

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., April 28, 1893.

GOOD NIGHT.

We hear it from a mother's knee, in echo down the stair,
Ofttimes in notes of childlike glee, oft times at close of prayer.

We hear it at the garden gate, half whispered, sweet and low,
While lovers linger until late and loath 'em then to go.

We hear it said in gilded halls, where mirth and gladness reign,
Where-beat, glow and music fills in captivating strain.

We hear it at the bedside, where dread pain an grief are known,
And tender ministrations share with the stricken and the lone.

We hear it from the sun of day withdraws from mortal sight;
What comfort, then, to hear and say, "Good night, dear heart, Good night."
—Chas. W. Bryan in *Good Night*.

Authors on the Platform.

A Short Sketch of Some Writers Who Read in Public from Their own Works.

F. Marion Crawford should be included in this list although there are many who will say that he is not an American author, but they are mistaken. Mr. Crawford was born in Italy thirty-eight years ago, but his father and mother were both Americans, the former, Thomas Crawford, being the sculptor who made the Washington monument, the latter being the sister of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. The author of "Mr. Isaacs" when a boy was sent to St. Paul's school in Concord, New Hampshire, and he still owns a home near there to which he hopes to bring his beautiful young wife some day and live there within sight of the White Mountains.

As Mr. Crawford comes upon the stage he strikes one as a serious, cultured man who carries himself at ease as if accustomed to being with the best sort of people. He is tall, about six feet and seems perfectly strong and well. He has recently dispensed with a brown beard in which he is familiar to Americans, and now wears only a heavy mustache. His long residence abroad has given him a decided but not unpleasant English accent and he rolls his r's strongly. He reads from the printed page in an easy, unforced manner and does not seem to feel that he is doing anything of any particular consequence or that his reading has any particular merit.

George Kennan, the Russian traveler and author, is a wiry, dark-eyed man, powerfully built, though of medium size, who impresses you mainly with his intense earnestness. As he moves across the stage you see his limbs are supple and feel that he carries with him a store of physical strength and an indomitable will capable of taking him through difficulties as big as the continents he has crossed. He is a very serious man, although he expresses himself in a rather matter of fact way. His face is thin and pale, and the man looks overworked. His hair is still black and brushed away from his broad forehead, under which a pair of dark eyes snap with resolution and restless energy. Mr. Kennan is a nephew of the great Morse, and was at one time an expert telegraph operator.

Mr. Kennan seems to get on fire with anger and sorrow as he tells the tragic story of the sufferings and horrors he witnessed in Siberia. Now and again he passes into a vein of sarcasm as when he tells how the governor of a certain province signed his name to the Lord's prayer without having the remotest idea what he was approving, whether a death sentence or a pardon.

WARNER AND RILEY.

One of the most charming of our American readers in public is Charles Dudley Warner, whose fair is so white that a casual observer would take him for an old man. The fact is he is comparatively young, for one who has done so much, having been born in 1829. He is a delightful speaker, although rarely or never using gestures. His method on the platform might be called the colloquial. That is, he talks in public to a large audience as he talks in a drawing room to a company of friends and acquaintances. There is plenty of animation, but no elocution. If he reads from his own works he does indeed bring out all the points, but without emphasis or seeming bent upon making an impression.

James Whitcomb Riley as a reader or recitationist is like himself and no one else in the world. He renders his poems better than any one else could, and altogether the entertainment given by him is sui generis. Whoever has heard him recite the verses having for a refrain:

"An' the gobbles—'n' 'n' git you
Er you
Don't
Watch."

will bear witness that it is the perfection of an elocutionist, although doubtless he never took a lesson in that art all his life. He seems to be entirely absorbed in all he reads or recites and never fails to carry his audience with him. There is nothing stiff or strained about what he does and although he brings much art to the platform he continues to make it appear artless.

Dr. Edward Eggleston, the author of the "Hocsier Schoolmaster" and other good things, is a typical Yankee in appearance, very tall, with a full, iron-gray beard, and a high-pitched voice with the nasal character predominant. He reads with very little pretension, but in a forcible way which captivates audiences fond of old-fashioned diction, in which he excels. He is very deliberate in his manner, and one pleasant feature of his reading is a tendency to suddenly change from the serious to the humorous and interlard a side-splitting story or a quaint Yankee picture in the midst of his more serious delineations. He has also guarded his personality and the flavor of his own originality intact from the invasion of vandal elocutionists.

—Bishop Haygood, of the Methodist Episcopal church, who has been importuned by office-seekers for letters to the president, says he would rather dig sassafras roots for a living than to write such begging letters.

Rules in Texas.

A Wall Thicker Than Long and Dating from Prehistoric Times.

A Texas correspondent writes to one of the scientific departments of the government of a strangely interesting prehistoric wall discovered on the frontier of the Lone Star state. This marvelous ruin surpasses in interest all the other wonderful remains hitherto found of the people who once inhabited the whole Mexican plateau and attained a high state of civilization. It passes through Milano, and has a total length of about twenty miles. It is built of solid masonry, ten to fifteen feet high, and as many feet thick. Its height and thickness are thus almost as great as the famous Chinese wall on the north of China. The direction is northeast and southwest.

It is for the most part under ground, and this is one of the curious things that puzzle those wise men who are supposed to know all about prehistoric remains. It is undoubtedly very old. One might suppose it to be the sure foundation of a gigantic fortress which rose above the ground many feet. The towers and other means of defence with which it might have been provided have had time to crumble away in the years that have passed. The long fortress may have been pulled down by the conquering invaders. As the people died out from the land the debris of the old wall would in either case cover its foundation.

The Aztecs probably built this wall. They have left some inscriptions on it but, since their language is entirely lost, no scholar can ever hope to decipher them. One covers a space of eight feet square. The characters are kindred to Indian inscriptions, but not so closely allied that their mystery can be penetrated. There was undoubtedly a populous village or city in the vicinity, for on a high hill, near Milano, the remains of a mighty temple of worship are found. This was supported by more than 200 lofty pillars. Some of them are still standing. They were made of clay, which was well burned. This gave the appearance of stone.

In this temple were placed many idols, broken parts of which are preserved. One shaped like an owl is preserved entire. Human sacrifices were made to these, as well as sacrifices of birds, beasts and reptiles. Skulls and bones have been preserved in the clay. Some of these belonged to very large animals. Some are petrified, and it is thought that these early Aztecs may have understood the art of assisting petrification and thus preserved the bones of their sacrifices. The idols are all curiously marked. Around each pillar small stones are piled up in circles or squares, and inside each circle, underneath the pillar, there is a centre of foundation stone, fashioned to represent the goithead. Near the wall there are also furnaces in which the natives smelted iron.

The locality and direction of the wall are not easily accounted for. Perhaps the marks the boundary of certain tribal territory which was exposed to the attacks of the enemy. An enormous amount of labor and material must have been required for its construction. It is built above the ground on the same gigantic plans as the foundation. Although there were toward 1,000,000 people then living in that vicinity, the work must have extended over a considerable period of time. Unless this was some strategic point it is difficult to understand how but a few thousand could be interested in its construction.

An old tradition says that the Aztecs were one of the seven powerful tribes in a region called Aztlan, or place of the heron. They wandered away from their fellows after a great confusion of tongues and settled in the region they are known to have inhabited. This tradition may be partly fabulous, but it is sure that the Aztecs settled the country before the eleventh or twelfth century. All the tribes lived in peace for a considerable time, until the strong began to encroach upon the territory of the weak. Then a fierce war for supremacy over the whole territory ensued and lasted many years. Under the leadership of their military chiefs, the Aztecs obtained control of the territory, and established a very enlightened form of government. This was consummated in 1324 or 1325. It is likely that the fortress was built during this period of war.

Booth on His Deathbed.

He Is Unable to Talk, but Recognizes Those About Him—Sleeps Most of the Time—His Condition Serious.

There seems to be doubt that Edwin Booth is in a very serious condition, in spite of the reassuring statements of the physicians. Dr. Smith said after his 5 o'clock call to-day that Mr. Booth was better than at any time since his present attack. Mr. Booth is still unable to talk. He recognized those about him however, and sleeps most of the time. His daughter, Mrs. Grossman, was with him to-day.

Mrs Hancock's Funeral.

New York, April 22.—The funeral of Mrs. Admiral Russell Hancock, widow of General Winfield S. Hancock, who died Thursday afternoon, took place to-day at noon at the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Transfiguration, known as "The Little Church Around the Corner." At the close of service the body was sent to St. Louis for burial in the Russell family plot in the Bellefontaine cemetery. O. D. Russell, Mrs. Hancock's brother, accompanied the body.

—Mrs. J. R. Green, widow of the English historian, is plucky. Her years of acting as amanuensis for her husband brought on writer's cramp. When her right hand gave out she learned to write with her left. Two of her own works, "Town Life in the Fifteenth Century," and "English Town Life in the Middle Ages," were both produced in this way.

California Earthquakes.

The Stranger Tells of His Experience With Big Shakes.

From the New York Tribune.
"Earthquakes," said the stranger confidently. "You people here think you had an earthquake the other night, do you? You don't know what earthquakes are. Way, in California they have earthquakes, yet they aren't so very bad, either, though I know a man out there who always packs his watch in cotton before he went to bed, so that the works wouldn't get shaken out in the night by an earthquake."

"There was a man who came out there from New York who didn't know anything about earthquakes. He was living in a hotel in a little town when a shock came one night. It wasn't much of a shock—just an ordinary little affair to which no native Californian would pay the slightest attention. But when this tenderfoot felt the earth shaking, and afterward when the house began to rattle and rock, he ran for his window. He was up in the third story, but he jumped. Down below was a shed with a light roof. He struck that and went through it like a shot. He was scratched and torn and jabbed in the most awful way, but he was tickled to death when he found he was alive. He wouldn't believe us when we told him he was scared—that he jumped. He declared that he hadn't jumped, but that he was 'shaken' when that earthquake began to shake the house to pieces I tried to get hold of something to brace myself with. Just then the walls began to fall something picked me up and threw me out of the window. I'm glad it did. It saved my life. I should have been killed if I had been in the house when it fell."

"You see, he didn't know anything about earthquakes. The plaster on the walls of the house hadn't even been cracked; but that's the way it takes tenderfoot."

"One of the worst shaking up I ever had was in Africa. There was a fellow over there who had chills and fever that were the worst I ever saw. They used to come on him every day at a certain hour. He would sit down and shake so you could almost hear his bones rattle and his belt would snap like the bones of a player in a minstrel show. When he got through with his attack he would be as weak as a kitten and as white as a sheet. Well, one afternoon he sat down to have his chills, when an earthquake shock came along. I threw me down and fired me all over the ground, but he just sat there and shook. No man that ever lived shook the way that man did. I believe if there had been so much noise and confusion you could have heard his belt crack a mile away. He just shivered from head to foot over and over again. I could see him while I was toasting around, and thought he would shake to pieces, but he just sat up the same as he always did when he had his chills."

"When the shock was over I got up, and then he said:
"That's the worst attack I ever had. I believe I'm getting worse. I'm afraid I'll have to move away from here."

"Would you believe it; that man thought that earthquake was one of his attacks of chills. He did, sir, and the most remarkable thing about it was that after that when the hour for his shakes came around he would walk about and attend to his business as if nothing unusual were happening. Yes, sir, after that earthquake he didn't mind chills a bit, sir; not a bit, sir, and he always said he was getting better."

—Gazzam—There's a married man paying marked attention to Mrs. Bloomper.
* Mrs. Gazzam (shocked but intensely interested)—You don't say so who is it?
Gazzam—Mr. Bloomper.

—"I've had a stormy life," said the jester to the king, with easy familiarity.
"How so?"
"Yours has been reigny and mine wind."

—Floorwalker—Good morning! you wish to do some shopping, I presume?
Bride (with hubby)—Y-e-s.
Floorwalker—Step into the smoking room, and the boy there will give you a check for your husband.

—"Do you find it very hard to get your husband through the telephone?" inquired Mrs. Boggs of her friend Mrs. Seroggs.
"I never tried it," answered Mrs. Seroggs, "he weighs two hundred."

—Twenty-one bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked Irish girls, fresh from the Emerald Isle, landed in New York on Friday last. They are bound for Chicago, where they will help to brighten the Irish Village, which is to be a feature of the World's Fair.

—The most remarkable springs in the world are in California, they produce sulphuric acid and ink.

—There are 240,900 varieties of insects.

Tourists.

The Chicago Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company has just issued another fifty page, handsomely illustrated pamphlet, giving "More Facts" about South Dakota, regarding agriculture, sheep raising, climate, soil, and its other resources. It also contains a correct county map of North, as well as South Dakota. It will be sent free to any address, upon application to John R. Pott, District Passenger Agent, Williamsport, Pa. Write for one of them.

Tourists.

Sixty Million Bushel of Wheat—A Bushel for Every Inhabitant of the United States. The Kansas Crop of '92.

Never in the history of Kansas has that state had such bountiful crops as this year. The farmers cannot get enough hands to harvest the crop, and the Santa Fe Railroad has made special rates from Kansas City and other Missouri River towns, to induce harvesting hands to go into the state. The wheat crop of the state will be sixty to sixty-five million bushels and the quality is high. The grass crop is made, and is a very large one; the early potatoes, rye, barley and oat crops are made, and all large. The weather has been propitious for corn, and it is the cleanest, best looking corn to be found in the country to-day. Cheap rates will be made from Chicago, St. Louis and all points on the Santa Fe east of the Missouri River, to all Kansas points, on August 30 and September 27, and these excursions will give a chance for eastern farmers to see what the great Sunflower State can do. A good map of Kansas will be mailed upon application to Jas. J. Byrne, 723 Monmouth Block, Chicago, Ill., together with reliable statistics and information about Kansas lands. 38 4 3m

Wanted.

Flouring Mills at Reynolds, N. D. (\$2,000 bonus); and Maynard, Minn. (Free site and half of stock will be taken).
Jewelry Stores at Buxton and Neche, N. D. Banks at Ashby, Minn., and Williston N. D.
Hotels at Wahpeton and Grafton, N. D. (Stock will be taken); Crystal, N. D. and Waverly, Minn. (Bonus offered or stock taken).

General Stores, Creameries, Harness Shops, Drug Stores, Shoe Shops, Lumber Yards, Tailor Shops, Hardware Stores, Banks, Carpenter Shops, Saw Mill, Soap Factories, Blacksmith Shops, Meat Markets, Bakeries, Barber Shops, Wagon Shops, Furniture Factories, Machine Shops, &c. needed and solicited by citizens in new and growing towns in Minnesota, the Dakotas and Montana. Free sites water power for factories at various places. No charges whatever for information which may lead to the securing of locations by interested parties.

Farmers and stock-raisers wanted to occupy the best and cheapest vacant farming and grazing lands in America. Instances are common every year in the Red River Valley and other localities where land costing \$10 an acre produces \$20 to \$30 worth of grain. Fine sheep, cattle and horse country in America. Millions of acres of Government Land still to be homesteaded convenient to the railway.

Information and publications sent free by F. I. Whitney, St. Paul, Minn. 36-32.

Abraham Lincoln.

When leaving his home at Springfield, Ill., to be inaugurated President of the United States, made a farewell address to his old friends and neighbors, to which he said "neighbors give your boys a chance."

The words come with as much force to-day as they did thirty years ago.
How give them this chance?
Up in the northwest is a great empire waiting for young and sturdy fellows to come and develop it and "grow up with the country." All over this broad land are the young fellows, the boys that Lincoln referred to, seeking to better their condition and get on in life.

Here is the chance!
The country referred to lies along the Northern Pacific R. R. Here you can find pretty much anything you want. In Minnesota, and in the Red River Valley of North Dakota, the finest of prairie lands fitted for wheat and grain, or as well for diversified farming. In Western North Dakota, and Montana, are stock ranges limitless in extent, clothed with the most nutritious of grasses.

If fruit farming region is wanted there is the whole state of Washington to select from. As for scenic delights the Northern Pacific Railroad passes through a country unparalleled. In crossing the Rocky, Bitter Root and Cascade mountains, the greatest mountain scenery to be seen in the United States from sea level is found. The wonderful Bad Lands, wonderful in graceful form and glowing color, are a poem. Lake Pend d'Oreille and Cœur d'Alene, are alone worthy of a transcontinental trip, while they are the fisherman's Ultima Thule. The ride along Clark's Fork of the Columbia River is a daylight dream. To cap the climax this is the only way to reach the far famed Yellowstone Park.

To reach and see all this the Northern Pacific Railroad furnish trains and service of unsurpassed excellence. The most approved and comfortable Palace Sleeping cars; the best Dining cars that can be made; Pullman Tourist cars good for both first and second class passengers; easy riding Day coaches, with Baggage Extra, and Postal cars all drawn by powerful Baldwin Locomotives makes a train fit for royal itself.

Those seeking for new homes should take this train and go and spy out the land ahead. To be prepared write to CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn.

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Your best remedy for
E-risypelas, Catarrh
R-heumatism, and
S-crofula.

Salt-Rheum, Sore Eyes
A-bcesses, Tumors
R-unning Sores
S-curry, Humors, Itch
S-cour, Indigestion
F-imples, Bloches
A-nd Carbuncles
R-ingworm, Rashes
I-mpure Blood
L-anguidness, Dropsy
L-iver Complaint
A-ll Cured by

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

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Daily and Sunday, by mail,.....\$8 a year

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Miscellaneous Adv's.

BOARDING.—Visitors to Philadelphia, on business or pleasure, from this section, will find pleasant rooms and good boarding either by the day or week, at 1211 Greene Street, Central, located. Pleasant surroundings. 37-32.

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GRAIN DRILLS,
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Railway Guide.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES.
Dec. 18th, 1892.

VIA TYRONE—WESTWARD.
Leave Bellefonte, 5:25 a. m., arrive at Tyrone 6:52 a. m., at Altoona, 7:40 a. m., at Philipsburg, 12:10 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte, 10:28 a. m., arrive at Tyrone 11:55 a. m., at Altoona, 1:45 p. m., at Philipsburg, 6:50 p. m.

VIA TYRONE—EASTWARD.
Leave Tyrone, 5:15 p. m., arrive at Bellefonte 6:33, at Altoona 7:25, at Philipsburg at 11:20 p. m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—NORTHWARD.
Leave Bellefonte, 9:32 a. m., arrive at Lock Haven, 10:37 a. m.
Leave Bellefonte, 4:30 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven, 5:25 p. m., at Renovo, 9 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte at 8:45 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven at 9:50 p. m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—EASTWARD.
Leave Bellefonte, 8:22 a. m., arrive at Lock Haven, 10:37, leave Williamsport, 12:30 p. m., at Harrisburg, 3:30 p. m., at Philadelphia at 6:30 p. m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—WESTWARD.
Leave Lock Haven, 8:45 a. m., arrive at Bellefonte 10:10 p. m., leave Williamsport, 12:25 a. m., leave Harrisburg, 3:45 a. m., arrive at Philadelphia at 6:50 a. m.

VIA LEWISBURG.
Leave Bellefonte at 6:20 a. m., arrive at Lewisburg at 8:00 a. m., Harrisburg, 11:40 a. m., Philadelphia, 3:00 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte, 2:15 p. m., arrive at Lewisburg, 4:47, at Harrisburg, 7:05 p. m., Philadelphia at 10:55 p. m.

BALD EAGLE VALLEY.

WESTWARD. EASTWARD.
TYRONE. TYRONE.
ARRIVE. DEPART. ARRIVE. DEPART.
Dec. 19, 1892.

P. M. A. M. A. M. Arr. Lv. A. M. P. M. P. M.
6:33 11 55 6 52 Tyrone 8 10 50 10 7 25
6 27 11 48 6 45 E. Tyrone 8 17 37 7 32
6 23 11 43 6 41 Yell. 8 20 30 7 25
6 19 11 38 6 38 Bald Eagle 8 23 24 7 20
6 13 11 32 6 32 Dix 8 30 30 7 15
6 09 11 28 6 28 Powells 8 33 27 7 11
6 04 11 23 6 23 Hannan 8 36 37 7 02
6 01 11 17 6 21 Pt. Matilda 8 43 44 7 09
5 54 11 09 6 13 Harrisburg 8 47 46 7 02
5 45 11 00 6 04 Julian 8 50 41 8 16
5 38 10 51 5 55 Unionville 9 10 10 8 25
5 28 10 41 5 45 S. Int. 9 14 10 8 35
5 25 10 38 5 42 S. Int. 9 22 20 8 35
5 15 10 28 5 35 Bellefonte 9 32 40 8 45
5 05 10 18 5 25 Millsboro 9 41 40 8 52
4 57 10 09 5 18 Curtin 9 56 44 9 07
4 50 10 02 5 14 Mt. Eagle 10 02 40 9 15
4 44 9 54 5 07 Howard 10 14 40 9 22
4 35 9 45 5 00 Eggleville 10 17 05 9 23
4 33 9 42 4 56 Bk. Creek 10 20 08 9 23
4 21 9 31 4 46 Mill Hall 10 31 19 9 44
4 18 9 29 4 43 Flemington 10 34 22 9 47
4 15 9 25 4 40 Lck. Haven 10 37 25 9 50
P. M. A. M. A. M. A. M. A. M. P. M.

TYRONE & CLEARFIELD.

NORTHWARD. SOUTHWARD.
TYRONE. TYRONE.
ARRIVE. DEPART. ARRIVE. DEPART.
Dec. 19, 1892.

P. M. P. M. A. M. Lv. Arr. A. M. A. M. P. M.
6 40 3 15 6 39 Tyrone 6 40 3 12
7 37 3 22 8 25 E. Tyrone 6 49 11 38 6 15
7 43 3 28 8 31 Yell. 6 54 11 34 6 10
7 15 3 00 8 41 Harrisburg 6 23 11 25 6 02
8 00 3 48 8 45 Gardners 6 10 11 21 6 50
8 07 3 49 8 50 Millsboro 6 16 11 25 6 43
8 15 3 56 9 05 Summit 6 24 11 05 6 50
8 19 3 59 9 10 Sand Ridge 6 28 11 07 6 57
8 21 4 01 9 12 Retort 6 30 10 55 6 55
8 24 4 02 9 15 Towelton 6 31 10 52 6 57
8 30 4 08 9 24 Osceola 6 40 10 47 6 54
8 41 4 15 9 33 Boynton 6 45 10 35 6 52
8 45 4 18 9 37 Lovers 6 49 10 34 6 58
8 47 4 22 9 39 Philipsburg 6 53 10 37 6 58
8 51 4 26 9 43 Graham 6 57 10 31 6 49
8 57 4 32 9 49 Mt. Hall 6 59 10 27 6 44
9 03 4 39 9 55 Walford 6 58 10 24 6 39
9 10 4 47 10 02 Bigler 6 52 10 22 6 30
9 17 4 52 10 07 Woodland 6 57 10 21 6 34
9 24 4 58 10 13 Barrett 6 52 10 17 6 15
9 28 5 02 10 17 Leonard 6 50 10 13 6 12
9 35 5 08 10 21 Clearfield 6 54 10 08 6 07
9 40 5 11 10 28 Riverview 6 56 10 04 6 04
9 47 5 16 10 33 Sh. Bridge 6 54 10 03 6 06
9 55 5 25 10 38 Curwensville 6 50 10 02 6 05
P. M. P. M. A. M. A. M. A. M. P. M.

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE BRANCH.

Time Table in effect on and after Dec. 19, 1892.

Leave Snow Shoe, except Sunday.....6 45 a. m.
Leave Bellefonte, except Sunday.....3 p. m.
Leave Harrisburg, except Sunday.....4 15 p. m.
.....5 25 p. m.

LEWISBURG & TYRONE RAILROAD.

Schedule in effect December 18th, 1892.

WESTWARD. EASTWARD.
TYRONE. TYRONE.
ARRIVE. DEPART. ARRIVE. DEPART.
Dec. 19, 1892.

111 103 STATIONS. 114 112
P. M. A. M. A. M. P. M. P. M.
2 40 6 40.....Montsboro.....9 10 4 55
2 08 6 11.....Lewisburg.....9 00 4 47
.....Fair Ground.....9 00 4 47
2 17 6 20