By SIDNEY H. COLE Copyright, 1905, by T. C. McClure

shaded lamp dimly lighted the big, luxurlous room. Outside the last traces of the soft Italian twilight were fading in elder Orne. the west, and the first of the myriad stars were blinking, uncertain yellow dots in the blue velvet sky.

Orne senior lifted his piercing black eyes and looked at his son searchingly. "You're a common ne'er do well." he burst out, "a gambler, a loafer, a rake. You squander a fortune at the gaming tables and come whining to me for more money to lose. Get your money where you lost it. I'm through with

Young Orne drew himself up. "Father"- he began.

"I'm done with you," the older man thundered. "I wash my hands of you. As God is my judge, I'll cut you off without a cent. Go out into the world and stand on your own feet or sink into the mire of ruin you've been delving in. It's all one to me."

Young Orne strode stlently to the door, turned, hesitated, then hurried through the hall into the soft night without The last streak of red was gone from the west. Far below him at the foot of the slope the little village was agleam with lights. He noticed that even in the trees tiny luminous pin points of light shone steadily. Then he remembered that it was St. John's eve and that the lights were a part of

He descended the steps and strode across the terraces and through the villa gardens. As he came to a group of olive trees just beyond the sundial he saw dimly a girlish figure standing beneath one of the trees. There was the rasp of a match, a tiny Chinese lantern was lighted, and in its mellow glow he saw plainly the girl's upturned face as she reached up to fasten the lantern to a low hanging branch. It was Ethelyn Hope, the daughter of his father's oldest friend, who had made her home with the Ornes since her parents' death. That was years back, when Ethelyn was a little girl in frocks. Now she was eighteen, tall, graceful and sweet alike in feature and in temper.

Young Orne came into the little circle of light cast by the lantern. There was an old stone seat beneath that particular olive tree, and he sank into it. "Celebrating?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, pointing to the lautern. "It is a little lantern of the soul.' "A what?" he asked in laughing per-

plexity. "A little lantern of the soul," she repeated. "You hang them on olive trees and say little prayers for the souls they represent. I heard Pietro and the cook talking about them today. I made them explain."

"I see," said be. "Who's soul is this?" And he pointed to the lantern. "I haven't decided as yet," she said, and added quickly, "I think it will be

"By all means let it be so," he acin need of plous prayers just now." "Have you and Uncle Orne been quarreling again?"

He smiled with fronic bitterness. "Oh, there's been a slight tiff!" he said "That is bad," she said, with ready

"It ended by-by-well, to use bold

really mean it, of course. He'll be sorry before morning. "I hope so," he said. "You can let me

know if he is," he ended lightly. "I let you know?" she said, frightened

by his tone. "You're not-not really going?" Orne's face darkened. All the rankling bitterness his father's words had

inspired was upon him again. "I may be all he called me and more," he said, with an ominous calmness, "but I still have some pride left.

I have to be shown the door but once." The girl's hands trembled violently as she leaned against the olive tree Orne, with his head bowed sullenly, did not notice this. When he raised his eyes she was still leaning against the tree. He saw a strange new light in her eyes, and all at once he realized that she was no longer a child, but a woman and that her woman's heart was his. The fact that there was love in his own heart was as much of a shock to him as the discovery of this answering love in hers. He could have cried out with the joy and pain of it. He rose to his feet pale and shaken.
"I must be going," he said roughly.

"Going?" she asked blankly. "Going where?"

He laughed harshly. "I've all the world to choose from," he said bitterly. He drew her gently to him. For one moment her head rested on his should der and her soft brown hair brushed

Orne sentor had long entertained an idea. It was that some day his son would steady down and marry Ethelyn. But, being a wise old man and knowing too well the dangers of match making, he said nothing of this either to his son or his ward. Now as he sat in the library after the stormy interview with his son he felt that his hopes had received their deathblow. For a long time he sat by the red shaded lamp, pondering deeply. Then he rose and went into the gardens.

He walked rapidly up and down the terraces for a time, his head bared to the warm light air. He saw the light in the clive tree and went down the path to investigate. As he neared the tree be caught the sound of a woman's spasmodic sobs. He stopped and peered through the darkness. What he saw weight from his heart and brought a grim smile to his lips. "No, no," the girl was saying wildly,

"I cannot let you go. It will break my

His son's voice answered soothingly: "It is best that I should go, dear. It won't be for long at the most. I'll prove I'm worthy of you, and then I'll

come back to claim you."
"Optimistic young idiot!" muttered Orne sentor as he strode into the circle of din. Ight. Ethelyn gave a little startled cry, and Orne junior glared at him savagely.

composure, "that you haven't made trouble enough, but must needs add this Lothario business to your already large repertory of transgressions." Young Orne's face went black. His fists clinched. For a moment it looked as if he would strike the elder man.

Then with an effort he controlled him-

"Say what you like about my other affairs, but kindly leave this to me," he said in voice hoarse with anger. "You're not worthy to worship the ground she treads on," said the elder

"Good God, don't I know that!" said his son. He turned on his heel. "Hold on, Sir Touchstone!" said his In the library of the villa the two father. "Wait a minute, can't you?" Young Orne turned. "Well?" he challenged.

A rare smile curved the mouth of the

"Your spirit in this thing is all very fine," he said grimly, "but you'll very likely find the world a tougher proposition than you imagine, especially if you assail it penniless. I said I'd cut you off without a cent, and I will." The harsh voice softened wonderfully. "I'll give it to Ethelyn instead." He shuffled up the path toward the thunder."

villa and left them there in amazed silence. A gust of wind rattled the gray olive leaves. The little lantern swayed dan-

gerously. Its paper cover caught fire from the fluttering candle. There was a momentary flash of flame, then dark-

"Your little lantern of the soul has gone out," she said. "Anyway, it stood no show with the greater light we have found," he re-

A Bit of Superstition.

"I've heard tales of superstitious women." said the very obliging young man to the Philadelphia Record, "but a woman who lives in our neighborhood has them all beaten. She occupies a twin house just above ours and, despite her constant dissertations on hoodooism, is rather unpopular. The other day she went out without her key and when she returned home could not get in. She was on the pavement almost crying when I came along. Naturally I offered to assist by climbing in a window. I went to the twin house and, climbing through a second story window, got on the porch. Then I squeezed through a tiny bathroom window into her house. After I opened she stopped me. With evident embarvisit the house. Summed up, she wanted me to dimb back over the roofs. Well, as she is young and pretty and

DUST IN OUR EYES.

We at Times Collect Curious Things Without Looking For Them.

Few people are aware, says Fred W. Saxby in the Strand Magazine, that we are all constantly "collecting" curious things without looking for them: In the very act of looking up at the fleeting spectacle of a fiery orb the reader with the big, wide open eyes may easily receive in one of his own orbs a tiny sphere from afar that was produced in a glowing streak of light like the one he is admiring.

Meteoric dust is ever falling and upon all parts of our planet. The little spheres have been found upon the decks of ships far out at sea, in all quiesced. "Heaven knows I'm sadly the deserts of the earth and on the tops of snow clad mountains. Dredg-"Are you in trouble?" she asked. ings brought up from the silent depths of the ocean give testimony of their universal presence. The particles all contain iron and are easily collected outhouse or other place exposed directly to the sky.

words, by his kicking me out," said he. ed of the microscopic flinty skeletons | Ellen is sick you will look after the | ter's flushed face and remarked dryly:

These tiny plants live in both salt I pay you next week." and fresh water and occur in enormous numbers in some localities. Occasionally water courses and inundated areas dry up, and the flinty shells of the diatoms which grew there are blown about as dust. There are several instances on record of diatomaceous dust falls at sea. During the thickest part of the fall the sailors have experienced much pain in their eyes, the inflammation being caused by the little flinty shells.

SECRETARY SEWARD.

His Influence Upon the Foreign Poltey of This Country,

of the United States during Johnson's aggerated, but it would be hard to ex- work for Henry Dickson, president of aggerate the importance of what he the Excelsior Hardware company. achieved and of what he initiated in sible to a degree somewhat unusual bed, and when she's not in bed she' for the conduct of the delicate negotia- out of the house." sequences, which the war gave rise to. to the stable, and Mary turned to face It was he who first presented America a shrinking little figure in the doorto Europe in that attitude of conscious | way. strength which the thorough establishment of our nationality at last enabled | There's no fire in the library, and I'm us to take. It was he who reasserted cold all over." effectively, yet without any arrogance, "I'll bet the the Latin republics to the south of us.

the child on the wood box behind the It was he who, facing westward, accomplished an expansion of our system into a region never contemplated whilst I tell you about the fairles Paduntil his day by those who guided our dy O'Glyn met on his way to Donegal destinies and turned our thoughts up- fair." on the shores of the Pacific as a field for American trade and American influence. — William Garrott Brown in ing up at the ceiling. Finally he called Atlantic.

When Goldsmith Wrote.

An old volume which an Atlanta booklover prizes was found in an old bookshop recently. It is "The History beneath the olive tree lifted a great of Rome," by Oliver Goldsmith. Goldsmith's name takes one back to the literary fellows of that day, the hack work they did to keep life in them, for when Goldsmith was at work writing that history he was doing twenty different things besides, little odds and ends that brought money for his daily bread, with a scolding landlady laying bread, with a scolding landlady laying Mary was capable, but was she sym time when the great Dr. Johnson pathetic enough to deal with those down the law to him, for it was the "thought himself lucky when he could dine in a cellar on sixpence worth of tripe and a pennyworth of bread and wipe his fingers on the back of a Newfoundland dog after his greasy meal!" "It seems," said Orne senior, with icy | And to think of the growling that is done by the little authors of the present day!-Atlanta Constitution. old and Young.

"Well, well, that's a funny thing." "What Is?"

fore she married, and now that her husband is dead she has become a voice with a new, almost friendly acyoung widow," Catholic Standard and

RIGICAL REPORT REPORT CONTRACTOR REPORTS DE LES

## TELEPHONIC ROMANCE

By AMY DUPREE

Copyright, 1904, by T. C. McClure "Two hundred thirty-four J don't answer," said central, ringing off, but be fore she could lean back for an in-

stant's breathing spell 719 M called her "Central, why can't I get my house?" "I'm sure I don't know," she answer-

ed, with a suspicion of laughter in her "I'll bet those confounded servants are gossiping down in the basement.

Ring 'em again, and ring 'em like Central obeyed his orders energetical-

ly, but without results. "I can't get any answer," she said gently to the irate man at the other end of the line, "but I'll try them again in a few minutes, and if I get an answer I'll call you up. No, I won't forget," she said, almost before the man had uttered his warning. "I know you call the house every morning from your

"Thank you," said the man, much mollified. "Those servants are so careless, and my niece, who looks after the children, is confined to her room by

Circleville's telephone system was not very complicated. The three girls who presided in the central office were not kept occupied as in a larger city because this was a new institution in the pretty inland city and subscribers were not coming in fast enough to satisfy the telephone company. Only one of the girls hailed from Circleville. The other two were from Chicago, and it was Margaret Baxter, one of the Chicago girls, who had answered Mr. Dickson's imperative calls.

For the next few minutes she was kept busy plugging in and out on her board. But all the time a queer little smile hovered about her lips and a her front door I started to leave, when light almost tender shone in her eyes. she stopped me. With evident embar-rassment she explained that if I left to herself, "if it should all be straightby any other route than the one by ened out by telephone, and I would which I entered death would surely not be at all surprised if that is just what Jack hoped for." Then she turn-

ed suddenly and rang up 234 J. A rather thick voice with a distinct I'm obliging, I did it, but you can bet brogue answered this call with a sulthe next time she loses her key some one else will jeopardize his life."

len "Hello." Margaret's face turned grave and firm lines showed about her grave and firm lines showed about her

mouth. phone?" she said rather sternly. "I have been ringing you on and off for

fifteen minutes." "Sure I've somethin' to do beside runnin' up them stairs to answer this bell. It's a wonder a woman can't eat her breakfast in peace."

Margaret connected 234 J with 719 M, sighing softly to herself, "Poor Charley and his babies at the mercy of that woman." The conversation at the wire claim-

ed her attention. There were reasons why she felt she had a right to listen. "Hello, Mary, is this you?"

"How is Master Reginald?"

"What did he eat for his breakfast?" "A peach, a bowl of rice and milk and five cakes." "Now, Mary, I've told you repeated

ly not to let him have hot cakes." "Then, sir, you'll have to stay at by the magnet from the roof of any cook I am and no nurse."

outhouse or other place exposed di"Well, well," said the man anxious-

ly, as one who realized he was in a Seafarers are sometimes pelted with dust of quite a different kind, composition of every one. "I'm sure while Miss children, and I will not forget it when

This bit of diplomacy elicited no reply from the other end of the wire. "Has Miss Bessie gone to school?" "She has not. Sure the string's off

her hood and one of her rubbers is lost entirely, and I told her she'd best stay home till her Aunt Ellen could get about."

"Dear, dear," said the man, and a prodigious sigh seemed to choke his

"Is that all, sir?" said the woman mpatiently. "I guess so," he replied reluctantly

and hung up his receiver. At her end of the wire the woman slammed up the receiver with a crash which made central flush just a bit The importance of Secretary Sew-ard's influence in the domestic affairs went down the basement stairway to meet a look of inquiry on the face of administration has probably been ex- her husband, gardener and man of all

"Sure, it's the same old thing," she his own proper field of diplomacy. His said snappishly as she tossed the soap chief, occupied as he was with fierce into the dish pan. "Frettin' his soul controversies over other subjects, out about those two children. It's no found, we may well suppose, but little place for me and you, Tim. Either the time for foreign relations. He does not appear to have interfered with policies which were already adopted or to have

initiated any new policies of his own. bargain, Miss Ellen's no good at all, at Seward must therefore be held respon- all. When she's in the house she's in tions, involving very far reaching con- Tim shook his head and marched out

"I want to sit behind the stove, Mary.

"I'll bet the young un's gotn' to be our traditional stand in reference to sick," said Mary as she made room for flannels last week. Sit there, dear,

> The man at the other end of the line had been leaning back in a chair, star-It was addressed to Charles Dickson and wound up as follows:

"While you're in Chicago I wish you would stop in to see your aunt Mary Graves. Things are not going right at the house, I fear. Ellen is too frivolous and fond of society to do what is entirely right by us and the children Your aunt Mary is a capable woma and would pull things together in less than no time.'

But even with the letter started or its way Mr. Dickson felt uneasy. Aunt and the fair face of the dea In-law. He wished somehow would wave her hair about and smile once in awhile. But she wa better than the more uncertain eleme he had dreaded-a stepmother for his beloved grandchildren.

And all the time Margaret Baxter sat in front of the switchboard, pluggin the jacks and thinking. Just before "Miss Passay was an old maid be- closed up his desk to go home Mr

"Is this Mr. Dickson?"

"Shall I call Mary and tell her to have the children come down to meet

Mr. Dickson lived some distance be vond the street car terminus, and Tim always drove down in the runabout to meet him. It never struck him as odd that the telephone girl knew of his daily habit. Perhaps she lived in the neighborhood. He answered in a relieved tone:

"Yes; I'd forgotten to call her." "And if you didn't call her she wouldn't remember, would she?" "No, no," agreed the man; "these servants are a great trial." Then as

central rang off he murmured to himself: "There's a girl who will make a fine business woman some day. I would not mind having her in my office." And, though he could never tell just how it happened, from that time on it

was central who had the trying conversation with Mary until Miss Ellen got about, and after that with Miss Ellen herself, merely giving him a condensed report of the conversation. This saved his time, which was valuable, and it pleased his fancy that some one appreciated his absorbing interest in the children. That was why he had a bouquet of

flowers sent up to the telephone exchange one day and a box of candy ancall in person, but he finally decided that seeing the girl face to face might prove a distillusion. Faces and voices do not always harmonize, and yet he thought of the great relief it was to receive messages from central instead of frate Mary or butterfly Ellen. He felt sure that this particular voice stood for a face fair and womanly. Then he would recall a recent letter from his son, Aunt Mary would come for-a consideration.

But finally an inspiration came to him. Reggie was having a birthday. less. Ellen, with characteristic heedlessness, had forgotten this important event and had arranged to join a house party for the very night. But this should not stand in the way of a proper observance of the occasion. Reggie should have a birthday spree, and the guest of honor should be this central girl, with whom the two children had held many little talks across the wire.

She accepted the invitation sent in Reggie's name. She rode out in the runabout driven by the suspicious Tim, who had made unpleasant remarks to his wife about old fools and pretty girls. And she finally entered the door opened by Mr. Dickson himself. He gave a sigh of relief, which was

drowned in the tumultuous greetings of the children. She was just what he had dreamed of, but what he had not dared to hope for. They had a merry evening, and when the two children were sitting down, one on either side of her, to hear what Reggle described as corking goblin stories, the sound of a latchkey fell upon Mr. Dickson's

He rose uncertainly; so did Margaret Baxter, and so did the two children. And that was the scene upon which entered Charles Dickson, general representative for the Excelsior Hardware company, just returned from a hard trip on the road. He looked at his father, who flushed. He looked at Margaret Baxter, who smiled. He looked at the two children, who shrieked siultaneously and made a rush at him. When he had escaped from their the necessary introduction, but the

younger man waved him aside. "I have known Margaret for some bome and keep him from it. It's a time-in fact, long before you knew her. When the children have finished their trolic and gone to bed I—well, we will explain this matter to you."

son's dancing eyes to Margaret Bax- pleasant conditions. necessary. And while Miss Baxter is finishing that goblin story you had better telegraph to Aunt Mary. Tell her she need not come. We've changed our minds."

As Requested.

A pigeon flying enthusiast recently related the following amusing experience; One morning he found a strange bird in his cot. The owner evidently belonged to the association, for there was a numbered ring on the bird's leg. The finder at once wrote off to the general secretary acquainting him with the facts and quoting the number on the ring. By referring to his books the secretary soon found the name and ad dress of the owner, who was at once

made aware of the whereabouts of his A day or two later the finder received the following communication from the

Sir-I understand you have a homing pigeon of mine. Liberate him at once. pigeon of mine. Liberate in ... How dare you keep my bird? Yours X.

The same morning the indignant X Y, received the following laconic reply by telegram:

Blanktown, 9:15 a. m.-Bird liberated. Then the following: 9:17 a. m.-Cat got him.

-Stray Stories.

Evil of Familiarity. "A good friend," said Captain Bill, "is the greatest blessing a man can have. But men are like canal boats in

lots of ways, and it doesn't pay for either men or boats to get so close to gether they wear one another's paint

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A STRENUOUS REMEDY.

How a Servant Tried to Sober Up a

Bibulous Diplomat.

How Strange Animals Appeared In
Heraldry In Old Days. The story had reference to a former enator of the United States who was jects make mention of many strange various evidences in the archives of the legation that sobriety was not this the age in which they wrote, and of gentleman's especial virtue and among them very many copies of notes in which the minister, through the secrecary of legation, excused himself from if it was possible, even in the middle keeping engagements at the foreign of-fice on the ground of "sudden indispo-Many of these strangely garbled rec

ninister's valet, who was an Irish- ably had a certain foundation in fact, man, came to the consulate and said: but it is difficult indeed to account for "Oi'll not stay with his igsilliney anny the creation of such things as the phoeonger. Oi've done wid him." "What's the trouble now?" said Mr. griffin and the dragon. The belief in "Well," said the man, "this morning

Oi thought it was toime to get his igsilliney out of bed, for he had been drunk about a week and in bed most for it is a peculiarity with most anteof the toline, and so OI went to him lopes that their horns are never shed and says gentle-loike, Would your ig and if injured or broken never grow sillincy have a cup of coffee? when he again. cose up and shtruck me in the face. The horn, growing out of the fore-On that OI took him by the collar, lift- head, betwixt the eyelids, is neither ed him out of bed, took him across the light nor hollow nor yet smooth like room, showed him his ugly face in the other horns, but hard as iron, rough as glass, and Oi said to him, says Oi, 'Is any file, revolved into many plights; thim the eyes of an invoy extraor-r-r- sharper than any dart, straight and dinary and ministher plinipotentiar not crooked and everywhere black, exother. Several times he was tempted to ry?"—From the Autobiography of Ancept at the point.

HUMMING BIRDS.

Dangerous Operation.

When I first crawled in among the from my nose, as if to stare me out

gry mouths. She spread her tail like a flicker and braced herself against the nest side. She craned her neck and same not commonly seen." drew her dagger-like bill straight up above the nest. She plunged it down the baby's throat to the hilt and started a series of gestures that seemed fashioned to puncture him to the toes. Then she stabbed the other baby until it made me shudder. It looked like the murder of the infants. But they were not mangled and bloody. They were getting a square meal after the usual humming bird method of regurgitation.

They ran out their slender tongues to lick the honey from their bills. How they liked it! Then she settled down and ruffled up her breast feathers to let her babies cuddle close to her naked bosom. Occasionally she reached under to caress them with whisperings of mother love.-Country Calendar.

Politeness In Japan. Politeness in Japan is not at all confined to the upper circles, as you imagine. Servants are just as punctiltously polite to each other as their When they meet in the street the correctly at the proper n each other. On arawing nearer the smile again, according to the etiqueta prescribed, and then after bows of the finest and most minute significance the gardener of one house

any chance they have occasion to judge glanced through it, looked at a punch one another's heads they won't certain part of it steadily and became will explain this matter to you."

many bows, their mutual regret that handed the paper back to the lawyer, their meeting has not been under more stating that he was sorry he couldn't

This little verse, founded on a Japa nese proverb, has been culled from the "Wel

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**OPULAR** 

of Danville.

At the punch how's brink
Let us pause and think
What they say in Japan;
First the man takes a drink;
Then the drink takes a drink;
Then the drink takes the mant

LEGENDARY DEVICES.

KILL THE COUCH AND CURE THE LUNCS Early writers on natural history subcreatures that never could have exist Surest and Quickest Cure for all THROAT and LUNG TROUB-LES, or MONEY BACK

erds of the animal world were, n Mr. Prince told me that one day this doubt, due to travelers' tales and probnix, the cockatrice, the wyvem, the the existence of the unicorn may have originated from the fact of some of the Buffalo early African travelers meeting with Scranton

Bartholomew asserted that there

were many varieties of unicorn, and this would be feasible if this creature had been created from those horned Feeding the Bantlings Looks Like a beasts that had accidentally lost one Lime Ridge. of the horns.

How the phoenix was called into bebushes close to the nest the little ing it would be impossible to hazard a mother darted at me and poised a foot guess. It was popularly supposed that Came of countenance. She looked me all ing in the whole universe and that over from head to foot twice. Then there was only one tree in which it there was only one tree in which it there was only one tree. she seemed convinced that I was harm- built its nest. We find mention of the phoenix as far back as Pliny, who She whirled and sat on the nest edge. | says, "Howbeit, I cannot tell what to The bantlings opened wide their hun- make of him; and, first of all, whether of them in the whole world, and the Briarcreek....
Berwick.....
Beech Haven

In the fifteenth century we find Bar-

"Phoenix is a large bird, and there is but one that kind in all the wide world, P therefore lewd men wonder thereof. Phoenix is a bird without make (mate) and liveth 300 or 500 years. When the which years he passed she feeleth bor defeat. her default and feebleness and maketh a nest of sweet smelling sticks that be full dry, and in summer when the western wind bloweth the sticks and the nest be set on fire with burning heat of the sun and burneth strongly."

The bird then allows itself to be reduced to ashes in this fire—on this point all the writers agree—and in duc course rises again from the ashes in the full glory of renewed youth "and is the most fairest bird that is, most like to the peacock in feathers, and loveth wilderness and gathereth his meat of clean greens and fruits."

The basilisk, or cockatrice, was re duced to ashes in this fire on this

The basilisk, or cockatrice, was reputed to be some strange mixture of a bird and serpent, able to slav with his breath and his sight, which power was accredited by some to dragons.-West minster Gazette.

A Shorthand Blunder. will address the betto (horse groom) One day a lawyer dictated a special of another with some such phrase as, writ of fieri facias to his shorthand "It is long since I have hung upon your clerk and, being in a hurry, rushed off honorable eyelids?" And the other will to court with the transcript as soon answer, "Please excuse my rudeness as it was made without reading it. at the last time we met." And if by When it was presented the dignified part until they have expressed, with convulsed with laughter. He then grant his petition.

"I think, please the court, that this is according to rule," persisted the at-

works of an Englishwoman of busy thing for you," replied the judge. "Your request is unreasonable. Just "Well, this court is unable to do anytake your petition and read it." The lawyer did so and found that it requested the court to grant "special red flery faces to its petitioners."

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TIME TABLE

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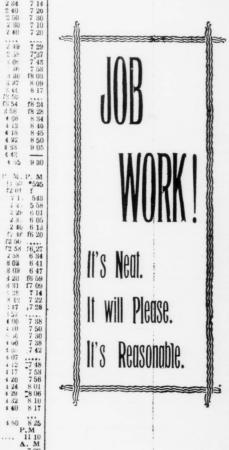
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