By Otho B. Senga

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······ Alec Bruce turned around slowly on the piano stool and faced the five girls. "Probably you girls are not aware of it, but our friend Jack has been

Jack Hawarden's honest face cloud-

"Don't, Alec!" he protested. 'Jack," said Alec solemnly, "we are bidden not to hide our light under a bushel. You're trying to hide yours in a pill box, and I shall tell the girls

the whole story." "I came to see Mrs. Gray," said Jack,

rising. "I will find her upstairs, I As he passed Bruce he whispered flercely, "For heaven's sake, Alec, keep

that thing to yourself!"

Alec smiled and nodded, but as soon as Jack had disappeared he continued seriously. "It's a thing you ought to know, girls, and I'm determined you hall. Jack is too modest—an unusual trait in an Englishman," he added thoughtfully.

'Forget that you're Scotch and let's have the story!" cried the girl who wrote stories.

'Sure. I'll begin right in the middle so as to reach the denouement sooner.

Our Jack is in love"-Laughing exclamations of increduli-

ty from the listening girls. "He is-honest. 'His soul is tuned to sweet accord with peerless strains

"Never mind his soul," interrupted Kathleen again. "Tell us the story." "This isn't a wild Irish story, Miss Clyde," he returned, with an air of impatience. "This is the story of a slow moving and a particularly slow speaking Englishman. He hasn't told his love, because the young lady is earning a fine salary and is seemingly happy in her work, and his position was far from satisfactory. But the first of the year he was promoted, with a generous increase. He was screwing up his courage" (here Alec paused and made a strenuous imitation of a person using a screwdriver)

changed all his plans." The wily story teller stopped as if

the narration were complete.
"Do go on!" cried some one impa-"That surely isn't the end?" "What could the immigration authorities want of Mr. Hawarden?" exclaimed another.

After much urging Alec continued: "When Jack went to the immigration office he found a clean, decent looking old Englishwoman, who fell upon his neck and called him her dear nephew and announced to the officers that he was the living image of her dear dead brother, Jock. Now, Jack hasn't a living relative and never had an aunt, and he tried to explain this to the old lady and to the officers. But she would have none of it, and the officers told him very gruffly that if he didn't intend to support his aunt to say so at once, for in that case the woman would have to be deported. She broke down at this and cried in the most pitiful way, and-well, it ended in Jack's taking her away with him. He has a room for her in the house where he's boarding and is doing his best to make her comfortable. He spends most of his evenings with her, and the old creature is as happy as can be."

"Jack's a brick!" exclaimed Kathleen excitedly. "It is certainly very noble of him," "Can't he find the real nephew?" ask-

ed the artist. "No. He has visited every Hawarden in the city, and none has any knowledge of the old lady. He has found the record of the death of a John Hawarden who came from England twenty years ago and who died shortly after

his arrival." "That was undoubtedly the real nephew," said the girl with the violin. "An old person does not realize the change there would be in a young man. She would expect her nephew to look as he did when he left England, and almost any big blond young Englishman would correspond to the picture she has carried in her memory all these years."

"What does Jack intend to do?" asked Miss Fairlie. "Take care of her as long as she

lives. It can't be so very long, poor woul, and she hasn't a cent. Jack says Providence has sent him an aunt and he shall do his duty by her. She admitted a day or two ago that perhaps 'n' Mr. Weskin ain't no poor lawyer. she might not be his real aunt, but she He's fine 's they make. Of course a was his 'negotiable h'aunt.' Of course the poor old lady hasn't the slightest idea of the meaning of 'negotiable,' but ag'in him, f'r I think with a lawyer under the circumstances—the way she has transferred herself to Jack—you'll admit it's funny. He's upstairs now they mean, f'r 'f law was simple no asking Mrs. Gray to go to see the old

He tarned abruptly to the music teacher, who had remained silent. "What do you think of Jack's quixot-

right," she said softly, "only he cought"— She stopped, with flushed and Her Friend, Mrs. Lathrop," by cheek and shining eyes, for Jack Hawarden stood in the doorway.

"Alec," he cried reproachfully, turn-ing to his friend, "you've told!" "Jack," returned Bruce, spreading out his hands tragically, "I have all except about the pill box—and that I'm

going to tell now." "Alec," protested Jack desperately, "you're really going too far-you've no dead sheep?" asked the nobleman.

"That's where your ideas of right Affer from mine," said Alec coolly. "I have my instructions from the 'ne- ence. A live sheep has four legs, a the late panic and offering to release gotiable h'aunt' herself, and I intend to dead sheep but two. The others are her from the engagement. carry them out. You see," he con- shoulders. tinued, turning to the interested little group, "I've called frequently on the old lady, and she has taken a great fancy to me as the friend of her dear little box and asked me to give it to the young lady of Jack's choice, with the Jack. Last night she gave me this young lady of Jack's choice, with the request that she make use of it in

He took from his vest pocket a tiny flat box of tin, hardly more than an inch square, and held it out on the nor enter Mongolia at all. palm of his hand. It was sealed by baving a thin strip of paper pasted over the joining of the box and its

"I suppose it never occurred to the old lady that a great, big, hulking leather head," lingering lovingly over the words, "like Jack had not dared

to tell the young lady"-No one spoke. Hawarden sat in horrified silence. Finally Kathleen Clyde broke out earnestly, "It's a will, of course, leaving Mr. Hawarden a fine

estate in England, and"— Hawarden pulled himself together and came to Bruce's side, trying to

•••••••• "There's no one to leave me an estate, Miss Clyde. I really haven't a relative in the world, and my parents were poor people. I think the old lady is not in her right mind. I fancy that what Alec calls a box is really sort of tin locket and probably contains a portrait of her lost nephew." He paused as if to gather courage to go on, and his face paled.
"I'm sorry, you know," he said slow-

"that Alec has told the story, but there is only one truthful way for me to finish it. He took the box from Bruce's hand and passed it to Miss Stuart, saying

nly, "Will you open the box?" Her beautiful eyes filled with tears, nd, with trembling hands, she tried to break the seal. Peace Gray handed her a palette knife, and as the cover flew off they all crowded around. "It's nothing but a postage stamp!"

cried Kathleen indignantly. "The horrid old woman! I'd like to throw it into the fire!" Miss Stuart dropped the box and

ran from the room, and if any one noticed that Hawarden followed her no one was silly enough to speak of it. "Give me that stamp, Kathleen, quick!" commanded Miss Fairlie. "The old lady's mind is all right," she added after a careful examination, "and so is her gift. This is a four cent blue Mauritius of the issue of 1847 and is worth at least \$7,000. The 'negotiable | began a vigorous beating. aunt' has made Jack an easily negotiated gift.'

Hawarden heard the joyous exclamations that followed Miss Fairlie's announcement and came in, holding Miss Stuart, blushing and embarrassed, by the hand.

"Are you sure, Miss Fairlie?" he asked anxiously. "Perfectly sure," she answered, with the confidence born of knowledge. "One was sold a few weeks ago in London for \$7.250."

"Er-I thought"- he stammered. "It is only right that our friends here should be the first to know that Edith and I are engaged.'

"Two souls with but a single stamp," quoth Alec, with mock solemnity, but the unfeeling remark was lost in a shower of good wishes and congratulations.

Wilkle's Starting Point.

A story which shows the great effect which an apparently triffing thing will sometimes have upon a person's after life is told in connection with Wilkie, the painter.

when he received a message from One day, when Sir John Sinclair was the immigration authorities that dining in company with Mr. Wilkie, the artist was asked if any particular circumstances had led him to adopt his profession. "Had your father, mother or any of

your relations a turn for painting?" inquired Sir John. "What led you to follow that art?" "The truth is. Str John." replied Mr. Wilkie, "you made me a painter."

"I!" exclaimed the baronet. "Why, I never had the pleasure of meeting you | in the woods. "No," responded the painter, with a

smile, "but when you were drawing up the statistical account of Scotland my father, who was a clergyman in Fife, had a good deal of correspondence with you concerning his parish, and in the course of it you sent him a colored drawing of a soldier in the uniform of your Highland Fencible regiment.

"I was so delighted with this picture that I was constantly drawing and trying to color copies of it, and it was in this way, to the best of my belief, that my transformation into a painter was gradually effected."

The sad faced young man knocked

timidly at the door of the suburban house, and presently it was opened by a woman with a stony eye. "I-I beg your pardon," said the sad

faced young man in confusion. "I see I have made a slight mistake. As a matter of fact. I have here a most re-Beautiful and Remain So.' Its price is 50 cents, and-but I can see, madam, that such a work would be useless to you; you have the secret already. Perhaps, however, there may be another of your sex in this house to whom the

priceless book would be of value?"
"Yes," said she of the stony eye, "there is." And she disappeared. In a few moments she returned, and with her came a fifty pound bulldog. The sad eyed young man slid down

those steps like a thunderbolt in strict training, and as he flew he heard the voice of the stony faced woman: "This is the only one in this house your book's any good to. Next time you come talk to her, and don't try any of your flattery on me."

Lawyers and the Law.

I expeck it 'd be only a poor lawyer couldn't argue a tack into a cow-'n' out of her again, too, f'r that matteryou generally don't. It's a part of their business not to let no one know what one 'd ever get fooled.

It takes another lawyer to see what a lawyer is doin', anyhow. When a lawyer says anything is so to me I never take no time to disbelieve him, cause he'd never got to be in the law "I-I think Mr. Hawarden is doing a tall if he wan't able to prove the Anne Warner.

> A nobleman against whom insanity was imputed by his relatives was ask-

ed during examination by Lord Loughborough, "How many legs has a "Does your lordship mean a live or a

"Is it not the same thing?" said the "No, my lord, there is much differ-

A Town For Men Only.

Russia, in Asia, almost due south of circumstances. Lake Baikal, is a good sized town has a considerable trade and is also a for what one had wrought. military post. An old law forbids women to live in this territory, and they cannot pass the great wall of Kalkan

Her Rest. "So Mrs. Gadderly took the rest

"Did it cure her?" "No, it didn't do her a bit of good. She's just as anxious to rest as she al-

A New Danger.

"I see they are talking of making clothes now out of some sort of wood." "Gee whiz! Then I guess we'll find woodpeckers and squirrels in our clothes hereafter instead of moths." Exchange.

from a Belle Spark Mansates

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On a hazy, warm breezed Indian ing until afterward, but of course it summer day a huntsman trodethrough the thickly grown brush that bordered the country road. Once or twice he stopped and looked about in appreciation of the day and the beauty of the country. Then he lighted a cigar, tossing the match aside before it was extinguished. By the time he had vanished from view the half spent match had accomplished a rivulet of fire that ran merrily through the brush which skirted the woods.

Mabel Wallace, coming down the old sawmill road, saw the crackling fire quickening breeze blowing toward the woods and the stretch of dry, parched grass and brush that intervened. She but she hastily continued: knew that if the flames were not extinguished at once the whole piece of woods would go. She caught up a stout I came here to teach. That is all." stick as she ran, and when she reached the farther end of the running fire she

"Say, teacher, I'll help you," squeaked a piping voice, which she recognized as back belonging to the boy in the First Reader class, next to the foot.

"Johnny, run down to the first white house beyond the woods and tell them to send help. They have a telephone. Ask them to notify all the neighbors," she directed between beats.

Johnny was reluctant to leave a bonfire of such proportions as this was assuming, but he detected the "teacher" in her tones and concluded to obey. "That's the stuff!" she next heard

and looked up to meet the approval of the farmer at whose house she boarded. He procured a stick and made an effective onslaught upon the flames. Presently they were re-enforced by a passerby, and after a time the fire was extinguished. "You best go home and rest a spell,"

counseled her landlord. "You look all het up and tuckered out." "It was pretty warm work," she acknowledged, arranging her hair, which

"Well, I tell you what, you just saved them woods, all right. The owner ought to make you a pion wood. er ought to make you a nice present."

Mabel laughed. "Who is the owner?" she asked care-

"His name is Max Thornton. He's a young city swell, I heard say." She had inserted the last hairpin and now started for home with burned face and blistered hands.

Meanwhile Johnny, returning from the white house, heard a shot ring out "I'll git him to come and help teacher." he thought as he scurried through | I do not fear mice."

the cool woods after the man behind the gun. "Say, the woods is pretty near on

fire. It's mos' crep' up on 'em!"

The man laughed good naturedly. "Do you think I am in any danger?" "The woods is! Teacher sent me for help. She is beating it out with a

"All right! Come along." And the man made for the road in long strides, the boy keeping pace by a quick trot, explaining with many elaborations the particulars of the fire.

"My! Teacher was jest more than lavin' on to it with a stick. I never s'posed she could hit out like that!" "Hasn't she laid it on to you yet?" laughed the hunter. "Naw. She ain't teched one on us

yit. I bet the boys would behave if they'd seen her beat that fire." The hunter was occupied for a moent with conjuring the image of

'teacher hittin' the fire." "Say, young man, has your teacher got red hair, and does she wear "Yes. How did yer know?" he ask-

"I just felt it." When the hunter came up to the men, he said to the farmer. "I came to help put out a fire, but I

see you have done good work," gazing at the blackened ground. "We only got here to the tail end of it," explained the farmer. "The school-

teacher got here first, and she fit it like a tiger. Guess some of you hunters set it on fire." The hunter laughed and walked on,

remembering the match, but he felt no compunctions. "A man has the right to set fire to his own if he wants to," he thought. "Suppose it would be only decent in me to go and thank make her a substantial token of gratitude without offense?" "Here, boy!" he turned and called to

Johnny, who lingered near the ruins. "Do you want to earn a quarter?" "You bet yer boots!" "Then take me to your teacher, if it's

not too far." "It's jest down the next road a ways, and mebby she's stopped in at the school'us down the lane." "On a Saturday?" he asked skep-

"Yes. She writes her letters there?" making plans for the investment of his quarter and the man absorbed in thoughts of a bitter, cynical trend. A This la few months before he had been the happy, accepted lover of a beautiful regulating the meals of his nobles, the girl who was of an old, aristocratic family in moderate circumstances. Some pessimistic relatives of his had meat a side dish of one sort. intimated that his wealth and not himself was the object of her adoration. The little shaft, though resented, rankled and lingered and grew until in a moment of desperation and ill judgment he sent her a letter saying that to their station in life."-London Telehis fortune had been swept away in

He waited in suspense for her reply, which came promptly. She coldly and briefly agreed that the engagement On the borders between China and should be broken, owing to change of

Wounded through and through, he

He was wondering now as he walked along the dusty highway what had other millionaire? What a useless. helpless wife she would make for a poor man! Then he thought of the struggling, sordid existence of this schoolma'am. In his mind's eye he pictured her-lank, gawky and spectacled, beating the flames.

"Even at that," he thought, "she is more to be loved than a woman who feared poverty. Faith, I believe I'll marry the schoolma'am and settle down to a country life if she'll have A turn into a lane brought them

to the little schoolhouse, and Johnny looked in through the open door. "She's in there," he said. "All right. You needn't come. Much tea at 5 o'clock."-London Globe.

"I didn't know," she said coldly.

"Mabel! You, a schoolteacher, herewhy?" "Because," she answered bitterly. that panic in which you pretended to have lost your fortune my father lost every cent he had." "I wish you'd tell me all about it," he

obliged." When he entered the school

room, which was darkened, he dimly

discerned a form at a desk on the plat

form. Her head was resting wearily

"I beg your pardon. I came to thank

He had come nearer now. She lifted

on the big dictionary.

you for saving my property."

her head, and he saw her.

"Mabel!" he gasped.

said remorsefully.
"There's not much to tell. Just as father had broken the news of our loss to me your letter came. I showed it to him. He said it was not true, so I He is thought it a ruse—that you had heard to Bude and hastened her pace. She noted the of our reverses and did not want to wed a pauper."

He groaned and attempted to speak, "Father went west to look after some told her of the remarks, his test, his his usual headgear at that time. departure and ignorance of her loss.

"No," she said proudly. "You didn't believe in my love. You had to put it He was thinking hard for the right

"Forgive me, Mabel, and take me

thing to say. "Then let me woo you again, not as the Mabel Wallace I knew in New York, but as the country schoolteacher

to whom I came just now with a heart full of admiration for her kind heart and stout arm. Mabel, look up! You've been crying!" It was the smoke from the

hands-see! She held out for his inspection two reddened palms. He seized them and pressed them to

his lips and then-well, then, Johnny came running in.
"Oh, g'wan," he said to Thornton. "You know'd her all the time and pre-

tended you jest guessed at her havin' red hair and specs."

"Yes. I am her beau, and you'll have a new teacher. Here, take this for telling me of the fire." And he gave the delighted boy a silver dollar. On the threshold Johnny paused.

"Say, teacher, I cum to tell you than wa'n't no one to hum at the white house!"

No Chance For Him. "Now that we are engaged," said the fair young thing, "I will tell you that "That is nice," said the prospective

"And," continued the flancee, "I can drive nails without hitting my thumb, and I know how to use a paper cutter without ruining a book, and I can add a row of figures without making a separate sum for each consecutive figure, and I can build a fire, and I can tell when a picture is hung straight on the wall."

Here the man drew himself up with much dignity and sorrow and cried: Then I cannot marry you, alas!" "Why?" gasped the girl. "What prospect is there of my ever

being able to demonstrate the superiorlty of man over woman if I marry amount of money I'm worth."-Exa woman who possesses such traits of

The Two Chances.

A medical man, Dr. Blunt, has a habit of saying exactly what he thinks lishment of its kind in the kingdom. and in a manner all his own. "You talk too much, woman!" he once remarked to the wife of a patient.

"Give the man a chance!" "What! Me talk?" shricked the lady. "Why, I'm as quiet as a mouse all the day long. You can ask any of the neighbors, an' they'll every one tell dubbed "gravestones" and the cigayou what a"-

"Matters have reached this point, madam," interrupted the doctor; "your husband has two chances!" "Two chances, you say, an' "-

"He may die"-"Of course he may die, as I was sayin' to Mrs."-"And you may, madam—that's his real chance!" blurted the doctor as he passed out and banged the door after

him.-London Mail. LAWS ON EATING.

Meals at One Time Were Regulated by Statute In England.

On Nov. 2, 1336, a law came into force in England for the regulation of meals and continued to have a place on the statute book until 1857. It was designed to check the evils resulting from an excessive use of costly meats and enacted that no one should partake at any place or time (except on specified festivals and holidays to the number of sixteen days a year) of more than two courses, each not consisting of more than two sorts of victuals, either flesh or fish, with the common sorts of They relapsed into silence, Johnny pottage, and inexpensive sauce. Or named feast days three courses were

This law was an extension of an or dinance issued by Edward II. in 1815 greater of whom were allowed in addition to two courses of two kinds of

An act of 1363 enacts that servants artisans and laborers "shall be served to eat and drink once a day of flesh or fish and remnant of other victuals, as of butter, milk and cheese, according graph.

AFTERNOON TEA.

It Was the Vogue In England In the Eighteenth Century.

The earliest mention of afternoon tes is by Carlyle of Inveresk, who, writing society at Harrogate in 1763, says "The ladies gave afternoon tea and coffee in their turns." In 1766 William Dutton wrote home

from Eton college to his father in Sher-

as to let me have tea and sugar to

borne, "I wish you would be so kind

drink in the afternoon, without which there is no keeping company with other boys of my standing." Dr. Somerville, minister of Jedburgh, writing of social habits in Scotland n his early life (1741), says, "Most famdle ranks, used tea at breakfast, but among the latter it was only recently

introduced in the afternoon, on the oc casion of receiving company." Thackeray, in "The Newcomes" (1855), alludes to the light refreshment halfway between lunch and dinner as if it were already a fashionable institu tion, "Barnes Newcome comes every day from the city, drops in and drinks

AN ODD CHARACTER.

The Queer Freaks of an English

Poet and Clergyman, Robert Steven Hawker, poet and still. Occasionally may be noted a regvicar of Norwenstow, England, was an ular lifting up and setting down of the eccentric person. In his younger days fore feet, one leg after another, with he used to daub the village physician's almost rhythmic motion. The antennae horse with stripes of paint until the also have a gentle, quivering, apparanimal looked like a zebra and then summon the physician hastily to an like breathing. The soundness of slumurgent case miles away in the country. Two elderly women whom he disliked the feather end of a quill. The feather the is said to have driven out of the tip is lightly drawn along the back, town by sending all the undertakers in stroking "with the fur." There is no Plymouth to measure them for their motion. Again and again this action is

coffins.

His marriage, too, was out of the orually heavier. Still there is no change. dinary. It happened while he was at The strokes are directed upon the head, Oxford. His father told him that he with the same result. Then the feathcould not afford to keep him there any er is applied to the neck with a waving Hawker at once set out to the motion intended to tickle it. godmother, Miss Charlotte remains motionless. Finally the sleepy-one years his senior and er is aroused by a sharp touch of the r of an annuity of \$1,000. quill. She stretches out her head, then have "run from Stratton her legs, which she shakes also; steps ving hot and blown," and nearer to the light, yawns and begins proposed to her. She accepted him. to comb her antennae and brush her He returned to Oxford a married man head and mouth. Then she clambers and won a fellowship. The marriage over her sleeping comrades, dives into was a happy one.

an open gangway and soon has said When his wife died Hawker wore at "Good morning" to another tour of claim he thought he had out there, and her funeral a pink hat without a brim. duty. Be it well noted, however, that "No; not all. Listen," he cried. He But this was in no disrespect to her she has gone to work, as she and all memory. It so happened that it was her fellows always do, not only rested, but with her person perfectly clean!-

and Japan Is Made. India ink, much used in China and Japan for writing with small brushes mixture of carbon and gum, with the terials are not of the best quality and if the carbon is not as finely divided seven married men and at eighty three fire," she said confusedly; "and my as possible an inferior ink will be the bachelors for nine married men. result. After the earbon and gum have been mixed the product has to be slowly and carefully dried. The high polish is said to be produced with tree wax.

lifetime?" Europeans have produced ink equal if not superior to the genuine Chinese article. The reason why the manufacture has remained chiefly in eastern hands is an interesting one. The business instinct of the European maker prompts him to seize any opportunity of substituting cheaper raw materials gone forever!" and so lowering the quality of his ink, while the tendency of the Chinaman is to work on in the same groove, and in urged. "He may come back." this case his hidebound conservatism

is profitable.-London Mail.

Mozart Relies. The small and old fashioned Mozart J J. BROWN house is in the middle of Salzburg. It is with a feeling of respect, a visitor to the spot says, that one climbs the three flights of stairs and enters the room where Mozart was born. All the ancient pictures, the two old pianos and many relics belonging to the composer take one back a hundred years. The only jarring note in this harmonious association of memories is that Mozart's skull is in a glass case in the center of the room, all that remains of him, since no one could ever distin guish his body in the mass of remains in the common paupers' grave wherein he was buried in Vienna. - London Globe,

Papa's Frankness "What would you think if your daughter were to elope?" "I'd think," replied the discouraged old man, "that somebody had been stringin' the fellow concernin' the

Unique Public House. In a busy thoroughfare in Glasgow there is a fully licensed public house, which is probably the smallest estab-When full it can just accommodate "Coffin," and the regular habitues give the various drinks, etc., names to cor

HABITS OF THE ANT.

The Sleeping, the Waking and the Toilet Before Work. During sleep the ant's body is quite

ber was frequently proved by applying Taylor ..... Lackawanna...

H. C. McCook in Harper's Magazine.

Married Men Live Longwe Mortality among bachelors from the age of thirty to forty-five is 27 per cent, while among married men of the same age it is 18 per cent. For forty-one on soft paper and made extensively in bachelors who attain the age of forty China since 250 B. C., consists of a years there are seventy-eight married men who attain the same age. The difaddition of a little musk or Borneo camphor to give it the characteristic of advanced age. At sixty years of odor. The preparation of this simple age there remain but twenty-two bachink is by no means easy, for if the ma- elors for forty-eight married men, at Northumberl'. seventy eleven bachelors for twenty-

> Sage Counsel. "You want a piece er edvice fer yo'

"Well, den, don't ever try ter whip de devil roun' de stump. Yo' cloze is boun' ter ketch fire, en you'll burn up befo' yo' time!"-Atlanta Constitution.

Fatal Blunder, "He is gone!" she wailed. "He is

"Don't be downcast," her friend "No, no; I shall never see him again. I gave up the letters he had written to me."-Chicago Record-Herald.

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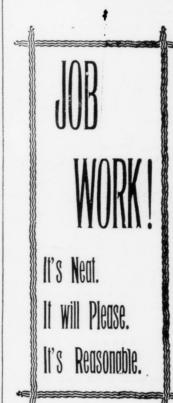
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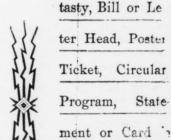
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