

The Housebreaker

The young man paused for a moment at the foot of the steps and gave a quick glance at the house. Then he ascended to the porch and tried to open the door. Something prevented him—the key he carried didn't fit, or the door was bolted. He hesitated a moment as if undecided. Then he went around the house and tried the side door, and the rear door. Neither yielded to his efforts. Evidently determined to enter he went to the rear of the garage and brought forth a ladder. Placing this against the porch he ascended to the roof and a moment later had disappeared through a rear window.

And Marjorie Lane saw all this from the house. Her mother was away on a visit, the maid was taking her afternoon out, and her father was at his office. Marjorie had been reading in the little reception hall, when the man's footsteps on the porch next door aroused her. She looked out and saw him.

The house next door had been untenanted for several weeks. The Stetsons had gone to New York on a visit. It was rumored they would stay. But their furnishings were still in the house. They were fine furnishings, too, as Marjorie knew. And here was a stranger, in mid-afternoon, feloniously endeavoring to enter the deserted home.

Marjorie ran back when the stranger went round the house, and from a kitchen window hidden behind the shade, saw him bring up the ladder and enter the window.

The girl turned pale. This was the sort of felony that had become so common. The stranger had found that the house was untenanted and had chosen the most quiet time of the day for his nefarious work. No doubt he was in there now, picking over Mrs. Stetson's choicest treasures and selecting only the most valuable for his bundle of loot.

What should she do?

With a shock she remembered that the telephone was out of order. It had suddenly ceased to do duty at luncheon time. Her father, who had come home to please Marjorie, had tried to call his office and failed.

"The 'phone is out of order," he told her. "I will call them up from the office and report it."

Marjorie gave another little start when she remembered this. It was entirely probable that the daring housebreaker next door had deliberately cut off the service to serve his nefarious ends. A snipped wire would do it. A bad man who took such chances would know how to surround himself with safeguards.

The house on the other side of the Lane home was empty, too. The Emmets were all away on a vacation trip—Mr. Emmet's vacation. She could give no alarm there. Nor was it probable any outcry she raised in the street would bear practical results. She was quite sure that the only man within hearing distance would prove to be that very bad individual who even now presumably was stumping Mrs. Stetson's choicest household treasures.

Marjorie hesitated and wrung her hands. There wasn't a weapon in the house, not even a stove poker—stove poker being unknown in homes heated by natural gas.

Besides, what would an entire arsenal avail her in the present dilemma? The man would presently emerge with his bundle of plunder and hurry away. He might go over the back fence, or the side fence, or across the roofs. To pursue him with firearms seemed out of the question—more especially as there were no firearms available.

Having no other recourse Marjorie determined to wait.

She looked at the library clock. It was 4.15. At 5 o'clock her father had promised to be home. They were going out to dinner. If the marauder would be sufficiently deliberate next door it was possible her father would return in time.

She was sure he would know just what to do. Her father was that sort of man. If she could only call him—and she looked pathetically at the useless 'phone.

There a step sounded on the next door porch. Marjorie ran back to the hall. The man was letting himself out of the Stetson door.

He closed the door carefully and crossed the porch. He was carrying something—a heavy suit case.

As he went down the steps Marjorie's heart fluttered wildly. She mustn't let him get away like this.

She opened the screen door and ran out on the porch. The man had passed the house, going toward the avenue. She hurried after him.

"Sir!" she cried.

He turned around suddenly—and something in the suit case softly jingled.

Marjorie shrank back.

The man looked a little startled.

"Did you call me?" he asked.

It was evident that he had a plentiful supply of nerve.

"Yes," Marjorie stammered. What could she say next? "Have you a moment's time?" she asked.

"Why, yes," he answered. "Several moments."

Marjorie realized that she was in an extremely unpleasant dilemma. Now that she stopped the man, what could she do with him? Anyway, she mustn't let him think she suspected him.

"You were looking at property on

this street recently, I think," she said.

"That might disarm him," "Yes," he answered.

He looked puzzled.

"Did you find what you wanted?" instantly she realized that this didn't sound well. She hastily amended it. "Did you find a house that suited you?"

It was evident that he had his suspicions. Marjorie realized this. She was doing awkwardly. And yet when she met his look, she couldn't help being confused. It was difficult to believe that he could be a house breaker. Then she realized that she had never seen a housebreaker before.

"If you haven't quite satisfied yourself about the house, will you come back and look at this one?" she said. Then she hastily added, "From the outside."

He was looking at her curiously. Perhaps he thought her queer. She couldn't blame him if he did. But if he thought her queer, he wouldn't feel suspicious.

"I will be glad to oblige you," he said. "Which house is it?"

She pointed to the house from which she had just emerged.

"This," she said.

He certainly seemed surprised as he stared up at the house.

"Do you live here?" he asked.

"Yes," she hastily answered. "Wouldn't you like to look at the porch?"

He hesitated, and she expected at any moment to see him take to his heels.

But, no, he held his ground.

"Why, yes," he said, "if it will please you."

He spoke soothingly as if he wanted to quiet her. And as he spoke he ascended the steps.

She pointed to a chair.

"Be seated, please," she said.

He gave her a quick glance, and placing the suit case on the floor of the porch, seated himself.

"You are not alone here?" he said inquiringly, and there was a touch of solicitude in his tone.

Marjorie was frightened.

"Oh, no, no," she cried, "my friends are very near."

He nodded.

"That makes a difference," he said. She felt that it did make a difference, a great difference to the Lane silverware. And even as this thought crossed her mind, the point of the rocker in which the man sat happened to strike the suit case and the latter again gave forth its musical clink.

Marjorie wanted to cry out, but restrained herself.

"How do you like this house?" she hastily asked.

"The house? Oh, yes. Why, the house is well enough. And you say it is in the market?"

Marjorie fancied he spoke to her as he might to a little child.

And she could take no offense at this. At all odds she must keep him there until help came and he could be secured.

"Yes, it is a very good house, too. The next time you come I will show you the inside. It is fully as good as the outside. The porch is pleasant, don't you think?"

He looked about him critically.

"It seems to be a very good porch," he said, but his gaze rested on the girl.

She was seated on a low chair close to the steps—quite prepared to flee down them and raise a wild alarm if he attempted any threatening move.

"Yes," she answered; "it is even better than it looks."

"May I ask," he inquired, and she fancied his voice grew suddenly gentle, "if you are related to the owner?"

"I am his daughter," Marjorie promptly admitted.

He seemed impressed.

"And—pardon me—do they leave you alone in the house?"

Marjorie flushed.

"No, no," she quickly replied. "Not really alone. There is always the 'phone, you know."

He nodded.

"But just now the 'phone is out of order."

Marjorie gave a little gasp. Then he knew. Her dark suspicion was at once confirmed.

"Is it?" she weakly murmured.

"Yes," he answered. "There is a break that affects the entire block."

"How dreadful," said Marjorie still more weakly. But this would never do. She must conceal her agitation. She must hold this reprobate's attention. She was afraid that he doubted her sincerity. At least he had a very singular way of looking at her. She must continue the conversation and do her best to make it sound natural.

"You are quite sure the air is not too chilly for you?" said the bad man with still more solicitude.

Marjorie stared.

"I am very comfortable," she hastily answered. And then she flushed. She had never been more uncomfortable in all her two and twenty years.

"Why, why do you think I am uncomfortable?"

"I was afraid," the man replied. "That after a fever the atmosphere might be considered chilly."

"Fever?" said Marjorie. "I've had no fever." She could see his purpose now. He wanted her to go into the house—for a wrap, perhaps—and then he could hastily take flight.

"And you have no fear of incipient grip?" he asked. "They say it often takes a very insidious form."

He moved his rocker a little and again the suit case gave forth a clinking sound.

Marjorie started.

"You are nervous," said the bad man. "I'm afraid you do wrong when you needlessly exert yourself. I know that your father would not approve

of it. Let me call again when you are rested."

And he half arose.

"No, no," said Marjorie hastily. "I'm very well, thank you, and not at all nervous." She tried to laugh to show her unconcern, but it was a weak effort.

The bad man did not laugh.

"You said something about the sale of this house," he remarked as if to steady her.

"Oh, yes," she cried. "How do you like it?"

"It looks like an attractive residence," he replied. "May I presume to ask the owner's reasons for selling—it is often customary in advertising homes, you know."

"Yes," said Marjorie. "They usually claim it is lack of health, don't they? Or change of business, or something like that?"

"Something like that," the bad man replied.

Marjorie cudgeled her brains.

"If my father sold this house I think it would be because he wanted the money."

"An excellent reason," said the bad man. "It is frank, too, and unanswerable."

"I think it is," said Marjorie. "You see, living is much higher."

"So I understand."

"And clothes cost more—a great deal more. And help is dearer—and not nearly so satisfactory."

"It sounds discouraging."

"It is."

"And your father wants to sell his home on this account?"

"It is a good reason, isn't it?" He looked at her in silence.

"I wonder if your telephone isn't in working order now?" he said in a curious way.

"No, no," she cried. "I'm sure they haven't fixed it yet."

She was determined not to give him the chance to escape.

"I wish you would investigate," he said. "I will give you an excuse for going into the house. I am quite thirsty. May I trouble you for a glass of water?"

She shook her head.

"I dislike to be discourteous," she said, "but the water is not at all what it should be. You may have noticed that prominent physicians have several times declared that typhoid fever is directly traceable to impure drinking water."

He opened his eyes a little wider.

"You actually refuse me a glass of water?" he said. "That seems extraordinary."

"Perhaps it does," replied Marjorie, "but I assure you I am actuated only by the very best motives."

And she furtively glanced at the suspicious suit case.

The bad man opened his eyes still wider.

"I can't help thinking it seems strange," he said.

And just then Marjorie gave a start and a wild light suddenly gleamed in her soft brown eyes.

Her father was coming up the street.

She watched the bad man narrowly and waited his first desperate move.

Her father came nearer and nearer—he was ascending the steps, he was on the porch!

Then a most extraordinary thing happened before Marjorie could cry out.

"Why, hello, Compton," cried her father, cordially. "How are you?" And he held out his hand and the bad man shook it.

Marjorie gasped.

"This is very neighborly," said her father. "I suppose Compton told you dear, that he had bought the Stetson house next door, and is to live there with his mother. And you are very welcome, my boy." He turned toward the door. "Excuse me just a moment. I have a message to 'phone."

As he disappeared Marjorie turned quickly to the stranger.

"I—I took you for a housebreaker," she hoarsely whispered. "I saw you climbing through the window. I saw you bring out that. And she pointed at the suit case. "You can't blame me. You certainly acted the part."

The stranger laughed. Now that he was no longer a bad man he seemed a very attractive youth.

"And I took you for an irresponsible—mentally weak, you know, and you certainly played the role in a life-like manner."

Marjorie frowned.

"What's in that suit case?"

"Door trimmings, locks and hinges. I'm having them changed."

And the contents tinkled merrily as he pushed the case with his foot.

"Say," whispered Marjorie.

"Well?"

"Don't you dare betray me to my father."

"About the house?"

"About anything."

"Well, I'll think it over. In the meantime you are in my power—and don't forget it."

"Housebreaker!" she hissed.

"Irresponsible," he returned and rubbed his head and stared vacantly. Whereat they both laughed, and were still laughing when Marjorie's father came back—W. R. Rose, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Saturday Night Talks

By Rev. F. E. DAVISON
Rutland, Vt.

THE KING, THE ROCK OF AGES.

International Bible Lesson for July 17, '10—(Matt. 16: 13-28).

Diogenes, the Greek philosopher, in order that he might rebuke the degenerate inhabitants of Athens, took a lighted lantern in his hand and went through the streets of the city, peering into faces about him inquiringly, and when asked what he was searching so diligently for replied, that he was seeking for a man.

There were men enough in Athens, men for the schools and for the forum, men for official positions at home and abroad, men that would compare favorably with those of other nations,—but, in the estimation of the philosopher of the tub, they were all lacking in the essential qualities of manhood. It was not a question of sex, nor of age, nor of stature, nor of parentage, nor of attainments. He was looking for an ideal man, and he could not find him. He never did find him. He was looking in the wrong place for him. Athens could not produce that kind of a man.

The philosophers and poets could dream of and describe him. The prophets could foretell his coming. The artists could carve in immortal marble his physical perfections. The gymnasium could cultivate the physique appropriate for him. But the man the world was looking for was to appear in another quarter of the earth, and in a most unexpected way.

Located in Palestine.

If Diogenes had lived in Palestine 1900 years ago, and going up to Jerusalem with certain other Greeks, had made the same request that they did of one called Philip, "Sir, we would see Jesus," he could have extinguished his lantern then and there, for among all the sons of men that ever existed on this planet, Jesus of Nazareth, is the only being entitled to bear that name—the Man, Peter, the apostle, who knew him intimately, voiced the sentiment of the whole apostolic college when he made his glorious confession: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." That confession is the rock on which the church is founded, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. Christ is emphatically the rock of ages. He is rock, first, last and all the time; rock, in his center, and his circumference, outside and inside, rock. The philosophers and scientists, believers and unbelievers, have been driving their drills into his character for so millenniums but they have never discovered anything but rock. They have found a good deal of rubbish in his church, they have located areas of wood, hay and stubble in his followers, they have discovered hypocrites and hidden defects in his professed friends, but no one, of the innumerable company of investigators of The Man has ever so much as hinted at a suspicion of a fault in Him.

Has Met Every Test.

He has stood for 2,000 years the observed of all observers, all the microscopes focused on him, all the crowbars prying at him, all the critics picking upon him, dogging his steps, tracing his lineage, interrogating his disciples, considering his claims, tearing his book to pieces, estimating him over against others, and he stands to-day calmly facing the world of investigators and saying, "Who of you convinceth me of sin?"

The world has produced many great men. They have been born in every age and in every nation. They have been respected, revered, even worshipped. But every one of them has been defective. At some point they have broken down. At some time they have fallen short. In some places they have been a disappointment. There are some things about them that their most ardent devotees have to explain away and find excuse for. But not the Rock Man. There are spots on the sun, but the Son of Righteousness is spotless. It will take the world thousands of years yet to move up to the sublime heights of his teaching, and he who comes the nearest to following his example is the most eligible to the kingdom of heaven. Statesmen, philosophers, scientists, humanitarians, moralists, religionists of every creed under heaven unite in putting the crown of eternal distinction and supremacy upon the head of Christ.

It has been demonstrated in his person that a man can live on this earth, in the midst of most unfavorable conditions and be right in his youth and right in his manhood, right in his habits and right in his friendships, right in his training and right in his teachings, right in his business and right in his politics, right in his life and right in his death. Put out your lantern, Diogenes, the Man has been found.

The Pattern Man.

But the founder of the Christian religion is not to be the only man of rock-like qualities. He was the sample, the pattern man, and his disciples are to be of the same material. Founded on the rock of ages, his church is to be built up of the same enduring grade of character, and every individual member is a necessary block in the superstructure. What that church needs is not more men, but more man. The church must put on exhibition manhood patterned after the ideal man. Men blasted out of the same quarry, built on the same foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ, Himself, being the chief corner stone.

TRIAL LIST.—Wayne Common Pleas June Term 1910.

Week beginning June 7, 1910.

Spillvogel vs. Brutsch.
Reynard vs. Davis.
Gieski vs. Taylor.
Miller vs. Security Underwriter Company.
Cortright & Son vs. Erie R. R. Company.
Commonwealth vs. Miller.
Buchanan vs. Ingerman.
Whitney vs. Lake Lodore Improvement Co.
Hargerty vs. Cortright & Son.
Burke vs. Cortright & Son.

M. J. HANLAN, Prothonotary.
Honesdale, Pa., May 26, 1910. 45w4

APPRAISEMENTS.—Notice is given that appraisement of \$300 to the widows of the following named decedents have been filed in the Orphans' Court of Wayne county, and will be presented for approval on Monday, June 20, 1910, viz:

Thomas C. Ellison, Damascus: Personal.
Frank Magalski, Prompton: Personal.
Ralph G. Abbey, Salem: Personal.
Martin E. Bolckom, Dyberry: Real.

ACCOUNT OF ALBERT G. MITCHELL.—Guardian of Drusilla Young, a person of weak mind, of Damascus township, Wayne county, Pa.

Notice is hereby given that the second account of the guardian above named has been filed in the court of Common Pleas of Wayne county and will be presented for confirmation on Monday, June 20, 1910, and will be confirmed absolutely on October 27, 1910, unless exceptions thereto are previously filed.

M. J. HANLAN, Prothonotary.
Honesdale, Pa., May 26, 1910. 45w3

COURT PROCLAMATION.—Whereas, the Judge of the several Courts of the County of Wayne has issued his precept for holding a Court of Quarter Sessions, Oyer and Terminer, and General Sessions of the Peace, and for said County, at the Court House, to begin on

MONDAY JUNE 20, 1910, and to continue one week;

And directing that a Grand Jury for the Courts of Quarter Sessions and Oyer and Terminer be summoned to meet on Monday, June 13, 1910, at 2 p. m.

Notice is therefore hereby given to the Coroner and Justices of the Peace, and Constables of the County of Wayne, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at said Court House, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of said 13th of June 1910, with their records, inquisitions, examinations and other remembrances, to do those things which to their offices appertain to be done, and those who are bound by recognizance or otherwise to prosecute the prisoners who are or shall be in the Jail of Wayne County, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Honesdale, this 16th day of May, 1910, and in the 134th year of the Independence of the United States.

M. LEE BRAMAN, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office.
Honesdale, May 18, 1910. 35w4

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF WAYNE COUNTY.

Sora Olsen v. Ole Olsen.
No. 53 Jan. Term, 1910. *Divorce.*

To OLE OLSEN: You are hereby required to appear in the said Court on the third Monday of June next, to answer the complaint exhibited to the judge of said court by Sora Olsen, your wife, in the cause above stated, or in default thereof a decree of divorce as prayed for in said complaint may be made against you in your absence.

SIMONS, ATTY. M. LEE BRAMAN, Honesdale, Pa., May 10, 1910. Sheriff.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the accountants herein named have settled their respective accounts in the office of the Register of Wills of Wayne County, Pa., and that the same will be presented at the Orphans' Court of said county for confirmation, at the Court House in Honesdale, on the third Monday of June next—viz:

Account of Emma W. Harvey, executrix of the estate of Emma W. Harvey, deceased.
First and final account of Leslie Van Deussen and Frank Van Deussen, executors of the estate of Carrie E. Baker, Dyberry.
First and final account of E. E. Williams and Alonzo J. Williams, executors of the estate of John Williams, Berlin.
First and final account of Ellen Thompson, administratrix of the estate of John H. Thompson, Hawley.
First and final account of Alsop V. Tyler, administrator of the estate of Emily Wilcox, Damascus.
First and final account of James McInnis, administrator of the estate of Jacob Everly, Paupack.
First and final account of W. B. Guinnip, administrator de bonis non cum testamento annexo of the estate of Frederick Buddenhagen, Berlin.
First and final account of J. J. McCullough, administrator of the estate of Watson E. Beach, Damascus.
First and final account of M. J. Hanlan, executor of the estate of Mary L. Moulle, Texas.
First and final account of F. A. Ehrhardt, Jr., executor of the estate of H. J. Sieg, Dreher.
First and final account of E. A. Richardson, administrator of the estate of Frank Magalski, Prompton.
First and final account of Joseph P. McGarry, guardian of Leo F. McGarry, a minor child of Patrick McGarry, Honesdale.
First and final account of Emeline E. Smith, administratrix of the estate of Nicholas Smith, Clinton.
First and final account of Ezra Bishop, administrator of the estate of George Bishop, Berlin.
First and final account of F. P. Kimble, executor of the estate of Henry D. Smith, Honesdale.
First and final account of Harvey S. Brown and John D. Miller, executors of the estate of Estella B. Strong, Starrucca.
First and partial account of Nellie Woodward, administratrix of the estate of C. H. Woodward, Hawley.
First and final account of George M. Cobb, George McKinney and John F. Savitz, executors of the estate of Usual Cobb, South Canaan.
First and final account of Johanna Hoff, executrix of the estate of Henry Hoff, Cherry Ridge.
First and final account of John H. Gromlich, administrator of the estate of John Gromlich, Lake.
Second and final account of William H. Prosser, guardian of Lida Baker, by May Belle Hudson, executrix of the estate of William H. Prosser, Damascus.
Second and final account of E. A. Penniman, administrator of the estate of Francis B. Penniman, Honesdale.

First and final account of A. T. Searle and E. C. Mumford, administrators of the estate of Harley E. Fleming, Cherry Ridge.

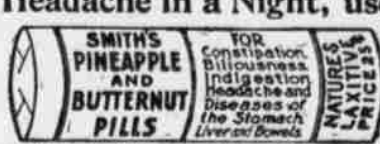
E. W. GAMMELL, Register.
Register's Office, Honesdale, May 25, 1910.

—Read The Citizen.

Specks Before The Eyes.

In no part of the body are the effects of constipation more quickly noticed than in the condition of the eyes. When you see a yellowish tinge in the whites of the eyes it shows that the poisonous bile pervades the whole system; but it is the specks and floating objects in the vision itself that are even more quickly apparent. Thousands of people "see things"; their vision is blurred, floating specks and spots which seem almost real pass before the eyes. Such conditions can always be traced to a torpid liver and a congested condition of the bowels. The only thing to do is to take Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills, which cure constipation as if by magic. They regulate the functions of the liver, remove the bilious elements from the circulation and strengthen the nerves. If your eyes are clouded, if you have specks and floating objects before your vision, use Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills and get the poisonous elements out of your blood. Physicians use and recommend. They form no habit. You should always keep them on hand. These little Vegetable Pills will ward off many ills.

To Cure Constipation Bilioousness and Sick Headache in a Night, use



SMITH'S PINEAPPLE AND BUTTERNUT PILLS

60 Pills in Glass Vial 25c.—All Dealers.

SMITH'S For Sick Kidneys

Bladder Disease, Rheumatism, the one best remedy. Reliable, endorsed by leading physicians; safe, effective. Results lasting. On the market 15 years. Have cured thousands. 100 pills in original glass package, 50 cents. Trial boxes, 50 pills, 25 cents. All druggists sell and recommend.

For New Late Novelties

—IN—

JEWELRY SILVERWARE WATCHES

Try

SPENCER, The Jeweler.

"Guaranteed articles only sold."

JURORS FOR JUNE COURT.

GRAND JURORS.

Berlin—G. T. Britenbaker.
Buckingham—Amos Edwards.
Canaan—William Sheeley.
Cherry ridge—E. C. Brown.
Clinton—S. A. Sneider.
Dyberry—Nicholas Dippert.
Dreher—Scott Bartleson.
Damascus—B. H. Keyes.
Honesdale—Thomas A. Crossley.
Sr. James Monahan, Alfred H. Oliver.
Hawley—Frank Stevenson.
Lebanon—Benj. Rutledge.
Manchester—Linus Mahon.
Mt. Pleasant—Thos. Dunn.
Oregon—Henry Tamblin.
Palmyra—Hugh Parcell.
Paupack—Augustus Lintner.
Preston—Henry Niles.
Starrucca—George Carpenter.
South Canaan—H. C. Curtis.
Salem—Byron H. Leonard.
Texas—Emanuel Holland, Fred Herman.

TRAVERSE JURORS.

Bethany—J. E. Goff.
Berlin—Herbert Branning, Fred Daniels.
Buckingham—Cain Lord, William Flynn.
Cherry Ridge—Ferdinand Dirlam.
Canaan—Norman Jenkins.
Clinton—John Mill.
Damascus—Augustus Keesler, H. B. Lord, G. A. Keesler, Ward Wall.
Dyberry—Harry E. Palmer, Geo. M. Day.
Dreher—A. J. Osborn.
Honesdale—Frank M. Robinson, Paul Knorr, Wm. Poile, John Driscoll.
Hawley—W. C. Knapp, J. J. Switzer.
Lebanon—Leroy L. Mitchell.
Lake—William Ransom, T. N. Jones.
Lehigh—Reuben Biesecker.
Mt. Pleasant—Wm. Glover, Grandison Loomis, James Clune.
Manchester—D. M. Stalker, Jr., Charles Phillips.
Oregon—George Taylor.
Prompton—William Wood.
Preston—Dennis Moran.
Paupack—John Muzzart.
Palmyra—Joseph Schottel.
South Canaan—Thomas Box, Jay Shaffer.
Salem—Edmund Hartford, Andrew McCluskey, Chas. M. Gillett.
Sterling—Abram Garris, Eugene Baisley.
Starrucca—E. R. Huyck.
Scott—William Eberline.
Texas—Julius Bussa, Jacob Demer, Sr., Michael Loercher.
Waymart—R. Wonnacott.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF ERIE TRAINS.

Trains leave at 8:25 a. m. and 2:48 p. m.
Sundays at 2:48 p. m.
Trains arrive at 1:40 and 8:08 p. m.
Saturdays, arrives at 3:45 and leaves at 7:02 p. m.