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*0*0*0*0*0* Through the stained glass above the palms and roses the midday sun streamed in, flecking the scene with gorgeous reds, blues and greens. It shed a golden glory upon the tall, slender, graceful bride, and at the sight the best man shut his jaw a bit more determinedly. She was looking more than ever like an angel, and in five minutes she would be the wife of his best friend. That was the monotonous sentence which kept repeating itself in his mind. As if he were likely to for-

Opposite him and just behind the bride the maid of honor stood. For the moment she, too, had forgotten the guests, forgotten everything save the fact that the one man in the world whom she might have loved-for she always phrased it thus carefully to herself-was at that moment vowing to love and cherish her closest friend. She had a curious feeling that when she was an old, old woman, when a yellow, withered face and dim, sad eyes looked back at her from her mirror, she should still be able to live over again the despair of this moment, when the white robed clergyman was taking him from her life, a thousand times more irrevocably than death could have

There was a stir about her like the rush of the wind. For a second she was too lost in thought to understand; then, as she dropped upon her knees somewhat hurriedly, her bewildered eyes caught those of the best man, casually at first and then with a quick, startled recognition of something she saw there. He, too, had the air of a person suddenly awakened from a nightmare, momentarily uncertain of the surroundings in which he found

A moment later she had forgotten his very existence.
"He's Ethel's husband now-Ethel's

husband," she said sternly to herself, skillfully turning a dry sob into a long. broken breath and composing her face to the radiant expression becoming the bride's best friend.

Meanwhile the best man admonished himself in a similar strain. "Steady now, old man! Now's the time to get out your happy smile." Then, as the rigid muscles of his face gave no indication of relaxing, his thoughts ran on crossly: "Don't be an ass! It's the worst ever, so you might as well cheer

By the time the great organ pealed out the triumphant strains of the wedding march he and the maid of honor, their masks on, faced the guests that filled the church, ready to play their parts for all they were worth. Somespiration and a challenge.

"Isn't she sweet?" whispered one of the guests to a companion, referring to the maid of honor. "But how pale she is, and what a curious look there is in her eyes-sort of nothing can ever matter again expression—and yet"—
The speaker stopped, staring thought

fully at the girl until she had passed. More than once during the course of the wedding breakfast that followed the best man found himself watching her curiously. No one was gayer than she-none so gay, in fact. Her eyes were brilliant, and her laugh rang out valiantly, but his own misery made him subtly conscious of some undercurrent of feeling that was running strong and pitiless under the surface bubbles-an undertow of misery that she was resisting with all her strength. He remembered that when, during

the ceremony, their eyes had met in that confused, unveiled glance she had been staring at the groom as intently as he had at the bride. Could it be He did not formulate the thought, but he watched her more keenly than ever after that-so keenly, indeed, that once, unable to bear it any longer, with an appearance of unconsciousness she taxed him with it.

"You are very rude!" she said lightly, but at his grave, sincere "Believe me, I have not meant to be," and the searching look that accompanied it, expressive of a sympathy he could not put into words, her lips quivered ever so slightly. "Weddings get upon my nerves," she explained, with a little grimace, and before he could reply she had turned away.

The shower of rice and old shoes had

spent itself, and the bride and groom had departed, taking all the romance of the world with them and leaving behind a monotony without form and void. All of the guests felt it, and already the bustle of departure was in the air. But to the best man and the maid of honor it was a ghastly, appalling fact that made them linger on the steps after the others had re-entered the house, staring blankly after the carriage that had disappeared around the corner. Then the man remembered where he was and pulled himself together with an effort.

"Seems rather like the end of things, doesn't it?" he observed as they turned

"From our standpoint, yes." was the listless answer. Then she caught her lip between her teeth and darted a quick, inquiring glance at him. That was not precisely what she would have chosen to say, and she hoped that he would not notice it. But at the sight of the somber smile in his eyes the hope

In a snug corner of the deserted library, where the farewells of the departing guests came to them but faintly, she next found herself, without being very clear as to how she came there. The best man was sitting in front of her holding one of her hands in a protecting, big brotherly fashion, while she vainly tried to keep back the tears that seemed to be rising as quietly and relentlessly as a flood. It was no use. Higher and higher they came. She winked hard and shut her teeth firmly. Then she snatched her hand

away and covered her face.
"My poor little girl," murmured the

"Weddings are always sad, don't you think?" she gasped out, dabbing at her eyes with her handkerchief and giving a little hysterical laugh. "Still, I don't usually behave like this. You see, when your best friend marries-she-that iseverything is different and"- She gave up trying to explain the situation in despair and ended with an incoherent, But it's all very ridiculous, and I don't know why I should say all this to

She was the picture of helpless, girlish misery, and the best man's heart ached for her. Momentarily his sympathy took the edge off his own lonellness. He winced at the thought of her having to suffer alone the maddening

sense of loss that tormented him. "Perhaps it's because misery loves company," he said gently. "Perhaps

you feel that this wedding hasn't been altogether like other weddings to me either," he went on, with a matter of fact air, as if it were the most natural thing in the world that they should

be confiding in each other.

She was watching him with a dawning understanding in her eyes, and be met her gaze with a whimsical smile, as if he were offering her the open book of his soul to read if she would. "Do you mean that you, too"-

There was no need to complete the question, for it was answered before it was spoken. Involuntarily her hands went out to him in quick, warm sympathy, and though her only comment was a breathless "Oh!" it was eloquent with feeling.

Little by little her composure came back to her.

"It was so good of you to tell me." she said gratefully. "I think I feel as Robinson Crusoe did when he discovered the man Friday.

"Not that I'm glad that you're unhappy, too," she added quickly; "only it doesn't seem so lonely now that I know that there is some one who understands. After all, that's what makes life worth living, isn't it?" she finished, looking up at him with what seemed to him the sweetest look he had ever seen in a girl's face.

When at the end of six months the bride and groom returned from their honeymoon abroad the best man and the maid of honor were among the first of their dinner guests.

"See here; it seems to me that you two have been making hay in our absence," laughed the bride, noting with a woman's quick instinct the deep, strong understanding that seemed to exist be tween the two, whereupon her listeners exchanged a somewhat humorous, albeit confused, glance, but refused to

explain. The following June they were married. Just before the Lohengrin march the organist played "Consolation," at which such of the guests as recognized the selection elevated their eyebrows and wondered. But the bride and groom alone were in the secret. It was a case of in memoriam.

Art of Divination In the Bowels .

the Earth Explained. There is undoubtedly a practical art of discovering springs. Indians or frontiersmen can find water in the des ert when a "tenderfoot" cannot. Mexicans and experienced prospectors can similarly find ore. These arts consist mainly in the recognition of superficial signs which escape the ordinary ob-

It is not necessary that the operator should consciously note these signs separately and reason upon them. No doubt he frequently does so, though he may not give away the secret of his method to others. But in many tostances he recognizes by association and memory the presence of a group of indications, great or small, which be has repeatedly found to attend springs or ore deposits. This skill, due to habit, is often almost unerring for a given limited district, but under new conditions it breaks down. Old miners from California or Australia have often made in other regions the most foolish and hopeless attempts to find gold be cause they thought this or that place "looked just like" some other place in

which they had mixed successfully. Apart from the magnetic minerals there is no proof that ore deposits exhibit their presence and nature by any attraction or other active force. With regard to water, however, there may be an action affecting the temperature and moisture of the overlying surface Even here, however, it seems more likely that such effects are manifested visibly to a close observer rather than by direct affection of his nervous or muscular system. The favorite fields for water diviners are regions in which water is abundant, but not gathered upon given horizons of imperm strata underlying porous rocks .- Cas-

ONE CAUSE OF ILLNESS.

Ridiculous Fads That Spring From

Smattering of Knowledge. A famous physician upon being asked recently what is the chief cause of ill health replied: Thinking and talking about it all the time. This ceaseles introspection in which so many of the rising generation of nervous folk indulge is certainly wearing them out. When they are not worrying as to whether they sleep too much or too little they are fidgeting over the amount of food they take or the quantity of exercise necessary for health. In short they never give themselves a moment's peace. Our grandfathers did not concern themselves with these questions They ate, drank, slept, as nature prompted them. Undoubtedly they were healthier in mind and body for their sublime indifference, and if we asked ourselves fewer questions we should have less time to analyze or imagine ailments

That medical science has made remarkable progress in the last few dec ades cannot be denied. The fault for some present day undesirable conditions lies not with the doctor, but with the patient. There has been too great a tendency on the part of the laity to acquire a smattering of medical knowledge through the reading of so called "health" magazines and pamphlets and to put into practice on their own ac count that "little knowledge," which, it cannot be denied, is a "dangerous thing." The following of some most ridiculous fads along the lines of eating, drinking, sleeping and exercise has assisted in swelling the mortality sta-Our grandfathers would hold up their hands in horror at many of the foolish things we do in the name of A little more of the comfortable nonchalance of our healthy ancestors would do no harm to the rising enciation.-Housekeeper.

"Off" For "From." As a stranger in Philadelphia I was much amused by certain provincial isms. One of these was the use of the word "off" lustead of "from." "Please buy flowers off me," say the youthful street venders. One day while waiting for some groceries a young lady, evidently unused to housekeeping, approached the raw Irish clerk and timidly asked: "I want some mutton to make broth. Shall I get it off the "No, ma'am," was the solemn reply as the clerk pointed to the butcher busy at his block, "ye git it off that mon."-Presbyterlan

"I think I never saw Rymer so utter-ly crushed as he was when his first poem appeared in print." "What was the matter? Some type graphical error in the poem?" "No, that wasn't it. What crashed him was that the paper was sold for a penny a copy, just as usual."

Saves Him Money. "Why do you always agree with you

wife in everything?" she said.
"I find it cheaper to do that than to monds to square myself."

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On the **Journey**

By CICELY ALLEN Copyright, 1904, by T. C. McClure

"I am very sorry it cannot be arranged," said the young man, with a deprecatory wave of his hand, "but"— "All the latest popular novels! Last chance to get your reading matter! No books sold on train after it starts!" The newsboy bawled this in Amy Curtis' ear, and she lost all the young man said except the words "can't climb those beastly steps."

Not that she cared. She was quite able to climb the little ladder to the upper berth. Her lip curled scornfully. "Oh. it doesn't matter in the least, you know. It was the conductor's idea, assure you. Only in the south, where

I come from, men, as a rule, are more

obliging." She picked up her novel and pro ceeded to ignore McKean's presence. He looked at her blankly, then flung himself down the sleeper to the smoking compartment. "Well, I do think she's a bit harsh!" He pulled out a paper and tried to forget the scorn in the eyes but recently lifted to meet

In the meantime the girl in section 7 stared wrathfully at the letters in her book, which fairly danced before her eyes. "A nice beginning for my trip! I never wanted to go to Colorado Springs anyhow. I had much better remained at Bar Harbor than to let the Carters inveigle me into coming

With this final reflection she comnenced to read in earnest, but some how her mind went back to the very disagreeable young man who had disregarded the sleeping car conductor's request that he yield the lower berth to the young woman, whose Pullman ticket had been duplicated by a careless employee in an uptown office. She could not forget the real regret in his eyes nor the nervous, embarrassed way in which he had smoothed his hair while he was offering his halting explanation. She could not reconcile this, however, with the fact that he had declined to climb the little steps in her stead. It was most annoying, she argued, that she could not forget a certain fascination which his long, firm hand had held for her and the hair he

She could imagine that he had spent hours trying to brush out a certain tendency to crisp curls. She was very glad there was something that could defeat him, if it was nothing more than curls, and after deciding thus she was

She did not see him again until she entered the diner at dusk. The only place left for her was a single seat at table meant for four. The three passengers already seated were men, talking business in rather loud tones. Amy besitated. A figure at the table oppo-site rose suddenly. The very disagreeable young man who had sentenced her to the upper berth was standing beside

"Take my place," he said eagerly "and I will go over there with the men." He had been occupying a seat at one of the small tables, and a gray haired woman was sitting opposite

Amy saw all this at a glance, and with a surprised uplifting of her eye brows and a mechanical "Thank you!" accepted the seat. The young man had not yet been served, and she realized that the change had not embarrassed him in the least.

"Quite willing to do things that do not incommode him," she thought scornfully.

on the reception of this courtesy. Dito the amoking compartment, and Amy early ordered the porter to make up her bests. Once tucked snugly away, she forgot her grievance. The steady clunkclunk of the wheels was a singular lulhaby to which she soon yielded.

It seemed as if she had not been salesp more than three minutes when she awake to the most horrible noises that she had ever heard. What had happened? Had the train run into a circus or a jungle of wild beasts? No, the train was still moving. Its unrendtting chunk-clunk could be heard at intervals between the awful sounds which now assailed her ears. If it was not wild beasts, then maybe some one around her was dying.

This pretty, carefully reared, ever protected southern girl had never seen any one die, and in her ignorance of this and various other matters she was working herself up into a fine frenzy. A particularly deep and agonized roar was followed by a sound that was a cross between a penny whistle and a sob. She could stand the suspense no longer. She pushed the tiny button and, carefully arranging the curtains, stuck out her head to meet the look of inquity in the porter's black face. Up and down the car she gave a hasty glance. Apparently no one else realized the tragedy that was going on so close

swaying, no other heads were thrust "Sumfin' you want, miss?" "Why-why, don't you hear that dreadful noise?" she said. "I think some one in the berth next to me is

at hand, for no other curtains were

In the dim light she could see the darky's teeth gleam ivory white in a grin that reached from ear to ear. "It's just the gentleman in the lower berth, miss, snoring. I will wake

him up. Soon as he rolls over he'll Amy jerked in her head as if the porter had struck her. She could feel him witch aside the curtains below her. Iwo masculine voices were wafted toward her, then the sound of a deep

grunt that was decidedly masculine-

and silence. Up in her eyrie Amy lay, still flush ing hotly with mortification. She knew that porter would tell everybody on the train next morning. She wished she could change cars. Then suddenly from the berth below the hated sound rose again. Evidently there was no respite from this infliction, and, oddly enough, she felt herself pitying the man who was responsible for it. It was really a alsease, she decided, and he was so

young too! The next morning she met him face to face in the dining car. Her cheeks were flooded with crimson. She knew by the quizzical light in his eyes that be had heard of her mistake, and undoubtedly every one on the car knew it by this time and would consider it a the joke.

She ate her breakfast in a resentfu bumor. She felt reckless and miserable, and it may have been this mood which caused her to sway uncertainly she crossed from the diner back to the sleeper. She reached out a hand to "I find it chenper to do that that the guarrel with her and then buy dia-quarrel with her and then buy dia-monds to square myself."

the sleeper. She reached out a hand the steady herself against the side of the

as if a sharp, redhot iron had been thrust into her finger tip and run up to | Scenes Along One of the Most Anthe iron plaits, or folds, of the vesti- Caravans have been passing along it bule, left uncovered by a careless em- for at least 5,000 years, just as we ployee, had opened just far enough to saw them-long strings of slow movadmit her finger and then had closed ing camels with their bright colored upon it again. She was held as in a bags of wheat. "hateful young man" came upon her, white linned and fainting. When they had pried the hand loose he carried her unconscious figure into the vacant hurrying up, greatly perturbed over the for the company. He turned to the the new French railway.

out whether there is a physician on

long, narrow black bag from my

And so it happened when Amy woke hand. The drawing room was placed been worth watching. at her disposal by the anxious conductor, and the entire train force was on its knees before her. The uncovered restibule meant that some employee's head would fall into the basket.

Toward noon, in spite of the terrific pain in her crushed finger, Amy com-menced to feel drowsy, thanks to the mild narcotic which Dr. McKean had administered. He plumped up the pillows for her, and she murmured drowsily, "I didn't sleep very well last

McKean bit his lip. "I was afraid you wouldn't. That was the worst part of my having to put Mr. Carter the berth with you, but I couldn't get him another lower in the car, and he stubbornly refused to buy up a Amy felt suddenly widerawake. "Mr.

Carter, why didn't you"-'Lord, no. You didn't think I was ising the roof of my berth, did you? Mr. Carter has been at a sanitarium just east of Harrisburg. He is a patient of my father's, and his people sked me to pick him up and bring him on to Colorado Springs, where am visiting for a week or so. That's what I was trying to tell you last night.

A sudden light/dawned on Amy. "Oh, it's all the fault of that newsboy! I am going to the Carters myself. They're giving a house party."

"Yes, I know," said McKean. "I saw your name on your luggage. But now you're going to sleep, and if you francisco, and she was the guest of don't mind I shall sit here beside you honor. She said that she saw a servand see you are not rocked off when we make a fast run." ant coming toward her with a box divided into many compartments, with

Amy dropped back weakly among the pillows. "No, I don't mind. I be only too glad to have-you-stay." Suddenly she raised her heavy eyelids. "But promise me you will never tellwhat-I said to the porter last might." Dr. McKean's eyes twinl; led. "I promise on my honor."

THE COMMON SPARTROW. He Is Not Always the Selfish Vaga-

bond He Is Painted. The house sparrow has been called

a nuisance, a street gamin, a vagabond, a thief, a robber, and this by many so called bird lovers, yet, in my opinion, he is one of our most interesting birds. He is lively, bright, thrifty and brave. No one, not even his worst enemy, can gainsay this. He is also ever ready to help his own kind out of any difficulty into which they may fall. One day, as I was walking up street have taken other chickens and thus

past a large mill where dozens of dismembered them?" sparrows were collected, I saw some The young man did not presume up- thing which has much increased my esteem for the so called little street rectly after dinner he once more retired gamin. It was in nesting time, and young birds hardly able to fly were quite common. As I walked on my attention was attracted by one of these in the middle of the road alone. He was sitting there and every little while giving out a little disconsolate chirp. While I was watching him a delivery cart came down the street at full speed. The young bird was likely to be crushed, but I was not the only observer of its distress. As I watched about a dozen sparrows flew down and gathered round it. I didn't know w hat was going to happen for the minute, but I was soon enlightened. The flock of newcomers fairly hustled the little one out of the way of the oncoming cart and into the safety of the ditch. I don't know exactly how they did it, they moved so quickly, but I think: it was in the same way that a man is carried onward in a crowd. He helps himself a little, and the people around him sweep him forward. The little incident clearly showed that sparrows are not always as selfish and unfeeling as they are painted.-Amateur

Sportsman. RUSSIAN WOMEN.

Many Restrictions to Which They Are Now Subjected. It is difficult for an American to understand that freedom as we know it does not exist in Russia. There the legal position of woman is far from satisfactory. She hardly ever belongs to herself, but is always under the tute-

lage of some one. As a daughter the Russian woman is under the entire control of her parents. Her coming of age does not alter her position. She simply changes the authority of her parents for the no less rigid authority of her husband. As the Russian statute puts it, "One person cannot reasonably be expected to fully satisfy two such unlimited powers as

that of husband and parent." The unlimited power of the parent is withdrawn and that of the husband substituted. She cannot leave her lord even to visit a neighboring town without a "pass" from him. He names the time she is permitted to stay, and at the end of that time she is bound to re-

turn to get the pass renewed. A husband may appear in a court of law as a witness against his wife, but a wife is not allowed to appear against her husband. A woman's evidence in Russia is always regarded as of less weight than that of a man.-Harper's

Improvident Man. "My husband is the most extravagant man," wailed little Mrs. Bargain-

"Yes?" said the sympathetic friend. "Yes. He paid \$2 for a hat, when by looking around for a day or two he could probably have got one for \$1.98."—Pittsburg Post.

The Suit Didn't Suit. "Are you sure that my daughter favors your suit?" "Well, no, she doesn't. But I promised I'd go to another tailor as soon

as I fixed things with you "-Cleveland

Plain Dealer.

ROAD 5,000 YEARS OLD.

cient Highways In the World. her hand as a child does from a hot The road from Homs to Hama runs stove, but something held it tight, and almost due north, a straight white line then she awoke to the truth. The train cutting across the green fields. It is had been swinging around a curve, and one of the oldest routes in the world.

vise, and her calls for assistance could | One could almost imagine that Phanot be heard above the roar of the raoh was again calling down the corn train. And so it happened that the of Hamath to fill his granaries against the seven years of famine. But even here the old things are passing. Just beyond the long line of camels was a longer line of fellah women, their dirty drawing room. The conductor came blue robes kilted above their knees, carrying upon their shoulders baskets a bottle with her to the church. accident, which meant a damage suit of earth and stone for the roadbed of

The carriage road is French, too, and "Hustle through the train and find a very good road it is. Some men were repairing it with a most ingenious It was a great round stone, The young man spoke sharply. "I drawn by two oxen and having its am a physician. Porter, bring me that axle prolonged by a twenty foot pole, at the end of which a barelegged Arab was fastened to balance the whole affair. If the stone had toppled over man deftly bandaging her injured top of the slender flagstaff would have the genius which presides over the well up it was to find the hateful young the picture of the Arab dangling at the

All along the ride we were reminded of the past. It is a fertile soil, but the very wheatfields are different from ours. Only a few yards in width, they itate to commit myself to figures, but Holywell, which is accredited with it is certain that the thin, green fields cures that are almost miraculous. The would stretch away in the distance until lost over some little elevation. At one. It is said that twelve centuries one place the road was cut through a ago St. Winifred, the winsome daughhill honeycombed with rock tombs ter of a Welsh chief, was wooed by which the haj said were Jewish.

or great hemispherical mound, built up of the rubbish of a dozen ruined towns, for even as late as Roman times this was a well cultivated and populous country. There is now no lumber available for building purposes, and in so many centuries. a number of villages the houses are all built with conical roofs of stone. Where the rock happens to be of a dian wigwams. Where the stone is ORIENTAL COURTESY.

An Incident In Which Miss Anna Dickinson Figured.

Miss Anna Dickinson traveled everywhere independently and saw human nature in all of its lairs. Writing to a woman friend once, she described a reception given by wealthy Chinamen in a restaurant kept by Chi Lung in San vided into many compartments, with different kinds of nuts and candies in the smaller trays. She picked out half a dozen or more and laid them on the arm of the chair, which served as a ta ble. As the attendant passed on to others she saw that each took only one bonbon, and she was much embarrassed.

But when the servant approached the chief Chinaman, the one who had originated the reception, he took a large handful, and those after him did the same, and then Miss Dickinson felt re-

lieved. She wrote "After I learned that I must have shocked all of those educated, cultured Chinamen as much as you or I should have been shocked if we had invited a Chinaman whom we respected to dine with us and he had taken a whole fried chicken and torn it limb from limb at our table. In such an event would you or I have had the tact and courtesy to

"Playing" Poker. Harry-Do you really love to play poker? Dick-I never play at the poker table; I work. It is the chap that loses

his money who plays.-Boston Tran-If you haven't much sense-and a lot of us haven't-talk as little as possible

and go slow.-Atchison Globe.

FAMOUS ENGLISH WELLS.

Some Whose Waters Are Charged With Magle or Miraculous Power. Though there are hundreds of wells supposed to possess magical power scattered all over England, the general public is ignorant of their locality or the romantic stories connected with each one. There may be a possible exception in the well of St. Keyne, in Cornwall, for Southey has made it faic of its waters is such that the hus-band or wife who drinks first from it after leaving the altar will have the upper hand over the mate for their oint lives. The bride of whom Southey ls us did not wait till after the marriage ceremony to pay a visit to the well, but took the precaution of taking

Another well, in Monmouthshire, which has a peculiar fascination for the unmarried maidens is known is the "virtuous well." For generations the maidens of that locality have acredited it with marvelous powers in forecasting their futures. They have only to drop a pebble into its water and count the resultant bubbles, for each bubble represents a month of waiting for the day which will make them brides. In order to propitiate bles which shade it with bits of white

Then there are the so called holy wells which have many medicinal virtues. Such a one is St. Winifred's, at legend of its origin is a very pretty Prince Caradoc, a prince of ill repute. Every now and then we passed a tell, She declined his persistent advances, and at last he killed her in a fit of rage. From the spot on which St. Winifred's lifeblood fell there gushed forth a stream of crystal water which has worked miracles in her name for

Practically all the ills to which the flesh is heir can be cured by one or anoffier of these wells. St. Ninan's, in reddish tinge the houses remind one of Cornwall, is said to restore lunatics to nothing so much as a collection of In- samity, but the patient must be immersed in the water and held there unwhite, as at Tell et Biseh, it glitters til the breath has nearly left his body. and sparkles like a fairy city cut out of loaf sugar.—Scribner's Magazine.

This seems a heroic measure. But even this is not so severe as the treatment which must be endured if a madman is o be cured at Llandegla well, in Wales, for after the victim is nearly frowned he is trussed like a fowl and aid under the communion table of the neighboring church for the night.

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Harrisburg... iv | A.M. | P.M. | A.M. | A.M.

P. M. P M A M A M Pittsburg..... lv | 7 10 | 9 00 | 3 00 | 8 00 | A.M | A M | Harrisburg... ar | 2 00 | 4 25 | 11 25 | 3 10 Lewistown Js. " 7 30 3 00 Sunbury ar 9 20 4 50 Washington. lv 10 40 ... | 7 50 10 50 Baltimore... | 11 00 | 4 40 | 8 40 | 11 40 Philadelphia... | 11 40 | 4 25 | 8 30 | 11 40

Harrisburg...lv 3 35 7 55 11 40 3 3 25 Sunbury...ar 5 00 9 36 1 08 5 13 Pittsburg. | P. M. | A. M | A. M | 28 00 | 28 00 | 28 00 | 29 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 00 | 20 P. M. A M A M P M

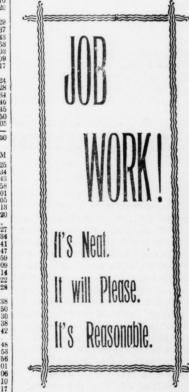
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