

# Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., Dec 10, 1897.

## IN THE PRISON CORRIDOR.

Conducted by the assistant jailer, Hartley climbed the iron stairway and walked down the cemented corridor until he reached the door of his client's cell. Then, after a look which meant "good afternoon" to the official with the big keys, he drew up the chair which had been left for such purposes in the corridor and spoke to the dark space of the cell's interior. A low laugh, mirthless and dry, came from the farthest recess, and after a time a man shambled out into the borrowed, bar-filtered light which came stingily from the world beyond the heavy walls.

"Well, Harry," said Hartley, "I've come. Did you miss me?"

The man beyond the bars laughed again and clapped his hands together like one applauding. The light which now fell upon his face showed it as wearing a blank look. His eyes were wide and white, and they roved about the walls and upper bars of the cell in a vagrant way.

"I've been here for three weeks," said Hartley. "But I've been at work on the case all the time. The court issued a call for a special panel this morning, and they'll take it up Monday by the furthest."

The prisoner laughed again, a cackling, cackling laugh that meant neither joy nor amusement.

"Come nearer, Harry," Hartley commanded in a low tone.

The man drew near to the bars.

The attorney bent closer.

"I'll tell you," he got to trust me. Listen to me. There's nobody in the corridor and the other two solitary are empty. There's nobody within the sound of my voice or yours. Do you understand that? Ah, you're laughing again. Listen to me. Listen, I tell you. Don't you know that as your attorney I'm bound by every pledge of honor to protect you, however guilty your secret? Don't you know that you must confide in me if you expect me to work hopefully for your acquittal? Don't laugh, I tell you. I want you to talk to me. I want you to be truthful for once. I want you to tell me the truth. I want you to tell me why you killed him. This appearance of insanity may deceive your jailers and it may later confuse the jury, but you must be open and frank with me. Tell me the story, if you don't."

The prisoner leaned downward till their faces were almost level and but the inch or two separated them. Then he uttered that low, dry, cheerless laugh.

"If you don't" Hartley said once more.

The hard laugh sprung up again.

"I'll tell it to you,"

The sound suddenly ceased and a quick look of intelligence came into the wild eyes. But in a moment the lustre died out of them and the prisoner chuckled once more.

"I'll tell you the story," Hartley replied. "What do you think I've been doing all these three weeks of my absence? Go on and glare vacantly if you want, Harry. Perhaps it'll do no harm; but it'll do no good. There's nobody here to see you but me, and nobody to hear your voice. Listen! I've been studying day and night. I've been inquiring into the secrets of the books that tell of insanity. I've gone into the three great divisions of dicy, dementia and mania, and I've probed to the bottom. And, Harry Keene, you're no more insane than I am this minute. Why won't you be candid with me? Why won't you help me to make up a clear defense? Why, we may even rely on this theory of mental disorder, and after I have left the jail you may proceed with your manifestations, but while I'm here I want you to be fair with me. You won't? Well, then, listen to the story of the murder of Finley Hedges. It's the story of your assassination of your friend. It's the story of the most remarkable, the most mysterious case that ever came up for hearing in this district."

"I know why you determined to kill Hedges. I know that for weeks before you shot him in the public square you had planned it. I know that you had made that discovery concerning your boyhood's associate which no man can make without wanting to kill. You found out what many another man has found out and for which he has slain his friend—and has been acquitted."

"You might have shot Hedges down like a dog, and, telling the reason, you would have been exculpated. Men would have called it a praiseworthy act—yes, and women, too."

The prisoner clapped his hands together again, applauding the unseen thing which pleased him.

"Ah, but here's the reason you didn't do that: 'You wanted to avoid the disgrace of it. You wanted to save—well—you wanted to save her. So you calculated how you could punish Hedges without loosening the tongues of a little babble. I'm not accusing you; I'm explaining that all in all, I'm just telling what I conceive to be the facts. The question was how to kill Hedges as he deserved to be killed without risk of execution for it and without risk of a hue and cry of scandal for the woman. So you chose to go insane. That would make it easy. You could kill anyone and there would be no danger of either of the things which you dreaded. But the insanity must be well established and incontrovertible. Then the plan of committing the crime and then suddenly losing the mind—always the recourse of the clownish and second-rate murderers—would not do. A jury looks with suspicion on a case of insanity which so accommodatingly reveals itself. Isn't that what you reasoned?"

The prisoner had been listening with eager attention and with the fire of intelligence in his eyes.

"Who" he began, and then the perspiration started from his forehead. He trembled and the hollow laugh sounded again.

"And what about the worm father?" said the young man sneeringly. "Wasn't he rather foolish in getting up so early?"

"My son," said the old man, "that worm hadn't been to bed at all; he was only getting home."

The young man coughed.

"Darky Witness on Distance.

"How far was it," asked the lawyer of the witness, "from your house to the road where the difficulty occurred?"

"Bout a acre en a half, sah."

"I mean how many yards?"

"Dey wuzn't any yards dere at all, sah, exceptin' 'n my yard, en dat wuz 'bout a acre en a half fum de road!"

### "Dead as a Door Nail."

The door nail in earlier times was the plate of the door upon which the old-fashioned knocker struck to arouse the inmates of the house. As the plate or nail was struck many more times than any other, it was assumed to be more dead than any other nail. Hence the phrase, "Dead as a door nail." If the old ideas are to be revived as now seems possible the phrase may soon have a present application.

—Hardware.

### The Salt Habit.

Many people eat altogether too much salt. The result is that the skin and kidneys are excessively taxed to get rid of the salt, and both are injured by it. Few people have healthy skins, and it is believed that many cases of derangement of the kidneys are due to the salt habit.

FREE PILLS.—Send your address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a free sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. A trial will convince you of their merits. These pills are easy in action and are particularly effective in the cure of Constipation and Sick Headache. For Malaria and Liver troubles they have been proved invaluable. They are guaranteed to be perfectly free from every deleterious substance and to be purely vegetable. They do not weaken by their action, but by giving tone to stomach and bowels greatly invigorate the system. Regular size 25c. per box. Sold by F. Potts Green, druggist.

Lea (sadly)—I don't know what to do with that boy of mine. He's been two years at the medical college and still keeps at the foot of his class.

Perrins (promptly) Make a chiroprapist of him.

The whole story of the great sales attained and great cures accomplished by Hood's Sarsaparilla is quickly told. It purifies and enriches the blood, tones the stomach and gives strength and vigor. Disease cannot enter the system fortified by Hood's Sarsaparilla. For Malaria and Liver troubles they have been proved invaluable. They are guaranteed to be perfectly free from every deleterious substance and to be purely vegetable. They do not weaken by their action, but by giving tone to stomach and bowels greatly invigorate the system. Regular size 25c. per box. Sold by F. Potts Green, druggist.

Mabel—I'm getting a new tooth in my mouth.

Ruth—Oh that's nothing. My papa's a dentist, and I can have all the new teeth I want.—Philadelphia North American.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.—The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by F. Potts Green.

—To remove the smell of new paint, lay a bunch of hay in the room, and sprinkle with a little chloride of lime, close the room for several hours, and when it is again opened the smell will all be gone.

### TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to Cure. 25c. 42-43-ly

### Business Notice.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Facsimile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on the wrapper of every bottle of Castoria.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss she clung to Castoria. When she had Children she gave them Castoria.

### Tourists.

To Sunny California.

Every Saturday night during the winter months. Personally conducted tourist car excursions, organized by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y start from Chicago every Saturday at 10 o'clock p. m., and run through Omaha, Lincoln, Colorado Springs, and Salt Lake City to Sacramento, San Francisco and Los Angeles, via the popular midland tourist car route.

Each car is accompanied by an intelligent and obliging courier who makes himself useful to all the passengers. This is an entirely new departure in tourist car service, and is highly approved by hundreds of California passengers. A sleeping berth costs but \$6.00, and the railroad ticket is proportionately cheap.

Apply to the nearest coupon ticket agent for an illustrated time table folder of the midland route to California, or address John R. Post, district passenger agent, Williamsport, Pa., for further information. 42-46-ly

### A Story of George.

His Answer Was Sufficient to Bring Down the House.

The late Henry George had a special gift in the rejoinder as a weapon in argument. After his address on his tax theory he always invited his hearers to ask questions, which he delighted in answering. In 1888, after a lecture at Howard University in Washington, a western Congressman, accepting the invitation, said:

"After all, Mr. George, you advocate a system of confiscation of property. If I should take wild land and cultivate it and beautify it, I would have won undisputed title to the land itself, and you should recognize my proprietorship in it."

This sally won loud applause from the audience, but the applause was deafening when Mr. George flung back this reply:

"I thought I had explained that all improvements ought by right to belong to the improver. On that we agree. I go farther. All you produce out of the land by your labor should belong to you. If I should see you sitting on the sea shore fishing and should see you catch a large fish, or, in other words bring forth or produce that fish, I should maintain your right to it as your property, to use, to sell, to give or bequeath; but I'll be hanged, sir, if I'll agree that you own the ocean from which you produce that fish. Land stands in the same relation to man."—Springfield Republican.

### The Worm Was Up Late.

A father was lecturing his son on the evil of staying out late at night and rising late in the morning. "You will never succeed," he said, "unless you mend your ways. Remember the early bird catches the worm."

"And what about the worm father?" said the young man sneeringly. "Wasn't he rather foolish in getting up so early?"

"My son," said the old man, "that worm hadn't been to bed at all; he was only getting home."

The young man coughed.

With it you can run a vapor stove for one-half cent per hour

GIVE US A CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

JAMES HARRIS & CO., BELLEFONTE, PA.  
DAN'L IRVIN'S SONS, " "  
W. T. TWITMIRE, " "

### ILLUMINATING OIL.

STOVE GASOLENE THE CHEAPEST AND BEST FUEL ON THE MARKET.

WITH IT YOU CAN RUN A VAPOR STOVE FOR ONE-HALF CENT PER HOUR

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### Medical.

## NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

It Comes to the Preacher from Over Study and Brain Tires—It Comes to Any Person, too, Who Worries and frets.

From the Huron Tribune, Bad Axe, Mich.

A "breaking down of the nervous system," is a modern expression, a modern complaint, induced by prolonged strain and the overtaxing of the nervous system, and is a product of over hurry and haste. It affects the preacher and the lawyer—the direct result of brain tire. It affects people in any walk of life, too, who worry and fret. It means a depletion of the nerve forces.

It is curable by complete rest and change of scene, also by the use of nerve restoratives and nerve foods. As the first method is not within the reach of all, the latter offers the most universal and practical method of treating the complaint. When it is determined that medicine is to be used, select that one which contains the most nerve nourishing properties. Do not take narcotics. They only stimulate, and the reaction leaves you worse than you were before. Select the medicine that is to the nerves what meat is to the body—one that as it builds up the nerves, also increases your weight. The best thing for the purpose is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, the reputation of which is built up by solid and undisputed proof, and which is known in every hamlet in the country.

As a proof of its merits in such cases, read the following letter of a clergyman:

Dr. WILLIAMS' MED. CO., Schenectady, N. Y.

Dear Sirs—In April 1896, I was a hopeless case, owing to a complete breaking down of my nervous system and to a persistent stomach trouble. I had been treated by a great many physicians but received no permanent benefit. I had been down four times with nervous prostration and twice with gastritis. These attacks would come with such violence as to throw me into spasms. The time came when physicians said I must stop preaching or die. I would be so exhausted after the last service on Sunday that I could scarcely get from the pulpit. Many a time I had to sit down and rest before I could leave the church in order to gain a little strength. I could eat neither

meat nor vegetables. I dared not allow my feet to touch the cold carpet, or floor, to say nothing of taking a cold foot bath. If I did I was immediately seized with cramps. In this condition I commenced to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I took one box and felt no better—in fact worse. I said I would take no more, but my wife urged the matter, feeling my life depended upon the result, as everything else had failed, and I was "used up." I therefore continued to take them. Since then, and it has been several months, I have had but one slight attack and have enjoyed life. Have preached all summer and held revival meetings for fifteen weeks. During that time my wife was sick seven weeks, so that my rest was much broken. Some nights I did not sleep at all. I have had no muscular exercise for years until recently, when I have done some work in my garden, and my muscles stand the test remarkably well. I can eat anything I desire, and can now enjoy a cold bath daily. Every Sabbath I preach three times, and now think I am good for another twenty years if the Lord will. I am surprised at myself and sometimes think it cannot be possible that I have accomplished what I have.

(Signed) "REV. J. N. MCCREADY,"

Find attached the affidavit of Mr. McCready, made before a notary public.

J. N. McCready being duly sworn, says that the above and foregoing statements made by him are true. Subscribed and sworn to me this 23rd day of July, 1897. J. D. BROSOKS, Notary Public.

All the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves are contained in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50c. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

### Saddlery.

After using a 10 cent trial size of Ely's Cream Balm you will be sure to buy the 50 cent size. Cream Balm has no equal in curing catarrh and cold in head. Ask your druggist for it or send 10 cents to us.

ELY BROS' 56 Warren St., N. Y. City.

I suffered from catarrh three years; it got so bad I could not work; I used two bottles of Ely's Cream Balm and an entire cure was effected without it.—A. C. Clarke, 331 Shawmut Ave., Boston.

WORTH OF ————

HARNESSES, HARNESSES, HARNESSES,

SADDLES,

BRIDLES,

PLAIN HARNESSES,

FINE HARNESSES,

BLANKETS,

WHIPS, Etc.

All combined in an immense Stock of Fine Saddlery.

.....NOW IS THE TIME FOR BARGAINS.....

### Medical.

## MAKE IT PUBLIC.

PUBLICITY COUNTS—THAT'S WHAT THE PEOPLE WANT—BELLEFONTE EXPRESSION ON THE SUBJECT.

### Business Notice.

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### Tourists.

THE OVERLAND LIMITED

Leaves Chicago 8.00 p. m. every day in the year. Buffet Smoking and Library Cars. All meals "a la carte" in Dining Cars. Palace Drawing-room Sleeping Cars through Salt Lake City and San Francisco without change.

Through Tourist Sleeping Cars to California and Oregon.

ALL PRINCIPAL AGENTS SELL TICKETS VIA

THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE

CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY, OR ADDRESS

H. A. GROSS, General Eastern Passenger Agent, 423 Broadway, NEW YORK, or FRANK IRISH, Traveling Passenger Agent, Marine National Bank Building, PITTSBURG, PA. 42-47

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## Travelers Guide.

### PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES.

Schedule in effect May 17th, 1897.

VIA TYRONA—WESTWARD.			
Leave Bellefonte	9.25 a. m.	arrive at Tyrona	11.30 a. m.
Leave Bellefonte	1.05 p. m.	arrive at Tyrona	2.15 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte	4.44 p. m.	arrive at Tyrona	6.00 p. m.
VIA TYRONA—EASTWARD.			
Leave Tyrona	11.30 a. m.	arrive at Bellefonte	9.25 a. m.
Leave Tyrona	2.40 p. m.	arrive at Bellefonte	1.05 p. m.
Leave Tyrona	6.00 p. m.	arrive at Bellefonte	4.44 p. m.
VIA LOCK HAVEN—NORTHWARD.			
Leave Bellefonte	9.32 a. m.	arrive at Lock Haven	10.36 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte	1.42 p. m.	arrive at Lock Haven	2.45 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte	4.31 p. m.	arrive at Lock Haven	5.30 p. m.
VIA LOCK HAVEN—SOUTHWARD.			
Leave Lock Haven	10.30 a. m.	arrive at Bellefonte	9.32 a. m.
Leave Lock Haven	12.40 p. m.	arrive at Bellefonte	1.42 p. m.
Leave Lock Haven	3.20 p. m.	arrive at Bellefonte	4.31 p. m.
VIA LEWISBURG.			
Leave Bellefonte	6.30 a. m.	arrive at Lewisburg	9.45 a. m.
Leave Bellefonte	11.30 a. m.	arrive at Lewisburg	2.45 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte	3.10 p. m.	arrive at Lewisburg	6.25 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte	6.55 p. m.	arrive at Lewisburg	10.20 p. m.

TYRONA AND CLEARFIELD, R. R.					
NORTHWARD.			SOUTHWARD.		
EXPRESS.	MAIL.	DAY EXPRESS.	EXPRESS.	MAIL.	DAY EXPRESS.
May 17th, 1897.					
7.20 P. M.	8.20 A. M.	8.20 A. M.	7.20 P. M.	8.20 A. M.	8.20 A. M.
7.30 P. M.	8.30 A. M.	8.30 A. M.	7.30 P. M.	8.30 A. M.	8.30 A. M.
7.40 P. M.	8.40 A. M.	8.40 A. M.	7.40 P. M.	8.40 A. M.	8.40 A. M.
7.50 P. M.	8.50 A. M.	8.50 A. M.	7.50 P. M.	8.50 A. M.	8.50 A. M.
8.00 P. M.	9.00 A. M.	9.00 A. M.	8.00 P. M.	9.00 A. M.	9.00 A. M.
8.10 P. M.	9.10 A. M.	9.10 A. M.	8.10 P. M.	9.10 A. M.	9.10 A. M.
8.20 P. M.	9.20 A. M.	9.20 A. M.	8.20 P. M.	9.20 A. M.	9.20 A. M.
8.30 P. M.	9.30 A. M.	9.30 A. M.	8.30 P. M.	9.30 A. M.	9.30 A. M.
8.40 P. M.	9.40 A. M.	9.40 A. M.	8.40 P. M.	9.40 A. M.	9.40 A. M.
8.50 P. M.	9.50 A. M.	9.50 A. M.	8.50 P. M.	9.50 A. M.	9.50 A. M.
9.00 P. M.	10.00 A. M.	10.00 A. M.	9.00 P. M.	10.00 A. M.	10.00 A. M.
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10.20 P. M.	11.20 A. M.	11.20 A. M.	10.20 P. M.	11.20 A. M.	11.20 A. M.
10.30 P. M.	11.30 A. M.	11.30 A. M.	10.30 P. M.	11.30 A. M.	11.30 A. M.
10.40 P. M.	11.40 A. M.	11.40 A. M.	10.40 P. M.	11.40 A. M.	11.40 A. M.
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BALD EAGLE VALLEY BRANCH.					
WESTWARD.			EASTWARD.		
EXPRESS.	MAIL.	DAY EXPRESS.	EXPRESS.	MAIL.	DAY EXPRESS.