A Job In the Senate Chamber

By Frank H. Sweet

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She went up the middle steps and turned around the corner to the right. A long line was extending back from the door, expectant, impatient, though the visitors' gallery would not be open to the public until 12. She drew from her belt the one remaining link of former opulence. It still lacked ten minutes, and she slipped the watch back with a scarcely breathed sigh. Why had she come here at all, she thought accusingly? She would be better visiting the stores in search of a position as clerk; there were surely some business houses she had not yet been in. And—and besides—

Her eyes were brighter, and a flush came and descended to her lips in a soft, evanescent smile that was more like the smile of the old days before the wistfulness came.

She had been standing at the postoffice door, and he had looked precisely as he had that day when he parted from them in the Arizona canyon, he a penniless prospector and her father an extensive mine owner. And he had not forgotten. Even before she saw him he had sprung from a carriage, without regard to his horses, and was coming up the postoffice steps with outstretched hands.

"Good heavens! You here, Muriel—Miss Ashburton," he had cried, with a gladness in his voice which he did not attempt to conceal and which brought an answering color to her face and light to her eyes. There had been nothing between them except a look and hand pressure, but she had often thought of him in these later dreary years and was glad to know he had remembered her. "I looked for you everywhere—everywhere," he had continued, "but without a clew. I was afraid you had gone from my life. But pardon me; we cannot talk here, and I have a great deal to say. May I call on you at once—this evening? Is your father here?"

"My father is dead," she had managed to say. Her brain had been in a whirl, her heart in a tumult. What did it all mean? What was this impetuous madman saying, implying? By a strong effort she had controlled herself.

"Yes, you may call," she had answered in a low voice. "I—I will be glad to see you." And she had given him the number of the house in which she rented one small room.

"Thank you. I will be there early. I would ask to go back with you now, but I have an appointment which is already overdue. Isn't it providential, though, this meeting? I have been in Washington only three days, and to turn up against you like this!"

"Have you employment here?" she had asked for want of something better to say.

"Yes, temporarily; a job in the senate chamber. You remember I was a jack of all trades, from a farm boy to an impecunious prospector, with occasional dabs at fresco painting and journalism to help me through college. But I will not detain you here in the wind any longer."

She had watched him spring into the carriage and drive away, an odd light in her eyes and a warm color in her cheeks. As she went down the sidewalk she laughed softly. Eight years before she would not have been like this. Evidently he was without any regular employment, just doing some temporary work in the senate chamber—fresco painting probably, for he had spoken of being familiar with that. At first, from his being in the carriage holding the horses, she had thought he might be a coachman, waiting for his employer's return. But, after all, what did it matter? Coachman or painter or impecunious prospector, he was warm hearted and honest and ambitious. She could read that in his eyes and in the strong, full grasp of his hands. And he had remembered her and—and cared for her. It was beautiful to know that in the hurrying, indifferent world there was one who still thought of her and cared for her a little. The manner or lack of employment was such a small matter compared with that. Knowledge of life soon leveled such petty distinctions.

Almost unconsciously her steps had turned toward the capitol. The only alternative seemed a continuation of her search for employment, and, somehow, she shrank from that just now, even though she had been restricting herself to a single meal a day for a week. She would celebrate the finding of a friend. It was opening day at the senate chamber and would be unusually interesting, and perhaps she might see this friend himself or some of the work he had been doing.

There was a sudden stir in the line ahead of her, and she felt herself being pushed forward. The door was open at last, and foot by foot, yard by yard, she was being impelled toward it. But when she entered every seat was taken, and she could only crowd herself into the narrow space behind the last row. She could see the chaplain and a few of the senators on the far side of the chamber and upon the few desks in sight a gorgeous display of flowers.

Presently she heard the opening prayer and bowed her head. Then there was a confusion of voices, with quick, crisp sentences from one desk and another, followed by a short recess in which there was a great shaking of hands and introductions among the senators. At the end of fifteen or twenty minutes some of those in the visitors' gallery began to rise and leave. They had witnessed the opening and were now going home to lunch. Soon she was able to step down to a vacant seat in one of the front rows.

She had now a good view of the chamber, and her gaze swept curiously from desk to desk. Many of the senators she recognized from pictures she had seen in current periodicals. Suddenly she started and half arose. She had not thought to see him down there; if she met him at all it would be in one of the corridors, and probably at work. But there he was, at one of the desks, examining some papers. What did it mean? He had no right to be in there now, while the senate was in session.

An hour later she descended to the next floor, still dazed and wondering. As she left the elevator she met him face to face.

"What! you here, Muriel—Miss Ashburton?" he cried. "This is splendid! Now we can have that talk without waiting until evening. I know a cozy little table down in a corner of the cafe where we can be all by ourselves. We will talk while we eat our lunch. Come."

She was looking at him with wide eyes.

"Why were you in there, at a desk?" she demanded.

"In the senate chamber? Oh, that's my job. You see, when I left you that day I went straight to one of the new towns and opened a law office. My father was a lawyer, and I had studied with him. Somehow the people seemed to like my ways, and last year they hatched up a plot to send me here. But come, we can talk better at the table. I have a proposition for your consideration, and," his voice suddenly becoming grave, "I hope you will be able to see your way to accede to it. Come."

And she, after a moment's bewildered, ecstatic hesitation, went.

THE ANCIENT ZORA.

It Was the First Corset and Was Used In Cleopatra's Time.

It was back in Cleopatra's time that the corset was first thought of. Who knows but perhaps the dusky beauty of the Nile thought to hold Mark Antony's fickle fancy longer could she add some new charm to her face or figure?

Anyway, it was then that the embryo corset first appeared in the shape of a stiffened linen girdle called a "zora." Sometimes it was worn outside the tunic, tightly laced and much jeweled.

Then fashion wearied of the "zora," and for twelve centuries the corset languished.

The Greeks and Romans next held sway, and beauty unadorned was good enough for them.

In the sixteenth century along came Catherine de Medici, that energetic lady who meddled in everything, from empires to hairpins, and she revived the corset with a vengeance.

She not only wore it herself, but also issued an edict that all women of birth and breeding should wear corsets which should reduce their waist measures to thirteen inches.

This corset was called a "corps" and was stiffened in every possible manner. In this the body was pinched and forced, while over the "corps" was clasped a perfectly fitting corset cover, constructed of thin plates of steel, fashioned in two pieces and opening on a hinge.

This instrument of torture lasted until the early part of the seventeenth century, when more pliable materials were adopted.

Beautifully quilted satin bodices replaced Catherine's invention.

The next change in the corset's history took place in the early part of the eighteenth century, when leather stiffened with whalebone came into use.

Since then it has gone on steadily improving until today for every type of woman there is a specially adapted corset.—New York American.

SOURCES OF COLORS.

Blue black is the charcoal of the vine stalk.

Raw sienna is the natural earth near Sienna, Italy.

Ivory chips produce the ivory black and bone black.

Turkey red is the madder plant, which grows in Hindustan.

Prussian blue is made with impure potassium carbonate. This most useful discovery was accidental.

Cochineal insects furnish many of our most gorgeous colors—carmine, scarlet, crimson and purple.

India ink is made from burned camphor. The Chinese are the only manufacturers of this and will not reveal its secret.

Cuttlefish give us sepia, which is nothing more nor less than the inky fluid which the fish discharges to render the water black when it is attacked.

Deep Drinking.

In a German university the man who can drink a quart of beer without taking breath is not a hero, but only an ordinary student, says a writer in the London Chronicle. At the German kneipe, or club meeting for the drinking of beer and the singing of students' songs, there is a special challenge to a bier konig (beer king) contest. The huge pots are filled, the duellists face each other and at the word of command they drink. The first who can invert an empty pot and sputter "bier konig" wins.

Drinking without going to the trouble of swallowing is thus described by the same writer: "This form of friendly duel has evolved a method of drinking that may be seen in Egypt, where a native seems to pour water down his throat without that sort of lock system our less educated canals demand. A German student will bring pot and mouth to the intimate angle, and down goes the beer without a tremor of the throat. This, of course, gives no pleasure, but to the wondering onlooker it is merely an acrobatic feat."

Fishermen's Patron Saint.

St. Peter, of course, is the fisherman; but anglers may find a saint of their own in St. Zeno, who is commemorated on April 12. Verona's patron saint is conventionally represented holding a fishing rod, with a fish at the end of the line, the reference being to the tradition that he used to enjoy fishing in the Adige during his episcopate. He must have commanded good sport if he exercised as much control over that river in life as he is said to have done two centuries after his death. In 589 Italy was visited by terrific floods, and the Adige threatened to swamp much of Verona. But the faithful gathered in St. Zeno's church by the river, and, though the water rose to the windows outside, none of it could pass the doors, and after twenty-four hours of prayer it subsided. This rests on the authority of Gregory the Great.—London Chronicle.

Don't Steal Birds.

Young birds should never be taken from the nest unless one knows much about their feeding habits in captivity, and once taken and reared it is nothing short of cruelty to set them free again. For while in captivity many kinds of birds can be made perfectly happy, yet they will never have learned to find their own food, and if given their freedom the following fall or spring they will perish miserably. Cedar birds, vireos and warblers are very difficult to raise and should never be taken from the nest, but a song sparrow, robin, thrush or sparrow hawk, if well cared for, will become tame and if given the run of an entire room will furnish unending amusement.—C. William Beebe in Recreation.

One View of Wedlock.

An Englishwoman had had a good deal of trouble with her husband, who, according to her account, was a monster of iniquity. Some one asked why she had married a person of such character. "Well, you see, he ain't my first," was the reply. "I was pertickler about my first. This here's my second, and a bad un at that. But there"—with a shrug of the shoulders—"he's a shade better than the work'us!"

QUEEN OF DIAMONDS

By MARGARET RICHARDS

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The usually cheery face of Mme. Fontaine, "palmist and card reader," was overcast. Even the invitingly clean little room where madame received the anxious seekers after wisdom shared in the pervading gloom. A crudely drawn hand covered with cabalistic signs had become detached from the wall and lay unheeded in one corner; the cards by whose aid coming events were evoked were pushed carelessly aside. It was evident that misfortune had fallen upon this faithful priestess of the future.

Nora McCabe had always been a wonder at "cuttin' the cards," and it was when Pat McCabe died (an event which the cards neglected to mention), leaving her with five little children, that Mme. Fontaine had sprung into existence. Having an average amount of quick Irish wit and more than an average understanding of human nature, Nora had prospered and as Mme. Fontaine she avoided tragedy and dealt mostly in romantic and glowing generalities.

But of late the fates had not shown madame the consideration due so faithful a follower. There had been a falling off in the number of people who came to explore the misty paths of the future under her expert guidance. Four of the children were too young to do much besides consume unlimited supplies of bread and butter, and the day before Jimmy, the eldest, had been brought home with a broken leg. In short, the outlook was serious.

"Though it isn't always ye can expect to be havin' the luck," sighed Nora, stooping to pick up the hand that pointed a mutely protesting finger at her from the corner.

Quite unconscious of the radiant picture she made against her dull surrounding, a girl, tall, graceful, tailor made, came swiftly along the shabby street. If her courage almost failed her, she made no sign as she walked steadily on. All the girls had been to Mme. Fontaine. Had she not told Margaret Doane that she would be married within a year, and was not Margaret even now on her wedding journey? To be sure, she had told Louise Henderson the same thing, and there was not even an admirer in Lou's horizon; but, then, every one makes mistakes sometimes, and Louise always was hopeless. She did not really believe in it. Oh, dear, no! But she did so want to know if John really were very angry. He might have known she did not care for that stupid Captain Carstairs.

With flushed face and trembling but determined fingers she pressed the button under the card bearing the legend "Mme. Fontaine" and soon stood quaking inwardly, but outwardly serene, before the door of the modest little flat.

Eleanor Robinson was called the prettiest girl in the Westchester set, and more critical eyes than madame's would have brightened at the radiant vision she made as she entered the little room and with shining eyes bent eagerly forward over the well known table upon which madame's experienced fingers had already placed the queen of diamonds.

"That's yerself," explained the woman as she deftly shuffled the cards, "and this," laying a heart above it, "is good luck to yerself an' yer wish, an' here's an offer, an' a foine offer it is, with money too. It looks like a marriage offer, an' 'tis from"— But whom it was from must forever remain a mystery, for a shrill voice from the next room called madame, and in her anxious haste Nora overturned the little table, and the fortunes of the queen of diamonds came to an ignominious ending on the floor.

"I'm that worried I don't know what I'm doin'," said madame as she came back, and, half crying, stooped to pick up the cards. "My Jimmy has his leg broke, an' him gettin' along so nice an' Mr. Chetwood sayin' his wages should be raised this Saturday comin'."

"Mr. Chetwood!" interrupted the girl in a strained voice. And madame's keen eyes noted the warm wave of color that flooded her face.

"Yes, miss," she returned, "Mr. Chetwood, the lawyer. It was a foine place for Jimmy, an' him likin' it an' gettin' into Mr. Chetwood's ways. An' now his leg's broke, an' no knowin' when he'll git another place," she added dejectedly, and in spite of herself a tear splashed on the recovered queen.

The girl rose. "I don't believe I care to have my fortune told today," she said nervously. "I—I've changed my mind, but I shall come to see you again," she said, her blue eyes sweet with sympathy. She took a bill from her bag and laid it on the table.

"Take these, too, for Jimmy," she said, loosening the violets from her furs. And with a smile and a quick little nod she was gone.

It was hours later that a tall, broad shouldered man knocked at madame's door and inquired for Jimmy McCabe. A few minutes later John Chetwood was holding Jimmy's grimy little hand and smiling down on the little freckled face that grinned back at him sheepishly.

"We cannot do without Jimmy, Mrs. McCabe," he said pleasantly, "so I shall depend on you to send him back as soon as possible." He took some bills from his pocket and continued: "I want you to take good care of him. No! No! That's all right!" as she tried to thank him. "You may pay it back when Jimmy wins his first case, or you might tell my fortune." He laughed good humoredly, looking quizzically at the weird hands decorating the little room beyond.

Madame gasped. Her warm Irish heart was full of gratitude to the two who had been so good to her. If only she could do something for them!

He watched her with amused interest as she slowly spread out the cards on the little table.

"Ye have success to yerself an' yer wish," she began in the time worn formula, "an' there's a light woman, the queen of diamonds," she added, her eyes fastened on the cards.

John Chetwood threw back his head and laughed delightedly. "I thought it was always a dark woman," he said.

"She's tall almost as ye is yerself," Nora went on, "an' it's like one of the saints she is, with her sweet face an' eyes as blue as—as the violets," she continued.

The quick start of surprise John Chetwood gave did not escape madame's shrewd eyes, and she went on rapidly:

"She loves ye—there's somethin' come between ye—but she loves ye. Never mind what's been, say I—go to her; she's waitin' for ye. I see the weddin' card."

John Chetwood rose abruptly. "That's a great fortune. We'll have to look into that, Mr. Jimmy," he said, but his laughter was forced, and the lines on his face deepened as he ran lightly down the stairs.

He hesitated outside the shabby little flat. She lived to the north. A few blocks to the west his friends were waiting for him. He had tried to keep away from her. It was evident she cared for Carstairs, and he would keep his disappointment to himself and let no knowledge of it shadow her. What could that woman know about it? Nothing! Queer, though, about the violets. No; of course he didn't believe it, but he squared his shoulders and turned to the north.

Hunting Foxes With Eagles.

The hunting of foxes with eagles takes place among the Kirghese in the southwest district of Siberia in the autumn and early winter, when the foxes' coats are ruddy and perfect. The eagles are powerful birds, of such weight that a small wooden support is carried by the eagle bearer. A well grown bird of more than usually fierce temperament will occasionally kill a wolf. Directly any game is seen the birds make their flight and swoop down with great precision.

"One of these birds has to my knowledge," writes our correspondent, "killed seventeen foxes in six weeks. I can vouch for this killing of foxes by eagles, for I personally took photographs and saw the whole sport from beginning to end.

"Years ago I wrote a letter to the Field, telling how foxes swarm up small pine trees in Florida when a 'kill' appears imminent. I have frequently seen them do so, but I was politely told what an Ananias I must be."—London Sphere.

Eating No Joke.

Eating not a pleasant, not an elevating subject? No subject under the blue canopy, no subject to be found between the covers of the fattest encyclopedia is more worthy of the deepest and the highest and most sustained thoughts of man. And probably no other subject receives half the attention which is given to eating. Nothing has been more important in the progress of the race than the additions to the variety of man's food. In his primitive state, a mere clam eater, he was hardly superior to the beasts that perish. When he became a hunter, seeking the strong meats of wild game, he developed new qualities, expanded intellectually and gained in energy, enterprise and endurance. Then came the pastoral and agricultural age, with an acquired taste for vegetable growths and the dawn of civilization. Every advance has been on the heels of something new to eat. Today the teeth of man declare him omnivorous, though vegetable food is still a heavy tax on his powers of digestion. He lacks those multiple gastric arrangements by the aid of which the cow, for example, is able to subsist on vegetable food alone.—Atlantic.

An Irish "Bull."

In the way of a thoroughgoing "bull" the following is very hard to beat. A certain club in the west of Ireland had among its members a certain discontented minority who were continually finding fault with the arrangements made by the committee. One of the malcontents on one occasion, after calling at the club room, left the following angry note on the board for the perusal of the committee: "Gentlemen, the hot water in the lavatory is perfectly cold; there is no cold water, as the tap is turned off at the main; there are no tips on any of the billiard cues, except one that is broken and of no use; the daily newspapers are constantly being mislaid, and the light is so bad that we can't read them."—London Standard.

The Old English School.

Colonel Anstruther Thomson, an aged Englishman, says in a volume of reminiscences that at a school which he attended as a boy the students were regularly dosed twice a year. "We were marched up to Carmalt's desk two and two. Two glasses of a horrid compound of bark were on the desk and an usher stood on each side. We had to drink the dose, turn to the usher and put out our tongues to show that we had swallowed it! This was charged in our account: 'Wine, 5 shillings.'"

How to Renovate Crape.

To renovate crape lay it on a table and cover it with a damp cloth; then pass a hot iron over the cloth as closely as you can without actually touching it. This treatment will freshen up the crape beautifully, for the steam will cause it to wrinkle just as it does when new.

How to Preserve Pumpkin.

Cut the pumpkin into inch cubes, removing the rind. To each pound allow half a pound of sugar and two ounces of whole ginger root. Put the pumpkin, sugar and ginger in alternate layers in a jar and let them stand three days, when a quantity of sirup will have formed. Pour all into a preserving kettle and boil slowly until the pumpkin looks clear. Store in small jars or glasses covered with paraffin. This preserve strongly resembles ginger. It may be added to sauces and is very good when served with ice cream or frozen puddings.

Bribery.

Gracie—Oh! Stealing jam! I'm going to tell mamma. Freddy—Wouldn't you rather have some jam?—Harper's Bazar.

Remember that to be successful as a hypocrite you need to be a first class actor. Comparatively few can play the part.—Somerville Journal.

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Juvenile Sacrifices That Are Offered Up to the Instrument.

My landlady's little boy, separated from me only by a thin lath partition of a wall, is playing five finger exercises in halting rhythm and with innumerable false notes. The instrument is one in which the flight of years has left a tone like a discontented nutmeg grater.

The little boy, a pale child in a long pinafore and big white ears, hates his chosen instrument as much as I do, and so we meet on a level of mutual affliction. I loathe hearing him, and he hates his instrument; now, in the name of good common sense, why must he be offered up as a sacrifice.

His mother is a poor woman, and the tinkling cottage piano with plaited faded green front represents the chops and many other wholesome things she has not eaten, and what she allows the young lady in the third floor back, who takes her board out in piano lessons, is a serious sacrifice. Now, I ask what for?

Why is all the world playing an unnecessary piano?

Marriage has a fatal effect on music. For some occult reason as soon as a girl is married the piano—the grave of so much money and time—retires out of active life and swathed in "art draperies," burdened by vases, cabinet photographs and imitation "curios" serves less as a musical instrument than a warning. But no sooner are the next generation's legs long enough to dangle between the keyboard and the pedals than the echoes awaken to the same old false notes that serve no purpose unless an hour of daily martyrdom over a tear splashed keyboard is an excellent preparation for the trials of life.—Mrs. John Lane in London Outlook.

A Fair Opportunity.

Tasso, being told that he had a fair opportunity of taking advantage of a very bitter enemy, replied, "I wish not to plunder him, but there are things which I wish to take from him—not his honor or his life, but his malice and ill will."

Well spoken! A noble taking from an enemy. "His malice and ill will!" How is that done? Love is the potent weapon. "Heap coals of fire on his head."—Exchange.

His Farewells.

"That young chap that calls on our Myrtilla reminds me of Patti," said the old man in the dining room.

"Why so?" asked his wife.

"He has so many farewell performances in the vestibule."—Baltimore Herald.

LIGHT FASTER THAN SOUND.

Some Everyday Incidents That Go to Prove This Fact.

About a thousand yards from the window where I sit is a factory which blows its whistle every noon. The steam always comes from the whistle some little time before the sound is heard. Yesterday I counted three seconds between the time when the first steam was seen and when the sound of the whistle was heard. The whistle is heard when the weather is foggy or clear, hot or cold, windy or calm. It is sometimes louder than at other times, but it always takes three seconds to travel the 3,000 feet from the factory to my house.

We often hear also an echo of the whistle, which comes two seconds later than the first sound. This is the same sound coming by a roundabout journey 5,000 feet away. It travels first 1,000 feet to a hill beyond and then is sent back 4,000 feet to our house.

A few days ago I heard a band of musicians playing upon the street, and, although they were far distant from me, the high tones of the piccolo and the low tones of the bass horn reached me exactly together, showing that high and low tones travel at the same speed.

During a thunderstorm I noticed a flash of lightning and counted ten seconds before the sound of the thunder was heard. This showed me that the storm was about 10,000 feet (or about two miles) away. A little later, however, the time between the lightning and the thunder began to grow less, and the noise of the thunder became louder, which showed that the storm was getting nearer. Finally a dazzling flash of lightning was followed immediately by a deafening crash of thunder, and at the same time the shingles flew from a patch of roof on a barn near by. It had been struck by lightning and was soon in flames.—St. Nicholas.

How to Make the Hair Fluffy.

To make the hair simply fluffy without curling it moisten it with a preparation of two grams of alcohol or rectified spirits of wine, one ounce of cologne, half an ounce of bicarbonate of soda and four ounces of rose water. Every night rub every inch of the scalp with cold water, using a clean nailbrush, if you want to keep your hair in good condition. Once a week use a tonic. An excellent one is made of alcohol, one pint; sweet oil, one ounce; tincture of cantharides, one dram. Use a few drops of any essence you prefer to perfume it. A good way to apply any lotion to the head and hair is by means of a nailbrush or the finger tips.

Truths that Strike Home

Your grocer is honest and—if he cares to do so—can tell you that he knows very little about the **bulk** coffee he sells you. How *can* he know, where it originally came from, how it was blended—**or with what**—or when roasted? If you buy your coffee loose by the pound, how *can* you expect purity and uniform quality?

LION COFFEE, the LEADER OF ALL PACKAGE COFFEES, is of necessity uniform in quality, strength and flavor. For OVER A QUARTER OF A CENTURY, LION COFFEE has been the standard coffee in millions of homes.

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	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
New York lv	2 00	....	10 00	1 40
Scranton ....ar	6 17	....	1 55	....
	P. M.			
Buffalo lv	11 30	2 45	....	....
	A. M.			
Scranton ....ar	9 58	10 05	....	....
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Scranton lv	6 35	*10 10	11 55	*6 35
Bellevue	....	....	....	....
Taylor	6 44	10 17	2 03	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
Susquehanna Ave	7 01	10 37	2 19	6 59
West Pittston	7 05	10 41	2 23	7 02
Wyoming	7 10	10 46	2 27	7 07
Forty Fort	....	....	2 31	....
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
Wilkes-Barre lv	7 10	10 40	2 20	7 10
Kingston lv	7 24	10 56	2 40	7 20
Plymouth Junc	....	....	....	....
Plymouth	7 35	11 05	2 49	7 29
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 58
Hicks Ferry	8 11	†11 43	3 35	8 08
Beach Haven	8 19	11 46	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 53	12 22	4 18	8 40
Rupert	8 57	12 25	4 16	8 45
Catawissa	9 02	12 32	4 25	8 50
Danville	9 15	12 44	4 38	9 05
Cameron	9 24	†12 57	4 48	....
Northumberl'd .... ar	9 35	1 10	4 55	9 30

EAST.

	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Northumberl'd lv	*6 45	†10 00	11 30	*5 25
Cameron	6 57	....	†2 01	....
Danville	7 07	10 19	2 11	5 48
Catawissa	7 21	10 32	2 2[illegible]	5 58
Rupert	7 26	10 37	[illegible]	6 01
Bloomsburg	7 33	10 43	[illegible]	6 05
Espy	7 38	10 48	2 40	6 13
Lime Ridge	7 44	†10 54	[illegible]	6 20
Willow Grove	7 48	....	[illegible]	....
Briarcreek	7 52	....	†2 53	†6 27
Berwick	7 57	11 05	2 58	6 34
Beach Haven	8 05	†11 12	3 04	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 43	7 22
Plymouth	8 46	11 52	3 47	†7 28
Plymouth Junc	8 47	....	3 47	....
Kingston .... ar	8 55	11 59	3 56	7 38
Wilkes-Barre .... ar	9 10	12 10	4 10	7 50
Wilkes-Barre lv	8 40	11 40	3 30	7 30
Kingston lv	8 55	11 59	3 56	7 38
Luzerne	8 58	a12 02	4 0[illegible]	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 2[illegible]	7 56
Pittston	9 19	12 17	4 24	8 01
Duryea	9 23	....	4 28	†8 06
Lackawanna	9 27	....	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 05	....	11 10
				A. M.
Buffalo lv	....	7 55	....	7 00
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.
Scranton lv	10.10	12.40	18 35	*2
	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.
New York .... ar	3 40	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. Clark, A. G. K. S. T. W. Lee, Gen. Superintendent.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE

In Effect May 28th, 1905.

	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.		
Scranton (D&H) lv	$6 27	‖9 55	‖1 40	‖5 15	.....
Pittston " "	6 51	‖10 14	‖2 06	‖5 35	.....
		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	
Wilkesbarre lv		§10 35	‖2 45	‖6 00	.....
Plym'th Ferry "		.....	.....	‖6 07	.....
Nanticoke "		10 50	3 01	6 17	.....
Mocanaqua "		11 07	3 20	6 37	.....
Wapwallopen "		11 16	3 31	6 47	.....
Nescopeck ar		11 26	3 42	7 00	.....
	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.	.....
Pottsville lv	‖5 50	.....	§11 55		.....
Hazleton "	7 05	.....	2 45	‖2 45	.....
Tomhicken "	7 20	.....	3 05	3 05	.....
Fern Glen "	7 21	.....	3 15	3 15	.....
Rock Glen "	7 15	.....	3 22	3 22	.....
Nescopeck ar	8 02	.....	.....	.....	.....
Catawissa "	.....	.....	4 00	4 00	.....
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	.....
Nescopeck lv	§8 29	§11 26	‖3 42	‖7 00	.....
Creasy "	8 18	11 36	3 53	7 09	.....
Espy Ferry "	†8 29	11 46	.....	7 20	.....
E. Bloomsburg "	8 34	11 50	4 07	7 25	.....
Catawissa lv	8 40	11 53	4 13	7 32	.....
South Danville "	9 00	12 10	4 31	7 51	.....
Sunbury ar	9 25	12 30	4 55	8 15	.....
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	.....
Sunbury lv	‖9 42	§12 48	§ 5 10	‖9 53	.....
Lewisburg ar	10 13	1 45	5 40		.....
Milton "	10 08	1 29	5 37	10 14	.....
Williamsport "	11 00	1 41	6 35	10 00	.....
Lock Haven "	11 50	2 20	7 45	.....	.....
Renovo "	A. M.	3 00	8 45	.....	.....
Kane "	.....	6 15	.....	.....	.....
Erie "	.....	9 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 20	‖8 36	.....
Harrisburg ar	‖11 30	§ 3 15	‖7 00	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 05	.....	.....	.....
Lewistown Jc. ar	11 45	3 55	.....	.....	.....
Pittsburg "	6 55	§10 45	.....	.....	.....
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	
Harrisburg lv	‖11 45	‖5 20	‖7 20	‖10 0[illegible]	.....
	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 40	.....	§ 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 40	.....	‖7 50	‖10 40	..
Baltimore "	‖11 00	‖4 40	8 40	‖11 55	....
Philadelphia "	‖11 40	‖4 25	‖8 30	‖11 40	....
	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	
Harrisburg lv	‖3 35	‖7 55	‖11 40	‖3 20	....
Sunbury ar	‖5 00	‖9 36	1 08	‖5 05	....
	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.	
Pittsburg lv	‖12 45	.....	‖3 00	§ 8 00	....
Clearfield "	3 30	.....	.....	9 20	....
Philipsburg "	4 25	.....	.....	10 10	....
Tyrone "	7 00	..