A DOUBLE RESCUE

By ELLIOT WALKER

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Her arm clung about the man's mus-

street, put her down in safety and story, if-if you care to hear it." beckoned to a white faced, horrified woman on the other side of the track. were glowing. "Let us sit down. Dear Curly did not quite comprehend how me! I don't even know your name." a clutch at the pink frock, and the trol- do Springs." ley's fender had grazed his leg as he

jerked forward, trying to cast the little girl from him, with a flash of reverent. "the trustful embrace of a thought that he himself was gone. little child turned my steps. During

eyes on her grateful, childish face." chievously as he disentagled the cling- Goodby! May God bless you!" ing fingers. "Oh, no, my dear, you "But you will come again?" cried the

"I would! I'd be twenty-one then," how you look, and"-

envelope and extracting a card photograph from a rather soiled bunch. Here, take this. Look at it once in while. That'll be thanks enough for

after painful indecision in crossing. his small friend on to the floor. erly? Which is he, Allena?"

"He's gone," answered her charge, with a wail of disappointment, her glance roving through the crowd. "Oh,



dear! I didn't even find out his name. I've got his picture, though, to remember him by. See, Charlotte." The governess gazed and bit her lip.

"A pretty hard face." she murmured. was just saintly when I kissed him." man might have had consumption-

"He gave me his picture, anyway, and you and your old germs can go to pot," retorted Allena impolitely. "Bay, you needn't drag me along, Charlotte Spicer. I can walk."

Curly stood irresolutely in front of the saloon. The crowd jostled him, but he didn't move along. A flashily dressed man seized his arm.

"You're shaky this morning, boy, he accosted cordially. "Let's get in side. I'll break a small bottle with you. That will put you on your feet.' "I'm on my feet now," returned the other roughly. "Let me alone!"

His companion stared. "Curly!" he coaxed good naturedly. "Come on, now. Don't stand here in the sun. Yes, yes, I know how a fellow feels sometimes. It's the nerves. Settle 'em, and you'll be all right.'

"You don't know how I feel, Joe, and you never will," smiling queerly. "I've had an experience. Just say to the crowd that I've cut my hair, and the sooner they forget Curly the better it will please me. Say I'm Todd Shipman now, the same who came among you two years ago, when I was kicked out of college. Joe, I'm twenty-one today. Lord knows, I want a drink, but I don't take it. I've a little money coming, and I was going to 'blow' it in good shape, but something has changed my mind. You've been a good friend and square.

Goodby and luck to you." The muscular figure straightened with a half friendly, half warning flash in the gray eyes.

A strong momentary pressure of fir gers which were quick at dealing poker hands and Shipman's broad shoulders swung down the street. "Beats me!" meditated his sporting friend and, more softly, "Maybe he is right, though-twenty-one-birthday-

"Show him in," said the judge, a bit testily. "Right here in the library, John. Turn up that lamp a triffe. He pored over the eard. "Can't be Otis Shipman's son," he ruminated. you thinking?" "Let's see. Todd's a family name. Why, it was ten years ago that boy went off-goodness knows where-and glad they were to be rid of him, the wild ruscal! Seems to me I heard he had done mighty well, but that didn't cure him, I imagine. Yes, I remember, the circle, in northeastern Siberia. The curly headed, gray cyed scamp, thermometer there drops to 90 degrees

library after that hour of rapid conversation he went straight to the drawing room, and his host, with a puzzled world is the interior of the great Sa-

visage, pattered upstairs. Shipman stood under the great chandelier, a bronzed, well formed man, test place is Greytown, Nicaragua, the rings of clustering hair low on his

of soft approaching steps. "My father said you wished to speak than an inch sometimes falls in a year.

************** with me," came a clear voice as a girl, tall, bright eyed and sunny haired, came quickly in without embarrass-

ment, looking at him keenly. "I do," replied the stranger. "I have every day for ten years prayed for this meeting that I might thank you." "Thank me!" starting. "And for what, please? Oh," she cried, "I—I do know

you now! You are my picture. I have it yet in a tiny frame. You who saved me when I was a little girl. So often "I'll kiss you for that!" cried the child I have wondered, dreamed, that I tremulously. "I'd marry you if I was might some time see you again. And here you are."

"Yes, here I am," solemnly, with his cular neck as he tried to dodge the im- hands clasped behind him. "I have pulsive caresses. Laughing faintly, he had a talk with your father. He has carried his light burden across the given me permission to tell you my

"Of course I do." Allena's cheeks "Shipman-Todd Shipman of Colora-

"That day," began the man, his tone Voices cursing the motorman, who all my struggle her face has been ever was not in the least at fault; voices before me an inspiration. I have been and hands applauding humained in his true to it. It has been my one thought ear without meaning as he straighten- to live and work for this date, this aned up with a long breath of relief, his niversary, that I might tell her what she did. You do not seem strange to "Marry me, eh?" he whispered mis- me, but as I expected to find you.

wouldn't; not if you were ten years girl, giving him her hands as he rose. "If I do," the deep voice trembled,

you-you will understand." holding his none too clean hand with both her tiny ones. "I'm going to wait for you. Every day I'll remember just ened on his. He bent his lips to them The fair head drooped and nodded aland stepped softly away.

"You tot!" smiled her rescuer, hastily pulling from his breast pocket an lena as she heard the front door close. "Quite an attractive name!"

It was undoubtedly a mean trick of me, and maybe you won't entirely for- Sawyer. He was a big man, and when get a poor fellow who won't forget you he came home late a few evenings ago in a long while. Bless your little white and found his little friend, Ben Alsoul! I didn't know I had a soft spot len, with whom he shared his lodgings, asleep in the middle of their common "Allena Raceway!" quavered the thin bed he made little to do, but when he lady in black, coming up with a rush retired, with a little effort, he kicked

"How dared you disobey me? Have Ben said nothing at the time, but you thanked the kind gentleman prop- when a few evenings later he found that Sawyer had taken up a similar position in bed he determined to have his revenge.

Stealthily climbing over the huge form, he braced his back against the wall and, placing his feet against his friend's spine, gave a tremendous push. The effect was instantaneous, if not

exactly what had been anticipated. The big man moved, but the bed moved with him, opening a wide space between it and the wall, through which Ben disappeared.

The little fellow had shot himself out of bed.

Buckner in his "Psychic Life of Aninals" speaks of thievish bees which in order to save themselves the trouble of working attack well stocked hives in masses, kill the sentinels and the inhabitants, rob the hives and carry off the provisions. After repeated enterprises of this description they acquire a taste for robbery with violence. They recruit whole companies, which get more and more numerous, and finally they form regular colonies of brigand bees. But it is a still more curious fact that these brigand bees can be produced artificially by giving working bees a mixture of honey and brandy to drink. The bees soon acquire a taste for this beverage, which has the same disastrous effects upon them as upon men. They become ill disposed and irritable and lose all desire

The writer once entered into conversation with the inmate of an asylum. "It isn't!" cried Allena in wrath. "It at the request of the superintendent, who said he was a monomaniac and "You kissed him! You dreadful invited me to find out if I could the child! Come home at once. You! particular point of his insanity. "It is them down now!" Judge Raceway's daughter! Why, the a rum subject to go mad on, I must say," he added, by way of helping me. or or germs. He may have given I tried him on various subjects without success; in fact, he seemed better informed than myself, and I was turn-ing to go when he tapped me on the shoulder and whispered in my ear:

"It's a long time coming, isn't it?" "Why, the day of Pentecost, of course!" he answered.

And that was the only irrational thing he said during the whole interview.-London Tit-Bits

YOUTH AND AGE.

The Thoughts That Filled the Maiden and the Old Lady. It was 9 o'clock in the evening the

night of the great dance in the assembly room. She was almost ready. A few final

touches, a little readjustment before the mirror, and then, beautiful and stately, she stepped out into the hall and slowly descended the stairs.

serious face, her ease and perfect poise and other certain little gestures of li'l girl ever I shaw," and then he stagsurety in herself indicated that she gered out of the office. was not new at the business of the evening. Somehow there was a touch of sadness to her face.

As she passed down the stairs she The Way the Idea of Using It For paused in front of the library, with her party wrap over her arm. In the library, her face half shaded from the evening lamp, sat an old woman. Her from wrinkles.

She looked up from the book she was reading with a bright smile.

"Off again, my dear?" she said. "Yes, grandma. It's another dance.

I had to go. But it's so tiresome She sat down wearily and gazed for a moment absently into the flickering fire on the hearth. There was a brief sflence; then the old woman spoke: "My dear, you do not seem yourself

tonight. Of what are you thinking?" Her granddaughter looked up. "Of the past," she said, with a sigh. And then she said as she rose and gathered up her wraps:

"But, granny, you seem unusually cheerful tonight. Of what, pray, are finally lighted with the new illuminant, And the old woman replied, "My

dear, I was thinking of the future."-Twentieth Century Home. Four Extremes.

The coidest place on earth inhabited by man is Verkhovansk, above the arcbright as a dollar. Too bad! Too below zero in January, but sometimes rises to 86 degrees above zero in the burned leather. When the visitor emerged from the shade in July dropping, however, to the freezing point on the warmest summer nights. The hottest place in the hara desert, in Africa, where the thermometer rises to 122 degrees. The wetwhere the mean annual rainfall is 260 broad brow. He trembled at the sound inches. The place of least rain is Port Nolloth, in South Africa, where less gusta Chronicle.

STORY OF AN ESCAPE

AN INCIDENT OF THE CHICAGO IRO

The Way a Woman and Her Two Children Were Saved From the Charing Cross station, London. Hurricane of Flame and Panic by

tended with loss of life have, as a rule, their serio comic as well as their tragic been recorded, but the following story of how one woman and her two chil awful horror of the Iroquois theater in Chicago, where so many hundreds perpanic, as told by Miss Elizabeth A. Reed in the Chicago Record-Herald

unique in many ways: Mrs. Henry Stirling, with her two Little Bob was next to the aisle, then girl there was a vacant seat, but little heed was given to it as the spectacular drama went on and the wondering little folks looked open eyed upon the

At last an uncertain step came down lurched into the vacant seat. The curtain was up, but he was an old theater | partment. goer, and as the extravaganza was not entirely new to him he turned to the Her confiding blue eyes answered his appeal for friendship; there was wonder in the expressive little face, but no fear, even when he ventured to lay a caressing hand upon the golden curls.

Mrs. Stirling shrank from his con taminating touch upon Dorothy's head. He saw or felt her loathing and said I shaw-sweetish li'l girl ever I shaw."

The gay drama went on, the crowd hands, and their merry laughter mingled with the applause, but the stranendearment would fall from his uncerthe attention of an usher to the prolonged annoyance, and a remonstrance go way-ish all right-all right-sweetish li'l girl ever I shaw-sweetish li'l

girl ever I shaw." Again the big hand touched the gold- gagged me. en hair, and this time it strayed downing clasp. The child looked fearlessly into his face and smiled.

The mother grew more and more nervous. Again an usher was called and a complaint made. The slender young man looked at the big fellow and concluded that prudence was the "better part of valor," so he went to consult with another about effective methods of getting the intruder out of

the house. The stranger looked at the stage again; this time he saw a tiny flame rapidly spreading to the scenery. Rising instantly, he took little Dorothy in his arms. Stepping beyond the mother and unheeding her frightened remonstrance, he swung the child upon one shoulder and with the other hand of them pressed closely in his strong arms he walked out of the house. The doubly frightened mother involuntarily followed him.

This precious instant was the moment of salvation. Another minuteto work, and finally when they begin another half minute—and it would to feel hungry they attack and plunder have been too late. They had nearly passing landscape and after casting up the well supplied hives. ed by screams of terror and shricks of self down on the footboard.

Without further volition of their own they were swept into the street. Wholly dazed by the awful shock Mrs. Stirling pleaded, "Put them down-put

want to go?" "Right up this way to the Ashland block," she answered. Then the crowd which was already rushing with helping hands to the scene of the

disaster. Lurching from one side of the walk to the other and apparently in conhis precious burden safely. Once within the protecting doors of the great Ashland block the elevator carried them to one of the higher floors, where Mrs. Stirling rushed into her husband's office cryng, "Oh, Henry, the theater is burning, and this man

has brought the children out!" Although not half comprehending his pocket and drew out a twenty dollar bill, which he offered with profuse thanks. But he and his money were alike ignored. With a majestic sweep of the hand the drunken hero answered, "Go way-I don't want your mon-She was very young, but her calm, ey-go way-thash all right-thash the

FIRST USE OF GAS.

Light Was Ridiculed.

Great was the amazement of all Europe when at about the close of the century William Murdoch discovered silver hair was smoothed back from a that gas could be used for illuminating forehead that time had not spared purposes. So little was the invention understood by those who had not seen it in use that even the great and wise (?) men of the British parliament laughed at the idea. "How can there be light without a wick?" said one member of that august body, with a wink and a knowing nod. Even the great Sir Humphry Davy ridiculed the idea of lighting towns and cities with gas. He one day asked Murdoch, "Do you mean to use the dome of St. Paul's for your gas meter?" Sir Walter Scott also made merry of the gas idea and of the coming attempt to "illuminate

> the architect and custodian of the building, who imagined that the gas that they be removed several inches from taking fire! Several distinguished members were also observed carefully touching the pipes with their gloved fingers and then smelling of them to see if they could detect the odor of

"Sir," said the shipping clerk, "I should like to attend my mother-in-

law's funeral tomorrow.' "You have my sympathy, young man," replied the manager, with a sigh long drawn out. "I have been wanting to do likewise for thirteen years."-Au

THE OPIUM CIGARETTE

QUOIS THEATER HORROR.

"What's the meaning of this crowd?" I asked of a railroad official at the "The Russian, sir."

"What Russian?" to see him off, sir. He's going home." I stepped into the compartment found two elderly women with several the congregation by a curtain. Much children, all of one party. Beyond, by a window, sat a young woman whose to the preacher's surprise, one of the men in the choir put his arm around a Never have I seen such an expression on any human face. The only descriptord and winked. tion I can give of it is that it reminded

shortly after the fearful tragedy, is me of a picture I had once seen of an the mother, and Dorothy sat on the indicated one of the highest class. It of the congregation. other side. Beyond the six-year-old was impossible for her to conceal a Then Dr. Rainsford resumed his sermake up six ownces. mental restlessness that showed itself mon. A minute later he chanced to especially in the eyes, which were look down the main aisle, and there,

been trying to describe in the com- place the old rector cried out:

"Thank heaven," she said to me in a contralto voice, "they are gone! I am sure you will not object to my smoking cigarette in this compartment, though it is not a smoker." "Certainly not, madam."

"You speak French?" she asked in that language.

I assured her that I did, and after that we conversed in the French lan-guage. I took out some cigarettes and brokenly, "Don't you be 'fraid-ish all lighted one to keep her company, but right-all right-sweetish li'l girl ever she insisted on my smoking one of hers, which, she said, had been made expressly for her from a recipe furcheered, the children clapped their nished by a member of the suit of the sultan of Turkey. I threw mine away and took one of hers. I knew at once ger still kept his bleared eyes upon the that it contained opium, but how much lovely child. Every few minutes his or what other drugs I did not know. hand would stray lovingly over the One thing I did know. I was rapidly sunny head and some expression of passing into a delightful trance, which every whiff seemed to make still more tain lips. At last Mrs. Stirling called delightful. I saw the woman watching me, and when she was satisfied that I was powerless she opened a hand bag was made, but the answer came, "You beside her and took out something rolled in brown paper, opened it, took out a wedge shaped piece of wood and, seizing my chin, opened my mouth and

This done, she took out a timetable ward and took the little hand in lov- which she scanned, looked at her watch, cast a glance out of the win dow, then momentarily gave way to a terrible depression. I judged that she was obliged to wait for something, and on the eve of some move-one involv ing life and death, for instance-there is nothing like delay to break one down. I noticed that we were passing through a thickly settled district and that as soon as we had passed again into the country she nerved herself and prepared for something she was

about to do. Her first act was to disrobe. But instead of displaying the undergarments of a woman she lay bare a man's out er clothing. Her woman's attire was merely a covering, which she threw out of the window. Next she took a caught up little Bob; then with both glass globe about two inches in diameter from her satchel, and the satche followed the clothing. Then she or rather he, for by this time I had made up my mind that the person was a young man-cast a glance at me which seemed to satisfy him, took another look at his watch, peered out at the horror rang through the house, follow- climbed out of the window and let him-

Had I not been under the influence of opium I should have been profoundly moved by all this. As it was it seem ed but a part of my dream, and th moment the singular being passed out hem down now!"
of it he was forgotten. I remember be"No, thash all right. Where do you ing jarred by an explosion, but did not at the time connect it with the young

Whatever occurred was hushed up. strange party pushed on through the When we reached Folkestone a guard was obliged to carry me on to the channel boat, and I did not come to myself again before we reached Boulogne. I did not get an opportunity to interview any of the passenstant danger of falling, he still carried gers, and the whole affair was to me something of a mystery. Indeed I fancled I had dreamed it under the influence of an opium cigarette. If a bomb was really exploded with a view to killing the Russian official in another compartment, it failed. My theory, based on the view that it was a real occur rence, was that the assailant dropped the bomb before he was ready to exthe horror, the father put his hand in | plode it in or under the compartment occupied by the Russlan.

Two years afterward I was in St. Petersburg standing in a crowd watching for the emperor to pass on his way to review some of his troops. Among the members of his staff I saw a face that astonished me. I never forget sweetish li'l girl ever I shaw-sweetish | faces, and I certainly could never forget this one. It was the face of the young man who had drugged me on the train between Boulogne and Folkestone. Happening to glance down upon me, he caught my astonished glance, which doubtless helped him to recognize me. The cavalcade passed on, and

I returned to my hotel. That night I was trying vainly to sleep, for I was troubled about being recognized as a nihilist and been recognized by him in the czar's suit, when there was a knock on the door, and a man entered.

"There is a midnight train for the border," he said. "Get up and take

In an hour I was on the train with my visitor, who saw me into another country. GEORGE A. PARKER. Dropped the Subject,

"Five thousand dollars for a dog!" he

exclaimed as he looked up from his newspaper. Do you believe any one ever paid any such price, Maria? returned without stopping her needlework even for a moment. "Does the paper say that much was paid?" "Yes. There's an article on valuable dogs, and it speaks of one that was sold for \$5,000. I don't believe it." "It may be true, James," she said quietly "Some of these well bred and mais bring fancy prices, and there's no particular reason why the paper should

"I know that, Maria. But just think of it! Just try to grasp the magnitude of that sum in your weak, feminine mind. You don't seem to realize it Five thousand dollars for a dog! Why. hang it, Maria, that's more than I'm

lie about it."

"I know it, James, but some are worth more than others." She went calmly on with her sewing. while he fumed and spluttered for a moment and then dropped the subject, especially the weak, feminine mind part of it.-Exchange.

AN INTERRUPTED SERMON.

Preaching Under Difficulties In an

English Church. In "A Preacher's Story of his Work," Dr. Rainsford tells of some strange inpreaching one of his earliest sermons in the English cathedral town of Nor-

man in his country. These people are his sermon when he chanced to look parently trivial things thus point to the down from the high pulpit to where the members of the choir were seated where I had engaged a seat. There I in a large boxlike pew, screened from appearance interested me at once. glrl, drew her head down on his shoul-

walked down out of the pulpit and cipitate in a filter. While still moist early Christian martyr who had nerved told the rector the members of the rub it in up in a marble or stone morherself to be buried alive. But this choir were acting outrageously. The tar with three drams of tartaric acid. children, sat in the fateful Iroquois gives only a vague idea of the woman's theater on that dreadful afternoon. whole appearance. She was well down the curtain with a jerk and exsist drams of white sugar and ten dressed, and her features and bearing posed the spooning couple to the view drams of powdered gum arabic, half

The train made but one stop between hen and a dozen chicks. To crown it London and Folkestone, where the all, when the sexton tried to drive party of women and children got out, them out he was so drunk he fell right the aisle and a well dressed man leaving only me and the woman I have on top of the hen. And then from his "Let her alone, John; she is doing no

walking in solemn procession, were a

Captain Hambro, while traveling among the Kazaks of Turkestan, disheavily laden beat across a broad river. The method consisted in piling up the boat as full as it would hold with out sinking of all the persons and all their baggage that it was desired to launched. There were no oars and no sails. The motive power was supplied by the horses, the cattle, the sheep and the goats of the nomadic and pastoral people swimming in front and alongside and so by degrees that were far more slow than they were sure towing the boat to the other side. In one in stance which Captain Hambro menthis manner was 200 yards wide,

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The Fretful Porcupine

In the woods of Keewaydin there once roamed a very discontented por complained that everything was wrong till it was perfectly scandalous, and the Great Spirit, getting tired of his

You and the world I have made must be wrong. It is easier to change you. You don't like the trees, you are inhappy on the ground and think ev erything is upside down, so I'll turn yo inside out and put you in the water." This was the origin of the shad.-Ernest Thompson Seton in Century.

A Match For Him At a political meeting in Wales th chairman, a deacon of strong convitions, but no sense of humor, intro duced a speaker thus: "I haff to intro duce to you tonight the member for the Carnarvon boroughs. He hass come here to reply to what the bishop of St. Asaph said the other night about Welsh disestablishment. In my opinion, gentlemen, that bishop of Asaph

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