They took the blossom of the oak, The blossom of the broom, The blossom of the meadowsweet, To be her body's bloom.

But they forgot from mother-earth
To beg the kindling coal;
They made for him a wife of flowers,
But they forgot the soul.
—Ernest Rhys, in Harper's.



YOUNG Englishman stood on the deck of a sailing vessel coming into the harbor of Honolulu. He had been living in the wilds of Crampton felt his blood chill in his Australia for three years,

and was making his first return to the land of his birth, where a pair of blue eyes were waiting to give him a lover's

The vessel was several days overdue. sailed the day before. That meant a month or more in this out-of-the-way

He passed the day on the veranda of the quaint little hotel, inhaling the fragrance of the vines and flowers. Luscious mangoes, figs, guavas and tama-rinds were within reach of his hand; tall palms and cocoanuts in the dis-tance bowed with the slight breeze, as if giving him honorable welcome to this

That night there was a ball in the hotel, given in honor of a British man-of-war lying in the harbor. A native band played weird minor airs, beautiful women and handsome men in uniform laughed, danced, and flirted as ey might have done in any city of the Old World.

But, somehow, gayety seemed out of harmony with the soft voluptousness of this tropic isle. Then the perfumes of a jasmine flower, linked with the low notes of mellow laughter, drifted down the moonlight air; there was the rustle of silken skirts, the flash of a pair of soft, dark eyes, and he knew queen of fairyland had come.

An elderly man, with a slight, girlish figure clinging lightly to his arm, stopped at his side.

Pardon me," the man said, in good English, as he lightly brushed something from the young man's shoulder. A centipede. You need not be alarmed. They are harmless, unless angered."

The young man bowed his thanks. He was startled, not at the thought of the insect, but at the beauty of the girl.

"It seems there are still disagreeable things in the Garden of Eden," he replied, his eyes upon the fair creature looking up at him with innocent curiosity. "Everything here is so beauti-'ul," he continued, hurriedly, to hide his boldness. "You see, I am a stranger among you. My name is Crampton. I am on my way from Australia to England. We missed the American ship, and I must await her return."

The other extended his hand. 'My name is Brickwood. Mr. Crampton, my daughter, Emaline."

A soft, musical voice acknowledged the introduction, while dark, velvety eyes looked shyly into his. Then some one came to claim her for a promised passed waltz, and she floated away, leaving desert. the fragrance of jasmine trailing be-

The two men lighted cigars and Crampton told enough of his affairs to win Brickwood's confidence. The elder man was Devonshire born, and had settled on the island when it had a few white occupants, and had heard a hissing sound. Out of the married a full-blooded native woman, the daughter of a chief. He was now

Long after the dancers had departed. Crampton sat on the veranda, puffing ouds of smoke into the feathery moonlight, and thinking of a beautiful girl with bronze skin, gowned in soft silk and crane, her only ornament a crown of jasmine flowers, the odor of which still lingered with him.

He had accepted an invitation from er father to dine at their cottage next day, and he longed for the morrow that he might see her again. She seemed part of the music and moonlight of this new, delightful world. For the first time for years he retired that night without looking at the portrait in the

Into a vine-cladarbor of roses Crampton passed, to be welcomed by the vision of the previous evening. Again he drank in the scent of the flower, again he wandered in Elysium, entranced by the luster of those fawn like eyes, again he heard the caressing tones of that flutelike voice. He was as one dazed by some strange spell, having its birth in a beauty new to

But when her mother came into the oom he felt a sudden shock, as though he had fallen from a height. She was an enormous woman, dark copper in color, with irregular features, deep, luminous eyes, a broad, flat nose and straight black hair. She wore but one garment, a loose robe of bright red

Could this be the mother of the beautiful creature who had so enraptured him? There was no resemblance save in her voice, which was low and mellow, like that of the girl. She sang native songs, thrumming an accompaniment on a small instrument, half

One of these songs, a wild, weird chant, moved the Englishman so that eternal bliss.- Illustrated Bits,

he asked for an interpretation of it. THE HEAD OF THE

Many years ago there were several tribes on the island. They were con-tinually at war with each other. Finally two great chiefs formed all the people into two armies to battle for supremacy. ple into two armies and went out

The struggle was long and bloody. Many thousands were slain. At last Kamehameha defeated the followers of Oahua and drove them up the Newauna Valley to the top of the crater of Pali. On this mountain the last battle was fought and the Oahua and all his followers were driven or thrown over the

After the great slaughter a mist aros and began to fall like tears on the dead. It had never ceased. And in this mist the spirit of Pali, the protecting spirit of the natives, has her home. When any one wrongs a descendant of the mist and wreaks speedy vengeance

While she recounted this legend the woman seemed to be inspired. Her immense body swayed back and forth in time to her words, her half-closed eyes

veins. The story seemed to have some personal equation, to be in some subtle manner linked with his own future.

Time braided the days into ropes of

flowers for Crampton. The languor of the climate stole into his blood and and his brow clouded when he was told that the American ship which transferred the Australian passengers had the formula of the children in th ove of her.

The picture of the blue-eyed Saxon girl in the back of his watch was forgotton. England, with its turgid civilization, seemed far away, unreal.

It was as if he had always lived this indolent dream life. They walked and rode and swam together. She taught him the liquid love words of her peo ple, which was like the music of shallow waters rippling ever pebbles.

Sometimes they wandered to the sum mit of Pali and watched the misty tears falling into the depths where slept the heroes of an almost forgotter The place had a strange attrac tion for him, and sometimes he coaxed the girl into repeating the legend.

But to her light heart the tragic tale held no charms. She was like a fawn that loves to play in the sunlight, without thought of the past or future. He

was sufficient for her.

But one day there came a vessel into the harbor and he awoke. His days of drifting were over. He must choose between ancestral home in a civilized country and this half-barbaric existence; take up the duties and burdens of activity or embrace inaction, becoming for good and all a drone in the busy hive of the world's life.

His Saxon blood rebelled at a future so cheap, so unimportant. It was a struggle, but his decision was made.

It was late in the afternoon. Cramp ton and Emaline had wandered far over the island, lingering in the flowery nooks that companionship had made dear to them. They stood now in the shadow of a palm half way up the crater of Pali.

The sun, a chariot of fire, was rolling down toward the far-stretched line of the blue Pacific. In the harbor lay the ship that was to sail in the morning; the ship that was to put two ceans between them.

He told her as they stood there-told her with the calm, steel-like tones of the Anglo-Saxon when he has to over come himself, his face was drawn and white, but with no tremor in his voice -he told her all, his duty, his pros pects, even his engagement to the blueeyed girl. When he had concluded she stood like a flower over which has passed the hot breath blown from a

you are my life. I love you.

He would have answered her, but no words came to him. Like two statues

of grief they stool in the soft sunlight.

Then suddenly from above they great mouth of Pali came a breath of steam that spread over their heads like a great fan. And in the centre of it stool a dark cloud in shape like a woman. Above them it hovered, reaching out long, sinuous arms.

"The spirit! The spirit of Pali!" cried the girl, sinking to the ground and hiding her face from the light.

Crampton stood for a moment trans fixed with horror. Again he seemed to the old woman, the mother of Emaline, as she recited the weird legend. "When any one wrongs a descendant of a chieftain's line the spirit rises out of the mist to wreak speedy

The words rang in his cars like clarion. He turned away with a shud-der. Then the materialism of his race came to his rescue. He caught up the girl in his arms and ran down the de-

clivity toward the sea. Glancing back, he saw the shadow following them. On he plunged, an awful fear taking possession of him. He heard the hissing as of a great serpent behind him. Loose stones gave way under his feet and plunged into the placid waters, cooing softly to the shore. Branches and briers tore at his flesh and retarded his speed.

But he struggled on with his preciou burden, fearing now to look behind. At last he reached the shore and plunged into the sea.

The girl, revived by the waters, kissed his cheek and murmured, "Alo The surf lifted them on its kindly bosom and bore them forward. Anone standing upon the sands they would have been but a tiny speck on

the distant blue. Then the mist with the black shadov whirled about, returning to Pali. The spirit was avenged. But, clasped in ach other's arms, the lovers drifted out to where love is the password to

# HOUSE FOOLED AGAIN.

What He Wanted Was Less Mo iotony in Diet, and When He Got It, Didn't Think It Funny.

The head of the house had partaken of the soup in silence, with the air of one who is unwilling to diminish his standing as an epicure by indiscriminate praise. But when the platter for the meat course came in, he spoke, says the New York Tribune.

"Beef again!" he said, tragically.
"Do you know, my dear," dropping
into a plaintive tone, "there are times when beef begins to pall on me?"

"We had lamb yesterday," wife, "and on Monday, you know, we had a roast loin of pork.

"Oh, I know! That's just it. Beef, nutton and pork, pork, mutton and beef! One monotonous round, and all taste alike. I sometimes think that the eatable animals were originally one, and were only gradually differentiated by locality."

"You don't care for chicken." "Oh, I get tired of chicken, that's all," with the patient tone of several martyrs. "What I would like is a little change-a little variety.'

"We had a rabbit stew last week. I thought you enjoyed that. If you like. I'll have it again to-morrow "My dear," said the head of the house, almost dropping the carvingknife in his agitation, "I don't see why you imagine because I happen to eat something with a tolerable relish I can stand it for seven days in the week Let the rabbit rest for a while. Beef!"

"The last time we had duck you said you never wanted to see another." "The marketman sold you a black duck for a widgeon," in a pained voice. "But you didn't know that till you

"I knew it was overdone," with dig nity. Then, as he inserted the point of the carving-knife in a convenient seam he murmured again, "Beef!"

"If I had known you wouldn't care for it I might have had some fish." "You can't get any fish that has the right flavor after it has been packed

and kept on ice." "The marketman telephoned that he had some fine bear steak. I almost wish I'd got that."

"I like it extremely, but, as you must have heard me say, Mary cannot-simply cannot—cook it."
"It's a pity that some new animal

can't be invented for you," said the long-suffering housewife, rebelling at "I was reading the other day that they ate iguanas in South Amer ica, and that the Digger Indians cor sidered ants' eggs a great delicacy.' "I don't think I am hard to satisfy,"

said the head of the house, helping himself to a substantial piece of the meat before him. "Perhaps I had no right to hint that an occasional variety in my diet would be What is this?"
"What is which?" said his wife, as

he chewed slowly and analytically.
"This—this meat."
"It's venison. The currant jelly is to the right of you.

"I suppose you think that is funny," said the head of the house, trying to

### look dignified. Rented Wedding "Gifts."

"I was a party to a little deception this spring that was a new thing in my line of business," said the proprietor of a silverware store in Harlem.
"A woman who studied abroad for her fairly successful career as a concert singer on this side of the Atlantic came to me to buy a wedding present for her For that she paid cash. Then she proposed to hire various articles "Aloha nue loa oei," she murmured.
"We are one. I live not but in you; paying a fair price for the loan of the dierature on the side table. It was necds. She assured me she had made similar arrangements with a bric-abrac dealer in Broadway. I read an account of the wedding in the news papers. The silverware I had rented was duly mentioned among the gifts. I presume there were others. that renting out wedding gifts is quite a common occurrence in Paris and London, but I never before heard of it in New York."

# The Pace That Kills.

The microbe of hurry, hurry, useless hurry, is in the air; so much so, in fact, that it is almost impossible for a city dweller, no matter how well balanced he may be, not to become inoculated with it. Women and song are not the only influences that go to make up the "pace that kills." The average life of the business man or the society woman hurries people to catastrophe as fast as does that of the "rounder" 'dissipate."

Did you ever do anything on this order-rush your meals, rush your play, make a fool of yourself running half : block for a car already crowded to the guards? You plead guilty, do you? Then you are going a pace that kills just as surely as the more widely heralded pace,-Kansas City Star.

# Under the Razor.

One day last week Burt Lynch was shaving a man. He was in a hurry to finish him, as he wanted to go to a show and he threw the lather around rather recklessly. Some of the soap got in a customer's mouth, and he, of course, registered a mighty kick. Instead of taking umbrage at the man's hot language, the barber told him to keep quiet and be careful not to let other swell, and yet another, and to the boss hear him, and he wouldn't charge him anything extra.-Free water (Ore.) Times.

People are always regretting that they didn't have the sense "then" that they have "now," little realizing that they haven't much "now."—Atchison Globe.



According to the Express, London had a day of "blaring sunshine" June 14, which "sent the temperature up to sixty-eight degrees."

Sheerness, England, though an important paval station and a town of more than 15,000 inhabitants, does not possess a single telephone.

Rosa Wedsted, the Finnish giantess of Helsingfors, has now reached the height of seven feet two inches. She is twenty-four years old and is still

A bee that works only at night is found in the jungles of India. It is an unusually large insect. The combs are often six feet long and from four to six inches thick.

The Prince of Monaco, a devotee of deep-sea curiosities, has found luminous shrimps living at great depth, where all is dark. When put in an aquarium they lose their light-giving

While a small engine weighing fifteen tons, used by the railway contractors was crossing the Victoria Falls bridge just after nightfall it ran over some thing on the line, says South Africa. The driver pulled up to ascertain the nature of the obstacle, and was considerably surprised to find an enormous leopard lying terribly injured between the rails. The brute expired in a few moments. It measured eight feet in length, and a marvelous feature of the incident is that the engine was not de-

In an address delivered before the Section of Anthropology of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Mr. E. L. Blackshear maintains the proposition that the scarcity of islands, peninsulas and bays along most of the coast line of continental Africa has directly exerted a profound influence on the character of the inhabitants of Africa, by isolating them from all the great world movements of history. Deprived of the stimulus of commercial and maritime influences, they have remained stationary and dormant with regard to the organic life of the human species.

### His Sunday at Home.

An Atchison man who was compelled to spend yesterday at home because of the rain had neglected to lay in a supply of newspapers, and had to fall back upon his wife's kind of reading matter to kill time. At 11 o'clock he picked up her favorite. When she called him to dinner at 1 o'clock she noticed a wild glare in his eyes. ate in silence, putting olive oil in his coffee and sugar on his cucumbers, but still she suspected nothing. He returned to his reading after dinner, and at 4, when she was sitting in a chair near him reading "The Dreams of Gladys," and thinking how lovely it was to have a rainy Sunday and her husband all to herself, giving him op-portunity to read what she liked and to discuss it with her afterward, he suddenly gave a loud yell, threw down the book, grabbed her by the hair and tried to cut her throat with a hairbrush. The man had read her favorite novel through and had gone mad. required five neighbor men to hold him ill night, but this morning he was some quieter. He has had a violent attack only once to-day, and that was when in my store for the wedding day, furmorphine.—Atchison Globe.

Street car conductors regard inquisitive women passengers with supersti-The other day a tious dread. blew out in a Broadway car and that car was hitched on as a trailer to the one ahead. Presently a woman began to ask questions.
"What would happen," she said, "if

the fuse were to blow out in that car ahead? What would become of Would the car ahead of that be able to drag both these cars?"

"I don't know," said the conductor. "But don't worry. We won't have a chance to find out. A double accident of that kind has never happened to a car of mine yet, and it isn't likely to happen once in a hundred years."

Just then there was an explosion ahead and both cars came to a stand-The fuse had blown out.

"Confound that woman," the conductor. "That is all her fault. This wouldn't have happened if she "That is all her fault. hadn't asked so many fool question. She's a Jonah."-New York Press.

# Still Useful.

"Since you have installed dynamite guns to check tornadoes and whirl winds," said the Eastern man, "I sup pose you have no further use for your cyclone cellar." "Yaas, stranger," drawled the Kan-

sas farmer, "them cyclone cellars is mighty useful sometimes. Here! Here Look at that cloud on the horizon Run fer th' cellar!"

Grasping the Eastern man by the arm he whirled him off on the run for that refuge, and battened down the dooor just as a rumbling sound as of earthquakes filled the air. "Was that a cyclone?" asked the

Easterner, wonderingly.

"Wuss, far wuss, stranger!" said the ansan. "Thet was Cholly de Chump-Kansan. leigh in his 200 H. P. autermobile try in' to cut down th' record run between ty minutes and four and a half sec-

THE NATIONAL GAME.

Chesbro still works the "spit ball." Freeman is doing some of his old-time stick work.

"Ducky" Holmes (Am.) is batting well for Chicago.

Second baseman Huggins is playing sensational ball for Cincinnati. The Washington Club has sold sec-ond baseman Mullin to the Baltimore

Pitcher Bernhard is acting manager of the Cleveland Club during Lajoie's disability.

Bransfield has already stolen more bases this season for the Phillies than he did all last year for Pittsburg.

Stomach trouble, a bad ankle and blood poisoning make Lajoie's life a big load of discomfort these days.

Walter Clarkson, it is now announced, will not return to New York until the close of the Eastern League

Charley Hickman has strengthened the Washingtons since he joined the team, and fans say that he is well worth the money paid for his release. George McBride, the young short-stop secured by St. Louis from Pitts-burg, handles himself well and looks like a good one. He also bats and throws well.

Malachi Kittredge, of the Washingtons, thinks that Boston has a fine show for the pennant. "They'll come around all right bye and bye," says he. "They have the pitchers."

When some of the Boston players learn to hold their bat a little shorter and also to hurry their swings, their batting might be a little better. At least so Tim Murnane declares.

Tim Murnane says that the erratio is caused by a desire to use the spit ball. It put Chesbro out of it, and Al Orth has lost his effectiveness while

### NEWSY GLEANINGS.

The Nile dam at Assouan has saved Egypt's cotton crop.

Norway still favors a monarchy, says the President of the Storthing. A Michigan court has decided that a husband is the heir-at-law of his wife. Within a few years the Steel Corporation will need 20,000,000 tons of ore a

Since the first of the year this country has imported \$2,000,000 worth of automobiles.

A Kentucky woman, only thirty-three years old, has just acquired her ninth husband. Horace C. Silsbury, inventor of the steam fire engine, is dead at his home in Seneca Falls, N. Y.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's extrava-gance is well known, and her house in Paris shows it in every way.

The telephone and rural free delivery of mail have increased Georgia farm lands from \$10 to \$100 an acre. The Yaqui Indians, of Sonora, Mex ico, tiring of the long, diastrous war against the Government, are now ask-

ing peace. The New York Central Railroad has obtained the State's co-operation in its plans to abolish all grade crossings within fifty miles of New York City. Of the wounded Russian soldiers treated at Harbin, 1200 were found to have mutilated themselves by cutting

off the first fingers of the right hand. Twenty-six school teachers at Chicago attached a tourist car in which they had traveled to Portland, Ore, claiming they had not been fed as well

The annual report of Postmaster George H. Hibbard shows a revenue from the Boston district of \$4,508,745 for the fiscal year ended July 1. The cost of clerk and carrier hire was \$1,026,073, and of the rural free delivery

The German Crown Prince

A story of the German Crown rince's student days at Bonn illustrates an admirable trait in his character, his loyalty to a friend once It is a point of honor in the student duels which Mark Twain has countries that a combatant should not flinch when the part of his cheek which is not protected by copious padding receives a slash from the rapier. If he does so he is dismissed the corps as devoid of "courage." An otherwise excellent young man, an intimate friend of the Crown Prince, winced on one of these occasions says the Manchester Guardian, and rendered himself liable to the custo mary penalty. The Crow Prince declared that if the sentence were car ried out he would forthwith leave the corps and ostentatiously frequent the society of his friend the delinquent. He carried his point .- St. Jame's Ga-

REMOVING BRASS STAINS. An authority declares that the blackest stains on brass will yield to oxalic acid and a chamois. The acid should be used with the utmost caution, of course, and the bottle, if any acid be left, placed absolutely out of reach of irresponsible members of the

### Pennsylvania Railroad. In effect May 29, 1904. Main Line.

Day Express...... Mail Express, daily.... Fastern Express...... Leave Cressor ridan Accom., week days... ific Express, daily... y Passenger, dally... sburg Express... cago Special....

Chicago Spectal. 232
Pittsburg Accom. 453
Sheridan Accom. week days 707
Main Line, daily 756
Cambria & Clearfield Division. In effect May 29, 1904.

Leave Patton—Southward. Train No. 703 at 6:50 a. m. arriving at Cresso 0 a. m. in No 709 at 3:38 p. m. arriving at Oresson 5 p. m.

Leave Patton-Northward. Train No. 704 at 10:47 a. m. arriving a hafter at 11:48 a. m. and at Glen Campb 12:15 a. m. Train No. 708 at 6:57 p. m.

# NEWYORK & HUDSON RIVER R. R.

(Pennsylvania Division.) Beech Creek District. Condensed Time Table.

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NY and P C R R; at Clearfield with the Bus
laid, Rochester and Pittsburg railway; at Ma
haffey and Patton with Cambria and Clearfield
division of the Pennsylvania railroad; at Ma
haffey with the Pennsylvania railroad; at Ma
haffey with the Pennsylvania and North
western railway.

Geo. H. Daniels,
Gen. Pass. Agt.,
Gen. Agent,
New York,
Williamsport, Pa.

Pradfield, Gen'l Supt., New York.

Pittsburg, Johnstown, Ebens burg & Eastern

R. R. ed Time Table in effect June 8. Leaving Ramey.

Leaving Philipsburg Leaving Philipsburg...

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Kamey...... 6 33 8 26 11 45 8
Waltzvale.... 6 88 8 50 11 50 8
Fernwood... 6 48 8 40 12 00 8
SUNDAY TRAINS.

To Philipsburg.

connections—At Philipsburg(Union Station) with Beech Creek rallroad trains for and from Bellefonte, Lock Haven, Williamsport, Rading, Philodelpuia and New York, Lawrenew ville, Coming, Watkins, Geneva and Lyong (Cearfield, Mahaffey and Patton; Curwensville, Dubois, Punxsutawney, Ridgway, Bradford, Burfalo and Rochester.

Connections at Oscola Mills with Houts, dale and Ramey with P R R train leaving Tyrone at 7:20 p. m.

For full information apply to

J. O. REED, Superintendent.

Philadelphia &

Reading Railway. Engines Burn Hard Coal-No Smoke

Engines Burn Hard Coal—No Smoke.

IN EFFECT MAY 15, 1904.

Trains Leave Williamsport From Depot, Food of Pine Street.

For New York via Philadelphia 7:30, 10 a. m., 12:29, 4:00, 11:30 p. m. Sunday 10:00 a. m., 11:30 p. m.

For New York via Easton 10 a. m., 12:20 noon, Sundays 10 a. m.

For Philadelphia, Reading, Tamaqua, Mahanoy City, Ashland and all points in Schuyk kill coal repton 7:30 10 a. m., 12:29, 4 and 11:30 kill coal region 7:30, 10 a. m., 12:29, 4 and 11: p, m. Sundays 10 a. m., 11:30 p. m.

p. m. Sundays 10a. m., 11:30 p. m.

Trains for Williamsport:
Leave New York via Easton 4, 9:10a. m.,
1:20 p. m. Sundays 4:25a. m. and 1 p. m.
Leave New York via Philadelphia 12:15, 4:25,
250, a. m., 2:00 and 7:00 p. m. Sundays 12:15a.
250, a. m., 2:00 and 19 p. m.
Leave Philadelphia, Reading Terminal, 4:25a.
250, a. m., 8:36 and 10:20 a. m., and 4:35 p. m., and
11:30 p. m. Sundays 4, 9:00 a. m., 4:00 p. m.
and 11:30 p. m.
Through coaches and parlor cars to and from
Philadelphia and New York.
Tickets can be procured in Williamsport at
the City ticket office and at the depot, foot of
Pine Street.
Baggage checked from hotels and residence Baggage checked from hotels and residence direct to destination.

EDSON J. WEEKS, General Passenger Agent. A. T. DICE,
General Superintendent.
Reading Terminal, Philadelphia.
Parlor Cars on all express trains.

## Huntingdon & Broad Top Mt. Railroad.

In effect Sept. 7, 1903. Southward.

Southward.

Train No. 1 (Express) leaves Huntingdon (every day except Sunday) for Mt. Dallas at 8:35 a. m., arriving at Mt. Dallas at 10:20 a. m.

Train No. 3,(Mail) leaves Huntingdon (every day except Sunday) for Mt. Dallas at 5:55 p.m. arriving at Mt. Dallas at 7:39 p. m.

Train No. 7. (Sundays only) leaves Hunting don for Mt. Dallas at 8:35 a.m., arriving at Mt. Dallas at 10:05 a. m.

3 All trains make connections at Mt. Dallas for Bedford, Pa., and Cumberland, Md.

las for Bedford, Pa., and Cumberland, Md.
Northward.
Train No. 4 (Mail) leaves Mt. Dallas (every day except Sunday) for Huntingdon at 9:35 a. m., arriving at Huntingdon at 11:10 a. m.
Train No. 2 (Fast Line) leaves Mt. Dallas (every day except Sunday) for Huntingdon at 3:30 p. m., arriving at Huntingdon at 5:15 p. m.
Train No. 8 (Sunday) contains a contained to the sunday of th Train No. 8, (Sundays only) leaves Mt. Dal-las for Huntingdon at 4:00 p. m., arriving at 5:30 p. m.

CARL M. GAGE, General Manager

IRONING HANDKERCHIEFS. In ironing handkerchiefs it is useful to remember that the middle should be ironed first; to iron the edge first causes the middle to swell out like a balloon, and makes it difficult to iron satisfactorily. Test the iron carefully before using it; a piece of rag should be at hand for this pur-

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