LADY BOUNTIFUL

A Christmas Story

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

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Clouds are never so black and threatening as they look to be when rising to shut away sunshine. Lettice knew that very well, being that she was country bred and spiritually as well as actually a daughter of the open. But in this pinch the knowledge did not help her—that is to say, she did not think of the parallel between clouds actual and metaphorical. The sun had shone for her so blithely, with such strength and power, the shutting away left her in a manner numb. Notwithstanding she had one consolation—the Farnham girl did not know. She never should know if Lettice could help it, no matter what the keeping her ignorant might cost Lettice herself.

They had never quarreled—Lettice was too thoroughbred for such a thing and the Farnham girl too politic—but from the beginning they had been intuitively antagonistic, although environment enforced a certain surface cordiality, even friendliness, between them. Both were western, with yet a subtle difference. Fate had, it appeared, an eerie, even malicious, pleasure in throwing them in each other's way. They had been classmates in the same fresh water college three years before they found themselves, wholly by chance, fellow lodgers in Mrs. Vanston Quigley's New York apartment.

Necessity and inclination had brought them there—each to try for a literary career. By help of honest ignorance, limpid innocence, a heart ever joyous, an industry that never flagged, Lettice was now a full fledged newspaper woman, with a salary beautifully sufficient if none too large, whereas Faith Farnham, in spite of undeniable cleverness joined to a personality as striking as it was unscrupulous, had still much ado to make ends meet.

That went hard with her in face of the fact that she had an oriental delight in luxury and was withal indolent. In excuse she pleaded "temperament," whatever that may be. Without these keen appetites, susceptible senses, she said, or with them starved and thwarted, she would never be able truly to express the genius burning and writhing within. Lettice had smiled over the excuse until she found it leading its possessor into squandering her money on violets at their costliest and leaving her laundress a month unpaid, although the poor creature faltered out something about hungry children and rent day. Lettice, overhearing by chance, thrust a bill into the woman's hand and mentally set her down to be thrice remembered at the Christmas tree the paper she worked for was even then planning. She said nothing to the Farnham girl—except, that is, what was eloquently spoken by her altered manner. Unluckily Miss Farnham chose to hear in it other things than it was meant to express.

"I fear I shall have to go away; it hurts me so to have anybody jealous of me," she cooed to Philip Arran as Lettice flashed in and out of the parlor, with the barest brief greeting to the two. "Ever since the Century asked me to let it share my work with Scribner's Lettice—I ought really to say Miss Lane—has been as you see her. Of course I make allowances. It must hurt dreadfully when one is ambitious, and she is frightfully so, to find you can do only low and common things. I should starve if I tried newspaper work, and I feel that I would rather starve than try it. Yet I am so glad Lettice is wiser. She really does very well at it. But, only fancy, she isn't the least bit satisfied. Mrs. Quigley says Sundays—you know she never goes to church—she writes things—stories actually—and sends them to the magazines!"

Arran smiled at her behind his hand. Nature made him a critic. Fate gave him money; some ill fairy thrust upon him aspirations for playwriting—aspirations that had flowered into superfluous success. Lettice had written a Sunday special about him and in writing it had so managed to strike the middle line between ridicule and panegyric as to come warmly into the kingdom of his regard. They had been cheery comrades until Faith Farnham had somehow managed to turn the duet into a trio. After that everything went wrong. Slight, sinuous, ethereal, in delicately colored, high waisted, trailing robes, with always a knot of violets at her breast, she easily put Lettice, with her rosy cheeks, her hearty laugh, her walking suit and trim hair, out of court. Arran yielded himself joyously to her fascinations. "She's a reversionary type, and a rare one," he explained to Lettice. "I like to study her, to see how she makes up to herself for all the things her ancestors felt it was religion to do without."

"Take care," Lettice had answered, smiling a smile openly, honestly, uneasily.

"That's your part—you are to take care of me always," Arran had answered, speaking very low and trying to take her hands.

Then the telephone bell had rung, with the result that Lettice found herself whisked out of town for a week. She came back to find Arran apparently a Farnham bond slave. The very first news she heard was that Faith was to make one of the Christmas house party at Arranmore, Philip's country place, where his widowed mother still dispensed a noble hospitality. Lettice was also asked, but with Christmas but three weeks off going was out of the question. She had neither the clothes nor the time. All the money her common sense would let her spend had gone into overflowing Christmas boxes ready for dispatch to the dear folks at home. Above and beyond that the Christmas tree was specially in her charge. She had helpers galore, but those in authority had said to her, "You have never failed in anything set you; now go ahead and make this the biggest success of its kind the city ever saw."

She was doing it. Scoffers at her inexperience, her country ways, were discovering a very shrewd and level head upon her shoulders. The most part of her coworkers had fallen readily in with her enthusiasm. "Let's feel real Christmasy ourselves; then everything will come easy," she had said to them in the beginning, going on to tell artless tales, gathered by the way, of the people the tree was meant for. Before she was done the listeners were at one with her—even the scoffers, silent and ashamed of their scoffing. As a result upon the 23d of December the big trees groaned under bizarre fruitage, and all the ropes stretched above them were so laden they were a joy to the kindly heart, whatever they might have been to an artistic eye. Nothing remained but to flash up the lights, the myriad tiny electric bulbs strung along the green. Lettice turned away with a long, long sigh, too tired to be anything but very happy at this good end to labor.

For three days she had hardly thought of anything but the tree. Ten thousand gifts, good gifts, for mothers and babies otherwise giftless, 20,000 toys for little hands otherwise toyless, had seemed to her enough to crowd her own concerns aside. Back in her cozy room she ran through a sheaf of letters, her face as she read reflecting her mood as water reflects the sky. Home news made her smile softly, but wipe her eyes at the end. Three notes from aspiring strangers puckered her forehead in a reflective frown. Other notes, a handful, sent to Santa Claus and by some magic turned over to her, brought lumps of varying hardness into her throat, lumps that swelled visibly over a line from Arran, a beseeching line, "Letty, if not for Christmas, can't you come the day after?"

She dropped it and took up the very last of the sheaf, her eyes too blurred to note the imprint in the corner, but after the first line she sat up, breathing hard, a bright red spot in either cheek, and at the end sprang up, waved the letter over her head and said inaudibly, since it was 1 o'clock: "Hurrah, Lettice! Hurrah! Hurrah!

A knock, hesitating, apologetic, made her turn about to see her door open before she could speak, revealing Faith Farnham, who came in, closing it precipitately behind her, and said in her airiest way:

"Oh, Miss Santa Claus, I've come to you like the rest of the poor things! Lend me $50, please. I've spent everything on frocks and frills for this visit, and those wretched magazines are holding up all my checks"—

"How funny! I got mine—my first," Lettice said, holding out a note and fluttering a blue slip so Faith could not choose but see. "As I am $100 better off than I thought to be, you shall have the money," she ran on. Faith covered her face, sobbing hysterically, but held out her hand for the bills Lettice thrust in it, and, clutching them tight, ran away without a word of thanks. Lettice looked after her, wondering at herself. This vengeance ought to be sweet, yet here she was finding it bitter. She was ashamed for womanhood, for humanity, by this clumsy lying. She flung open her window and leaned out of it, as though to let the night breeze sweep away something unsavory, unwholesome. She never understood the impulse that sent her scurrying to Faith's door, there to whisper through the barest open crack of it:

"Don't worry, Faith. I—won't tell—anybody. And I hope you'll have a real merry Christmas."

The next twenty-four hours went by in a whirl. Lettice slept normally, ate hurriedly and worked like a machine. Nothing else kept the Christmas tree enterprise from getting away from everybody, it was so unwieldy, so turbulent, so sloppily full of enthusiasm. The paper had called for volunteer helpers. They came in droves and nearly swamped the distracted regulars. But somehow, some way, the bedlam at last arranged itself in orderly semichaos. The ruler of the chaos, without whom it would at once have become uproarious, was smallish and rosy, with the blackest eyes in the world; not at all the figure of a saint, yet canonized in the heart and on the lips of one decent woman, who stood hugging a warm plaid and looking tearfully at her flock of five, brave in new shoes and each with a toy and a fat bag of sweets. What she said to the volunteer who had brought the gifts is not necessary to be written down. He listened intently and afterward went with happy, shining eyes straight up to Lettice, who started violently at sight of him.

"You've overlooked one case of destitution," he said, plucking her sleeve. "I hope you will do something about it, Lady Bountiful."

"If only I can. But we have only gewgaws left—nothing the least useful," Lettice began anxiously. Arran drew closer and said, with his lips almost on her ear: "It's my mother, sweetheart. She's fearfully in need of a daughter—just such as you. Will you come?"

Lettice vows to this day there was a conspiracy. Certainly Mrs. Vanston Quigley must have been in the secret. However else should both her lodgers have been properly dressed at the Arranmore Christmas dinner, where the lady of the manor announced her son's engagement to Miss Lettice Lane?

Cure For Love.

"Why, how could you break your engagement with Jack?"

"We were seasick together."—Life.

A LINCOLN STORY.

When Lew Wallace First Met the Third Rate Lawyer.

The few uneventful years Lew Wallace spent in Covington were distinguished by one important event. It was there that he saw Abraham Lincoln for the first time. The Indiana bar had even then some brilliant and notable men among its members, and a case of extraordinary interest had called them together at the fall term of the circuit court. In relating the circumstance General Wallace said: "During the session we were in the habit of gathering at the old tavern in the evening after adjournment. It was a brilliant company, whose talk was well worth hearing. One evening there appeared suddenly in our midst a tall, ungainly man, homely of visage and rather shabbily dressed. He did not intrude himself, but sat on the outskirts of the company, neither proffering opinions nor taking sides in the controversies that occasionally became pretty warm. No one seemed to know anything about him, and when I asked a friend who he was he replied carelessly, 'Oh, that is some third rate lawyer, a man named Lincoln from somewhere in Illinois.' One evening, however, after he had been there some time," General Wallace continued, "something moved him to speak, and then he began to talk. We all sat spellbound.

"I have never," General Wallace said, "heard anything that approached it—the logic, the wit, the pertinent anecdote, that poured out in an unceasing stream. He talked thus for three solid hours. Some one said, 'Whoever that fellow is, we shall hear from him again some day.' It was my first meeting with Abraham Lincoln," he said, "and the prophecy that we should hear from him again, it must be admitted, was abundantly verified."—Mary H. Krout in Harper's Weekly.

Derby's Market Stone.

In Derby, England, there is a curious relic of the great plague of 1665. It stands in the arboretum gardens and is commonly called "the market stone." To avoid infection the country folk from the surrounding villages would leave their orders for anything they might want with the watchman, who used to go into the town, make the necessary purchases and deposit them on the steps of "the market stone."

THE PECULIAR LOON.

This Bird Has a Hide About as Tough as That of an Ox.

The loon differs from other birds in a number of ways. I have reason to think that many people are unaware of some at least of these peculiarities. The loon has a hide as tough as an ox, and its feathers cannot be plucked without first scalding the bird as you would a hog. This incident will give some idea of the toughness of the hide: About thirty-five years ago, when I was living in Michigan, a loon was shot at with a shotgun industriously all summer without apparently doing him any harm. In the fall I killed him with a rifle just to convince the people that a loon could be shot and killed. He had many times been shot at with a rifle by the same people who had used the shotgun, and they had become convinced that he dived so quickly that he dodged the shot in that way. I had seen them shoot at him a number of times, and I could see the splash of bullet or shot in the water before the loon dived. I ridiculed the idea of the dodging, and that led to my shooting him to support my contention. When I skinned the bird I found and counted over a hundred No. 6 shot, all of them stuck to the inside of the hide and so doing him no permanent harm. It is remarkable that he was never hit in the eye nor sustained a broken wing.

Another thing peculiar to the loon is that after the chicks are hatched, if the mother wishes to move far, she will make a shallow dive and come up under her babies and swim off with them on her back. The person that succeeds in photographing her under such conditions may well claim the pennant. Only once have I seen a loon shoulder her young, although for over twenty years I lived in the part of Michigan where then there was the best chance imaginable to watch loons. Now the timber has been cut off around most of the lakes, and such favorable conditions for observation no longer exist.

Although I have only once seen a loon shoulder her babies, I have seen her swimming with them on her back many times. Once one swam within twenty feet of me and never suspected my presence.

One of their calls when sitting on the water for volume beats that of any other bird or beast that I know of. I have heard them in the night when they were more than five miles distant, for they only make that kind of call from the water, and there was no lake in that direction short of that distance. To say that the loon is a very interesting bird is as mild as I can express it.—Forest and Stream.

EASTER IN JAPAN.

The Cherry Blossom Festival, Resurrection of Fruits and Flowers.

By reaching Japan just at the beginning of spring you will find yourself in the midst of the native Easter season, which in reality is the cherry blossom festival. Because it comes at the time that Easter is celebrated in the western countries it is given that name.

The dawn of Easter in Japan is a dazzling and fascinating sight even to an American, used as he is to the great display of flowers and bright and dainty costumes that come out on that day in all the cities in the United States to welcome the season.

The Japanese are like a lot of happy school children let out to play, happy in their religious flower festival. None of the church ceremonies has any part in their celebration, and, although the cherry festival commemorates the resurrection, it is the resurrection of the fruits and flowers.

All Japan rejoices. The children have a day set apart for their special delectation, and the grown people do little but seek to make the young people happy. Along the roadways, inch deep with fallen cherry petals, the children draw immense movable temples. Sometimes more than a hundred little girls dressed in gorgeous hues are in line, pulling on the ropes attached to these chariots, on which the boys, dressed in blue and white togas, ride and play on their musical instruments, while the cleverest of their number in masked faces render religious dramas on the elevated platform in front of the chariot.

The streets are choked with thousands of grown people, who give up the day to witnessing these processions, and as the chariot and the children pass down a carpeted avenue of cherry trees, and the gentle spring breeze blows, a constant shower of pink perfumed snow falls from the cherry trees and everything becomes hazy in the entrancing mist of a pink snowstorm of soft petals. All nature seems to take part in this Easter festival of the Japanese children.

"Cherry blossom Sunday" at Uyeno park, in Tokyo, is one of the prettiest sights in all Japan. The avenue of cherry trees going up from the town forms an exquisite arch of pink boughs, under which the people throng purely on pleasure bent.

The tea houses have spread their best red blankets on the matted platforms, which serve for seat and table. Carriages and jinrikishas roll by, their occupants dressed in their best, the women in exquisitely delicate crapes, because it is the time of spring and flowers, and the light and dainty colors are most appropriate. Under the trees are light hearted picnic parties seated on their blankets and lunching on rice sandwiches.

Restraint is thrown aside during "cherry time," and at Mukojima, where a double avenue of cherry trees, the most magnificent display of these lovely blossoms in Tokyo, stretches along the far bank of the Sumida river beside the road, the wildest carnival reigns. Mummers in all sorts of fantastic costumes, in which red and white, the colors of spring and happiness, predominate, dance in and out among the tea houses that stand along the bank under the trees. The river is gay with roofed pleasure boats, and the sound of the geisha's samisen is added to the general clamor of rejoicing and merrymaking.—Washington Star.

Whom the Gods Love.

There are two standards of measurement of human life—the one by years, the other by achievement. Measured by years, Sidney Lanier's life of less than twoscore was a broken column; measured by achievement, his life is not yet ended—he is immortal. Robert Burns died at thirty-seven, Byron at thirty-six, Poe at forty, Raphael at thirty-six, Lanier at thirty-nine. It is whom the gods love die young. And yet who shall say that the Scottish plow boy, or the author of "Childe Harold," or he who sang of the "Raven," or the painter of the "Transfiguration," or the composer of "Centennial Cantata," do not, one and all, still speak to us in voices whose echoes will command enraptured listeners away down the centuries?—Lippincott's.

SOME ODD LEATHERS.

Prepared From the Skins of Various Aquatic Animals.

Leather is prepared from the hides of nearly all aquatic animals, principally the seal, whale, porpoise, alligator and walrus. The use of these hides is almost as old as man himself, and they have ever been most eagerly sought after for the many uses to which they could be put after being prepared as leather. At the time of the Russian occupation of Alaska they made great use of walrus hides. Furs were usually wrapped up in these skins, and when they reached Kiachta, China, the great mart of those days, the skin was sewed over chests of tea. On arrival at Moscow the soundest portions were removed, cut up and stamped into kopecks and a variety of small change. This formed the chief currency of Alaska for a time. The Russians also made harness of walrus leather, while the natives of Alaska used the skin as a covering for their boats.

A queerer kind of leather, however, comes from the bodies of fishes. An extremely fine quality of green leather made in Turkey is manufactured from the skin of an ugly fish called the angel fish. The sword grips of the German army are made from shark leather, which is beautiful in pattern, being marked with dark diamond shaped figures. This skin comes from a North sea shark called the diamond shark. Leather manufacturers have tried to produce a substitute from animal hides, but in vain. Unlike animal leather, fish leather is absolutely imperyious to water and never gets soggy from dampness. Therefore it is ideal for sword grips, as, no matter how much the hand may perspire, the grip remains hard and dry.

Leather is made from the skin of the Pacific coast and great lakes sturgeon, which is exceedingly tough and is used in making laces for joining leather belting. In Canada the skin of a species of siluroid is used in making gloves.

THE PARIS CAFE.

It Is the Frenchman's Outdoor Home Part of the Day.

For an hour or two of the day the cafe is the Parisian's outdoor home. There he gets all the morning and afternoon papers. There if he likes he may write his business letters and private correspondence. Many a "client" writes all or most of his correspondence at his little marble topped table. The garcon brings him the black portfolio stocked with letter paper and envelopes and pens and ink. Notre client may use up as much paper and envelopes as he pleases. These are provided by the staff of waiters at their own charge, not by M. le Patron, the landlord—a curious custom. Notre client is welcome to sit there all day long over his newspapers and correspondence and his glass of bordeaux or his "lait chaud" (perhaps with a nip of rum in it when the weather is cold).

The counter is reserved for waiters and for M. le Patron's wife or daughter or lady clerk, who sits behind it receiving orders.

The "habitues," "nos clients" or passing customers are comfortably seated at their neat, scrupulously clean little tables. Outside the chairs and little tables are arranged in rows, three, four, five, six deep. There "nos clients" sit at their ease underneath the broad awning when the sun is ablaze. Winter drives "notre client" indoors, though out he will come again on the slightest temptation from the weather, for your Parisian loves fresh air, loves to gaze over his light bordeaux or his "bock" at the tide of human life as it sweeps by. On the inner half of the pavement beneath the awnings, behind the trees, along the miles of boulevard, sit in their thousands in spring, summer and autumn the customers of the Paris cafe.—London News.

Famous Blind Man.

The name of John Metcalfe of Knaresborough, England, engineer and roadmaker, is in these feverish times in danger of lapsing into undeserved oblivion. John Metcalfe was blind from the age of six years until he died. Yet as a boy and man he invariably displayed a high spirited courage. He was a true sportsman, a fine swimmer and a hard rider to hounds. It was his solitary walk from London to Harrogate by a way unknown to him that first turned his attention to roadmaking. The roads in those days were very bad. He obtained authority from parliament to improve this state of things when he was fifty years old. In Yorkshire, Lancashire, Cheshire and Derbyshire most of the principal roads were made by him. He built bridges and leveled rough places. Some of the plans were made for him by others, but usually he designed them himself, and he did his own surveying. He climbed mountains, trudged along on the edges of precipices, he crossed swamps and morasses, waded through bogs and forded rivers, relying wholly and solely on the long staff that was forever in his hand. He died in harness, full of years and laden with many honors, at the great age of ninety-three.—London Exchange.

Public Spirited.

Little James (who has an inquiring mind)—Father, what do they mean when they call a man public spirited? Professor Broadley—Why, it usually means that he is very liberal in endeavoring to persuade other people to spend their money bountifully for the public good.

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In his capacity as judge Lord Brampton always insisted on the imperative demand that every case should be investigated in its minutest details. Upon small points the great issue of a case depends. As exemplifying this that came before him on the western circuit:

"A solicitor was charged with forging the will of a lady, which devised to him a considerable amount of her property, but as the case proceeded it became clear to me that the will was signed after the lady's death and then with a dry pen held in the hand of the deceased by the accused himself while he guided it over a signature which he had craftily forged. A woman was present when this was done, and as she had attested the execution of the will she was a necessary witness for the prisoner, and in examination in chief she was very clear indeed that it was by the hand of the deceased that the will was signed and that she herself had seen the deceased sign it. Suspicion only existed as to what the real facts were until this woman went into the box, and then a scene highly dramatic occurred in her cross examination. After getting an admission that the will was signed in the bed, with the prisoner near by, the woman was asked:

"'Did he put the pen into her hand?'

"'Yes.'

"'And assist her while she signed the will?'

"'Yes.'

"'How did he assist her?'

"'By raising her in the bed and supporting her when he had raised her.'

"'Did he guide her hand?'

"'No.'

"'Did he touch her hand at all?'

"'I think he did just touch her hand.'

"'When he did touch her hand was she dead?'

"At this last question the woman turned terribly pale, was seen to falter and fell in a swoon on the ground and so revealed the truth, which she had come to deny."—London Mail.

Fish Out of Water.

Many people think that fish when taken out of water die because air has a fatal effect on them. The real reason, however, is that their delicate gill filaments or membranes become dry and stick together, so that no air can can pass between them. Thus they lose the power to imbibe necessary oxygen, and the circulation of their blood stops. The painful gasping of a fish out of water is nature's effort to free the passage through the filaments.

LIFE IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Some of the Delights of Camping Out In the Rockies.

About dusk you straggle in with trout or game. The camp keeper lays aside his mending or his repairing or his notebook and stirs up the cooking fire. The smell of broiling and frying and boiling arises in the air. By the dancing flame of the campfire you eat your third dinner for the day—in the mountains all meals are dinners, and formidable ones at that. The curtain of blackness is drawn down close. Through it shine stars, loom mountains cold and mistlike in the moon. You tell stories; you smoke pipes. After a time the pleasant chill creeps down from the eternal snows. Some one throws another handful of pine cones on the fire. Sleepily you prepare for bed. The pine cones flare up, throwing their light in your eyes. You turn over and wrap the soft woolen blanket close about your chin. You wink drowsily, and at once you are asleep. Late in the night you awaken to find your nose as cold as a dog's. You open one eye. A few coals mark where the fire has been. The mist mountains have drawn nearer; they seem to bend over you in silent contemplation. The moon is sailing high in the heavens. With a sigh you draw the canvas tarpaulin over your head. Instantly it is morning.—From "The Mountains," by S. E. White.

GAMBLING IS VULGAR.

It Is an Irrational and Ignorant Struggle For Money.

All gambling is vulgar. Call it what you will, assign for it whatever motive you please, it is an irrational, an ignoble struggle for money.

Money got for nothing on the turning of a card or the revolution of a wheel bringeth good to no man, not even to him who wins it. And to him that loseth? Sometimes perdition, often, very often, that sinking sensation, that tired feeling, even where the value loss is immaterial, which follows futile effort and says as plain as whisper in the ear, "The world's against you."

Gambling, like everything else, is relative. The sin lies in the overplay, with its collateral vices, chief among them improvidence. The reigning sovereign, who has only his money to lose, and plenty of that, is not to be classed with the banker or the banker's confidential clerk or secretary, who has everything at stake, character included, though each plays for the same end—that is, the diversion and excitement. Asked what was the greatest pleasure in life, Fox said, "Winning at cards," and the next, "Losing at cards." There was a gambler for the love of it, and yet Fox played never for high stakes after he was forty, if he played at all

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Taylor ...	6 44	10 17	2 08	6 44
Lackawanna ...	6 50	10 24	2 10	6 50
Duryea ...	6 53	10 28	2 13	6 53
Pittston ...	6 58	10 33	2 17	6 57
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West Pittston ...	7 05	10 41	2 22	7 02
Wyoming ...	7 10	10 46	2 27	7 07
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Bennett ...	7 17	10 52	2 34	7 14
Kingston ... ar	7 24	10 56	2 40	7 20
Wilkes-Barre ... ar	7 40	11 10	2 50	7 30
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Nanticoke ...	7 43	11 13	2 58	7 37
Hunlock's ...	7 49	11 19	3 06	7 43
Shickshinny ...	8 01	11 31	3 20	7 53
Hicks Ferry ...	8 11	†11 43	3 30	†8 03
Beach Haven ...	8 19	11 48	3 37	8 09
Berwick ...	8 27	11 54	3 44	8 17
Briarcreek ...	†8 32	....	†3 50	....
Willow Grove ...	†8 36	....	†3 54	†8 24
Lime Ridge ...	8 40	†12 09	3 58	†8 28
Espy ...	8 46	12 15	4 06	8 34
Bloomsburg ...	8 58	12 22	4 12	8 40
Rupert ...	8 57	12 25	4 15	8 45
Catawissa ...	9 02	12 32	4 22	8 50
Danville ...	9 15	12 44	4 33	9 05
Cameron ...	9 24	†12 57	4 43	.....
Northumber'd ... ar	9 35	1 10	4 55	9 30

EAST	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M
Northumberl' ...	*6 45	†10 00	†1 50	*5 25
Cameron ...	6 57	.....	†2 01	1
Danville ...	7 07	10 19	2 11	5 48
Catawissa ...	7 21	10 32	2 23	5 58
Rupert ...	7 26	10 37	2 29	6 01
Bloomsburg ...	7 33	10 43	2 35	6 05
Espy ...	7 38	10 48	2 40	6 13
Lime Ridge ...	7 44	†10 54	†2 46	†6 20
Willow Grove ...	†7 48	.....	†2 50	.....
Briarcreek ...	7 52	.....	†2 53	†6 27
Berwick ...	7 57	11 05	2 58	6 34
Beech Haven ...	8 05	†11 12	3 03	6 41
Hicks Ferry ...	8 11	†11 17	3 09	6 47
Shickshinny ...	8 22	11 31	3 20	†6 59
Hunlock's ...	8 33	.....	3 31	†7 09
Nanticoke ...	8 38	11 44	3 38	7 14
Avondale ...	8 41	.....	3 42	7 22
Plymouth ...	8 45	11 52	3 47	7 28
Plymouth Junc ...	8 47	....	3 52	....
Kingston ... ar	8 55	11 59	4 00	7 38
Wilkes-Barre ... ar	9 10	12 10	4 10	7 50
Wilkes-Barre ... lv	8 40	11 40	3 50	7 30
Kingston ... lv	8 55	11 59	4 00	7 38
Luzerne ...	8 58	a12 02	4 03	7 42
Forty Fort ...	†9 00	....	4 07	....
Wyoming ...	9 05	12 08	4 12	†7 48
West Pittston ...	9 10	....	4 17	7 53
Susquehanna Ave. ...	9 13	12 14	4 20	7 56
Pittston ...	9 19	12 17	4 24	8 01
Duryea ...	9 23	.....	4 29	8 06
Lackawanna ...	9 26	.....	4 32	8 10
Taylor ...	9 32	.....	4 40	8 17
Bellevue ...	....	....	....	....
Scranton ... ar	9 42	12 35	4 50	8 25
	A. M.	P. M		P. M
Scranton ... lv	10 25	†1 55	....	†1 10
				A. M
Buffalo ... ar	....	7 55	....	7 00
	A. M.	P. M	P. M	A. M
Scranton ... lv	10.20	12.40	†3 35	*2
	P. M.	P. M	P. M	A. M.
New York ... ar	3 30	5 00	7 35	6 50

*Daily, †Daily except Sunday.

Stops on signal or on notice to conductor

a Stops on signal to take on passengers for New York, Binghamton and points west.

T. E. CLARKE, Gen. Superintendent. T. W. LEE, Gen.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE

In Effect Nov. 29th, 1904.

Scranton (D&H) lv	A. M. §6 38	A. M. §9 47	P. M. 1 42	4 28	.....
Pittston " "	7 05	†10 15	§2 10	5 53	.....
		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	
Wilkesbarre ... lv	A. M.	§10 35	‖2 45	§6 00	.....
Plym'th Ferry "	§7 25	†10 42	‖2 52	†6 07	.....
Nanticoke ... "	7 32	10 50	3 01	6 17	.....
Mocanaqua ... "	7 42	11 07	3 25	6 37	.....
Wapwallopen ... "	8 01	11 16	3 31	6 47	.....
Nescopeck ... ar	8 10	11 26	3 42	7 00	.....
	8 11				
	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.	
Pottsville ... lv	5 50	.....	§11 55		.....
Hazleton ... "	7 05	.....	2 45	§2 45	.....
Tomhicken ... "	7 22	.....	3 05	3 05	.....
Fern Glen ... "	7 24	.....	3 15	3 15	.....
Rock Glen ... "	7 5	.....	3 22	3 22	.....
Nescopeck ... ar	8 02	.....	.....	.....	.....
Catawissa ...		.....	4 00	4 00	.....
	A. M	A. M	P. M.	P M	
Nescopeck ... lv	§8 18	§11 26	‖3 42	§7 00	.....
Creasy ... "	8 3	11 36	3 52	7 09	.....
Espy Ferry ... "	†8 4	11 46	†4 02	7 20	.....
E. Bloomsburg ... "	8 47	11 50	4 06	7 25	.....
Catawissa ... lv	8 55	11 57	4 13	7 32	.....
South Danville "	9 00	12 10	4 31	7 51	.....
Sunbury ... ar	9 35	12 40	4 55	8 15	.....
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M	P.M.	
Sunbury ... lv	‖9 42	§12 48	§5 18	‖9 53	.....
Lewisburg ... ar	10 13	1 45	5 48		.....
Milton ... "	10 08	1 39	5 44	10 14	.....
Williamsport ... "	11 00	1 41	6 40	10 00	.....
Lock Haven ... "	11 59	2 20	7 37	....	.....
Renovo ... "	A. M.	3 00	8 30	.....	.....
Kane ... "	.....	8 25	.....	.....	.....
	P. M.	P. M.			
Lock Haven ... lv	‖12 10	‖3 45	.....	....	....
Bellefonte ... ar	1 05	‖4 44	.....	....	.....
Tyrone ... "	2 10	‖6 00	.....	.....	.....
Philipsburg ... "	5 10	‖8 02	.....	.....	.....
Clearfield ... "	5 54	‖8 45	.....	.....	.....
Pittsburg ... "	6 55	‖10 45	.....	.....	.....
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P M	
Sunbury ... lv	9 50	§1 50	‖5 10	‖8 31	.....
Harrisburg ... ar	11 30	§3 15	‖6 50	10 10	.....
	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A M	
Philadelphia ... ar	§3 17	‖6 23	‖9 28	‖4 23	.....
Baltimore ... "	§3 11	‖6 00	‖9 45	‖2 20	.....
Washington ... "	§4 20	‖7 15	‖10 55	3 30	.....
	A. M.	P. M.			
Sunbury ... lv	§10 00	§2 15	.....	.....	.....
Lewistown Jc. ar	11 45	4 05	.....	.....	.....
Pittsburg ... "	6 55	§10 45	.....	.....	.....
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P M	
Harrisburg ... lv	‖11 45	‖5 20	‖7 20	‖1 00	.....
	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A M	
Pittsburg ... ar	‖6 55	‖1 50	‖1 50	5 30	.....
	P. M.	P M	A M	A M	
Pittsburg ... lv	‖7 10	‖9 00	‖3 00	‖8 00	....
	A. M	A M		P M	
Harrisburg ... ar	‖2 00	‖4 25	‖11 25	‖3 10	....
		P. M		A M	
Pittsburg ... lv	.....	9 00	.....	‖8 00	....
		A. M.		P M	
Lewistown Jc. "	.....	‖7 30	.....	‖3 00	....
Sunbury ... ar	.....	‖9 20	.....	‖4 50	....
	P. M.	A M	A M	A M	
Washington ... lv	‖10 46	.....	‖7 50	‖10 50	....
Baltimore ... "	‖11 00