A FLASH of LIGHTNING

By
Edwin L. Sabin

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NORMAN PAGE reluctantly rolled from beneath the covers and with his feet groped on the floor beside the bed for his bath slippers. The rain was falling furiously, and the wind seemed to be increasing. Annoyed by the consciousness that a parlor window was up, he had lain as long as he had dared, hoping that the storm would slacken and relieve him of the necessity of rising.

Even had not this duty of shutting windows devolved upon him by right, he was quite certain that tonight he must be the one to attend to the matter or it would not be attended to at all. Assuredly his wife would not bestir herself after the words of the preceding evening. Hardly!

While lying awake he had gone over and over the things that had been said—the assertions, the rejoinders, the reckless threats. He smiled grimly. Yes, misunderstandings had accumulated and now had culminated. Whichever was the more to blame—and of the two it was not he—it was better that they cease association; separate for a time at least. He was sensitive and she was sensitive; he was proud and she was proud; he was stubborn and she was stubborn; discord was caused by mere trifles, yet trifles which appeared insurmountable.

So finally had come the parting of the ways. He would go on by one path and she would go by another. He would not utter a word of protest or appeal. He could live without her, he reflected angrily; he had lived thus for many years before he met her, and he simply would drop into his old bachelor role.

Now he found his slippers. His soles invested, he stood, and, lifting his bath robe from the foot of the bed, where he had thrown it upon retiring, he wrapped it around him. He began to advance cautiously, for the blackness was murky, and he could not see an inch. However, his route was comparatively straight and unobstructed, and he had in his mind a clear picture of the position of the articles of furniture in his room and in the parlor.

He did not catch a sound from his wife's chamber, the other side of the portieres. She might be awake and listening for him to move, but of course she would not indicate it. Or possibly she was not awake. With a little tugging of his heartstrings, he recalled that she must have sobbed herself into exhaustion and sleep.

Hands outstretched to warn him of immediate obstacles, he proceeded until he encountered the wall and, skirting it, in an instant more had reached the door to the hall. He fumbled blindly for the knob. His fingers clasped it, and he twisted it carefully. His irresistible desire to avoid noise did not spring on account of his wife exactly, but somehow he was seized with an inexplainable dread of noises amid that inky quiet, a quiet only intensified by the rain and the low rumble of artillery as the tempest legions marched adown the horizon. Covering their withdrawal, upon the field of battle behind them the floods were descending in torrents.

Suddenly burst forth a vivid flash of lightning. It sketched to Page the figure of a man, upright, a few yards on his left. Darkness, dense, impenetrable, ruled again.

It was as if in front of his eye an instantaneous camera shutter had opened and closed, leaving an image indelibly fixed on the retina.

Stunned into an icy horror, not shifting a muscle, his hand upon the door knob, Page stood and strained his ears. Nothing met them save the irregular, gusty beat of the rain.

Everything that he had lately read in the news of thugs and housebreakers rushed upon him. The slightest morsel of gossip repeated to him by his timid wife recurred to him in a gasp. Recent nights had been extraordinarily prolific of deeds by highwaymen and burglars. Not a paper but chronicled in each edition a shocking list of crimes. The city was in the throes of its yearly attack of hold ups and assaults and robberies. Nobody was exempt. Even in that very block a dwelling had been entered, husband and wife drugged and bound in their beds and the premises thoroughly ransacked.

Good God! Had this man already been in Helen's room, and was he now pursuing his work further? Yes, he must have been in Helen's room and had just made exit through the portieres between the two chambers.

And that was why Helen had not spoken, moved. She was not designedly and bitterly still. She was unconscious, dead, or perhaps she was at the will of a ruffian, the confederate of the fellow revealed by the lightning. What untold tortures she might have endured, might be enduring! Supposing she were harmed—or—or—never to speak again. How could he bear it!

All those many things that he had said or done and that had hurt her assailed him as a life record passes before a drowning person. His impatience, his fault findings, his selfishness, the countless acts that he had ungraciously performed for her and the countless acts that he had apathetically suffered her to perform for him—these were the scenes now being branded on his brain with cruel persistency.

What could he do without her smile of welcome, her ready sympathy, her loving, jealous watch over his belongings, her quick, helpful interest in his aims and his ambitions.

Too late, too late!

Had she wondered frantically why he had not come to her aid?

Was she at the very moment even wondering and waiting? Was he to bring succor or revenge?

The responsibility was awful. How best and surest to carry out the mission put upon him? He was eager to expose himself to any risk provided that it enabled him to attain his goal. A great thirst for vengeance permeated him, burning into his marrow.

* * * * * * *

When, incapable longer of bearing her part in the exchange of words, yet disdaining to show how the rapier thrusts had wounded her, Mrs. Page had hotly fled to her room, drawing the portieres behind her, she had flung herself on her bed to find refuge in passionate tears. Then, fearing lest her husband might approach and hear her, abruptly she had stifled her sobs and had begun to undress.

All her womanhood was in revolt. Her husband had been detestable; he had been brutal; he had uttered things that she never would have believed he could, and she had been led into assertions now keenly repugnant to her. Oh, he was so irritating, so masterful, so unreasonable! And thereupon thronged into her tossing mind retort after retort which she might have made, but which she had not thought of in time.

She crept into bed and softly cried afresh. These were not angry tears, but tears from the depths of a desolate heart. Thus at last her married life had gone the way of so many other married lives of which she had read and heard. The prophecies of cynical and embittered acquaintances had come true—that she would discover she had loved the ideal and had married the real. The dreams of her girlhood had been beaten to death.

Well, as an end to the bickerings welcome the separation. She would prove to him that she was not dependent upon him, not in the slightest. She would answer defiance with defiance.

Worn out by her turmoil of resentment and grief, she sank asleep. She awakened with a start, sitting up in bed, every nerve on the alert. A thunderstorm was over the city. How long it had been in progress she did not know, but wind and rain combined were lashing roof and pane. The atmosphere was surcharged with electricity. She was quivering; a weight seemed to be upon her.

As she endeavored to collect her scattered senses her thoughts flew to the parlor window. She must go and shut it, for the rain was from that direction. Norman would not do it, and she would die rather than ask him, much as she shrank at the trip through the bristling darkness. Drawing on her fleecy house slippers, she threw about her the first wrap upon which she laid her hands—a raglan coat—and desperately set forth.

Not a movement in Norman's room. Surely he was awake; he never slept through a thunderstorm. How cruel in him to stay still and permit her to make the journey—she, such a coward!

How silent the house was in the midst of sough of wind and rain and growl of thunder! Almost she was forced into speaking to Norman to ascertain if really he was awake. But, no; she never, never would acknowledge a need for him.

THE LIGHTNING SKETCHED THE FIGURE OF A MAN.

"I thought you were killed; I thought that I'd lost my Norrie," she quavered piteously, clinging to him.

"But I'm with you, you see," he comforted, gathering her still closer.

"And we'll never be separated?" she appealed.

"Never, dearest," he whispered.

He carried her back to her bed and with loving hands tucked her in. Then, kneeling and bending over her, he murmured impulsively:

"Dear, I was to blame. I was mean to you last"—

"No, no," she protested quickly. "I'm so sensitive. I wish I wasn't."

"You're perfect," he remonstrated, almost with indignation.

The assurance in his voice and in his kiss was complete, for with a sigh of happy contentment she nestled her head upon his arm and was silent.

Thus holding her, he remained motionless until long after she had fallen asleep and the wind and the rain had subsided.

However, even hard in her indignation, she could not help playing the wife, and, mindful that her door stuck and was difficult to open, to avoid rousing him if perchance he was asleep she felt for the portieres and passed through in order to reach the hall by the door from his room.

She had taken only one or two steps when, instant as a saber stroke, came a flare of lightning which for the fraction of a second tipped everything with fire and was swallowed up. Brief as it was, it gave to her dazzled eyes the glimpse of a man just on her left, motionless, arrested like herself.

A burglar! A desperado! In Norman's room! What had been happening there in the night? Why was Norman so still? And this, then, was the subtle dread which had awakened her—an intuition of the tragedy.

Ah, could she but have known! Could she but have last evening back again! Could she but have the last year again!

How was she to live without Norman—her knight, her husband, her Norman! What were those petty differences beside the sound of his tender voice and the clasp of his strong arm?

Suddenly a wave of wild wrath uprose in her like a consuming flame. Luckily she had not cried out. Perhaps the man had not seen her or deemed that she had not seen him. The little revolver which Norman had taught her to use was in the top drawer of her chiffonier. Silently she began a purposeful retreat, her face turned toward her unseen enemy, her ears wary. It was the retreat of a tigress bereft that seeks but a vantage point for a furious leap. Vengeance, not safety, was her end.

* * * * * * *

Although while thinking Page had been listening, listening to apprehend the least indication of the whereabouts of his mysterious opponent, he had heard nothing save the dash of the drops. The silence was brimming with possibilities. He must not open the door, for this would betray him. The night covered him like a velvet pall, and, shrouded in his red robe, he was as invisible as was his antagonist.

Doubtless the other also was listening, peering, planning. Was he stealing nearer and nearer until he might grapple, or was he crouching, prepared to shoot as soon as his senses should guide him ever so little? Amid the storm a pistol shot would spread no alarm.

Page fancied that he could detect the gradual approach of his ruthless foe. His faculties were concentrated until it seemed that his head must crack from the stress.

The effort was futile.

Oh, for a chance to put himself upon an equal footing! Only give him something with which to kill, kill, kill! His heavy cane was in the opposite corner. A fierce longing to clutch it possessed him.

He started to withdraw his fingers from the knob.

Another lightning flash so brilliant and unexpected that it blinded him as with a white hot iron. Crash—the thunder peal close following and jarring, echoing, fading away until submerged by the pelting spears!

"Norman!"

Page's heart was jumping, and his ears thumped painfully.

"Norman, is that you?"

Helen's voice! Helen was alive, unharmed! The shackles of fear that bound him were shattered instantly.

"Yes, pet; I'm coming," he answered.

Recklessly bold, he strode resolutely in the direction of the dresser, hastily swept his hands over the top, seized a match and applied it to the gas. The broad jet leaped into life, and clutching the smoldering match, Page stared with all his eyes at the spot where he had descried the man.

He saw only the pale face of his wife above her raglan coat.

"Oh, Norman, I was so frightened! I got up to shut the window, and the

"POOR SWEETHEART!"

lightning showed me you, and I thought it was a burglar until the next flash!" she wailed, reaching out her arms and whimpering like a lonesome child.

"Poor sweetheart!" he said, springing to her and gathering her in his grasp to kiss her and stroke her hair.

Her forehead was damp and her cheeks were wet. A surge of compassion, regret and self reproach welled in his throat.

Chinese Scandal Merchants.

In China there is a profession for ladies, strange because openly and handsomely remunerated in the current coin of the realm. It is carried on by elderly ladies, who go from house to house of rich people, announcing their coming by beating a drum and offering their services to amuse the lady of the house. This offer accepted, they sit down and tell her the latest scandal and the newest stories and on dits and are rewarded at the rate of half a crown an hour, besides a handsome present should some portion of their gossip have proved particularly acceptable.—London Tit-Bits.

The Kind of Ear That Is Rare.

The ear that Darwin illustrates in his "Descent of Man" as being allied to the pointed type belonging to our simian relatives is not as uncommon as many may imagine. It is my observation that this peculiarity of the fold in question is oftener to be observed in women, and in many of these cases the persistence of the wisdom teeth is also a characteristic. I have in mind two cases of this sort, one of a man, the other of a woman, both residents of one of our leading cities and among their social and intellectual forces.

The latter is a remarkable reversion to an earlier type in ear, in teeth, in length of arm, in painless childbirth, in flexibility of hand joints and in other marked characteristics. It appears to me that the ear, like the vermiform appendix, the suspension of the viscera, the position of the orifice of the bladder and the unprotected condition of certain main arteries, is yet in a transitional state and not fully adapted to the newer human conditions imposed by the erect position and the artificialities of civilization.—Science.

A Mortified Wife.

The Rev. John Mathews, who was a pioneer Methodist preacher of Alabama, has been remembered for his strict views and many peculiarities, according to Lippincott's. His wife, who was more liberal in her ideas, was fond of dress and once sold a bureau and with the money bought a new hat. The following Sunday Brother Mathews, being disturbed at the beginning of his discourse by several of the congregation turning to see the late arrivals, said: "Brethren and sisters, don't bother to look around any more; I'll tell you who comes in." This he did, calling each one by name, much to the mortification of the tardy members. His wife was among the last, and when she walked down the aisle he said: "Make way there for Sister Mathews. She is coming with a bureau on her head."

It is not unusual to hear a Bedouin upon reaching a camp where water is offered him refuse it with the remark, "I drank only yesterday." On the Bedouins' long marches across dry countries the size of the water skins is nicely calculated to just outlast the journey, and they rarely allow themselves to break the habit of abstemiousness, as this would be sure to make their next water fast all the harder. They are accustomed from infancy to regard water as a most precious commodity and use it with religious economy. They know every hollow and nook in the mountains where water may be found. Their camels and goats, which they take with them on their marches to supply them with milk and meat, live principally on the scanty herbage and foliage of the thorny mimosa. Neither men nor animals drink more than once in forty-eight hours. No wonder they can subsist where invaders quickly perish.

CARE FOR SLEEPERS

A CLUB WHERE DOZING MEMBERS ARE NEVER DISTURBED.

There Is a Good Reason For This Custom, Which Is Not Allowed to Be Violated—A Short Sleep Which Culminated In a Tragedy.

There is an exclusive club in upper New York where the employees are forbidden from awakening any member who drops asleep in his chair in the library or sitting room. If a visitor inquires for him he is "out." Other members, if they see him, carry on their conversation in low tones or go to the smoking room or cafe. Very few new members are admitted to the club, but those who are fortunate enough to get in or those who bring visitors are reminded of this custom.

A physician who belongs to the club explained the reason of it. "It is wrong under any circumstances," he said, "to awaken a man who has fallen into a natural sleep. How do you know but it is the first time he has been able to sleep for hours or even days? This phenomenon of sleep is a very complicated one. There are many grades of sleep, and they affect different men in different ways. Dreams are the result of defective or partial sleep, and their common occurrence in the lighter varieties of the state shows that the rest taken by most persons is not profound or continuous even while it lasts.

"Don't you know that scores of persons in New York take a long trolley ride in the evening simply to produce a feeling of sleepiness? If a man looks straight ahead of him or reads a newspaper his ride will do him little good. He might as well remain at home on his front stoop. But if he looks about him, constantly shifting his gaze from one scene to another, he gets into a state of drowsiness such as is brought about by artificial means when it is called hypnotism. That is why so many men feel like dozing in the club after they come in from a ride or a drive in the park.

"Sleep induced by overeating is not natural. That brought about by stimulants is nothing but blood poisoning and stupor. It may be desirable and even necessary in some cases to produce this stupor. But the state into which the brain is thrown is not sleep. If natural sleep follows, it is a contingency and not the effect of the stimulant. But I was going to tell you a story, not deliver a medical lecture. I must not mention names, but many old club men of New York will remember the tragedy.

"There was a man who was quite prominent, both in a business and social way, in the life of this city. A dreadful family misfortune brought on insomnia. He would sometimes go forty-eight hours without sleep; then after a normal night or two he would not be able to sleep for a week. All his life until his trouble came upon him he had been habitually a heavy sleeper. After two or three months of this insomnia attack his health began to give way. Physicians tried all the usual means of overcoming the difficulty, but failed. He was prescribed sleeping drafts until it became dangerous to continue them longer.

"Then he went to Europe, taking a competent young physician of my acquaintance as companion. Specialists abroad prescribed walking and mountain climbing, but they discovered that there is nothing to be gained by increasing the fatigue of the body when worry of mind will not allow the repose to which the limbs are entitled. The man came home little the better for his trip. He retired from business. His strength wasted away.

"Finally by one of those curious freaks of nature we occasionally caught him dozing at the club. All who knew his misfortune sympathized with him. We moved about as though in a sick chamber until he awoke. He seldom slept more than twenty minutes and told us that his restlessness at night continued. One afternoon he came in positively drowsy. To a friend he said:

"'I feel as though I could sleep for a week, but I can't sleep in my own home—no. Find me a bed here.'

"We got him upstairs to a room and put a man on guard at the door, with instructions to see that no servant was allowed to disturb him or make a noise. An hour or so afterward an accident in the kitchen brought the fire engines up to the door. There was really no danger, but before a ladder could be raised poor Blank's body came tumbling into the area.

"He was killed. Suicide? No. It was the opinion of all of us that sudden awakening from the first sound sleep he had enjoyed for more than a year upset his mind and that when he was awakened by the noise he did not realize where he was. In a frenzy he leaped from the window."—New York Times.

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Judge—Do you think the fire was of incendiary origin?

Witness—I wouldn't like to say that, your honor. To tell you th' truth, I believe th' building was set on fire.—Ohio State Journal.

Abernethy declared that the best time to eat was, for a rich man, when he could get appetite, and, for a poor man, when he could get food.

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The Emotional Foreigner.

I saw a very pathetic sight on Forbes street, said the observing young woman, and it made me smile. A poor foreigner—I can't tell you his nationality—stood on the corner surrounded by a big pile of luggage.

He signaled to an approaching car, but the car passed right on. Motorman and conductor possibly objected to the load of freight. No sooner had the car passed than the young man burst out crying, and the tears rolled down his cheeks. It seemed strange to see a man act so.

It was one of those stories which have no beginning and no ending. It may be that he had waited there long and that no car would stop for him. It may be that he thought that that was the last car that was going to his destination. I only know that he was a stranger in a strange land and that he wanted Boston Bootest and that I stalled to see a grown man in tears for so simple a thing.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE

In Effect May 24th, 1903.

	A.M.				
Scranton(D&H)lv	9 47	1 42	4 45	.....	
Pittston " "	11 15	§ 2 10	5 02	.....	
	A. M	P. M.	P. M	P. M	
Wilkesbarre... lv	10 25	2 15	5 06	.....	
Plymth Ferry "	10 42	§ 2 32	5 07	.....	
Nanticoke..... "	10 50	5 01	6 17	.....	
Mocanaqua .... "	11 05	2 20	6 32	.....	
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 15	§ 2 45	.....	
Tomhicken..... "	.....	3 05	3 37	.....	
Fern Glen ..... "	.....	1 18	3 13	.....	
Rock Glen .... "	.....		3 22	.....	
Nescopeck .....ar	.....	3 42	3 40	.....	
Catawissa.....	.....	.....	4 00	.....	
	A M	A M	P. M.	P M	
Nescopeck.... lv	§ 7 18	§11 26	§ 3 42	§ 7 00	.....
Creasy..... "	7 23	11 36	3 52	7 09	.....
Espy Ferry.... "	§ 7 34	11 46	§ 4 02	§ 7 20	.....
E. Bloomsburg "	7 40	11 50	4 06	7 25	.....
Catawissa.....lv	8 5	11 57	4 13	7 32	.....
South Danville "	§ 7 44	12 15	4 31	7 51	.....
Sunbury.....ar	8 35	12 40	4 55	8 15	.....
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M	P. M.	
Sunbury..... lv	9 42	§12 48	§ 5 18	§ 9 48	.....
Lewisburg.... ar	10 13	1 45	5 48	.....	.....
Milton..... "	10 08	1 39	5 44	10 09	.....
Williamsport.. "	11 00	2 41	6 40	10 55	.....
Lock Haven.... "	11 50	3 37	7 37	.....	.....
Renovo..... "	A. M.	6 00	8 30	.....	.....
Kane..... "	.....	8 25	.....	.....	.....
	P. M.	P. M.			
Lock Haven..lv	§12 10	§ 5 45	.....	.....	.....
Bellefonte .....ar	1 05	6 41	.....	.....	.....
Tyrone..... "	2 20	6 50	.....	.....	.....
Phillipsburg .. "	1 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	9 50	§ 1 50	§ 5 10	§ 8 35	.....
Harrisburg.... ar	11 30	§ 3 15	6 45	10 30	.....
	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A M	
Philadelphia.. ar	§ 3 17	6 23	§10 20	4 25	.....
Baltimore ..... "	§ 3 11	6 00	9 45	2 30	.....
Washington.... "	§ 4 10	7 15	10 55	4 05	.....
	A. M.	P. M.			
Sunbury lv	§10 00	§ 2 15	.....	.....	.....
Lewistown Jc. ar	11 45	4 05	.....	.....	.....
Pittsburg..... "	6 55	§10 45	.....	.....	.....
	A.M.	P. M	P. M.	P. M.	P M
Harrisburg.... lv	11 45	§ 5 00	§ 7 15	§10 25	.....
	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A M	
Pittsburg..... "	6 55	§ 1 50	§ 1 50	5 30	.....
	P. M.	P M	A M	A M	
Pittsburg..... lv	§ 7 30	§ 9 00	§ 3 00	8 00	.....
	A. M	A M		P M	
Harrisburg.... ar	§ 2 00	§ 4 20	§ 9 30	§ 3 10	.....
		A M		A M	
Pittsburg..... lv	.....	.....	.....	8 10	
				P. M	
Lewistown Jc. "	.....	7 30	.....	12 40	
Sunbury ..... ar	.....	§ 9 20	.....	§ 3 50	
	A M	P M	A M	A M	
Washington... lv	10 40	.....	§ 7 50	10 50	.....
Baltimore..... "	11 00	§ 4 40	8 40	11 45	.....
Philadelphia.... "	11 20	4 25	8 50	11 10	.....
	A. M	A M	A. M.	P M	
Harrisburg.... lv	3 35	7 55	11 1	§ 3 20	.....
Sunbury ..... ar	5 00	9 26	1 08	§ 6 05	.....
	P. M.		A M	A M	
Pittsburg..... lv	§12 45	.....	§ 5 00	8 00	.....
Clearfield..... "	3 50	.....	.....	9 18	.....
Philipsburg.... "	4 40	.....	.....	10 12	.....
Tyrone..... "	7 05	.....	§ 8 10	12 25	.....
Bellefonte..... "	8 16	.....	9 33	1 45	.....
Lock Haven ar	9 15	.....	10 35	2 40	.....
	P. M.	A M	A M	P M	
Erie..... lv	5 35	.....	.....	.....	.....
Kane..... "	8 45	.....	§ 6 00	.....	.....
Renovo..... "	11 50	§ 6 45	10 30	.....	.....
Lock Haven.... "	12 58	7 55	11 25	§ 3 00	.....
	A. M.		P M		
Williamsport .. "	2 20	§ 8 30	§12 40	4 00	.....
Milton ..... "	2 24	9 17	1 28	4 46	.....
Lewisburg ..... "	.....	9 05	1 15	4 42	.....
Sunbury..... ar	3 24	9 40	1 55	5 15	.....
	A. M.	A 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 35	2 36	6 08	.....
E.Bloomsburg.. "	7 37	10 43	2 45	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	
Catawissa.....lv	7 32	10 38	2 36	6 08	.....
Nescopeck lv	8 23	.....	§ 3 05	§ 7 05	.....
Rock Glen.....ar	.....	11 22	.....	7 28	.....
Fern Glen..... "	8 51	11 28	3 32	7 34	.....
Tomhicken ..... "	8 58	11 38	3 38	7 42	.....
Hazleton..... "	9 10	11 58	3 59	8 05	.....
Pottsville..... "	10 15	.....	6 55	.....	.....
	A M	A M	P M	P M	
Nescopeck lv	§ 8 02	11 05	§ 3 05	§ 6 40	.....
Wapwallopen..ar	8 19	11 20	3 20	6 52	.....
Mocanaqua ..... "	8 31	11 32	3 30	7 01	.....
Nanticoke ..... "	8 55	11 54	3 49	7 19	.....
		P M			
Plym'th Ferry "	§ 9 03	12 02	3 57	§ 7 28	.....
Wilkesbarre ..... "	9 10	12 10	4 05	7 35	.....
	A M	P M	P M	P M	
Pittston(D&H) ar	§ 9 29	12 55	§ 4 56	.....	§8
Scranton " "	10 08	1 24	5 21	§	§9

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HANGMAN'S PAY.

The Way an Oriental Executioner Helps to Fill His Purse.

In the east a hangman's trade is very profitable. As soon as a person is condemned to be hanged notice is sent to the executioner, who has the privilege of erecting the scaffold wherever he pleases, and at sunrise the next morning he begins his work. Accompanied by his assistants, who guard the condemned man and carry material for the scaffold, he goes to some prominent place in front of a large dwelling and there proceeds to erect the scaffold.

A few minutes later the owner of the large dwelling rushes out and implores him to go somewhere else.

"I don't want to have a man hanged in front of my house," he explains.

"All right," says the hangman. "I'm willing to go elsewhere provided you pay me for my trouble in coming here and for the time which I have spent in doing so."

Though the sum which he names is pretty large, the owner of the large dwelling pays it without a word, when the hangman goes to another large dwelling, where a similar scene is enacted.

In this way several hours are spent by the executioner in extorting money from all the magnates in the neighborhood. When his purse is at last well filled he erects the scaffold in some dark wood, and soon the unfortunate man, who has been tramping after him all day, is at rest.—New York Herald.

Philadelphia's First Book.

The first book of any kind published in Philadelphia was Atkin's Almanack for the year 1686. It was an unpaged pamphlet of ten leaves, only two copies of which are now known to be in existence. The first copy of the Almanack printed was sent to Colonel Markham, Penn's deputy, who reported to the council that the book had erroneously declared Pennsylvania to have been founded by "Lord Penn." The council disapproved such a high sounding title and directed the author and printer (William Bradford) to "forthwith and effectually blott out ye words 'Lord Penn.'" This had the effect of recalling the whole edition and the abolition of the obnoxious words.

Throwing the Slipper at a Wedding.

The throwing of the slipper after the bride comes apparently from barbarous times, when the relations of man and wife were really very much akin to those of master and slave, for it seems that the shoe was an emblem of authority, and at an Anglo-Saxon marriage a shoe was given by the bride's father to her husband in token of transference of power over her, the groom usually indicating his appreciation of that fact by tapping his new wife lightly on the head with it.

Had Confessed.

Magistrate—How do you know this German gentleman has been guilty of passing the spurious ten cent pieces?

Detective—I asked him if he ever came across any bad money, and he said "Some times."—Judge.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE

OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE!

Pursuant to an order of the Court of Common Pleas of Montour County, the undersigned, assignee for the benefit of creditors of James Martin, will expose to public sale, on the premises No. 528 East Market street, on

Saturday December 12, 1903

at ten o'clock A. M., of said day, the following described real estate:

Tract No 1. All that certain town lot of land situate in the Fourth Ward of the borough of Danville, county of Montour, state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Situate on the Western side of Railroad street commencing at a distance of three hundred and forty feet Northwardly from "C" street, thence extending along Railroad street Northwardly about forty two feet to line of land formerly of Dr. William H. Magill now or formerly of Jacob Sperring, thence along line of said Sperring Westwardly 164.7 feet to an alley, thence along said alley Southwardly about 104 feet to line of land formerly of Edward H. Baldy, thence along said Baldy's land at right angles with said alley and paralell with "C" street 150 feet to the place of beginning on Railroad street.

Tract No. 2. All that certain town lot of land situate in the Fourth Ward of the borough, county and state aforesaid, bounded and described as follows: Commencing on the Northwest side or corner of Spring street and an alley at the distance of 236 feet Eastwardly from "C" street, thence Eastwardly along Spring street North 79½ degrees East 32.5 feet to another alley, thence along said other alley North 38½ degrees East 66 feet to line of land now or formerly of William H. Magill, thence along line of said land North 30 degrees West about 111 feet to another alley, thence along the line of said other alley Westwardly about 47 feet to the first mentioned alley, thence along the said first mentioned alley South 10½ degrees East 150 feet to the place of beginning at the corner of said alley and Spring street.

Tract No. 3. All that certain one-half part of a town lot of land situate in the First Ward of said borough, county and state, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a distance of 30 feet West of Elm street at the corner of Market and Elm streets, thence along other lands of grantor South 32½ degrees West 27 feet, thence North 57½ degrees West 4.5 feet, thence South 41½ degrees West 81.7 feet to the land of Mahoning Rolling Mill Company, thence along same North 44¾ degrees West 24.8 feet to other land of Mahoning Rolling Mill Company, thence North 44¾ degrees East 101.5 feet to Market street, thence along Market street 57½ degrees East 20 feet to the place of beginning; whereon is erected a

TWO-STORY FRAME DWELLING

with large and commodius store room fronting on East Market street. The same being numbered 528 East Market street.

TERMS OF SALE: Ten per centum of the purchase money shall be paid at the striking down of the respective properties. The balance thereof upon confirmation of said sale or sales. All conveyancing to be at the expense of the purchaser or purchasers.

JAMES DAILEY, Assignee.
R. SCOTT AMMERMAN, Atty.

Orphan's Court Sale

OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE!

Estate of Friederika P. Rieck late of the Borough of Danville, Montour county, dec'd

By virtue of an order of the Orphans Court of Montour County granted to her for such purpose, the undersigned, Executrix of the above named decedent will expose to public sale upon the respective premises situated in the Third Ward of the Borough of Danville, in the County of Montour and State of Pennsylvania on

Saturday, November 28th, '03

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

Lot No. 1. Beginning at the intersection of Mulberry street and a sixteen foot alley leading from said Mulberry street to the D. L. & W. R. R. Passenger Station, thence along said alley South, one hundred and fifty feet to an alley known as D. L. & W. Avenue, thence along said alley or D. L. & W. Avenue West fifty-three feet and nine inches to lot No. 2, formerly of Herman Rieck, dec'd, thence North ninety-three feet and three inches to lot No. 3 formerly of Herman Rieck, dec'd., thence East twenty-five feet four inches along said lot No. 3, thence North along said lot No. 3, formerly of Herman Rieck dec'd, 56 feet seven inches to Mulberry street aforesaid, thence along said Mulberry street East twenty-eight feet and five inches to the place of beginning; whereupon is erected a large

Two-Story Brick Hotel

together with the usual outbuildings.

Lot No. 2. Beginning at a point on D. L. & W. Avenue fifty-three feet and nine inches West from a certain sixteen foot alley leading from Mulberry street to the D. L. & W. R. R. Passenger Station, thence extending West thirty four feet three inches to lot formerly of I. W. Salmon now owned by Andrew Cromo, thence North along said lot of Andrew Cromo ninety three feet to lot No. 3 formerly of Herman Reick Dec'd., thence East along said lot No. 3, formerly of Herman Rieck Dec'd., thirty-four feet three inches to lot No. 1 formerly of Herman Rieck Dec'd, thence South along said lot No. 1 formerly of Herman Rieck Dec'd., ninety-three feet three inches to the place of beginning. Whereupon is erected a

Two-Story Frame Dwellfng House

with the usual out buildings.

Lot No. 3 fronting on Mulberry street beginning at a point on said Mulberry street twenty eight feet five inches West from a cerain sixteen foot alley, leading from said Mulberry street to the D. L. & W. R. R. Passenger station thence extending West along said Mulberry street fifty nine feet seven inches to lot of land formerly of I. W. Salmon now owned by Andrew Cromo, thence south along said lot of Andrew Cromo fifty seven feet to lot No. 2 formerly of Herman Rieck, Dec'd., thence east along lots 2 and 1 formerly of Herman Rieck, Dec'd., fifty nine feet seven inches to a point in lot No. 1 formerly of Herman Reick Dec'd., thence North along said lot No. 1 formerly of Herman Rieck, dec'd., fifty-six feet and seven inches to Mulberry street the place of beginning whereupon is erected a

Two-Story Brick Dwelling House

with the usual out-buildings with the purtnances.

An unusual opportunity is here offered to purchase a valuable Hotel stand, adjoining the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad station. This place has been licensed for more than twenty years past, and has always been a very valuable money making place. It is well located with a valuable trade.

Terms of sale 10 per cent of the purchase money shall be paid in cash at the striking down of the respective properties. 30 per cent shall be paid at the time of the delivery of the deed and the remaining 60 per cent shall be paid one year from the date of the confirmation of sale, to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises with interest from that date. Possession to be given April 1, 1904. All writing to be paid for by the purchaser.

CAROLINE RIECK,
Executrix of Friedericka P. Rieck, deceased.

WM. J. BALDY, Atty.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of James L. Riehl, late of the Borough of Danville, Montour County, deceased.

Notice is hereby