## A Hundred Yard Dash

By HONORE WILLSIE Copyright, 1908, by M. M. Cunningham

Harwell loped along the lake shore path. The spring wind beat in his face. A mating blackbird trilled in the greening marsh. Harwell in his running pants and jersey, with his bare legs and sandaled feet, with his fine head tossed back and the muscles of his back rippling beneath his jersey. was as beautiful in his perfection of

which he ran. daily cross country trot, but the spring at the hotel with her mother, would be meets would be on in another week, glad to have him call. and after that cap and gown in exchange for jersey during commencement week.

Until then Harwell had only three things to remember. First, he was not to overdo. He was so near the perfection point now that with the least



TO HIS ARMPITS IN SAND, WITH HIS FACE WHITE AND SENSELESS.

extra work he would be stale. Second, he must be careful of that right thigh muscle. He had strained it in the fall as quarterback. And, lastly, this third necessity being unknown to the trainer, he must win the hundred yard dash in the Colwell-Wilton meet. The rivalry between Harwell and Small had become more than physical. To win first place in the meet was to win first place in Alice Summer's eves -at least, this was the conclusion reached by Harwell.

He hurdled the pasture bars into the meadow. It was rather wet, and the smell of bruised cowslips and tender new sprung mint followed the soft pad of his sandals. At the sand pits Harwell halted at the sound of his name shouted at the top of lusty lungs. Small, in knickerbockers, was pounding away with his geological hammer at a huge bowlder. "I'll chill if I stop!" called Harwell

merrily. "Why aren't you running?" "Got this bloomin' five-fifths geology to make up this week."

"Too bad" shouted Harwell, bounding with his long strides toward the far side of the pits. Small looked after him, then a mali-

'Wait! Wait!" he roared. "I want" -then "Great heavens!" he cried. Then there was silence.

Harwell did not turn his head at Small's call. He grinned appreciatively to himself. "Can't work me that way," he thought. "A chill for me would be very valuable to Small," and he crossed the little meadow brook with a careless bound. Then a vague sense of apprehension entered his mind. Small's roar had stopped very suddenly. He wondered why. Perhaps he ought to go back, yet he kept on.

But the sense of apprehension grew and would not go. Finally, with a little groan at his own foolishness, Harwell turned and retraced his course to the sand pits, his stride never breaking. At the brow of the slope he gave a startled ejaculation. In springing to his feet Small had dislodged a great slice of the sand plt wall. To his armpits in sand, with face white and senseless and the sand creeping constantly down to sift higher and higher about him, was Small.

Harwell dashed toward him. As he ran he snatched up an old tin can half full of rain water and dashed it in Small's face. Small opened his eyes. "I'm suffocating, Harwell," he said.

"Oh, no, you're not; not by a long chalk. Here, take this can and dig to beat the band. I'll use this piece of shovel, and we'll have you out in a

He set to work feverishly. The bit of shovel proved very efficient wielded by Harwell's sinewy arm, and the tin can in Small's hands was not to be despised. Harwell worked with one eye on the edge of the pit. The sand layers, one by one, were loosening. If he did not get Small free before they fell -well, there was no use in thinking of that. Now Small was free to his waist line, now to his thighs, now-silently, swiftly, a great wedge of sand gave way, and Small was again buried to his shoulders.

Harwell looked about. The pits had been so long deserted that there was not a board in sight. Yes, half buried and black with age, there was one. He pelted across the bit, gave a great wrench and was back again with the board, which he placed as a bulwark against further sand slides. Then to work again with the broken shovel, feverishly, for Small was growing

At last, panting, Harwell helped the half unconscious Small to his feet. Then he was suddenly conscious that his hands were blistered, that his feet dragged, that his right thigh muscle ached wearily. But he put his arm about Smail and led him slowly from the sand pit down to the turnpike road that was the straightest course to the college dormitory. It was nearing sunset, and a damp, cool wind blew from the marshes. Harwell shivered, but he closed his lips firmly and hurried Small

on as best be could. There was the sound of hoof beats behind them. The two weary figures drew to the roadside and waited for the smart little dogcart to pass them. But it stopped, and its solitary oc-cupant gave an exclamation of sur-

"What in the world is the matter?" asked Alice Summers.

plied Harwell, both men staring up into the beautiful, sensitive face. The girl gave a little cry of sympathy. "Oh, get in here, Mr. Small, and I'll drive you to the doctor."

watching the gay painted back of the trap, now occupied by two figures, retreating into the dusk. His lip quivered a little sensitively. "They never thought of me," he mut-tered. "Small has got her, and I-I've

got the chill he wanted me to have."

Then he limped on through the twi-

In a few moments Harwell was

light toward the dormitory a mile away. That evening Harwell sat in the living room of his fraternity house nurslng his aching muscles and giving an occasional sneeze. The hundred vard dash was lost; but, since Alice, too, youth as the spring landscape through was lost, he was strangely indifferent. Then he was called to the telephone. It was getting a little warm for the Miss Alice Summers, who was staying

As Harwell, very cold and dignified, stalked into the reception room Alice, her winsome face eager, led him to a quiet corner. "Dick," she said hesitatingly, "did I act very brutal this afternoon?"

Dick thought for a moment. "Yes," he replied firmly.

Alice caught her breath. "But how could I know that you had been so fine? You said nothing."

Small's inning." "Small!" sniffed Alice. "Don't mention Billy Small to me! I think you are fine, but I could get that from what Billy said only by inference. Dick, did you get a chill?"

Dick nodded, and Alice's face filled with dismay. With two brothers in college, she understood all the shadings of training.

"Oh, Dick!" she said. "Oh, Dick!"

"Don't 1?" she replied. "Well, perhaps I do care, more that you were this up!" brave and fine enough to give up all chances in the meet to help a man who was not worth it."

The room swam around giddily. Dick clutched the arms of his chair, and then both the girl's slender hands were

"Dick," she whispered, "don't you see that what you have done is better than winning ten dashes?" there was a thrill of joy in his voice that left no doubt as to his meaning.

MAGIC AND RELIGION.

Their Parting Due to the Advance or Civilization.

In west Africa the belief in a new birth without loss of identity is proved by the fact that when a baby arrives in a family it is shown a selection of small articles belonging to deceased members, and the thing which the child catches hold of identifies him as "Uncle John" or "Cousin Emma," and so forth. So far as this belief prevails it is held by some that garments once worn or other objects which have been in intimate contact with a human being are penetrated by his personality and remain, as it were, united with him for good or ill.

In nearly all stages of civilization now to be found in the world what we call supernatural beings were concern ed with the initiation of the magician The schism between magic and religion was a later development of civilization. When it occurred, as the history of heresy in Europe and the witch trials teach, it was rather magic in its antisocial aspect than in itself. which was reprobated and punished. It is strange in this connection to notice that the magician was only condemned when he departed from estabclous look crossed his eyes. If-if Har- lished custom and established beliefs well should get chilled! He sprang to which involved a severance from the community and an imputation of antisocial ends. Practices essentially magical might be incorporated in religious rites and exercised for what was belleved to be the general good. In such a case they have continued to be exercised with general assent in the high-

est forms of religion.-London Hos-A NAVAL REBUKE.

Two Admirals, a Captain and a Fool In Manila Bay.

When Dewey's fleet was at Manila the late Admiral Chichester was then a captain. On one occasion Admiral Diedrichs, the German, sent out the Irene on an unrevealed errand and without the customary notification to the commander of the blockading fleet. Admiral Dewey had suffered, he thought, sufficiently from that sort of thing, and so the admiral sent a vessel across the Irene's bows and notified her captain that she would not be permitted to depart without a statement as to her destination. It was not Admiral Diedrichs' mission to quarrel with both the American and the English fleets on this critical occasion, so he sought to find out Captain Chichester's purpose in case of a collision. Going on board Chichester's ship, he an-

ly assuming that the Irene's captain had sailed without orders from Die-drichs, "I'd have put my captain in arrest, and then I'd have gone on board the Olympia and apologized to Admiral Dewey for having such a fool in command of one of my ships."-Harper's

A Poet's Homely Face.

notably unpleasant, cadaverous coun- ing note: tenance, which, with all his intellectual power, was a mortification to him. To hide his annoyance, he joked about his the concert tour. You may depend upon ugliness incessantly and deceived his

"Chantrey wants to perpetuate this niserable face of mine. What pose would you suggest that I should take?" "If you really wish to spare the world as much as possible," said the wit, "I would, if I were you, be taken at my prayers, my face buried in my hands." Rogers laughed with the other persons present, but he shot a malignant glance at the jester and, it is said, never fully forgave him for the bonmot.

I am no friend to the people who receive the bounties of Providence without visible gratitude. When the sixpence falls into your hat you may laugh. When the messenger of an unexpected blessing takes you by the hand and lifts you up and bids you walk you may leap and run and sing for joy, even as the lame man whom St. Peter healed skipped piously and rejoiced aloud as he passed through the
beautiful gate of the temple. There is
no virtue in solemn indifference. Joy
is as much a duty as beneficence is.
Thankfulness is the other side of mer
There is a bust of Lucifer in
the programme and
pictures of the principals. Alicla was
oftenest mentioned, and one Sunday
paper contained her picture, a theatrically posed, full length affair, with
her head over one shoulder and her
ling as it speaking. Bob's heart sank "Small got caught in the sand pit," re- cy.-Henry Van Dyke.

## Alicia's Home Coming

Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

Cecilia A.

Loizeaux

that made the girl before him still

she blazed indignantly.

"I am your fiance, and"- he was beginning when she interrupted him. can at least relieve you of your duty."

You don't mean this." "Pardon me, I do mean it," said the

voice which the girl had never heard one on the porch: from him before and from which she

The girl turned suddenly and went to the window, where she stood looking out into the dripping garden. She Look felt her lips quivering, and she must out his watch.

not let Bob see. Bob looked at the crown of dark red hair against the deep green of the window draperies, and his voice sof-

"This is all I've ever asked of you, "I am sure of it," said Dick. And Alicia. I've been too confident of your ding." said Bob, "but we'll have to here was a thrill of joy in his voice love for me after you confessed it; hurry." I've believed in you too utterly ever to be jealous of your flirtations, as many another man would have been-and rightly too. I've submitted cheerfully to being 'trailed' in public because it was you who did the 'trailing.' "

Alicia turned and faced him again, her foot tapping the floor impatiently. "Is the list of your virtues a long

one, sir?" she asked. word when you've sung for sweet charity's sake or for any society affair, even when the publicity of the events not in need of money, and you're not doing it for charity. It isn't even the necessary ambition of the professional to win a higher place for herself. You will get flattery from the critics who spend real criticism on society amateurs. If they should criticise you honestly-the way they do professionals, to whom it means bread and butter-you'd see the point I'm trying to make. I appreciate the charm of you and your voice as no one else who looks and listens to you possibly can, and, Alicia Fairall, I don't want to see you 'damned with faint praise' or humiliated by any conscientious critic.

"When you are quite through," interrupted Alicia, "you can doubtless find your way out. I must ask you to excuse me." And she swept from the room, pausing once in the curtained doorway as if to speak.

Unconsciously she assumed a theatrical attitude. Her face was turned back over her shoulder, and her lips were parted a little. With her glowing head and her soft green dress between the

ed like a tall, beautiful dahlia, and Bob involuntarily started forward. But she closed her lips to a thin red line and went on dropping the curtains behind her. Presently he heard the tapping of her slippers upon the stairs and then the bang of a door.

He did not leave the house at once, but stood at the window where Alicia had stood and looked out into the gray twilight. It was early spring. As he looked wearily at the sparrows on the soaked lawn Bob felt his throat tighten and brushed his hand across his eyes.

"She couldn't mean it," he muttered as he turned and picked up the emerald ring and slipped it into his vest pocket. "It is too close to May for her to mean that." Then he sought for pagrily exclaimed, "Did you see what Dewey did to my ship?"

per and pen and sat down at the table.

He wrote:

"Yes," replied Chichester.
"What would you have done if it had been an English ship?"
"Well," said Chichester, convenient of yours would be sure to cause. Think it over well, dear, before you decide. What I came to tell you today is that our house is all done. The last workman has left. I am inclosing a key—there are only two—and I beg you will go there and think it all over at least once before you decide finally.

He inclosed the key and on his way out handed the envelope to the butler to "be taken up to Miss Alicia."

The poet Rogers was afflicted with a to her desk and had written the follow-

me for your soprano. And as I have been

When she had heard the closing of the outer door she gave the note to the butler and took from him the envelope Bob had left. With it in her hand she went slowly upstairs and sat down before her grate fire. She felt her anger nelting away, and by the ache in her hroat knew that tears were not far Aff. Sie tore open the envelope, hop-ing to find some stimulus to her indignation, but at the gentleness of the words and the sight of the key to the home she and Bob had so eagerly, care-

fully planned the tears came with a

ush, and, burying her face in the arm of her easy chair, she cried herself to Press notices of "a concert to be Press notices of "a concert to be given in the near future by the best one of John Boyle O'Reilly in the newsmateur talent the city afforded" beyeeks. Then came the programme and ting as if speaking. Bob's heart sank l

and turned sick. She did mean go,

As the time drew near he thought he would go to the concert, and when the night finally came he dressed early and fidgeted miserably till time to start. Then, suddenly changing his mind, he had himself driven to the door of the little new home he and Alicia had planned together. Bob let himself into the house with his key, which he always carried, and walked through "It isn't even as if you needed to do the empty, desolate rooms, which by this, Alicia." Bob Kendal held his now should have been furnished and voice to a cool, argumentative tone ready for the bride's home coming. He roamed clear through the house, draw-"Who are you that you should decide chandellers till every room was blazwhether I need to do anything at all?" ing with light. Then he turned them all out and lit a blazing fire in the dining room grate, and, sitting down on the high settee built into the niche by breaking of the engagement some "If that is your excuse for such un- the fireplace, he closed his eyes and de- time," suggested Castron, "but I guess just interference with my wishes, I liberately conjured up the presence of it's better this way. We'll talk it over Alicia.

And she placed her engagement ring on the table between them. The young the front door open and close and the yet. It will be all right when I get a man glanced at it without seeming to click of high heeled slippers on the bare | chance to talk to you quietly.' see it. Then he looked sharply at the floors, accompanied by the unmistakable | Ethel smiled. That was precisely angry girl who was drawn to her full swish of a woman's sliken skirts. Then height.

what she wished to avoid. She would take the dog cart and have the little "Allcia," he said gently, "you are too patient exclamation as something was angry to realize what you are doing. dropped. Then, with his heart pound-Put the ring on your finger again. Ing violently, he laid his head back against the settee and felgned sleep. He heard the steps come to the din-

ing room door, heard Alicia's voice say The young man's face whitened, and "Oh!" in frightened, breathless sur-"There was nothing to say. It was a hurt look sprang into his steady prise, felt his heart beat almost to sufbrown eyes. Then he straightened up focation, and then he heard the steps and squared his shoulders and set his recede with a rush to the hall and the strong chin firmly. When he spoke front door open. He was about to call there was a note of hardness in his to her when he heard her say to some "Tell Mr. Courtenay I am sick or

si.rank mentally.

"Alleia, do you realize what you are that I shall not sing tonight." Then the doing? We were to be married in May. door closed again and Bob immediately Your trou seau is begun, I know. And went to sleep. It seemed to be a very you've given me every reason to be sound sleep, for he did not open his "Oh, Dick!" she said. "Oh, Dick!"

Something in her tone made Dick leve you cared for me as much as I do for you. And now, because I ask you to do this one thing—for your sake as longer and shook his shoulder he woke well as mine-you are going to give all up with a most excellent look of surorise on his face "Is it too late?" she asked breath-

Looking at per as if dazed, he pulled

"Oh, I don't mean for the concert! I mean"- but Alicia could get no fur-ther, and, dropping to her knees beside the settee, she leaned her head against his arm and cried.

"I guess it isn't too late for a wed-

TRAINING DOG POLICE.

Brenking In of the Seine Patrol One The training of the young New-

foundlands that are periodically added to the staff is one of the sights of "I shall not name them all," he anters of the agents plongeurs, a small swered calmly. "The only thing I've building on the quayside not far from ever insisted upon your doing is this the Cathedral of Notre Dame. Dogs one we're talking about. Give up this and men enter into the exercise with silly concert tour. I've never said a zest, and there is usually a crowd of zest, and there is usually a crowd of onlookers. Only dummy figures are used, but the "rescue" is nevertheless a very realistic affair. The big dors know perfectly well what the exercise means, and they wait with comic enthusiasm until the dummy is thrown into the water and an Ugent plongeur rushes out on hearing the splash and the outery of spectators. While the men are busy with likes and life buoys the dog plunges into the water, swims to the dummy, watches with rare intelligence for an opportunity to get an adventageous hold, and then it either.

The big dogs know perfectly well what the exercise means, and they wait with comic enthusiasm until the dummy is thrown into the water and an Ugent plongeur rushes out on hearing the splash and the outery of spectators. While the men are busy with likes and life buoys the dog plunges into the water, swims and the dummy, watches with rare intelligence for an opportunity to get an adventageous hold, and then it either. even when the publicity of the events has often made me writhe. This time know perfectly well what the exercise you haven't any real reason. You are means, and they wait with comic endo not think it worth the effort to the dog plunges into the water, swims telligence for an opportunity to get an box. advantageous hold, and then it either swims ashore or waits for its master, termined not to afford him any opporout human assistance, and it is an infor a foothold on the slippery sides of the river bank and pulling the heavy

dummy into a place of safety. It takes about four months to train the dogs efficiently. They are also locket was". charged with the protection of their masters when attacked by the des- "Please perate ruffians who sleep under the having arches of the bridge in summer. Thus in Paris the police dogs are a proved success.—Century.

A GREAT BEER HOUSE.

Munich Owns the Oldest and Largest Saloon In the World.

The Hofbrauhaus of Munich is perhaps the oldest and largest saloon in the world, owned by the king of Bavaria and patronized by an average of 12,000 customers a day. On holidays the number often runs up to 15,000 and 16,000. Nothing to drink is sold but beer, brewed at the royal brewery, which was started by King Ludwig the Severe in 1255. The present Hofbrau-haus was built in 1644, and the beer was brewed on the spot until 1878, when the brewery was moved into the country to less expensive quarters.

There are seats for 1,500 customers, plain wooden benches without backs beside plain wooden tables without covers. In the garden or court are 100 empty beer barrels set on end, which are used for tables. The steins, which are very heavy and hold a quart of beer, are piled up in stacks before the bar on the floor in the morning, where they remain until they are used.

When a customer wants beer he picks out a stein, takes it to one of the basins of running water which line the walls and washes it himself. Then he carries it to the counter and hands it over to the bartender, who fills it with beer from the barrel. The price is 6 cents a stein, and the profits support As for Alicia, she had gone straight the hospitals of the city, although the king could claim them if he desired to do so, as the brewery and the Hofbrauhaus belong to him by inheritance .--

Members of the M'jiji tribe, who live friends into supposing him indifferent to it. He once turned to Sydney Smith, who, with Byron and Moore, was dining with him, and said:

"""

In to your soprano. And as I have own the Limpopo river, wear an extraordinary "marriage dress." This welro that also. Under your management I teel sure we shall be successful. Single or the Limpopo river, wear an extraordinary "marriage dress." This welro and uncomfortable looking costume is made entirely of split reeds, fastened together with grass, and the unhappy together with grass, and the unhappy bachelor who contemplates matrimony is compelled to wear it for three solid months before the happy event comes off, meanwhile leading a life of strict seclusion. What effect this extraordinary custom has on the popularity of marriage among the M'jijis is not known, but it was only with the utmost difficulty that some members of the mounted police, who encountered some would be Benedicts, induced the to allow their photographs to be taken -Wide World Magazine.

> There is a bust of Hugh O'Brien, a former mayor of Boston, in the corripaper room. The other day a man ap-

Bribing Georgie

Consessessessessessessesses

ain," said Ethel coldly. "I do not ure to advertise to the whole family e fact that my affections were bestowed upon a man so utterly un-worthy of them."

on the way into town. You have not



"I'LL MAKE IT FIVE," HE OFFERED. groom go aloag. Castron noticed the the eart was brought around the back

seat was unoccupied. "James said he had to send the boy to town," was the explanation. "He will be waiting for you at the station." Ethel frowned and turned and walked to where her small brother was trying to coax the goldfish from the fountain basin with a bent pin and a bit of bread. He looked up guiltily at her approach, but was visibly relieved when he saw who it was.

"Don't you want to ride into town with Mr. Castron and me?" she said.

It was apparent that Ethel was dewho brings to the rescue long poles, cork belts and the like. The more experienced dogs, however, will easily he had bribed the head coachiffan to effect a rescue from first to last withcounted on Georgie. He settled himspiring sight to watch them looking self in his seat, and Ethel took up the

They covered the first half mile in silence. Then he broke the quiet. "I want to tell you," he began, "that that "Georgie will hear," she whispered. spare me the annoyance of

the wretched story spread all noment," he pleaded. "Let Georgie op off and walk back. He won't

make me think any worse of you than ke." he pleaded, "and you have not yen the a chance for a single word

For answer Ethel turned to speak to the boy, and Castron gritted his teeth. Just five minutes and the whole miserable mistake would be explained. If he could not get this chance, there was no hope. She would return his letters ad, just as she had sent back the note he had written last night. A bit ther blowing across the road frightened the horses and demanded her at-Castron leaned over the back

give you a dollar to fall off and go back to the house," he offere "Sis is going to give me two," he ex-



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fair."

Castron faced the front again. Ev. | Castron spilled reminisor ing the last ride to town. erything secured to be against him. "I congratulate you upon your forethought in bribing Georgie." he said bifterly. "You seem determined to alo possible explanation," "There is oldedly. "The least you had things are met with at night in he said de an do is to keep silent for the few the streets of the city, but this wailing

of them all. She is worse by far than the Vaca de Lumbre, that at midnight comes forth from the potrero of San Sebastian and goes galloping through the streets like a blazing whirlwind. mough the leafy avenue | breathing forth from her nostrils smoke wherein pride and affection, while a dangerous animal to look rar, sat in silent anger reat, really does nobody any harm, and the cents of the past twenty. La Liorona is as harmful as she

hristman-Edith had given him a facilities in the case of him a facilities in the case and had formed a national and shricking for her lost children another picture and a she seems a respectable person, only hair that in no way suggested odd looking because of her white skirt

and the shorting because of her white shorting he could explain she had run he house, and no amount of encential induce her to listen to his to her in that very same moment dies! two miles no one spoke. Georgie with her ever has lived to tell what

oof, beating on the smooth road happen is this: Slowly she turns to-At last, in desperation, he felt in his reboso, and then is seen a bare grinpocket. There was a bill he had slip- ning skull set fast to a bare skeleton, ped into his change pocket to avoid the trouble of taking out his pocket-book in the station. Gently he withdrew the bill and for an instant held that, shricking again for her lost chil-It behind his back; then, certain that dren, she rushes onward, the white Georgie had seen it, he released his gleam of her gashing the darkness, and

hold and let it flutter to the road.

Quickly the boy slipped off the tailboard and scrambled in the dust.

Only the morning the one who spoke to her is found lying dead there with a look of despairing horror frozen fast astron turned to Ethel. In his dead eyes.

"We are almost in town," he said. What is most wonderful is that she Castron turned to Ethel. "I insist upon being given the right to is seen in the same hour by different

people in places widely apart, one see-"Hush!" she warned. "Georgie will ing her hurrying across the atrium of the cathedral, another beside the Arcos de San Cosme and a third near the

he smiled. "Georgie is about half a Salto del Augua, over by the prison of Belen, and all in the very same mo-Eithel half turned in her seat to con- ment of time. vince herself, then turned to him She is so generally known, senor, and

"I suppose you bought him off," she people stop her to speak with her, and said scornfully. "You told me you were aware of his price. I suppose I wallings and the sound of her running shall have to listen since I cannot feet are heard often and especially on rive and stop up my ears too."

"I'll drive," he volunteered, "if you filens, senor, but I have never seen her. frive and stop up my ears too."

vant to stop up your ears." "What is it you wish to say?" she emanded, ignoring his generous offer. "Just this." he said eagerly. "That ACKAWANNA RAILROAD s not my locket at all."

-BLOOMSBURG DIVI "As though I did not recognize it!" Delaware. Lackawanna and Wester Raitroad.

"It fooled me," he argued, "You see, I haven't looked inside since I've been up here because I've had the original of the picture to look at. I never no-ticed that I picked up Frank Comp-

hoof beats; then she turned to him with moist eyes. "What can you think of me?" she cried penitently.

"That you are the dearest little wo-

man in the world," he said promptly.

"I'll never be so foolish again," she said. "I'm so glad you persisted.

A couple of days later Castron was miling over a scrawly letter that had

s yer \$5. It ain't fair I didn't drop off that the five, but because ) brother-in-law some

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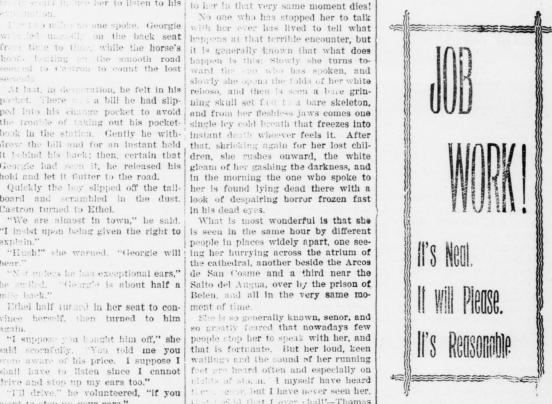
a II make it five," he offered.

Georgie was resolute. "I made a bargain," he declared. "Twouldn't be column."

Wanted me to, too, because she gave me the gun and cried over me. It's funny to have a girl cry over you. Did you ever have one cry over you? Come up soon. Yer brother-in-law to be, GEORGIE. Castron smiled reminiscently, recall-

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