembered Lady Godiva. Of course that wouldn't do in modern times, but it set me thinking. Finally I hit on something. The only trouble about it was that Miss Garland might not fall in with the plan.

"The only honor I can think of would be a kiss," I said.

"Why, Mr. Felary!" exclaimed Miss Garland, under her breath. "You surely wouldn't suggest my giving any one who would take a chance a kiss."

"Certainly not. But suppose the whole fifty chances could be sold for one kiss."

Miss Garland looked at the floor, then at the ceiling, then out of the window.

"You see, there is a great difference between kissing fifty men and kissing one man," I added.

"Yes, but it is as bad to kiss a man once as to kiss him fifty times."

"If it is wrong to kiss him at all."

There was a long pause, during which Miss Garland picked up a piece of paper and tore it into little bits. She didn't seem to get on with her problem. I must help her.

"I think I know a man who would take your chances in the raffle with the honor attached."

She made no reply to this, and I proceeded:

"He is not a stranger to you. He has known and admired you for a long while. It wouldn't be like selling a kiss. It would give him great happiness, release you from the responsibility of peddling the chances and benefit the orphans."

"I don't think," she replied, after much consideration, "that it would be right, even under the circumstances, for me to kiss a man to whom I am not engaged."

"Who knows but that an engagement might follow."

"Engagements usually precede such things."

"But this is a peculiar case. It wouldn't do for you to engage yourself to a man simply that you might sell him a kiss to benefit an orphan asylum."

"It could be broken afterward."

"That would be a mere subterfuge. If there is a sin in the transaction it would not be wiped away by such an arrangement as that."

"Can't you suggest something that would make the sale justifiable?"

"Oh, the charity renders it justifiable."

"Do you really think so?"

"Certainly I do, or I wouldn't suggest it."

There was more thought, but the question was being rapidly narrowed down.

"You haven't told me who the man is," she said.

"I have told you that he is an admirer of yours."

"It seems to me that a kiss given a man who has no interest in me or I in him would be merely a touching of the lips without any feeling, whereas a kiss from a man who admired me would be very different."

"I should think you would prefer the latter."

This remark also elicited no reply. Miss Garland was still thinking, thinking hard. She was very anxious to dispose of her chances in one lot, but the manner of doing so seemed to her very irregular.

"What do you suppose," she said at last, "the people present would think of me?"

"There need be no people present."

"Oh, I supposed the thing was to be done at the fair."

"No; it could be done in private. Indeed I'm quite sure the man buying the kiss would not expose you or himself to such publicity."

"But in public it wouldn't be as much harm."

"I see no harm in it either way."

"Are you sure this friend of yours would do as you say?"

"I am positive."

"I don't see how you can know that since you have not had an opportunity to speak to him about it."

"Do you suppose, Marion," I said, dropping into a tone of tenderness, "that I would let any man except myself buy a kiss from you?"

She bent her eyes to the floor, where they remained a long while. Then she said very faintly:

"I accept the terms. Take it."

"Not till it is given me by my promised wife."

There is one thing for which Mrs. Felary gives me great credit, though I believe it is the only thing. She says I proposed delightfully.

HARRISON HOLMES.

No Reptiles in Newfoundland.

Everybody knows that there are no snakes in Ireland, but very few know that Newfoundland is just like Ireland in that respect, and there is no record that Newfoundland had a St. Patrick to drive the snakes off either. There is plenty of game in Newfoundland, but not a reptile of any kind—snake, toad, frog, lizard or even turtle. Another queer thing about the province is that while some wild animals are abundant there no one ever saw a squirrel, porcupine, mouse or lynx anywhere within its boundaries. This is all the more singular because the adjoining provinces of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton have all these animals and many kinds of snakes and other reptiles.

Where Friendship Ceases.

"That girl with Johnson there—a friend of his, I presume?"

"Nope; used to be, though."

"So? Had a falling out?"

"Not exactly. He married her."—Baltimore American.

Much better results can be obtained by paying a woman a compliment than by trying to argue with her.—Boston Globe.

A SUMMER COUPLE

[Original.]

They met in the sweet summer time in the mountains. He was thirty-two, she twenty-eight. At such an age "spooning" is supposed to be either over or on the wane, but in this case the man at least seemed to be as ready as a boy of twenty. Besides, the moment he laid eyes on the girl he was drawn to her by some unexplainable attraction. Was it that he had met his affinity—that she, too, showed something like recognition of a mate? He was fond of the mythical and a strong believer in pre-existence. Might they not have met in some other form, some other world?

There were walks through valleys and over the sides of precipitous mountains. There were rides on roads hard and white, with occasional views of the broad valley of a noble river 4,000 or 5,000 feet below. There were picnics at cascades, boat rides on mountain lakes. In these amusements the two sooner or later drifted together, and when a few weeks had passed the man acted as if all time not passed in her company was so much time lost. Then he awoke to a sudden realization of the fact that in a few days it would be the 31st of August, when the season would be over and the guests scattered.

It was the evening before their separation. They were sitting on the piazza of the hotel. A moon slightly past the full rose in the east and lighted up a stretch of valley land far below, visible through a gap in the mountains. Moonlight is becoming to a woman's features, and a natural strength in hers was softened into a delicious feminine repose. He was fond of the mythical poetry of the Germans, and, listening as he did to the tumbling of water in a mountain stream near by, he almost fancied his companion a Lorelei or a water fay. He was full of poetic fervor, and his expression took form in poetic words.

"Do you know," he said, "that looking down on that panorama of mingled mist and confusion of dimly lighted undulation there is in me a vague sense of some far distant land in which I have lived?"

"I don't even remember," she said, "when I was a baby."

This was a bit practical, but he did not notice it.

"We look out into the heavens," he went on, "and in nebulæ see universes forming. We know that nothing is destroyed. Matter forms, disintegrates, forms again and again disintegrates. This is what we call birth and death. The particles of which the forms are composed were never born, never die. They existed always and will always exist."

"Are not we forms," she asked, "of more consequence than unfeeling matter?"

"We are, and if there is one attribute within us that is immortal it is love. Love is eternal. There are loves, I admit, that are fleeting, but they are not real loves."

"Not the real thing, you mean?"

He looked at her suspiciously. Was she not capable of following him, or was this a touch of sarcasm? She looked so innocent that he passed the remark.

"Somehow," he went on, "when I first saw you it seemed that we two had met in a previous existence; not only had met, but loved. 'If I could be blessed with an eternal love,' I said to myself, 'I would choose it with her.' Since then the days have flitted happily by, and every day has strengthened this feeling. Now, when I look down on that moonlit plain, with its gilded river thread running through its center, it brings to me with an indescribable vagueness, yet vividness, somewhere in which you and I have met and loved. I choose to think it a love that has had no birth and will have no death, a perpetual mingling of two souls."

He paused. He was very happy, for he was in his element. His disposition was artistic, and his surroundings were artistic. There were the towering peaks, the distant plain, and there beside him was the girl, her features bathed in moonlight.

"I know it is foolish to ask such a question," he said, "but have you any glimmerings of such a past?"

"Yes," she whispered. "We have met before."

"At last I have found one besides myself to remember a pre-existence. I shall never again doubt my theory."

"Our meeting," she continued, "was not in some vague land myriads of years ago and myriads of miles away; our love was not developed in a nebulous cloud. It was at the seashore ten years ago. You have grown older and have absorbed theories since then, but you talk of love in the same strain you talked of it then. It was not nebulous love you told me of as we listened to the breakers, but love in a cottage. I was eighteen, and it was pleasant to listen to. I was a summer girl and did not cherish it. But I have remembered you, which is more than you have done in forgetting me."

"What, the blue eyed flirt of Edgemere?"

"Yes, and we girls called you the love maker of the Cliff House."

"The summer is ended," she added, "and this is my last as a summer girl. Next season I shall be on the eve of thirty, when girls pass into old maids. With you it is different. A man can be a summer man as long as he lives. Go on for ten or twenty years more and be happy."

"This, too, is my climax. Let us leave the field together and enter a new world together—not a nebulous world; a home."

"Come and see me when we are returned to the city."

MYRA ETHEL WESTBROOK.

Treatment of Bunions.

Bunions are serious and hard to treat. About the only thing to do is to wear seamless stockings and shoes with kid or fine calf uppers. Avoid heating the feet and change the shoes frequently. Any sweet oil will heal the soreness of a joint, and sometimes anointing it with iodine will bring relief. When a bunion gets troublesome the best plan is to buy a stick of sulphate of copper, pare away the dead skin and cauterize the spot. The operation is a trifle painful, but it is only momentary, while the sense of relief that is sure to follow is like the "peace that passeth understanding."

The Parlor Match.

Referring to the parlor match,
The wisest thing, no doubt,
That may be done with it will be
To merely put it out.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Too Peaceful.

"Dey is brothers, ain't dey?"

"I guess not. I never seed 'em fightin'."—Chicago American.

Aglow.

Now comes the time of wintry snow
Which poets sing with glad acclaim.
Then youthful cheeks will be aglow;
I hope the stoves will be the same.
—Washington Star.

A HEROIC PART

[Original.]

I loved Jessie Lewis, and my love was returned, but I am a plain, matter of fact sort of fellow, and when Maynard Read, with a handsome person, fine manners and a smooth tongue, crossed her path Jessie was infatuated with him and broke with me for him. Before they were engaged Read confessed that some time before he had got into trouble with the business house where he was employed and had been discharged. He told a very pathetic story of the wrong that had been done him, intimating that he had taken blame upon himself to shield a fellow clerk. Jessie sympathized with him in the matter and admired the spirit that led him to tell her of this before she engaged herself to him.

For my part, I have never met any one who was ready to suffer for me, though I have found many who were inclined to let me suffer for them. I didn't believe in the magnanimity of Maynard Read, especially as there was nothing about him to back his story. But it must be remembered that he had taken my girl away from me. At any rate I wanted to prove him dishonest. I didn't dare investigate the offense he had spoken of for fear Jessie would hear of it and be my enemy for life. I turned my attention to putting in Read's way so inviting an opportunity to be dishonest that if there were dishonesty in him he would avail himself of it. I didn't make an amateur detective of myself to blunder through what I didn't understand, but hired "the real thing."

I introduced my friend, Leslie Merrill, to Jessie, and he was so well liked in the family that he soon became a frequent visitor at the house. Mrs. Lewis, Jessie's mother, owned a handsome pair of diamond earrings which she never wore. Merrill succeeded in persuading her to let him have them for considerably more than their value. When the price, which he took care should be in marked bills, was ready for payment he took them to the Lewis house, carelessly left them on the mantel in a room where Read was waiting for his fiancee and went out of the room. Returning later, the bills were gone—and so was Read.

The same afternoon Merrill reported the matter to me, assuring me that there was no doubt of our tracing the marked bills to Read. He would watch the thief, notice where he spent money and take up any bill he might give out, which undoubtedly would bear the private mark. Then he would have Read arrested. I went home to dinner, where I learned that my old college chum Bradwell Jones, whom I had not seen for several years, had called and insisted upon going to my room, but the man's description did not correspond with that of my chum. I was dressing for dinner when there came a knock on my door and a man stepped in with a search warrant. I was much surprised, but as I was not aware of having anything I should not have in my possession I told him to go ahead with his search. I was still more surprised, indeed thunderstruck, when from one of my bureau drawers he took out $650 in bills.

"I'll take these," said the constable. "They're exactly the amount of money that was to have been paid for Mrs. Lewis' earrings."

It didn't take very long for me to discover that my detective had got me into a snarl. Read had doubtless seen him put the bills on the mantel and suspected his object. Read must have feared my influence with Jessie and seen in this incident an opportunity to break it up. He doubtless induced a pal to visit my room and place the bills in my drawer, then sent the constable to make the search.

Well, here was "a pretty kettle of fish." I was arrested and taken to the police court. I sent for Merrill, who, when he saw the turn matters had taken, notwithstanding the slur it involved on his detective skill, couldn't help laughing. Whereupon I gave him a piece of my mind that made him angry. This was very foolish of me. My enemy could not have carried the matter further, for Merrill was the owner of the bills at the time they were stolen, and if I were prosecuted must lodge a complaint. Whether he was really angry or feared his mistake would injure his business, he not only lodged a complaint, but identified the bills by his private mark. I was indicted, but gave bail and was set at liberty to await my trial.

The evening before that trial came off I received a note from Jessie inviting me to come to see her. I went, and there, with her, was Merrill. Jessie came up to me, took my hand affectionately and half crying, half laughing, said to me:

"It's all been explained. I thank you for your noble effort in my behalf."

"What noble effort?"

"Mr. Merrill—I mean Mr. Bigly—will explain."

"Our detective office," he said, "was shadowing Maynard Read for a big offense when you engaged my services. Your engaging me gave me a great advantage in introducing me here, besides enabling me to win Read's confidence by giving you away and enabling him to get the better of you. With these aids I have secured evidence to prove that he has stolen $80,000 in bonds which I have recovered."

The most singular part of the matter was that notwithstanding the ridiculous light in which I stood, Jessie persisted in regarding my conduct very noble. When I asked her why it was noble she said that I had saved her from marrying a villain. Since Bigly admits that he would not have succeeded except for me, I have at last concluded that after all my part was quite heroic. At any rate it restored my girl to me.

JOHN TURNER WYETH.

Don't Play Hymns at Sea.

Any woman who takes a sea voyage should be careful not to play or sing hymns aboard ship except at the regular Sunday morning service. Sailors think singing hymns at any other time is bound to bring bad luck. It is as bad, they say, as having a parson aboard, which is reckoned a sure sign that the ship will go to "Davy Jones' locker."

One Cause For Satisfaction.

"Well," said the detective, "there is one thing upon which we may congratulate ourselves in this case."

"Why, you haven't even found an important clew."

"That's just it. We can rest assured that no innocent person is going to suffer."—Washington Star.

There by Right.

One of them went over and whispered to the stranger who had come in and taken a seat:

"I beg your pardon, but this is a gathering of working women, met to protest against"—

"I am a traveling preacher's wife," said the stranger.

And they made her the president of the meeting.—Chicago Tribune.

A CORNER BOOKCASE.

One That Is Attractive and Out of the Usual Rut.

If you are skillful in using tools, you will find below a remarkably attractive pattern for a bookcase. Most corner bookcases are commonplace—just four triangular boards fastened together. This one is not. See how much prettier it is for having those side pieces and for having the shelves curved and the curtain running on a bent rod. The shelves are supported by a post which extends down to the floor, thus removing most of the strain from the screws which secure the case to the wall. A large brass clothes hook, turned upside

THE BEST SORT OF CORNER BOOKCASE.

down and placed directly under the lowest shelf, makes rather a novel finishing touch. Of course you will wish to color the wood in some way after it has been nicely smoothed, but what to do in this respect is a matter of individual taste.

Remember one thing whenever you are doing any work that calls for glue—don't use too much upon the wood. A thin coating will be enough, and, once you have applied it, let the pieces alone until the glue is dry. Most people are too impatient to give the glue a fair chance to show what it can do.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Eyes That Change Color.

Although the eyes of children may deepen or alter in color with their growth, the change of hue in the iris is principally due to the development of disease. The most marked changes are produced by an inflammatory disease known as acute iritis. The iris of the eyes of the sufferer from this disease entirely changes color, principally owing to the loss of distinctness in its fibers, with a consequent clouded appearance. The pupil is contracted, and small brownish white specks appear in it, produced by the breaking away of adhesions of the iris to the capsule of the lens.

The varieties of color in the eyes of different individuals and of different kinds of animals mainly depend upon the color of the pigment which is deposited in cells in the substance of the iris, and the eye can, therefore, only be said to change color when there is a change in the color of the iris. The color of the sclerotic coat, or white of the eye, is frequently affected by disease or accidents, of which the well known bloodshot appearance is most common.

"Original" and Actual Sin.

A wealthy Australian Scotsman named Allan died some years ago and bequeathed a considerable sum of money to provide perpetual prizes to the Presbyterian children of the commonwealth for proficiency in Scriptural knowledge. A report of the Allan bequest committee, presented to the Presbyterian general assembly in Melbourne, contained some entertaining reading. "What is the difference between original sin and actual sin?" elicited these answers among others: "Original sin is Adam eating forbidden fruit; actual sin is Cain killing Abel." "One is good sin; the other is bad sin." "Original sin is sin without murder, but actual sin is sin; meaning swearing." "Original sin is the things we ought not to do." "Actual sin means a want of obedience; but original sin is a work of Providence."

Sick Headache?

Food doesn't digest well? Appetite poor? Bowels constipated? Tongue coated? It's your liver! Ayer's Pills are liver pills; they cure dyspepsia, biliousness.

25c. All druggists.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the Whiskers

50 CTS. OF DRUGGISTS, OR R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

Early Mention of Niagara Falls.

The first historical notices of Niagara falls are given in Lescarbot's record of the second voyage of Jacques Cartier, in the year 1535. On the maps published to illustrate Champlain's discoveries (date of maps either 1613 or 1614) the falls are indicated by a cross, but no description of the wonderful cataract is given, and the best geographical authorities living today doubt if the explorer mentioned ever saw the falls, Brinton's work to the contrary notwithstanding. Father Hennepin is believed to have written the first description of the falls that was ever penned by one who had personally visited the spot.

His Measure.

"Naw," said the head waiter, "that man that jest went out ain't worth much."

"How do you know?" inquired the favorite customer.

"Oh, it's easy for us waiters to take a man's measure."

"I suppose you measure him from tip to tip, eh?"—Exchange.

Nasal CATARRH

In all its stages there should be cleanliness.

Ely's Cream Balm cleanses, soothes and heals the diseased membrane. It cures catarrh and drives away a cold in the head quickly.

Cream Balm is placed into the nostrils, spreads over the membrane and is absorbed. Relief is immediate and a cure follows. It is not drying—does not produce sneezing. Large Size, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; Trial Size, 10 cents by mail.

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FORKS AND FASHION.

A Young Girl's Embarrassment and a Token of Appreciation.

She had lived all her life in a country village, a daughter of the poorest of poor country doctors, and when the great surgeon who once had befriended her father visited him in his illness the pretty daughter was invited to a dinner and reception at his house. Aglow with excitement, the girl packed her "Sunday dress" and took the train for New York.

When the guests were all seated at dinner she hesitated at the shining array of silver beside her plate, then picked up her meat fork and began to eat her oysters. Glancing under her eyelids at the guest nearest her, she blushed crimson as she realized her mistake.

Her hostess, perceiving her embarrassment, quickly drew attention to herself by telling a story, which was drawn out to the length of the course. At the end of the story, in illustrating a point, she held up a fork, saying:

"And the stem of this wonderful flower was no longer than this fish fork."

The social novice was further relieved at the meat course when a fork was quietly dropped on the table by the same hand that placed the plate before her.

When the evening's entertainment was over, as she approached her hostess, the young girl, unobserved by any one else, took from her corsage a beautiful rose, which she laid in the white hand extended to say "Good night."—New York Press.

The capacity of rats for discovering fresh stores of food is astounding and often leads to those united migratory movements that periodically create alarm and are described as "plagues of rats." These great movements are undoubtedly initiated and "personally conducted" by old and experienced rats, the aldermen of the colony, at once a proof of highly developed intelligence and unselfishness. Rats in large centers of industry, if not present in commercial plague form, do a great deal of good as consumers of garbage that would otherwise become a perilous nuisance. It is also a popular delusion that a rat bite is unusually dangerous from this fact of sewer garbage eating. On the contrary, rats eat as clean as a new leaf.—Pall Mall Gazette.

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE

In Effect May 24th, 1903.

Scranton(D&H)lv				A.M.				
Pittston " "				7 47		1 42	4 55	.....
				11 15		2 10	5 02	.....
				A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	
Wilkesbarre,... lv				$10 45	2 45	6 00	.....	
Plymth Ferry "				11 02	3 02	6 17	.....	
Nanticoke..... "				10 59	3 01	6 17	.....	
Mocanaqua .... "				11 07	3 20	6 37	.....	
Wapwallopen.. "				11 16	3 31	6 47	.....	
Nescopeck..... ar				11 26	3 42	7 00	.....	
					A.M.	P.M.		
Pottsville..... lv				.....	$11 55	.....	.....	
Hazleton ..... "				.....	2 45	2 45	.....	
Tomhicken..... "				.....	3 05	3 05	.....	
Fern Glen ..... "				.....	1 18	3 15	.....	
Rock Glen ..... "				.....	.....	3 22	.....	
Nescopeck.... ar				.....	9 42	4 00	.....	
Catawissa.....				.....	.....	4 00	.....	
	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.		
Nescopeck... lv	8 18	$11 20	3 42	7 00	.....			
Creasy..... "	8 30	11 32	3 52	7 10	.....			
Espy Ferry.. "	8 34	11 46	4 02	7 20	.....			
E. Bloomsburg "	4	11 50	4 06	7 25	.....			
Catawissa..... lv	8 5	11 27	4 13	7 32	.....			
South Danville "	8 14	12 15	4 31	7 51	.....			
Sunbury..... ar	8 35	12 40	4 55	8 15	.....			
	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.			
Sunbury..... lv	9 40	$12 48	5 15	9 48	.....			
Lewisburg..... ar	10 15	1 45	5 48	.....	.....			
Milton ..... "	10 08	1 39	5 41	10 09	.....			
Williamsport.. "	11 00	1 41	6 40	10 55	.....			
Lock Haven.... "	11 50	2 20	7 37	.....	.....			
Renovo..... "	A.M.	5 00	8 00	.....	.....			
Kane..... "		8 25	.....	.....	.....			
	P.M.	P.M.						
Lock Haven...lv	12 15	4 45	.....	.....	.....			
Bellefonte.....ar	1 05	5 44	.....	.....	.....			
Tyrone..... "	2 20	6 00	.....	.....	.....			
Philipsburg ..... "	4 35	8 02	.....	.....	.....			
Clearfield..... "	5 25	8 45	.....	.....	.....			
Pittsburg..... "	6 55	10 45	.....	.....	.....			
	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.			
Sunbury lv	11 45	7 00	7 10	10 25	.....			
Harrisburg.... ar	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.			
Pittsburg..... ar	6 55	1 50	1 50	5 30	.....			

	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.			
Pittsburg..... lv	7 10	9 00	3 00	8 00	.....			
Harrisburg.... ar	A.M.	A.M.		P.M.	.....			
	2 00	4 20	9 30	3 10	.....			
				A.M.	.....			
Pittsburg..... lv	.....	.....	.....	8 00	.....			
				P.M.	.....			
Lewistown Jct. "	.....	7 30	.....	3 00	.....			
Sunbury ..... ar	.....	9 25	.....	4 50	.....			
	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.				
Washington.... lv	10 40	.....	7 00	10 50	.....			
Baltimore..... "	11 00	4 40	8 10	11 45	.....			
Philadelphia.... "	11 20	4 25	8 20	11 40	.....			
	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.				
Harrisburg.... lv	2 25	7 55	11 40	5 20	.....			
Sunbury ..... ar	5 00	9 30	1 08	8 05	.....			
	P.M.			A.M.	A.M.			
Pittsburg..... lv	12 45	.....	3 00	8 00	.....			
Clearfield..... "	5 30	.....	.....	9 28	.....			
Philipsburg.. "	4 40	.....	.....	10 32	.....			
Tyrone..... "	7 05	.....	8 10	12 25	.....			
Bellefonte.. "	8 16	.....	9 32	1 05	.....			
Lock Haven ar	9 15	.....	10 30	2 10	.....			
	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.			
Erie,.. lv	5 55	.....	6 00	.....	.....			
Kane,..... "	8 45	.....	8 00	.....	.....			
Renovo..... "	11 50	6 45	10 50	.....	.....			
Lock Haven.... "	12 38	7 35	11 25	3 00	.....			
	A.M.		P.M.					
Williamsport.. "	2 20	8 30	12 00	4 00	.....			
Milton ..... "	2 25	9 17	1 25	4 46	.....			
Lewisburg ..... "	.....	9 05	1 15	4 42	.....			
Sunbury..... ar	3 24	9 46	1 55	5 15	.....			
	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.			
Sunbury.....lv	6 45	9 55	2 00	5 25	.....			
South Danville "	7 11	10 17	2 21	5 50	.....			
Catawissa..... "	7 32	10 25	2 26	6 08	.....			
E.Bloomsburg.. "	7 37	10 43	2 43	6 15	.....			
Espy Ferry..... "	7 42	10 47	.....	6 19	.....			
Creasy..... "	7 52	10 56	2 55	6 30	.....			
Nescopeck..... "	8 02	11 05	3 05	6 40	.....			
	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.			
Catawissa.....lv	7 32	10 38	2 26	6 08	.....			
Nescopeck.....lv	8 25	.....	5 05	7 05	.....			
Rock Glen..... ar	.....	11 22	.....	7 34	.....			
Fern Glen..... "	8 51	11 28	.....	7 34	.....			
Tomhicken..... "	8 58	11 38	5 38	7 42	.....			
Hazleton ..... "	9 10	11 58	5 59	8 05	.....			
Pottsville..... "	10 15	.....	6 55	.....	.....			
	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.			
Nescopeck.....lv	8 02	11 05	3 05	6 40	.....			
Wapwallopen..ar	8 10	11 20	3 20	6 52	.....			
Mocanaqua .... "	8 34	11 32	3 31	7 01	.....			
Nanticoke ..... "	8 58	11 54	3 49	7 19	.....			
		P.M.						
Plym'th Ferry "	9 03	12 02	3 55	7 28	.....			
Wilkesbarre .. "	9 10	12 10	4 05	7 35	.....			
	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.			
Pittston(D&H) ar	9 29	12 55	4 56	04	.....			
Scranton " "	10 08	1 24	5 24	5 29	.....			

§ Weekdays. ‡ Daily. ‖ Flag station.

Pullman Parlor and Sleeping Cars run on through trains between Sunbury, Williamsport and Erie, between Sunbury and Philadelphia and Washington and between Harrisburg, Pittsburg and the West.

For further information apply to Ticket Agents

W. W. ATTERBURY, Gen'l Manager
J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE

—OF—

Valuable Real Estate.

Estate of Margaret Deen, Deceased.

By virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of Montour County granted to him for such purpose, the undersigned, Administrator of the above named decedent will expose to public sale (freed and discharged from all liens and encumbrances whatsoever), upon the respective premises situate in the First Ward of the Borough of Danville, in the County of Montour and State of Pennsylvania, on

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6th, 1903

beginning at ten o'clock in the forenoon of the said day, the five following described messauges, tenements and town lots of land of the said decedent, to wit:

LOT NO. 1. All that certain messauge, tenement and town-lot of land situate in the First Ward of the Borough of Danville, in the County of Montour and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning on the northwestern corner of lot of the estate of Samuel Myerly deceased on the south side of Front street, thence along said lot in a southwardly direction one hundred and twenty-five feet to an alley, thence along said alley in a westwardly direction twenty-five feet to other lot of the heirs of Margaret Deen deceased, thence along said last mentioned lot in a northwardly direction one hundred and twenty-five feet to the southern side of Front street aforesaid, thence along the southern side of said Front street in an eastwardly direction twenty-five feet to the said north western corner of said lot of the estate of Samuel Myerly deceased, the place of beginning with the appurtenances.

LOT NO. 2. Also all that certain messauge, tenement and town lot of land situate in the First Ward of the Borough of Danville, in the County of Montour and State of Pennsylvania bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at the northwestern corner of the other lot of the heirs of Margaret Deen deceased last herein before described on the southern side of Front street, thence along said last mentioned lot in a southwardly direction one hundred and twenty-five feet to an alley, thence along said alley in a westwardly direction twenty-five feet to another lot of the heirs of James F. Deen deceased, thence along said last mentioned lot one hundred and twenty five feet in a northwardly direction to the southern side of said Front street aforesaid, thence along the southern side of said Front street in an eastwardly direction twenty-five feet to the said northwestern corner of other lot of the heirs of Margaret Deen deceased last herein before described, the place of beginning, with the appurtenances.

LOT NO. 3. Also all that certain messauge, tenement and town lot of land situate in the First Ward of the Borough of Danville, in the County of Montour and State of Pennsylvnia, bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at the southwestern corner of the lot of the estate of Hannah Still, deceased, on the northern side of Water street, thence along the northern side of Water street in a westwardly direction twenty-five feet to another lot of the heirs of Margaret Deen deceased, thence along the said last mentioned lot in a northwardly direction one hundred and fifty feet to an alley, thence along said alley in an eastwardly direction twenty-five feet to the northwestern corner of the said lot of the estate of Hannah Still, deceased, thence along the said last mentioned lot in a southwardly direction one hundred and fifty feet to the said southwestern corner of the said last mentioned lot on the northern side of Water street, the place of beginning, with the appurtenances.

LOT NO. 4. Also all that certain messauge, tenement and town lot of land situate in the First Ward of the Borough of Danville, in the County of Montour and State of Pennsylvania bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at the southwestern corner of another lot of the heirs of Margaret Deen deceased last herein before described on the northern side of Water street, thence along the said northern side of the said Water street in a westwardly direction twenty-five feet to the southeastern corner of another lot of the heirs of Margaret Deen deceased, thence along said last mentioned lot in a northwardly direction one hundred and fifty feet to an alley, thence along said alley in an eastwardly direction twenty-five feet to the northwestern corner of other lot of the heirs of Margaret Deen deceased last herein before described, thence along the said last mentioned lot in a southwardly direction one hundred and fifty feet to the said southwestern corner of said last mentioned lot on the northern side of Water street, the place of beginning, with the appurtenances.

LOT NO. 5. Also all that certain messauge, tenement, and town lot of land situate in the First Ward of the Borough of Danville, in the County of Montour and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at the southwestern corner of other lot of the heirs of Margaret Deen deceased, last herein before described on the northern side of Water street, thence along the northern side of Water street in a westwardly direction twenty-five feet to the south-eastern corner of other lot of the heirs of Margaret Deen deceased, thence along the said last mentioned lot in a northwardly direction one hundred and fifty-one and one half feet to an alley, thence along said alley in an eastwardly direction twenty-five feet to the northwestern corner of other lot of the heirs of Margaret Deen deceased, as therein before described, thence along said last mentioned lot in a outhwardly direction one hundred and fifty feet to the said southwestern corner of the said last mentioned lot, on the northern side of Water street, the place of beginning, with the appurtenances.

By a special order of the aforesaid Court the said respective premises, with the appurtenances, are to be sold freed and discharged from all liens and encumbrances whatsoever.

A RARE OPPORTUNITY

is here afforded to those who contemplate the building of residences or tenement houses as all of these lots are admirably situated for either purpose.

TERMS FO SALE. Twenty-five per cent. of the purchase money shall be paid in cash at the striking down of the respective properties, and the balance thereof shall be paid upon the confirmation absolute of the respective sales. Deed to be delivered to the respective purchaser or purchasers upon such confirmation absolute of such respective sales, and the cost of writing such deeds, respectively, shall be paid by such respective purchaser or purchasers.

JONATHAN S. DEEN,
Administrator of Margaret Deen, deceased.
Danville, Pa., October 5th 1903.
EDWARD SAYRE GEARHART,
Counsel.

Notice of Inquisition.

IN THE

ORPHAN'S COURT OF MONTOUR COUNTY.

IN RE PARTITION OF THE REAL ESTATE OF CATHARINE KRATZ LATE OF THE BOROUGH OF DANVILLE, IN THE COUNTY OF MONTOUR AND STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, DECEASED.

To Regina Henrietta Aten and Henry J. Aten, her husband, 217 Lombard street, Highland town, Baltimore, Maryland, Celia Murphy and John Murphy, her husband, Danville, Montour county, Pennsylvania, Clara Miller and William Miller, her husband, also of Danville, Montour county, Pennsylvania and George L. Kratz, Odessa, Lincoln county, in the state of Washington, heirs at law of the said Catharine Kratz, Deceased.

You and each of you are hereby duly notified that the Orphan's Court of Montour county aforesaid has awarded an Inquest to make partition and valuation of the hereinafter described real estate of the said Catharine Kratz deceased, and that the said Inquest will be held on

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 16th A. D. '03

at ten o'clock in the forenoon of the said day upon the following described premises, when and where you may attend if you deem proper.

The said premises in question are described as follows: All the certain messauge tenement and town lot of land situate in the Fourth Ward of the Borough of Danville, in the county of Montour and State of Pennsylvania, bounded, numb