Democratic Matchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., September 5, 1902.

COLUMBINE.

Lucien ?'

An' he's gone.

how.

follow after.

soon he come out an' go 'way in a skiff, all

by he'se'f. He say nossing to Columbine; he nev' give her one look as he start away.

"Columbine, she go on wis her work.

She isn't know whethers he is dead or liv-

ing; on'y she knows she don' dare stop.

Long 'bout sundown, she climb down to

the landing. The lake pink as the sky, an

smoove as you' hand; but when she put her ear to the pebble', she hear it go whiss

whiss ! ver' soft-ah, Dieu, Madame, she

"Madame la Commandante is come down

"Columbine, she isn't speak; mos' like,

she is'n' hear. She put out from shore an'

she row for her life. Which one of those

two men is she goin' save? Ah, Madame,

"The storm crawl up, soft as a snake.

Firs,' the water begin purr, an' the sky turn gray; then the wind it fresh,' an' the

whitecaps dance up thick, an' the boat be-

gin moan an' tremble like you beat her.

Prett soon they is green streaks crossin' the

clouds, an' the wind call loud an' shrill. Jus' one minute more to breathe; then the

know what that mean !

too late.

hoat.

how is I know?

"Good-by, Columbine,' he say, ver' low.

" 'Now will you leave me, Monsieur ?"

The western sky flung a pennant of daf-fodil light from zenith to horizon's gray. The lake was a tumult of gold and rose; strewn like orchard petals, the whitecaps flickered across its heaving, luminous floor. Mere Drouet, mending nets on the lakeward platform of her cabin, put up a becking hand as I passed by. "She too dark for work some more," she oning

coaxed. "Ain' you tell me you'se'f you can't do nossing right when the sun gone down ? My ol' man, he take one gran' load cottagers to sail over to des Bois Blanc, an I is dat 'lone !"

"But I ought to work to-night."

"Is'n you got days 'nough ahead for work 'thout you stuffs you' nights full, too ?"

"Will you bring out a story if I come?" "You is already hear all story' on thees islan'," protested Mere Dronet, pulling me down on a bench. "You is know all per-son' of thees tale like you's blood brother'. Pere Antoine, the W'ite Trapper, de Windigo

"I can't stay unless you remember a new one," persisted the spirit of Jacob

Mere Drouet looked past me without an swering. No flicker of expression lit her brown, ancient face, carved in inscrutable lines; the stern calm of her Chippewa blood held every muscle in leash. Yet a red dim burned and grew in the leathern cheek; her eyes, deep-glowing under tangled brows, caught a subtle light from the fading day. "I is too ol' for remember someting, "she

said presently. "These year' they come slip up, slip up, when you ain' lookin', jus' like the lake, an' they creep back, so sol' you nev' know they's gone, till you is see what they take away. When I try 'mem-ber, I fin' I don't know nossing, for sure; not even 'bout Columbine."

"Columbine?"

"Ain' you nev' hear of her?" Mere Drouet bent a narrowing gaze on me. Her hands clenched over the heap of cords in her lap. The dark flush deepened at my 'No.

"It is not so much to tell," she respond ed. "Me, I think 'bont it sometimes, 'cause it is all so strange, I ain' understan it yet. Columbine, she is have Chippewa father an French mother, au' of her gran' mere, which is Irish, she have the eyes blue an' the hair curl, tight, all over her head. Her people is all die' when she is li'l beby, an Pere Ronne, what is here before Father Antoine, he is take her to bring up like his own. Madame, you is attempt' to control the French an the Indian, tout seul, is they 'nough; an' by time you is mix in a li'l Irish-ah, bien ! the Blessed Saints theyse's ain' goin' know handle any such embarras. An Pere Ronne, for all he try the bes' he kin do, he is yet nossing but a

man. "He is christen her Rose-Marie-Therese, for that she born on St. Theresa' Day. But she so slim an' straight an' she climb the rocks all the time, so before she has five year, they begin call her ever'where, Columbine. You know these flower, Madame? He stan' on de highes' rocks, an' he bob, he curl' head at you, Nossir? He ain' goin' come down for nobody? An' if you will possess him you mus' climb hills an' wade brooks an' bruise you' hands,an' crawl up, up, till you's high as he 'fore you kin touch 'im. An' that's Columbine.

"Pere Ronne, he is try ev' way for break her, year after year. Some day he laugh, some day he pray. Always he tell her, 'Columbine, it is the spirit of Satan what

what hold her; she can't make herse'f con-fess that it is all a joke. "I is use' hope, that I may some day, ask you for my wife,' Lucien say. An' that is where he make his mistake, Madame. Does he think she is goin' say, 'Bien, take me, Lucien 2! seem to know; when he come near her it is as though she try wake herse'f from dream "What was the trouble? Madame, you see that big roller heap up 'way out past the buoy? There is no wind for make it; it is jus'one queer trick of the lake. Bien ; ch him now." "Nobody is answer. Captain Mount is

The great wave reeled landward, dipping and rising; its black bulk lifted a luminous crest of foam. It toppled, bissing across the trodden sand; the receding water left the beach swept clean as a plane of steel.

let go her hand, an' they stan' there like the rock people in Madame's parlor. Then Lucien is pick up he cloak an' swing he'-se't over the wall 'gin. "So it was with her mind Madame; her grief and then the long sickness is brush away all recollection; she is not 'member Madame, who is favor her since she's li' she say. 'Surely you have done enough !' ''Captain Mount, he kiss her hand, and girl; she is not 'member Pere Ronne, who been father an' mother; she is not 'member Lucien, who is live his life for her. She he beg her forgive him. He say-oh, Mad ame, you know for you'se'f jus' what he is say. Thees mens is all talk alike. He swears he's shame' that he is grieve Lucien don't look up when they's call Columbine

she ain' even know shese'f. "After long months they begin teach her all thing' like she is li'l beby. She learn an' he tell her they mus' plan for make their peace wis him. It won' nev' do to talk togezzer there; they mus' climb the hill, to tres vite, once more her strength is return an' by nex' St. Teresa' day she is seen jus' the same Columbine. On'y behin' her lies the Wishing Spring. Columbine, she say no, she don' want see nor hear of him nev' no more; but he coax an' beg, an' say he's another life, all seal' like a book; a book goin' be there tomorrow, whether she go or that ain' to be open' in this worl'. "When she is become ver' well again, an not; an' somehow, when the time come

her cheeks pink an' her eyes sparkle once she is fin' herse'f up the hill she can't say more, Lucien is take her away wis him one day up to Wishing Spring. Then he tell her jus' as gentle as he know how, all 'bout her life on the islan' since she jus' enfant, "What is they talk about? Bien, Madam the Captain he is do all the talkin', an' Columbine she isn't have nossing to say, an' use' play wis him down on de sand. She listen, for it is all new story to her. on'v she declares she ain' comin' no more The Captain say, 'Good-by till to-morrow, Columbine?' an' she tell 'im 'Good-by, When he come to where he mus' tell her 'bout Captain Mount he choke, an' it is as pour toujour !' but jus' the same nex' day they is come 'cross each ozer at the Wishthough that name burn he lips; but Columbine, she ain' laugh nor frown; it is all ing Spring. The Captain is ver' serious; jus' story to her. Even she is not interest' he say he have somesing to tell her, what when he say that the Captain an' all is say he can't speak now; he don' talk so much, he jus' look at her all the time, an' when ed, an' is gone 'way 'gain for toujour. An' why should she care? She don' know these she start to go back,an' he ask her to come 'gain nex' day-ah, Madame, he ain' need people. "He tell her all, ev' word. She look up

to make her promise ! "Six day they meet an' talk at Wishing "Six day they meet an' talk at Wishing "So I is save you' life; is it so Lucien?,

she say. n' take her hands an' say he love her hest

of any in the world; will she try love him, too? Columbine, she set her teef an' she "You is save my life at cost of all those year' of you's own, Columbine, he tell her. 'I can't nev' make it up to you; it is not ain' speak; but if he start away through best that I try, when you' love is give' al-ready to that other. I know for me there flood an' fire, her soul is leave her body to is no hope. I go to-morrow to the main-land, an' then to work in the south; I ain' "Nex' morning, she is work in the library, when they bring in a letter for Capnev' comin' back to the islan'; for if part tain Mount. He read it, an' he gnaw he lip till the blood come; then he go into M'sieu's office an' shut the door. Prett' of you' life is seal' away, this best of mine is bury' here.

"Columbine, she look off 'cross the gray water. Her thoughts is come slow, but her word' is make them plain.

"Then I ain' possess any right 'tall to that life which I is save ?' she ask 'im ver low."

The lake gloomed back in the twilight. Only a handful of stars pricked the dim hosom of the mist with rapiers of pearl. But soon the flames of a strange new dawn rose red in the east; the lake flashed broad on the sight once more, a royal highway, paved in mosaic of fire.

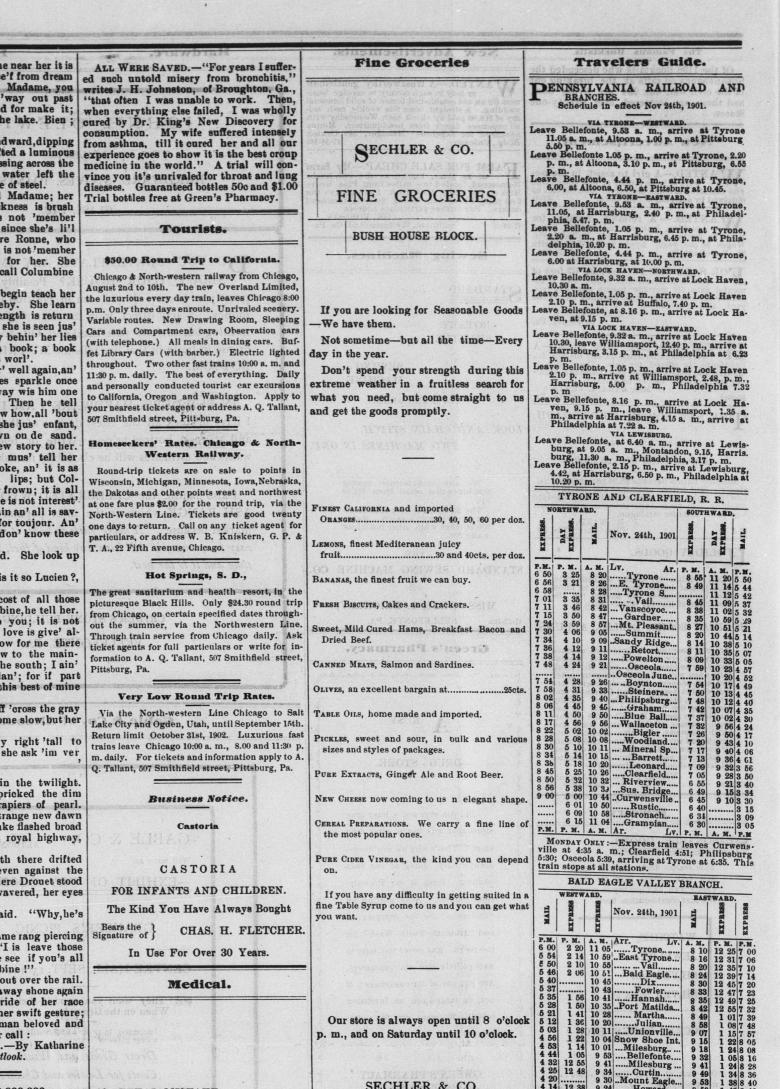
to the beach, jus' as she is haul out her boat Across this luminous path there drifted a phantom sail, white even against the whiteness of the moon. Mere Drouet stood "Don' go far, Columbine,' she say. 'He I wish Captain Mount is come back. He is row over to Mackinaw to meet up; her strong old body wavered, her eyes he wife an' li'l beby. They is come all the way from Washin'ton for s'prise him. Lu

"It's Pere Drouet." I said. "Why, he's cien is to bring them all over in the mailall alone in the boat !"

"Columbine !" The name rang piercing sweet across the water. "I is leave those folks one minute for come see if you's all right. C'est bien, Colambine !"

Mere Drouet leaned far out over the rail. The beauty of fifty years away shone again in her happy eyes; the pride of her race spoke in her lifted head, her swift gesture; the purer pride of the woman beloved and content rang in her tender call :

"C'est bien, Lucien ?".-By Katharine Holland Brown in The Outlook.



make you so proud. If that you will not drive it out, then not I, not all the Holy Church, can save you that Las' Day. Hum-ble you'se'f, an' walk as one of you' own people." "Columbine, she ain' say nossing; she

jus' laugh and run away. She hol' her head higher than Madame up to the Fort, she walk like the earth so pore she don't want touch it wis her foots. Ev'body in Mackinac is kind to her; but when they try talk to her 'bout that wicked pride, she ain' nev' stop to listen. Yo'ug? An' yo'ng folks mus' he permit' to he happy? Ah, Madame, that is what people always say. Me, I don't know. When we is yo'ng we is tonjour' tear down, tear down; on'y when we is ol' we begin learn to build up. Surely it is better to build up than to de-

stroy. "When Columbine is seventeen, she is sent up to the Fort, to be maid to Madame la Commandante. Madame, she isn't have no daughter, an' she is always fancy Columbine, so she dress her and pet her like she her own li'l girl. She is have Madame's blue silk, what is too small for her, wis rosebuds all sew' over it, an' her velvet hat

and she is wear lace on her aprons ev'y day. All the generals is ver' nize to her, too. Bien, Columbine her head go up so high she can't see none of her ole friend no more, and she begin t'ink she possess that whole Fort. Pretty? Ah Madame, how can I tell? I on'y know what people tell me; an' that is mos' fifty year gone. She slim an' straight as a yo'ng tree, they say, an' her hair all rusty red, an curl tight, an' her eyes blue like the lake where it touch the sky. Certainement, they is one person think she pretty, an' that is Lucien, what keep the mail-boat. He is love her since they is li'l babies, an' use' play in the Father's garden together, an' he lay his course straight to reach her for his wife. But what is he goin' do when he beam wind fail him?

"All these time, they is a yo'ng general name' Captain Mount, what is stay up at the Fort for help M'sieu Commandant. He look at Columbine once in a while, an' he give her a pin wis li'l blue rocks in it, for her birfday, but he isn't talk wis her much One morning she is send in Madame's garden, for cut flowers, an' prett' soon the Cap-tain gallop down the lawn on he horse.

'Threw me a rose, Columbine," he say "Pick you's own roses, she tell 'im jus" for mischief. He jump off an' come catch her hands.

"I is demand the sweetes' one of all,' he say, an' he stoop like he goin' kiss her. Columbine, she know she can't pull her bau' away; she is set her teefs an' look straight past him, an' she so angry, she can't speak nor move. An' as they stan' there, while he is laugh' an' coax, an' she still as ice, somebody leap the wall an' come to them. An' it's Lucien; all in he work clothes he is, white as the stone behind him.

"What is this, Columbine?' he say.

her. "If you want me to go, I'll go,' Lucien stan' on his face like rain. 'It is as you bid me, Columbine. But if I go, it is to her all 'bout that accident, an how she mus

stay.' 'Her lips is burn', Madame, to tell him 'Wait,'but she don' say it. It is her pride tures on the wall. On'y Lucien does she

night an' the storm swoop down together. "Frightened? She has fear for someone else, maybe; not for herse'f. All she can do is hol' her cance afloat, an' shout, loud her voice can go. It is one hour, maybe two that she drift an' call. All at once she

hear her own name, 'Columbine? Columbine, save us !' "She hol' her boat straight's she know how, an' in one minute she slip up 'longside of Lucien's boat, an' there is the two men an' the lady an' the li'l beby aboard.

The rudder is broke,' an' the boat is ship water at ev'y wave. They is jus' room for one more in her own cance. Columbine put out her han' to the Captain's wife.

"I'll take her an' the beby,' she says. "That all I kin do.' Madame Mount is catch up her beby an' creep into the canoe. Then she turn an' look back at her husban

"Oh, I can't leave him !' she cry. "Take my beby,an' let me go back to him ! We'll die togedder !'

"Jus' as she call out, there come great wave, an' the mail-boat split straight over, like a bowl. Both men is come up, clingin' to the sides; an' they isn't neither one of them screech nor cry for help. In that breath she mus' decide: will she save her own life? Or will she save the man that is love her-or the one that she is love? "Maybe she think 'bont the wife may-

be she think, 'All finish' for me; why shall I stay on to live? What she is do is pull Captain Mount aboard, jus' as she swing herse'f out into the water. The wave sweep her back, an' Lucien catch her arm; they is toss away into the black water.

"Lucien, he is keep hol' of the rudder wis one hand an' steady her wis the other. They drift all night; they ain' try speak, for they mus' save all they strength. Hours an' hours they cling to each ozer in the black water; at las' the wind go down and

black water; at las' the wind go down and the lake begin turn gray under the dawn. But they is swept miles out in the lake by this time; an' the water cold as death. "After a while Lucien speak. 'We can't live long in this, Columbine,' he say. If I could I is save you for him; but that he is not worthy. We is go together, li'l girl; they ain' no chance more.'

"Columbine, she look up an' she see he's white as the lake foam. He is firs' work' so hard to keep the boat afloat, and then he is hol' her up all these time, an' he is give out completement. Bien, she don't care, maybe, for shese'f; but she slip her han'un der his arm an' she grip the rndder, so now she is hold him afloat as he do her. First he say no, he will rather sink than to pull her down, but she don' listen, an' he too

far goue to say anymore. "Of what is she t'ink, Madame, as she keep him up beside her? Is she hunger for the man what is deceive her? Is she pray to live, or is she pray to die? Myse'l I b'leeve that all her prayer is to save Lu-cien; while she may not give him lo ve she will yet toil to give him life.

"The sun roll up, red as flame; she isn' e. The wind call an' whistle an' moan. see. "Columbine look back at him like she is wonder who it can be what dare speak to her. "I higher, till at las' they is toss ashore 'way up the mainland; she isn't know. It is ame; they talk wis her an' pet her an' tell

-Subcribe for the WATCHMAN.

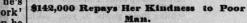
Mine Worth \$240.000.000. Fabulous Values in the United Verde Copper Workin

An excellent illustration of the profits of the mining industry was afforded by the examination of Senator W. A. Clark in the suit of George A. Treadwell against the United Verde Copper company. He testi-fied that the dividend from the United Verde was 120 per cent. per year on a capi-tal of \$3,000,000. The mine has paid up

to the present time \$10,785,322 in divi dends, the total production being about double that figure. This has been produc-ed from a depth of only 700 feet, and drill cores below that level to the depth of 700 ft further show that the copper values con-tinue to that depth, at least. It is estimated that about one third of the ore has been stoped out above the 700 foot level. This will make the total value of the ore bodies exposed \$60,000,000, including that already mined. In addition to this the ore shown by the drill cores amounts to as much more.

The mine has been exploited only over about one third of its area, and it is there fore reasonable to estimate the value of the property above the 700 foot level at \$120,-000,000, with as much more below. In answer to a question Senator Clark said that he believed the Chemical Nation-

al Bank, of New York, was the only large business enterprise that paid as much as 120 per cent. a year outside of the mining industry. This fully answers the question frequently asked as to the way Senator Clark made his money. A profit of 120 per cent. per annum is not at all infrequent in wining enterprises, though the United Verde is probably the only large mine in the country that pays so magnificent a div-idend. Mr. Clark has been nothing, but a miner from the outset of his career, his banking interest being but one of many incidents of a busy life, organized for the purpose of affording aid to the mining end of his large business. And now the mine are carrying forward a continental railroad system. The world's motor is the precious metal mines .- Ores and Metals.



Jacob Cox, a lumber dealer, of Mt. Ver-non, Ill., has just been notified that his wife, by reason of a bequest, becomes the sor of a fortune of \$142,000, on deposit in a nation al bank in Los Angeles, Cal. Many years ago the family of Mrs. Cox befriended a man named Charles Hill, who was poor, Last April Mr. Hill came to

Mount Vernon, hunted up Mr. and Mrs. Cox and spent a few days with them. Before leaving he executed a judgement

note in favor of Mrs. Cox for \$142.000 and then went to California. when he became He entered a hospital in Los Augesick. les, where he died recently. Prior to his death he wrote the Coxes a

letter stating what he had done and explaining matters so they could be easy identified and receive the money. The *public administrator* of Los Angel es writes "If you want me to go, I'll go,' Lucien, tell her. It is on'y June, Madame, an' the air cold as lake water, but the sweat come "is her, Lucien an' Pere Ronne, an' Mad-" in the bank. Hill had no relatives, and it is not probable that the Coxes will have any difficulty in securing the money.

A FATAL MISTAKE. SECHLER & CO. GROCERS. P.M. P. M. A. M. LV. 42-1 BELLE FONTE, PA. Arr. A. M. P. M. P.M. Travelers Guide. LEWISBURG & TYRONE RAILROAD. IS OFTEN MADE BY THE WISEST OF EASTWARD. Nov. 24th 1901. WESTWARD BELLEFONTE PEOPLE. TWO TRACKS MAIL. | EXP.
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MAIL.| EXP. STATIONS. P. M. A. M. Lv. 2 15 6 40 Ar. TO TEXAS BellefonteAxemann....Pleasant Gap.Peru.....Dale Summit 2 21 2 24 It's a fatal mistake to neglect backache. Backache is the first symptom of kidney ills Serious complications follow. Doan's-Kidney Pills cure them promptly. Don't delay until too late ? Until it becomes Diabetes—Bright's disease Read what a Bellefonte citizen says :--A NEW FAST TRAIN $\begin{array}{c} 2 & 27 \\ 2 & 34 \\ 2 & 38 \\ 2 & 43 \\ 2 & 48 \\ 2 & 55 \\ 3 & 02 \\ 3 & 10 \\ 3 & 17 \\ 3 & 325 \\ 3 & 32 \\ 3 & 38 \\ 3 & 41 \\ 3 & 48 \\ 3 & 51 \\ \end{array}$Lemont....Oak Hall....Linden Hall Between St. Louis and Kansas City and OKLAHOMA CITY. WICHITA, Mrs. L. A. Miles, of High street, says: "I was very much troubled with my back and with rheumatism. This latter affect-ed my heart and besides 1 neuralgis. My Penn's Care... Rising Spring... Zerby... Coburn... Ingleby... Paddy Mountain... Cherry Run... Lindale... Weiker DENISON, SHERMAN. DALLAS, ed my heart and besides I neuralgia. My ress was very much broken from nervous-ness and the kidney secretions embar-rassed me when my back was aching bad-ly. I was told about Doan's Kidney Pills by a woman who came 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 did any amount of good. I was astonished at the result of their use for the pain and aished the tired feeling, I had mornings, I can conscient/ously recommend Doan's Kidney Pills. FORT WORTH And principal points in Texas and the South-west. This train is new throughout and is made up of the finest equipment, provided with elec-tric lights and all other modern traveling con-veniences. It runs via our now complete 8 12 .Weiker 3 55 3 58 4 06 4 13 4 15 4 19 4 24 4 31 4 35 4 42 4 50 8 18 7 19 7 09 7 02 6 59 6 55 6 50 6 42 6 38 6 30 5 40 2 31 2 23 2 16 2 14 2 10 2 05 1 57 1 53 1 45 1 38 RED RIVER DIVISION. 8 33 8 35 8 40 8 45 8 53 8 58 9 05 9 15 Every appliance known to modern car building and railroading has been employed in the make-up of this service, including CAFE OBSERVATION CAR, under the management of Fred Harvey. Full information as to rates and all details of a trip via this new route will be cheerfully furnished, upon application, by any representative of the For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name-Doan's-and take no substitute. . M. | A. M. Ar. Lv. A. M. P. M. LEWISBURG & TYRONE RAILROAD. ASTWARD. UPPER END. WESTWARD. FRISCO Mixe Nov. 24th. 1901 Mixe SYSTEM
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