BEYOND.

It seemeth such a little way to me, Across to that strange country, the Be

And yet not strange, for it has grown to be The home of those of whom I am so fond, They make it seem familiar and most dear, As journeying friends bring distant countries

So close it lies that when my sight is clear I think I see the gleaming strand. I know, I feel, that those who've gone from

Come near enough to touch my hand. I often think but for our veiled eyes We should find heaven right around us lies.

I cannot make it seem a day to dread When from this dear earth I shall journey

To that still dearer country of the dead And join the lost ones so long dreamed

I love this world, yet shall I love to go And meet the friends who wait for me, I know

And so for me there is no sting to death. And so the grave has lost its victory. It is but crossing, with a bated breath And white set face, a little strip of sea, To find the loved ones waiting on the shore, More beautiful, more precious than before.

-Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

KIP'S ANGEL.

Kip was a strange looking child and truly not in the least attractive. Had you been passing along that busy thoroughfare that day, you would probably never have given her a second glance. Had you thought of her at all, it would be as one of a multitude of neglected, uninteresting children for whom the State ought to care, if you happened to have theories in that di-

A low forehead, wandering blue eyes, tawny hair and complexion, a calico frock of intense pinkness and dilapidation, such was Kip that cloudy Saturday afternoon in the year of our Lord '94. Kip was not even a favorite in East End. There were ever so many others in the family, both before and after, and Kip was not quite equal to holding her own. She was called, at various times and under varying circumstances, "slow" and "stupid" and "half-bright" and "lacking." Besides, there was a stepfather in the family, and no end And, too, Kip could be very sullen and

cross when imposed upon, and this she was much of the time. This day, this Saturday, had been particularly trying—Satur-day always was—the day the washings went out and the beer came in. And Kip had been ill-tempered, and the children on the street had teased her and called her Empty Top and Fool's Cap; and she had set the dog on them, and they had thrown mud balls at her, and she had run awayrun away, up and down the street as far as the church corner. It was chilly on the square of the broad street, and she pressed her face between the bars of the iron fence toward the shelter of the high porch. Her sight, unusually alert, noticed that the door was just ajar. She ventured through the heavy gate and through the heavy door which swung only a little, and that little unwillingly, into the vestibule. She had never been in the church before. It was quiet here, O, so very! And so high solemn. She almost liked it here. Just then the sun broke through a cloud and shone gladly, on a level slant, through the window which blazed its colors just be-fore Kip's wandering, awe-struck eyes. It seemed as if just that moment the vision had dropped down by the vision on India as though it were a bit of Egypt had dropped down before her. She had or India. climbed into a luxurious pew and was resting her head on the rich upholstery. The of the eastern and northern states, and is sullen pout and angry lines faded from the well worth the trip.—Harper's Weekly. little tawny face, and she looked solemnly at the lovely picture, illuminated before her hnngry eyes, which had seen so much evil and so little loveliness. Truly it was a beautiful window. The rich man who had erected it as a memorial had felt a vast deal of satisfaction in it, although he never dreamed nor cared that it should bring a message of comfort to a half-witted child. There was the tomb, dark and forbidding, and in the foreground the resurrection angel, radiant and beautiful and The face was tender and sweet, as though he knew he was bringing the most blessed evangel this weary, deathsmitten world had ever heard.

"Be not affrighted. He is risen," said the happy lips. His wings were folded and his face uplifted. Kip was not unfamiliar with some parts of the resurrection story-she went to mission school quite regularly about Christmas and Easter time. She wondered, O how real it grew! if she might not almost run and hide in the folds of the soft white robe which gathered about

She was familiar with death. What a common sight it was in East End. Their own little baby had been carried away dead and still, and Kip was the baby tender (as she was bigger and could not learn much at school,) and she loved the little helpless thing, which had never been cross or cruel to her. The other children ran away from her. Baby stretched out its tiny arms and chose her out of all its little world for companionship. But baby died. Everything died or went away that Kip cared for; just as though her life was not baby, that there was another world very near—heaven, where Christ lives who loved children-it must be very nice to go to heaven. It must be very nice to get up tle guaranteed. close to the radiant face and soft robe. And this was death-to enter into a world of beauty and comfort. Her head dropped a little on her chin. The church was warm and fragrant with Easter flowers for the morrow. She seemed to have forgotten the cold misery of that hard Saturday and to be entering into a new world. It seemed, indeed, as if she had entered into a new world; for the angel certainly turned its beautiful face soward her and stepped along in the luminous pathway and laid its hand upon her. It was a pitying, tender, loving look and touch. It thrilled her through with a glad joy. She would like to stay here forever. Might she not stay forever? If she was very good and never cross and sullen again, would the Christ let her stay? She wished she had learned more about Him, and then she would know how to please Him, and then he would not turn her away. She reached out her hand to lay hold of the angel's

flowing garment. It eluded her touch as every beautiful thing in all her weary life had done before. Her haud fell back helplessly. It struck the hard-polished pew, and Kip sat up rubbing her eyes. The church was growing dark. Almost the only thing visible was the glistening angel, dim and shadowy, and far away in the half light. Kip had come back to her little world. Was it a bit of disappointment? Yes, but Kip was used to disappointments. There was still something left, and that was a peace in her heart. That did not go away. It would matter less now that the

her. She had had the companionship of angels, and had come to feel that the Better Country was very near. And then she stole out of the dim church into the cold wind of an April evening. It was Easter eve, and the one poor bewildered little child had taken the Easter bles:ing into her soul. The chimes far up in the tower pealed forth the world's new hour gladly, and Kip's heart echoed the melody. The flickering lamp light fell on a solemn little face that reflected the joy and satisfaction of a heavenly presence which the risen Christ had brought.—The Christian Advocate.

Insouciant Mexicans.

They Leave Their Gamecocks Tied Outside the Church Door

Any unfortunate citizen of the United States who, from any unwillingness to work or to take part in the various concerns of life, has acquired a reputation among his neighbors for being trifling, should emigrate at once to Mexico. Life there seems to wear about as serious an aspect as a comic opera, and such a citizen would be looked upon as a worthy addition to the chorus. One of the important things in Mexico is to own a gamecock, and on Sunday morning, if you leave him tied by the leg to a convenient awning post while you attend service in the church, you will excite no comment among your neighbors. In fact, the voice of the priest is often almost drowned by the crowing out on the street. Cock-fighting and bull-fighting, as every one knows, occupy the same relative places in the affections of the Mexican as base ball and Sunday afternoon is reserved for them.

The policeman in a Mexican town is an official of importance and dignity. His uniform may be dirty and ragged, but he wears a cartridge-belt and six-shooter in to part with them, are sold for very low addition to his club, and is usually seen with a cigarette in his mouth. Five or six turity, and after a very few years bear imof these worthies will drag a poor, trembling wretch to the police station with a flourish worthy of the capture of a brigade.

The Mexican wears a hat covered with gold and silver braid, that is usually worth more than all the rest of his family's wardrobe; and it is this, together with the gay striped blanket and the swagger of the fellow, that gives him such an air of stage

It is always dangerous to judge the people of a town by those most in evidence on the street; but if I were called on to set a valuation on the people I saw in some of these Mexican towns, I should be tempted to make my calculation by the dozen or not numerous, and there are so many far hundred, rather than by the single native. With all their love of finery, neither the men nor women are much given to gay colors. Black and white predominate; but the bright sun makes it all gay and fetch-

ing.
When a Mexican grows old he seems to shrink up until there is little to see of him but a big hat and a scrap of blanket pulled tight over his meagre shoulders. His beard and hair stand out white and distinct from his dark, shriveled face which looks like that of a mummy in its frame of white. Yet it may be seen at the end of a three days' journey from almost any

Not an Observant Man.

The old man in the shaggy overcoat mentioned something about Kansas in his talk, and the Bostonian leaned over toward him and asked:

"Did you say you were from Kansas?" "No; but I jest come from there."

"Then I want to ask you a few questions. How are times out that way?"

"I dunno."

"Is money plenty or tight?"

"Can't say "But don't you know how the farmers are feeling?"

'No.' "Is business good or bad in the towns?"

"I didn't ask anybody." "You-you are not an observing man," said the Bostonian. "No, I guess not. I went out to Kansas

to see a widder I used to know, and to ask her to marry me. I got to her house at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. I asked her to ple. Every bottle guaranteed. Only 50 cents. Sold by F. Potts Green, druggist. 3:30 I was on my way back. I didn't see no crops, nor ask about good times or bad. The State of Kansas may be holdin' a reglar Fourth of July, over good times, or everybody may be goin' to the poor house. All I know about it is that I'm an old fool fur spendin' \$60 to run arter a Kansas widder when I could hev married a New Hampshire gal fur 12 shillin's!"

REMARKABLE RESCUE---Mrs. Michael Curtain, Plainfield, Ill., makes the state ment, that she caught cold, which settled barren enough before. She almost forgot on her lungs ; she was treated for a month the headache and the wretchedness as she by her family physician, but grew worse. gazed into that lovely face. She did not He told her she was a hopeless victim of quite take all the thought of the resurrec- consumption and that no medicine could tion into her bewildered twilight mind, cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. but O! a little of its comfort and beauty did come into her sore heart. Was it true? she bought a bottle and to her delight O! did she dare to hope that into the care found herself benefited from the first dose. of such an angel as this she had given her She continued its use and after taking six bottles, found herself sound and well; now does her own housework, and is as well as little children, and such beautiful angels she ever was.-Free trial bottles of this as this one were there to care for little Great Discovery at F. Potts Green, drug store. Only 50 cents and \$1.00, every bot-

> --- "Coming down Third street this morning," says the Abilene (Kan.) Re-flector, "one could see five women shoveling the snow from the walks in front of five houses. Their husbands were down town sitting around the stoves discussing "The White Man's Burden."

Is MY BLOOD PURE?—This is a question of vast importance to all who wish to be well. If your blood is impure you cannot expect good health, unless you begin taking Hood's Sarsaparilla at once. This great medicine makes the blood pure and puts the system in good health, cures spring humors and that tired feeling. Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache,

biliousness and all liver ills. Price 25

---Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

Industrial Openings in Puerto Rico for Men of Small Capital.

Limes, which are used universally on the island, are very abundant, and during the flowering season perfume the air for yards around with the delicate odor of their blossoms. The fruit reaches a size and perfection seldom seen elsewhere, and the large paper skinned varieties almost cause one to mistake them for lemons. They are never raised with intent and never exported, but they may always be found fresh in the market places. The bottling of lime juice has been found very remunerative elseworld was jeering and failed to understand where, and is offered as a business sugges

Puerto Rican pineapples are famous for their delicious flavor and wonderful bouquet; in fact, it is even admitted in Cuba that the pineapple par excellence is grown on the sister island. It has only been within the last decade that any attempt at systematic culture has been made, and the industry is yet carried on in the most primitive manner. The Mayaguez district is the one in which they are grown mainly for export, and in other portions of the island, where never above a hundred or so are grown in a single patch, they are used for home consumption, the inferior ones alone finding their way to the local markets.

The raising of the above named fruitsbananas, oranges, limes, lemons, and pine-apples—offers industrial openings of much merit for men of small capital, who cannot or dare not indulge in the high priced luxuries of sugar growing, coffee or tobacco plantations. It is a sure way to modest wealth, and it is believed that no investor, for the next ten years, can go amiss by putting his money and his wits into this form of toil. What are sorely needed today, however, to assure complete success, are direct lines of fruiters running from the island ports to the great marts of our Atlantic seaboard. It is possibly on account of the lack of such transportation that the more perishable fruits have never found

their way to the United States. Cocoanuts grow everywhere along the sandy coast lines, and old coral rocks which have been covered over with rich silts and sands afford a perfect soil for their prolific growing. It is said that cocoanut raising is very profitable; that is, it gives large reand foot ball hold in the American heart, turns for the money invested; but there is much more labor connected with the industry than the casual observer would imagine. The sandy margins of the coast line, where sugar estate holders are willing figures. The trees rapidly spring to mamense annual crops of nuts. The heavy expenses lie in the laborious methods of gathering the nuts by climbing the trees and hacking the branches from the lofty heights, and again in the difficulties which are met with in releasing the nuts from the heavy fibrous husks. Cultivation of the sandy loams in which the trees grow is unnecessary, and hence there are no expenses in this direction. A very profitable business is the extracting of oil from the nuts, as half a dozen large ones will furnish a quart of oil. The writer hesitates to make too much of a point regarding this industry not numerous, and there are so many far more desirable localities along the coast of Cuba, where thousands of acres are available in single stretches. It is one of the economic possibilities, even here, which should by no means be overlooked .- Har-

Two Easy Berths.

Two blue jackets were once overheard arguing as to who had the least work to do on board a man-of-war.

"It's the parson," said one. "Ow d'ye make that out?" queried the

other. "Cos'e's got no work to do and all day to do it in."

"You ain't quite got it, Bill," retorted his friend, while an inspired grin illumined his features. "It ain't the parson, it's the Cap'n o' marines.'

"Ow's that?" "Well, as you say, the parson's got no work to do and all day to do it in; but the Cap'n o' marines 'as nothin' to do and all day to do it in, and as a Lewtenit o' marines to 'elp 'im to do it!"

STORY OF A SLAVE. - To be bound hand and foot for years by the chains of disease is the worst form of slavery. George D. Williams, of Manchester, Mich., tells how such a slave was made free. He says 'My wife has been so helpless for five years that she could not turn over in bed alone. After using two bottles of Electric Bitters, she is wonderfully improved and able to do her own work." This supreme remedy for female diseases quickly cures nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, headache, backache, fainting and dizzy spells. This miracle-working medicine is

A Boy's Last Car Jumping

At Milton last Thursday Harry E. Bowan, son of Andrew Bowan, attempted to jump on a freight train, fell on the rails and had both legs severed. He died a few hours

Business Notice.

Castoria

Bears the signature of Chas. H. FLETCHER In use for more than thirty years, and The Kind You have Always Bought

Many People Cannot Drink

Coffee at night. It spoils their sleep. You can drink Grain-O when you please and sleep like a top. For Grain-O does not stimulate; it nourish es, cheers and feeds. Yet it looks and tastes like the best coffee. For nervous persons, young people and children Grain-O is the perfect drink. Made from pure grains. Get a package from your grocer to-day. Try it in place of coffee. 15 and

Tourists.

San Francisco and Return.

One fare for the round trip, National Baptists Anniversaries, May 26-30th, 1899, tickets on sale May 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th, good to return until July 15th. For full particulars call on or address John R. Pott, district passenger agent, Chicago Milwaukee & St. Paul railway, 486 William St. Williamsport, Pa., or 300 Chestnut St., Philadel-44-11-3t

Medical.

HOPE FOR THE SICK.

The strongest desire of the sick is to get well. Nobody in good health can realize the intensity of this longing.

It is so strong that unless relief comes it turns to hopelessness-and hopeless-Certainly no one can afford to neglect a remedy that brings hope to the hopeless, strength to the weak, health to the sick; a remedy that, like Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, gives absolute proof that it has cured every form of dis-

ease it is advertised to cure. You can obtain the proof upon application, stating your trouble and giving your address. No sufferer from any disorder of the blood or nerves should fail to

Mrs. L. E. Browning, of Pueblo, Col., says: "About two years ago I was very sick with blood poisoning, caused by an abscess that had not received proper treatment. The disease for a time aetitled in my throat, causing intense agony. Then inflammatory rheumatism set in. Hands so swollen that I could not feed myself, and the swelling in my feet and ankles made walking impossible. After considerable treatment, my physician brought me a box of Dr. William's Pink Pills for Pale People. "You need a tonic," he said, "and this is the best medicine I know of for that purpose."

"In less than a week I noticed a great improvement. Soon my rheumatism was gone, I grew stronger each day and now am in the best of health. (Signed) "Mrs. L. E. Browning."

The genuine package always bears the full name. Sold by all druggists or sent direct by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y. 50c, per box;

Medical. Restaurant. STRONG TESTIMONY. DO YOU GET

HUNGRY? Of course you do. Every bodoes. But every body does know that the place to satisfy thunger when in Bellefonte is Anderson's Restaurant, opposite Bush House, where good, cle tasty meals can be had at all hou Oysters and Game in season.

THIS IS BELLEFONTE TESTIMONY AND PLAY POOL?

> WILL STAND INVESTIGATION. DO YOU USE

If you doubt the following and wish to investigate, you haven't to go to some other State in the Union to prove it. It's not a long story published in Bellefonte newspapers about a resident in Kalamazoo, Mich., or Tampa, Fla. It's about a resident of Bellefonte and given in her own words. No stronger proof can be had.

Mrs. L. A. Miles, of High street says: "I was very much troubled with my back and with rheumatism. This latter affected my heart and besides I had neuralgia. My rest was very much broken from nervousness and the kidney secretions embarrassed me when my back was aching badly. I was told about Doan's Kidney Pills by a young woman who had come 17 miles to get If you doubt the following and wish woman who had come 17 miles to get them and she appeared surprised that I was not acquainted with their merits. I immediately went to the Bush block drug store and got them. Well, they drug store and got them. Well, they did me any amount of good. I was astonished at the result of their use and the pain and lameness soon left me. They also banished the tired feeling I had mornings. I can conscientiously recommend Doan's Kidney Pills."

Pills."

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name Doan's and take no substi-

Music Teacher.

W. B. REEVE TEACHER OF

PIPE ORGAN-PIANO - VOICE CUL-TURE and HARMONY. 25-South Thomas St. - BELLEFONTE, PA. 43-18-1y*

Prospectus.

DATENTS.

TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS,
COPYRIGHTS, Etc.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE—
Anyone sending a sketch and description may
quickly ascertain our opinion 'free whether an
invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Oldest agency for
securing natents.

Patents taken through Munn & Co., receive SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & CO.,

361 Broadway, New York City.

Branch office 625 F. St., Washington, D. C.

Buggies, Wagons, Etc.

YOU CAN BELIEVE IT. McQUISTION SAYS ITS SO.

> You'll be glad if, you do and sorry if you dont take advan-tage of the special bargains he is offering now inBUGGIES, WAGONS, ETC.

Preparatory to reducing his stock to make room for his winter stock of Sleds, Sleighs, &c. Among others he has

5 second hand Buggies,

" Spring Wagons that will almost be given away Don't fail to remember this.

S. A. McQUISTION & CO. BELLEFONTE, PA.

BOTTLED BEER?

If you do, Anderson is the man to supply you. He is the only licensed wholesale dealer in the town, and supplies only the best and purest brands. Will fill orders from out of town, promptly and carefully, either by the keg or in bottles. Address JOHN ANDERSON, Bellefonte, Pa. 43-48-6n

Spouting.

SPOUTING! SPOUTING! SPOUTING! SPOUTING!

Repairs Spouting and supplies New Spouting at prices that will astonish you. His workmen are all skilled mechanics and any of his work carries a guarantee of satisfaction with it. 24-38

Travelers Guide.

A LTOONA & PHILIPSBURG CONNECTING RAILROAD. Condensed Time Table in effect November 27th, 1898. EASTWARD-WEEK DAYS.

WESTWARD-WEEK DAYS.

SUNDAY TRAINS.
 Read down.
 Read up.

 P.M. | P. M. | A.M.
 A. M. | P.M. | P.M.

 6 10 12 43 8 38
 Ramey.
 10 27 2 47 8 57

 6 24 12 57 8 52
 Houtzdale.
 10 14 2 34 8 44

 6 43 1 16 9 11
 Osceola Mills.
 9 55 2 158 25

 6 57 1 30 9 25
 Philipsburg.
 9 40 2 00 8 10

 P.M. | P. M. | A.M.
 A. M. | P.M. | P.M.
 Read down.
P.M. P. M. A.M.
6 10 12 43 8 38

Connections.—At Philipsburg (Union Station) with all Beech Creek railroad trains for and from Bellefonte, Lock Haven, Williamsport, Reading, Philadelphia and New York; Lawrenceville, Corning, Watkins, Geneva, and Lyons; Clearfield, Mahaffey and Patton; Curwensville, DuBois, Punxsutawney, Ridgway, Bradford, Buffalo and Rochester. At Osceola for Houtzdale and Ramsey with P. R. R. train leaving Tyrone at 7.20, p. m. G. M. H. GOOD, Gen. Supt

CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNA. Condensed Time Table.

READ DOWN READ UP. Nov. 21st, 1898. No 1 No 5 No 3 No 6 No 4 No 2 8 10 8 52 3 40Salona...... 9 22 4 05 8 35 8 15 8 57 3 45 ...MILL HALL... †9 17 †4 00 †8 30 9 50 (Beech Creek R. R.) 10 40 ‡9 30 p. m. a. m. Arr.

†Week Days. §6.00 P. M. Sundays *Daily. ‡10.55 A. M. Sunday. PHILADELPHIA SLEEPING CAR attached to Eastbound train from Williamsport at 11.30 P. M, and West-bound from Philadelphia at 11.36. J. W. GEPHART. General Superintenden

Travelers Guide.

Medical.

DENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND Schedule in effect Nov. 20th, 1898.

VIA TYRONE—WESTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte, 9.53 a. m., arrive at Tyrone
11.10 a. m., at Altoona, 1.00 p. m., at Pittsburg,

Leave Bellefonte, 9.55 a. m., arrive at Tyrone, 5.50 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte 1.05 p. m., arrive at Tyrone, 2.15 p. m., at Altoona, 3.10 p. m., at Pittsburg, 6.55 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 4.44 p. m., arrive at Tyrone, 6.00, at Altoona, 7.40, at Pittsburg at 11.30.

VIA TYRONE—EASTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte, 9.53 a. m., arrive at Tyrone 11.10, at Harrisburg, 2.40 p. m., at Philadelphia, 5.47. p. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 1.65 p. m., arrive at Tyrone, 2.15 a. m., at Harrisburg, 6.45 p. m., at Philadelphia, 10.20 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 4.44 p. m., arrive at Tyrone, 6.20 at Harrisburg, at 10.00 p. m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—NORTHWARD.

Leave Bellefonte, 9.32 a. m., arrive at Lock Haven, 10.30 a. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 9.32 a. m., arrive at Lock Haven, 10.30 a. m.
Leave Bellefonte, 1.42 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven 2.43 p. m., arrive at Williamsport, 3.50 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte, at 8.31 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven, at 9.30 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte, 9.32 a. m., arrive at Lock Haven 10.30, leave Williamsport, 12.40 p. m., arrive at Harrisburg, 3.20 p. m., at Philadelphia at 6.23 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 1.42 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven 2.43 p. m., arrive at Williamsport, 3.50, leave 4.00 p. m., Harrisburg, 6.55 p. m., Philadelphia 10.20 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 8.31 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven, 9.30 p. m., leave Williamsport, 12.50 a. m., arrive at Harrisburg, 3.40 a. m., arrive at Philadelphia at 6.52 a. m.

Leave Bellefonte, at 6.02 a. m.

Leave Bellefonte, at 6.40 a. m., arrive at Lewisburg, at 9.05 a. m., Montandon, 9.15, Harrisburg, 11.30 a. m., Philadelphia, 3.00 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 2.15 p. m., arrive at Lewisburg, 4.47, at Harrisburg, 6.55 p. m., Philadelphia at 10.20 p. m.

TYRONE AND CLEARFIELD, R. R.

-				- · ·	10. 10.	
NORTHWARD.			SOUTHWARD.			
EXPRESS.	DAY EXPRESS.	MAIL.	Nov. 20th, 1898.	EXPRESS.	DAY EXPRESS.	WATT
P.M.	P. M.	A. M.	Lv An			-
7 20	3 20	8 20	Tyrone Ar.	P. M.	A. M.	P.
7 26	3 26	8 26	E. Tyrone	9 40		6
	3 23	8 28	Ivrone S			0
	3 30	8 31	Vail	0 45	11 09	5
		8 42	Vanscovoc.	8 38		5
		8 47	Gardner	8 25	10 59	5
			Mt. Pleasant	8 27	10 51	5
		9 00	Sandy Did	8 20		5
8 06		9 11	Retort	8 14	10 38	5
8 07	4 06	9 12	Powelton			5
8 15	4 12	9 19	Osceola			0
		9 26	Osceola June		10 20	5
		9 29	Bovnton	7 55	10 17	5
		9 32	Steiners	7 51	10 13	4
		9 40	Philipsburg	7 50	10 12	4
		9 40	Blue Bell	7 46	10 07	4
8 42		9 56	Wallagoton	7 41		4
8 47	4 45	10 02	Bigler			4
8 53	4 50	10 08	Woodland	7 00		4
		10 11	Mineral Sp.	7 25	9 49	4
		10 15	Barrett	7 21	9 39	4
		10 22	Leonard	7 17	9 35	4
		10 26	Clearfield			4
		10 32	Kiverview			4
9 25		10 44	Curweneville			
		10 50	Rustic			
	5 51	10 58	Stronach			3
	5 57	11 04	Grampian!	6 40		3
P.M.	P. M.	A. M.	Ar. Lv.	P. M.	A. M.	
	BAI	D EA			-	
	P. M. 7 200 7 288 7 31	Name	Name	P. M. P. M. A. M. Lv. Ar. 7 20 3 20 8 20	P. M. P. M. A. M. Lv. Ar. P. M. 7 20	P.M. P. M. A. M. Lv. Ar. P. M. A. M. 7 20 3 20

BALD EAGLE VALLEY BRANCH. Nov. 20th, 1898.

LEWISBURG & TYRONE RAILROAD. Nov. 20th, 1898. WESTWARD STATIONS. A. M. Lv. Bellefonte..

Ar. A. M. P. M. 9 00 4 10 8 55 4 06 8 52 4 03 8 49 4 00 8 49 3 50 8 35 3 46 8 31 3 42 8 24 3 35 8 18 8 38 38 8 18 3 30 8 11 3 22 Summ
Lemont...
Oak Hall...
Linden Hall...
Gregg...
Centre Hall...
Penn's Cave...
Rising Spring...
Zerby...
Coburn...
Ingleby. 3 30 3 23 3 17 3 08Ingleby..... Paddy Mountain.... ..Glen Iron ...Swengle... ...Barber... Lv. A. M. P. M. LEWISBURG & TYRONE RAILROAD.

EASTWARD. WESTWARD. May 30th, 1898.

Mixe 4 15 9 03 ... Fairbrook... 10 19 5 09 ...
4 10 8 57 ... Musser... 10 26 5 14 ...
4 04 8 51 Penn. Furnace 10 33 5 19 ...
3 59 8 45 ... Hostler... 10 40 5 26 ...
3 54 8 39 ... Marengo... 10 46 5 35 ...
8 35 ... Loveville... 10 51 5 35 ...
3 49 8 29 ... Furnace Road. 10 58 5 41 ...
3 344 8 26 ... Dungarvin... 11 01 5 59 ...
3 37 8 18 Warrior's Mark 11 10 5 57 ...
3 30 8 09 ... Pennington... 11 20 6 06 ...
3 21 7 58 ... Stover... 11 32 6 17 ...
3 15 7 50 ... Tyrone... 11 40 6 25 ...
P. M. A. M. Lve... Ar. A. M. P. M. BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE BRANCH.

^ra.
J. R. WOOD.
General Passenger Agent.

Trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williams port, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train Nos. 3 and 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penn'a. R. R. trains at Bellefonte. † Daily, except Sunday.

F. H. THOMAS Supt.