TWIXT LOVE AND DEATH By Martha McCulloch-William. Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

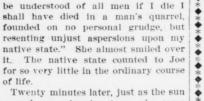
If Millie had not worn her blue gown the story might have been different. Whether it was the color or the fluff of it or the way it clung to and molded her slim suppleness, nobody could say, but the fact was patent, somehow it transformed her from a very pretty girl into an elfland queen. Millie was, you see, a Spanish blond, with velvet dark eves and hair of the palest gold. Small wonder in the blue gown she swept John Eustace off his feet and made him forget some things he ought to have remembered.

His betrothed, Alice Ellison, for exenty. He lived to see his daughter nine years old and to impress upon her that she must marry her second cousin flinging away his pistol and clutching and so keep the money in the Ellison her arm. Eustace caught the other blood.

accepted his fate philosophically. Un- you!" til chance flung Millie across his path he had never repined. An only child her hand, "I shall love you always, and motherless, he had grown up his John, but your wife need not be jealfather's intimate comrade. Thus women especially young women, had nev- ; er worn for him the roseate glamour of schooled youth. Still his father had upon young shoulders nor to breed in his son contempt for womankind. It was only that love and women were pushed to the background, reckoned mere episodes beside the rush and scurry of truly manly pursuits. Marriage was honorable in all men-marriage with Alice would be thrice honorable, safe and profitable. Thus when she came to eighteen John had a certain satisfaction in putting the ring upon her finger and even chafed a little over the fact that by her father's express desire she was to stay single until she was one and twenty.

He honestly believed himself in love and truly felt for her a tender fondness that had begun when, a sturdy little lad, he had guided her tottering baby steps. He meant always to guide, guard and cherish her as became a gentleman, even though in his swelling visions of the future she was no more than a dumb, submissive shade. If she would never be a brilliant figure, still less would she be one of whom husband must needs be ashamed. Indeed he was altogether a little more than content with the ordering of things until six months before his wedding day he came under Millie's spell. He saw her first upon a spring morning full of hot, shining and languid ruffling airs. Dew still sparkled on the grass, and overhead in the green gold of new leafage robins fluted delicately the joy of life and love. To his enchanted eyes Millie embodied the shining, the bird song, the softness of the south wind, the warmth of the sun. What they said is immaterial. For two hours they walked together over the ragged lawn turf or stood in rapt contemplation of newly open roses. And then in a safe seclusion of greenest shade he drew her within his arms and kissed her, not lightly, but as one who takes what is supremely his own.

Then followed a heavenly fortnight. Eustace masterfully pushed out of his mind all thought that might mar this new bliss. He rarely spoke his love and after that first kiss was sparing of demonstration. There was no need of it when each understood so perfectly what was in the other's heart. Yet at the end of every day's comradery Eustace had a sense of something impending ever drawing nearer. He refused to let himself look further than the next day's end, but somehow, somewhere he knew he would be called to pay a bitter scot. His chiefest care was for Millie. No harm must touch her, however it fared with him. She was so young, so innocently gay, so innocently foolish, he was doubly bound to protect her, even against himself. It was heaven to see her bloom and sparkle at his approach. She left herself so artlessly undefended now and again there came a lump in his throat. A man who could speak, who could even think, lightly of her would deserve death twice over. So the idyl drifted through hours. sunlit and starlit. Perhaps it was some ill star in its course that brought home Joe Cantrell, Millie's brother, who Hved out in the big world and knew its ways. He came unannounced just as dusk fell down, making his way through the devious side path all tan- gion coaches are associated with only gled with sweet shrubs. When Millie met him a little later, her eyes were The coach is an indispensable feature starlike, her cheeks of damask bloom; of the wedding, and only the very but sight of per could not win him poorest are buried without the attendfrom icy anger. He never explained ance of a mourning coach. anything. "You will be ready to go back with me two days hence," he said, ding is to take place, and everybody is frowning heavily. Millie got very on the watch when the coach and pair white, but went silently toward the come dashing around the corner to restair foot. As she was mounting it celve the bride. The vehicle draws up her brother said, with a taunting laugh, "Next time you choose to kiss and fon-dle a man take care that I am not in bride, half hidden in her white veil sight or that he is not engaged to marry another woman." She knelt, shivering, by her bedside until she heard him go out after a lelsurely supper. And she was still kneeling when he came in, stamping heav-11y, well toward midnight. He stopped tary, flung down the lid with a bang.



peeped over rimming trees, she came out in a little clearing upon a wooded

hilltop and saw two men standing weapon in hand, face to face, ten yards apart. Three other men a little way off had scared, white faces, but neither combatant had lost wholesome color glowing coals. She flung up her arms and said clearly: "Fire, gentlemen! If anybody deserves death, I do!" "Millie! Go back!" Joe Cantrell thunleaped to the girl's side. In her ear he whispered brokenly: "Darling, let him

kill me. It is the best way out of it all!" ample. Alice was as good as her plen-tiful gold, but stubby, dull colored and "There is no need for bloodshed," she on the surface dull witted. She was, above all things, dutiful. Duty was seconds could hear: "I call all here to indeed the early root of her love for witness that I have not been deceived. John. If she had not happened to be I knew at the very first of John Eusborn, the Ellison fortune would have tace's betrothal. We have done no gone to John's father, Ellison Eustace. wrong to anybody. We-we love each Her father had married in a fit of other because we cannot help it. Oh, plque when he was on the edge of sev- it is hard that my own brother brings me to such open shame!" "Come home," Cantrell said roughly,

blood, John, five years older than Alice, had The whole world may go if I have "Goodby," Millie said, drawing away

ous.

By the strange orderings of fate that was a true word. John Eustace went by no means tried to put an old head straight to Alice and told her all the truth. She gave him back his freedom and would have given him half her money only he would not have it. But he could not persuade Millie to marry him until Joe, the masterful, had wooed and won Alice Ellison and her fortun

DANGER IN SODA SIPHONS.

They May Explode and Cause Injury to Those Who May Be Near. Do you know that the siphon bottle ordinarily used for vichy, soda water and other effervescent drinks is usually

charged with a pressure of from 120 to 160 pounds to the square inch? The danger likely to result from an explosion of one of these little household articles is by no means inconsiderable, and yet the average person handles a siphon as though it were the most harmless thing in the world.

There are two or three things to remember in handling siphons: Never keep your siphons near the range, for the nusual heat is more likely than anything else to cause an explosion. Don't subject the bottle to an," sudden change of temperature whatever. For instance, if you keep your siphons in the ice box-and that is the best and safest place for them-don't grasp the glass part of the bottle with your warm hand, for the sudden change of temperature is apt to cause an explosion. The best way to carry a siphon at all times is by the metal top at the head of the bottle. It is needless to say the greatest care should be taken not to drop a siphon, for an explosion is the inevitable result. When empty, the siphon is, of course, quite harmless.

great source of danger is evidenced by the fact that the courts inevitably hold the bottlers strictly liable for all damages resulting from the explosion of one of them if even the slightest defect HE WORKED HIS WAY ALONG FROM THE dumb. She should at all times mainin the manufacture of the bottle can



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Herman Muller was thrifty, very shy, very musical and very much in love. The fact that he was very shy and very much in love disturbed him greatly, and the fact that he was very musical disturbed other people, particularly the people in the house where he boarded. This house was in a very quiet part of Brooklyn, and from it dered. Eustace dropped his pistol and Herman went to his work in New York was not half so terrifying as the prosevery morning and returned in the evening. During business hours, from 9 to 5, he was Herman Muller, head

bookkeeper for the importing firm of Drummond & Hart. After business hours he was "that moon eyed Dutchman who plays the fiddle."

Herman had tried one boarding house after another, but never had he found one where violin playing at night was encouraged either by landlady or the other boarders. Finally he had moved into this house and, in desperation, resolved to brave all the unkind remarks. The quiet part of the

city suited him, and really the other boarders were not as entirely unreasonable as some others he had known. Opening on to his room was a small

fire escape balcony, and he had secured permission to sit on this in the even-ings and play his violin softly. The softness was stipulated by the concessionnaires. It was very cold on the

balcony in winter time, but he was always cheered up by the society of his beloved "fiddle" and the knowledge that spring was coming. And it was in the spring that he fell

in love-not once, but twice. Now, it was grateful to his Teutonically sentimental soul to fall in love, but it is diflove two women at once with whole souled enthusiasm. Yet he was not ex-

actly in love with two women-he was by houses. in love with a woman and with a voice. The woman was the new stenographer in the office of Drummond & Hart. Slender, brunette and dainty, she was

in every respect antithetical to the big,

That these bottles are considered a

to the place where he boarded, but a projecting bay window cut off the Suvaroff, was in the labit of asking fellows. projecting bay window cut on the obtained, which in the relation of asking view of this house from his window, bis men difficult questions, sometimes and he had no way of knowing what foolish ones, and bestowing favors on hadn't been so much fuss made over from the lower part of the arms of the room the owner of The Voice occupied. those who showed presence of mind in It, as if it was a bright thing for any-dukes of Medici, continues to this day One evening in June he made his answering him. On one occasion a body to say, but the honest truth is to be the sign of pawnbrokers-money opportunity. At the end of a waltz general of division sent him a sergeant ng which he had been playing he with dispatches, at the same time recsoftly laid down his violin and stepped on to the next fire escape balcony. He

was long armed and athletic, so it ed to test him by a series of whimsical 'You derned old beast! If I had a gun been gilded. The position of the balls was with little difficulty that he workquestions ed his way along from one fire escape to another until he had rounded the first query. point of the bay window. The bright

marches," the soldier promptly replied. cago Tribune. moonlight made him easily visible on "If your men began to give way in the fire escape, and he knew that he stood an excellent chance of being

shot for a burglar, but physical danger ood things to eat." pect of continuing longer with his love divided between a voice and a woman.

As he reached the point of the bay sea? "Just as many as have not been window he peeped cautiously around it. He saw a girl leaning out of a wincaught."

And so the examination went on till dow, and he instantly darted back. The Suvaroff, finding his new acquaintance lowed a bride around for two weeks profess, performing as we promise and girl was Helen Dumont. He had not armed at all points, at length put a before her wedding?"-Life. known she lived so close to him, and he hoped she had not seen him. He re- final poser:

"What is the difference between your solved to wait where he was until the girl with The Voice should come back colonel and myself?" "The difference is this," replied the

to her window. He had to wait only a soldier coolly. "My colonel cannot few moments before he heard The Voice make me a captain, but your excellency humming the refrain of the waltz song can.' which he had been playing a few min-

Suvaroff, struck by his shrewdness, utes before. Again peeping cautiously around the wall, he again saw only Helen Dumont. She saw him and afterward gave him the promotion for which he had hinted. laughed that sweet, silvery laugh he

It struck him suddenly and very The Proper Amount of Sleep, forcibly that he was a fool, a big Ger-A proper amount of sleep is, of course, man, musical, sentimental fool. The owner of the voice was Helen Dumont. health, but if dietetic habits are corr Therefore he must be twice as much in rect it is a matter which will regulate love with Helen as he had thought it itself. If a rule is needed, one will folpossible to love a woman. Very quiet- low naturally from the fact that ally he made his way back to his own most every one feels languid on wakbalcony and picked up his violin again. If, stupid fool that he was, he could not speak for himself, he could make Ing. This is a morbid sensation which

his instrument speak for him. The Volce was silent, but he did not care. It is enough to say that lack of sleep He knew that she must understand. should be made up, if possible, at the ficult even for a German musician to As a finale he played a composition of beginning and not at the end. The best his own only in time to escape epithets general rule is to rise at a given hour hurled at him from half a dozen near- every morning, whether tired or not,

and go to bed when sleepy .- Roger S. And, once having told his love with Tracy in Century. the violin, he had less difficulty than

en Dumont the following evening and proposed in due form. Mr. and Mrs. Herman Muller live in one of New York's prettlest suburbs, in proposed in due form. Mr. and Mrs. Herman Muller live in a cottage where violin music and singing can disturb no neighbors. The wife

he anticipated when he called on Hel-

SICKROOM TACTICS.

Patient and Tactful.

The proper mental atmosphere creat ed in a sickroom is often as important as the remedies given. A nurse should be in touch with her patient-that is, she should be sympathetic and not al low irritability and whims to upset her equanimity. The nurse who can create an atmosphere of repose, who can humor without indulging her patient in all the idiosyncrasies of sick people, has won half the battle. An unsympa thetic, impatient nurse will do more to hinder recovery than the lack of remedies. It is not acts and words alone that help or hinder; her very thoughts are as potent as her general conduct, And the sensitive patient will be influPROMOTION BY RETORT.

would see the owner of The Voice. He knew that she lived in the house next which Pleased Suvaroff. The man who had been kicked by a Lombard street, noted in history as mule and was quoted as saying he the great London street for bankers, de "considered the source" was creation The great Russian soldier, Marshal of it afterward to some of the other

"How far is it to the moon?" was the and it wasn't against the law to show

"Two of your excellency's forced derned old head off, dern you!"-Chi-

erned the nation, wrote several books, "How many fish are there in the studied two languages, saw a hundred people a day and answered all his mail, besides sitting up all night reading

Homer. "That's nothing. Have you ever fol-belleving as we pretend, acting as we

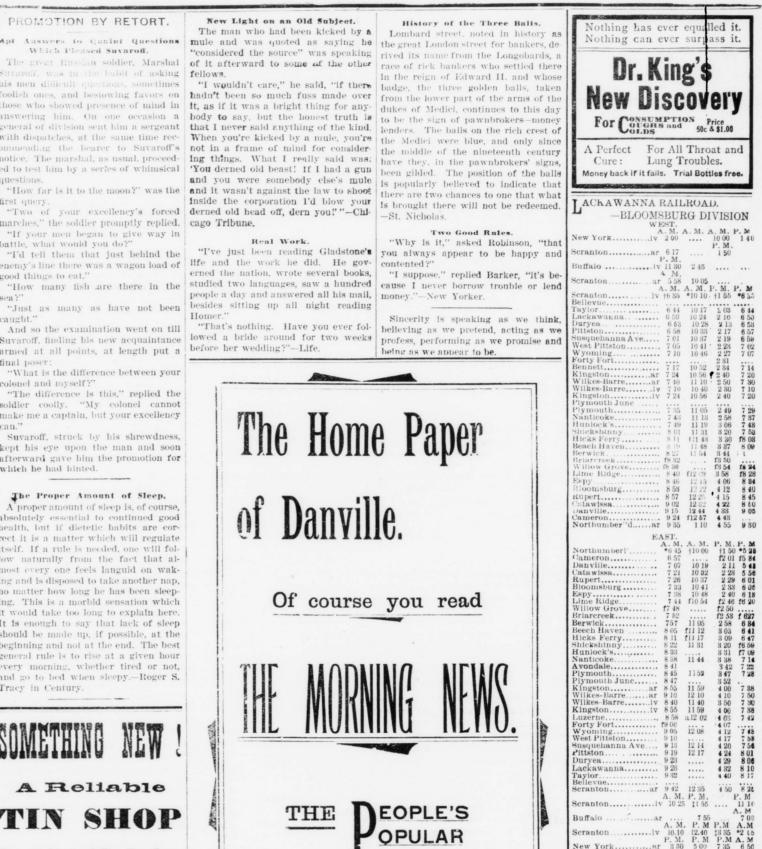
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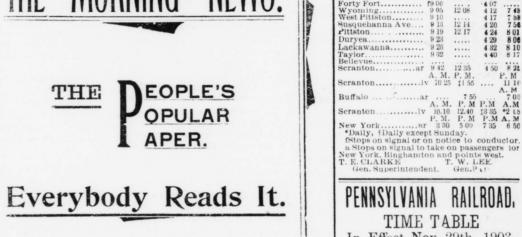
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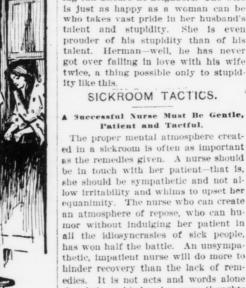
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enced for good or ill if the nurse were J. J. BROWN. THE EYE A SPECIALTY

of Danville.

then after a minute came upstairs, still moving ponderously. But his footsteps did not mask another sound-the clicking of pistol locks. Intuitively she understood-he had strolled over to the Country club, picked a quarrel with Eustace and would have him out at daybreak next morning.

No thought of appeal to him stirred in her. Instead there came a firm de-termination matching his own. She knew her name had not been mentioned in the quarrel quite as well as she knew herself its real root. The men must not fight. She could not have her brother's blood upon her conscience, still less her lover's. There was but one way to stop them, a way bitterer than death; still she set her feet toward it unfaltering.

She got up and sat by the window, watching with noteless eyes the wheeling stars, the waning moonlight. But at the first pale dawn light she was tensely allve. Below she heard a stealthy stir, the cautious opening of a door, with muffled voices and cautious steps outside. She got up and crept to her brother's room. Lighted candles still glittered there. Upon the table there was a brief will, the ink not dry in the heavily scrawled signature. Beside it was a briefer statement: "Let it York Herald.

be shown.-Washington Times.

This Horse Knew

A doctor was returning home from visiting a patient late one night in company with a clergyman, when the horse stopped short at one of the most dangerous grade crossings within the was looking the other way. city's limits. Absorbed in lively conversation with his clerical friend and seeing no gate down, he mechanically touched the horse with the whip and urged it by his voice to go forward. But the spirited animal for once would

not respond and instead of obeying stepped briskly aside and turned his head as far as possible from the train Herman geomptly turned to his books, which just then whizzed by at the rate more for the purpose of letting the blue die away than for any other reaof forty miles an hour.

It was a close call for the occupants son. As he pored over the books he reof the carriage, who sat breathless flected with delight that the girl's name through the moments of terrible sus-pense, but the horse maintained its Helen Dumont, was a name that emi nently suited her. attitude of a half circle until the dan-It was not until business hours were ger had passed. It seems the gateover, his dinner eaten and the violin keeper was asleep at his post and had and himself in close companionship on

neglected his duty, but the delicate the little balcony that he decided he ears of the horse had detected the was at last in love. Then he took the sound of the coming train.-Boston violin into his confidence, cuddling it Transcript. up to his chin and playing very softly a little love song of the Rhine country

sensitive, he decided.

Next day at the office he stole many

When the Poor Ride In Coaches. In the east side tenement house retwo things-weddings and funerals.

The whole block knows when a wedprobably shout across to him to keep his fiddle playing for the daytime. However, no protest came, and he before the narrow entrance to a tene taken up the measure of this than he heard a voice accompanying him. No and all nodding with orange wreaths, ming, but in a voice of so pure a sowhile a gaping crowd looks on. The

horses are lashed, the coach turns another corner, and in three minutes the bride is at the place of ceremony. The ceremony over, the coach this time swallows up both bride and bridebeside her father's high black secre- groom. Everybody is charmed at the sight. The gossips are busy for a day. -New York Press.

The Stem Winder.

When Michael McGurck was a longhis music no more that night. shoreman Mrs. McGurck took in washing and called herself a "washer lady." gathered together the emoluments of his bossing his wife put on airs and decided that her two daughters should be educated and marry millionaires. Bridget McGurck found it somewhat difficalled them, to invite her girls to their parties. Once she got them in at a "social" and went with them as chaperon. dressed in a stunning sea green silk with red trimmings.

They had decided to get there early and not miss anything to be seen of 'sassiety." Other guests were, as usual, late in arriving, and one lady of very humble lineage fidgeted nervously till the strain of trying to decide whether Mrs. McGurck beamed upon her and said it was "a foine avenin'." And, the or a beautiful voice. Time and again fee being broken, the nervous lady asked he wrestled unavailingly with the shythe lady in green the time. That lady with a sigh of regret and a look of sad-

ness, said: left the self feeder at home."-New

r mental atti blond, untidy looking fellow who so ad- tude and remember that the patient's irritability or melancholia is justified mired her at first sight. But Herman

was a handsome fellow despite the by her physical condition and is not careless manner in which he dressed, perversen Gentleness, pitience and, above all and the new stenographer often glanced

at him approvingly when she knew he $\left| \begin{array}{c} tact \mbox{ are the rc} uisites \mbox{ for good and in$ telligent nursing, and the nurse who lacks these qualities has indeed missed Mr. Drummond, the senior partner in the firm, introduced Herman to the her calling. Patients have often failed to improve simply because they did not new stenographer. He knew Herman's reputation for shyness and only by a fancy their nurse. A nurse must be great effort kept down a smile when he | likable and make herself liked, and it saw the big German blush conspicuous- takes only plain tact and a little cir ly upon meeting the frank glance of cumspection to ingratiate herself with the young girl. The introduction over, the most uninteresting of patients.

FROST FAIRIES.

The Wonderful Designs That Window Panes Picture.

When the frost fairies have a mate rial ready for original design they often produce in the hours of darkness most

exquisite decorations. The window panes are their drawing paper, and the window frames serve as picture frames on those particular occasions. There are said to be no less than a thousand forms of snow crystals, every one of them of the finest finish and of unim peachable symmetry. Some are like It was a light thing, rippling and sunthe patterns in honiton lace, while othshiny, and it seemed to express his feelers are elaborated with geometrical ings. He wondered if Helen was mupatterns so complex that it is difficult sical. She must be, her face was so to analyze them. But on the window

panes the frost pictures are by no As he played he heard a window means confined to what are "standard raised in the house next door and repatterns" in snowflakes, but show the flected uneasily that some one would most various and dainty schemes of ornament. Some are like starry flowers, set with stars in the center and with starry shoots and comets flying changed the air he was playing to into space around them. Others take Schubert's serenade. Scarcely had he the shape of leaves arranged in set form by some human designers. The endive pattern is among the most beauwords were sung; it was a sort of humtiful, the curves and "motive" being often scarcely distinguishable from prano quality that he was thrilled those in which a goldsmith of the days through and through. Then he played of Louis XV, modeled the ormolu in one of Sauer's peasant love songs, and which he graced some priceless vase of the voice still accompanied him, this jasper or crystal. Scale patterns, like time singing the words very softly. the scales of fishes, with striated lines But other windows in his own house upon the overlapping disks, wavy pat were raised to protest at the music. terns, set with stars, fern patterns, From the window where the singer sat moss patterns and formalized sprays a silvery laugh floated out. The winof maidenhair are among the choicest dow closed, and the voice accompanied on the list.-London Spectator.

Americans on Guard.

furtive glances at Miss Dumont and There is no record that any such orbut when Mike became a stevedore and tried to decide whether he was in love der as "Put none but Americans on with her or with the voice he had guard" was issued by Washington heard the night before. Already he Those who quote it do not know when was beginning to think of it as The Volce, mentally capitalizing the words. it was supposed to have been issued But it is a fact that on April 30, 1777 Before the day was over he decided in an order issued at Morristown, N. J cult to induce "fine people," as she that he was in love with Helen Du- for reorganizing the improperly called mont. The graceful turn of her head "Washington's bodyguard" he did say and the purity of expression in her big that he thought that men having an in brown eyes seemed to him worth all terest in the country would be less the voices in the world. But in the likely to prove traitors than foreigners evening The Voice again accompanied The order continued, "You will, there his violin playing, and for an hour he fore, send me none but Americans. was near to forgetting Miss Dumont. Washington directed that this prefer This went on all through the spring, ence for Americans should not be made and Herman began to lose flesh under known, as he feared it might excite the many foreigners in the army.-Exhe was in love with a beautiful girl change.

Unnecessary.

Cholly-A fellow told me today that ness which prevented him from getfelt around her corpulent anatomy and, ting better acquainted with Helen Du- I didn't know enough to go in when it mont. He often met her on his way rained. Miss Sharp-And what did you home in the evening and knew that kay? Cholly-I assumed him it was quite "Begorra, ma'am, I'm sorry, but I've she lived somewhere close, but he unnecessary, doncher know, because I nevah go out when it rains.-Philadelto the point of asking permission to phia Ledger.

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For further information apply to Ticket Agents W. W. ATTERBURY, J. R. WOOD Gen'l Manager. Pass. Traffic Mgr. GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

