



The Simple Life

By CHARLES WAGNER

Translated From the French by Mary Louise Hendee

Copyright, 1901, by McClure, Phillips & Co.

As this reasoning was based upon the nature and capacity of the instrument without taking into account the human element, always the most important factor! And what has really come about is this—that cavilers, calumniators and crooks, all gentlemen of tongue, who know better than any one else how to turn voice and pen to account, have taken the utmost advantage of these extended means for circulating thought, with the result that the men of our times have the greatest difficulty in the world to know the truth about their own age and their own affairs. For every newspaper that fosters good feeling and good understanding between nations by trying to rightly inform its neighbors and to study them without reservations, how many spread defamation and distrust! What unnatural and dangerous currents of opinion set in motion! What false alarms and malicious interpretations of words and facts! And in domestic affairs we are not much better informed than in foreign. As to commercial, industrial and agricultural interests, political parties and social tendencies or the personality of public men, it is alike difficult to obtain a disinterested opinion. The more newspapers one reads the less clearly he sees in these matters. There are days when after having read them all, and admitting that he takes them at their word, the reader finds himself obliged to draw this conclusion: Unquestionably nothing but corruption can be found any longer; no men of integrity except a few journalists. But the last part of the conclusion falls in its turn. It appears that the chroniclers devour each other. The reader has under his eyes a spectacle somewhat like the cartoon entitled "The Combat of the Serpents." After having gorged themselves with everything around them the reptiles fall upon each other, and there remain upon the field of battle two tails.

And not the common people alone feel this embarrassment, but the cultivated also; almost everybody shares it. In politics, finance, business, even in science, art, literature and religion, there is everywhere disguise, trickery, wire pulling—one truth for the public, another for the initiated. The result is that everybody is deceived. It is vain to be behind the scenes on one stage. A man cannot be there on them all, and the very people who deceive others with the most ability are in turn deceived when they need to count upon the sincerity of their neighbors.

The result of such practices is the degradation of human speech. It is degraded first in the eyes of those who manipulate it as a base instrument. No word is respected by sophists, casuists and quibblers, men who are moved only by a rage for gaining their point or who assume that their interests are alone worth considering. Their penalty is to be forced to judge others by the rule they follow themselves—say what profits and not what is true. They can no longer take any one seriously—a sad state of mind for those who write or teach! How lightly must one hold his readers and hearers to approach them in such an attitude! To him who has preserved enough honesty nothing is more repugnant than the careless irony of an acrobat of the tongue or pen who tries to dupe honest and ingenious men. On one side openness, sincerity, the desire to be enlightened; on the other, chicanery making game of the public! But he knows not, the liar, how far he is misleading himself. The capital on which he lives is confidence, and nothing equals the confidence of the people unless it be their distrust when once they find themselves betrayed. They may follow for a time the exploiters of their artlessness, but then their friendly humor turns to hate. Doors which stood wide open offer an impassable front of wood, and ears once attentive are deaf. And the pity is that they have closed not to the evil alone, but to the good. This is the crime of those who distort and degrade speech: they shake confidence generally. We consider as a calamity the debasement of the currency, the lowering of interest, the abolition of credit. There is a misfortune greater than these—the loss of confidence, of that moral credit which honest people give one another, and which makes speech circulate like an authentic currency. Away with counterfeiters, speculators, rotten financiers, for they bring under suspicion even the coin of the realm. Away with the makers of counterfeit speech, for because of them there is no longer confidence in any one or anything, and what they say and write is not worth a continental.

You see how urgent it is that each should guard his lips, chasten his pen and aspire to simplicity of speech. No more perversion of sense, circumlocution, reticence, tergiversation! These things serve only to complicate and bewilder. Be men. Speak the speech of honor. An hour of plain dealing does more for the salvation of the world than years of duplicity.

A word now about a national bias to those who have a veneration for diction and style. Assuredly there can be no quarrel with the taste for grace and elegance of speech. I am of opinion that one cannot say too well what

that the things best said and best written are most studied. Words should serve the fact and not substitute themselves for it and make it forgotten in its embellishment. The greatest things are those which gain the most by being said most simply, since thus they show themselves for what they are. You do not throw over them the veil, however transparent, of beautiful discourse, nor that shadow so fatal to truth called the writer's vanity. Nothing so strong, nothing so persuasive, as simplicity! There are sacred emotions, cruel griefs, splendid heroisms, passionate enthusiasms, that a look, a movement, a cry, interprets better than beautifully rounded periods. The most precious possessions of the heart of humanity manifest themselves most simply. To be convincing a thing must be true, and certain truths are more evident when they come in the speech of ingenuousness, even weakness, than when they fall from lips too well trained or are proclaimed with trumpets. And these rules are good for each of us in his everyday life. No one can imagine what profit would accrue to his moral life from the constant observation of this principle: Be sincere, moderate, simple in the expression of your feelings and opinions in private and public alike; never pass beyond bounds, give out faithfully what is within you, and above all watch—that is the main thing.

For the danger in fine words is that they live from a life of their own. They are servants of distinction that have kept their titles, but no longer perform their functions, of which royal courts offer us example. You speak well, write well, and all is said. How many people content themselves with speaking and believe that it exempts them from acting! And those who listen are content with having heard them. So it sometimes happens that a life may in the end be made up of a few well turned speeches, a few fine books and a few great plays. As for practicing what is so magisterially set forth—that is the last thing thought of. And if we pass from the world of talent to spheres which the mediocre exploit, there in a pell-mell of confusion we see those who think that we are in the world to talk and hear others talk—the great and hopeless rout of babblers, of everything that prates, bawls and perorates and, after all, finds that there isn't talking enough. They all forget that those who make the least noise do the most work. An engine that expends all its steam in whistling has nothing left with which to turn wheels. Then let us cultivate silence. All that we can save in noise we gain in power.

These reflections lead us to consider a similar subject, also very worthy of attention. I mean what has been called "the vice of the superlative." If we study the inhabitants of a country we notice differences of temperament, of which the language shows signs. Here the people are calm and phlegmatic. Their speech is jejune, lacks color. Elsewhere temperaments are more evenly balanced. One finds precision, the word exactly fitted to the thing. But farther on—effect of the sun, the air, the wine perhaps—hot blood courses in the veins, tempers are excitable, language is extravagant, and the simplest things are said in the strongest terms.

If the type of speech varies with climate, it differs also with epochs. Compare the language, written or spoken, of our own times with that of certain other periods of our history. Under the old regime people spoke differently than at the time of the Revolution, and we have not the same language as the men of 1830, 1848 or the second empire. In general, language is now characterized by greater simplicity. We no longer wear perukes, we no longer write in lace frills, but there is one significant difference between us and almost all of our ancestors, and it is the source of our exaggerations—our nervousness. Upon overexcited nervous systems—and heaven knows that to have nerves is no longer an aristocratic privilege—words do not produce the same impression as under normal conditions; and quite as truly simple language does not suffice the man of overwrought sensibilities when he tries to express what he feels. In private life, in public, in books, on the stage, calm and temperate speech has given place to excess. The means that novelists and playwrights employ to galvanize the public mind and compel its attention are to be found again in their rudiments, in our most commonplace conversations, in our letter writing and, above all, in public speaking. Our performances in language compared to those of a man well balanced and serene are what our handwriting is compared to that of our fathers. The fault is laid to steel pens. If only the truth were acknowledged! Geese, then, could save us. But the evil goes deeper; it is in ourselves. We write like men possessed. The pen of our ancestors was more restful, more sure. Here we face one of the results of our modern life, so complicated and so terribly exhaustive of energy. It leaves us impatient, breathless, in perpetual tripodation. Our handwriting, like our speech, suffers thereby and betrays us. Let us go back from the effect to the cause and understand well the warning it brings us.

What good can come from this mass of exaggerated speech? False interpreters of our own impressions, we cannot but warp the minds of our fellow men as well as our own. Between people who exaggerate, good understanding ceases. Ruffled tempers, violent and useless disputes, hasty judgments devoid of all moderation, the utmost extravagance in education and social life—these things are the result of intemperance of speech.

May I be permitted in this appeal for simplicity of speech to frame a wish whose fulfillment would have the happiest results? I ask for simplicity in literature, not only as one of the best remedies for the dejection of our souls—blases, jaded, weary of eccentricities—but also as a pledge and source of social union. I ask also for simplicity in art. Our art and our literature are reserved for the privileged few of education and fortune. But do not misunderstand me. I do not ask poets, novelists and painters to descend from the heights and walk along the mountain sides, finding their satisfaction in mediocrity, but, on the contrary, to mount higher. The truly popular is not that which appeals to a certain class of society ordinarily called the common people; the truly popular is what is common to all classes and unites them. The sources of inspiration from which perfect art springs are in the depths of the human heart, in the eternal realities of life, before which all men are equal. And the sources of a popular language must be found in the small number of simple and vigorous forms which express elementary sensations and draw the master lines of human destiny. In them are truth, power, grandeur, immortality. Is there not enough in such an ideal to kindle the enthusiasm of youth, which, sensible that the sacred flame of the beautiful is burning within, feels pity, and to the disdainful adage, "Odi profanum vulgus," prefers this more humane saying, "Misereor super turbam." As for me, I have no artistic authority, but from out the multitude where I live I have the right to raise my cry to those who have been given talents, and say to them: Labor for men whom the world forgets, make yourselves intelligible to the humble, so shall you accomplish a work of emancipation and peace; so shall you open again the springs whence those masters drew, whose works have defied the ages because they knew how to clothe genius in simplicity.

CHAPTER V. SIMPLE DUTY.

WHEN we talk to children on a subject that annoys them they call our attention to some pigeon on the roof giving food to its little one or some coachman down in the street who is abusing his horse. Sometimes they even maliciously propose one of those alarming questions that put the minds of parents on the rack; all this to divert attention from the distressing topic. I fear that in the face of duty we are big children, and when that is the theme seek subterfuges to distract us.

The first sophism consists in asking ourselves if there is such a thing as duty in the abstract, or if this word does not cover one of the numerous illusions of our forefathers; for duty, in truth, supposes liberty, and the question of liberty leads us into metaphysics. How can we talk of liberty so long as this grave problem of free will is not solved? Theoretically there is no objection to this, and if life were a theory and we were here to work out a complete system of the universe it would be absurd to concern ourselves with duty until we had clarified the subject of liberty, determined its conditions, fixed its limits.

But life is not a theory. In this question of practical morality, as in others, life has preceded hypothesis, and there is no room to believe that she ever yields it place. This liberty—relative, I admit, like everything we are acquainted with, for that matter—this duty whose existence we question is none the less the basis of all the judgments we pass upon ourselves and our fellow men. We hold each other to a certain extent responsible for our deeds and exploits.

The most ardent theorist, once outside of his theory, scruples not to waffle to approve or disapprove the acts of others, to take measures against his enemies, to appeal to the generosity and justice of those he would dissuade from an unworthy step. One can no more rid himself of the notion of moral obligation than of that of time or space, and as surely as we must resign ourselves to walking before we know how to define this space through which we move and this time that measures our movements, so surely must we submit to moral obligation before having put our finger on its deep hidden roots. Moral law dominates man whether he respects or defies it. See how it is in everyday life—each one is ready to cast his stone at him who neglects a plain duty even if he alleges that he has not yet arrived at philosophic certitude. Everybody will say to him, and with excellent reason: "Sir, we are men before everything. First play your part, do your duty as citizen, father, son. After that you shall return to the course of your meditations."

(To be Continued.)

—Singleton—I'm in a box. My wife's dressmaker has sued me. Doubtless—You're in a dress suit case, you mean.

—We have noticed that the weather is either too wet, too dry, too cold or too warm. It is very seldom just right.

VINTE-NA for Depressed Feeling, Exhausted Vitality, Nervous Debility and Diseases requiring a Tonic Strengthening Medicine. It cures quickly by making Pure Red Blood and replenishing the Blood Supply. Benefit Guaranteed or money refunded. All druggists.

Bryan in Famous Will Contest.

NEW HAVEN, Jan. 31.—Arguments were heard in the Connecticut Supreme Court of Errors today on the appeal of William J. Bryan from the decision of the Superior court denying him authority to receive \$50,000 mentioned in the famous sealed letter left by the late Philo S. Bennett, of whose estate Mr. Bryan is executor.

Mr. Bryan assisted in the arguments. He spoke eloquently for three-quarters of an hour. He said it was due him in this case to say a few words as to the intent of the testator. This intent, he thought, was very plain, and he hoped the court would be explicit as to whether the sealed letter could be received as a declaration of trust, even if not a part of the will. He said that most will contests turned on two or three questions, usually on the capacity of a testator to make a will, on the question of undue influence, or the intent of the testator in making bequests. In this case he thought Mr. Bennett ideally competent to make a will. As to the question of undue influence, he cited the fact that Mr. Bennett travelled 1,500 miles to Nebraska, carrying with him a will to be used as a model and afterwards travelled 1,500 miles back to New York, where he duly executed the will. The question therefore turns on the intent of the testator.

"Your account has been standing a long time, Mr. Dukey."
"Then give it a seat, my dear Shears."
"Very glad to sir. Shall we make it a receipt?"—*Tid-Bits.*

Business Notice.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

CHAS. H. FLETCHER.

Medical.

A UNIQUE RECORD.

NOT ANOTHER LIKE IT IN OUR BROAD REPUBLIC.

To give positive home testimony in every locality is of itself unanswerable proof of merit; but when we add to this the continued endorsement from people who testified years ago no evidence can be stronger. A Bellefonte citizen gratefully acknowledges the good received from Doan's Kidney Pills, and when time has tested the cure we find the same hearty endorsement, with added enthusiasm, continued praise. Cases of this kind are plentiful in the work of Doan's Kidney Pills, and such a record is unique in the annals of medicine.

J. Curtis Johnson, 365 E. Bishop St., says: "I think even more of Doan's Kidney Pills than ever I did in 1897 when I made a statement for publication recommending them. I had been suffering at that time for more than a year with backache and lameness through the loins. At times I was so weak that I could not lift anything and if I stooped it was almost impossible for me to straighten up. When driving there was a steady aching over my kidneys the whole time. I felt dull and tired and lacked ambition. Procuring Doan's Kidney Pills from F. P. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, was cured very quickly. My wife has also used Doan's Kidney Pills for backache and was cured and invigorated generally as well. We both think very highly of Doan's Kidney Pills and I have been recommending them ever since I gave my statement in 1897."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

PILES

A cure guaranteed if you use

RUDY'S PILE SUPPOSITORY

D. Matt. Thompson, Supt. Graded Schools, Stevens, N. C., writes: "I can say they do all you claim for them." Dr. S. M. Devore, Raven Rock, Va., writes: "They give universal satisfaction." Dr. H. D. McGill, Clarksville, Tenn., writes: "In a practice of 23 years I have found no remedy to equal yours." Prof. S. M. Freese, Druggist and Pharmacist, in Bellefonte by C. M. Parrish call for Free Sample.

49-20ly MARTIN RUDY, Lancaster, Pa.

Saddlery.

COME TO HEADQUARTERS

BUY DIRECT AND SAVE MONEY

CLEARANCE SALE

.....AT.....

JAMES SCHOFIELD'S

Harness Store, N. Spring Street,

ON 5-A BLANKETS AND ROBES

FOR THE NEXT 60 DAYS

These goods must be sold to make room for our large stock of Summer goods. These blankets are the strongest, they wear the longest. We have the only full assortment of Blankets, Robes and Horse goods in town. Don't fail to get our prices on Light and Heavy Harness.

THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT IN THE COUNTY.

JAMES SCHOFIELD,
Spring Street,
BELLEFONTE, PA.

—Binks (as snow flies)—I'm afraid, Barnes, that the train you're waiting for will be badly delayed.

—Barnes—No, it won't. My mother-in-law on a Kansas City Star.

Insurance.

WILLIAM BURNSIDE.

Successor to CHARLES SMITH.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Temple Court, 48-37 Bellefonte, Pa.

S. E. GOSS,

Successor to JOHN C. MILLER.

FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

Represents some of the Best Stock Companies.

2nd Floor, Bush Arcade, BELLEFONTE, PA. 49-46-6m

LOOK! READ

JOHN F. GRAY & SON,

(Successors to Grant Hoover.)

FIRE, LIFE, AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

This Agency represents the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the World.

—NO ASSESSMENTS.—

Do not fail to give us a call before insuring your Life or Property as we are in position to write large lines at any time.

Office in Crider's Stone Building, 43-18ly BELLEFONTE, PA.

THE PREFERRED ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO.

THE \$5,000 TRAVEL POLICY

Benefits:

- \$5,000 death by accident,
- 5,000 loss of both feet,
- 5,000 loss of one hand and one foot,
- 2,500 loss of either hand,
- 2,500 loss of either foot,
- 630 loss of one eye,
- 25 per week, total disability; (limit 52 weeks.)
- 10 per week, partial disability; (limit 26 weeks.)

PREMIUM \$12 PER YEAR, payable quarterly if desired.

Larger or smaller amounts in proportion. Any person, male or female engaged in a preferred occupation, including house-keeping, over eighteen years of age of good moral and physical condition may insure under this policy.

FREDERICK K. FOSTER,
49-9 Agent, Bellefonte, Pa.

Travelers Guide.

NEW YORK & PITTSBURG CENTRAL R. CO.

operating

Pittsburg, Johnstown, Ebensburg & Eastern R. R.

Trains leave Philadelphia 5:32, 7:10, 11:00 a. m., 2:30, 4:52 and 8:10 p. m. for Osceola, Houtzdale, Remy and Fernwood (16 miles). Returning leave Fernwood 6:30, 8:45 a. m., 1:00, 3:40, 5:35 p. m., arriving Philadelphia 7:25, 9:45 a. m., 2:00, 4:37 and 6:45 p. m.

Connections: With N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. and Penna. R. R. at Philadelphia and Penna. R. R. at Osceola, Houtzdale and Remy.

C. T. Hill, Gen. Passg. Agt., Philadelphia, Superintendent.

CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNA.

Condensed Time Table effective Nov. 23, 1904.

READ DOWN	Stations	READ UP
No. 1	No. 5	No. 6
No. 2	No. 4	No. 3

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Schedule to take effect Monday, Apr. 3rd, 1899.

WESTWARD	STATIONS	EASTWARD
No. 1	No. 2	No. 3
No. 4	No. 5	No. 6

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOES BRANCH.

Time Table in effect on and after Nov. 29th, 1903.

MIX	STATIONS	MIX
No. 1	No. 2	No. 3
No. 4	No. 5	No. 6

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager.

Travelers Guide.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES.

Schedule in effect Nov. 27th, 1904.

VIA TYRONE—WESTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte 1:05 p. 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, 5:50 p. m., at Harrisburg, 10:50 p. m.

VIA TYRONE—EASTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte, 9:53 a. m., arrive at Tyrone, 11:05 a. m., at Harrisburg, 2:40 p. m., at Philadelphia, 6:47 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 1:05 p. m., arrive at Tyrone, 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, 5:50 p. m., at Harrisburg, 10:50 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.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—EASTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte, 9:30 a. m., arrive at Lock Haven 10:30 a. m., leave Williamsport, 12:30 p. m., arrive at Harrisburg, 3:20 p. m., at Philadelphia 4:52 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 1:25 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven 2:10 p. m., leave Williamsport, at 2:33 p. m., arrive at Harrisburg, 5:00 p. m., Philadelphia 4:52 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, 4:10 a. m., 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, 4:25 p. m., at Harrisburg, 6:50 p. m., Philadelphia at 10:47 p. m.

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

TYRONE AND CLEARFIELD, R. R.

NORTHWARD.			SOUTHWARD.		
EXP.	DAY	MAIL	EXP.	DAY	MAIL
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.
6:50	4:01	8:00	9:20	11:20	5:35
6:58	8:08	9:10	11:10	5:24
7:01	8:16	9:10	11:10	5:24
7:11	8:22	9:10	11:10	5:24
7:15	8:27	9:00	11:00	5:17
7:24	8:34	8:50	10:50	5:10
7:30	8:40	8:50	10:50	5:10
7:34	8:44	8:30	10:30	4:55
7:38	8:48	8:30	10:30	4:55
7:48	8:58	8:24	10:24	4:48
7:54	9:04	8:10	10:10	4:37
8:02	9:12	8:10	10:10	4:37
8:06	9:16	8:10	10:10	4:37
8:11	9:21	8:03	9:58	4:31
8:17	9:27	8:03	9:58	4:31
8:22	9:32	8:03	9:58	4:31
8:28	9:38	8:03	9:58	4:31
8:30	9:40	8:03	9:58	4:31
8:34	9:44	8:03	9:58	4:31
8:38	9:48	8:03	9:58	4:31
8:45	9:55	8:03	9:58	4:31
8:56	10:06	8:03	9:58	4:31
9:00	10:10	8:03	9:58	4:31
9:06	10:16	8:03	9:58	4:31
9:14	10:24	8:03	9:58	4:31
9:20	10:30	8:03	9:58	4:31
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.

BALD EAGLE VALLEY BRANCH.

WESTWARD.			EASTWARD.		
MAIL	EXP.	MAIL	MAIL	EXP.	MAIL
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.
6:00	2:10	11:05	8:10	12:25	7:00
6:54	3:04	11:59	8:16	13:19	7:06
5:50	2:00	10:55	7:16	12:30	6:06
5:46	1:56	10:51	7:12	12:26	6:02
5:40	1:50	10:45	7:06	12:20	6:00
5:37	1:47	10:42	7:03	12:17	5:57
5:35	1:45	10:40	7:01	12:15	5:55
5:28	1:38	10:33	6:54	12:08	5:48
5:21	1:31	10:26	6:47	12:01	5:41
5:12	1:22	10:17	6:38	11:52	5:32
5:03	1:13	10:08	6:29	11:43	5:23
4:56	1:06	10:01	6:22	11:36	5:16
4:53	1:03	9:58	6:19	11:33	5:13
4:44	0:54	9:49	6:10	11:24	5:04
4:32	0:42	9:37	6:02	11:12	4:52
4:20	0:30	9:25	5:50	11:00	4:40
4:14	0:24	9:19	5:44	10:54	4:34
4:05	0:15	9:10	5:35	10:45	4:25
3:51	0:01	9:01	5:21	10:31	4:11
3:45	12:50	8:55	5:15	10:25	4:05
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.

On Sundays a train leaves Tyrone at 8:30 a. m., making all the regular stops through to Grantville, arriving there at 11:05. Returning it leaves Grantville at 2:30 p. m., and arrives in Tyrone at 6:35 p. m.

LEWISBURG & TYRONE RAILROAD.

EASTWARD.			WESTWARD.		
MAIL	EXP.	MAIL	MAIL	EXP.	MAIL
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.
2:00	6:40	9:00	4:20
2:05	6:45	8:55	4:15
2:08	6:48	8:50	4:10
2:11	6:5				