FAITH AND FACTS

By GEORGE KINGDON

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"See here, Ted, I want to speak to you," said Miss Oswald.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Steen in mock surprise. "At last she really wishes to speak with me."

"It's about Nell," explained Miss Oswald.

"Bessie," he cried in mock horror, "when one woman wishes to speak about another it is a man's full duty to shut his ears. I refuse to listen to scandal."

"It's of your own making," she said, with a trace of sharpness in her voice.

"Mine!" he cried. "Bless your heart, I never had a scandal I could call my own, not even a half interest in the tamest and most uninteresting bit of gossip."

"It's perfectly shameful the way you've acted toward that poor child," scolded Miss Oswald.

"Bessie," he asked, "has it ever occurred to you that as long as she had no complaint"— He paused to feel for the words.

"That it's no one else's business: I'll say it for you."

"No," he explained gently, "that was not just what I was going to say. I wanted to suggest that perhaps since Nellie did not complain it was just possible that she understood and that the others did not."

"Do you think," demanded Bessie, "that Nell has satisfactorily explained to herself the reason why, after being her shadow for weeks, you should suddenly drop her?"

"I think," he answered slowly, "that she has explained the matter far more satisfactorily to herself than you have to yourself. Do you care, dear, because I seemed to have forgotten you while you were away?"

"You must not call me dear," she said coldly, "and it is nothing to me

HE TOOK THE FAIR HEAD BETWEEN HIS HANDS.

that you should have grown suddenly devoted to Nell, but as an old friend I wanted to point out to you that your actions were open to criticism."

"Only as an old friend?"

"Only that, and nothing more," she said steadily. "Do you suppose that even had we been more than friends in the first I should care to admit it after your shameless conduct?"

"It was shameless conduct, wasn't it?" he said questioningly. "I guess Frank Troop thinks so from the way he is seeking to console her."

"The only redeeming feature of the whole performance is that Frank had the manliness to forgive her and avert some of the talk by paying her attention again."

"I think he likes the job," insinuated Teddy. "Nice to be a rescuer when you are doing just what you want to do."

"Does that alter the fact that you virtually froze Mr. Buddington out?" she demanded. "Mr. Buddington is a millionaire, and Frank has just enough to get along on."

"That's where the trouble comes, is it?" He looked relieved. "Just because I saved her from Buddy you think that I should marry Nell because I am richer than Frank and can give her half a million where I cut her out of the six figures."

"You put it very baldly," she objected.

"Naked truth usually is bald," he explained, "but it is the truth all the same. I never thought you would regard the mercenary side of it."

"Only because the others do," she explained. "Do you suppose that it is pleasant for me to hear an old friend criticised as you have been?"

"Do you suppose it is altogether pleasant for the old friend to have his old friend cut up as you have?" he demanded. "Don't you realize that I love you too well to care a hang about marrying Nell?"

"You—love me!" she cried in disgust.

"I love you," he repeated steadily.

"If you loved me you would have faith in me."

"Faith against facts?"

"Against appearances. Won't you believe me when I tell you that it is all right and that both Nell and Frank understand?"

"Can you look me in the eye and ask me to believe that?" she asked scornfully.

"With pleasure—both eyes." He came toward her and took the fair head between his hands.

"Sweetheart," he said tenderly, "by the love I hold for you and upon my honor as a man, I tell you that it is all right. Do you believe, O ye of little faith?"

Bessie studied the clear brown eyes intently for a moment, then with a cry she buried her head upon his shoulder.

"I do believe," she cried passionately, "but, oh, Ted, why didn't you tell me this before?"

"Because you applied gag law every time I tried to speak," he explained whimsically. "Every time I opened my mouth you objected, and I had to quit."

"But it was all so strange," she defended.

"It was funny," he corrected. "Do you remember that Mrs. Bradley's one idea is to get Nell married off to a rich man?"

"That's why she coaxed Buddington here," agreed Bessie.

"Well, she was going to put Frank out in the cold and give Bud all the running. Before Buddington got a chance to break in I was on the inside track, and I was rich enough to satisfy the old lady, who was not willing to risk a rupture for the sake of taking a gamble on the whole million."

"You were simply a fender against Buddington?"

"I was a thorn in his flesh," he laughed as the memory of those times came back to him. "I virtually drove him out of town and then dropped back and gave the place to Frank again."

"Ted," she pleaded, "can you ever forgive me?"

"Yes," he said promptly, "the very first chance you do anything you need forgiveness for."

A Lesson From Henry Clay.

A well known southern politician who died just before the civil war not infrequently spoke of an incident that took place in his first term in congress, in which he received a lesson in statecraft from the great Whig leader, Henry Clay.

"I was a young man and an enthusiastic Whig," he said, "and I entered congress quivering with eagerness to serve my party and to distinguish myself. I was on my feet shouting, 'Mr. Speaker!' a dozen times a day. I opposed even petty motions made by the opposite party and bitterly denounced every bill, however trivial, for which it voted. Before the session was half over I had contrived to make myself personally obnoxious to every Democrat that I met.

"One day after an ill tempered outbreak on a question of no moment I turned and saw Mr. Clay watching me with a twinkle in his eye.

"'C.,' he said, 'you go fishing sometimes?'

"'Yes.'

"'Don't you find that the best rod is the one that gives a little at each joint? It does not snap and break at every touch, but bends and shows its strength only when a heavy weight is put on it.'

"I caught his meaning. I had seen him chatting familiarly with the very men whom I was berating. Yet I knew when great interests clashed he was the one man whom they feared.

"I set myself then to learn patience and coolness. It is the strong, flexible rod which does not break under the big fish."

The First Carronades.

The earliest mention of the use of carronades in actual warfare which I have met with is contained in the Edinburgh Advertiser for April 13, 1779, where accounts are given of an action fought March 17, 1779, in St. George's channel, near the Tuskar rock, between the British privateer Sharp and the American privateer Skyrocket. The former was armed with carronades, "short guns of a new construction, made at Carron." One of these accounts is from Captain MacArthur, an Englishman, who was at the time a prisoner on board the Skyrocket and was in a position to speak of the damage sustained by that ship.

On April 19, in the same year, a spirited action was fought in the channel between the Spitfire, a British privateer armed with sixteen eighteen-pounder carronades, commanded by Captain Thomas Bell and owned by John Zuiller and others, and the Surveillante, a French frigate of thirty-two guns and a large crew. The Spitfire was taken after an obstinate fight, the Surveillante sustaining considerable damage.—Notes and Queries.

The Guinea Worm.

The famous guinea worm is an inhabitant of the tropical regions of Asia and Africa, existing in ponds, rivers and swamps. It penetrates the skin of any portion of the human body without being felt and when once it finds lodgment grows to an enormous length. The body of the creature seldom exceeds in diameter that of a large pin, and it inhabits the flesh just beneath the skin. When full grown it is not less than twelve feet in length and in order to accommodate itself must wind several times around the legs or body. Should the guinea worm find a home under the human cuticle and grow to a large size there is danger of mortification setting in when the parasite bursts, as it is sure to do sooner or later. In order to guard against an accident of this character great care is exercised in extracting the unwelcome intruder. The skin is opened near one end of the creature and the body pulled out and wrapped around a small round stick. This stick is turned very slowly for days, or even weeks, until the entire worm has been extracted.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

A Text From Which Is Spun Lots of Stuff and Nonsense.

I take no stock in the lamentation of the sentimentalists about what they call "the good old times." There is a deal of stuff and nonsense trolled off on this text. Every man over fifty who is not precisely a boor is described as "a gentleman of the old school." We need but turn to the English satirists from Fielding to Thackeray to learn that all the essential ingredients of "Vanity Fair" had their existence 100 or 200 years ago. In the proportion that there were more nature and coarser fiber there were livelier doings. In proportion that there were fewer dramatic persons upon the stage there was better play for the individual. I confess that I like a little blood in mine. Sincerity even in wickedness has a flavor quite its own. But he who fails to see the world as it is and refuses to take it as he finds it falls inevitably betwixt the three legged stool of a very false philosophy and the high backed chair of a very ill judged perversity, with consequences sometimes serious and always humiliating. —Henry Watterson in Louisville Courier-Journal.

Success Following Failures.

We believe that nowhere is the man who has failed, without impeachment of his integrity, more sure of encouragement and assistance than here. Nowhere is there a more general and more active willingness to lend a helping hand to one who is down and is struggling to get on his feet again. Certainly in no country is a single failure so seldom accepted as final, and in none are there so many instances of successes following failures. —New York Times.

The Gorilla.

It was not till 1847 that Dr. Savage, a missionary stationed at the Gabun, sent the skull of a true gorilla to Sir Richard Owen, together with a detailed description of the animal, which Owen named appropriately gorilla savagei. In 1851 the first complete skeleton of a gorilla that reached England was presented to the Royal College of Surgeons by Captain Harris, and in 1858 an entire gorilla, preserved in spirits, was received by the British museum from the Gabun. The first living gorilla exhibited in Regent's park was one supplied by Mr. Cross, Liverpool, in 1887.—London Answers.

Beresford's New Cook

By A. M. DAVIES OGDEN

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"I don't care what she is—heathen, Hottentot or bank robber," cried Mrs. Beresford desperately. She had followed her husband into the hall and now stood clinging to his buttonhole in wistful appeal. "But I must have somebody. Here are the Witherses and all those others coming to dinner and no one to cook a thing. I have telephoned the intelligence office, and Mrs. Lewis says she will have a girl at the station for your train, so all you will have to do is speak to her and bring her along."

Beresford gasped. "What, me?" he ejaculated. "Speak to a strange woman in a railway station and ask her if

"ARE YOU THE NEW COOK FOR MRS. BERESFORD?" HE DEMANDED.

she's my cook! I'll be jiggered if I will!" Then at the sight of his wife's quivering lip he pulled himself up. "All right, puss," he said hastily. "I'll get her here some way. Don't you worry your precious little head. Goodby, dearest."

And Mrs. Beresford, comforted, returned to her cold coffee.

All day long the prospect hung like a nightmare over Beresford. Suppose he spoke to the wrong woman; suppose she considered herself insulted and called for the police. There was no counting on what a woman might do. When, having but a scant two minutes to spare before train time, he dashed into the waiting room it was with a fervent anathema against cooks in general and this one in particular that he pounced upon the nearest woman.

"Are you the new cook for Mrs. Beresford?" he demanded breathlessly. The woman, startled by his impetuous onslaught, surveyed him with a noncommittal glance.

"And if I am?" she ventured cautiously.

"We must hurry. Have you your ticket? No? I'll get it. Your trunk? Oh, that must wait until tomorrow. Come along." He found time in his rush to note and inwardly approve the neat black dress, the gentle, almost sad, face of the woman beside him. Another woman, big and crowned with a huge confection of flowers and lace, stood by the door and Beresford mentally congratulated himself on not having to travel with that.

At home Mrs. Beresford regarded the new girl with equal approval. The question of hours, wages, days out, etc., was quickly settled. Then Mrs. Beresford asked for references. The woman looked troubled.

"They are all in my trunk," she explained. "Mr. Beresford is to bring it out tomorrow. There was no time today."

"Oh, very well," said Mrs. Beresford. After all, it did not matter, for without good recommendations Mrs. Lewis would not have sent her.

Dinner was delicious. The soup was a dream, the roast done to a turn, the game seasoned to perfection. When the smooth black coffee came as a fitting finish to a dainty repast Mrs. Beresford breathed a long sigh of relief. This woman was certainly a treasure, she mused complacently. And Mrs. Withers suppressed a little envious sigh. For, like most country places, Hillside was but a resting place for countless legions of girls.

"If she only keeps up like this I shall regard Maggie's departure in the light of a disguised blessing," confided Mrs. Beresford to her husband later in the privacy of their own apartment. "I hope she is not going to be ill. Norah just told me that when she was arranging my room tonight the cook came in, saying she felt bad. Norah fixed her up with hot water bags and things and thought she would be all right in the morning. Helgho, I am tired! Anyway, I think the Witherses enjoyed themselves. Now if she will only stay."

But Mrs. Beresford's hope was destined to be of short duration. When Norah came in next morning to light her mistress' fire she brought a tale of woe.

"The cook has gone, ma'am. She felt very bad in the night. Oh, yes; she did that. So she walked to the station and took the first train."

"Gone!" exclaimed Mrs. Beresford. "Gone! Why, Norah"— Then, struck by a sudden fear, she sprang out of bed and ran to the dressing table.

"My sapphire bracelet!" she cried. "That girl came so late last night that I had to hurry to dress and forgot half my things. I know I left the bracelet here, but I supposed you had put it away. Did you, Norah; did you?"

Norah gave a gasp. "The sapphire bracelet, is it? Sure, I didn't see it."

"What's the row?" inquired Beresford, appearing at the door of his dressing room. His wife flung herself at him.

"The cook—the cook is gone!" she panted. "And my sapphire bracelet! And here's a letter from Mrs. Lewis saying that the girl came back to the office last night and said she couldn't find you. Who—who did you bring out then?"

"Oh, my soul!" murmured Beresford, with a swift recollection of the big woman. "Never mind, puss; I'll find it for you."

"Find it!" wailed Mrs. Beresford. "My lovely sapphire bracelet! Your wedding present to me! Oh, Harry," reproachfully, "how could you bring such a person into the house?"

"Well, I like that!" exclaimed Beresford. "How was I to know?"

"You—you ought to have," wept his wife. And that was her last word. He should have known.

The bracelet, a very handsome one, was of rather an uncommon pattern, and Beresford had no doubt of being able to trace it, yet his effort met with no success. And then one morning Mrs. Beresford, languidly opening a letter postmarked Boston, uttered a little shriek.

"Listen, oh, listen!" she cried. "It's from the cook! Listen!"

Dear Madam—I cannot hope for your forgiveness, and yet I think if you knew the whole story you might be a little bit sorry for me. I am a widow with two children to support, one of whom has been ill for a long, long time. And illnesses are terribly expensive. All I own in the world is a small property that my husband left heavily mortgaged, and the mortgage was coming due. As I stood in the station that day, having come to New York in the vain hope of finding some one to help me, I was half mad with fear and anxiety. How was I to meet the mortgage? What was to become of my children? And then your husband spoke to me. Can you utterly condemn me that I caught at the chance? I was desperate. I came. You know the rest. I can cook. I did my best with the dinner. And then, pleading sickness—and God knows that was not entirely untrue; I think I must have been crazy—I got upstairs, and when your maid went to fill the hot water bag it was easy enough to seize the bracelet off the dressing table. It seemed as though it had been left there for me. And it saved us. But here is the pawn ticket, and if I work my fingers to the bone you shall have the money too. Try to pity me. MARY MATHEWSON.

Mrs. Beresford, whose sweet voice was by this time shaking suspiciously, laid down the letter.

"Oh, poor thing!" she cried. "What did I tell you? I felt somehow all the time that she was all right."

"Oh, did you?" ejaculated her husband in some indignation. "Well, you took a queer way of showing it."

But Mrs. Beresford, a reminiscent look creeping into her face, heaved a regretful sigh.

"Yes," she murmured yearningly, "she certainly was a good cook."

Heaving the Anchor.

Sam Pemberton, who had been in his younger days captain of a whaling vessel, was invited with his wife to take tea at a neighbor's, and during the meal some one passed the captain a plate of cheese, whereupon his wife became much agitated and exclaimed: "Sam Pemberton, you be very careful how you eat cheese. You know how I have to suffer whenever you do." All who were seated about the table were curious to know how it was that Mrs. Pemberton should suffer when Mr. Pemberton ate cheese, and so the captain explained after this manner:

"I'll tell ye what Marlar means. Ye see, about a week after I'd left th' ship we were visitin' our daughter Jane down in th' city, an' one night we hed for supper some cheese er good deal like this, an' as I like cheese I eat quite er lot on it. Waal, after I'd gone ter bed I hed th' greatest dream ye ever heerd tell of. I dreamed thet I was aboard me ole ship, an' there cum up such er storm as ye never see. I see there wasn't but one thing ter do, so I yelled ter th' furst mate, 'Heave over th' bow anchor.' Waal, he tried, but somehow he couldn't do it, whereupon I sprung up an' yelled, 'Stand aside, ye landlubber, an' see me heave it.' An' after tuggin' a good deal over it went. But, would ye believe me, thet ole bow anchor begum ter holler: 'Sam Pemberton! Sam Pemberton, what are ye er doin' of?'

"Thet waked me up, an' what dew ye s'pose I'd did?

"Instid of throwin' over the bow anchor I'd pitched Marlar out of bed!"

Washington After Retirement.

George Washington's life, after he retired from public service and went to live on his beautiful estate, Mount Vernon, was simple and methodical in the extreme. Every morning he rose early, made a plain toilet, and, although he had a body servant washed and shaved himself. Before breakfast it was his custom to write a few letters with his favorite gold pen and then visit the stables. He kept his own accounts very carefully, and his handwriting was remarkable for neatness, accuracy and uniformity of stroke. His breakfast usually consisted of Indian cakes and honey and tea or coffee. After leisurely partaking of it, he daily mounted his horse and visited every corner of his property. His appearance on horseback was most imposing, as he always wore a riding frock of handsome drab colored broadcloth, ornamented with plain gilt buttons and a waistcoat of fine scarlet cloth trimmed with gold lace and gilt buttons. His special attendant, Bishop, in scarlet livery, always rode behind him.

Human Nature.

"It's funny," remarked the thoughtful citizen.

"What's funny?"

"The way a man who spends all his spare time praying for the regeneration of his party will get indignant at the suggestion that he vote the opposition ticket for once."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Truth Comes Out.

Timkins—So that mining enterprise of yours proved a failure, eh? Simkins—Yes; a total failure. Timkins—But I thought you said there was a fortune in it. Simkins—Well, mine's in it.—Chicago News.

Good humor and generosity carry the day with the popular heart all the world over.—Alexander Smith.

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THE LOOK OF A CHILD.

Its Pleading Power Was Too Great to Be Resisted.

"The look of a little child is sometimes a wonderful thing," said the man who had risen high on the ladder of success. "I remember that the greatest lesson I have ever learned in my life, was pointed out to me by my daughter, who was only five years old at that time. That was fifteen years ago, when I had just attained some measure of distinction in the business world, and I felt that I could afford to rest on my oars awhile. I had never been a drinking man, but frequent conferences at hotel lobbies and after theater talks with my associates began to tell on me and I am ashamed to confess that I came home many a night slightly the worse for wear and 'booze.' The habit of imbibing grew on me, in spite of tearful entreaties from my wife, until I took a bottle of whisky home one afternoon. After dinner I made for that bottle, which I had left in my study, poured out a glass and raised it to my lips, when I caught a reflection in the polished woodwork of the wall. I turned quickly, and there was my little daughter standing in the doorway looking at me. I could never describe the expression on her face. If one might say it of a child, it was a commingling of reproach, pity and disgust. Probably she had overheard conversations between her mother and myself—perhaps the mother had instilled that feeling—perhaps it was instinct. I have not taken another drink from that day to this."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

London Playhouses.

In the London playhouses there is an air of comfort and quiet luxury not always evident in our own theaters. The auditoriums are usually very small, but the seats and aisles are spacious, and the furnishings and decorations suggest a drawing room rather than a place of public amusement. The atmosphere is further accentuated by the evening clothes of the men, which are compulsory.—San Francisco Argonaut.

It is not an uncommon thing to suffer for an elongated palate, which causes great discomfort in various ways. It is inflamed by cold and then aggravates a persistent cough. It brings a sense of oppression in one's breathing, and it is sure to make itself felt in long continued talking. Doctors are generally loath to touch it. Perhaps the most quickly efficacious treatment recommended by them is gargling with alum water just before brushing the teeth. This has been known to work a radical bettering of the distress.—Pearson's.

THE PHENIX.

Legend of How It Lived and Died and Lived Again.

The ancient tradition concerning the phenix has introduced into nearly every language the habit of applying that name to whatever is singular or uncommon among its kind. According to ancient writers, the phenix was a bird of great beauty about the size of an eagle. A shining and most beautiful crest adorned its head, its plumage contained nearly every tint of the rainbow, and its eyes sparkled like diamonds. Only one of these birds could live at a time, but its existence covered a period of 500 or 600 years. When its life drew to a close the bird built for itself a funeral pile of wood and aromatic spices, with its wings fanned the pile into a flame and therein consumed itself. From its ashes a worm was produced, out of which another phenix was formed, having all the vigor of youth. The first care of the new phenix was to solemnize its parent's obsequies. For that purpose it made a ball of myrrh, frankincense and other fragrant things. At Heliopolis, a city in lower Egypt, there was a magnificent temple dedicated to the sun. To this temple the phenix would carry the fragrant ball and burn it on the altar of the sun as a sacrifice. The priests then examined the register and found that exactly 500 years or exactly 600 years had elapsed since that same ceremony had taken place.

Modern Card Playing.

The gambling of today is a mild affair compared with the extant records of English society. We shall never again see the days when General Scott won a fortune of £200,000 at whist, chiefly by dint of keeping sober. And high play, it must never be forgotten, is a relative term. When Lord Stavordale gained £11,000 by a single coup at hazard, his only comment was that if he had been playing "deep" he might have won millions. When the dimensions of modern wealth are taken into account the wildest excesses ever witnessed at the card table would have a timid and parsimonious aspect to the bucks of the regency.—Times of India, Bombay.

A Taste of Fame.

When Thackeray was a candidate for parliament from the city of Oxford some one remarked to him that he must be well known to most of those whose votes he sought. "Now," said Thackeray, laying down his knife and fork and holding up a finger, "there was only one man among all that I went to see who had heard my name before, and he was a circulating librarian. Such is mortal fame!" That was in 1857 and "Vanity Fair" had been published ten years.

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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WEEK.

	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
New York ... lv				2 00	10 40	1 40
Scranton ... ar				7 41	1 56	
	P. M.					
Buffalo ... lv			11 50	7 45		
	A. M.					
Scranton ... ar	5 35		1 05			
	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.
Scranton ... lv	10 35	12 00	2 15	4 15	7 15	8 45
Belle vue						
Taylor	6 44	10 11	2 08	4 14		
Lackawanna	6 50	10 24	2 25	4 20		
Dickson	6 53	10 28	2 29	4 23		
Fallston	6 58	10 35	2 37	4 27		
Susquehanna Ave	7 01	10 37	2 40	4 30		
West Pittston	7 05	10 41	2 45	4 33		
Wyoming	7 10	10 46	2 52	4 37		
Forty Fort			2 54			
Bennett	7 14	10 52	2 57	4 44		
Kingston ... ar	7 24	10 56	3 10	4 50		
Wilkes-Barre ... ar	7 40	11 10	3 25	5 00		
Wilkes Barre ... lv	7 10	10 40	2 35	4 10		
Kingston ... lv	7 24	10 56	2 49	4 20		
Plymouth Junc						
Plymouth	7 35	11 05	2 59	4 29		
Nanticoke	7 43	11 13	3 08	4 37		
Hunlock's	7 49	11 19	3 08	4 43		
Shickshinny	7 57	11 27		4 50		
Hicks Ferry	8 01	11 31	3 26	4 55		
Beach Haven	8 19	11 46	3 37	5 05		
Berwick	8 27	11 53	3 43	5 11		
Berwick	8 35					
Willow Grove	8 38		3 48	5 24		
Lime Ridge	8 40	12 00	3 58	5 28		
Espy	8 46	12 15	4 06			
Bloomsburg	8 53	12 22	4 12			
Rupert	8 57	12 25	4 15			
Catawissa	9 02	12 32	4 20		8 50	
Danville	9 15	12 44	4 33		9 05	
Cameron	9 24	12 57	4 45			
Northumberland	9 35		4 55		9 30	

	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Northumberland ... lv	8 15	10 00	11 50	*5 25
Cameron	8 35		12 01	
Danville	7 45	10 19		5 43
Catawissa	7 21	10 32	2 25	5 58
Rupert	7 26	10 37	2 29	6 01
Bloomsburg	7 33	10 41	2 33	6 05
Espy	7 38	10 48	2 40	6 14
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
Beach Haven	8 05	11 12	3 06	6 41
Hicks Ferry	8 11	11 17	3 08	6 47
Shickshinny	8 22	11 31	3 21	6 59
Hunlock's	8 35		3 31	7 09
Nanticoke	8 38	11 44	3 38	7 14
Avondale	8 41		3 42	7 22
Plymouth	8 45	11 53	3 47	7 28
Plymouth Junc	8 47		3 52	
Kingston ... ar	8 55	11 59	4 00	7 38
Wilkes-Barre ... ar	9 15	12 10	4 10	7 50
Wilkes Barre ... lv	8 40	11 45	3 50	7 30
Kingston ... lv	8 55	11 59	4 00	7 38
Luzerne	8 59	12 05		7 42
Forty Fort	9 00		4 07	
Wyoming	9 06	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 28		4 32	8 10
Taylor	9 32		4 40	8 17
Belle vue				
Scranton ... ar	9 42	12 35	4 50	8 25
	A. M.	P. M.		P. M.
Scranton ... lv	10 28	1 55		1 10
				A. M.
Buffalo ... lv		7 55		7 00
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.
Scranton ... lv	10 10	12 40	3 35	*2
	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.
New York ... ar	1 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. CLACKS, Superintendent. T. W. LEE, G. P. A.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE

In Effect May 28th, 1905.

Scranton (D&H) lv	$6 27	A. M. 9 55	P. M. 1 40	5 15	.....
Pittston " "	6 53	10 14	2 06	5 36	.....
Wilkesbarre ... lv		A. M. 10 35	P. M. 2 45	P. M. 6 00	.....
Plym'th Ferry "		.....	.....	6 07	.....
Nanticoke ... "		10 50	3 01	6 17	.....
Mocanaqua ... "		11 07	2 20	6 37	.....
Wapwallopen ... "		11 16	3 31	6 47	.....
Nescopeck ... ar		11 26	3 42	7 00	.....
Potisville ... lv		.....	2 45	A. M. 11 55	P. M. .....
Hazleton ... "		.....	2 45	12 45	.....
Tomhicken ... "		.....	3 05	3 05	.....
Fern Glen ... "		.....	3 15	3 15	.....
Rock Glen ... "		.....	3 22	3 22	.....
Nescopeck ... ar		.....	.....	.....	.....
Catawissa ... ar		.....	4 00	4 00	.....
	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Nescopeck ... lv	$8 [illegible]		$11 26	$3 42	7 00
Creasy ... "	8 [illegible]		11 36	3 53	7 09
Espy Ferry ... "	8 34		11 46		7 20
E. Bloomsburg ... "			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 15		1 45	5 40	.....
Milton ... "	10 48		1 38	5 37	10 14
Williamsport ... "	11 30		1 41	6 35	10 00
Lock Haven ... "	11 59		2 20	7 45	.....
Renovo ... "	A. M.		3 00	8 40	.....
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 00	$ 5 20	8 30	.....
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	.....
	M	P. M.			
Sunbury ... lv	$10 00	$ 2 05	.....	.....	.....
Lewistown Jc. ar	11 45	3 55	.....	.....	.....
Pittsburg ... "	6 55	$10 46	.....	.....	.....
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	
Harrisburg ... lv	11 45	$ 5 20	$ 7 20	$11 05	.....
	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	
Pittsburg ... ar	6 55	1 50	1 50	5 30	.....
Pittsburg ... lv	P. M. 7 1	P. M. 9 00	A. M. 3 60	A. M. 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 Jn. "	.....	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 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	.....	8 00	8 00	....
Clearfield ... "	3 30	.....	.....	9 20	....
Philipsburg ... "	4 25	.....	.....	10 10	....
Tyrone ... "	7 00	.....	8 10	12 25	....
Bellefonte ... "	8 16	.....	9 32	1 25	....
Lock Haven ... ar	9 15	.....	10 30	2 10	....
	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	
Erie ... lv	5 35	.....	.....	6 50	....
Kane ... "	8 55	.....	5 55	10 10	....
Renovo ... "	11 10	6 35	10 25	1 13	....
Lock Haven ... "	12 38	7 50	11 20	3 00	....
	A. M.		P. M.	P. M.	
Williamsport ... "	2 47	8 25	12 40	4 00	....
Milton ... "	3 27	9 13	1 25	4 48	....
Lewisburg ... "	.....	9 05	1 15	4 35	....
Sunbury ... ar	3	9 45	1 54	5 15	....
	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	
Sunbury ... lv	6 45	9 55	2 00	5 25	....
South Danville "	7 11	10 7	2 21	5 50	....
Catawissa ... "	7 23	10 5	2 36	6 18	....
E. Bloomsburg ... "	7 40	10 3	2 43	6 15	....
Espy Ferry ... "	.....		.....	6 19	....
Creasy ... "	7 54	10 56	2 55	6 30	....
Nescopeck ... "	8 04	11 05	3 05