Captain P. A. MITCHEL Copyright, 1897, by Harper & Brothers,

[CONTINUED.] CHAPTER III.

TILL this unlucky wound A DEFINITE OBJECT. never heal? Time flies. and I, who should be up and doing, am caged like a tiger walking back and forth

within the limits of its inclosure." This was my complaint as I paced my room one morning shortly after the accidental reopening of my wound. My impatience was not without cause. I had gone south, as I have said, with two objects-to find my enemy and to gather information. I had failed in finding my enemy, but had gained a complete knowledge of the points essential to the capture of north Alabama and was carrying it to the general on the day I was shot. It had occurred to me before setting out that, after finishing my military mission, l might still wish to continue my search for my enemy. Besides, there were other contingencies, such as arrest or Illness, which needed to be provided for. I had therefore arranged that the general's favorite scout should be at Huntsville on the morning of the 1st of April to receive any communication I might find it necessary to transmit.

If I were prevented from meeting him, I was to send a messenger and had de

to keep my appointment, and there was no one at hand to whom I could intrust the message. I chafed till I had exhausted my small store of strength, then threw myself on my couch. Little Ethel came in and, like a soft ray of sunlight break ing through stormclouds, turned my oughts into gentler channels. held in her hand a bouquet of flowers which, it was easy to see, she intended for me, but needed encouragement to offer. I finally induced her to do so and to admit that she had been out a

vised a code of signals by which he

might be recognized. The appointed

day was drawing near, I was not able

long while looking for them for me es-I tried to unloosen her tongue, to induce her to confide in me, but in spite of all I could do she remained shy, and there was ever present that awe she had shown before of one who had taken a life.

Why do you look at me in that way?" She made no reply, casting down her eyes at my brown hand, which held her

dimpled fingers. 'You mustn't dread me because I am obliged to fight." I continued. "These are wartimes. There are a great many soldiers in the land who think nothing of killing one another."

"Don't they?" She raised her eyes wide open with surprise.

"Of course war is cruel, but-but it calls out much that is noble."

"When they kill each other?" What puzzling questions to come from such untutored lips! I was casting about for some explanatory reply when a sudden interruption relieved my embarrassment. A negro boy dashed into the room, through it and out of another door. He was followed by the white boy I had noticed on the day

"Doggone yo', Zac: I'll break every bone in yo' consarned black body!"

The words were scarcely out when he shot through the door by which the fugitive had vanished. Little Ethel ooked after him with frightened eyes, evidently dreading a catastrophe. 'Who's that?" I asked.

"Your brother?"

'Don't be alarmed. That's only a oy's passion. It won't amount to any-"He says such dreadful words."

"That's habit. He doesn't mean anything by it. But it's a habit that should be broken.'

I soon got her quieted, and she prattled about her dolls, her playhouses, some pet rabbits and a nook in the garden where she kept them. How singular that war, which absorbed all about should have no place in her mind Amid all the turmoil, the rumbling of

cannon, the tramp of men and horses. shwhacking, skirmishing, battles, this innocent little maid was strangely out of place. Her mother came in presently and took her away, fearing that would annoy me. I was louth to rt with her. No healing balm had en applied to my wound so soothing o grateful, as was her prattle to my evered brain and chilled heart.

They had scarcely left me when nek stalked into the room, his boyish ce as free from passion as if he had been ruffled. He had made sev eral attempts to visit me, notwithstand-ing that he had been forbidden the Seeing the coast clear, he slip-unaunounced and began a fire of

Does it burt?" My arm? Yes, it hurts some." 'I'm glad yo' plunked him."

Why do you sympathize with me in-ad of the other? You have only seen This was too much for him to ex-plain. I could see that he had conceiv-

I could see that he into could admiration for me, but he could

"What did yo' want to kill him fo'?" "I found it inconvenient to have him

"I'd like to shoot a man. I shot a rabbit once, but that's purty small game. Pop, he won't let me have a gun yet. He says I may have one when I'm 16."

"Buck!" called a voice from the hall. The boy dropped behind a sofa. An old woman entered and looked

"Yo', Buck! Yo' hidin somewhar! Yo' maw'll spank yo' sho' of she cotch yo' hyar troublin the gemmlen. Come out o' dar! I knows whar yo' air!"

I was about to interfere, but a natural distaste at giving away a fellow creature caused me to desist.

"I thought I hearn dat chile talkin." The woman stood still a moment, but, hearing no sound, lumbered out of the The boy popped up from his hiding place as soon as she had gone.

"I like yo'." were the first words he "Yo' wouldn't tell on a feller. would yo'?" "How could I when you are glad I

'plunked' my enemy? Is that your mammy?" "Yes; that's Lib "

"Nursed you from a baby?"

"Yes, an she reckons she's goin to nurse me all my life." "Is your name Buckingham?"

Buckingham! No: I ain't got any such doggene name as that! My name's

"How did you happen to get that name?"

"'Cause I was borned thar." "Where?"

"In Buckeye," "In Objo?"

"Reckon 'tis the same."

I contemplated Buck for a while without hearing any of the questions he continued to fire at me. Why not intrust him with the message? was every reason why I should not do so except that he was devoted to me and I had no one else to send. While I was deliberating Lib came in, surprised him, dragged him out of the room and shut the door.

I heard footsteps on the veranda, then in the hall, then ascending the staircase, as of people carrying a burden. The door had evidently been shut to prevent my seeing what was being done. For awhile there was a hurrying to and fro, and I knew that something unusual had occurred. After all had been quieted Buck, who had meanwhile escaped from his dusky captor, slipped back to forbidden ground.

It occurred to me that I could draw from Buck the solution of the recent commotion, but what passed under the roof of my friends was no concern of mine, and I scorned to get it from a mere boy. But I wished to test Buck's



"Yo', Buck! Yo' hidin somewhar!" said the old negro woman.

power of reticence. Ten to one he had been instructed not to talk to me about the mysterious occurrence. "Buck," I asked, "who came to the

house awhile ago?" "Wasn't anybody came to the house awhile ago."

"A sick man, wasn't it?"

"No, he wasn't sick."

"I thought you said no one came?" "No one did." "Of course no one came; he was car-

"If yo' know so much about it, Mr. Brandystone, what's the use o' askin

You admit that whoever he was he

"Of course he wasn't sick. How could he be sick if he wasn't any-There was a sudden rustling in the

hall, and Helen swept into the room, her eyes flashing fire. "Buck, leave the room!" she com-

manded in no uncertain tone. Buck gave a glance at his sister, which told him he had better obey, and walked out reluctantly. "You have been listening," I said

curtly. "I have not. I was coming through the hall and heard your last remark."
"And you infer that I was trying to

get a secret which does not at all con-cern me?"
"I most assuredly do."
"You are mistaken. I care no more

wear, I had another object in que tioning your brother.

"I wished to discover if he could keep a secret." "I dare say you did."

"I have intended nothing dishonor "Fudge!" She snapped her fingers and her eyes at the same time. "You don't believe me. Very well, I

don't believe that you were not envesdropping." "I was not eavesdropping!" she cried hotly. "You have the word of a southern indy."

"And I was not trying to get your secret. You have the word of a" stopped short. I had run against a snag. She gave me a glance of contempt and trlumph. Her head was up, a little to one side, her nostrils dilated, her breath slow and measured.

"Miss Stanforth," I said-I was near betraying what demanded secrecy-"I will prove to you before night-no, not before night, but soon-that I had another object. I will no longer remain in a house the inmates of which"- I made a step toward the door.

"Mr. Branderstane!"

bands."

"Miss Stanforth!" "In addition to sailing under false colors you are now going to endanger

"Fudge! What is my life to you?" I snapped my fingers. "A good deal just now. It is un-

pleasant to have a person die on one's

I was in no condition for this encounter. A buzzing was going on in my cars, a tingling sensation in my limbs. My knees were giving way, and I was obliged to sit down on the sofn. I looked longingly at a bottle of brandy that stood on the table, but was too proud to ask for it. In a moment Helen had poured some of the liquor into a tumbler and held it to my lips. I drank a reviving draft. She put her hands on my shoulders and gently

forced me to lie down. "This must not occur again," she said. "You have no strength to go, and I have no right to excite you while in your present condition. I believe what you told me." She put out her hand.

"Pardon," I said humbly. "When calm. I would as soon think of accusing you of envesdropping as I would accuse Diana of unchastity. I have been ungallant, rude-rude to a woman."

"Forget it. Lie still, and you will soon be yourself again." She sat down by a table and took up a book. "I will sit here and read while you recover your strength."

She read for perhaps half an hour. supposed she was interested in the book, for she turned one page after another and seemed to have forgotten me. At last she put down the volume, and by her first words convinced me that instead of being interested in it she had been thinking of my puzzling iden-

"I want to ask you one question."

"Where did you come from the day the shooting occurred?"

"Huntsville." She had asked the one question and had received her reply. I knew by her expression that she wanted to ask au-

"I suppose you were there long enough to become acquainted with the city. It's a beautiful place." "I was there a week."

The limit of one question having been overstepped in this indirect fashion, it was easier for her to proceed.

"What were you doing there?"

"Looking for some one."

"A man?"

"What for?"

I did not reply at once. I was thinking of some plan by which to put an end to her catechising. "If I tell you." I said presently, "will

you promise to ask me no more ques-

"If you prefer that I should not." "You wish to know why I was seeking my man at Huntsville?"

"You will keep what I tell you a se-"Yes."

"To kill him."

CHAPTER IV.

ITTLE BUCK had stood my test as to his reticence so well and I was at such desperate straits for a messenger that I resolved to use him. After breakfast I waited for awhile, hoping that he would come to my room, but as he did not I feared he was deterred by the autocratic Lib. I called Jackson and told him to tell the boy I wished to see him. I took a Confederate bill from my pocket and handed it to the darky, but he went off grumbling that he didn't "want no Yankee money, and mas'r wouldn't hab no niggar o' his'n takin money from a stranger nohow." He sent Buck to me, who came in looking somewhat astonished that I should take sufficient interest in him to call for him.

"Buck." I said, "I have something important to say to you." "What is it, Mr. Brandystone?" "Branderstune. Please don't make

"I won't, sho."

"Buck, I'm thinking of sending you on an errand, but it's a great secret."

The boy's eyes grew as big as saucers. I looked at him for a few moments to observe the effect of my announcement and then went on: "If you should tell any one, it might

cost me my life. You wouldn't tell, would you?" "Tell! Why, sooner 'n tell I'd-I'd-ruther be a-a-a-dead rat out in the back yard."

"I believe I'll trust you. Do you know the road to Huntsville?"
"I reckon so. I've been over it more'n

'Yes; Pete, Hel'n, she drives him in the buggy. She calls him hern, but he isn't. He's mine. I got a big dog too." "Never mind the dog. Could you get out your pony and ride into Huntsville



What are you thinking about?" I asked. without any one suspecting you were going on my account?"

"Well, now, why don't yo' give me somet'n hard?

"Go and get me a newspaper or an almanae." He was out of the room and back in a moment with a Huntsville paper of

that morning's issue. I scanned its columns before looking at the date and noticed this Item:

The main body of the Yankers are marching from Nashville to Columbia en route, it is sur-osered, to Pittsburg Landing, where they will loubtiess join the Federal General Grant. Looking at the heading, I saw that

the date was the 1st of April. "Now, Buck," I said, "get out your pony; then come to me for instruc-

tions.' "Look a-byar, Mr. Brandy-Brandy-

"Branderstane." Well, Mr. Brandinstane, if yo' got any 'structions I reckon yo' better give em to me now. Mebbe if I come back hyar that doggone ole Lib'll come in an

vank me out." "You're right. Reach me that sheet of note paper and a book to write onthat thin one; now a pencil. All right. Don't say a word till I have finished." I wrote a message in as infinitesimal characters as I was at le on a third of

a sheet of paper: Machine sheps at Huntsville in good order. Fit-teen to 20 locomotives. Nearly a hundred ears. No force in the town. To the east road runs purallel with and near the pike for several miles and is handy to cut. To the west party to cut the road must pass round the city on the north.

I put neither address nor signature to It, as none was necessary, and they would be conclusive evidence against me if the message should fall into the

wrong hands. "Buck," I said, "mount your pony and ride to Huntsville. A few min-utes before 12 o'clock go into the Huntsville hotel; you know-the big brick house on the square. Go up stairs and out on the front gallery. At 12 o'clock a man with black eyes, long hair and a pointed beard will walk out on the gallery. Don't say anything to him. Wait, and after awhile he'll say some

thing to you." "Will be?" asked the boy, his eyes full of wonder. "What'll be say?"

"He'll say, 'It's a fine day.' '

"What, if it's rainin?" "Yes; rain or shine, if he's the man you want, be'll say, 'It's a fine day.' Then you must say, 'Reckon you're weather wise, stranger.' To that be'll reply by asking you what kind of

"What massacre? What's a massa-

"Never mind that. Stick to the lesson I'm teaching you. You must say 'Black as night.' Then be'll say What's the word? and you can hand him this note. Now, suppose I'm the man with the pointed beard and you

go through the dialogue with me." I put him through his lesson till be had learned it perfectly. Then I sent him away with the injunction that, in case anything should go wrong with him, rather than part with the paper be was to swallow it. I rolled it into a ball and put it into the lining of his hat. Giving his little hand a squeeze, I bade him go, and he marched out as proudly as if he had been appointed military governor of Alabama. I had no doubt he would execute his mission to the best of his ability, but he was very young, and I feared he would make some blunder.

"What a fool I am!" I exclaimed as soon as he was gone. "I should have falled to communicate rather than intrust so important a matter to a boy. However, I'll leave here tomorrow morning, and, if my message miscarries, by the time it's discovered I'll be somewhere else."

Helen came in soon after Buck's departure and began to set the room to rights. She attended to her work silently and did not even look at me. I watched her as she moved about, arranging a curtain here, moving a chair there or piling books on the table more neatly. She was a true type of a southern woman-tall, willowy, a head set on her shoulders in a way to make an artist involuntarily reach for a brush. Her hair and eyes were as black as night, while on her cheeks was

"What are you thinking about?" I asked, going at the subject with brustue directness man you came to Alabama to

"You would shield him?" She kept her eyes on the road, watch ing a wagon that lumbered by, don't know whether I would or not."

"You want to know all about him?" "I do."

"In the first place you would like his "It might be well to begin with that."

"Then I can't begin, for I don't know his name." "Not know his name?"

"What is he like?"
"Tall, well built; square shoulders which he throws back like an officer in the regular army of the United States,' I paused. She waited for me to con tinue.

"You would also like to know wheth er his death would bereave any one-a father, mother, sister, some woman who hangs upon every word he says when he is with her and dreams of him constantly when he is away?" I spoke the words bitterly. I was thinking of my loss.

"Yes, I would like to know that too." "I can't satisfy you. I have seen him only once and then at a distance." "Does he wish to kill you?"

"No; I don't believe he is aware of my existence." 'Singular," she murmured thoughtfully. Then she turned and looked me

some great sorrow-done you some mighty wrong?" "You promised to ask me no more questions.

in the face. "He has occasioned you

"True. I beg your pardon."

Another woman would have pouted. coaxed, done everything but asked openly to have her curlosity gratified. Helen Stanforth was made of sterner stuff. She stood looking out of the window without another word. I walted till I was satisfied that she was too proud to ask for favor, then started in again with the purpose of watching the development of some other mood.

nte?" "I nm " "And you will not excuse those south-

"You are heart and soul a Confeder

ern men and women who differ with "Yes, if they do it openly." This was a cut at me which I did not care to notice. "Have you ever seen."

I asked, "men forced at the point of the bayonet to enter the Confederate army Have you ever seen families trying to leave the south to join those with whom they affiliated shot down in their tracks?" "You are a Union man, or you would

never talk that way," she interrupted.
"I was born and bred in Tennessee." "Yes, in east Tennessee." "May I not have seen great wrong done and yet given my heart and soul

to the southern cause? "You may, but have not." She was getting too near the truth. I must throw her off the trail. "I will impart one more piece of in-

formation with regard to myself. You

have promised to ask no more questions and have kept your promise. You deserve a reward." I took from my pocket a letter and held it up to her. It was addressed to-

MAJOR JOHN BRANDERSTANE, —th Tennessee Cavalry, Murfreesboro, Tenn. Her face lighted. She did not know there were Tennessee regiments in the Union service. "I knew you were a soldier, and now I know you are a Confederate." She put out her hand

but I did not take it.
"No, no," I said, "I will not take an unfair advantage of you. That evidence is not conclusive. I have shown it to you to prove that I may be what will. I could offer as good proof that

am a Yankee." "I don't care who you are, you are an

"I see no reason for you to assume "You have said it would be easy for

you to prove to me that you are what I wish you to be?" "Granted." "But you will not. You have reason to remain unknown; you have a great purpose; you have been robbed of some one you love; you have suffered from some of those outrages in east Tennessee that papa has told us about. There has been a cowardly murder.

You will be revenged. I know it: 1 She was splendid in her indignation, her sympathy. I protested against this burst of confidence, but to no purpose, Were I the veriest demon in Moloch's train no one could convince her of it. was not learned in the ways of women, but I had gained an insight into this girl's nature. Though it smoldered, it was emotional. No light kindling could set it aflame. There must be some strong underlying impulse. The purpose that I had revealed to her had taken hold of her imagination.

withhold my secret from her. She gave me an appealing look. 'Why do you not trust me?" "I do trust you. Am I not at your mercy? Should you inform the author-Ities that you have an unaccounted for man under your roof I should be ar-

But it troubled her that I should

"No, but will you aid me in remaining incognito?" She was silent. There was evidently a question which she was trying to

solve. "Would that be helping you to

kill your man?" she asked. "Suppose it would?" There was a dangerous glitter in her eye. Perhaps she experienced a fascination in being thus indirectly a party to my work of vengeance.

coming and going auroralike on her neck and cheek. Presently she drew her lips together tightly as if she were

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Additional train leaves Punxsutawney for But-ler 4:30 r. n. daily, except Sundays. CLEARFIELD DIVISION. EASTERN TIME. 70 72 Leave. A. M. P. M. 1 29 Reynoldsville 8 15 1 00 Fails Creek 8 07 12 35 DuBols 8 00 12 28 C & M Junction 7 21 11 49 Curvensville 7 08 11 38 Clearly d Mt, 8t. 4 7 00 11 39 Clearly d, N, Y, C.

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2.) Rochester, N. Y. Form N. P. 2.)

Dissolution of Partnership.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership niely subsisting between Lewis G. Lidle and F. E. Evans was dissolved on the 19th day of uly, 1901 by murual consent, so far as relates to the said T. E. Evans. All debts due to said artnership are to be paid to Lewis G. Lidle and all demands on account of partnership business are to be present to him for payment.

Dated Joly 19th, 1901.

Dated Joly 19th, 1901. Dated July 19th, 1901.

NOTICE OF SALE.

Inconsideration as a guarantee for payment the undersigned, John Vasiekovick, of Big Soldier, Jefferson county, Pa., does by these presents sign over unto John Suirie, of Helvetia, Clearfield county, Pa. the following described property: I bay horse, I red cow, 2 bigs, 2 calves, 2 open buggies, I two-horse wagon, I sewing machine, I bureau, I lounge, aid other household goods. The conditions are such: If the said John visiekovich will well and truly pay to the said John Suirie on or before March få, 1902. Four Hundred Bollars (\$400.00 in money lounced the said John Vasiekovick, by the said John Sairie, then above carolied property to be the property of the said John Vasiekovick, in default of such payment, said property to be seized by and held by the said John Suirie with or without process of law. In witness the parties have hereunto set their hunds and seals, at Helvetia, Pa., this second day of Acquest, 1907.

JOHN VASLEROVICK, 1001 SPILIE.

Signed in my presence.

DENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD. BUFFALO & ALLEGHANY VALLE

Low Grade Division. In Effect May 26, 1901. (Eastern Standard Time.

EASTWARD.										
STATIONS. Pitisburg Red Bank Awsonham New Bethlehem New Bethlehem New Bethlehem New Ridge Maysville Grook ville Owa Culler Reynoldsville Pancoast Falls Creek DuBois Sabuin Winterburn Pennfield Fyler Rennezette Grant Driftwood	*6 58 7 03 7 17 7 28 7 40 8 00 *8 16	A. M 5 6 15 9 28 9 40 10 13 10 20 10 43 11 10 +11 10 +11 16 +11 32 +11 40			No 10 P					

A.M. A. M. P. M. P. M. P. M Train 901 (Sunday) leaves Pittsburg 9.00 a. m.,

WESTWARD									
STATIONS.	No 108	No 106	No 103	No. 114					
Driftwood	A. M.	A. M.	411 000		M				
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Winterhorn	****	2 36	19 00	46.1	1.5				
Pennfield Winterburn Sabula Liu Bols Falls Creek Pancoast	2.00	7 43	12 51	****	4				
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Mayavillo	7 15 7 30 7 47	10 14	13 13	6 382					
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Summerville Maysville. Oak Kidge. New Bethlehem Lawsonbam.	8.91	9 67	414 KMS	2 77					
ROUT BUILDIE	8 40	10 10	31 90	7.30	1				
Pittsburg	*11 15	£12 35		\$10 IS	1				
	A 35			P. 34					

Train 942 (Sunday) leaves DuBots 4.10 p. m. Falls Creek 4.17, Reynoidsville 4.30, Brookville 5.09, Red Bank 6.30, Pittsburg 9.30 p. m. Trains marked * run daily; \$ daily, except Sunday; † flag station, where signals must be shown.

Philadelphia & Eric Railroad Division In effect May 26th, 1901. Trains leave Driftwood as follows:

Driftwood as follows:

EASTWARD

On a m—Train il, weekdays, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Hagleton, Pottsville, Scranton, Harrisburg and the intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p.m., New York, 9:30 p.m.; Baltimore, 6:00 p.m.; Washington, 7:15 p.m. Pullman Parlor carfrom Williamsport to Philadelphia and passenger conches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

senger conches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12-16 p. m.—Train 8, dally for Sunbury, Harristurg and principal intermediate stations acriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p. m., Net York 16:22 p. m. Raltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cal and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

162 p. m.—Train 6. daily, for Harrisburg and Intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 1:25 A. M.; New York, 7.13 a. m.; Baltimore, 2.30 a. m.; Washington 4:6 A. M. Pulliman Sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York, Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 A. M.

11:10 p.m.—Train 4. daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 7:22 A. M.; New York, 9:33 A. M. on week days and 10:38 A. M. on Sunday; Baltimore, 7:15 A. M.; Washington, 8:39 A. M. Pullman sleepers from Eric and Williamsport to Philadelphia, and Williamsport to Washington. Passenger coches from Eric to Philadelphia, and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:17 p.m.—Train 4. daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 7:22 a. m., New York, 9:33 A. M. on week days and 10:33 a. m., Sunday, 12:17 p.m.—Train 14. daily loo Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia; 2:22 a. m., New York, 9:33 a. m. vestibuled buffet sleeping cars and passenger conches Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

15:17 p.m.—Train 7, daily for Buffalo via Emperium.

16:28 a. m.—Train 7, daily for Eric, Ridge-

Emporium.

1:38 a. m.—Train 9, daily for Eric, Ridg-way, and week days for DuBois, Clermont and principal intermediate stations.

3:44 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Eric and inter-mediate points. Emporium.

15 p. m.—Train 15, daily for Buffalo via Emporium.

15 p. m.—Train 61, weekdays for Kane and inter pediate stations.

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Frames and Finish of all kinds, Rough and Dressed Lumber, High Grade Var-nishes, Lead and Oil Colors in all shades. And also an overstock of Nails which I will sell cheap.

PLANING MILL

J. V. YOUNG, Pro

You will find Sash, Doors,

a bright color. There was something on her mind. I could see that plainly. I fancied if I gave her time it would "You have not answered my quescome out. At last she dropped her work and stood looking out of the win-Still she was silent. The blood was

"I would never do that."

Signed in my presence.
J. M. Lats, Justice of the Peace.