When the managing editor of the Clayville News opened his paper at breakfast one morning and looked for the weather report he found in its girl, "a poor, blind fool. If you will place a modest notice stating that the circulation of the News was the largest of any paper in the city. Now, this fact was interesting to the managing editor, but it was not what he wanted to read. He was looking for the prophecy of the weather bureau, which was telegraphed each night from a neighboring city.

The managing editor allowed his steak to grow cold while he searched he had read some strong editorials, the paper. But nowhere in it, from the



"I'VE BEEN A FOOL," HE REPEATED TO

page to the end of the last one on the final page, could be find any comments on the weather. He folded the paper deliberately, swearing softly to himself, and fifteen minutes later he confronted young Elton, the telegraph edi-

"The weather report," said the latter, with the air of excusing the bureau, "did not come last night." "Ah!" said the managing editor dry-

"No, sir," went on the telegraph editor. "I held the paper till 3 o'clock waiting for it, but for some reason it

failed to come. again. Then his anger burst forth, and he raved as became a man who held re-

porters and editors under his thumb.

"I suppose," he concluded sarcastically "that it never occurred to you to 'fake' a report, to realize that any guess on the weather was better than none, to appreciate the comments the Times will make on the incident, to imagine the disappointment of every one of our readers. Why, you fool, do you suppose any one would have known that your guess was not a reliable report even if it differed from that of the Times? Do you"- He stopped suddenly, turned on his heels and went out the door, with the remark, "Don't

Young Elton stared at the ceiling for a good five minutes. Then he went over to his desk with the mail and straightway forgot all his troubles in reading a dainty, scented note. She said some very nice things to him and asked how he was faring in his work. The weather report failed to come that night. Young Elton prepared some slips of paper with various

weather conditions written on them and then drew one cautiously. It said, "Rain today; codder." The managing editor read it the next morning and wondered if it were reli-

It was not. All day a warm wind blew gently from the south, and a blue sky and a hot sun smiled genial-Three nights later the message failed

again, and young Elton guessed it would be fair. The next day the greatest rain of the season poured down from early morning till late at night.

Young Elton's face was beginning to grow careworn. In desperation he went to the girl and told her the whole

"So far my guesses have been all wrong," he confided. "Now, I have a plan that certainly deserves success. It's simple, you understand. I am going to drop in and see you for a minute or two each evening about dinner time, if I may, and I shall gauge my guesses by your demeanor. If you are very cordial I shall say the next day will be clear. If you are not so glad to see me I shall prophesy cloudy weather. If I find you bored by my visits the report will say rain. Do you understand?"

The girl did, and though she suggested the possibility of fair weather every day young Elton decided to try the plan. He grinned cheerfully and went back to the office and wrote the report, "Fair today, with southerly winds." And, although the Times promised rain, the next day was cloudless and warm.

It was very clear for a week, during which time young Elton was called upon to guess the weather conditions several times. The rival paper seemed to be steadily wrong, and the managing editor of the News took it upon himself to write a little editorial on the subject, reprinting the reports of the two papers in parallel columns. The reporters slapped young Elton on the back and told him he should try the

Then one night something went awry at the girl's house. It was only a trivial thing in itself, but it lowered the spirits of both. The paper promised cloudy weather, and all the next day ugly, black clouds glowered.

The little quarrel was over by the next night, but the conversation was strained. A few evenings later the girl happened to mention another man who was not young Elton's idea of a fit companion for a woman. He said so very frankly, and the girl disappeared.

The weather report read, "Rain to day." For twenty-four hours the water poured down unceasingly.

Late the next afternoon young Elton sat at his desk thinking deeply. He had been out of sorts all day, and he knew very well where the trouble lay. He looked at the clock thoughtfully and noted that it was nearly time for his call. He wondered whether it was worth while to go.

Saddenly he rose, slipped on his rain

and went out of the office. There was resolution in his every movement. "I've been a fool," he told himself, "a poor, blind fool. The nicest girl in the world almost mine—the nicest,

The girl met him at the door and invited him into the house a bit unsteadily, as if she did not quite understand. Young Elton slipped off his rain coat, noted the paper on the table, with the weather report wrinkled and a little tear stained, and began brave-

"I've been a fool," he repeated to the only forgive me I'll"-She cried a little very softly on his

shoulder, and then, with the prophesied rain pattering down outside, he slipped a ring on her finger, and they fell to talking of the something when there should be a little cottage with a bit of green and maybe a dog.

When the managing editor took up his paper the next morning he neglected to scan the weather report until which struck him as very excellent. top of the first column on the front He smiled complacently at the forcible words and turned to the weather re-

His face grew very white. "Southerly winds," he read, "and fair eather forevermore."

THE SCENE PAINTER.

He Plays an Important Part In Stag-

ing a Modern Play. When a play has been accepted for production it is sent to the scene painter, who goes over it carefully, taking ote of all details to be reproduced. Then, if the subject is difficult, he makes a sketch of it in the flat. If this proves satisfactory to manager, actor and author, he builds it up in a ministure model on the scale of half an inch to the foot as perfect in proportion and exquisite in detail as the finished scene. An old gentleman lately, looking over a collection of models in one of the New York studios, remarked that his granddaughter would be delighted to have them for doll houses. The proprietor of the studio smiled to himself. The models for a single play cost well up toward a thousand dollars. For an ordinary four act nedy the models, scenes, properties and costumes cost, let us say, five or six thousand dollars. The cost of the great scenie productions is never as much as the press agents say, but has been known to exceed \$100,000.

When the model is approved, the stage carpenter takes measurements for such framework as may be neces sary. The clumsy construction of the old days has given way to the solidest sort of building. Windows slide in their sashes; doors slam, shut and lock. Staircases are solid to the tread. Trees are built up in the round, and columns are turned out of solid wood. But as every show is intended to travel among all the great cities of the continent the heaviest scene must be made up of pieces short enough to be packed in a freight car.

The scene painter marks out the pieces of his model in tiny squares and then hangs a huge canvas beside the paint bridge with corresponding squares in scale. The draftsman stands on the bridge with a piece of charcoal on a stick like a billiard cue and square by square copies the lines of the model, while an assistant raises and lowers the cloth with tackle. Then the body paint is put on, and the details are added until the cloth is complete.-John Corbin in Scribner's.

A WOMAN'S PHILOSOPHY.

There ain't no possible good 's e'n come o' lendin' money to them 's ain't able to pay it back.

'S far 's my observation 's extended, it's always folks a long ways off 's t's wigget to law all faults

No woman as 's goin' to fall in love ever ought to begin by marryin' another man first. It mixes things all up. 'S far 's my observation 's extended, no one don't ask for advice 'nless they've pretty well made up their mind not to take it.

It's better for you to learn the lesson 's all is vanity now then to wait 'n' have it fall on your head like a unexpected pickle jar.

I didn't get my trunk down 'cause I'll have Friday to pack anyhow, 'n' any one c'n slide a trunk down a lad-der any time, but nobody can't never slide nothin' up nowhere.-"Susan Clegg and Her Friend, Mrs. Lathrop," by Anne Warner.

There is a knowledge which is heav-enly, a knowledge which is human and a knowledge which is diabolic; there is a knowledge which is blessed and a knowledge which is accursed. The first is ennobling and elevating and lifts man toward God. The second is debasing, degrading, and drags men toward the pit. The knowledge gained by rooting amid the groans and agonies of living creatures, whom their Maker and ours put into our power, to teach us mercy, as he gives mercy to us, is such an accursed knowledge that only demons could seek for it, and it can turn to no human good. "Science" so gained is not for men, but for dev ils.—Bishop Hugh Miller Thompson

Many great battles have been fought in the snow, Etlau and Hohenlinder being familiar examples. Austerlits was fought in intensely cold weather, and the Russian losses were increased by Napoleon turning the fire of his artillery on the frozen lakes over which the Russians sought to retreat. In our civil war Fort Donelson was captured in February, Fredericksburg was fought in December, Stone River Dec. 31, 1862, Jan. 2, 1863, and Thomas defeated and ruined Hood's army at Nashville on the 15th and 16th of De-

cember, 1864. ASIATIC TIGER PROVERBS.

A tiger's meal-a gluttonous repast. To face the tiger in his lair-great bravery.

A winged tiger-cunning added to power and ability. After the Chinese the tigers total

devastation of a country. A tiger of wood-a harmless being with a dangerous exterior. To bring up a tiger and have bin

turn upon you-ingratitude. "Maingoho," a man eater a with an ungovernable temper. A tiger with a broken back-rage

and fury which are powerless. To let go the tail of a tiger-to avoid one danger and encounter another To turn from a deer and meet a tiger—the danger of too much caution. Devoured by a tiger said of a man

You must enter the tiger's den if you would secure a cub-what is worth having is not procured without risk and trouble.-Washington Post.

who wishes to be concealed from his

"As One of the Family"

By JAMES K. HEARNE

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self to be 102, though he was born in for her." 1817, to little Robert Sefton Browne, who had arrived in Greenville only three months before under the guidance of a friendly stork.

On envelopes and billheads he was times he was "Bill" or "Uncle Bill," according to the age of the speaker. Manning had no particular business to occupy his time. His father had left him family of my own." an independent income, and he had only the affairs of others in which to take an interest. It was the universality of his knowledge that made him so The Sad Tale of the Professor and good an adviser. He could judge both sides instead of only one.

This had continued for some years, when suddenly Miss Amanda Penrose came to Greenville. She was a distant cient reason why the Pennels should ering the fact that Lillian Douglas, who had been the daughter of Pennel's tinctly lurid. second wife by her first husband, had been dead for three years, Miss Pen-

rose had no right to claim relationship. Grandfather Pennel smiled amiably at the disputants, but in the end always decided in favor of Miss Amanda, inclined thereto by the fact that she was willing to admit that he was 102, even though she knew better.

In the course of time the pitched battles between Susan Pennel and Miss Amanda ceased. Miss Amanda, silent and smiling, was far too much for blunt, outspoken Susan. In the end she bowed her head to the affliction and suffered, if not in silence, at least without direct opposition to the in-

Amanda unwisely proceeded to make



MANNING ON THE DOORSTEP. life as unbearable to Susan as is possi

ble only to a woman. In a short while Miss Amanda had driven Susan to re volt. She sought out Manning and found

to him a ready sympathizer. He was already beginning to feel that this as sertive spinster threatened his domain She had subdued the family of Pennel, and from certain little indications it seemed to him that she sought to dominate the domestic affairs of the rest of the village

"I wouldn't complain," said the weeping Mrs. Pennel; "but, you see, William, you're like one of the family, and I feel that I must tell some one." "That's all right, Susan," he said cheerily. "Ill look in in the morning and see what can be done."

She took her departure, still sniffling, but visibly comforted. Manning sat down to look over the situation. Here be met with a foeman worthy his steel. From all accounts she was energetic but for all of that well balanced and alert. It appealed to Manning as a case for strategy.

He decided that it would be wise to first ascertain the position of the ene my, observing the probable force he would have to encounter. He put on hat and strolled over to Grandfather Pennel's for dinner. He was used to dropping in anywhere for dinner. Miss Amanda met him at the door, for Susan had not returned. She was somewhat flushed, for she had been arguing with Grandfather Pennel, who insisted that the war of 1812 did not appen, since he did not remember it. He had figured that he must have been ten or eleven years old at the time and could not understand how such a war had been fought without his finding it out. Ordinarily Miss Amanda was discreet and waived disputed points, but her ancestors had fought in the war of 1812, and she would not admit even to Grandfather

Pennel that it had not occurred. She was rather flustered at finding Manning on the doorstep. She had heard much about him and in a way feared his control of public opinion Manning had not regarded her very closely heretofore. Now he scrutinized er very carefully as he handed her his hat and prepared to enter the sitting room. She was a more attractive wo man than be had supposed, he admitted to himself. The heat of the argument had left a pretty flush upon the withered cheeks, and even Susan would

have admitted that she had good eyes. Manning soothed Grandfather Pennel by assuring him that he remembered the old gentleman telling about the war of 1812 years ago and suggesting that be had probably forgotten all about it. This was an adjustment satisfactory to both sides and gave Miss Amanda a respect for his skill as an arbitrator. Having settled the old man Manning turned his attention to his

prospective foe. She had been a schoolteacher in ber younger days and was better read than the average. She was a fluent talker affected with a slight optical indeci-as well. Manning was almost sorry sion, but a squint, never-London Tatas well. Manning was almost sorry when dinner was announced, even though Susan Pennel's dumplings were supposed to improve any chicken stew

ever made. After that he found that an opponent required more study than he had supposed. He was regularly at the Pennels, so regularly that at length Susan took him to task. It was over at his destitute, but that very fact is my reasone, and he sat in the cozy armchair son."—Philadelphia Press.

where he had heard the confessions of

half the village. "I don't like to speak of it, William," she was saying nervously. "I don't suppose I had any right in the first place to ask you to get that woman out of the house, but you see you're like one of the family, and I thought you

might help me." "Amanda's a mighty fine woman, ing at a loose button on the chair arm, "a mighty fine woman; but, you see, Manning as "one of the family." He she's never had any husband to domi-was the confidant, adviser and friend neer. You can't blame her when you of man, woman and child, from old realize that, you know. Now, I think Grandfather Pennel, who declared him- the best way will be to get a husband

Susan sniffed. "You don't happen to know of any one who wants her for a wife, do you?" she asked scornfully. Manning blushed.

"No one," he said slowly—"that is, no "Mr. William Manning." At all other one except myself. You see, I've been like one of the family to the whole town so long that I never before realized that it would be nice to have a

POOR TROMBETT!!

Professor Trombetti, whose praises were so much sung in the foreign press as knowing the greatest number of languages of any one ever born, relates cousin of Grandfather Pennel's step- an anecdote of himself which occurred daughter, and this she considered suffi- just after he was "discovered." In Rome he was so pestered by journaltake her under their rooftree. Mrs. ists that his patience at last gave way, Pennel III. declared hotly that, consid- and when cornered by the gentlemen of the press his language became dis-One day as he was coming out of the

central postoffice a frank looking young man stepped up to him, and, holding out his hand, said: "I am so glad to make your acquaintance; I have been trying to find you for days.' "And may I inquire with whom I am speaking?" "Why, I am X! Not a near relation to be sure, but near enough to offer you congratulations," Professor Trombetti, reassured, and glad to get hold of some one to unburden himself to, took the stranger's arm, and, as they went down the street, gave, in emphatic terms, a description of his sufferings, his opinion of journalists, and, incidentally, much information about himself which the papers had been vainly sighing for. Having gained her victory Miss Finally they parted with an engage ment for dinner the next evening.

That night the professor was sitting tranquilly in a restaurant, the observed of all observers, when suddenly he was seen to spring to his feet with a smothered exclamation. His friends crowded about for an explanation, but he could only sit down weakly and point to his newspaper, the Giornale d'Italia. There, in large print, were his imprudent revelations of the afternoon. He had been "done" by a journalist.—Pall

THE PERFECT NUMBER.

From Time Immemorial Three Has Had Unusual Significance.

The perfect number of the Pythagorean system, expressive of beginning, they have lain in the desert sands from middle and end, was the number three. 2,000 to 4,000 years, it takes an expert from time immemorial greater promition distinguish the genuine articles from From time immemorial greater prominence has been given to it than to any the spurlous. It has been shown that, of the Trinity its influence has waxed and coloring, they also used the diamore potent in recent times. It appears over and over again in both the New and Old Testaments. At the creation ful piece of stained glass with an enof the world we find land, water and graved emblazonment of the monarch sky, sun, moon and stars. Jonah was Thothmes III., who lived 3,400 years three days and nights in the whale's belly. Christ three days in the tomb. There were three patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Abraham entertained three angels. Job had three friends. Samuel was called three times. Sam-

son deceived Delilah three times. Three times Saul tried to kill David ith a javelin. Jonathan shot three arrows on David's behalf. Daniel was thrown into a den of three lions because he prayed three times a day. Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego were rescued from a fiery furnace. The commandments of the Lord were delivered on the third day. St. Paul speaks of faith, hope and charity. Three wise men came to worship Christ with presents three. Christ spoke three times to Satan when he was tempted. He prayed three times before he was betrayed. Peter denied him three times. He suffered three hours of agony on the cross. The superscription was in three languages, and three men were crucified. Christ appeared three times to his disciples and rose the third day.-New York

Have You Got Them? Do you feel anxious and preoccupied when the gas man goes by?

Do you sleep badly? Do you go to bed hungry? Does your heart palpitate when you see a steak?

Is there an all gone feeling in your pocket? Do you have nightmares? Do you do mental arithmetic every

time you contemplate the purchase of "coffee and?" Have you a hunted look? Do you walk down dark alleys when

you go downtown? Beware! Those are the symptoms. You're busted.—San Francisco Bulletin.

French Conceit. Etienne Dumont, writing in the early part of the last century, said: "The prevailing character of the French is that of conceit. Every member of the assembly considered himself capable of undertaking everything. I often said that if you proposed to the first hundred men you met in the streets of Paris and to the same number in the streets of London to undertake the charge of the government ninety-nine of them would accept in Paris and ninety-nine would refuse in London."

The Tibetan Conscience. The Tibetans offer daily prayers for the minute insects which they have swallowed inadvertently in their meat and drink, and the formula insures the rebirth of these microbes in heaven Yet they eat meat freely and square their conscience with their appetite by the pretext that the sin rests with the outcast assassin, the public butcher who will be born in the next incarna tion as some tantalized spirit or agon ized demon. That, however, is his own

Optical Indecision. The Daughter-No, mother, dear, could not marry Mr. Smith. He squints. The Mother-My dear girl, a man who has £20,000 a year may be

Reason Enough. "What! Marry my daughter?" snort-d old Gotrox. "Why, you must be

ed old Gotrox. destitute of all reason"-"Yes," interrupted young Poorley. with refreshing candor; "I admit I am KEEP UP YOUR ENERGY.

Stand Erect and Walk as Though You Were Somebody. Never allow your physical standard to drop. Keep up your energy. Walk as if you were somebody and were going to do something worth while in the

world, so that even a stranger will note Susan," he answered, nervously pick- your bearing and mark your superiority. If you have fallen into a habit of walking in a listless, indolent way, turn right about face at once and make a change. You don't want to shuffle along like the failures we often see sitting around on park benches or lolling about the streets, with their hands in their pockets, or haunting intelligence offices and wondering why fate has been so hard with them. You don't want to give people the impression that you are discouraged or that you are already falling to the rear. Straighten up, then! Stand erect! Be a man! You are a child of the Infinite King. You have royal blood in your veins. Emphasize it by your bearing. A man who is conscious of his kinship with God and of his power and who believes thoroughly in himself walks with a firm, vigorous step, with his head erect, his chin in, his shoulders thrown back and down, and his chest well projected in order to give a large lung capacity. He is the man who does things.

You cannot aspire or accomplish great or noble things so long as you assume the attitude and bearing of a coward or weakling. If you would be noble and do noble things you must look up. You were made to look upward and to walk upright, not to look down or to shamble along in a semihorizontal position. Put character, dignity, nobility, into your walk.-Success.

THEBES GLASS WORKERS.

The High Art That Flourished Over Forty Centuries Ago.

The glassblowers of ancient Thebes are known to have been equally as proficient in that particular art as is the most scientific craftsman of the same trade of the present day, after a lapse of over forty centuries of so called "progress." They were well acquainted with the art of staining glass and are known to have produced that commodity in great profusion and perfection. Rossellini gives an illustration of a piece of stained glass known to be 4,000 years old which displayed artistic taste of high order, both in tint and design.

In this case the color is struck through the vitrified structure, and he mentions designs struck entirely in pieces from a half to three-quarters of an inch thick, the color being perfectly incorporated with the structure of the piece and exactly the same on both the obverse and reverse sides.

The priests of P'tah at Memphis were adepts in the glassmaker's art, and not only did they have factories for manufacturing the common crystal variety, but they had learned the vitrifying of the different colors and of imitating precious stones to perfection. Their imitations of the amethyst and of the various other colored gems were so true to nature that even now, after Their imitations of the amethyst and mond in cutting and engraving. In

No Paupers In Japan. With all our high wages and boasted civilization the fact remains that you will see more wretchedly poor in any of our great cities in a day than you PRICES THE LOWEST! will see in Japan in a lifetime. In other words, you will see no destitution in Japan. Though some are very poor, yet all seem to be well fed, cloth ed and housed and are invariably cheerful and, what is more surprising, invariably clean. There are no paupers in Japan and therefore no workhouses hospitals where the sick are healed gratuitously. Practically every one can earn a living. Would that we could say

the same!-Pall Mall Gazette.

QUEER ALMANACS.

Australian Shepherds Have Odd The boundary riders of the great Australian sheep ranches have each a trict to look after, in which one st keep the wire fences in repair nd see that the sheep come to no as each boundary rider does, quite one in the wilderness. A writer tells

se solitary men keep count of the One old man who had lived in the ack country for thirty years used two am tins and seven pebbles. One tin s marked. "This week," and the oth-"Last week." On Monday morning e would take a pebble from "Last eek" and drop it into "This week," and each subsequent morning till "This scranton... week" had swallowed the seven. They vere returned to "Last week," and the dd fellow knew that another Sunday ad passed.

Another man had tried and failed vith several plans. At last he hit on a ew idea. He made a big damper (cake of flour and water) on Sunday night nd marked it into seven sections, each section being a day's allowance, o that every time he picked up the amper the grocer would remind him of the day. Unfortunately one Tuesday there came a visitor with a ravenous appetite. The host stinted himself that the hungry one might be satisfied with the day's section. But he saw the knife clearing the boundary line and the hungry man ruthlessly carving into his almanac. At last he could stand it no longer. "Stop, stop!" he cried as he grabbed

the damper and glared at it. "There," he said, "you've eaten Toosday and We'n'day, and now yer wanter slice the best o' the mornin' o' Thursday, an' I won't know the day o' the

Japanese Swords.

Unlike the famous blades of Toledo nd Damascus, Japanese swords are not flexible or elastic. They are unequaled for strength and hardness and nold a very keen edge. Japanese stee! is said to excel even Swedish steel in purity. The manufacture of the words is a very elaborate process. Some ceremonials and superstitions practices are intermixed with the scienific operations. The sword hardener is regarded as the most important personage connected with the manufacture. It is his name that is inscribed on the hilt and his reputation that enhances the value of a sword. Those who shape the blade, sharpen and adorn it are of minor importance.

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD, TIME TABLE In Effect Nov. 29th, 1904.

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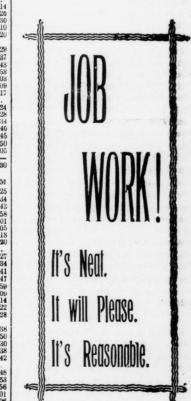
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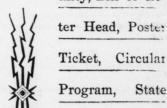
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