Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., Sept. 13, 1889.

The Story Of Monticello.

How the Home of Jefferson is Said to Have Come to its Present Owners

The Monticello plantation is owned by a man named Levy (pronounced, or rather requested to be pronounced, Levy). I will tell you how he came into possession of it if you will listen to a long story, which you will not hear elsewhere. My narrator had it of his father, and his father of his father, who was the son of that Martha Randolph, Jefferson's only surviving daughter, who was left at his death, when her father had paid every dollar he owed, even to the uttermost farthing, without a home or means of support. It happened in this wise, and we must go back to the second war with Great Britain.

When that difficulty was over the United States Government gave brevet rank to most of the creditable army and naval men who had served through the struggle. Young Levy was breveted First Lieutenant and went over to France, where he took high rank in Jewish social circles—so high rank that one of the maiden ladies of the Rothschild family declared her passion for the handsome, commanding looking young American, and swore that she would become his bride. The elder Rothschilds were a shrewd lot. They sent for the handsome black-eyed officer and asked on what terms he would instantly return home. He indignantly assured them that he was "an officer and a gentleman." They accepted this fact and increased their bribe, but not until he had obtained something like $150,000—a large sum in those days—did the gallant American feel that his honor would be unstained and his purse at the same time replenished.

He remained in our service till about 1826 or 1827, a short time after Mr. Jefferson's death, when Mrs. Randolph was about to quit Monticello, being destitute of means to keep it. A relative of her family was in Philadelphia on business and in his hotel he mentioned that on a certain day just in time for him to get to Charlottesville, Monticello would be sold. Five gentlemen who happened to hear this speech had a consultation, came to the Virginian, and asked what figure the house and grounds would probably bring. "It will be sold," said the relative, "for $3,000 to satisfy a creditor who will gladly let it go for that on account of his consideration for the family for we hope to buy it in." The five Philadelphians at once handed the Virginian $3,000. "Give it," they said, "annonymously to Jefferson's daughter. It is from five men who honor his memory too highly to permit his home to go out of the family.

The Virginian was a kind-hearted but loquacious fellow. His whole nature was stirred with this good news. In the stage coach that night, between Philadelphia and Washington, the home keeping-youth betrayed his homely wits. He told everybody of how his "Cousin Martha" was to have Monticello for the rest of her days; that he had the check for the amount in a Philadelphia bank. He treated everybody to old rye whiskey on the strength of it when he reached his next stopping place. But there he lingered, like other mightier men, too heavy with slumber to go on when the bugle sounded. His potations cost him a day's delay. But the other passengers were not belated. Among them was a handsome, stalwart, youngish man with Hebrew features.

When the Virginia relative arrived in Charlottesville a week later he went in haste to the pressing creditor. "Here," he said, "is your $3,000, old man, and Cousin Martha and the children have got Monticello." "Monticello," said the creditor, "was bought yesterday at 12 o'clock by a Northern gentleman, who had seen the advertisement of the sale in a Washington paper. It was not my fault. I'd have gone under to-day if I hadn't let him have it at my advertised price." The Virginian went out dazed—he went to the hotel, he found the Jew, and asked what he would take for Jefferson's homestead. "One hundred thousand dollars," said he who had outwitted the Rothschilds. "Mein fren you are a glever feller, but you talk too much."

Well, as Jefferson himself has said, there is nothing so foolish as impotent rage. The beloved Monticello passed into the hands of Commodore Levy, and Martha Randolph and her children entered it once more only in their lifetime. The old rogue was a good-natured creature. He kept the house and grounds immaculate. Jefferson's belongings were sacred from profane touch. As each year the graveyard gate was opened to receive some member of the fast-decaying race his sable coach and driver followed the last of all mourners in the rear. His rejected wreaths he would return to the humble mounds when the family had driven down the winding mountain road. The year of his death he wrote a note to Martha Randolph, and said to her that in her declining years she might feel, perhaps, less bitterly. "Would she and her remaining daughters come to the house and spend the day on Jefferson's birthday—that he himself would not intrude upon them?"

"I must see it before I die," said the old woman, and at 9 o'clock that spring morning they entered the grounds. All was unchanged as they drove to the terraced box walk in front of the house. They entered and every chair, every table was in its place. All the rooms were opened, all the books were on their accustomed shelves on the walls. At the dinner hour respectful servants announced that the meal would now be served. They ate in peace and not till they had seen the sunset from Jefferson's own window in his office, did they depart. Then for the first time they saw their host, who with bared head handed them into the carriage. After that Mrs. Randolph's family let by-gones be by-gones, and the old commodore was accepted at gentlemen's dinners and clubs, not, however, freely among the women of the upper class.

But there came a day when he received a letter that sent him frightened and without stopping for wind or weather, a brighter sky, or more propitious auspices. It was signed by about five hundred citizens, and it informed "Abram (or Isaac, I forgot which) Levy that if he did not quit Albermarle within twelve hours they would tar and feather him." It was all on account of Eliza, his own pretty, dark-eyed niece, who had come with her mother, his widowed sister, to live with him, a with whom he fell in love, went with her over the border and married her, for all the world as did the Duke of Aosta, records of whose splendid wedding we revelled in last spring, with his sister Clotilde's lovely daughter. He went to New York, afraid to return.

He was seventy-two or five, when he died, and when his will was opened the old French proverb proved true, "*On revient a ses premiers amouss.*" He left Monticello, the real love of his life, to the State of Virginia, with the one condition that it become a home of United States soldiers of the rank of Major in the army and paymaster in the navy. But that was a gift Virginia was not at that time (1864) willing to accept. She declined the legacy; it fell to the General Government. But Uncle Sam did not care to place his broken down officers in a hostile country. The property reverted to Levy's heirs, and after six or ten years of neglect a young Lieutenant in the United States navy, calling himself Levy, but pronouncing it Levvy, announced himself the nephew and the heir of the old Commodore. I know nothing of this gentleman except that he charges 25 cents admission to the grounds and has closed the house to all visitors.

Lassoing a Serpent.

How the Natives of Java Attack Their Enemy, the Boa.

After about an hour of crawling and pushing through, our men suddenly stopped and began to point ahead, chattering and gesticulating. Looking the way they pointed, we saw in a tree an immense boa constrictor waving his head to and fro, with his scales glittering in the sun. My friend said: "Get back, quick, he is preparing to jump!" and we did so as fast as possible. After consulting a few moments, the Malays cautiously advanced with a lasso, which, by a dexterous throw, caught the snake around the neck, and, jumping behind a tree, tightened it on him. He thrashed and he pulled, and it was all the four Malays could do to keep from being drawn near enough for him to crush them, and once or twice it seemed as though he would get them. We could have shot him at first, but they wanted to capture him alive. After awhile, by pulling and choking him, he gave up, and they pulled him down from the tree. He was a big fellow, twenty feet long and very large around. They have great strength, and this one, I was assured, could swallow a goat or calf. He was looking, probably, for leopards, that are plenty there, living principally on monkeys, and the snakes also catch them when they can, but usually the monkey is cleverer than the snake. They sometimes gather in big bands and club them to death. By this time we were so hot and tired that we concluded to let the monkeys rest, although we could hear them chattering and jumping not so very far ahead of us, so we turned back to our horses with our coolies carrying our trophy. The Malays made a cage very quickly, cutting lengths of bamboo and notching them together, into which they put the snake, and, swinging it on two poles, marched off with it on their shoulders.—*Forest and Stream.*

John Smith the World Over.

In Latin he is Johannes Smithus; the Italians smooth him off with Giovanni Smith; the Spaniards render him Juan Smithus; the Hollanders adopt him as Hans Schmidt; the French flatten him out as as Jean Smeet; the Russian sneezes and barks as he says Ivan Smittowski. In China he is known as Jovan Shimmit; in Iceland as John Smithson; in Tuscaroras you forget all about Pocahontas and Powhatan when you hear them call Ton Qua Smittia. In Wales they speak of him as Jihon Scmidd; in Mexico he is Jantli F'Smitti; among the Greek ruins the guide speaks of him as Ion Smikton, and in Turkey he is utterly extinguished as Voe Self.—*St. Louis Republic.*

An Accommodating Boss.—A gang of men were at work on a city street, when a slight, beardless youth laid down his pick, and, approaching the foreman, said to him:

"Can I take a fit, sir?"

"Take what?" asked the foreman.

"A fit—I feel one coming on," replied the young man, without emotion.

"Why, certainly," said the foreman.

So the young man walked over to a bit of grass under a leafy tree—it was a new street in the suburbs—and had a fit.

Then he went and washed his face, came back to his place in the line, took up his pick and struck into work. After the day's work was over the young man said to the foreman:

"You don't mind my having fits?"

"No—I guess not if you do a fair day's work."

"Well, you see I used to work for a butcher an' he wouldn't let me take fits—said it interfered with business—an' I thought you might feel the same way about it."

And the young man works hard with pick and shovel and takes a fit once in a while as you or I might take a drink of water.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

On Dress Parade.—A friend in Wisconsin tells me of an amusing incident he noticed in the woods up there. Himself and a companion were riding along together, when there suddenly stepped into the road ahead of them a little army of skunks—one old skunk and five half-grown kittens. These seemed perfectly fearless, and, halting by the wayside, the gentleman's companion began firing at them with a six-shooter, although he did not hit any of them. At the sound of every shot the skunks, which had marshaled themselves into perfect line, threw up their tails in perfect unison, as straight and stiff as a ramrod, above their backs, making no further hostile demonstration, and simply standing at a ready until their fear had partly subsided. They repeated this maneuver a dozen times, and my informant says the total effect was funny in the extreme.—*Forest and Stream*

Care Of Clothing.

How to Keep Wearing Apparel and Bed-Clothes in Good Order.

In some convenient place, have a chest or trunk in which to put away summer clothing in winter and winter clothing in summer. If the chest in which woolen garments are stored is not of cedar, care must be taken to keep out moths by the use of camphor or insect powder. Besides the wardrobe or closet for each room, there must be at least one bureau drawer for each person. Keep each receptacle in such perfect order that father or any other member of the household can put his hand on just what he wants in the dark, or in the greatest hurry. Give each little one a place, and teach him to keep it perfectly The advantage to both mother and child will soon grow apparent. There should also be in each bedroom a place for sheets and pillow-cases. And what better place than the wash-stand drawer for the hand towels, bath towels, wash cloths, etc., all in their own corners?

In the dining room will be some drawer, cupboard or, at least, box for the tablecloths, napkins, etc., Have hand towels, dish towels, and pieces of cloth in the kitchen—the pieces laid in some nook for the many uses that neatness and convenience require,

Clothing lasts twice as long if good care is taken of it. Let the dresses when taken off be shaken, aired and dried, when moist from perspiration, turned wrong side out, and hung up by the tapes, sewed on for the purpose. When the clothes come in from the laundry is the time to look over each piece, putting the apparel for each person by itself, sorting sheets, pillow slips, table linen, etc. Besides the small mending basket, holding sewing implements, it is very convenient to have a large basket of some kind to hold the clothes that need mending and further care.

Keep old sheets and old garments, put away the sheets and larger pieces for use in sickness. From smaller garments, cut off bands and tear off seams, etc., for the rag-bag. Roll up pieces neatly and put away. Always keep a roll in each bed-room for the cuts and bruises that inevitably occur. Old table linen makes excellent dish towels. Old pieces of white flannel and merino are good for wash-cloths. Don't throw buttons in the rag-bag; cut them off and use them again. Never throw rags or old handkerchiefs into the fire. If not fit for use as old clothes, put them into the rag-bag and sell as rags, no matter if the price is but one cent a pound; it amounts to something in the course of a year.

Besides the rag-bag, have bags for pieces of print, for white goods, woolens, old hose, etc., etc., all marked distinctly Last but not least, as an essential to keeping the clothes of your family in good order, have your sewing basket well supplied with thread, scissors, pins and needles, emery, tape-measure, tape and every needful article.—*Minneapolis Housekeeper.*

What One Woman Did.

"If my husband had taken my advice," said a woman to the writer not long since, "he would have been a rich man. About twenty-five years ago he had quite a large sum of money to invest, and I wanted him to put it into land in the suburbs that was then coming into the market and could be bought for a very low sum, I urged the investment, but was only pooh phooed at, and told very loftily that women knew nothing about business, and that he had already made his plans for investing. Of course I said no more; what was there to say when I had virtually been bidden to hold my tongue? The investment was made and never amounted to anything. My husband didn't even get back as much as he put in, letting alone any profit. The land I wanted him to buy jumped right up in value, and sold at last at seventy-five cents a foot. I said nothing about his own investment. I never even referred to it, and you may be sure very little was said to me, but I knew all about it. Yet I took great delight in innocently quoting every rise in land in the vicinity of the place where I wanted him to buy. But the funny part of it is, this didn't convince him. He talked as loudly as ever about women's inability to do business, and at the same time kept on making investments that didn't pay.

I said nothing, but I managed my own little property myself, just as I thought best. It wasn't very much to begin with, but by careful investments and by watching the markets, so as to know when to buy and when to sell, I've got enough to be perfectly independent of circumstances if my husband were taken away and all his property lost. And still women don't know anything about business. Don't they? I'll put my own ability against any man I know. I can't put my finger on one that could have managed better than I have done. And I haven't neglected my home or my family either. I have been a domestic woman and a business woman, although in this latter capacity I have been very quiet; but what I have done has told all the same. My husband doesn't know how succeseful I have been. He watches my proceedings with a patronizing sort of amusement, evidently thinking that he is a very indulgent man to let me do what I please with my own. Some day I'll astonish him though; see if I don't." With which terrible threat she nodded a good-by and left the house to go and look after a piece of property which she heard was to be sold at a bargain.—*New York Star.*

He Deserved It.—"I don't know," said St. Peter, shaking his head dubiously. "I don't know. You look as if you had been dissipating—all the buttons off your shirt, your coat all frayed at the wrists, your collar unironed—no, I'm afraid I'll have to put you on the elevator when it is going down."

"But St. Peter—"

"Well?"

"I married a woman with a mission."

"You did?"

"Yes, sir."

"Excuse me, my dear sir. Come right in. The gate's wide open for such as you."

So he went right in to have his buttons sewed on and so forth.—*Boston Courier.*

He Turned Out to be a Politician.—It is very hard to understand the boys. A great many years ago a resident of Portland had a son who showed no special aptitude for business, and he was puzzled what to do with him. He concluded to try an experiment, so he locked the boy up in a room where there were only a Bible, a dollar and an apple. A few minutes later he stole quietly to the room. He made up his mind that if he found the boy eating the apple he would make a good farmer. If he were reading the Bible he should be trained for the pulpit, and if he had taken the money his success as a broker, the father thought, was assured. Upon entering the room he found the boy sitting upon the Bible eating the apple, with the dollar in his pocket. That boy is now a county politician.

—A condemned criminal in England must be allowed to see three Sundays between his sentence and his execution. Of course, he can thus be hung in a little over two weeks, but the three Sundays must go over his head before the gallows claims him. The custom is a relic of mediaeval times, when a criminal was allowed that much of a respite to prepare for death.

Railway Guide.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES.

VIA TYRONE—WESTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte, 5.35 a. m., arrive at Tyrone, 6.55 a. m., at Altoona, 7.45 p. m., at Pittsburg, 12.45 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 10.25 a. m., arrive at Tyrone, 11.55 a. m., at Altoona, 1.45 p. m., at Pittsburg, 6.50 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 5.20 p. m., arrive at Tyrone, 6.40, at Altoona at 7.50, at Pittsburg at 11.55.

VIA TYRONE—EASTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte, 5.35 a. m., arrive at Tyrone, 6.55, at Harrisburg, 10.30 a. m., at Philadelphia, 1.25 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte 10.25 a. m., arrive at Tyrone, 11.55 a. m., at Harrisburg, 3.20 p. m., at Philadelphia, 6.50 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 5.20 p. m., arrive at Tyrone, 6.40 at Harrisburg at 10.45 p. m., at Philadelphia, 4.25 a. m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—NORTHWARD.

Leave Bellefonte, 4.30 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven, 5.30 p. m., at Renovo, 8.50 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 9.32 a. m., arrive at Lock Haven, 11.00 a. m.

Leave Bellefonte at 8.49 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven at 10.10 p. m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—EASTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte, 4.30 p. m.: arrive at Lock Haven, 5.30. p. m.; Williamsport, 6.30 p. m., at Harrisburg, 1.10 a. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 9.32 a. m., arrive at Lock Haven, 11.00, leave Williamsport, 12.20 p. m., at Harrisburg, 3.13 p. m., at Philadelphia at 6.50 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 8.49 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven, 10.10 p. m., leave Williamsport, 12.00 m., leave Harrisburg, 3.45 a. m., arrive at Philadelphia at 6.50 a. m.

VIA LEWISBURG.

Leave Bellefonte at 6.00 a. m., arrive at Lewisburg at 9.00 a. m., Harrisburg, 11.30 a. m., Philadelphia, 3.15 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 2.30 p. m., arrive at Lewisburg, 5.35, at Harrisburg, 9.45 p. m., Philadelphia at 4.25 a. m.

BALD EAGLE VALLEY.

WESTWARD. MAIL.	EXPRESS.	DAY EXPRESS.	EXPRESS.	May 1, 1889.	EASTWARD. MAIL.	DAY EXPRESS.	EXPRESS.
P. M.	A. M.	A. M.		Arr. Lv.	A. M.	P. M	P. M.
6 40	11 55	6 55		...Tyrone....	8 10	3 10	7 15
6 33	11 48	6 48		..E. Tyrone..	8 17	3 17	7 22
6 29	11 43	6 44		.....Vail.....	8 20	3 20	7 28
6 25	11 38	6 40		Bald Eagle	8 25	3 24	7 33
6 19	11 32	6 33		.....Dix.....	8 30	3 30	7 39
6 15	11 29	6 30		...Fowler...	8 32	3 33	7 42
6 13	11 26	6 28		..Hannah...	8 36	3 37	7 46
6 06	11 17	6 21		Pt. Matilda.	8 43	3 44	7 55
5 59	11 09	6 13		...Martha....	8 51	3 52	8 05
5 50	10 59	6 05		....Julian....	8 59	4 01	8 15
5 41	10 48	5 55		.Unionville.	9 10	4 10	8 25
5 33	10 38	5 48		...S. S. Int...	9 18	4 18	8 35
5 30	10 35	5 45		..Milesburg.	9 22	4 20	8 39
5 20	10 25	5 35		.Bellefonte.	9 32	4 30	8 49
5 10	10 12	5 25		..Milesburg.	9 47	4 40	9 01
5 02	10 01	5 18		....Curtin....	10 01	4 47	9 11
4 55	9 56	5 14		..Mt. Eagle..	10 06	4 55	9 17
4 49	9 48	4 07		...Howard...	10 16	5 02	9 27
4 40	9 37	4 59		..Eagleville.	10 30	5 10	9 40
4 38	9 34	4 56		Bch. Creek.	10 35	5 13	9 45
4 26	9 22	4 46		..Mill Hall...	10 50	5 24	10 01
4 23	9 19	4 43		Flemin'ton.	10 54	5 27	10 05
4 20	9 15	4 40		Lck. Haven	11 00	5 30	10 10
P. M.	A. M.	P. M.			A. M.	P. M.	P. M.

TYRONE & CLEARFIELD.

NORTHWARD. EXPRESS.	EXPRESS.	DAY EXPRESS.	MYIL.	May 13, 1889.	SOUTHWARD. EXPRESS.	EXPRESS.	DAY EXPRESS.	MAIL.
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	Lv. Ar.	A. M.	A. M.		P. M
7 25	3 15		8 20	...Tyrone....	6 50	11 45		6 17
7 32	3 22		8 27	.E. Tyrone.	6 43	11 38		6 10
7 38	3 27		8 31	.....Vail.....	6 37	11 34		6 04
7 48	3 36		8 41	.Vanscoyoc.	6 27	11 25		5 55
7 55	3 42		8 45	..Gardners...	6 25	11 21		5 52
8 02	3 50		8 55	Mt.Pleasant	6 16	11 12		5 46
8 10	3 58		9 05	...Summit...	6 09	11 05		5 40
8 14	4 03		9 10	Sand. Ridge	6 05	11 00		5 34
8 16	4 05		9 12	... Retort....	6 03	10 55		5 31
8 19	4 06		9 15	..Powelton...	6 01	10 52		5 30
8 25	4 14		9 24	...Osceola...	5 52	10 45		5 20
8 35	4 20		9 32	..Boynton...	5 46	10 39		5 14
8 40	4 24		9 37	...Steiners...	5 43	10 35		5 09
8 42	4 30		9 40	Philipsbu'g	5 41	10 32		5 07
8 46	4 34		9 44	...Graham...	5 37	10 26		4 59
8 52	4 40		9 52	..Blue Ball..	5 33	10 22		4 55
8 58	4 49		9 59	Wallaceton.	5 28	10 15		4 49
9 05	4 57		10 07	....Bigler....	5 22	10 07		4 41
9 12	5 02		10 14	.Woodland..	5 17	10 00		4 36
9 19	5 08		10 22	...Barrett...	5 12	9 52		4 30
9 23	5 12		10 27	..Leonard...	5 09	9 48		4 25
9 30	5 18		10 34	.Clearfield..	5 04	9 40		4 17
9 38	5 20		10 44	..Riverview.	4 58	9 31		4 10
9 42	5 26		10 49	Sus. Bridge	4 54	9 26		4 06
9 50	5 35		10 55	Curwensv'e	4 50	9 20		4 00
P. M.	P. M.		P. M.		A. M.	A. M.		P.M.

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE BRANCH.

Time Table in effect on and after May 13, 1889.

Leave Snow Shoe, except Sunday.....6 45 a. m.
.....3 00 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte, except Sunday.....10 25 a. m.
.....8 05 p. m.

BELLEFONTE, NITTANY & LEMONT R. R

To take effect May 13, 1889.

WESTWARD. 111	103	STATIONS.	EASTWARD. 114	112
P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.
2 05	5 50	.....Montandon.....	9 10	5 45
2 15	6 05	.....Lewisburg.....	9 00	5 35
.....	.....		.....	.....
.....	.....	.....Fair Ground.....	.....	.....
2 26	6 15	.....Biehl.....	8 51	5 26
2 32	6 30	.....Vicksburg.....	8 45	5 20
2 43	6 41	.....Mifflinburg.....	8 35	5 08
2 58	6 56	.....Millmont.....	8 22	4 53
3 08	7 05	.....Laureldon.....	8 13	4 43
3 33	7 30	.....Cherry Run.....	7 48	4 16
3 55	7 52	.....Coburn.....	7 27	3 55
4 13	8 10	....Rising Springs.....	7 10	3 35
4 28	8 25	.....Centre Hall.....	6 52	3 20
4 35	8 33	.....Gregg.....	6 43	3 13
4 43	8 42	.....Linden Hall.....	6 36	3 05
4 48	8 48	.....Oak Hall.....	6 30	3 00
4 52	8 52	.....Lemont.....	6 25	2 55
4 57	8 59	.....Dale Summit.....	6 20	2 50
5 06	9 09	.....Pleasant Gap.....	6 10	2 40
5 15	9 20	.....Bellefonte.....	6 00	2 30
P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.

Trains No. 111 and 103 connect at Montandon with Erie Mail West; 112 and 114 with Sea Shore Express East.

LEWISBURG & TYRONE RAIROAD.

WESTWARD. Mixed.	Mixed.	Upper End. May 13, 1889.	Mixed.	Mixed.	EASTWARD
	A. M.	P. M.			
.....	7 30	3 35	....Scotia.....	6 45	2 55	.....
.....	7 51	3 55	..Fairbrook.	6 22	2 35	.....
.....	8 05	4 05	Pa. Furnace	6 08	2 22	.....
.....	8 12	4 15	...Hostler...	6 00	2 12	.....
.....	8 21	4 30	...Marengo..	5 53	2 02	.....
.....	8 26	4 36	..Loveville..	5 46	1 56	.....
.....	8 36	4 45	FurnaceRd	5 41	1 49	.....
.....	8 41	4 50	Dungarvin.	5 37	1 45	.....
.....	8 51	5 08	...W. Mark...	5 29	1 39	.....
.....	9 05	5 15	Pennington	5 20	1 30	.....
.....	9 15	5 25	....Stover.....	5 08	1 18	.....
.....	9 25	5 40	...Tyrone....	5 00	1 10	.....

BELLEFONTE, BUFFALO RUN AND BALD EAGLE RAILROAD.

To take effect Aug. 5, 1889.

EASTWARD. 6	2	STATIONS.	WESTWARD. 1	5
P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M
6 20	9 10	Ar....Bellefonte....Lv	6 00	3 15
6 13	9 03	.....Scales.....	6 07	3 23
6 08	8 59	.....Morris.....	6 11	3 27
6 03	8 54	.....Whitmer.....	6 16	3 33
5 59	8 51	.....Linns.....	6 19	3 37
5 57	8 48	.....Hunters.....	6 22	3 40
5 53	8 44	.....Fillmore.....	6 26	3 44
5 47	8 40	.....Briarly.....	6 32	3 50
5 43	8 36	.....Waddles.....	6 38	3 55
	8 29	.....Matterns.....		4 00
	8 25	.....Stormstown.....		4 06
	8 15	.....Red Bank.....		4 16
5 39	7 30	.....Scotia Crossing...	6 46	4 51
5 24	7 25	.....Krumrine.....	7 00	5 05
5 20	7 20	Lv..State College..Ar	7 04	5 09

Thos. A. Shoemaker, Supt.