She laid on the table the pretty silver police whistle with the satisfaction of having used it to good purpose.

view the result. A strange group was gathered in her dainty dressing room. In the midst of its gilt and whiteness and laciness, its face as eager as a child's. filmy curtains and tinted satin upholsteries, stood two burly policemen gripping her butler. Three frightened maids huddled in the doorway, too building, which was the woman's secmuch terrified to come in and too curious to go.

"So ye found him tinkerin' with a drawer, did ye, mum?" asked one of

"I found the drawer open, and he was just putting the lace handkerchief into pocket," replied Mrs. Van Vorst, indicating an open drawer of the dress- hands in his. er with a sweeping oratorical gesture, for she had a keen liking for the dramatic, and this situation appealed to her. She was no coward, and there was something delightful in having entered her room to find a burglar, even though her own familiar butler, there before her. Perhaps the affair was more pleasing in that he had been such an oddly mild and obliging bur-

ne in before me. Strangely enough, little girl?" I did not even glance up at first, but stopped there by the door to arrange orchids. While I was bending my start when I heard a man's voice my servant."

The man stood quietly before her while she went on with her story. him, but relaxed their grip as they saw

"What came next on the programme, mum?" the officer pursued.
"I cried 'Base wretch!' and seized

made no reply to me, but sat down calmly as if waiting to be arrested." "And, faith, what did he do with the handkerchief?"

"He was putting it into his pocket at the time he called my attention. "Which one?"

"The right waistcoat pocket." Two great hands of the law prepared

there's another thing I want to do." when a rough hand stopped his. "None o' that." snarled the officer.

pocket for me, sir.' The policeman did so. There was no

"It's the money I'd like to have you short ceremony. get out, sir. I ain't armed. Please give Mrs. Van Vorst \$5. That'll pay for the little perfumery bottle I just broke while I was getting the handkerchief." Mrs. Van Vorst stared in astonishment. Page was very unlike the burfor courtesy from the man who robs her life ill at ease. She was supposed to be mistress of any situation. Her own butler, a common thief, was baf-

The policeman took five fingling dollars from the man's pocket and laid

"Sure, and it's a polite burglar he is, mum," said he. "The judge 'll give him • chance to show his manners at an early date. We'll trouble ye no more now, mum. Good avenin' to ve." As the officers marched their victim

from the room he turned and spoke to Mrs. Van Vorst.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, for the trouble and scare I've given you, and I'm much obliged to you for fixing it all up for me so easy."

Leaving her to ponder this puzzling remark, he disappeared with the offi-

From the light and warmth of the lexurious house the three hurried into the bleak rain without. The natrol wagon backed up to the sidewalk, its step conveniently ready for the guest. The horses fidgeted impatiently. The restless driver clanged his gong. "Hustle up there, your politeness,

As the man started to enter the wagon he was met by Costello, a policeman who had been waiting on the

growled one of the officers.

"The divvil and all!" cried Costello. "Sure and it's Bill Page!"

"It's me all right," answered the man

boys scattered, their show being over. "Faith and I'd like to know what ye mean by stalin' a handkerchief?" Costello after the story had been told. "Bill Page nivver saw the insoide of the station in his life for anything but shtones they like well, but they would

a dhrunk. Why, you're honester than a barrel of good whisky." "Didn't I make a pretty honest steal of it?" Page said evasively. "Ye made the quarest stale in all me acquaintance. Afther takin' pleasure

in announcin' to the lady that her handkerchief was to your lolkin' ye Did ye think ye'd wait for the talk now spoke up. an umbrella before venturin' forth in the inclemency?"

Page dodged the questions good housed in the station.

at It known to the police for a long time as a toper, but no one dreamed that he had any vice more serious than a love lunch."—Harper's Weekly. for the bottle. He had paid the penalty of being found drunk a number of times and was known to the force long sentence the last time, hoping to

feeling that his words made no im- harmony.

pression, for the man seemed well con tent with his lot. And yet he was not in need of shelter, as are some who seek arrest. He was entirely sober and investigation proved that he had given up a well paid position for a petty offense, the theft of an article that must have been useless to him. The jail doors creaked to admit him nce more. He settled down cozily in his quarters, affably friendly to some of his old time comrades.

Days slipped by, and a restlessness came over him, although he was the ame orderly prisoner as ever. At last he approached the Jailer:

"Why don't you give me my old job, sir?" he asked anxiously. "Oh, you had the flower beds didn't you? That's so. Want them again,

"Oh, please, sir," Page replied, his Next day found him out in the sun-

shine, shears and trowel in hand. The flower beds surrounded the next tion of the jail. Page approached his work nervously and went about trimming the roses in a preoccupied man-At every sound he started.

A light step came up the walk. Page jumped to his feet as he recognized "Polly!" he cried and seized a girl's

Joy and sorrow mingled in her face. "Oh, Bill, you're back after you swore to me you'd never drink again!" she

he answered, and his words rang true.
"It was for stealin'!" he cried joyfully. "Stealing!" she gasped in horror.

"Yes-don't you see-an honest steal. I took the handkerchief and gave it right back and gave Mrs. Van Vorst "I came to my room only a short the money to pay for the bottle I time ago," she went on, "and as I broke doin' it. I had to run the bluff, entered the door I heard the sound of Polly. I couldn't stay away from you a soft step. I thought that Fifine had any longer. Ain't you glad to see me, "I don't know," she said, perplexed,

"Now we'll be here together just like we used to be when we first got above them a voice spoke. Imagine to know each other. We can see each other every day until you get out, and saying, 'I have stolen your handker- mine's only a week after that. We'll chief.' I repressed a scream and look-ed up to recognize in this creature the walk, for I've got the flower beds man whom I have lately employed as again. And I've reformed since you talked to me-ain't touched a drop, Polly, on my honor I ain't-and when we get out I'll be as sober as a judge, The policemen kept a wary eye upon and you'll never steal another penny, poor little girl, 'cause your mother 'll never be starvin' again. She's all right, Polly. I left her plenty of mon-ey. And we'll have that house with e grass in front, and we'll be happy the whistle that summoned you. He to beat the band. It won't be so long to wait, little girl-there, there, don't." And her tears found refuge on his shoulder

FRENCH MAY QUEENS.

A Pretty Custom Which Is Still In Vogue In Some Villages.

An ancient custom which still obtains in many villages in the south of France is a pretty variation of the The man spoke gently. "Don't trou- choosing of the May queen with which ble, gentlemen," he said. "I can get it | we are so familiar. The mayor and for you easier." One of his hands was freed, and he produced an exquisite among the village maidens the most handkerchief of cobweblike lace. "And | beautiful girl. As soon as the choice is made known the queen, dressed in He started to reach for a hip pocket white, even to a long white veil and when a rough hand stopped his. with her parents and all the villagers "Then I'll thank you to reach in that in front of the mayor's house. Here he and six friends, dressed in frock coats and top hats, form in procession, revolver in it. He gave a grunt of the mayor and queen leading, and march to the church, where there is a

They then march back to the may or's house, where a favored few are entertained at luncheon. When he proposes her health he enumerates her virtues, kisses her on both cheeks and hands her an envelope which contains glars of storied fame. You do not look the prize, \$200 in money. But the ceremony does not end here. They form in you, and she felt for the first time in procession, the band leading this time, and in a sort of "follow my leader" game walk through the village, up lanes and over hills for three hours. That evening a ball is given at the inn where the queen dances first with the mayor and his six friends and afterward with the lads of the village, and so the celebration ends. The queen's white veil, with the veil and wreath, are carefully folded away and are brought out again only when she be

A HEAVY DIET.

What the Pikes In Tipperary Waters

There is a professional fisherman of my acquaintance in Tipperary who kills many pike during the winter months, for which he finds ready sale in the town. He told me of one cus tomer of his who was in the habit of so beating him down in price that he felt justified in resorting to somewhat questionable means to increase the weight of his fish. In the manner of the winner of the stakes in the celebrated "Jumping Frog" sporting event, he would introduce some weighty subof iron railing, etc.

Once he went so far as to stuff two old handless flatirons he had picked about what I'll do." from a refuse heap down the gullet of one before taking it to his customer, who, having weighed it carefully and, with a friendly smile and entered the after much haggling, paid him a fraction less per pound for it than he might Costello followed to act as guard, the have perhaps obtained elsewhere. Meetgong clanged, the horses started off ing him next day, he was instantly with a dash, and the assembled small aware there was trouble in the wind by the opening remark, "What do pike your honor, but there's mighty little that comes amiss to thim lads," he answered. "Frogs and fish, sticks and give their two eyes for flatirons."-English Country Gentleman.

A number of actors were discussing recently the merits of different boarding houses in a certain city, and the argument turned on the comparative meagerness of the table board providsits pacefully down to wait for us, with ed by the various landladies. One of an open window and a fire escape be- the party who had listened quietly to

"If one of you fellows really wants to put yourself on a rigid diet," he said, "go to Mrs. -- 's boarding house in temperedly. An hour later found him | Cincinnati. I came down to breakfast there one morning, and the servant It was an astonishment to every one | waitzed up and asked me if I'd have who knew him when it was told that ham or eggs. I said I didn't want to be he had been stealing. He had been grasping and ordered the yolk of an egg-said I'd have the white of it for

He Likes Mothers-in-law

That a mother-in-law is not always as a thoroughly good fellow when is proved in a wholesale way in the an unwelcome adjunct to the family sober. Judge Marvin had given him a case of a Bavarian who is steward on a large estate in Monaco. He lost two work reform, and he had endeared wives, but in both instances after their himself to everybody about the jail, death he retained the mothers-in-law, where he was intrusted with the care and now he has taken unto himself the flower beds.

The formalities of another sentence wife No. 3, who comes into his home accompanied by her mother as well as passed quickly. Page was strangely three unmarried sisters. All these good cheerful about it all. Judge Marvin women, who constitute his household, reprimanded him severely, all the time are said to dwell together in peace and



noved in right next door, and this

WHITNEY

hensively out of his window as if he expected to see his newly arrived neighbor flitting up his porch steps in earch of him with a lasso. Instead he really did see a small, inoffensive ooking woman walking serenely from her doorway toward her own front lawn bearing a pot of pansies and a

"Oh, of course," he continued caustically, "wants to make a good impres-sion first before she lets out at mel Well, ma'am, my heart is tough. But you are a neat little bundle," he added. with a slight change of tone; "trim s a sassafras whistle. That's rightlet that ruffled-y up pink contraption slide off your head. Gum, what shiny brown hair! And look at the little

curl bobbing over her off ear!" Little Mrs. Bittersweet did not seem at all troubled by the orb Mr. Larkins deemed it expedient to keep focused upon her. She trotted around about her own business, paying little heed to the doings of her bachelor neighbor. The first time she met him plump and square she gave him a sweet, indifferent little neighborly "Good morning,"

"Took about as much notice of me as she would of a brindle dog," he complained to himself; "in fact, not as much. She pets up all the old stray dogs and gives 'em bones. What's the matter with me, I'd like to know." He looked anxiously into the mirror as he brushed his hair. He saw therein a good looking and fairly good natured face, the chief defect of which was an expression tending toward self

"Now, ma'am," he observed decisively, addressing the absent widow,



THE WIDOW SAT ON THE EDGE OF HER PORCH. "you've got to see me and appreciate me. Then if you choose to take advantage of leap year privileges I don't really know as I'll run away."

Moontime Mrs Rittersw. tion had been directed to Mr. Larkins by her friend, Miss Podderly.

"He's the smartest man in Bibbville," said she, "and got everything in saucepans. But seems like he's afraid woman 'll marry him in spite of himself. I guess he's too bashful to ask any one. But I believe in my heart

"Set a fiddlestick!" retorted Polly "Well," said Miss Podderly, with a

shrug, "I wish I had the opportunities you turn up your nose at so reck

Mr. Larkins finally grew decidedly discontented and a little puzzled.

"I don't understand you, ma'am." he admitted in one of his mental apostrophes to the widow. "I have so far farthest away star and brought it all modified my views as to give you every opportunity to signify your wish rest at each planet on the way both to become Mrs. Larkins, and yet you're ways, then will we see the first rays as cool and calm as a bale of snow. of the sunrise of eternity's endless day I'm not used to it, ma'am, and I won't in the east of the beginning. stance into their interior, stones, bits stand it. I'll give you three weeks This being the case, it is suggested more to get interested in me, and then | that we don't cram ourselves with this

> grace had expired Mr. Larkins in des- shape to enjoy what's left of eternity. peration executed his threat and received a plump "No!" the result of Miss Podderly's championship and a streak of contrariness in the widow's

disposition. He accepted the sentence with visible disappointment, but bore it with

manly fortitude.

"I'm sorry, ma'am," he said frankly, "tearing sorry. I've taken more of a shine to you, somehow, than I ever did to any one, and I'd be good to you, you can bank on that. But if you can't like me you can't. There, now, madam don't go and ery-don't. I wouldn't hurt your feelings for forty farms." For the widow's heart all at once had smitten her snarply, and some subtle pathos in Mr. Larkins' simple accept-

with misty tears. "I'm so-oo-o sorry," she faltered, blushing and sobbing, "I"—
"Don't mention it," implored Mr. Larkins. "Don't you be miserable or blue about it. But if you should-kind

ance of defeat caused her eyes to brim

of change your mind, you know, ma'am, just let me know; won't you?" Mr. Larkins dived headlong into his garden patch and hoed vigorously to distract his thoughts, and the widow sat down on the edge of her porch and swung her neat little foot dejectedly.

tion of grain was equal to the demand. "I do believe I'm half witted," said she under her breath. "I dare say I've lost as good a man as I'll ever meet, told me to run after him. I needn't have run after him, but I could have thrown him away, and I ain't half as smart as I thought I was. I'm lonely and miserable, woo-oo-oo." Mrs. Bittersweet ran into her sitting room and cried as heartily as Mr. Larkins hoed. After that she smiled sunnily whenever she met him. He smiled genially. The widow daily became more lone some and more convinced that she had said the other, "and you can get you discarded a congenial spirit.

ired years," she bemoaned herself and no wonder, he don't want to risk another snub. He did tell me to let him know if I changed my mind.

hate to like fun, but"-One golden afternoon when both were sitting in an unusually pensive mood upon Mrs. Bittersweet's porch he widow's heart suddenly prompted

her to a little prospecting.
"Mr. Larkins," she said softly, "do ou ever change your mind?" "No," returned Mr. Larkins plumply.
'Not without solid reason."

"We-ell," she continued, holding her breath at her own boldness, "would you still like me to—er—er—be—be"— Her meaning rushed through Mr. Larkins like a streak of electricity. He sprang out of his lolling attitude at a

"Polly, if you're asking me if I'd like you to be my wife, I say yes-yesyes. I didn't dare to ask you again, but you've a perfect right to ask me, even if I hadn't told you to, for it's leap-why, Polly, love, what's the matter? You're as pale as ashes. What is it, darling?"

"Why, I've actually as good as asked you to marry me," gasped Polly, "just what I've always declared I'd die rath-

"Never!" vowed Alonzo, kissing her.

Water's Part In Colloquial Terms. pressions' are built around some referstrong or a statement decidedly weak, seem to have come to a standstill." we invariably say 'it won't hold wa-Do we infer that more wisdom lurks in an individual's head than he is ordinarily given credit for, what had good old English county names, do we say? 'Still waters run deep.' York, Cumberland and Lincoln. Only When a person gets into some kind of two. Oxford and Somerset, have been difficulty, we say he is in 'hot water.' "When a proposition of any kind is ing good American appellations. For rejected, especially a proposal of marthe names of Androscoggin, Aroostook, riage, it is a case of having 'cold wa- Kennebec, Penobscot, Piscataquis and ter thrown on our hopes.' Fortune has its 'tides,' and blessings or riches are aborigines, while Franklin, Hancock, rained' down on us. If a speaker ex- Knox and Washington bear the names hausts his topic and still tries to talk, of distinguished Americans of the we say that he has 'about run dry.'

"Rumors are always termed 'afloat,' and when a business enterprise goes down we call it 'swamped.' A man struggles to 'hold his head above water, according to our colloquialisms, and when he doesn't know what plan to pursue in order to accomplish certain ends it is said of him that he is 'all at sea.' "-St. Louis Globe-Demo

An Organ Without Stops. There is a man living in an Eleventh street flat who has no music in his soul, and there is a man on the lower floor whose soul is full of it. The lower floor man not long ago added a four lung parlor organ to his lares and penates, and two healthy daughters of his began to practice on it. Several nights later a friend paid a visit to the first man, and as soon as he got inside the apartment he heard the parlor organ on the lower floor. "Fine toned instrument, that," he said, because he, too, had some music

in his soul. The musicless man grunted. "Whose make is it?" the visitor ask-

"Don't know," was the ungracious

"How many stops has it?" The host pulled himself up for a powerful effort. "Well," he replied, 'it's been in the house for about a week now, and in that time it hasn't had any that I have been able to discover."-New York Press.

Baron Rothschild's Pun Owen Wister, the novelist, was talking about puns. "I detest puns," he said, "but Fanny Kemble, who was my grandmother, used to tell one made by his house a woman's heart could wish, good of its kind. The baron was din a certain Baron Rothschild that was from gas ranges to teaspoons, not to ing out, and some one spoke of venison. 'I.' said the baron, 'never eats venishon. I think it ish not so coot ash nutton.' 'Oh, absurd!' some one exclaimed 'If mutton is better than venison why isn't it more expensive? you could overcome the difficulty, Pol- The baron taughed, overcome by the ly, if you'd set your cap good and brilliancy of the pun that had just ome to him. Then he said, and his dialect came in very handy, 'The rea-Bittersweet scornfully, "I'll never set son why venishon ish more expensive than mutton ish that the peoples always prefer vat ish deer to vat is

Eternity. Eternity is incomprehensible. When the laziest snall has carted every drop of water in all our oceans and every grain of sand in all our lands to the back again, stopping for a century

I'll take and propose to you. That's world's foods and drink so much of earthly water that it will take half of When the allotted three weeks of the everlasting to get our systems in Havfield Mower.

Hawaii's Dusky King. William N. Armstrong, who was attorney general under King Kalakaua of Hawaii, in an amusing volume about that monarch says: "It is a singular trait of the Hawaiians to avoid the use of English when sober, but when drunk to use it with much volubility. The king's immediate predecessor on the throne, Lunalilo, when in liquor would often refuse to converse with his native relatives in the native language, but addressed them in English and directed an interpreter to translate his speech and, on the other hand, required a translation in English of their conversation in Hawaiian. The king's remarkable memory furnished him with a considerable vocabulary of open that part of his brain where they were stored, especially when, like the moon, he was at the third quarter and coming to the 'full.' On one occasion the use of the words 'hippodramatic performance' secured to him the pres

Many years ago, before the produc

tige of a learned man."

wages of farm hands were high, but as production increased the prices low-A farmer employed an industrious Irishman for five years at the rate of ing, washing and mending. At the end

of the term he said to his man: "I can't afford to pay you the wages I have been paying. You have saved money, and I have saved nothing. At this rate you will soon own my farm.' "Then I'll hire you to work for me," farm back again!"-Success.

DOCTOR OF DANCING.

The Death Substitute

Hesitated and Didn't Lose.

"When was that?"

"I had in my employ," says one ot

This Title Was Given to Beauchamps

the missionaries to China, "a very valu able Chinese servant, upon whom 1 In France during the reign of Louis leaned with implicit confidence. One XIV. dancing took a very prominent day he came to me and said, I shall be ition among court festivities, and obliged to ask you to find somebody to any members of the royal family take my place, as in the course of a took part in the complex ballets of the few weeks I am to be executed in place time. Louis himself, no mean perform- of a rich gentleman, who is to pay me er, took lessons for twenty years from very liberally for becoming his substi-Beauchamps, who was called the fa- tute.' ther of all dancing masters and upon "I asked what possible inducement whom the king conferred the title doc- there could be to forfeit his life for any tor as a special mark of favor. amount of money. He replied: 'I have

Beauchamps had the honor of ap- an aged father and mother, who are pearing as partner with the king in the very poor and unable to work, and the ninuet, a dance which was introduced money I am to receive will make them in 1650 in France, and no court ball comfortable as long as they live. I was opened in Europe for a century think it is my duty to give up my life to accomplish this." and a half without it.

About the year 1661 a royal academy of dancing was formed under the auspices of Beauchamps, Lulli, Moliere and others, the object of which was to elevate the art and check all abuses. Of this academy Beauchamps was chief, with the title of director.-London Telegraph.

fered me \$50."-Kennebee Journal. | mass. er than do! Oh, well," as Alonzo's arm stole protectingly around her walst, "I guess I was excusable this during the half hour's drive from Bertorian, had not only the appearance time. But, Alonzo, listen. Don't you | lin to Charlottenburg the ear in which ever, the longest day you live, let Hen-rietta Podderly know I did it—will the professor rode went badly off the track. The rest of the passengers alighted, the horses were removed and the stranded car was left until help could be found. Mommsen remained reading his book. An hour passed, and "How many of our 'expressive ex- the sound of levers and jacks and the ence to water!" said a writer. "Take from his reverle. With no sign of disa few brief examples for considera- composure he arose from his seat and tion. If we think a scheme isn't very went to the door. "Ah," said he, "we

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of bees judiciously thrown among the

unspeakable ones. However this may

stances of strange methods of attack

to provide amply sufficient material

for the casuist in deciding what is fair

and what unfair in war. Burning

naphtha, boiling lead, birds, carcases

of men and horses, Chinese stinkpots,

besides the implements already men-

tioned, have all been used for offensive

or defensive purposes in actual war

Prank of the Lightning.

In 1844 a fishing smack off one of the

Shetland isles was struck by light

ning during a flerce storm. The bolt

first struck the mast, which it splin-

close to the mast and completely melt-

ed it. The man not only was unin-

"Never was glad for this impediment in my speech but once," said the man watch in the pocket of a man sitting

"Fe-fe-fellow asked me h-h-how much jured, but he did not know what had

I would take for a-a horse, and while taken place till he took his watch from

I-I-I was t-trying to tell him \$40 he of- his pocket and found it fused into a

The Home Paper

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Kingston..... Plymouth June

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD. TIME TABLE

In Effect Nov. 29th, 1903.

Fern Glen 7 24
Rock Glen 7 25
Nescopeck ... ar
Catawissa 8 02

Philadelphia, ar § 3 17 | 6 23 | 9 28 | 4 23 | Baltimore ... * § 3 11 | 6 00 | 9 45 | 2 20 | Washington ... * § 4 20 | 7 15 | 10 55 | 5 30 |

Harrisburg....lv | A.M. | P. M. | P. M

Pittsburg.... lv P.M 9 00 8 8 00 P M Lewistown Jc. " 7 30 3 00 3 00 4 50 Washington, lv 10 40 ... | 7 50 10 59 Baltimore... | 11 40 | 44 8 40 | 14 40 Philadelphia... | 11 40 | 4 25 | 8 30 | 11 40

Sunbury	V	6 45	9 55	2 00	5 525
South Danville	7 32	10 85	2 36	6 08	
EBloomsburg	7 32	10 85	2 36	6 08	
EBloomsburg	7 37	10 43	2 43	6 15	
Espy Ferry	7 42	10 47	...	5 6 19	

Catawissa, lv
Nescopeck, lv
623 ... \$5.05
Rock Glen ar ... 11 22
Fern Glen ... 851 11 28 5 32 7 34
Tomhicken ... 858 11 28 5 32 7 34
Hazleton ... 919 11 57 5 59
Pottsville ... 10 15 1 50 6 55

Plym'th Ferry: f 9 02 12 02 3 57 f 7 28 Wilksbarre 9 10 12 10 4 05 7 35

Pittston(D&H) ar | A M | P M | P M | P Scranton | 4 | 10 08 | 1 08 | 1 08 | 2 29 | 2 4 56 | 8 | 2 9

AMAMP.M.PM

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Philipsburg	4 25																
Tyrone	7 00																
Bellefonte	8 16	9 32 1 125															
Lock Haven	ar	9 15															

didates combined) at the election November 8, 1904? In 1900 election, 13,959,653 people voted for President. For nearest correct esti-mates received in Woolson Spice Company's office, Toledo, O., on or before November 5, 1904, we will give first prize for the nearest correct estimate, prize to the next nearest, etc. etc., as follows:

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for President (votes for all can-

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