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"What do you suppose Adam and Eve talked about?" inquired the girl easy. in the Hongkong chair, with a yawn, as she settled her Burne-Jones proportions a trifle more luxuriously in the barbaric splendor of the pillows and to the passion flowers. clasped her large, shapely hands above the shadowy darkness of her head.

"Love," replied the man, with laconic promptness. "There wasn't anything else for them to talk about, so

tached itself from the enchanting picture of turquoise water and topaz islands afforded by the oval opening in the curtain of vines that screened the veranda and rested coolly upon him.

"There was the weather," she argued sweetly, "and the birds and flowers." observed her companion, with just a

A silence followed, in which the appalling beauty of a California August held them spellbound. Miss Chesterton drew a sharp breath; then she resumed the conversation once more. "All men don't," was her somewhat

incoherent remark. Dinsmore had the air of a man suddenly recalled to consciousness from a state of suspended animation.

She flushed and looked injured. Already the unpardonable sin loomed large in the perfect beauty of their small, quiet world.

"Don't forget what one's talking about," she retorted crisply. He gave an amused laugh. "You

contrite plea. "You see, I feel like a struggling to appear natural. fly caught in the amber; like-likeby Jove, it's too beautiful!"

again a silence fell, unbroken save by a wistful bird note.

Meantime, slowly and painfully, measuring every inequality with its yellow, jelly-like length, a slug crawled steadily along the garden path and up and over step after step until it gained the veranda where the two were sit-

comer, though it was a fine, large specimen, fully eight inches long and as large around as one's thumb, of the sort sometimes sought for by easterners who like to carry the proof of their stories back with them. It made



SHE SANK SLOWLY BACK UPON THE CUSH-

its way along the floor of the veranda and up one of the wicker legs of Miss Chesterton's chair as if it recognized the woman as unerringly as did the serpeni of old.

A little scream broke the stillness. Coming back from a dreamy, sensuous contemplation of the passion flowers that hung like jewels among the dusky rafters of the porch, Miss Chesterton's startled glance fell upon the long, fat, glutinous snail stretched out upon the arm of her chair, as if enjoying a well earned rest after the prolonged trip from its home at the root of the clump of calla lilies.

"Gracious!" she exclaimed as Dinsmore leaned toward her questioningly. "How on earth did it get here?"

"History repeats itself," was his meaning reply as he watched the intruder, whose horns pointed upward in an aggressive fashion. "I hope you are impressed by the fact that its errand is evidently with you. You will notice that it is perfectly contented there, and by the way it opens that litt.e circular window in the side of its head I should think it was listening for what you might have to say."

For a moment they watched the slug curiously. Then a droll thought lightened her face like a flash of sunshine, and Dinsmore waited for an explana-

softly. "The sight of the serpent must have been as bracing as a tonic after the enervating beauty of Eden. No wonder that she listened. It's a positive joy to rest one's eyes upon hegira was the fifty-third of Moham-auch ugliness after all this blinding med, and Marlborough reached his inbeauty. Absolutely I've been fighting dependent command at the same age. the heartache-wrestling with a desire to moan and weep."

The words in themselves were innocent enough, but the tone was thoughtful, and Dinsmore's long, searching look gave them a significance that caused her to feel conscious and then redden with annoyance because she had done so. To divine that underneath his words might lie an implication that her efforts to discourage ed himself. The waiter had piled the his suit meant no more than her star-tied cry at the appearance of the slug was womanly intuition. But to show up in turn. Settling back in his chair, different matter, a break more worthy of some rustic schoolgirl than of Eloise Chesterton. He continued to gaze at her until she felt like an insect impaled upon a pin point for the benefit of an interested student. At last she could endure it no longer.

"Probably Eve screamed, too, just at first sight of the serpent!" she remarked desperately. Then, with an inward groan, she wished she had not spoken. Dinsmore laughed out, a little note

of triumph in his voice. "If you think so, I'm sure that she did," was his reply, "Thank you for settling a point that was puzznis

Defiance sparkled in Miss Chester

"Reading between the lines," she observed, with much deliberation and apparent irrelevance, "is a misleading habit. For instance, take my own case. I mean what I say and nothing more. You can't read between the lines, because there is never anything to read." At the words the slug crawled a little farther along the arm of the chair, as if something had made it un-

"Incredulity!" etaculated Dinsmore in a suppressed voice, his head thrown back upon his chair and his eyes lifted

His companion sat unright looking at him with flery scorn. He met her eyes brazenly. Never had he seen her appear so superbly beautiful. But he only said:

"Don't sit up like that in a Hongkong chair; it's inartistic. Moreover, it's ungracious, and a woman should never

"You're horrid, Ralph Dinsmore," was the only reply she vouchsafed him, but he noticed that she sank slowly back upon the cushions. One couldn't afford to look awkward in the eyes of any man, even a man that one fully intends to refuse. The warm gold of the afternoon sun

light was gradually paling, and a chill was creeping stealthily into the suave Dinsmore, recognizing the signs of late afternoon, looked at his watch. Just a half hour until the 5 o'clock boat would bear him away from this corner in paradise back to San Fran-

et and calmly handed it to Miss Ches-

"You like old jewels. See what you think of it," was his matter of fact

She obeyed him, drawing from the case a ring of quaint workmanship in which two beautiful pearls were imbedded.

"Beautiful!" she exclaimed enthusiastically. "Exquisite!" But she did not look toward him. "What it is for mustn't lay it up against me," was his and where did you get it?" she added,

For an answer he leaned toward her and took it gently from her clasp. She nodded understandingly, and Then he lifted her left hand and calmly placed it on the third finger, holding the hand firmly in his while he said authoritatively:

"That is what it is for. As for the rest, it has been in the Dinsmore family for 200 years, worn always by the sweetheart and wife of the eldest son." "But you haven't asked me," objected a faint voice.

"One doesn't bother about those de tails in paradise, beloved," he murmured happily. "Adam knew that Eve was his, and by the same token I know that you were made for me."

The slug was squirming slowly toward the garden again.

It is the true leaders of society who are the least haughty and reserved. The grande dame by birth, breeding and association knows, like the gentleman born and bred, just when, how and upon whom to bestow her pleasant smile of recognition. She is not afraid, as are those less familiar with proper social usages, that she might commit a social solecism and do the wrong

thing. It is this woman who speaks the kindest to the weary shopgirl. It is she to whom the laboring man lifts his apology of a hat as she thanks him for the ceasing of his busy broom or the holding open of a door for her. It was such a woman who heard the retort coming from the sweeper of a crossing when she thanked him for lifting her over the deep mud. "I

sweetly. carryin' bar'ls o' sugar," said he .- St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Brown-What puts you in such a

good humor this morning? Robinson-I've just got a patent out for my new ink eraser. I wouldn't take £10,000 for it.

"Didn't you get a patent last year for inventing an indelible ink?"
"I did, and I sold it for £6,000, and now I've invented an eraser that will even remove writing done with my

own indelible ink." "What are you going a next?" "I'm going to invent another indelible ink that can't be erased with my new eraser. I tell you there is money in this patent business if you only go about it the right way."-London

A Poor Recipe.

"Don't talk to me about the recipes in that magazine," said Mrs. Lane, with great energy. "Wasn't that the very magazine that advised me to put on that sody solution and leave the tablecloth out overnight to take off those yellow stains?"

"I'm inclined to think it may have been," said Mrs. Lane's sister, with due meekness. "I sent you a number of them in the spring, I remember." "Well, and what happened?" asked Mrs. Lane, with rising wrath.

"Didn't the stains disappear?" asked her sister. "Disappear!" said Mrs. Lane in a withering tone. "It was the tablecloth that disappeared. I don't know anything about the stains."

Late Beginning. celebrated novels at forty. Milton be-"I was thinking of Eve," she said gan "Paradise Lost" at fifty. When "East Lynne" appeared its author, Mrs. Henry Wood, was forty-five. Cromwell was forty-one when he began his public career. The year of the In spiritual examples Abraham was seventy-five when called out of Cha-"And yet you screamed at the sight ran, and Moses was eighty when he stood before Pharaoh as the champion

They Were All Right. He was a typical backwoods farmer. His first visit to a city restaurant, however, had taken away none of the appetite he had at home, where everything was placed in large dishes on the he hailed the passing waiter:

"Hey, there, young man! Your sam-ples are all right. Bring on the rest of the stuff."—Judge.

their marriage."

"Well, she was insulted, of course, That was as much as to say she wasn't | knew I could not live long.

Then the Mist ? Cleared

By Kate M. Cleary

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with him would be a shock, but she forewarned, she would also be forearmed. And she felt helplessly furious to realize that she had grown cold and white the instant he stood before her from the dining room after luncheon when Roy Cameron had come along

the hall. "Isabel!" he exclaimed, his voice low and significant. "Isabel!"

She was more beautiful than the girl he had wooed. She had bloomed out in the atmosphere of luxury and in the assured social position that had come to her with her marriage. And he she gave him an instant trembled in his own. But his eyes, that dwelt as if with unutterable reproach.

Her first words were piteously defen-"It was all in the papers," she fal-

tered. "Every one believed it. Your death as true." "I wish to God that it had been!" he

who pulled the Spanish knife out of my She shuddered, her sweet lips paling. "But you look quite well; quite like

your old self," she said anxiously. "Oh. I got over that hurt all right. It's the other I can't get over. Put on Isabel—that is, if your husband doesn't | craved. object," he added, with a slight sarcastic curl of his handsome lip.

She drew herself up proudly "My husband," she said coldly, "objects to nothing that I do. I will go with you for a short walk."

And she told herself the while she flung on her golf cape and crushed a little scarlet Tam o' Shanter down on her dark bair with hands that still shook that this was the only time she would speak with him alone. She owed him an explanation, and he should have it. He must not be permitted to construe her emotion at sight of him into belief that she still harbored a romantic attachment toward

Towering cliffs hid them from the sprawling, fashionable town. The roar of the surf came up to them in a low, booming, thunderous monotone. Ahead, behind, over the vistas of sand and vast surges of the ocean, hung a fog, dense, illusory, silvery, mysterious. In dipping and courtesying on their noise-

less course. "It's all very harmonious," said Roy Cameron grimly. "Might have been ble apartment house." made to order as a setting for our lit-tle comedy, eh? Nothing around us the most hopeless of all the ghosts that

"We-three?" she repeated, not comprehending.

"You and I-and the ghost of our vanished happiness!" he said. "Oh!" she murmured. Then for a "Isabel," he asked suddenly, bending forward to look into her averted face, "why did you marry that rich man?" Her wifely pride rose instantly in arms at the insinuation.

"You speak as though Robert Graeme fear I was very heavy," she said were a rich man only," she said in in English studies. dignantly. "He is a good man-a wise

engaged to me."

"They told me you were dead in the Philippines!" she burst out, harassed brother Frank was in tremendous monetary difficulties. There was disgrace of some sort ahead for him. Mother low. was breaking her heart over the whole matter. And then-then Robert asked me to be his wife. I knew he could fix up everything. Besides, I was very fond of him. I always admired him

very much!" she ended defiantly. "Ah!" he said quietly-too quietly. They had walked rapidly, quite out-

"That was the way, was it?" stripping all the others sauntering in the same direction. Isabel was breathless from haste. The hulk of an old boat drawn high on the beach offered shelter from the rising wind and the too insistent clamor of the waves. Mrs. Graeme sat down on an embank ment of sand some children had made in the shadow of the boat.

"I shall rest a few minutes. Then we will go back," she said. She was wholly unprepared for the violence with which he broke into

"Back! You would go back to him? When it is I. Isabel-I, who have the best, first, real right to you! If it were not for that accursed blunder this isle and between party and party about my death you would have been as indifferently as the herring's back-waiting for me still." as indifferently as the herring's back-bone doth lie in the middle of the fish."

White, stricken, shocked, she sat there while he raved on. She had never imagined such madness nor such selfishness, for it was all of himself he spoke-all for himself he cared. He would miss her so. He had great possibilities, which only she could inspire. Sir Walter Scott began to write his If she would only go away for awhile Saturday Night" by far the best, "alcelebrated novels at forty. Milton be--let Graeme get a divorce for desertion! Then they could be married and leave this part of the world. He knew of a good opening in Havana. His love should make recompense to her-

She found her voice there. "Love!" she repeated. "Love!" And he quailed a little before the grave

scorn in her eyes. "You would have me break my pledged vows, degrade my loyalty, bankrupt my life-for what?" She paused, shaken by the revulsion of feeling that overwhelmed her. Was this her ideal lover? Was this man-peevish, passionate, wearisomely persistent-the hero she had enshrined in

her heart? "Oh, hush!" she said brokenly.

'Hush!" He thought she spoke thus because of the approach of others. Two men were leaning against the hulk of the boat on the farther side. But it was only after she had spoken that she recognized her husband's voice.

"If it were not for a certain knowledge I possessed, Travis," he was saying, "I would not have urged the child to be my wife, long and dearly though a big general or a lodge man in a pa-I had loved her. It was not even that rade.—Atchison Globe. "Yes; she and her husband have I could help her family out of a dire quarreled. It seems he told her she difficulty were I one of them nor yet was just too sweet for anything since | wholly because I was aware fi the unstable character of the p for whom she had, I understood ,irlish ago, and here it is in terrible disor preference. It was chieff; ause I der. tors tell me. She does not suspect, of

pure and womanly. But it does me good to know that one of these days the protection of my name, even though I am no longer with her. She you in confidence, because you are Shall we walk on?"

They went back toward the town, the boat. Isabel rose quickly and looked out

She had been crossing to the parlor from the dining room after luncheon liance Cameron had never seen in finger, so to speak. The great man in the cathedral at Canterbury oppo-

"You heard?" she asked him. "You spoke?"

Isabel, I-will wait." in fascination upon her face, were dark with the merited sting of her disdain. But he understood at last. And when she had flung away from him and was walking rapidly back alone he followed and caught up with her.

"I'll go away tonight. Forgive me if own mother accepted the news of your you can. See, the mist is clearing off." The silvery veil was rolling up like scroll from the tossing, peevish bilsaid passionately. "When later I read lows, and the sun was shining forth, of your marriage—well, I hated those dazzling, resplendent. "The mist has quite cleared," she

said. And then lower, "Thank God!" That night Robert Graeme, marvel ing at her greater gentleness of words the new tenderness of her smile, thrill ed to think that perhaps his one wild dream was coming true after all and your hat and come down on the beach, that he might win the love he so "Dear," she said to him, "it is such

a beautiful world. I am finding out that-I am happy!" He bowed his head over her hand that she might not see the rapture in his eyes. And both found the silence

New York Tenements. "It is surprising how many New Yorkers there are who do not know that they are living in tenement houses," said one of the inspectors of the tenement house commission. went into a tenement house in lower Lexington avenue on an official visit to inspect the plumbing. It is one of the old houses of the downtown district and not a tenement in anything but the

official wording of the law. "'I want to inspect this tenement," said to the woman who came to the door of the second floor apartment. "'What did you call it?' she demanded severely.

"'I'm a tenement house inspector,' explained, 'and the law says'-"She did not let me get any further, but burst in with: 'I'd have you know this is not a tenement. It's a respecta-"I knew my duty, and I had a look

at the plumbing in spite of her probut vague obscurity - and we three tests. Finally, against her will, she was convinced that it really was a tenement house under the law. "'Well, just wait till my husband

comes home, she declared. 'We'll have to move. Just think if it ever got out that we were living in a tenement house and had to be inspected!" "-New

The Seasons.

An east side educational worker who is teaching in a night school for newly arrived Russian Jews was remarking on the difficulties of grounding them

"Some of them come to us with the barest smattering of English words. "But you did not love him," Cameron he said, "and no knowledge of Amer went on merclessly. "And you were | ican customs except the few ideas they have picked up since landing. I was trying to teach a small class the seasons of the year the other day. For a and eager to have the talk over. "My time they did not seem to understand what I was driving at. Then the light broke over the face of one young fel-

"'I know seasons,' he declared. "'How many seasons are there in the vear?' I asked "'One, two,' was the unexpected an-

"'What are they?' I asked. "'Busy season and slow season, came the answer, quite promptly. "That young man will have a savings bank account before he has been here six months."-New York Tribune.

The following curious oath was until recently administered in the courts of the Isle of Man: "By this book and by the holy contents thereof and by the wonderful works that God has miraculously wrought in heaven above and in the earth beneath in six days and seven nights I do swear that I will, without respect of favor or friendship, love or gain, consanguinity or affinity, envy or malice, execute the laws of this isle justly between our sovereign lord the king and his subjects within

It is said that a boy was once asked in the poet's presence which of Burns' works he liked best. After taking thought with himself for a little he declared that he liked the "Cotter's (cry) when my father bade me read it to my mither."

This statement seemed to impress Burns, for presently he said to the lad, "Weel, my callant (boy), it made me greet, too, more than once when I was writing it by my father's fireside.

Missed a Few. "Yes," said the clerk at the Skinnen house, "we have 1,800 servants." "Well," said the departing guest, "I must have overlooked four or five. I'm

-Pittsburg Post.

quite sure I haven't tipped that many."

Cholly-I did think of going in for politics, but I was afwaid I wouldn't know just how to tweat my infewiahs, don't y' know. Peppery-Your inferi-ors! Oh, you wouldn't be likely to meet any of them.-Philadelphia Press.

A sword is out of place in time of peace, and it is of very little conse-

"Why, Mary," said her mistress, "I told you to make up my room an hour

"Yis mum, and ! did," said Mary, "just too sweet for anything' always." trouble-of an incurable kind, my doc- "but the master came in to put on a clean collar, mum, and he lost the course. She is all that is sweet and | gtnd "

THE POWDER WORKED.

when she is free again she will have An Invention That Proved Too Much of a Success.

A certain inventor once hit upon the will be still a young and beautiful wo-man and a very wealthy one. You turned dozens and dozens of eggs into shelters the remains of only one Engunderstand, I am only telling this to a powder that you might carry in a lish king, Henry IV. That this paryou in confidence, because you are such an old friend, and I could not wanted an omelet or a scramble was to tombed there is the more remarkable bear to have you doubt my motives. drop a pinch of the powder into water. since he breathed his last in the Jeru-A teaspoonful of the stuff would swell salem chamber of Westminster abbey, up to fill a quart tin, and half a cup- and it might naturally have been supoblivious of the two in the shadow of ful would be enough for the meal of a posed in the circumstances that he company on the march. Now, this in- would have been laid to rest in the abventor by diligent effort succeeded in bey, where so many other of England's over the tumultuous waste of waters.

A fluctuant color was hot in her cheek. in a European country, a man who however, that Henry before his death was delighted with the desiccated egg site the tomb of his uncle, Edward, "You heard?" she asked him. "You knew that was my husband who scheme, and a box of the powder was the Black Prince. sent to him so that he might try it on For hundreds of years a story was He nodded, misunderstanding her that it should be tried on the dog. It er a hurricane arose and that the peoemotion. "If what he said is true, lay open on the great man's study table, and there the dog nosed it out. the storm was caused by the fact that She flared out on him then. He licked up the powder, an amount of a king's body was on board, cast the would walt. He was not fit to brush it that forty conscientious hens could corpse into the water in the dead of found this new charm immensely at-tractive. He rejoiced that the hand honored—whom she loved! She spoke made him thirsty, however, and he cumstance to the cathedral. Some in no uncertain terms. He quivered with the merited sting of her disdain.

with the merited sting of her disdain.

with the merited sting of her disdain.

with the merited sting of her disdain. mediately began to do what it was expected to do when water struck it, and before the eyes of the great man that unhappy dog swelled up and swelled up till his seams gave way was selected to the work of the work. So they opened the royal tomb and the king's lead coffin. For one brief moment dean and chapter gazed upon the kingly lineaments of that monarch swelled up till his seams gave way. whom Shakespeare describes as "sky Just forward of the port beam he aspiring Bolingbroke." Only for a mosprang a leak. This is a perfectly true ment, however, as the body crumbled story. The poor dog actually burst. to dust almost at once. But Canter-That particular invention has never bury now knows beyond all doubt that been recommended to the war office. - an English king rests within its walls. Washington Post.

VULCANO'S VOLCANO.

Natural Weather Prophet and Infallible at That. As a natural weather prophet, and in-

fallible at that, the volcano on the island of Vulcano, twelve miles north of Sicily, in the Mediterranean, is believed to hold the record. The following is from an account of a dinner given by the Geographical Council divorce. Club of England in 1893: "Captain Wharton, the hydrographer to the admiralty, told how he had once anchored in very deep water on the east side of Vulcano, the southernmost of the Lipari isles, but that he had kept up steam with the intention of being those \$2,500 houses that cost \$6,850 off immediately if the wind changed to when they're finished." - Cleveland the east. He mentioned this to an Englishman who lived on the island and was in charge of some borax works. 'But,' said the man, 'there is not the remotest chance of the wind going around to the east without full warning.' 'What warning?' asked the Blade. other. 'Oh.' was the rejoinder, 'the volcano always warns us!' 'The volcano! said Wharton. 'Yes, the volcano. A "fumarone" always emits a whistling sound before the east wind begins to blow.' Shortly after this Wharton was looking at Strabo and, to his astonishment, found that that writer mentions the fact. The Englishman had never heard of Strabo in his life. Strabo died as an old man about 25 A. D., so that this excellent 'fumarone' must have been giving its warnings well nigh 2,000 years at

Mr. Bascomb was as firm about politics as about everything else. He made a boast that nobody could change his views when once they were formed. and it was true.

"But, father, suppose they don't even For all kind of Tin Roofing, suggest having Liph Godding for representative?" pleaded Mr. Bascomb's son after a painful half hour of argu ment. "I don't believe anybody but you has thought of him." "If they don't have Liph Godding

for representative," said Mr. Bascom! calmly, "I shall winter my vote, that's all."-Youth's Companion. Mr. Younghubbe-Don't you think, my dear, that you are cooking twice as nuch as we shall need? Mrs. Younghubbe (artlessly)-I am doing it on purpose, darling. Tomorrow I want CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

Only One English King, Henry IV.

Divorce Laws In Sweden.

The divorce laws of Sweden are clastic. When the incompatibility of temper reaches the culminating point one of the parties proceeds to Copenhagen. the nearest foreign town, which is only twelve hours distant, and remains there for fourteen days, notifying the Swedish consulate, which stances are regarded as legal evidence of desertion and sufficient ground for

"So Speeder has turned out to be a confidence man. Does he sell gold bricks?"

Avondale 8 8 11 44

Plymouth 8 45

Plymouth June 8 47

Kingston 8 47

Wilkes-Barre 9 10 12 10

Wilkes-Barre 12 8 40

Kingston 18 45

Auzerne 8 58 "No. He's an architect and plans Leader

for advice that his friend wants only confirmation of his own judgment it would save much heartache.-Toledo

If one could remember when asked

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