

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., Oct. 2, 1896.

OUR OWN.

It had known in the morning
How wearily all the day,
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind
I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex "our own"
With looks and tone
We might never talk back again.
For though in the quiet evening
You may give the kiss of peace,
Yet well it might be
That never for me
The path of heart should cease.
How many go forth in the morning
Who never come home at night,
And hearts have broken
From harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can never set right.
We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest,
But off for "our own"
The latter tone.
Though we love out over the best,
Ah! lips with the more impatient;
Ah! brow with the look of scorn,
Was a cruel fate
Were the night too late
To undo the work of morn.
—Margaret E. Singsler.

An American Girl.

She is Very Much Alive as Yet and is More Than Simply Good Looking—Banned from Mexico Because the Authorities Were Opposed to the Future She Created—Worshiped by Her Followers—Credited With Curing All Ills and Bringing Good Fortune.

Strange stories have been told of late about a young woman in Southern Arizona who is worshipped by Mexicans and Indians as a saint. She works miracles, healing the sick and curing the crippled and blind of their infirmities. The natives describe her as very beautiful, and say that she does not grow any older. Ever since they have known her, which has been for a number of years, she has remained exactly the same in appearance, and she has always possessed supernatural powers. They regard her with awe, being convinced that she is at least in part divine, and their notions as to how and whence she came originally are vague and shadowy. She is called Santa Teresa. Reports have found their way into the newspapers, accusing her of using her influence to incite the Yaquis and other tribes to mischief. Nothing accurate or at all satisfactory has ever been published about this remarkable personage, who spends her time in fitting from place to place along the northern border of Mexico. Recently she was heard from as far east as El Paso. She is obliged to keep out of Mexico, because she is practically an exile from that country. The authorities, disapproving of her propaganda, kept chasing her from one place to another in the state of Sonora, until finally she was obliged to seek refuge across the line.

DISCOVERED IN OLD TUBAC.

It was in the neighborhood of the old town of Tubac that she was found long ago by Prof. W. J. McGee, of the United States Bureau of Ethnology, who succeeded in obtaining an interview with her. Though lacking faith in her saintship, he became much interested, discovering her to be a very charming young lady, about 25 years of age, with dark hair, fine eyes and a graceful figure.

"The fame of Santa Teresa is spread all over the State of Sonora and beyond," said Prof. McGee. "In order to understand the influence which she exercises, you ought to know something about the character of the people and the country. Sonora is much like the Jews of the Scriptures, and you will find Old Testament conditions repeated there exactly. The region is arid, and the scattered settlements are situated wherever there is water to support them. Each village has just as many inhabitants as the water will maintain. The people are simple, hospitable and polite. Their social organization is patriarchal. The affairs of the settlements are managed by local patriarchy, who, with their families, own most of the cattle and horses that graze on the plains. Only within the last few years has the Mexican government come to have any control over this territory and its primitive population.

"The social conditions are entirely similar to those which governed in the days of Abraham. The patriarchy is a hierarchy, the rulership of a settlement descending from father to son. Every body is eager to take care of the horses and cattle, while the young women tend the sheep and goats. The familiar 'burro' of that region is exactly the same animal as the scriptural ass. Just as in Judea of old, the daughter of the household goes in the evening to the well for water, with a jar; but she carries the jar on her head instead of on her shoulder. The people are ignorant and superstitious—just the sort, indeed, among whom any religious delusion would readily spread. Of Santa Teresa I heard a good deal as soon as I reached Southern Arizona. I was told that, having been driven out of Mexico, she was making a visit at the Bosque ranch, near Tubac, fifteen miles north of the international frontier.

NOT AN EVERY-DAY OPPORTUNITY.

"I had come into that country for the purpose of studying the Papago Indians, but I heard so much about the saint and her miracles that I turned aside to get a look at her. It is not every day that one gets a chance to see a real live saint. Faith in her seemed to be more intense among the low-grade Mexicans than among the Indians. At every Mexican settlement I gathered accounts of her wonderful powers and of the holy mystery that surrounded her.

"She spoke of her always with awe and often with affection, calling her Teresa. She had never been a child, but was born grown-up. Wherever she went good luck came; the fields smiled with a plentiful harvest and the horses and cattle did not get sick. There was no physical ailment in human beings which she could not cure. "I felt somewhat doubtful as to whether the saint would permit me to see her. It seemed likely that she would be so sacred. However, I made up my mind to do, and try so started for the Bosque ranch. As I approached the place there came a sudden rain storm, which was quite an extraordinary event. The effect of rain in that region is remarkable, and I was much interested in observing it. The mountains being almost bare of vegetation, the fallen water immediately forms torrents, which are often dangerous. It so chanced that when the storm came on I found myself at a temporary Papago village in a valley. We heard the roar of a torrent coming down the mountain, and the Indians were

much frightened, thinking that they would all be swept away. But there was no real danger, for the mass of water, pouring out through a gorge, had spread over the wide plain before it reached us, so that it hardly came up to the hubs of my wagon wheels. It was like so much liquid mud, and rushed down the valley about as fast as a horse would trot. Very quickly it was sucked up by the dry soil.

A CONGREGATION OF CRIPPLES.
"I went on through the mud to the ranch, and it was still raining when I got there. About the place I observed many cripples and sick people. I suppose there must have been thirty or forty of them. Some were on crutches, while others were very aged, and all were abjectly poor. It was indeed a pathetic assemblage. As I rode up by my Indian interpreter, young Senor Bosque, the son of the proprietor, came to welcome me and ask my business according to Mexican custom. I explained that I wanted to see Santa Teresa. During our conversation quite a crowd gathered about, anxious to scrutinize the Senor Americano who had come to make a visit to Teresa. Young Bosque said that he would find out, and went back to the house with half a dozen children tagging at his heels. Presently he brought back word that the saint would receive me.

"I followed Senor Bosque into the house, and was ushered by him into a room, at the door of which Santa Teresa met me with a frank grasp of the hand. She was self-possessed, graceful, and dignified. There was not the slightest embarrassment in her manner, though circumstances did not help to make our introduction easy. I could speak very little Spanish, while she had small knowledge of English.

"She was surrounded by a little group of maidens whose occupation evidently was to take care of her and see that every wish of hers was anticipated. I have never seen such graceful and perfect service as they bestowed upon her. Meanwhile the people in and about the house had gathered from all sides and were standing in the doorways, eager to see what was going on. Some knelt for convenience in observation, while others stood and held children on their shoulders, so that the doors were actually frames filled with faces.

THE SAINT SPOKE FRENCH.

"After a bit I ascertained that the saint spoke French; and then we got along better. Whenever the understanding was not perfect, one of the maidens in waiting, who knew some English, acted as interpreter. What I wanted to know most was what she thought about her own alleged supernatural powers and her so-called miracles. I approached the subject very gradually, but she responded with entire frankness. It was evident that she believed in herself thoroughly. She said that several years ago, while very ill, she had seen the Virgin Mary in a vision, and from her had received the mysterious potency. Having recovered her health, she determined to devote the rest of her life to helping mankind. She began with aiding the sick and afflicted in the ordinary way, but found that her touch did good, and so got in the habit of curing by that means.

"The cure never failed if the patient had sufficient faith. In some cases, especially chronic disorders, she annointed. No particular ceremony was employed in annointing; she merely moistened the tip of her finger with oil of any kind and rubbed the part affected, at the same time uttering a blessing and prayer.

"So far as I could make out, she was not spoiled to any great extent by the homage she received. She explained that she regarded herself merely as a medium of supernatural power. She was a good Roman Catholic, and I was much impressed with the refinement and goodness of feeling which she exhibited in speaking of the manner in which she had been persecuted and driven from place to place by the Mexican authorities. She told me that she read a great deal and was fond of the sciences, most of all astronomy. Her favorite astronomical authors were Flammarion in French and Newcomb in English. When I informed her that Prof. Newcomb was my father-in-law, she was much interested. It was only with much difficulty that I succeeded in persuading her to give me one of her photographs. She said that she did not want to give away her photographs, because, if they got around, people would be worshipping them, and she did not want to be regarded as a goddess.

"MUCH BETTER OFF UNMARRIED.
"I went away from the Bosque ranch most favorably impressed with Santa Teresa. Her full name was Teresa Urrea, she was born in the State of Sinaloa, in Western Mexico. She is a virgin saint, and I imagine most unlikely to marry. Her present condition is vastly more desirable than that it would be as the wife of any Mexican. Everybody is eager to take care of the horses and cattle, while the young women tend the sheep and goats. The familiar 'burro' of that region is exactly the same animal as the scriptural ass. Just as in Judea of old, the daughter of the household goes in the evening to the well for water, with a jar; but she carries the jar on her head instead of on her shoulder. The people are ignorant and superstitious—just the sort, indeed, among whom any religious delusion would readily spread. Of Santa Teresa I heard a good deal as soon as I reached Southern Arizona. I was told that, having been driven out of Mexico, she was making a visit at the Bosque ranch, near Tubac, fifteen miles north of the international frontier.

"I have been called an anarchist because I have opposed the trusts and syndicates which would manage this country. I am glad that I am elected there is not a trust or syndicate that can come to me and say, 'We put you there, now pay us back.'—William Jennings Bryan.

"Charming as she undoubtedly is, my own opinion is that she does a good deal of harm. When she comes to a settlement, she interferes with the normal course of events; the laborers stop work and as long as she remains, are more interested in her than their families and every-day duties.

"They neglect their crops and cattle. Their notion that she brings them good fortune is the purest imagination; every village is poorer after her visit. It is not what is given to her, for she is not influenced by cupidity and does not accept much. But the people cease their labors, and it is further to be considered that she is followed everywhere by a retinue of sick and crippled wretches, who have to be fed. As for her healing powers, the presence of so many crippled and sick about her tell their own stories. True, she showed me crutches and various offerings left behind by cured patients; but it is a fact long understood that imagination has great influence over the body. It is to this that faith cures, ancient and modern, are attributable."—SENSE BACHE

The Presbyterian Synod of Pennsylvania will hold its annual meeting in Bellefonte, October 15-21. Over two hundred ministers and elders will be in attendance. This synod covers all of Pennsylvania and West Virginia and comprises twenty-four presbyteries.

A Tyrone sign that can be seen from the branch train reads: "We buy your bones and pay the highest market price."

The Twelfth Annual Convention of the W. C. T. U.

A Profitable Session—Many Delegates Present—Committee Report—Encouraging Outlook.

The twelfth annual convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Centre county convened in Bellefonte on last Thursday morning. The president, Mrs. John P. Harris, was in the chair. Out of thirty delegates there were twenty-six present. Mrs. Mattern, of Milesburg, delivered the principal address of the morning. Her subject was "Equal Rights," which was handled in a very pleasant and convincing manner.

The old board of officers were re-elected for the ensuing year as follows: president, Mrs. John P. Harris; vice president, Mrs. James Harris; secretary, Mrs. Eliza N. Thomas; treasurer, Mrs. Isaac Mitchell, all of Bellefonte.

At the afternoon session Mrs. Gainsford led the devotional exercises and the president, Mrs. John P. Harris, presided. Mrs. Isaac Mitchell, the treasurer, reported a balance of \$32.11 in the treasury. Mrs. James Harris read the report on resolutions which follows:

WHEREAS, There is a growing disregard for the sanctity of the Sabbath—and a manifest indifference on the part of professed Christian people therefore,

Resolved, That we the W. C. T. U. of Centre county in convention assembled, believing the Sabbath rest and observance of vital importance to the moral and physical well-being of this State and Nation—would ask from those in authority a regular enforcement of those laws which have been enacted for its preservation, and

WHEREAS, We desire to secure a more widespread adherence to our principles, not only among the so-called drinking class, but in society and among Christian men and women. Therefore,

Resolved, That we call upon all members of the W. C. T. U. of our country to use every earnest endeavor to accomplish this end by circulation of literature. Personal efforts add to our membership and missionary work among those who are indifferent. And

WHEREAS, The cigarette habit is growing among our boys, we therefore try to arouse more interest in this subject especially among the parents and guardians of children.

Resolved, That we buckle on our armor, and bring our country up to where it once stood.

Thanks of the W. C. T. U. of Centre county to editors who have kindly given space in their columns for temperance matter.

Thanks to county commissioners for court house and to friends who have entertained, aided, and do their duty.

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The Electric Current.

"What is electricity? That is a question no man can yet fully answer. In a great electric station you may see a huge engine 'turning over' two big copper wheels. They are doing no work, and require little steam. The day darkens; lights are turned on through the city. A man at the switchboard 'throws in' the switches, bringing the two dynamos into circuit, and connecting them with the copper conductors through the streets, and presently the two wheels require all the power the 2500 horse-power engine can supply, and are lighting 25,000 electric lamps. But the wheels turn at the same speed; you cannot see or feel any difference. The men who make the dynamos and the men who operate them know how to produce electricity, but Mr. Edison himself, standing by an Edison dynamo, could only tell you the 'how' and not the 'why.' Yet for thousands of years this great power has been in the universe, waiting for nineteenth-century men literally to find it out. The discoverer, the inventor, only uncovers or comes to the force already in the universe for the service of man. The nineteenth century, in a person of a Kelvin, an Edison, a Tesla, or a man yet unknown, may answer the question, or it may be left unanswered to the twentieth.

We know electricity from its effects and through its relations with other forces. It is a force, having an effect on matter. No force can be made. We do not make electricity; we only convert other force into it. Electricity is produced by and produces magnetism. It produces and is produced by heat, mechanical force, chemical force.

When thus produced, an insulated body can be "charged" with it or electrified. The force is then in suspended animation as static (stand-still or passive) electricity. When a less electrified body is brought near, the force leaps free, and the electrified body is discharged with a shock or spark. Or, thus produced, the force can be transmitted, as dynamic (force-full or active) electricity, along the lines of conductors.

This is the electric current.

"When a man is packed in a crowd, if he moves or is moved, he must push his next neighbor, and he will push that particular next neighbor who moves easiest or makes the least resistance. All forces act in this 'line of least resistance.' Silver, copper, etc., are of 'low resistance' to electric force, and are good 'conductors' of electricity; paraffine, rubber, glass, mica, etc., are of 'high resistance,' will not conduct, and are 'insulators.' Yet every conductor resists somewhat—there is some 'loss' or 'drop,' the electricity turning into heat: every insulator conducts somewhat—there is some 'leakage' or current.

Force must always do work: no force can be lost. If the man in the crowd, as he is pushed and pulled, puts his hands on the man in front of him, and he on the man behind him, and so on, until the last man grips a pump-handle, the push and pull at the centre, thus passed on will work the pump. This is how work is done at a distance by the force of electricity. If the men are close together in a ring, and one shoves forward, the shove will be passed all around the ring till the first man's shove hits himself in the back. The men would not move round, but the force would. This is like the electric 'circuit.' Place a rubber band around a finger, and begin to twist it. The twist seems to run round the ring, starting in one direction, coming back in another direction, like 'positive' and 'negative' current, though its direction is really the same. The twisting force represents a dynamo; if you twist one way continuously, it is like the continuous direct current; if you twist to and fro, it is like the alternating current, first in one direction, then in the other. If you stretch the rubber band, and put two pins through it on either side, the pins will rotate like motors and in opposite directions. These are simple analogies of applied electricity. What we know of electricity, as an art, can best be learned by tracing our knowledge from its beginnings. From 'Electricity by R. R. Bowker, in Harper's Magazine for October.

Hop Pillows.

Hop pillows are frequently of great comfort to a nervous person and will often soothe a headache. It is well to have one or two of these pillows at hand in case of need. Linen covers worked with some appropriate motto or a spray of the graceful hops in wash silk are attractive in appearance and can always be freshened by being washed.

The crowd that greeted Bryan at Philadelphia exceeded those that went to hear Blaine when he went to that city. This statement being made in the Philadelphia goldite papers after making such extravagant assertions that the silk cause is dying out must have been gall and wormwood to the writers.

A Niles, Mich., special tells the following: Charles Carroll, a 17-year old boy is dying from cigarette smoking. For two years he has smoked three to five packages a day. The poison has caused his skin to take on a greenish hue he acts like one afflicted with hydrophobia.

"Just got a letter from Milred. She's enjoying the country ever so much. She says: 'Every day at sunrise a neighboring rooster rouses us with his early morning lay.'"

"Early morning lay? What's the matter with the hens—on a strike?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer

Her Father—If you marry my daughter how do you expect to keep and dress her?

Hardtuppe—That need make no difference. You seem to be doing that pretty well, now, and I will not be very exacting.

"Were you ever in love?"

"No I married young."—New York Herald.

Illuminating Oil.

ASK FOR—

THE BOOKLET ON "LIGHT"

BURN CROWN ACME OIL

GIVES THE BEST LIGHT IN THE WORLD.

AND IS ABSOLUTELY SAFE.

CONFIRMED BY BISMARCK.

Text of the Culberson Letter Published in a Hamburg Paper is Authentic.

Friedrichsruh, Sept. 26.—A letter was sent to Prince Bismarck to-day, asking him as to the authenticity of the text of his recent letter on the subject of bimetallism, addressed to Governor Culberson, of Texas. The correspondent was met by Count Von Rantzau, Prince Bismarck's son-in-law, who took the message to the ex-Chancellor, returning in a few minutes with the answer that the text of his letter, as published in the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, was authentic.

A Smile.

Nothing on earth can smile but man! Gems may flash reflected light, but what is a diamond flash compared with an eye-flash and a mirth-flash? Flowers cannot smile; this is a charm that even they cannot claim. It is the prerogative of man; it is the color which love wears and cheerfulness, and joy—these three. It is a light in the windows of the face, by which the heart signifies it is at home and waiting. A face that cannot smile is like a bud that cannot blossom and dries up on the stalks. Laughter is day, and sobriety is night, and a smile is the twilight that hovers gently between both—more bewitching than either.

The best churning temperature is 62 degrees in summer and 64 degrees in winter. If you feed much cotton seed in winter you can go to 68 or 70 degrees and it will do no harm; The lower the better.

A druggist in Maine has advertised in his town paper for 48 years without a break, and has retired rich.

Wall street coffers open \$20,000,000 on tap to elect McKinley.

Potatoes in Greenland never grow larger than a marble.

New Advertisements.

WANTED—SEVERAL FAITHFUL men or women to travel for respectable established house in Pennsylvania. Salary \$750 per week and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The National, Star Building, Chicago, Ill., 413-414m.

INVESTIGATE THIS.

AND ITS IN BELLEFONTE, NOT IN SAN FRANCISCO. ANY CITIZEN CAN VERIFY THIS.

"Honesty is the best policy." That old adage has always been a characteristic of the article endorsed by Mr. Jared Harper, the Allegheny street grocer man. Not only has honesty been the mainstay of the claims made for the old Quaker remedy but it is the backbone of the testimonials published in its behalf when you know that a citizen, perhaps a neighbor, prefaces his statement with a tribute like that which follows, the testimony not only is interesting, remarkably strong but it carries with it that irresistible influence that sweeps away every vestige of incredulity. What do our readers think of this? "I have so much confidence in Doan's Kidney Pills that after I got my first box at Green's Pharmacy I went back and bought six more." What more can the greatest sufferer at proprietary medicines in Bellefonte want. Read the rest of Mr. Harper's testimony.

"Besides running this grocery I have to look after three estates. This constant strain has told on me and as time passed by I find that my health is not what it was at one time. I am troubled with kidney complaint. It shows itself in backache, headaches, and scanty yet frequent urination. While I am not laid up I suffer a great deal. Doan's Kidney Pills are for sale by my Pills have cured me—for they have not—but I received so much benefit from one box I determined to continue their use. I believe from the progress made that I will eventually eradicate every vestige of troubles for my appetite has improved and I can rest comfortably at night."

Doan's Kidney Pills are for sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-McLure Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. 41-7

LEWISBURG & TYRONE RAILROAD.

Time Table in effect on and after May 18, 1896.

Leave New Shoe, except Sunday..... 3 51 p. m.
Arrive in Bellefonte..... 5 46 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte, except Sunday..... 6 09 a. m.
Arrive in New Shoe..... 11 40 a. m.

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Travelers Guide.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES.

May 18th, 1896.

TYRONE AND CLEARFIELD, R. R.

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