The Witch of Cragenstone

By ANITA CLAY MUNOZ. Author of "In Love and Truth"

storm will be a rough one, with noisome high winds," he said, "methinks 'twould be right fearsome for thee to

Hetty appeared to deliberate the question carefully.

"Happen thou had better stay awhile," she said, with affected indifference, "but I warn thee if thou doth prate of nothing but thy farmyard wonders, thy churnings and thy chickens I shall send thee on thy way most speedily."

Then as she saw his happy face lengthen with soberness and a look of distress come into his eyes that told her that he could not understand what he lacked in his efforts to please her she added more kindly, "But, prithee, enter Simon, an' in passing do me the favor to bring in the milk."

Hetty, taking them from him, proceeded to pour the frothy liquid into the pans that lay in rows on the well scrubbed table, her campanion standing silently at her side admiring wistfully the graceful turn of the small white wrists.

Having finished her task, the young woman lifted her eyes to Kempster's face, with roguish raillery in their bright glance.

"There," she exclaimed, "in my desire to fill the pans quickly I did forget to thank thee for carrying the milk. Forsooth, good Simon, lay such bad manners to thoughtlessness rather than an intent on my part to slight thee."

"Hetty"-he stepped closer and caught her hand in his-"at times when thy words sound trifling and thy manner seen.eth hard and cold is't because thou dost not heed, that thou'rt only a bit thoughtless, or dost thou really feel the aversion ofttimes thy words and manner do express?"

She let her roguish glance turn into a kindly one and allowed her hand to remain in his as she answered softly: "Some apples, Simon, that are tart to the taste are sound at the core. Thou farmer, must I teach thee that? And for my words and ways, they are part of me that, added all together, make the whole."

She turned away her head, sighing gently, and Simon imagined that she pressed his hand. "Who doth like me," she continued pensively, "perforce must like them also, for so long ha' we been one naught now could separate us."

Simon, putting his disengaged hand under her chin, lifted her face to his. "God knows I like thee, Hetty," he said soberly, "an' thy words, hard or tender, so glad I am to hear them, fall on my heart gently, like the rain on the newly sown seed."

Matters having grown too serious for the triffing little maid, she drew away hastily, exclaiming, with a light laugh; "Thy farmyard comparisons again, Simon! Now, forsooth, my words are like rain falling on thy crops!"

It was several hours later when Mistress Taunston on horseback, seated on a pillion behind her son, rode into the farmyard. The storm had continued to grow heavier, and the rain was now falling in torrents. Despite the heavy cloaks they wore, the riders were drenched to the skin as a man, one of the farm hands, rubbing his eyes as if just roused from sleeping, opened the barn door for them to enter.

"Light the candle, Jacob, and I will hold it while thy master doth put up his horse," Mrs. Taunston ordered from her high position. "There, that is well. Now help me to alight." When on the ground she lifted the

light and, following Josiah, who was leading the horse to its stall, paused a moment to dismiss the man.

"Thou eanst go now, Jacob, to thy bed. I would have a word in private with thy master."

Taunston paused in the act of lifting a measure of oats to regard his mother with surprise, thinking something of unusual importance must have happen-

ed that she made so much ado about it. In her storm beaten, mud besmirched garments, holding the flaming candle above her head, she approached nearer, saying, "As brother Camett rode with us, Josiah, I had no chance

to speak with thee." He nodded a rough assent, and she, lowering her voice to a whisper, said, "My son, we spoke the other night of certain rumors current that thy cousin Margaret had left a lover in France that wast coming here anon to claim

her hand in marriage." Josiah's heart grew cold within him. "I heard the idle gossip," he replied hoarsely, "but gave the rumor no credence, as my cousin in our frequent meetings hath made no mention of such a man. Why detain me here at this late hour, when I am already chilled to the marrow, to fash me with such unpleasant gossip? Margaret is so young, her aunt so strict, I much misdoubt me that she e'er hath had much converse with men, much less already a lover plighted and betrothed. Let's to the house. 'Tis a fitter place for converse, if thou hast aught to say, than this foul horse stall, with the wind blowing the flame of thy candle into

He moved impatiently toward the doorway, but his mother sprang before him, laying a strong detaining hand on

"As night doth approach an' the Hist! Hetty waits within and must not hear," she said in an impressive voice. "Josiah, methinks I saw your cousin Margaret's lover ride by good Brother Haggott's door late this afternoon!"

"Ha!" Josiah exclaimed sharply. "Why dost thou think so? What manner of man didst see?"

The two tall figures standing close together in the dark barn under a hanging loft of hay, with the spluttering candle throwing out faint, uncertain streaks of light, presented a weird picture. Suddenly the horse whinnied. Both started.

"Three hours after noon I closed Mary Haggott's eyes in death." She commenced her narrative slowly as one who knew that what she had to say would command attention. "And not an hour later, when I was still busying He lifted the pails with alacrity, and | myself about the chamber of the dead. I heard sounds of horses' feet and the voices of men. Looking through the lattice, I espied a cavaller richly dressed and mounted, followed by a servant. They had reached the fork in the roadway just below Haggott's and, having pulled rein, there waited, undecided which road to pursue. With great interest I was still gazing from behind my place of concealment with wonder at the unusual appearance in these parts of a traveler so fashionably attired when with quick decision the knight rode up to the door and knocked upon it loudly. Little Abigail Haggott, who waited below, answered the summons.

"Which road to Cragenstone?" he asked.

"A feeling like the sharp prod of a knife went to my heart. I knew at once that such a man as that-evidently a French nobleman or courtiersought not the village of Cragenstone unless he were in quest of thy cousin Margaret. Not one of the plain people that bide about here, forsooth, was the magnet that was drawing that man so toilsomely up our rough hills. So I listened to their further converse with bated breath. Abigail, almost stunned with the shock and fear of her mother's death and surprised at the sudden appearance of such a man at the door. in her confusion and nervous fear mstructed him to keep right on."

"Which road?" almost shrieked Josiah.

"The rocky, hilly, torturous ascent, with deep ravines, abounding in turbulent streams and containing precipices sharp and sudden, wherewith to menace and endanger lives of unwary strangers-that road he took-the one that doth lead to Sterndorf," she announced, with a grim calmness that did not conceal the note of triumph in her

"At first when I did hear the timid Abigail give the wrong direction and I saw the men ride gayly forward methought to call them back, for may-

"An thou hadst," Josiah interrupted harshly, his face blanched with excitement, "I had ne'er forgiven thee! 'Twas a good hour when the maid met him at the door and missent the worldly gallant!"

For a moment he stood there deep in thought; then he added: "In truth 'tis a lonely road, and I much doubt that they will meet a traveler to give them other instruction. The Skollvent stream is greatly swollen. In their eagerness to reach what they think is Cragenstone they will make desperate efforts to ford it, and, once over, delayed in Sterndorf by this storm, that will raise the water to twice its height," he cried triumphantly, "no human being can return across that stream in less than seven days. Pray for a continual, steady downpour of this rain, good mother, and heaven give me skill to make the most of my time! Once her faithful promise given, Margaret is mine! And every ambitious wooer that cometh here after that may ride away down the mountain to seek a mate in other quarters!"

He appeared greatly elated. "But yestermorn, mother, I was with my cousin for two hours, and methought her manner was less high and cold and that she did not regard me

with disfavor." "Josiah," his mother admonished him with more than usual seriousness. "have recourse to thy Bible and forget not thy prayers, for methinks the divine hand of the Lord is in this and doth direct our guidance. Hast thought of the awful pest of measles in Sterndorf that good Brother Sparrow brought us news of last Saturday e'en? Scarce man or child in the village but is stricken. He said it was a fell disorder that attacked one suddenly with high fever and frightful pains in back and head, stating further that some were blinded for several days!"

"Said he so?" The red light from the dripping can dle illumined Josiah's face, showing

the exultant expression in his eyes. "And well good Brother Sparrov knows, for his daughter dwelleth there. Mother, thou hast brought better tidings than I at first anticipated. And now"-with lowered voice-"no word of this to any other soul."

A sudden blast of wind, a sound of rain so heavy that it seemed as if a cloud had burst, and the flickering flame of the candle was blown out. leaving them in darkness. With an

impatient exclamation Josiah drew forth his tinder box, and, after striking the flint and steel together savagely several times without being able to get a spark, he threw them into the corner angrily, and, taking his mother's arm, they groped their way out of the barn, splashing across the muddy roadway to the door, which was opened by the waiting Hetty, who, vexed with their long delay, greeted them grumblingly and with many complaints.

CHAPTER V. IX days of constant rain, my Hetty!" Margaret Mayland, half sit-

ting, half reclining on a lounge in her bedroom, glanced at her cousin. who sat in a low chair opposite, with a petulant expression on her face.

"Such storms," she continued complainingly, "such deluges of water with blustering winds, I had ne'er thought to witness in this life! 'Twere well thou wert with me, cousin, or I should have died twenty times over of homesickness and megrims."

Hetty sighed sympathetically. "Last night 'twas awful!" She shuddered and drew her soft gray shawl

closer about her shoulders. "The wind screamed about the house and whistled through the lattices, making such eerie noises that I covered up my head with fright. 'Twas a fearsome night, Margaret, and methought the elements at war affected thee, for thou wert restless in thy dreams."

With an air of mystery about her. Hetty reached over and touched her cousin's arm, saying in a lower voice, 'Didst think of witches, cousin, an' hobgoblins?"

"Nay, not of witches," Margaret replied, with a light laugh, "but of a truth the thought occurred to me more than once that 'twas the devil's night | malignant." and he was holding, forsooth, high revelry with his imps and demons. But if what folks say is true—that witches are his hirelings, having sold their souls to him-I doubt not that many of them also were abroad to rouse the elements and disturb poor mortals."

"Margaret, hist!" Hetty's face grew white, and her eyes opened in fright and horror. "Speak not so frivolously of the uncanny, wicked spirits that dwell in the air or they will do thee evil. Didst never hear of the fate of Sarah Goodwin, a woman in Sterndorf who denied the malevolent spirits who ever hover near us and laughed at witchcraft?"

"Nay, good Hetty," Margaret smiled indulgently, "I have ne'er heard of her. An' so, besides frightful storms, long faces, lonely hours and almost impassable roadways, this country is beset with spooks and witches? Tell me of Mistress Goodwin, good cousin."

Throwing herself at full length on the couch, Margaret prepared to listen. Hetty drew nearer, her face still pale and casting timid, furtive glances all about her.

"Lower thy voice, Margaret, or ill "Lower thy voice, Margaret, or ill may happen us. I see soft mockery in is a row of more than thirteen round thine eyes, but 'tis e'en so. Why, one warm day last summer," she continued earnestly in her desire to convince her cousin, "two journeymen were mending the spire of our meeting house. and as they worked they discussed the bad effects of evil spirits and said that all witches should be burned, thereby destroying the wicked devils in them." Hetty's voice trembled. "Just then a burst of thunder rent the air, great black clouds gathered in the heavens, but no rain fell. Lightning such as never was seen before flashed across the sky, striking one of these men to the earth, who in falling brought the other one down with him. The former ne'er spoke again, although he lived. and t'other's arms were powerless to

do a stroke of work again." The blue eyes of Mistress Mayland reflected the seriousness of her cousin's. "Hetty, thy tale is a tragic one, an' I wot the poor men but ill deserved their fate," she said. "But of this woman, Sarah Goodwin? Sold she her soul to Satan that she became a witch?"

"Ah, lackaday," with a deep drawn



"This country is beset with spooks and witches?"

body she bore the witch mark," Hetty whispered. "An' so, as the evil spirits controlled her, she became bedridden, and naught of medicine or physicians' care could cure her. All who came in contact with her suffered, although for years no one suspected her. First her daughter died in childbirth, leaving a vacant minded son to roam the village, neglected and uncared for. Then a fearful drought set in, drying up the land, spoiling all the crops, and folks at Sterndorf had to walk to the Skollvent stream, halfway down the mountain, for water wherewith to slake their thirst. Then people all about heard rappings, strange noises-doors flew open when there was no wind; horses. well at night, were found dead i' the morning, an', Margaret, all the village people trembled in terror, with a sure knowledge of evil spirits lurking in the air about them. One day a neighbor passing Sarah Goodwin's hut, hearing strange sounds, looked through an opening and saw the woman in contortions on the floor, one convulsion following another in rapid succession. White with fear, he ran for the leech, who, after trying every remedy known to medical science, pronounced the woman possessed of devils."

Hetty paused, watching ner companion intently to observe the effect of her words. Margaret drew a sharp breath of interest and sympathy.

"And what happened to the poor creature?" she asked. "Was there no one there to free her of the evil that possessed her?"

Hetty shook her head quickly in the negative.

"Nay, Margaret, the whole village was wild with fear, no one but the leech being venturesome enough to go near her. The town council, having great authority in these parts, met in consultation, hastily brought the woman to trial and sentenced h - to be burned at the stake!"

Margaret shuddered and covered up her eyes as if to shut out the sight. "An' was this cruel thing done? Burned they the poor creature?" she cried pityingly.

"Aye, Margaret," Hetty replied: "they did so in the presence of a crowd of rejoicing neighbors. And my mother said 'twere well done, otherwise the woman would have spread constant disaster all about her. Mayhap an her evil inclination induced her," she continued mysteriously in a low voice. "Sarah Goodwin had changed human beings into animals, called up the resting spirits of the dead and put the curse of her black magic on those who might have innocently approached her. But, prithee, good Margaret, look not so downcast at the outcome of my tale, for witcheraft among our mountain people hath ever been thought the blackest of crimes, no punishment or torture being considered too great to suffer in expiation. 'Tis a thing with which we have no tolerance, cousin, for of all evil happenings in the world, of a truth, it is the most vicious and

Margaret shuddered and turned away.

(To be Continued) Unique Aztaian.

in many respects Aztalan, in Wisconsin, is among the most remarkable prehistoric monuments in the northwest. It is the only brick walled town site found in this country. It is on the bottom land of the Crayfish river, about two miles from Lake Mills. The inclosing walls of the town site are about 700 feet on its flanks and about 1,500 feet long. The river served to complete the inclosure of seventeen acres of land.

Within and without the inclosure there are round, truncated and oblong mounds. Just beyond the inclosing walls the land rises abruptly over twenty feet to the rolling table lands of the surrounding country. From the bank above a stone could be to ped into the town site within the inclosure. which would seem to be a good reason why this inclosure, which has been called a fort, could not have been intended for a defense against any hu-

man enemy. to twelve feet in height. From the top of these mounds or standing on the table land an enemy could command the whole town site. It has always been conceded that Aztalan was not inclosed for purposes of defense. It has been supposed that it was walled for protection from wild animals. though the inclosure has never been high or abrupt enough since its discovery to keep out the panther, wildcat, wolf, bear, moose and buffalo, which were the only dangerous animals of the woods hereabout.

The purpose of its inhabitants in constructing this inclosure over a half mile long still remains a mystery. The most remarkable art of Aztalan is its brick walls and walks. In this it is singular and alone, the only example of bricklaying among all the monuments of the mound builders. These bricks or bricklets are not rectangular and regular in form and size, as are the modern brick. They are simply balls of plastic clay welded by the hand into small bricklets of irregular form about the average size of a snowball. The material used was the glacial yellowish red clay of the vicinity, and the color of the bricks is red or light yellow. Under the glass scrapings appear like a handful of crystal sand.—Minneapolis Journal.

An Indian Legend.

There was once a man who lived in the forest far from the rest of his tribe. He lost his wife and was very lonely. After awhile he made a wooden doll about her size, dressed it in the clothes she used to wear and set it up in front of the fireplace. Then he felt better. So a year passed away. One night he came home, and there was his wife sitting in a chair in place of the doll. She spoke to him, saying, The Great Spirit felt sorry for you, so he let me come back to see you, but you must never touch me, for if you do you will kill me." They lived thus together for a twelvemonth, but one night he attempted to clasp her in his arms. Behold, he was holding a wooden doll! She did not come to life again, and he was very unhappy ever after.

Welsh College Yells. The Welsh is a language that looks peculiarly fit for college yells. The Welsh yells are fully up to the level of those of this country. The University of North Wales has a yell something like this: "Bravo, bravissimo, ray, ray ra-o-rock! Ray-ray-ra-o-rock! Rayray-ray-o-rock!" Cardiff has a some what similar yell, while at Aberyst wyth the cry is: "Hip-hip-hur-aber Hip-hip-hur-aber! Hip-hip-hur-Aber

Breaking Eggs For a Living.

A correspondent of a contemporary who has been searching for the most monotonous method of earning a living decides in favor of that of cracking eggs. "I met a man who said he was a biscuit manufacturer on a large scale and was rather inclined to boast about the number of eggs-continental eggswhich his firm bought in the course of a year. Now, it seems that to avoid calamity five eggs are broken into a bowl at a time before being added to the common stock. There are men, he told me, who do nothing else but crack eggs. They become so expert that a man can dispose of 1,000 an hour, or 10,000 a day."-London Star.

Shrinking.

Mrs. Brown-My husband says there has been quite a shrinkage in the stock. Mrs. Jones-I see. They have the same trouble in Wall street that we do in dry goods-you can't always get goods that won't shrink.-New York Press.

An Exageration. Richard-They say he gave you a black eye. Robert—That's the way people exagerate. I had the eye already. He merely laid on the color.

Business Notice.

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Medical.

austi 29th, 5105, Lore in Centre Hall. Westerneron \$1,720. A BELLEFONTE CASE.

MANY MORE LIKE IT IN BELLEFONTE contrib time marketing and Sollings

The following case is but one of many similar occurring daily in Bellefonte. It is an easy matter to verify its correctness. Surely you cannot ask for better proof than such a conclusive evidence.

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For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, tole agents for the United States. ember the name-Doan's-and take

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D. Matt. Thompson, Supt. Graded Schools,
Statesville, N. C., writes: "I can say they do
all you claim for them." Dr. S. M. Devore,
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Price, 50 cents. Samples Free. Sold by
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Call for Free Sample.

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Travelers Guide.

CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNA

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Welsh yells are fully up to the level of those of this country. The University of North Wales has a yell something	B	ELLE	FON	TE CENT	RAL	RA	IL-	
like this: "Bravo, bravissimo, ray, ray,	Schedule to take effect Monday, May 29, 1905.							
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ray-ray-o-rock!" Cardiff has a some- what similar yell, while at Aberyst-	†No. 5	†No. 3	o. 3 No. STATIONS.		fNo. 2 fNo. 4 No. 6			
wyth the cry is: "Hip-hip-hur-aber! Hip-hip-hur-aber! Hip-hip-hur-Aber-ystwyth! With a pip and a pang and a yip and a yan. Yak! Yak! Yak!"	P. M. 3 00 3 07 3 12 3 17	19 15 10 20 10 23	6 30 6 35 6 38	Lv ArBellefonte Coleville Morris Stevens Lime Centre	8 40 8 37 8 35	12 40 12 37	6 10	
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fairs, but I have an idea that she has finally accepted young Sapleigh. Gladys —In that case she is apt to soon show	4 10 4 10 4 15 4 20	CHICALE	7 27 7 31	Strubles Bloomsdorf Pine Grove M'ls	7 45 7 40		5 20 4 30 4 25 4 20	
her hand.—Louisville Courier-Journal.				F. H. THO	MAS, S	Supt.		

Travelers Guide.

DENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND

BRANCHES. Schedule in effect Nov. 27th 1904.

BRANCHES.

Schedule in effect Nov.27th 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, 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 Buifalo, 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.

Leave Bellefonte, 1.25 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven 2.10 p. m., leave Williamsport, at 2.53, p. m., arrive at Harrisburg, 5.00 p. m., Philadelphia 7.32 p. m

Leave Bellefonte, 8.16 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven 2.10 p. m., leave Williamsport, 1.35 a. m., arrive at Harrisburg, 4.15 a. m., arrive at Philadelphia 47.17 a. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 8.16 p. m., arrive at Lewisburg, 4.25 p. m. at Harrisburg, 4.15 a. m., arrive at Philadelphia 47.17 a. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 2.00 p. 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.

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.

Leave Bellefonte, 5.00 p. m., arrive at Lewisburg, 4.25 p. m. at Harrisburg, 6.50 p. m., Philadelphia at 10.47 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 5.00 p. m., arrive at Lewisburg, 4.25 p. m. at Harrisburg, 6.50 p. m., Philadelphia at 10.47 p. m.

TYRONE AND CLEARFIELD, R. R.

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00	6 14	110 28	Sus. Bridge	f	f 9 04	9	
06	f 6 19	10 35					
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20	6 30	11 05					
	P. M.		Or certi hreatt	b 401	8 40	0 1	
0.00	24.	A. M.	Ar. Lv.	P. M.	A. M.		

pian at 2:50 p. m., and arrives in Tyrone at 5:35

BALD EAGLE VALLEY BRANCH.

	1 00	1 20	1	EASTWED.			
MAIL	EXPRESS	EXPRES	Nov. 29th, 1903	MAIL	EXPRESS	EXPRESS	
P.M.	P M.	A. M.	Arr. Lv.	A M	10.00	1 124	
6 00		11 05	Tyrone	8 10	10 OF	P.M	
5 54		10 09	Cast I Vrone	0 10			
5 50						7 00	
5 46					4 10 00	7 10	
5 40		10 45	Dix	8 3C	1 12.36	7 14	
5 37		10 43	Fowler	0 00		7 20	
5 35	1 46	10 41	Hannah	0 33	******	7 23	
5 28	1 40	1 10 35	-Port Metilde	0 40		7 25	
5 21		10 28	Martha			7 32	
5 12	1 28	100 20	Julian	8 49	V		
5 03	1 22	10 11	Unionville				
4 56	1 17	10 04	Snow Shoe Int.		1 06	7 57	
4 53	1 14	10 01	Milesburg	9 15	1 12	8 05	
4 44		0 59	Pollesourg	9 18	1 14	8 08	
4 32		0 41	Bellefonte	9 32	1 25	8 16	
4 25		0 94	Milesburg	9 41	1 32	8 28	
4 20		0 90	Curtin	9 49	f 1 38	8 36	
4 14					******	8 40	
4 05	State A State of	0 15	Howard	9 59	1 47	8 46	
4 02	12 26	0 10	Eagleville	10 08	*****	8 55	
3 51		0 01	Beech Creek	10 11	1 55	8 58	
3 45		9 01	Mill Hall	10 22	2 05	9 09	
	P. M.				2 10	9 15	
	r. M.	A. M.	Lv. Arr.	A. M.			
	E		the state of the s	100000	г. ш.	L.	

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.

LEWISBURG & TYRONE RAILROAD. EAST WARD. Nov. 29th 1903.

MAIL.	EXP.	LOCALIST CONTRACTOR OF THE PARTY TO A	MAIL.	EXP.
activities a	9111033	STATIONS.	MAIL.	BAP.
P. M.	A. M.	Lv. Ar.	A. M.	P. M.
2 00	6 40		9 00	4 20
2 05	6 45	Axemann	8 55	4 16
2 08	0 48	Pleasant Gan	8 52	4 13
2 11	6 51	Pern	8 49	4 10
2 17	6 57	Dale Summit	8 43	4 04
2 21	7 02	Lemont	8 39	4 00
2 25	7 06	Oak Hall	8 35	3 56
2 30	7 10	Linden Hall	8 31	3 52
2 36	7 17	Gregg	8 24	3 45
2 41	7 22	Centre Hall	8 18	3 38
2 48	7 28	Penn's Cave.	8 11	3 32
2 54	7 35	Rising Spring	8 05	3 26
3 02	7 43	Zerby	7 57	3 16
3 10	7 50	Coburn	7 50	3 10
3 16	7 56	Ingleby	7 43	
3 19	8 00	Paddy Mountain	7 40	3 03 2 59
3 27	8 08	Cherry Run	7 31	
3 30	8 12	Lindale	7 26	
3 34	best 5	Weiker	7 21	
3 37	8 18	ardee	7 19	
3 46	8 26	Glen Iron	7 09	
3 54	8 33	Milmont		2 28
3 56		Swengle		2 20
4 01	8 40	Barber		2 14
4 06			6 55	2 10
4 14	8 53	Vicksburg	6 50	2 08
4 19	8 58	Biehl	6 42	2 00
4 25	9 05	Lewisburg	6 38	1 58
4 35	9 15	Montandon	6 30	1 45
P. M.	A. M.	Ar. Lv.	5 40	1 38
5222 at		LV.)	. M.	P. M

LEWISBURG & TYRONE RAILROAD. EASTWARD. UPPER END.

Ži.	Mixe	Mixed	Nov. 29th,1903	Mixed	Mixed	5.00
	P. M.	A. M.	Ar. Lve.	A. W.	P. W	-
	4 05	9 18	Scotia	10 C5	4 20	
	3 50	9 03	Fairbrook	10 21	4 36	
	3 45	8 57	Musser	10 27	4 49	
*****	3 39	8 51	Penn. Furnace	10 88	4 50	
	3 34	8 45	Hostler	10 41	4 57	
*****	3 29	8 39	Marengo	10 49	5 07	
*****			Loveville			
	3 24		.Furnace Road.	10 57	5 16	100
•••••	3 19	8 26	Dungarvin	10 40	5 Q5	
••••	3 12	8 18	Warrior's Mark	11 96	5 94	
	3 05	8 09	Pennington	11 80	5 44	
	2 56	7 08	Stover	11 42	b 56	
	2 50	7 56	Tyrone	11 54		
	P. M.	A. M.	Lve. Ar.	A. M.	P. M.	
		MARKS RELEASED	E & SNOW SHO			
Tin	ne Tab	le in e	ffect on and after	r Nov.	29th 19	903
XiX	Mix	1	Stations.	1	Mix 1	Mi
5 00	9 5	3 Lv	Rellefonte	And	0 90	4
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5 20						4
e at	JIII J 14	3 porozonakou	School Hongo	C24435780140000 A	FO FF	3
0.00		2 Considerations	Film Stume	DESCRIPTION OF	f8 50	3 (
0 20	1 11 20	AL	Snow Shoe	Lv.	7 30	2
. M.	A. M.				A. M. P.	

Week days only.

J. R. WOOD. " stop on signal. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager.

Money to Loan.

MONEY TO LOAN on good security and houses for rent.

J. M. KEICHLINE, Att'y at Law.