HOME.

Whether in the Arctic Circle Or on India's coral strands. Where the winds are perfume laden And warm waves caress the sands, Whether eastward, whether westward, When the daylight fades to gloam Where a baby runs to meet you, And to kiss you, that is home.

Where a baby runs to meet you-That is all there is in life: All there is at all worth winning. Worth the slaving and the strife : Two wee dimpled arms stretched to you Two expectant eyes that wait; It is home for you wherever There's a baby at the gate.

It is home-sweet home-forever, Where the lilts of laughter run, Of a tousle-headed baby, Sitting playing in the sun ; It is home where every night time As the evening shadows creep A wee nightrobed figure whispers "Now I lay me down to sleep." -Houston Post

"STAR-DUST."

It was for sheer deviltry that Andrew Ambrose made love to brown Marty. Brown as a nut she was-hair, eyes, skin, -and her life was brown to match; for the farm, when it paid, wrung too much sweat out of its toilers, draining life's sweetness especially when there was little in the home life to redeem. The father was tyrannical of will and surly, the mother feeble of health and always timid and subdued, and Marty herself a scorned girl.

For that mistake, the husband lacking justice and humor, had alway, blamed the wife; but the unforgivable sin was that the scorned girl did not fear him. She worked, worked like a boy or a man, just for her mother's sake, not to leave her, but she kept her taskmaster at bay. If anything, he feared her, and for this he hated "There is no devil but fear." Marty would much rather have love. For no noble nature wishes to be feared.

And then into Marty's brown life came Andrew Ambrose. And this is how it came about.

Andrew had returned from one of his hunting expeditions, to the success of which two bear-skins testified, and was standing outside the grocery-store with three other young men, when Marty passed by with Fred Williams, Rose Martin's "boy," and when she was out of hearing one said, with a laugh:

"It's full time Marty had a beau of her own."

Said another: "She's too homely." And added, sadly reminiscent of a certain exacting beauty: "But perhaps homely girls don't expect so much. I guess they might even be grateful some."

Not much, Marty! said the first one "She's blamed proud, and as shy as a bird. You have to stone or trap her, or shoot her in the wing, to catch her at all."

Andrew smiled at this, showing the strong white teeth, and when he smiled that way there was a little devil in each eye, and the end of a woman's little finger would have fitted into the cleft in his chin. Hadn't a woman held him by the chin and tried it? The words took his fancy and the hunter's blood in him stirred.

'What do you bet I'll have her in my hand within two months and that when I open it she'll perch on it?"

a gesture significant of the throwing off of a bird into the air, and then he put it in his pocket. Presumably the bird was

"Haw-haw-haw!" That was the sole reply he received, and the laugh held more derision of such a winning than scorn of its manner and motive. It was exquisitely funny to think of handsome Andrew, at whom all the girls made eyes, courting homely Marty-a Marty, too, whose gowning was so poor and unbecoming. It was almost Beauty and the Beast reversed.

But that very evening Andrew rode out to the farm. Marty was milking and she talked to him while she milked. She knew him. He had shot over their land sometimes and brought them jack-rabbits, and, once, to her regret, a brown quail. But, her milking done, she left him to her father, never even coming to the house-door to see if he were still there nor to watch him ride away, an unconcern or an abstraction that made Andrew smile again. But he went again the next evening, and the next, and the next, then subtly missed two, but the poor result of that subtlety made him laugh at himself.

But it was that same evening, when Marty had gone to bed, but was speechless, that her mother crept softly into her room and sat on the bedside. "Marty, child," she said, in a tremulous

whisper, "you've got a beau."

Then knowledge seemed to come to Marty almost like a blow.

But I thought he wanted to buy the

farm. What can he want with me?"

"The farm nothing, child! Weren't his eyes on you all the evening?"—Yes, yes, Marty knew that. She could feel those compelling eyes on her now .- "Don't you think I know when a man's courting? Weren't there three courted me, and God only knows why I took your poor father! But, listen, Marty, you must put on my new skirt-I daren't ask for another for you yet !- and sit in the parlor evenings." For a moment the aspect of that unspeak-able parlor made Marty laugh softly. If 'many waters cannot quench love, surely,' she thought, "some parlors can."

"I'll never dress up for a man," she said, quietly, then. But when her mother emitted inarticulate murmurs, expressive of woe and disappointment, she added, consolingly. Those pictures had helped Marty many a "And you know, mother, I look best in my working dress when I have on a big

my working dress when I have on a big apron. My best dress is cheap and ugly, but my aprons are cheap and pretty."

The fact was, she had an eye for color and for line, and she fashioned for herself big overall aprons of bright and soft-hued calicoes. Sometimes red, sometimes soft pinks and gray-blues, and sunbonnets to match. She, plowing a dun field on a gray day in one of these costumes, would have ravished an artist's eye. He might even have gone farther and loved her straight furrow. And there, too, in a pocket made for the purpose, was tucked her little "Walden," bracing as the work of which she was now unashamed. It had enlightened her, and fed her fancies. One of her "Marty's eyes rested upon him a moment ened ber, and fed her fancies. One of her dreams had been to chum with a Thoreau

orazy!
"He's splendid to look at, and I like him around for a while, and he seems very, very kind, but that isn't all, is it? I'd have to love him and I might not find him very lovable. Besides, how can he love

"Why, child, you are a woman, ain't you. And when he can come courting you don't it show at once he's lovable? He ain't after money and beauty, he looks deeper. Marty, at the pace he's going there'll be a wedding before the year's "I

out !" But in her excitement she had unduly raised her voice, and immediately the familiar yell from the next room recalled her

there on deprecating tiptoe "Will Andrew ever yell at me like that?

Marty to herself. But in the days that followed, if she thought at all, she had to own that Andrew was lovable. Who could have withstood, even knowingly, a pursuit so quiet, so relentless, so skilled, and withal so gentle? And yet to Andrew the chase was a hard one, harder than he expected; he had the knowledge of her shortcomings in the just the requisite softening touch of timid- ful"of joy, such a fulness of life to her, that at

that even the outside Marty changed. Her brown skin took a rose tint, her hair seem-ed burnished, her eyes to have golden lights. Her rich nature, that no hardships had impoverished, only held in check, once placed full in the sun, became almost exotic but for its native austerity of truth. No wonder Andrew found himself looking forward with a beating pulse to the mo-

ment of capture. And there came a day when he said : "Marty, you've got to give in." And her reply was, " I want

free.' "It's the last thing you'll always want if you're a true woman," he said. "I want to be a true woman from head to foot.'

Andrew laughed aloud. "Choose then," he said.

And the choice answered his expectation. The hunter's blood was hot within him, but never the lover's. To know she was in his power was enough. But how could loved one—cannot ask or beg or take un-Marty discriminate between triumph and ashamed as a man may, or if she does perlove? And would she be glad or not to

It was soon after that, that Fred Williams came one morning to the farm. He had worked there once in haying and harvest times and had known and liked Marty well enough to be her friend. It was he who had given her the "Walden."

He had just a few words to say to her. 'Where no one can see us," he said, and she left her potato-patch and went over to the barn, where they sat on an old reaper. Yes, just a few words, but they were hard to say. He blundered through them, his eyes on the ground. And as they were said, Marty set her teeth and drew in her breath. But following them came a silence so complete that Fred was, at last, bound to look at her. Her face frightened him. Something in her had surely had its deathblow. Happiness dies hard; and the

desire for it dies never. "Marty," he said, quickly, "he did not look. you have not-?

She understood him and answered: "No, Fred, not that. I can see now that e never would have wanted me. Is it very, very wrong of me. Am I unwomanto say so and to feel so? Is it unwom-to long for a child—his child—?" 'No, no, never more a woman-but you must brace up, Marty. A face like that

will give you away at once."
"I am thinking of father, how he will laugh; he has laughed all the time and of

"But, Marty, this gives you your chance to come out even, or I would have throt-tled the fellow right there! Not a soul will snow but you and me-and you can chuck him over—you can laugh at him—you can pretend to him and every one that you snow all the time and were fooling him. You can make him the laughing-stock of the town. You must do it as quick as you

can. Marty. "Yes, next time he comes, Fred." "You're game; I knew you would be!" And he took her hand and pressed t warmly, kindly, then rose to his feet to "Marty, I hated to come? And for go. "Marty, I nated to come. God's sake, don't take it too bard—be isn't

worth it-"You've been a real friend to me, Fred," she answered. "No woman could have done it so well for me."

That was true. Marty was always one of those women whose friends are men; her strength required their masculine strength, and to them she gave useful understanding of their weakness.

That day was Saturday, and in the even-ing Andrew did not come. As a matter of fact he was taking another girl for a moonlight buggy ride, a girl he had known for two days only, but around whose waist he passed his arm unreproved. How many arms encircled it, he idly wondered. But then she was bewitchingly pretty-so much so that it was an hour or two into Sunday before he unhitched in his own yard. But in the evening he went to see Marty. Her father and mother had gone to a camp-meeting and she was alone and sitting in the kitchen, the door open to the autumn sights and sounds. The kitchen itself had always a homelike air, was clean as hands could make it, and prints of good pictures pinned on the walls redeemed its poverty.

Marty's eyes rested upon him a moment "But even if he is courting me," she said, after a mutual silence, "I needn't take him if I don't want to, need I?"

"But even if he is courting me," she said, after a mutual silence, "I needn't take him if I don't want to, need I?"

"Cover what up?" What do you mean?"

te him if I don't want to, need I?"
"My sakes, Marty, you'd never say 'no' "Making love to each other," she said.

to Andrew Ambrose? You'd be plumb quietly, but her gaze now was on the stove. For one thing she hated to see his face change, as change it did, but he answered steadily enough:

"I don't know what you mean, Marty. "Yes, you do. You made a bet or something that you would catch me, like you hunt and catch a bird. But two can play at that game, can't they? Can you blame me if I wanted to get the better of you He when you were trying to get the better of

He was silent for several moments; then

he said quite calmly:
"I don't blame you at all. I rather admire you. Sometimes it happens that a

hunter is caught in his own trap, and he would be a damned fool to kick."
"Yes, we see then what stuff he's made You are made of good stuff, Andrew. Never twice! I'd kill myself rather!" said You have fine qualities, but I want you to be finer.'

"Thank you." He laughed lightly, and said, as lightly.

"So you did not love me, Marty. much the better."

Marty was silent for a moment, then she said, quietly:

"Yes, I loved you. And I must love to admit it was hard enough to be exciting you for a time, yet, anyway, because I and pleasurable, and that the quarry was can't tear you out of my heart, Andrew, worth the trouble if only because she gave in a day or an hour, perhaps never. But trouble. Yet her decoys and defenses were what does it matter? It matters only to those of sincerity and candor, not of pru- me. Is there anything to be ashamed of dery and coquetry. Without meaning to in that? I can't think so. I should only he so, she was proud, elusive, fearless; and be ashamed if I tried now to save my pride -I will never belie myself and my way of good looks and education gave her the love that has been so perfectly beauti--her voice broke and she turned ity. Occasionally in the breathing-places away her face from him. But in spite of of the chase she would look at him almost herself she was swept away for a time by a with petition. Love was such a torment very tempest of grief. Had she been alone she would have paced the floor as a wild times she almost prayed to be delivered from it. And in those days, the mother, looking on tenderly and silently, fancied other. And throughout it all, Andrew sat absolutely silent and still. After all, he had not only slain, but slaying had turned the knife in the wound, and he sickened of himself. In those minutes Marty's wish was granted. He was finer, irrevocably

> Then she regained self-control, dried her eyes, and stood up before him composed

"I want you to go now. I don't want you ever to come again."
Her hands—those toil-worn hands that she had tried not to be ashamed of-hung in front of her, loosely clasped, and Andrew took them in his and bent his forehead upon them. It was an act of abasement that filled Marty's heart with amaze, but as she looked down on his dark head her whole soul was lost in the one im mense desire for one more kiss. How frightfully cruel to be a woman and to have to be silent! And he had taught her to be a woman and now to be silent! A woman, an unloved one-hardly even a loved one-cannot ask or beg or take unhaps all her life she regrets. Sometimes, deliberately, she asks, accepting the pang; and ever after says within herself, "it was

worth it." Then Andrew raised his head and looked

up in her face. "Marty, child, I knew you loved me-I am glad you did not lie. It would have hurt me to hear you lie. Love me all you want to. I'm not worth it, but just for the reason I need it more, don't I? And pity isn't for such as you—you have come out by far the greater and nobler—so great and noble, Marty, that I am glad I have held you in my hand for a time-He dropped her hands and rose to his

"And that's the truth-I give you truth for truth—all the rest was a black lie!"

He turned from her and turned back Happiness dies bard; and the again, where she stood quite still, not even looking at him. She could not bear to

> "But, by God, you shall have something to feed your heart upon! This is truth,

With a quick movement he took her in his arms and pressed his lips twice upon hers. The first kiss was barbaric in its masterfulness. It obliged her to respond to it. The second one was heartbreaking for it held farewell in its tender firmness. Then he went out, shutting the door behind him.

Horse is Educated.

Wilhelm von Osten, who has for a long time made investigations of the intelligence of animals, has reached results in educat ing an Orloff stallion that cause amaze ment among scientific men and psychologists. Some of those who have tested the mental powers of the animal are Dr. Studt, the Prussian minister of education; Prof. George Schweinfurther, the famous American traveler; Prof. Karl Stumpf, of the Berlin university, Prof. Schillings, the naturalist, and Ludwig Heck, director of

the Berlin zoological garden.

The horse besides adding, subtracting, multiplying and dividing sums does ex-amples involving several of these operations, finds square numbers and not only simply repeats what is taught, but solves fresh problems put to him by examiners in the absence of his manager, showing a grasp of the principles of arithmetic. The stallion also forms little sentences, remembers them part day and discriminates 10 bers them next day and discriminates 12 colors and shades, giving their correspond-

ing names. The animal distinguishes musical tones, indicating where they are situated on the chromatic scale and picks out discords, designating which tone to omit in order to restore harmony. The horse communicates by a system of hoof heats representing the

alphabet. Prof. Schillings has taken much interest in displaying the horse's accomplishments to other scientists. Dr. Studt says Herr von Osten would have been burned as a wizard in the earlier ages of the world. When the exercises are prolouged the horse becomes nervous and inattentive and mistakes become more frequent. Prof. von Osten affirms that the horse is as well educated as a boy who has gone to school for the same number of years, and the professor desires that the same number of specialists be selected to take the horse under observation for two weeks: This probably will be done with the view of determining whether the conventional idea is true that animal instinct and human intelligences are essentially different.

Charity in Speech

If women would only bear in mind that they may need the world's good word themselves some day they would be more careful in what they say and how they say it. Charity is of thought as well as deed. It is not restricted to the feeding of the hungry and the clothing of the poor. It is as much needed among the rich as among any other class. A woman is a blessing to humanity who tempers justice with mercy and who keeps her verdicts to herself when she sits in judgment on her friends.

-Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

Boys and Cigarettes.

The effects of cigarettes using by young boys would be a startling revelation to many of their mothers if they understood the alarming proportions to which it has grown in this country.

A magistrate in Harlem court, New York, made the following significant declaration the other day:

"Yesterday I had before me thirty-five

boy prisoners. Thirty-three of them were confirmed cigarette smokers. To-day from a reliable source, I have made the grewsome discovery that two of the largest cigarette manufacturers in this country soak their product in a weak solution of opium."

The fact that out of thirty-five prisoners thirty-three smoked cigarettes might seem to indicate some direct connection between cigarettes and crime.

And when it is announced on authority that most cigarettes are doped with opium, this connection is not hard to understand. The cigarette is to young boys very much like what whiskey is to grown men.

does not directly cause crime it at least accompanies it in nine cases out of ten. It must be universally admitted that the majority of young boys addicted to cigarettes are generally regarded as bad boys. It is an addiction that does not ally itself with the high virtues of manly youth. It leads to bad associations and bad environ-ments. He must be a strange boy indeed who can derive moral and physical good

from cigarettes.
Opium is like whiskey—it creates an increasing appetite that grows with what it feeds upon. Even pure tobacco has the same effect.

The growing boy who lets tobacco and opium get a hold upon his senses is never long in coming under the domination of whiskey, too.

Tobacco is the boy's easiest and most direct road to whiskey. When opium is added, the young man's chance of resisting the combined forces and escaping physical, mental, and moral barm is slim imdeed.

It is a deadly combination in most cases There are few, if any, cases in which it is not more or less harmful. Stomach and nerves and will power weakened for life is the common result, even though the habits finally be mastered.

Rules for Waltking

Hold the head up. Lift the chin high. Throw the shoulders back. Inflate the chest.

Draw in the abdomen. Take very long steps, probably twice the the length of your usual ones. Turn the foot almost at right angles with

the leg. Walk from the knees. Throw the foot out and forward at the same time.

Practice your walking experiments in your own room at first.

Lift the skirt high enough, street or room, to allow the use of the foot and leg without tiring. Breathe deeply. This last is most important of all.

Andrew Patterson, a fireman on the Philadelphia and Reading railroad, had both legs and one arm crushed in the Newberry yard Thursday morning. The engine ran into a string of cars doubling the tender against the engine and catching Patterson. He died an hour later.

BUGKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE-Has worldwide fame for marvellous cures. It surpasses any other salve, lotion, ointment or balm for Cuts, Corns, Burns, Boils, Sores, Felons, Ulcers, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Chapped Hands, Skin Eruptions; infallible for Piles. Cure guaranteed. Only 25c at Green's druggist.

Business Notice.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

Medical.

CHAS. H. FLETCHER.

TIME IS THE TEST

THE TESTIMONY OF BELLEFONTE PEC

PLE STAND THE TEST

The test of time is what tells the tale, 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 merit alone will stand the test of time. Bellefonte people appreciate merit and many months ago local citizens make the statements which follows unless convinced that the article was just as represented? A cure that lasts is the kind that every sufferer from kidney ills is looking for.

James Rine of High 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 pain in my back since I used Doan's Kidney Pills while before I could not put on my shoes and could hardly drag myself around. Though I have had slight touches of backache it 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 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name Doans and take no substitute.

DILES A cure guaranteed if you use RUDYS PILE SUPPOSITORY D. Matt. Thompson, Supt. Graded Schools, Statesville, N. C., writes: "I can say they do all you claim for them." Dr. S. M. Devore, Raven Rock, W. Va., writes: "They give universal satisfaction." Dr. H. D. McGill, Clarksburg, Tenn., writes: "In a practice of 23 years I have found no remedy to equal yours." Price, 50 cents. Samples Free. Sold by Druggists, and in Bellefonte by C. M. Parrish Call for Free Sample.

49-20-1y MARTIN RUDY, Lancaster, Pa.

Buggies, Etc.

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offer a large assortment of Buggies and other wheeled vehicles to the trade just now. We are making a special drive on BUGGIES AT \$55.00 BUGGIES AT \$60.00

> BUGGIES AT \$65.00 BUGGIES AT \$75.00

All high class, new vehicles, ready for your inspection. We guarantee every-thing we sell and sell only what sustains

We have lately accumulated a line of GOOD SECOND HAND BUGGIES That we have built over and will sell

REPAIRING—Repairing of all sorts, painting trimming is better done at the Mc nistion shops than anywhere else.

McQUISTION & CO. 49-17 BELLEFONTE, PA

New Advertisements.

House AND LOT FOR SALE.-A very desirable home on east Bishop St., efonte, is offered for sale. The house is ern and stands on a lot that also has a front-on Logan St. Call on or write to

Mrs. SARA A. TEATS,

Reliafonte, Pa

Saddlery.

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Building Business on Cheap John Goods is an impossibility—that's why we believe it is to your best interest to buy from us. Over thirty-two years in business ought to convince you that our goods and prices have been right.

fter July 1st we will Break the on Collar Pads.

JAMES SCHOFIELD, Spring street. BELLEFONTE, PA. 47-37

Travelers Guide.

NEW YORK & PITTSBURG CENoperating Pittsburg, Johnstown, Ebensburg & Eastern R.R. Trains leave Philipsburg 5:32,7:10 11:00 s. m. 2:30, 4:52 and 8:10 p.m.for Osceola, Houtzdale, Ramy and Fernwood (16 miles). Returning leave Fernwood 6:30, 8:45 a. m. 1:00, 3:40, 5:50 p. m., arriving Philipsburg 7:25, 9:45 a. m. 2:00, 4:37 and 6:45 p. m.

MENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNA.

Condensed Time Table effective June 15, 1904. READ DOWN READ UP. Nev. 24th, 1902. No 1 No 5 No 3 No 6 No 4 No 2

10 40 9 02NEW YORK....... †4 25 7 30 (Via Phila.) Lve. a. m. p. m.

†Week Days. PHILADELPHIA SLEEPING CAR attached to East-bound train from Williamsport at 11.30 P. M., and West-bound from Philadelphia at 11.36. J. W. GEPHART. General Superintendent.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAIL

Schedule to take effect Monday, Apr. 3rd, 1899 read up †No. 5 | †No. 3 | No. STATIONS. fNo. 2 †No. 4 Ar. A. M. P. M. P. te ... 8 50 2 40 6 1 ... 8 50 2 25 6 2 ... 8 37 2 22 6 2 ... 8 35 2 17 6 21 ... 8 28 2 06 6 18 ... 8 24 2 00 6 14 ... 8 28 20 1 55 6 10 ... 8 18 1 52 6 07 8 77 1 37 5 52 P. M. A. M. A.M. LV Ar.
4 15 19 30 6 30 Belleforte
4 25 10 37 6 35 Coleville
4 28 10 42 6 38 Morris
4 28 10 47 6 43 Whitmer ...
4 36 10 56 6 50 ... Fillmore ...
4 40 11 02 6 55 ... Briarly ...
4 43 11 05 7 00 ... Waddles ...
4 45 11 08 7 03 ... Lambourn ...
4 55 11 20 7 12 ... Krumrine ...
5 00 15 7 55 ... State College 5 00 11 35 7 25 ...State College... 8 00 1 30 5 45 5 26 5 05 11 24 7 27Strubles..... 7 45 1 34 5 29 5 15 15 7 35 Pine Grove Cro. 7 35 5 25

H. F. THOMAS, Supt.

Travelers Guid.

DENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND

BRANCHES. Schedule in effect May 30th 1904.

VIA TYRONE-WESTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte, 9.53 a. m., arrive at Tyrone 11.05 a. m., at Altoona, 1.00 p. m., at Pittsburg, 5.50 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte 1.05 p. m., arrive at Tyrone, 2.10 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, 7.05, at Pittsburg at 10.50.

Leave Bellefonte, 9.53 a. m., arrive at Tyrone, 11.05, a. m. at Harrisburg, 2.40 p. m., at Philadelphia, 5.47. p. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 1.05 p. m., arrive at Tyrone, at Pittsburg, 2.10 p. m., at Harrisburg, 6.35 p. m., at Philadelphia, 10.47 p. m.

2.10 p. m., at Harrisburg, 6.35 p. m., at Philadelphia, 10.47 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte, 4.44 p. m., arrive at Tyrone, 6.00 p. m, at Harrisburg, at 10.00 p. m. Philadelphia 4.23 a. m.
VIA LOCK HAVEN—WESTWARD.
Leave Bellefonte, 1.25 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven 2.10 p. m., arrive at Buffalo, 7.40 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte, 9.32 a. m., arrive at Lock Haven 10.30, a. m. leave Williamsport, 12.35 p. m., arrive at Harrisburg, 3.20 p. m., at Philadelphia at 6.23 p. m. rive at Harrisburg, 5.20 p. at 6.23 p. m. ave Bellefonte, 1.25 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven 2.10 p. m., leave Williamsport, at 2.53, p. m., arrive Harrisburg, 5.00 p. m., Philadelphia

2.10 p. m., leave Williamsport, at 2.53, p. m., arrive Harrisburg, 5.00 p. m., Philadelphia 7.32 p. m

Leave Bellefonte, 8.16 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven, 9.15 p. m., leave Williamsport, 1.35 a. m., arrive at Harrisburg, 4.15 a. m., arrive at Philadelphia at 7.17 a. m.

VIA LEWISBURG.

Leave Bellefonte, at 6.40 a. m., arrive at Lewisburg, at 9.05 a. m., Montandon, 9.15, Harrisburg, 11.30 a. m., Philadelphia, 3.17 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 2.00 p. m., arrive at Lewisburg, 1.30 a. m., Philadelphia, 3.17 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 2.00 p. m., arrive at Lewisburg, 4.25, p. m. at Harrisburg, 6.50 p. m., Philadelphia at 10.47 p. m.

For full information, time tables, &c., call on ticket agent, or address Thos. E. Watt. Passenger Agent Western District, No.360 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburg.

TYRONE AND CLEARFIELD, R. R.

NORTHWARD.				SOUTHWBD.		
EXPRESS.	DAY EXPRESS.	MAIL.	Nov. 29th,1903	EXPRESS.	DAY EXPRESS.	MAIL.
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7 54	f 5 00	f 9 09	Boynton		10 20	4 37
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8 02	5 10	9 23	Philipsburg	0 10	ALU LE	4 41
	f 5 14	11 0 41	Tranam	8 13	10 10	4 20
8 11		9 32			9 58	4 10
8 17		9 38	wallaceton	7 57	9 52	4 08
8 22			Bigler	f 7 50	9 45	8 57
			Woodland.	f 7 43	9 45 9 38	3 50
		f 9 55				
	f 5 47	f10 05				3 41
8 45						3 36
8 50			Clearfield RiverviewSus. Bridge	7 25	9 20	3 30
8 56	f 6 07		Sue Bridge	7 16	f 9 09	
9 00	6 14	10 35		7 05	f 9 04	
9 06	f 6 19	f10 50	Rustio	7 05	9 00	3 10
9 14	f 6 25					3 00
9 20		11 05				9 E
PM	P. M.	A. M.	Ar. Lv.	PM	A. M.	

BALD LAGLE VALLEY BRANCH Nov. 29th, 1903 | F.M. | P.M. | A. N. | AFF. | L.V. | A. M. | P. M. | P.M. 1 47 8 46

2 05 9 09 2 10 9 15 P.M. P. M. A. M. Lv. Arr. A. M. P. M. P. M. On Sundays there is one train each way on the B. E. V. It runs on the same schedule as the morning train leaving Tyrone at 8:10 a. m., week days. And the afternoon train leaving Lock Haven at 3:45.

1 55 8 58

LEWISBURG & TYRONE RAILROAD. EASTWARD. Nov. 29th 1903. WESTWARD MAIL. EXP. Ar. A. M. P. MAIL. EXP. ..Axemann Lemont..... Oak Hall.... ...Linden Hall. .Glen Iron .Milmont

M. A. M. Ar LEWISBURG & TYRONE RAILROAD. EASTWARD. UPPER END. WESTWARD. Mixe Nov. 29th,1903

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE BRANCH. Time Table in effect on and after Nov. 29th 1903. Mix | Mix | Stations. | Mix | Mix Snow Shoe Int.... School House....

W, W. ATTERBURY, J. R. WOOD.

Money to Loan.

5 26 MONEY TO LOAN on good security ouses for rent.

J. M. KEICHLINE,
Att'y at Law 45-14-1Vr