

# Democratic Whipman

Bellefonte, Pa., April 13, 1900.

## THE BLESSING EASTER BROUGHT.

"Who lives in that house?" The speaker pointed to a square white cottage standing by itself in the midst of green fields, a little trily planted garden plot before its door, and a lilac bush growing sturdily beside the front window to the right of the porch. On the left, a row of tins burnished and glittering, and a few pieces of linen drying on the clothes line, showed that there was the kitchen. An elderly woman came to the kitchen door, and peered wistfully out as the ladies passed; then, as if moved by a sudden impulse, she called to the one she knew.

"Oh! Mrs. Allen, have you seen my Estelle? If you meet her please tell her that her mother wants her to come home directly."

"Yes, Mrs. Lundie, I will," said Mrs. Allen, quietly. Then, as they walked out of hearing, she said to her companion, "You asked me who lived there. Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Lundie exist there. They can hardly be said to live, for they are so unhappy."

"What makes them unhappy? They have a beautiful home in a lovely spot. One would think that the conditions for perfect contentment. And they have a daughter too!"

"They had a daughter," said Mrs. Allen very sorrowfully, "but they do not know where she is. She may be living or she may be dead. Twenty years ago (I remember it, because it was the spring when I was married, and the Easter lilies were late, and I was afraid we wouldn't have enough of them to decorate the church)—twenty years ago Estelle Lundie was the prettiest girl in Haverstraw. She taught the district school and the boys were all in love with her. No other girl had so many suitors, nor half so much attention, but Estelle looked coldly on every one of them except the only one her father could see nothing of. Things go by contrary in this world. One would have supposed that a sensible girl like Estelle would have looked higher than a mere farm-hand, even if he did happen to be handsome and well educated; but no, Rufus Morrison was the only man on the whole earth for her, and when Mr. Lundie wouldn't consent, the girl slipped away to the next county, got a license, and was married. They came back, and Estelle, being the only child, thought her father would forgive her."

"And did he?"

"He! You don't know Jonathan Lundie. As set as a stone wall. 'This rock shall fly from its firm base as soon as I,' is his motto. No, my dear, Mr. Lundie ordered his daughter and her husband off the premises as if they had been tramps. Her clothing and the things in the house that belonged to her were set out in the road. That night her mother crept through the garden and stole down to the hotel, and said good-bye to Estelle, and gave her the little money she had in the house, and then came home to meet an angry husband. Nobody knows what passed between them, but whatever it was, it took the spirit quite out of the poor mother. She never held up her head since Estelle's marriage, and later her mind is effected, and she is always watching for Estelle to come back."

"And has not the old father ever relented? What a Spartan he must be, and how very unchristian is his behavior. Is that Mr. Lundie, pray?" said the lady, as a tall old gentleman, erect as a pine tree, with a white beard, a white shock of hair, and a flashing eye, removed his hat, and gave Mrs. Allen a cordial salutation.

"That is Mr. Lundie," said Mrs. Allen, "and he has been to the post-office, as usual. You saw he had letters in his hand. The old heart of stone that he is, if ever a letter comes to his wife from Estelle, he burns it unopened, or at least, that's what folks say."

"Well," said the visitor, "it's my opinion that people may live in such cases that they have any right to. If Estelle Lundie would only come home, b'ldly, who knows, but after all these years, the dear Lord would touch her father's heart and bring about a reconciliation between the divided ones, and restore the poor lady's reason."

"You must not think Mrs. Lundie as degraded," said Mrs. Allen. "She is all right, except on the point of brooding, and pining, and living alone, she has got to a state where her life is one long waiting for her daughter. Poor lady, I wish we could do something for her. I mean to send her the most beautiful Easter lily I can find. Here is the greenhouse, and Mr. Storer has excelled himself this year."

The two friends went into the florist's. As they entered the door, the six o'clock train came puffing and whistling into the little station, not a block off, and the passengers, most of them, had been at the work in town all day, some of them women who had gone to the city to shop and a few strangers, stepped out and started for home in their various directions. "Please," said a clear young voice in the doorway of the shop, "can you give me the name of Jonathan Lundie?" The florist gave the information. When he turned, Mrs. Allen was clutching the counter as if she had been ghost.

"Estelle, as I live and move," she whispered in an awe-struck tone. "Estelle Lundie, or her sister?"

Her friend stepped to the door. She saw a beautiful young lady, with firm steps, walking swiftly towards the end of the main street, and out toward the Lundie cottage. The girl's figure was slim and tall, she carried her head proudly, she had the air of a woman accustomed to have her own way. The lady laughed as she returned Mrs. Allen's questioning look. This was evidently no ghost.

"It is probably Estelle's daughter," she said. "God bless her if she has come to straighten out the old tangle, and renounce a household in the land of love."

"Well said Mrs. Allen, recovering herself. 'It' chose me, Easter lilies. When Estelle Morrison reached the little house in which her mother's childhood had passed, she paused one moment before she lifted the latch, making one silent prayer for help, then she walked bravely and steadily up the little paved path to the front door. Presently she heard deliberate steps approaching, the door was unlocked, and there was her grandfather holding it open, a lamp in his hand.

The old gentleman stood for an instant as if petrified. Behind him there was a dim, wavering figure, with welcoming arms spread wide, and a smile of ecstasy transfiguring a withered face.

"Estelle, my darling, my sunbeam, home at last!" cried the old man, and passing the astounded old gentleman the young lady flew to the poor, waiting, joyful woman, and kissed her again and again.

Mr. Jonathan Lundie set down the lamp, and found his voice. But before he could say two words, the girl turned and looked

him steadily in the eyes, with a glance very like his own.

"Don't say anything you'll be sorry for, grandfather. I'm here, and I've come to stay. You've made trouble enough by your outrageous behavior, and you can't excuse yourself, for you've been cruel and unjust. But I've come to set things right, and now that I see you, I'm glad I came on first. Mother and father'll be here with the rest of the children to-morrow. There are five of us. Grandmother, darling, don't you understand, that I'm your own Estelle's Estelle, and I've had a long journey, and want my supper? Come, grandfather," she said, going up to him, "we may as well kiss and be friends. I'll forgive you."

And would you believe it, the old man struck his fat at once, thankful to make terms with this fearless foe, who looked at him with a bravery no one of his kind had ever dared to use before.

"Child," he said at last, "you shall have your wish. I have been a stubborn and a hard man, but I will receive my daughter and her family back, and the last days shall be better than the first. They'll be together to spend Easter Sunday."

"Precisely so, grandfather; that's what I told mamma. The trouble was I never knew the whole of this unfortunate story, till a little while ago, and then I resolved to put an end to the fuss, and bring my poor mother to see her mother. They'll be together to spend Easter Sunday."

Neither of the old people noticed that their grand-daughter had not the air of poverty. But any one aware of such things must have seen that the gown and coat were jaunty and fine, the little hat in the latest style, the gloves and shoes a dream. And when on the morrow her people came, they were not paupers at all, nor bore themselves as prodigals, but on the contrary looked, as they were, quite comfortable and well-to-do. Mr. Morrison had prospered, and even Mr. Lundie went to church on Easter morning with a look of pride, in the group who filled the old Lundie pew. One would have fancied that he had sent for them, that he had never been hard, relentless, or bitter, so suave was his speech and so beautiful were the expressions that fitted over his countenance. When the ice breaks in the spring, freshets follow, and Mr. Lundie could not do enough to show his kindness to the Morrison family, particularly to his oldest grand-daughter. To her clung the grandmother, for she recalled the Estelle who had gone away, and the old lady's brain could not at once accept the matronly woman of forty, as the daughter she had missed and mourned so many years.

Early on Easter Sunday morning, Mrs. Allen had left a silvery lily, in rare bloom and sweetness at the Lundie's door. Freddie Morrison carried it to church, and it helped to symbolize the whole family the blessing of peace, of purity, of living love. For as Christ rises from the dead, he brings with him to us all the power to rise from our dead selves, to leave old sins, to crucify wicked resolves and evil desires, and to awake to a higher and better life. The lilies shone, the choir sang, the organ pealed, and the angels in heaven joined with the saved on earth in singing

Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,  
Our triumphant holy day.  
Loud the song of victory raise  
Shout the great Redeemer's praise.  
Margaret E. Sangster, in Christian Herald.

**The Blue Hen's Chickens.**  
How the Little State of Delaware Received Its Nickname.

The sobriquet, "Blue Hen's Chickens," bestowed upon the little State of Delaware, meaningless and absurd as it may seem, possesses no slight significance. It is of military origin, and is as old as the State itself, older in fact than the United States for it originated before the Revolution, and in the following manner: A regiment of 800 men was formed in Wilmington, which was called the "Delaware Blues," from the blue uniforms worn by its members. Old chronicles describe this body of soldiers as being perfectly drilled and disciplined, particularly in their marching. It was said that their step was so perfect that when advancing in line a bullet might have passed from one end of the regiment to the other between the ankles of the soldiers without touching a man.

During the War of the Revolution this regiment participated in every action from Long Island to Charleston, and as fast as they fell in battle their ranks were replenished from Delaware alone. One of their officers used to say that he could march all day with them from sunrise to sunset, and when the enemy was retreating, and every one else was tired and sleeping after the day's exertions, his Snazzy soldiers would dance around their camp fires to the music of a fiddle. They were engaged in 32 pitched battles, and were always the last to retreat. It was but natural, therefore, that they became the pride and the boast of Delaware—State which, while the war was in area, is said to have furnished 5000 men to the patriot cause, and in which scarcely a man was left who had not a friend or a relation in the regiment.

Captain Caldwell had a company in this regiment, which was recruited from Kent and Snazzy counties, and was called by the rest "Caldwell's Game Cocks," and the regiment itself after a time was in Carolina named "The Blue Hen's Chickens," or "The Blue Chickens," as the fun and fancy of their comrades dictated. Caldwell's men distinguished themselves in the South as well as in the North, and their renown became so great that the name of "The Blue Hen" was applied to the State that sent so many brave men to uphold the country's honor. It became a popular saying whenever the recruiting officers visited Delaware that they had gone to get more chickens of her raising, and those who came from Kent were chiefly taken from her forests of white oak. Most of the brave Delaware soldiers died in the battles that marked that long struggle for liberty, and those who at length returned to their homes received but small compensation for their devotion to the flag, beyond the satisfaction of having performed their duty to their country. They were paid off in Continental money, which was about as valuable as the Confederate money was in the South at the close of the Civil War. Their services were appreciated, however, by their countrymen, and both soldiers and civilians of the Revolutionary period were uttering in their praises of the Blue Hen and her chickens. Their descendants, too, in Kent for many years after were accustomed to boast that they were cocks of that brood that had been taken from the stooping white oak.

A century and a quarter has passed since the Revolutionary patriots met and conquered the hosts of King George, and from the scattered colonies that received their baptism of blood and fire in that memorable conflict has arisen a great and powerful nation. Wars have left their impress upon the country since then, and the liberty won by blood has cost many thousand lives to maintain. But whether contending

against England for American rights on land and sea, fighting the savage foes that were a continual menace during the infancy of the nation; whether at Bataan Vista or Monterey, Antietam or Gettysburg, Manila Bay, San Juan Hill or El Caney, or in the Philippine jungles, among the gallant defenders of the flag have been found men from Delaware, whose valiant deeds have amply vindicated the patriotism and prowess of the "Blue Hen's Chickens."

**SPREADS LIKE WILD-FIRE.**—When things are "the best" they become the best selling. Abraham Hare, a leading druggist, of Belleville, O., writes: "Electric Bitters are the best selling bitters I have handled in 20 years. You know why? Most diseases begin in disorders of stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels, blood and nerves. Electric Bitters tones up the stomach, regulates liver, kidneys and bowels, purifies the blood, strengthens the nerves, hence it cures multitudes of maladies. It builds up the entire system. Puts new life and vigor into any weak, sickly, run-down man or woman. Price 50c. Sold by F. P. Green Druggist."

**Marjorie's Query.**  
At Marjorie's house they had been having Concord grapes through the fall, but with the holidays came some white grapes. Marjorie was puzzled. "Mamma," said she, "have blue grapes gone out of style?"

"'Till weeds grow apace.'" Impurities in your blood will also grow unless you promptly expel them by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

**What Shall We Have for Dessert?**  
This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! No baking! Add boiling water and a few drops of Flavoring (Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry). At your grocers. 10 cts. 457

**Grain-O! Grain-O!**  
Remember that name when you want a delicious, appetizing, nourishing food to take the place of coffee. Sold by all grocers and liked by the whole family. Grain-O is made of pure grain, it aids digestion and strengthens the nerves. It is not a stimulant but a health builder and the children as well as the adults can drink it with great benefit. Costs about 1/4 as much as coffee. 15c. and 25c. per package. Ask your grocer for Grain-O. 451

**Tourists.**  
**Winter Excursion to Summer Lands.**  
The Iron Mountain route announces the sale of winter excursion tickets to various points in Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, Old and New Mexico, Arizona and California. For rates, descriptive pamphlets, etc., address J. R. James, acting central passenger agent, 905 Park Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

**New Booklets.**  
The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is issuing a series of booklets regarding points of interest along its lines and if you are interested in the western country, or contemplating a trip, write Geo. H. Headford, General Passenger agent, Chicago, Ill., for the special publication desired, enclosing four cents in stamps for postage for each one.

No. 1. The Pioneer Limited.  
No. 2. The Land of Bread and Butter.  
No. 3. The Fox Lake Country.  
No. 4. Fishing in the Great North Woods.  
No. 5. The Lake Superior Country.  
No. 6. Cape Nome Gold Diggings.  
No. 8. Summer Days in the Lake Country.  
No. 9. Summer Homes, 1900.  
No. 11. The Game of Skat.  
No. 12. Milwaukee—The Convention City.  
No. 13. A Farm in the Timber Country.  
No. 14. Stock Raising in the Sunshine State.  
No. 15. Hunting and Fishing.

**For Sale.**  
**ROCK FARMS.**  
J. HARRIS HOY, Manager,  
Office, No. 8 So. Allegheny St.,  
Bellefonte, Pa.

**Horses, Cows, Sheep, Swine, Young Cattle and Feeders for sale at all times.**  
43-45-1y

**Roofing.**  
**A LEAKING ROOF**  
IS A  
**PESKY NUISANCE.**

W. H. Miller, Allegheny Street, Bellefonte, Pa., puts on new or repairs old slate roofs at the lowest prices. Estimates on new work gladly furnished.  
43-45

**Saddlery.**  
\$5,000 \$5,000 \$5,000  
—WORTH OF—  
**HARNESS, HARNESS, HARNESS**

**SADDLES,**  
**BRIDLES,**  
**PLAIN HARNESS,**  
**FINE HARNESS,**  
**BLANKETS,**  
**WHIPS, Etc.**

All combined in an immense Stock of Fine Saddlery.  
.....NOW IS THE TIME FOR BARGAINS.....

**To-day Price have Drooped!**  
**THE LARGEST STOCK OF HORSE COLLARS IN THE COUNTY.**  
**JAMES SCHOFIELD,**  
BELLEFONTE, PA.

**To Cure Lagrippe in Two Days.**  
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature on every box. 25c. 41-6m.

**Medical.**  
**TIME IS THE TEST.**  
THE TESTIMONY OF BELLEFONTE PEOPLE STANDS THE TEST.

The test of time is what tells the tale. "A new broom sweeps clean" but will it wear well is what interests most. The public soon find out when misrepresentations are made, and men alone will stand the test of time. Bellefonte people appreciate merit, and many non-aggro local citizens publicly endorsed Doan's Kidney Pills they do so still. Would a citizen make the statement which follows unless convinced that the article was just as represented? A cure that is in the kind that every sufferer from kidney illness is looking for.

Mr. James Rine of 2 Thomas street, employed in the planing mill, says: "I can speak as highly now of Doan's Kidney Pills, as I did years ago and my case is pretty good evidence that the cures made by them are not temporary. I have not had any of the severe pains in my back since I used Doan's Kidney Pills while before I suffered intensely. I used to be so bad that I could not put on my shoes and could hardly drag myself around. Though I have had slight touches of backache I never amounted to much. I have recommended Doan's Kidney Pills to hundreds of people and I know of those who have had the greatest relief from suffering by using them." I can say they are reliable and permanent in their effects.

For sale by all dealers. Price 50c. cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name Doan's and take no substitute. 45-13

**Tailoring.**  
**J. H. GROSS,**  
**FINE MERCHANT TAILORING.**  
High St., next door to Centre county Bank Building,  
BELLEFONTE, PA.

The Latest Patterns in Spring and Summer Suits for Men are now on Display, and the Prices will suit you. 44-45-1y

**Spouting.**  
**SPOUTING! SPOUTING! SPOUTING!**  
**W. H. MILLER,**  
Allegheny St. BELLEFONTE, PA.

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

**Meat Markets.**  
**GET THE BEST MEATS.**  
You save nothing by buying, poor, thin or gristy meats. I use only the LARGEST, FATTEST, CATTLE, and supply my customers with the freshest, choicest, best blood and muscle making Steaks and Roasts. My prices are no higher than poorer meats are elsewhere. I always have DRESSED POULTRY, Game in season, and any kinds of good meats you want. TRY MY SHOP. P. L. BEEZER, High Street, Bellefonte.

**SAVE IN YOUR MEAT BILLS.**  
There is no reason why you should use poor meat, or pay exorbitant prices for tender, juicy steaks. Good meat is abundant hereabouts because good cattle, sheep and calves are to be had.

**WE BUY ONLY THE BEST**  
and we sell only that which is good. We don't promise to give away, but we will furnish you GOOD MEAT, at prices that you have paid elsewhere for very poor.

**GIVE US A TRIAL**  
and see if you don't save in the long run and have better health and Game (in season) than have been furnished you.

**Travelers Guide.**  
**CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNA.**  
Condensed Time Table.

**READ DOWN** Jan. 21st, 1900. **READ UP.**

No. 1	No. 6	No. 3	No. 4	No. 2
A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.
10 10	10 10	10 10	10 10	10 10

**Hours: 9 a. m. to 12 p. m. to 5; 7 to 8 p. m. No Sunday hours. Consultants Free. No Incurable Cases taken. Correspondence without cost of town cases invited.** 45-10-1y

**Dr. Stites.**  
The Most Remarkable Cures are Effected by the New Treatment.

**WONDERFUL, ALMOST MIRACULOUS RESULTS.**  
Are obtained by a Modern Scientific. Story of Two Decades of Study and Experiment and a Record of Phenomenal Success. Hundreds of Grateful Patients.

**DR. J. K. STITES**  
OFFICE AT McGILL'S BOARDING HOUSE,  
21 NORTH ALLEGHENY STREET.

**DEAFNESS NO LONGER INCURABLE**  
CONSULTATION FREE.

Dr. Stites, the Eminent Specialist, is Now Demonstrating in Bellefonte the Success of the New Treatment for Deafness and Catarrh.

**PRIVATE AND CHRONIC DISEASES EASILY CURED.**  
Wonderful Care Made by the New Specialist, Dr. Stites, after other Drs. Fail.

I have suffered for some time with Catarrh, hawking and spitting, ringing and buzzing noises in the ear, and gradually become hard of hearing. I had become disgusted with the treatment I got from other doctors. They didn't do me any good. Since I had been under Dr. Stites care and used his new treatment I am another being. The pain in the head has left me, don't hardly notice those horrible noises in the head any more and hear all right. In fact I am sure in a very short time I'll be sound as ever. Thanks to that wonderful new specialist, I recommend him heartily.

Mrs. Mary Kelly, Bellefonte.

Until within a very few years diseases of the EAR have baffled the most learned men of medicine. It is within the range of the present generation to remember when there was little or no hope for the person whose HEARING had become impaired by age or disease. But, thanks to the untiring efforts of men who have devoted their lives to study and research, these conditions no longer exist. Like the advance in electrical science has wonderful progress been made in ear surgery, and today diseases that less than a score of years ago were pronounced incurable yield at the hands of the adept surgeon or to the work of a few moments, a few hours or possibly treatment for a few weeks.

The best part of Dr. Stites' life has been spent in the active practice of medicine, with frequent periods of study and research in the best medical colleges, post-graduate schools and hospitals in the world, thus ever keeping in touch with the progress in medical science. Always ready to learn, he does not seem to accept new truths from other men, but he has contributed his share and more to the store of knowledge. His crowning success, his last and greatest achievement, is NEW TREATMENT FOR CATARRH and DEAFNESS. It has now been thoroughly tested, and the results have even exceeded the discoverer's most sanguine expectations. Cures have been effected in cases of years standing—in some instances where persons well advanced in years had been afflicted since childhood—in cases that had been given up as hopeless.

That these facts have become known is evidenced by the large number of afflicted persons who daily through the parlors of this distinguished physician, at McGill 21 Allegheny street. The doctor has already effected many cures. He has fully established the genuineness of his claims for the NEW TREATMENT.

**Travelers Guide.**  
**PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES.**  
Schedule in effect Nov. 20th, 1899.

**VIA TYSONE—WESTWARD.**  
Leave Bellefonte, 8:25 a. m., arrive at Tysone 11:10 a. m., at Altoona, 1:00 p. m., at Pittsburg, 5:50 p. m.  
Leave Bellefonte, 1:05 p. m., arrive at Tysone, 2:15 p. m., at Altoona, 3:10 p. m., at Pittsburg, 6:55 p. m.

**VIA TYSONE—EASTWARD.**  
Leave Bellefonte, 6:55 a. m., arrive at Tysone 11:10, at Harrisburg, 2:40 p. m., at Philadelphia, 5:47 p. m.  
Leave Bellefonte, 1:05 p. m., arrive at Tysone, 2:15 p. m., at Harrisburg, 6:45 p. m., at Philadelphia, 10:30 p. m.

**VIA LOCK HAVEN—WESTWARD.**  
Leave Bellefonte, 8:25 a. m., arrive at Lock Haven, 10:30 a. m.  
Leave Bellefonte, 1:42 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven 2:45 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.

**VIA LOCK HAVEN—EASTWARD.**  
Leave Bellefonte, 9:32 a. m., arrive at Lock Haven 10:30, leave Williamsport, 12:40 p. m., arrive at Harrisburg, 3:30 p. m., at Philadelphia at 6:23 p. m.  
Leave Bellefonte, 1:42 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven 2:45 p. m., arrive at Williamsport, 3:50, leave 4:00 p. m., Harrisburg, 6:55 p. m., Philadelphia 10:30 p. m.

**VIA LEWISBURG.**  
Leave Bellefonte, at 6:40 a. m., arrive at Lewisburg, at 8:05 a. m., Montandton, 9:15, Harrisburg, 11:30 a. m., Philadelphia, 3:17 p. m.  
Leave Bellefonte, 1:42 p. m., arrive at Lewisburg, 4:47, at Harrisburg, 6:50 p. m., Philadelphia at 10:30 p. m.

**TYRONE AND CLEARFIELD, R. R.**  
NORTHWARD. SOUTHWARD.

DAY	EXPRESS	MAIL	DAY	EXPRESS	MAIL
Nov. 20th, 1899					
7:30	8:20	8:30	7:30	8:20	8:30
7:20	8:10	8:20	7:20	8:10	8:20
7:28	8:18	8:28	7:28	8:18	8:28
7:31	8:21	8:31	7:31	8:21	8:31
7:34	8:24	8:34	7:34	8:24	8:34
7:45	8:34	8:47	7:45	8:34	8:47
7:54	8:43	8:56	7:54	8:43	8:56
8:00	8:49	9:02	8:00	8:49	9:02
8:04	8:53	9:06	8:04	8:53	9:06
8:08	8:57	9:10	8:08	8:57	9:10
8:15	9:04	9:17	8:15	9:04	9:17
8:19	9:08	9:21	8:19	9:08	9:21
8:23	9:12	9:25	8:23	9:12	9:25
8:26	9:15	9:28	8:26	9:15	9:28
8:31	9:20	9:33	8:31	9:20	9:33
8:35	9:24	9:37	8:35	9:24	9:37
8:42	9:31	9:44	8:42	9:31	9:44
8:47	9:36	9:49	8:47	9:36	9:49
8:53	9:42	9:55	8:53	9:42	9:55
8:56	9:45	9:58	8:56	9:45	9:58
9:00	9:49	10:02	9:00	9:49	10:02
9:05	9:54	10:07	9:05	9:54	10:07
9:09	9:58	10:11	9:09	9:58	10:11
9:15	10:04	10:17	9:15	10:04	10:17
9:20	10:10	10:23	9:20	10:10	10:23
9:25	10:15	10:28	9:25	10:15	10:28
9:30	10:20	10:33	9:30	10:20	10:33
9:35	10:25	10:38	9:35	10:25	10:38
9:40	10:30	10:43	9:40	10:30	10:43
9:45	10:35	10:48	9:45	10:35	10:48
9:50	10:40	10:53	9:50	10:40	10:53
9:55	10:45	10:58	9:55	10:45	10:58
10:00	10:50	11:03	10:00	10:50	11:03

**BALD EAGLE VALLEY BRANCH.**  
WESTWARD. EASTWARD.

DAY	EXPRESS	MAIL	DAY	EXPRESS	MAIL
Nov. 20th, 1899					
6:00	7:15	7:30	6:00	7:15	7:30
6:54	8:09	8:24	6:54	8:09	8:24
6:46	8:01	8:16	6:46	8:01	8:16
6:40	7:55	8:10	6:40	7:55	8:10
6:35	7:50	8:05	6:35	7:50	8:05
6:30	7:45	8:00	6:30	7:45	8:00
6:25	7:40	7:55	6:25	7:40	7:55
6:20	7:35	7:50	6:20	7:35	7:50
6:15	7:30	7:45	6:15	7:30	7:45
6:10	7:25	7:40	6:10	7:25	7:40
6:05	7:20	7:35	6:05	7:20	7:35
6:00	7:15	7:30	6:00	7	