

# Announcing an Engagement

By BEATRICE STURGES

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Daisy Leonard and Jack Rawlinson had been engaged for two years and nobody knew it. It was Daisy's own idea to keep the affair a secret. There seemed to her a deep romance in having what the novelists termed a "hidden love," and besides a girl could have so much more fun when she was not tickled as belonging to some one particular man, and so checked off the list of possible girls to be invited to picnics and escorted to dances by all the other nice young men.

She was sure of Jack, who adored her, and way down beneath the frivolous surface of her heart she loved him very much, but at the same time a girl who has always had her own way and been the center of a crowd of admirers does not want to give it all up.

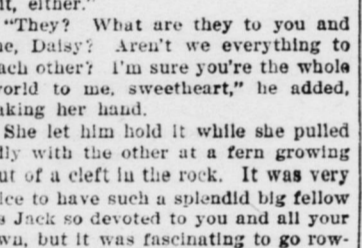
At least Daisy didn't. She was a spoiled child and was quite accustomed to having her own way. All her life she had done what she wished rather than what her mother had told her. Frankly Mrs. Leonard worried of struggling along without a husband and with a headstrong daughter for so many years. In June she had married again and gone abroad for the summer, and Daisy had been sent to the mountains with her aunt and a family of cousins.

Jack, who worked in the city, came up now and then for a day or two, when Daisy treated him just about as she did some half dozen young men who were all her devoted admirers.

One day she and Jack strolled off to a big rock which overhung the lake and was well surrounded with trees, and here Jack had protested.

"I say, Daisy, you ought to give me a show."

"Goodness, Jack, how unreasonable you are! Didn't I give you a trip to



THE LAUNCH MEANTIME WAS SPEEDING IN THEIR DIRECTION.

the glen this afternoon on purpose to stay with you? They didn't like it a bit, either."

"They? What are they to you and me, Daisy? Aren't you everything to each other? I'm sure you're the whole world to me, sweetheart," he added, taking her hand.

She let him hold it while she pulled idly with the other at a fern growing out of a cleft in the rock. It was very nice to have such a splendid big fellow as Jack so devoted to you and all your own, but it was fascinating to go rowing one day with Tom, and riding next day with Jim, galloping with Will and playing tennis with Dick. It made life exciting, and she intuited as much to Jack.

"These fellows here are too fresh, anyway, and I don't like the way you go around with so many of them," he objected.

"Would you rather have me go with one all the time?" asked Daisy, mischievously tickling his cheek with a piece of feathery grass.

"Yes, and I should be the one. Dear, it's time we settled this thing—either you are engaged to me or you are not. If you are, then matters are going to change, and I intend to look out for you and to have it understood by your aunt and everybody at this place. If not—"

He broke off and sat looking across the lake with a firm line around his lips that the girl had never seen before.

She drew her hand away. Indeed, he had dropped it when he had first begun to speak. She stiffened, although her lips trembled, and if he had looked at her probably everything would have been different, but he sat and gazed moodily at a white sail across the blue lake.

"If the engagement is irksome to you," she began stiffly—

"He turned to her now impatiently. "For heaven's sake, Daisy, don't talk nonsense. I want what is due me, that's all. I came up this time chiefly to tell you that I have been transferred to the western branch of our business and have to be there in six weeks. Will you come with me, sweetheart? You know how I love you, and I want you now for my very own. You will, won't you?"

She might have said yes, but as luck would have it voices and steps broke on the stiffness of the wood, and in an instant two girls and two young men were climbing on to the rock beside them. After a few moments of the usual nonsense Jack rose. "Will you come?" he asked, showing too plainly that he was bored.

in the bowling alley and then took the two-mile walk around Star Lake. The next morning he paid his bill and arranged to leave on the 3 o'clock train. To fill in the time he took a canoe and was soon pulling out by himself toward the center of the lake. It was a day of brilliant sunshine and crisp breezes. It seemed strange that one could be unhappy with so much beauty in the world.

Presently across the water he saw Dick Carter's launch with Daisy and several others aboard, and his wrath burned anew. They were coming in his direction, and he was rowing off toward the camp, which was opposite the hotel. A young boy was out in a frail canoe, and Jack wondered if he was able to manage it in the stiff wind that swept around the point. The next minute the little boat spun round, turned over and the boy went down.

Jack pulled several long hard strokes before he reached the spot and jumped in after the little fellow, who had gone down twice. He managed to grab him the next time, however, but meantime the canoes had both drifted away, and the only thing to do was to swim with the boy to the camp. It was a fair distance, and the water was almost icy cold, after the manner of mountain lakes.

The launch meantime was speeding in their direction, and Jack knew that he could hold the boy up until they came, but he was beginning to feel numb himself. His breath came with labored gasps and he was whispering to the boy to float when he saw that six more strokes would get them to the shallow water where the launch's camp had a dock. He took five and then lost consciousness.

It was fully ten minutes before he came to himself again. He was inside a log house, rolled in blankets, and a white-capped woman was holding some brandy to his lips.

"But I'm different," she said, "and I must see him. I'm engaged to be married to him. It was the sweetest thing he had ever heard."

In a moment she was bending over him. "Sweetheart," she murmured. "Hush, you mustn't say a word. Wait till you're rested," she cautioned. "Then we'll try feminine inconsistency all the bent over and asked him a question. For answer he threw his arms around her neck and kissed her.

## THUNDER.

Odd Beliefs That Used to Exist in Days of Old.

Thunder, just because it is a noise for which there is no visible cause, has always excited the imagination of the unscientific, so it is natural that the most outrageous superstitions about storms should date back to the time when everybody, more or less, was unscientific. One old writer explains the belief of his day that "a storm is said to follow presently when a company of hogs runs crying home," on the ground that "a bogge is most full of a melancholy nature and so by reason doth foresee the rain that cometh." Leonard Digges, in his "Prognostication Everlasting" (1556), mentions that "thunder in the morning signifies wind; about noon, rain; and in the evening, a great tempest."

The same writer goes on to say, "Some write (but their ground I see not) that Sunday's thunder should bring the death of learned men, Judges and others; Monday's, the death of women; Tuesday's, plenty of grain; Wednesday's, bloodshed; Thursday's, the slaughter of a great man and other horrible matters; Saturday's, a general pestilence and great dearth." After this the ray and lightning matter shown by Lord Northampton toward these grave matters in his "Defensive" is most cheering. "It chaunceeth sometimes," he writes, "to thunder about that time and season of the years when swaines hatch their young, and yet it doth not is a pernicious sign for simple men to think that a swanne cannot hatch without a crackle of thunder."—London Chronicle.

## A STUDY IN MILEAGE.

Almost Every Country Has a Standard of Its Own.

English speaking countries have four different miles—the ordinary mile of 5,280 feet and the geographical or nautical mile of 6,083, making a difference of about one-seventh between the two; then there is the Scotch mile of 5,928 feet and the Irish mile of 6,726 feet—four various miles, every one of which is still in use.

Then almost every country has its own standard mile. The Romans had their mille passuum, 1,000 paces, which must have been about 3,000 feet in length unless we ascribe to Caesar's legions great stepping capacity. The German mile of today is 24,318 feet in length, more than four and a half times as long as our mile.

The Dutch, the Danes and the Prussians use a mile that is 15,440 feet long, three and a half times the length of ours, and the Swiss go more or less in walking one of their miles that we get in walking five miles, for their mile is 9,153 yards long, while ours is only 1,769 yards. The Italian mile is only a few feet longer than ours; the Roman mile is shorter, while the Tuscan and the Turkish miles are 154 yards longer. The Swedish mile is 81 and a half times the Vienna post mile is four and a half times the length of the English mile.—Pearson's.

**Queer Fact About Vision.** In the eye itself certain things may go on which give us wrong sensations, which, although not truly illusions, are very much like them. Thus, when we suddenly strike our heads or faces against something in the dark we see "stars," or bright sparks, which you know are not real lights, though they are quite as bright and sparkling as if they were. When we close one eye and look straight ahead at some word or letter in the middle of this page, for example, we seem to see not only the thing we are looking at, but everything else immediately about it and for a long way on each side. But the truth is there is a large round spot somewhere near the point at which we are looking in which we see nothing. Curiously enough, the existence of this blind spot was not discovered by accident, and nobody every suspected it until Mariotte reasoned from the construction of the eyeball that it must exist and proceeded to find it.

**A Brick.** Knicker—Which side of the house does the baby resemble? Becker—The outside. Don't you see how red he is?—Harper's Bazar.

# Blind as a Bat

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

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Eastbrook opened his eyes very wide and caught it as it flew over the Taunton girl when she got through it riding cross saddle. "Be sure, the town had been read a long time about the divided skirt, but then the mind was not exactly sure in its mind that riding its streets even upon a proper sidesaddle was not rather bold.

Of course in the country it was different. The very best young women rode there. Moreover, it had come to be a sort of proverb among the plantation folk that the hardest and most reckless riders were town girl visitors. Very few of them had any mercy upon the beasts luckless enough to carry them—this not because they were hard-hearted, but from sheer ignorance and the pure animal delight of finding themselves unfettered for a time. They fretted not a little, these town bred riders, when the country folk checked speed at hills or insisted that a horse should have a chance to blow a bit after a hard gallop.

Possibly envy, the least touch, gave edge to their disapproval of Edith Taunton. Edith had a fortune and three nice saddle horses. As if that were not enough, Billy Drayton fell into a way of sharing her early gallops.

Until she came back to the old homestead Billy had not seen a surprise once a year. It was provokingly significant, this change in him. He had been the despair of the town matchmakers. He was a governor's grandson, rich, good looking, good humored. Further, he was a squire of romance with deep feeling eyes. A glamour of romance hung about him. After the first day Billy wondered, with catching breath, if he had been quite wise to find a man like Ashbel across Edith's path.

She was clearly fascinated by him. They were forever walking about the big, scrubby garden or along the strip of lawn in full sight of passersby and all the while absorbed in talk. Edith was brighter, too—quite her old, winsome self. Ashbel seemed equally captivated. He roused himself as Billy had not seen him since they were kids together.

So the days went by, mounting into weeks, at last into a month, and Billy was in torment. He had made a grim and mannerly third for the most part of the time. Still he was sure the two had some secret understanding. He had made up his mind to endure to the end. There was no danger of dishonor and Ashbel could not come to gether in his mind. But when he was quite sure—if he were quite sure—he would find a way out of it. His father had died of heart disease. There were ways of ending yourself without making a scandal. He would make an end of himself gladly if only that way lay Edith's happiness.

The first thing was to make his way. Ashbel came up to take his horse. Billy was glad. He wanted Ashbel to know, to understand how entirely he had trusted his wife and his friend. So he thrust the paper into Clara's hand, saying gruffly:

"Read that! You see I've some decent instincts if I am half a savage."

"I see. Everything, great or small, to your wife," Ashbel said, then, with a whimsical, half-dreamy smile. "Do you know that she's the most fascinating creature alive?"

"Just what she says of you," Billy growled, signing his name with a hurried flourish.

Ashbel bent over him, laughing softly. "The perception does credit to her mind," he said. "As for her heart, Billy, you brute, that knows no man, than thinking to son you who, and you won't see it, you blind, blind bat!"

A soft, stifled sob, the patter of swift, light feet, sounded at the door. Billy followed them, caught his wife in his arms and said, with his lips on her forehead: "Darling! Darling! If you really do love me—"

"Hush!" Edith said, with her hand over his lips. "You were a blind bat. Even jealousy could not make you see."

## MESMER'S METHODS.

He Influenced Patients by Suggesting to Them that They Were Sick.

Mesmer, published in 1773 his account of the marvelous cures effected by what he was pleased to term animal magnetism. When in 1778 he came to Paris he came with a well-veloped sense of the value of advertising. The campaign he inaugurated was of a character to disgust the conservative and thoughtful, but to take a sensation loving populace by storm. Most extravagant tales of cures he had accomplished in Berlin, Vienna and elsewhere were set on foot. Through a convert he challenged the physicians of Paris to enter into a contest with him, that he would treat twelve patients by the orthodox methods, he to treat twelve by his. Of course this challenge was rejected, and equally of course his rejection was interpreted by the thoughtless as an acknowledgment of the superiority of Mesmer's treatment. His rooms were thronged. His purse was constantly heavier. His patients were continually coming. When expectation was at its flood Mesmer would enter clad in the robe of a magician and carrying an iron wand. At one patient he would gaze intently, and another he would stroke gently with his wand. Soon some would burst into laughter, others into tears, while still others would fall into convulsions, finally passing into a lethargic state, out of which it is claimed they emerged cured or on the highroad to a cure. Occasionally the treatment was given outdoors, a tree being "magnetized" and the patient collapsing in a swoon so soon as he approached it.—Appleton's Magazine.

with her, his head high. But even that did not hurt like the furtive yet swaggering airs of the three men who called in the evening. There was further something of patronage about them.

Altogether they made Edith hate them, but she hated herself. She was full of quick kindness and had not meant hurt or affront to anybody—at least not in the beginning. Dully she wondered why her townfolk would not understand she had come back to them because her interest lay among them and had been eager to help in all good works if only she had been permitted.

But she held up her head and laughed and jested till the latest of her callers took himself away. Then silently she held out her hand to Billy. He understood and announced an early wedding day.

It was a church wedding, with the house jammed to the last inch. After the newly married settled back into their old ways, going a pace that kept them the talk of the town.

They were very gay and desperately unhappy. Edith could not get away from a sense that Billy had married her wholly out of chivalry. Billy? Billy was old enough to be a better, but he was proving the adage that love, which may make a fool a wise man, may likewise make a wise man a fool. He tormented himself with the thought that he had taken advantage of Edith's extremity. She must know he had loved her from her very first meeting, but she was shy and proud and high with him, notwithstanding she was his dutiful wife.

He left her much to herself and took pains to make her know that she was as free as ever. Edith resented the freedom. Billy ought to understand that she wanted to obey him—make him at least that poor recompense for his sacrifice.

Thus they ate out their hearts in cross purposes, cross misconceptions, until Ashbel came to visit them. Ashbel was reputed a dangerous person—tall and slight and handsome, with deep seeing eyes. A glamour of romance hung about him. After the first day Billy wondered, with catching breath, if he had been quite wise to find a man like Ashbel across Edith's path.

She was clearly fascinated by him. They were forever walking about the big, scrubby garden or along the strip of lawn in full sight of passersby and all the while absorbed in talk. Edith was brighter, too—quite her old, winsome self. Ashbel seemed equally captivated. He roused himself as Billy had not seen him since they were kids together.

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backing out of anything just because I'm afraid of some old tabby cats and young ones."

"Tabby cats have claws," Billy said oracularly.

Edith looked at him doubtfully a minute. "I know. They try even to scratch you," she said. And then quickly, her eyes ming. "They actually came here, three of them, to tell me about your post."

"They did?" Billy's voice was deadly quiet. "And you?"

"I said it did not interest me to know about it; all was concerned with was your future," Edith answered, her voice trembling a little, although her eyes were brave.

Billy got up and stretched himself. "That settles it," he said. "Name the day, right off, so I can go order wedding cards."

Edith did name the day, but not until she had stood out against him a week. She might not have given in even then but for the ordal at church. Not only was she cut right and left—the minister preached at her—not by name, of course, but in a fashion not to be mistaken.

Billy was there, across the aisle, grim and furious. After service he

# Nurse Helen

By IZOLA FORRESTER

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The first recollection Derrick had of her was very hazy.

There had been the fight outside of the Kid Murray's. He remembered that, very detail of it. For nearly a week he had been waiting for it to come off, on a tip from the union secretary. And it had all come true. The very night that Barker had landed from Pittsburgh they had prepared his reception in memory of the speeches he had made before the coal barons. He had been faithful, Barker had. He had dangled and parleyed and dined and hobnobbed and, as Murray said, played the fool generally, and the wine of it all had made him heady, and this whole thousands of strikers waited on his word and their children and wives waited for daily bread.

It was not the bread of Barker. Even Derrick could see that, and Derrick was merely reporter for what Murray called the "pink sheet." So the night that Barker returned to make his explanatory address in Central Hall Derrick was on hand to see the fun. He saw it. Not only that, but he was right down in the middle of it, and would soon have made a dash for Barker as he tried to glide out the back window he went with them, not knowing exactly why, but crazy with the sight of the running fox, like the rest of the bounds.

They caught him outside of Murray's, and those who could not get their hands on him began to throw things. Some of the things were astray, and when the melee was cleared and Barker had been thrown up by the tide into an ambulance Derrick, the "pink sheet" reporter, was beside him with a battered cranium and a faintly riotous sense of victory, as he dropped into unconsciousness, of having got a "beat" on the other papers.

But the "beat" never came out, because for days the "pink sheet" reporter lay a Bellevue, and the whole town round him in gray circles like a view of the fifth heaven. Then gradually out of the circling grayness he distinguished one shape that came and went with more tangibility than the other dreams. And one morning he opened his eyes and saw two real objects clearly, without the gray film.

They were Nurse Helen and Barker. Barker lay a couple of beds away from him. He could see the face on the pillow. The redness had left it, and some of the unctuous mildness. The outline of the profile looked harsh and almost forbore against the white pillow. And he was asleep.

Derrick glanced up at the nurse. She was dressing the wound on his head swiftly, deftly, coolly, impersonally. A ward surgeon in white came by, stopped and bent forward to examine the wound.

"He can leave tomorrow," he said briefly and went on.

And suddenly Derrick changed his mind. He did not want to leave. He wanted to stay there forever and let the girl in gray and white pat him and wrap him up and ease him. Then he thought of Barker.

"Is he badly hurt?" he asked.

The nurse looked startled for an instant. At least her eyes lost their impersonal look and met those of Derrick. Then she understood.

"Yes, he will not be out for several weeks," she said quietly.

Derrick remembered swiftly. Several weeks! That would carry him past the 10th, and the 10th was the decisive day in Pittsburgh. And if Barker were not on hand at that arbitration meeting to dally and parley and fool around generally something definite might result. There was only one man to send in his place, Stroguand, and if Stroguand were there would be no parley, no fogging. He would win the strike.

"Have I been here long?" he asked.

The nurse was clearing the table beside the bed of bandages and bottles. Derrick noticed that her hair was red-dish brown beneath her cap. He could see the line of curls around the edge.

"Two weeks ago yesterday you were brought in," she replied. "It is the 9th."

Derrick tried to sit up in bed. "Two weeks!" he gasped and dropped heavily back on his pillow.

"You must not do that," said the girl severely. "You have had a high fever and are still very weak. Don't you sit up again."

She went on, and Derrick closed his eyes. The grasp swept around him, circling, wheeling, waving, until he could not stop himself and was lost in its void. When he awakened it was night. There were two figures standing beside him, the girl nurse and an other woman.

"It is worse," the girl was saying. "The fever has not quite left."

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morning. I will be on again at 7. You had better not let them take him before Ingraham sees him again."

"Nurse"

It was barely above a whisper, but she heard and came to the bedside.

"Will you send a telephone message for me?"

"To your friends?" The nurse was used to such requests, and this particular patient had seemed particularly friendless.

"Yes," Derrick tried to think clearly, to keep his grip on things before the grayness showed again. "Call up 2008 Main, ask for the 'City' room—for Yates. Tell him that Barker is laid up in Bellevue with a smashed head and can't get to Pittsburgh tomorrow. Tell him—oh, hang it, if I could only get on the wire for half a minute!"

"You must not excite yourself," said the nurse calmly. "You could not possibly travel to Pittsburgh tomorrow. You must be quiet and not worry."

Derrick stared at her. She thought he was Barker. And her eyes were dark blue, almost hazel, and she was young.

"I will send the message tonight," she said and walked away.

And Derrick smiled for the first time in many days and went to sleep without the gray void around him. She thought he was Barker. And her eyes were dark blue, almost hazel, and she was young.

"The next day Yates came to see him, Yates himself, clean shaven and cold blooded, but with the glimmer of appreciation in his eyes as he saw Barker two weeks away."

"It went in this morning," he told Derrick. "There has been a general pickup over Barker's disappearance. Some said he was dead. But they thought he was simply laying low, to turn up high and dry at the meeting. Now they've sent Stroguand since the extra came out."

Derrick grinned happily. He had had an idea it would be that way. And Barker was watching them, grimly, understandingly, his face looking oddly incongruous in his halo of white bandages. Yates nodded to him.

"Badly knocked out, Barker?" he asked pleasantly.

"Not done for yet," muttered Derrick.

When he rose to go Yates gripped Derrick's hand.

"It was a very decent, timely thing to do, Derrick," he said. "The old man will appreciate it."

That was all, but it left Derrick radiantly joyful. When the nurse came around he couldn't help it. He had to tell some one, and he told her while she dressed his head. It was after 6 then. At 7 she went off duty for the night. When he had finished she was smiling, too, and her eyes were bright.

"I am glad for you. Yesterday I thought that you were Barker, and I didn't want to send the message. I am from Pittsburgh, and we know about Barker there," she added seriously.

"But you sent it?"

"I knew it didn't matter so long as he couldn't go."

Derrick laughed. The dear, delicious, foolishness of her. Didn't matter! He looked over at Barker and rejoiced over the smashed head that did not matter.

"They had an extra out again tonight," the little nurse was saying. "The strike has been settled by arbitration, but the strikers won."

"God bless Stroguand!" said Derrick fervently, and Barker heard him.

The nurse added gently:

"You are to leave in the morning, perhaps before I come on. Don't worry hard at first and you'll be all right Goody."

"What's your name, nurse from Pittsburgh?" asked Derrick, looking up at the dark blue eyes.

She flushed. It is against the rules for nurses to gift with fellow nurses or doctors in Bellevue, but they have not passed any rule barring patients a

friendship, she said—Helen May ward.

"Mine's Derrick—Wilfred Derrick." He lowered his voice so that Barker could not hear. "I'm going to see you Nurse Helen; after I get out of this place tomorrow, because you and I broke that strike. You don't know how we did it, but I do, and I think you're a brick. May I, Nurse Helen?"

"Yes," said Nurse Helen under her breath. And Derrick held one of the throats, suggestive of satisfaction achievement. She bore her head high and wore a Buddha-like expression of proud serenity.

Only a moment was she settled in her seat when off came her gloves, and then the key to the problem was evident. The long, joyous look bestowed upon the sparkling ring on the third finger of her left hand told the story.

That left hand had a busy time. It investigated the intricate bit poised coquettishly over the face of one no longer young. It made sure that her brooch was fastened, it pulled her silken skirts closer about her, it tightened the straps to her traveling bag sitting in the aisle, and so on indefinitely, occasionally pausing for a caressing glance from the tired but happy eyes.

The gray little scintillations from the diamond flashed on the song, "Engaged, engaged, engaged!"—New York Press.

**National Bank Notes.**

The government guarantees the circulating notes issued by national banks, but the deposits of such national bank is required to deposit with the treasury in Washington government bonds to the amount of the notes issued by it, and if the bank fails the bonds are sold, and out of the proceeds the notes are redeemed as they are presented. In fact, the government redeems these notes at any time, charging the amount so paid to the bank's account with the bank. But while the government does not guarantee the deposits in national banks it safeguards them by close inspection of the condition of all of them, so that there is seldom a bad failure of a national bank.

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1:59 p. m. weekly on Scranton, Kingston, Berwick, Bloomsburg, and intermediate stations, leaving Scranton at 1:59 p. m., where it connects with train leaving New York City at 9:00 a. m. and Philadelphia at 6:00 a. m. 9:05 a. m. daily from Scranton, Kingston, Pottsville, Berwick, Bloomsburg and intermediate stations, leaving Scranton at 12:59 p. m. where it connects with trains leaving New York City at 1:00 p. m., Philadelphia at 12:05 p. m. and Buffalo at 12:04 a. m.

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