

Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., June 12, 1891.

OLD SAWS IN RHYME.

Action speaks louder than words ever do;
You can't eat your cake and hold on to it too.
When the cat is away, then the little mice
play;
Where there is a will there is always a way.
There's no use crying over milk that is spilt;
No accuser is needed by conscience of guilt.
There must be some fire wherever it smokes;
The pitcher goes off to the well till it's broke.
By rogues falling out honest men get their
dies;
Whoever it fits, he must put on the shoe.
All work and no play will make Jack a dull
boy;
A thing of much beauty is ever a joy.
A half loaf is better than no bread at all;
And pride always goeth before a sad fall.
Fast bind and fast find, have two strings to
your bow;
Contentment is better than riches, we know.
The devil finds work for hands idle to do;
A miss is as good as a mile is to you.
You speak of the devil, he's sure to appear;
You can't make a silk purse from out of sow's
ear.
A man by his company always is known;
Who lives in a glass house should not throw
a stone.
Speech may be silver, but silence is gold;
There's never a fool like the fool who is old.
—Detroit Free Press.

A RACE FOR A HOME.

By CHARLES M. HARGRE.

A flock of mammoth white-winged birds, resting for a moment upon the crest of a billow of prairie—that was the picture presented by the new town of Leoti. It was but a few days old, and yet as its residents looked westward and saw the blue cloud-like form of Pike's Peak looming above the horizon, such was their faith in their venture that their own town appeared destined to be no less permanent than the great backbone of earth a hundred and fifty miles distant.

Willis Emmet rode his pony slowly as he came in view of the tented city. "Not much of a show for a fellow," he thought, and he compared the place with his native Eastern town, with its heavy brick and stone structures and its tree-lined streets.

But he had little reason or disposition to muse over the past. Family reverses had taken him from college just after his twenty-first birthday anniversary, and he had come West "to grow up with the country," with little to build upon his native pluck, for his father's blessing was not very available as assets.

He had heard so much of this growing western Kansas town, that now he had reached it he was somewhat disappointed. It was so new and so temporary to his eyes. A close glance could only detect a few frame buildings, and they were small and unpainted.

Entering the place, he rode directly to the first "land office" sign and interviewed the agent regarding the possibility of finding a good claim, or one hundred and sixty acres of land, to pre-empt.

"Haven't a single quarter-section to show you nearer than six miles," replied that individual, rubbing his hands. "I control nearly all the business here, and I assure you that'll be the best you can do. I'll sell you—"

"No," interrupted the new comer, "I'm not ready to buy."

Indeed the few dollars his pocket contained would have gone but a short distance toward a purchase.

The agent was accommodating enough, however, to show him a tent where he could sleep for the night, and left him with the remark that they would "look around to-morrow."

Somewhat disappointed, Willis lay back on his canvas cot and watched the sun go down that evening. The light flooded the haze rimmed circle of prairie and changed dark grasses to gold. The tent-tops rose and fell steadily in the breeze, a meadow lark balanced and trilled on a tall sunflower near by, and the homestead adventurer was nodding with drowsiness, when a strange young man of about his own age appeared at the opening of the tent.

It was his room-mate, a young surveyor, who had been assisting in locating the line of the new railroad, which was to make Leoti great.

"Good evening," exclaimed Willis, for his experience with the West had taught him that good-natured boldness was the best policy. "I heard that you had room for another lodger in this hotel, so I made myself at home."

"Why, yes," was the reply. "I am 'backing you' see, but I guess you can get in since everything else is full."

"They introduced themselves with slight formality, and when they went to the shanty, called by courtesy a 'hotel,' for supper, they were on the best of terms.

Returning, Willis threw himself upon the cot and gave his hat a careless toss upon the floor of the tent.

The young surveyor, entering, stumbled over it, picked it up, gazed curiously at the hat-band, and exclaimed: "So you're one of us?"

"Of whom?"

"Of the Phi Kappa Psi's," and he pointed to the three Greek letters of the stranger's college society, which were traced upon the band.

"Let's have the grip," said Willis laughing. "It will seem natural."

It was given heartily, and the two were as intimate in a short time as a year's ordinary acquaintance could have made them.

Their talk reverted to Western life and its opportunities, and Willis told of his dreams and his disappointments.

"I can help you, Mr. Emmet," said the other staring up, his eyes fairly snapping in the darkness.

"How? Give me some work?"

"No, to get some land. I happen to know that there is a good quarter-section of government land on the other side of the town on which no claim has been filed. It joins the town site and will be valuable."

"When the boom strikes us it can be laid out in lots, I suppose," suggested Willis.

"I wouldn't be surprised," said the surveyor eagerly. "The land agent has been keeping people off it by telling them it has been claimed. He has it marked so on his maps. He is holding it for his brother-in-law, whom he expects out from the East?"

"Why don't you take it?"

"I can't. I've a claim entered on another quarter-section already. I only found it out a few days ago and have said nothing about it."

"But your friends?"

"I have no intimate friends near here. I expected some through soon and I heard this morning that old Moseley, the teamster, had a bonanza claim in view, and I know from certain actions of his that it is this one. I'd rather you'd get it. You will have to go to W— to the United States Land Office to enter your application. It is sixty-five miles away, but if you are quick you can make it by to-morrow night."

Willis thanked his friend heartily, and began preparations for an early start while the surveyor took a walk down the tent-lined street to look after Moseley.

In a few minutes he returned much excited.

"You must start immediately," he exclaimed. "Moseley left about noon. No one knows where he has gone, but I am certain he is on his way to W— Is your pony fresh?"

"Yes, only rode six miles to-day."

"Good! You had better get started right off. There's a settler's cabin fifteen miles from here, and you can put up for a little rest. You will reach it before midnight."

Taking a description of the claim hastily penciled on a piece of paper and mounting his pony, the young homesteeker cantered away through the darkness.

Only the faintest semblance of a road showed itself, but he was used to the prairies, and with the deep blue sky above lighted by diamond points that shine, brighter through the rarified air of the prairies than nearer the sea, he guided his way by Polaris and made brisk time.

When he reached the cabin of which the surveyor had told him "the saw light streaming from the window, and looking in, there was a girl poring over a book by the illumination furnished by a cheap lamp. Hearing the knock, she came quickly to the door.

"Oh," said she, startled as she saw a stranger before her. "I thought it was brother Will, he went to town and has not returned. I am waiting for him."

"Can I stay here until morning?"

"Why, yes, if you can sleep on the floor or in the chair; we have one lodger already."

This was news, and a description was eagerly asked for.

"An old man," she said, "very tall and stooped, with a chin that seemed to be approaching each other."

This tall with the surveyor's word-picture of Moseley, and Willis was satisfied.

It was already midnight and after confiding part of his story to his hostess, the traveler proceeded to make the most of the room's resources as a lodging place. The brother did not return and the girl retired to rest in another part of the house where her father and the other lodger were sleeping.

It was perhaps four o'clock, when, as Willis was peacefully snoring in the big arm-chair, he was awakened to see his new acquaintance standing beside him.

"He has gone," she whispered.

"Who? Moseley?"

"Without breakfast?"

"He said he had lunch with him in his wagon."

Willis was wide awake now to the necessity of quick action. Thinking the girl for her kindness and the lunch she had prepared, he brought his pony from the barn where it had made a good meal, and swinging into the saddle was again on his way.

Sunrise came and the soft-toned blue of the heavens, the deepening green of the prairie and the pink flush where they met made a picture such as only through the plains of the West can furnish.

Soon, a long distance ahead jogging along at a tolerably fast rate, he discerned the white mules and spring wagon of his rival. The sun was an hour high before he caught up with him, for Willis was too good a horseman to tire his steed at the beginning of a race.

"Hello!" he shouted, "where are you going?"

"Arterland like the rest of 'em, I 'spose?"

"They all seem to want land, that's a fact," was the evasive reply and during the remainder of the ride Willis kept the conversation chiefly on the subject of crops, weather and the like.

At last, after a mile of companionship he did not dare risk it longer and putting the spurs to his pony he left Moseley and his mules behind.

Forging on ahead he gained steadily all the forenoon and long before the horseman halted for noon-day rest, five miles from Wanda, the old teamster had ceased to be within his range of vision.

After a brief stop Willis went on and in a short time was cantering down the streets of the land office town. He drew up at the office and was rejoiced to find the surveyor's words correct and the land unrented. He took it as a homestead, paid the fees, and had less than five dollars remaining in his pocket.

Going to the single hotel the place afforded the new landowner asked to be shown a room and ordered dinner sent there. He did not care to meet his rival if possible to avoid it.

In half an hour he saw the testy teamster come rattling along the street slashing the mules with a long snake-whip, and make for the land office. When after a moment he came out there was an expression on his face that boded no good to the person who had outgeneralled him. Then he came to the hotel.

Willis did not leave his room that afternoon or evening. He was not exactly afraid of Moseley, but thought it better to slip out quietly in the morning and return to Leoti.

But as he stepped out into the dingy hall of the hotel at dawn who should be the first man he met but the burly teamster.

"Say," was Moseley's first words, "you know that land I was going to claim?"

Willis was not supposed to know, as his questioner had told him nothing of it, but the old man was so full of his subject that the listener nodded his head affirmatively.

"Well," Moseley went on, "some galoot got in ahead of me; claimed it yesterday mornin', too. The villain's name was Em—by the way, what's yer name?"

He had not asked it the day before, and a shrewd suspicion seemed to have just entered his head.

Willis started to give a fictitious name, but he was never much of an actor, and his face betrayed him.

"Great scott! I believe you're the fellow," exclaimed Moseley.

His suspicion was too strong to be overcome, and Willis pleaded guilty.

The old fellow was at first inclined to be angry, but when his successful rival had related his story he calmed down and apparently enjoyed the narration.

"Tell yer what I'll do, gin yer three hundred dollars fer yer bargain."

The money was a temptation, and as the bills were counted down on a chair by the anxious teamster, the owner was almost induced to take it. But he did not, nor yet when the amount was raised to five hundred dollars.

So they patched up a peace and rode home to Leoti together.

The town of Leoti grew rapidly, and the tents were soon replaced with modern frame and brick structures. To-day it is one of the most thriving cities of the plains, and has around it a well-forged county dotted with smaller villages.—Yankee Blade.

Taught Lincoln Grammar.

Reminiscences of a Chum of the Great War President.

New York Sun.

DALLAS, TEXAS, May 25.—There is a remarkable old man visiting here from Illinois. His name is William Graham Green, and he is eighty years old. He has had a curious life, and he is proud of the fact that he is the man who taught Abraham Lincoln the principles of English grammar. "I taught Abe Lincoln all he ever knew about grammar," he says, "and a mighty smart pupil he was, too." Mr. Green's story of how he came to do this and how he did it is as follows:

"My father moved over to Menard county, Ill., in 1830, and I have been living in that state ever since. I went to the Illinois college in Jacksonville to get a business education, and I made a specialty of grammar. In 1850 I went to work as a clerk in the store of Denton Offutt in New Salem, Mendon county. There I first met Abe Lincoln. He had helped Offutt, take his load-out on a trading expedition down the Sangamon river. They ran ground on the dam at Salem, and Offutt set up his store there with the goods from his boat. This was in 1851. Lincoln was twenty-two years old at the time, but he was six feet four inches tall, and one of the strongest men I ever saw. Lincoln had stored the boat at Offutt's, and I reckon on he had run it aground. I got \$8 a month in the store and Lincoln got \$10 a month. He and I slept on a single mattress on the counter, and it was so narrow we had to sleep spoon fashion. When he turned over, I did, too. One night he said to me:

"Bill, hasn't you an English grammar you could lend me?"

"I told him I had a Kirkham's grammar, and he said:

"Bring it to me when you go home on Sunday."

"He used to read it at night after the store shut up, and when he had read for awhile I would hear him less on. He went through the grammar in about two weeks, and then, at his request, I got him another grammar—Lindley Murray's, I think it was—and he went through that in about the same way. In six weeks he knew five times as much about grammar as I did.

"Lincoln did something else for me while we were that store together. He broke me of betting. There used to be a fellow named Enoch Spend, who would come in there and spend a lot of time loafing around. He was a betting triffing kind of a man and he had a lot of tricks that he was always betting on. He had a trick of doubling up his hand in some way so as to hide his middle finger. Then he would bet you that you couldn't mark his middle finger with a pen. I lost some coppers betting with him, and one day Abe Lincoln said to me:

"Billy, you ought to know better than to bet on anything, but especially to bet with a man on his own tricks. You ought to quit it."

"But Abe, he's got ninety cents the best of me," I said. "If I could get that back I would be willing to quit."

"Will you promise me that you'll never bet any more if I manage it so that you can get 'way ahead of him with one bet?" asked Lincoln.

"Yes," I said, "but I hate to quit loser."

"Billy," said Lincoln, "your getting to an age when your beginning to think a good deal about the girls. Wouldn't you like to have a plug hat to wear when you go calling on them?"

"Yes," would, said I, "but they cost \$7 a piece, and that is more than I can afford to pay."

"Well," said Abe, "when Enoch comes in here again and wants to bet with him on his tricks, you just say that you don't care to bet on such trifling

things with him, but that you will bet that Abe can take a forty-gallon barrel of whisky off the floor and take a dram from the bung-hole. You say that you will bet him a plug hat on it."

"But can you do it?" I asked.

"You wait until after the store closes to-night and I'll show you," said Abe.

"So that night he took a barrel of whisky and chimed it up a little on his left knee, and then tilted it on his right knee, and kind of bent back, and I pulled the bung out of the hole and he took a dram sure enough, and spurted it right out again on the floor. The next day I won the plug hat from Enoch, as Abe had said I would. I have kept my word ever since, and I've never bet on anything. And what's more, I wouldn't for \$1,000.

"Lincoln left the store after a while and went to work hauling logs to the saw mill for William Kirkpatrick. Kirkpatrick had eight or ten other men working for him, and he paid them each \$10 a month. Lincoln drove an ox team and had a boy to help him. One day Lincoln told Kirkpatrick that he wanted to get a cant-hook to help him load the logs on the wagon. He said that a cant-hook would cost only \$5, but Kirkpatrick said: 'Now, Lincoln, if you'll manage to haul the logs without the cant-hook I'll give you \$2 a month extra.' Lincoln said that he would do it, but at the end of the month he only got \$10, instead of \$13. When he asked for the other \$3, Kirkpatrick said: 'Abe, I can't pay you \$3 extra.' 'But you promised to do it,' said Abe. 'Yes, I know,' said Kirkpatrick, 'but the other men would raise hell if I paid you more than they are getting, so I can't do it.' Lincoln quit work for Kirkpatrick then.

"The next year, in 1852, old Black Hawk came back into Illinois with the Sacs and Foxes, and militia companies were raised to go to fight them. All the young men went into the Black Hawk war, and Lincoln and I were among them. Major Mosby K. Anderson came to form the companies and get them into shape. Now, Kirkpatrick was very anxious to be elected captain of our company and so was Abe Lincoln. Major Anderson got us all together, and then he called out:

"You aspirants for the captaincy walk twenty paces to the front and face the line." Kirkpatrick and Lincoln stepped out and faced about.

"Now," said the Major, "the rest of you fall in alongside of the man you want for your captain!"

"I was the first to run to Lincoln's side, and I stood at his right. Kirkpatrick's men formed on his left. After a while, when all had chosen their men, there were two long lines, one to the right of Lincoln and one to the left of Kirkpatrick. Then we saw that Lincoln had beaten Kirkpatrick two to one and had seven over to spare. I'll never forget how, when Abe saw how things had gone, the old fellow put his big, horny hand on my shoulder, and I could feel him all trembling with delight, as he said:

"Bill, I'll be damned if I ain't beat him! That was the first time that I ever heard Abe swear, and I know he must have been powerful excited to do it."

"It was at that time that Lincoln first met Jefferson Davis. Zachary Taylor and Davis were both there and Jeff Davis swore Lincoln into the service of the United States as captain of our company. I saw him do it."

Mr. Green had many other reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln's young manhood. It was in 1852 that they came together again, but each had watched the other's career with great interest. When Lincoln was nominated for the presidency ex-Governor Dennison, of Ohio, went to Springfield to see him and get from him a sketch of his life, to be used for campaign purposes. Lincoln said: "Oh, let it alone; I never did anything worth writing about."

The Governor insisted that a sketch was necessary, and then Lincoln gave the governor names of some of his friends to get his history from. Among these names was Green's, and Lincoln said when he gave it to Dennison: "He knows what not to tell you, which is more important than what he does for you. In 1852 Mr. Green had become president of the Tonneky and Petersburg railroad, now a branch of the Chicago and Alton. He was a very busy man. One day he received a message from Lincoln to come to Washington. He went and Lincoln said to him:

"Billy, I want you to be internal revenue collector for your district. It takes a very determined man for the place, for L. W. Ross, that copperhead congressman of yours, is giving the government trouble there."

"I tried to beg off," said Mr. Green in telling the story yesterday. "I told Lincoln that I had invested all my money in the railroad, and that I couldn't put it through, perhaps, unless I gave it my undivided attention."

"Billy," he said, "whether you are rich or broke, you must do all you can for the country. You have four sons in the army, I know, but if we don't save the country we will all go to hell in a hand basket anyhow, so you must take the place. You can resign in three or four months, and I'll let you name your successor."

"So I went back home and took the office and the first thing I did was to plant a cannon near Ross's place and make my headquarters close to it. Then I sent for Ross and said to him: 'I have trained that cannon on that fine brick house of yours because I want you to do all you can to help me in my work.' And Ross turned in and helped me, too. I never had any trouble with him after that."

Mr. Green would not say who was his choice for the presidency in 1852, but he did say that he had never voted anything but a straight Democratic ticket, except when he voted for Lincoln, and that he would keep up the practice as long as he lived.

—I have been a great sufferer from dry catarrh for many years, and I tried many remedies, but none did me much benefit as Ely's Cream Balm. It completely cured me. M. J. Lally, 39 Woodward Ave., Boston Highlands, Mass.

—The editor wrote it correctly: "Let the galled jade wince." But this is the way it appeared in the paper: "Let the galled jug wait."

Babies.

How Little May Made a Dashful Pair of Lovers Blush Scarlet.

In His "Diary of a Pilgrimage," Jerome K. Jerome tells this one, and a "pretty good one" it is, too: I was walking up and down the garden when, on passing the summer house, I overheard my eldest niece, aged 7, who was sitting very upright in a very big chair, giving information to her younger sister aged 5, on the subject of "Babies," their origin, discovery and use.

"You know, babies," she was remarking in conclusion, "ain't like dollies. Babies is 'live.' Nobody gives you babies till you've grown up. An' they're very improper. We're not s'posed to talk 'bout such things—we wababies once."

She is a very thoughtful child, is my eldest niece. Her thirst for knowledge is a most praiseworthy trait in her character, but has rather an exhausting effect upon the rest of the family. We limit her now to seven hundred questions a day. After she has asked seven hundred questions, and we have answered them, or, rather, as many as we are able, we boycott her; and she retires to bed, indignant, asking:

"Why only seven hundred? Why not eight?"

Nor is her range of inquiry what you would call narrow or circumscribed at all. It embraces most subjects that are known as yet to civilization, from abstract theology to cats; from the failure of marriage to chocolate, and why you must not take it out and look at it when you have once put it inside your mouth.

She has her own opinion, too, about most of these matters, and expresses it with a freedom which is apt to shock respectfully-brought-up folk. I am not over orthodox myself, but she staggers even me at times. Her theories are too advanced for me at present.

She has not given much attention to the matter of babies hitherto. It is only this week that she has gone in for that subject. The explanation is—I hardly like mentioning it. Perhaps—I don't know, I don't see that there can be any harm in it, though. Yet, well the fact of the matter is, there is an "event" expected in our family, or rather, in my brother-in-law's; and there! you know how these things get discussed among relatives, and May—that it is my niece's name—is one of those children that you are always forgetting is about, and never know how much it has heard and how much it has not.

The child said nothing, however, and all seemed right until last Sunday afternoon. It was a wet day, and I was reading in the breakfast-parlor, and Emily was sitting on the sofa, looking at an album of Swiss views with Dick Chetwyn. Dick and Emily are engaged. Dick is a steady young fellow, and Emily loves him dearly. I am sure; but they both suffer, in my opinion, from an overdose of modesty. As for Emily, it does not so much matter; girls are like that before they are married. But in Dick it seems out of place. They both of them flare up quite scarlet at the simplest joke even. They always make me think of Gilbert's bashful young couple.

Well, there we were, sitting round, the child on the floor, playing with her bricks. She had been very quiet for about five minutes, and I was just wondering what could be the matter with her, when, all of a sudden, and without a word of warning, she observed in the most casual tone of voice, while continuing her building operations:

"Is Auntie Cissy going to have a little boy-baby, or a little girl-baby, uncle?"

"Oh, don't ask silly questions; she hasn't made up her mind yet."

"I think I should 'viser her to have a little girl, 'cause little girls ain't so much trouble as boys, is they? Which would you 'viser her to have, uncle?"

"Will you go on with your bricks, and not talk about things you don't understand? We're not supposed to talk about those sorts of things at all. It isn't proper."

"What isn't 'poper? Ain't babies?"

"No; very improper, especially some of them."

"Umph! then what's people have 'em for, if they isn't 'poper?"

"Will you go on with your bricks, or you will not?"

"Shall I have a baby when I'm growned up?"

"Oh bother the child! Yes, if you're good and don't worry, and get married."

"What's married? What mamma and pappa is?"

"Yes, what Auntie Emily and Mr. Chetwyn is going to be?"

"Yes; don't talk so much."

"Will Auntie Emily have a—?"

"GO ON WITH YOUR BRICKS."

He Will Not "Make Her Obey."

In a Sheffield church the other day a marriage ceremony came to an abrupt and altogether unlooked-for termination. It was the fault of the would-be bridegroom, and most people would say in losing his bride he met his deserts.

The ceremony went on right enough till the clergyman, addressing himself to the woman, put the question whether she would have the man to be her husband, "to love, honor and obey."

At the mention of the word "obey" the bridegroom ejaculated: "I'll make thee."

"Are we married yet?" asked the woman of the clergyman.

"No, you are not," he replied.

"Then we shall not be," said she, and thereupon she left the church.

The man protested that it was too late, but she heeded him not, and his discomfiture was made none the less when the parson told him that she had acted very sensibly.

You must desire to improve your heart, and so become good. You must desire to improve your head, and so become well formed. But you must desire first to become good. That is the first and great end of life.

The most remarkable cures of scrofula on record have been accomplished by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Try it. Sold by all druggists.

Invention of the Shot Tower.

"Before Watts had his dream," says *The Mechanical World*, "the making of shot was a slow, laborious and consequently costly process. Watts had to take great bars of lead and pound them out into sheets of a thickness nearly equal to the diameter of the shot he desired to make. He then had to cut these sheets into little cubes, place the cubes in a revolving barrel and roll the barrel round until by the constant friction the edge wore off from the little cubes and they became spheroidal."

"Watts had often racked his brain trying to discover some better and less costly scheme, but in vain. Finally, after spending an evening with some boon companions at the alehouse, he went home and went to bed. He soon fell into a profound slumber, but the stimulants he had imbibed apparently disagreed with him, for in his sleep he was disturbed by unwelcome dreams. He imagined he was out again with the 'boys,' and that as they were stumbling homeward in the dark it began to rain shot. Beautiful globules of lead, polished and shining, fell in a torrent, and compelled him and his bibulous companions to drag their heavy limbs to a place of shelter."

"In the morning when Watts awoke he remembered his dream. He turned it over in his mind all day and wondered what shape wotten lead would assume in falling through the air. These thoughts tormented him so persistently that at last, to set his mind at rest, he carried a ladleful of molten lead to the top of the steeple of the Church of St. Mary, of Redcliff, and dropped it into a boat below. Descending, he took from the bottom of the shallow pool several handfulls of the most perfect shot he had ever seen. Watts' fortune was made, for he had conceived the idea of the shot tower, which ever since has been the only means employed in the manufacture of the little missiles so important in war and sport."

"The Chicago Special."

New Train to the West via Pennsylvania Railroad.

In order to increase its present super facilities between New York and Chicago, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will, on June 7th, place in service an additional fast express train between these points. The new train will be known as the "Chicago Special." It will be composed of two Pullman Vestibule Sleeping Cars, one Combination Smoking Car, two Pennsylvania Railroad Standard Coaches, and a Dining Car. The entire equipment will run through to Chicago, except the dining car, which will be dropped after supper at Altoona. Another dining car, for the service of breakfast and dinner, will, however, be attached to the train at Altoona.

The "Chicago Special" will leave New York every day at 4.00 P. M., Philadelphia 6.25 P. M., and stopping at Harrisburg, Altoona, Pittsburg, and principal points on the Port Wayne route, arrive in Chicago 5.15 p. m. the next day.

The east-bound counterpart of this train will be known as the "Keystone Express." It will leave Chicago for the Port Wayne route at 10.45 a. m. every day, and arrive in Philadelphia 11.25 a. m. and New York 2 p. m. It will be equipped in every respect as the west-bound train, and will carry a dining car from Chicago to Altoona, and Altoona to New York.