## The Witch of Cragenstone

By ANITA CLAY MUNOZ.

Author of "In Love and Truth"

"Prithee, forget his gloomy face," Margaret interrupted crossly; then, coming and sitting at Elsbeth's knee again, said coaxingly: "Let's talk of-

odfrey! Oh, Elsbeth, such bonny times, such happy hours as we will clasped hands and quick drawn breath. "Sweet Godfrey, to come so soon! He told me on the eve before I left-when we were both so sad; hath forgotten, stupid Elsbeth?-that he had business in London which would shortly bring him across the channel and that he would in probability visit me ere I were well settled on mine estate. Oh, Elsbeth, I could wring my hands with sorrow that the cruel storm rose and kept him from me six long days, and then again I could sing until I burst my heart for very joy that I shall see him today ere nightfall."

Rising suddenly, she went to the open window and, throwing out her arms, cried earnestly: "Oh, warm winds, whispering winds, bring me word that Godfrey now rideth safely up the mountain road-my Godfrey, whom I love!"

For answer the rough breeze tossed her hair about and blew the white points of her kerchief over her face.

"Ah," she murmured softly, "I need not thy fickle confirmation, shifting winds! My heart, that is ever my best guidance, doth give me assurance that he'll come tonight! What frock shall I wear, dull Elsbeth, with no thought above thy mending? Shall I do him honor and receive him as a stately Parisian lady in my silken gown of peachblow hue with feathers waving high above my head, or shall I let him take me to his heart as a simple mountain maiden with smooth hair, gray homespun frock and sober countenance? Whichever way, good Elsbeth, will Godfrey like me best?"

Elsbeth, enjoying the girl's happy mood, smiled indulgently.

"An my opinion were worth the giving in such a case," she replied, "methinks Sir Godfrey will see only the happy light in thy blue eyes and thy red lips when first he cometh."

"Elsbeth!" Margaret shook her finger at her companion, laughing lightly "Thou hath surely had a lover, although thou hast ever denied it, or else how knowest thou so well their ways? Come, I'll wear my peachblow silk, bedeck myself in the grandest fashion and receive my Godfrey in the withwould bestow upon the king were he to visit me. The king!" she exclaimed, with a disdainful toss of her head. "Forsooth, what is a king compared to Godfrey?"

The sight of the complete adoration of her charge for this man caused a feeling of pain to strike the elder woman's heart, and as she unfastened the lacing of Margaret's bodice she felt

compelled to say: "Methinks 'twere not well, sweet, to fasten thy heart so entirely on a man not yet thy husband. An old woman with much experience of the world doth know that many men, especially worldly men of fashion as Sir Godfrey La Fabienne, woo a maid with mad hot love, then ride away, leaving her to cure a broken heart."

"Elsbeth!" exclaimed Margaret sharply. "Cease thine idle chatter and dare not cast thy vile insinuations against Sir Godfrey in my presence."

Her face flushed, tears filled her eyes, and she took the lacings out of Elsbeth's hands as though she no longer wished her aid, walking from her. "Forgive me, sweet Margaret." Elsbeth followed her anxiously, regret at her words showing in her countenance.

"'Tis but my love for thee that gives me false anxiety, bonny, for thy happiness is my happiness, an' thy sorrow more than my sorrow." For a time Margaret was silent; then

she said with great seriousness: "Elsbeth, never again express doubt of Sir Godfrey. Doubt that the sun riseth to light the earth; doubt that night falls upon the day; doubt thy love for me, but never cherish such thoughts as thou didst give voice to a moment since against Sir Godfrey La Fabienne -a man," she continued in a low, passionate voice, "so much to me, so deeply rooted in my affections, that I could die for very joy of loving him. Were the earth to divide us, Elsbeth, we are one one heart and one soul forever!"

Then, after a deep felt silence, she added in brighter tones, "But, prithee, come, the peachblow gown an' happy faces, for this is a joyful day, good Elsbeth!"

CHAPTER VII. the open door of the kitchen Mistress Taunston sat before her spinning wheel, busy with distaff and spindle, and at inas she paused in her work looked longingly toward the fertile lands of the Mayland farm. But her thoughts, never far from her son Jo-

siah, soon strayed back to him. "E'en now he is at his wooing." she said to herself with stern exultation. "an' I pray the good Lord who is ever watchful of the faithful to put persuasive and convincing words on my lad's lips and guide him to the most proper conduct.

For a time she seemed lost in thought until her distaff, falling from under her

arm, came to the floor with a rattling noise that roused her. Then the remembrance of Hetty, who upon her arrival from her cousin's had been sent to the brook to fill the ewers, coming to her mind, she rose suddenly to look have together!" she exclaimed, with at the sun. Finding the hour to be later than she had at first supposed, her irritation and anger caused by her daughter's delay at the brook knew no bounds. She called the girl's name shrilly once, twice, muttering angrily

as she got no response. Just then Josiah rode in from his visit to the Mayland farm.

"Cease thy shrewish screaming, mother," he commanded roughly. "Dost wish to rouse the village? Thy voice can be heard half a mile below.

The dame, angered at his rebuke, resumed her seat in sullen silence, and Josiah took his horse to the barn. In a short time he returned and, entering the kitchen, threw himself down heavily on a chair near his mother, who continued to spin busily without apparently heeding his presence.

At last he broke the silence by saying with affected carelessness: "Thou didst not tell me-if my memory serves me well on so slight a matter-of what appearance the cavalier was that rode by Haggott's and mistook the Sterndorf road. Was he an unbearded gallant, fickle and changeable as the wind. one day mad in love with a pretty face and forgetting it the next, or was he old and gray haired, with an eye to finishing his days in comfort on the estate of his bride?"

His mother looked out through the doorway, reflectively maintaining for a moment or two a provoking silence. After what seemed to the impatient Josiah an interminable length of time she remarked with ill concealed eagerness, "Thou wert successful in thy wooing, Josiah, and ask now of thine enemy's appearance in order that thou mayst know the extent of thy triumph?"

"As to that matter, nothing is definitely settled," he replied impa-"I will explain our understanding later, mother, when the noon hour is not at hand and the animals to be fed. Canst not find words to answer my question?" he cried out in harsh tones. "Didst thou see this Frenchman plainly? Of what appearance was he?"

With quiet deliberation, which was on s excited manner, she commenced her narrative.

"Josiah, I ha' told thee of the gallant's sudden appearance at good Brother Haggott's door, of his loud knocking and of how from my place behind the lattice I observed him carefully."

"Aye, thou hast, but naught else," Josiah interposed with eagerness. "His age, mother? Of what age

looked he?" "Methought as I saw him that the knight was getting on to thirty summers, mayhap one or two more," she "He was large of stature and finely built, with gray eyes and brown pointed beard worn i' the French fashion. A round hat with sweeping feather covered his hair, long leathern riding boots reached to his hips, and his doublet was of ruby velvet, with black satin slashings. Good son Josiah"—she laid her hand on his arm with an expression of feeling unusual with herthe presented such a dazzling picture to mine eyes that for the nonce-knowing that oft to silly women the sight of rich and tawdry dress doth weigh heavily against plety, honesty and worth of character-a feeling of insecurity, apprehension and alarm for thy prospects so filled my mind that I saw the man who would supplant thee ride bravely away in the wrong direction with exultation and a feeling of gratitude to God for his gracious protection of us, ever his righteous and faithful servants," she concluded in her most devout manner.

Springing to his feet, Taunston paced the room with nervous strides, occasionally pausing to look out of the window or to stand stern and gloomy before the chimney fire. Suddenly, as if unable to contain himself longer, he made a sharp exclamation and, going to his mother, who had resumed her spinning, cried desperately: "Mother, I ha' sworn that those lands shall be mine! An' the knowledge that there is an enemy approaching with intent to baffle my desire doth set me on the

verge of frenzy!" "Calmness," she replied in a voice of warning. "Cold calculation and a trust in God were ever better, my son, than hot words and hasty action. Already Abigail's misdirection hath sped thee six days on thy wooing and six days more before the Skollvent stream will be passable, not taking into consideration the knowledge of the pest of measles that spreads so thickly about the town of Sterndorf, where our travelers are resting safely there by now."

She laughed in grim enjoyment. "Happen, lad, we may ne'er hear o' them again."

Josiah paused in his restless walking and leaned against the casing of the door, with a gleam of hope in his eyes. "Ha, ha," his laughter rang out harsh and mirthless. "An our gallant courtier doth fall a victim to the pest 'twill

be a long number o' days before he can recover strength to ride down you rocky mountain road. In that time, with perseverance and determination, much headway can be made!"

He opened his lips to continue, hesitated, then said: "Thou saidst I think that you cavalier's face was not one of much attractiveness, good mother? Not one a woman would remember long?

Still treasuring in her heart against him the barsh words he had spoken as he rode up to the door, his mother made reply: "'Twere a sin to speak words with-

out truth, Josiah," she said piously, "so

I fain must say that to the worldly

minded the gallant's face was one of much manly beauty." Her son did not reply, but strode hastily out of the doorway, and as he walked bitter hatred filled his heart and blinded his eyes so that for once he did not see the green lands of Margaret Mayland's estate spreading out in all their spring beauty before him. His sister Hetty, dawdling at the brook

to him as he passed, but he did not sear her or appear to know that she

in the sunshine, filling the ewers, spoke

was there. Not so with round faced Simon Kempster, who came after him whistling merrily, a bunch of fagots on his shoulders and a happy light in his eyes as their gaze fell on Hetty, who, having filled the ewers, was now raising one to her shoulder preparatory to carrying it to the house.

Simon threw down his fagots. "A good morrow, Hetty. Shalt help

thee with thy water carrying?" "Nay, not so, good Simon, for mother, ever watchful from the doorway, would say that we did gossip in working hours," she replied soberly. "Once ere now this morning I ha' felt the severity o' her displeasure.'

"Then, by my faith, thy sweet face showeth no sign that thou didst take her rebuke to heart sorely, for thy countenance is as bright-as bright"-Hetty raised her eyes in pleased anticipation.

"As bright as a new brass kettle!" he cried, delighted in that he had found so apt a comparison. The smile on his companion's face

grew quickly into a frown as she turned stiffly to walk away. "So I resemble a brass kettle this



"A good morrow, Hetty."

time thou growest sentimental thou wilt probably compare my graces to a hogshead, or mayhap," growing angrier every minute, "I may remind thee of thy new pigs' trough!" She walked away swiftly.

"Nay, be not vexed with me, sweet Hetty," Simon exclaimed, running after her in clumsy haste. "Wait, wait. I have bethought me of a most beauteous verse about thee."

Hetty halted, indecision in her manner, her nose held high in the air and a look of piqued vanity ornamenting her features.

"Thou wert ever slow, Simon. I would be away to assist my mother."

Simon, flushed and breathless, was evidently laboring under great mental excitement. "Prithee, do not speak, Hetty, or I'll lose it!" he cried, with great eagerness.

"I—I went to the brook, An' when I did look I saw a maid, And—and she no longer stayed. "There, there! That's sentiment for

thee. Hetty." Her face softened a little, and she approached a step nearer, asking

doubtfully, "Dost think so, Simon?" "Aye, marry, 'tis a fine verse and of wondrous sentiment!" he cried convincingly. "I warrant that Will Shakespeare, with all the talk about him. could ne'er ha' done better. Didst ever hear of such perfection in rhyming. Hetty?"

"Perchance, 'tis well for a verse thought on the minute," she replied. with an indifferent toss of her head. "Ah, welladay, 'tis ill dawdling at the brook i' the morning, with a day's work ahead of one, a-listening to foolish rhymesters."

Simon watched her wistfully as she walked away from him, with the ewer of water gracefully poised on her shoulder. Nor did he take his glance from her until she had entered a woody stretch of country that lay between the brook and the Taunston farmhouse. Then, throwing fear of her displeasure to the winds, he ran hastily and overtook her at the dell.

"Hetty," he whispered, panting slightly, "the sentiment in my verse did please thee, I trow, by the look of approval in thine eyes. Wilt kiss me,

Hetty?" "Nay, silly stupid!" She tossed her head indignantly. "Wast ever such effrontery heard on!"

Then, seeing him abashed and his bright face cloud with regret at his temerity, her eyes twinkled and she laughed a low, sweet, rippling laugh.

"There, there, good Simon, pout not so dolefully," she exclaimed. "Prithee, since thou hath grown clever and can make verses so aptly perchance thou shouldst have a reward. Thou"-a warm flush suffusing her countenance

-"thou canst kiss the back of my hand if thou like," throwing it toward him indifferently. "There, lawk-a-mercy, man, do ha' done! I did not say my wrist an' arm, that I remember! Aye, mother," she cried hastily in answer to a shrill call from her mother in the doorway. "I'm on my way!"

CHAPTER VIII.

ITH the slanting rays of the afternoon sun falling full upon her, Margaret Mayland rode up the mountain path that led to the Mayland farm, making with her crimson riding habit and yellow hair a brilliant speck of color against the dark background of the green trees and foliage. Her horse stepped slowly, the rein falling loose on its neck, and Margaret, pale faced and dejected, rode along listlessly. A lark calling his mate sent strong, sweet notes across the forest; a busy squirrel. disturbed by the advent of horse and rider, ran chattering up the trunk of a tree, and the little spring brook bubbled across the mountain road and splashed and sparkled in the sunlight, but Margaret, lost in her sad reverie, rode on unheeding with bowed figure

and drooping head. Elsbeth, who for an hour past had been peering anxiously out of a window that overlooked the roadway, spying her young charge at the gates, threw open the door at her approach with a great show of cheerful activity. "Enter, pretty, an' rest thyself," she

cried as Margaret alighted from the horse and threw the reins to old Giles. Then, lifting her eyes in mute despair to Elsbeth's face, Margaret came toward the house.

"Thy tea is brewed, and the hot takes that thou likest are covered, keeping warm for thee on the hearthstone," Elsbeth announced.

Margaret entered languidly, carrying her jeweled riding whip, her heavy skirts trailing after her as she came. "I care not to eat," she said sadly.

Then, as if unable to conceal her disappointment or to contain her suffering, she cried out brokenly: "Elsbeth. another day most gone and Godfrey hath not come. An' wander where I will I can get no word of him. Mine eves are strained with looking down the road that leads from London, and my heart aches near to bursting with loneliness and apprehension. Three weeks last Sunday since I received his missive"

(To be Continued.)

A Comparison Between Salicylle Acid and Sugar or Salt.

All of the most common food preservatives are constituents of the food we eat. Nature herself has put them into our food. We have been consuming them since time began. Our savage ancestors consumed them for millenniums before us.

Two grains of salicylic acid will preserve a pound of food for a reasonable length of time. A grain is the amount most commonly used. In order to preserve the same amount of food with equal safety one pound of sugar would be required. In fifteen pounds of well preserved food there would be thirty grains of salicylic acid. It is a very common thing for physicians to administer to their patients thirty grains at a dose and keep up the administration for many days with benefit to the patient. Fifteen pounds of food preserved to an equal extent by sugar would require fifteen pounds of sugar. How long does the reader suppose that any person could retain good health if they undertook to eat fifteen pounds of sugar at a single sitting and keep taking such doses for weeks at a time?

As a grain of salicylic acid will preserve more food with equal certainty than an ounce of salt and as fifteen grains of salicylic acid would equal in preserving power over a pound of salt, who would hesitate in choosing the alternative doses of thirty grains of salicyc acid or of two pounds of table salt? One pound of salt is a fatal dose.-Dr. R. G. Eccles in Public Opinion.

A Deadly Spider. Papua is the home of a small spider the body of which is about the size of a pea. It is black in color, with a brilliant red spot in the center of the back. It is frequently to be found making its nest in old packing cases which have lain neglected for some time. Unless molested it will not attack. The bite is very small, although fatal in inverse proportion. The chief effect of the virus is that it paralyzes the intestines of the patient and contracts them into knots.

Eight "Easy Stages" of the Most Awful Kinds of Torture.

The place of torment to which all wicked Buddhists are to be assigned on the day of final reckoning is a terrible place of punishment. This Buddhistic hell is divided into eight "easy stages." In the first the poor victim is compelled to walk for untold ages in his bare feet over hills thickly set with redhot needles, points upward. In the second stage the skin s all carefully filed or rasped from 10. 40 the body and irritating mixtures applied. In the third stage the nails. hair and eyes are plucked out and the denuded body sawed and planed into all sorts of fantastic shapes. Th fourth stage is that of "sorrowful lamentations." In the fifth the left side of the body and the denuded head are carefully roasted, Yema, the Buddhis tic Satan, superintending the work. In the sixth stage the arms are torn from the body and thrown into an immense vat among the eyes, nails and hair previously removed. Then in plain hearing of the scre footed, blind, maimed roasted and bleeding victim the whole horrid mass is pounded into a felly. In the seventh stage the other side of the victim and his feet are roasted brown, and then comes the eighth and last stage, in which the candidate is thrown into the bottomless pit of per-

It Is the Most Patent of All Dangers That Threaten Seafarers,

Of all the spectacles of the seas none is so tragic as the derelict, the errant of the trackless deep. Weird beyond description is the picture presented by some broken and battered hulk as she swings into view against the sky line, with the turgid green seas sweeping over her moss grown decks and a splintered fragment of mast pointing upward, as if in protest against her undoing. It is a sight also to arouse

fear. For the derelict is the most potent of all the dangers that threaten the seafarer. Silent, stealthy, invisible, it is the terror of the mariner. It is the arch hypocrite of the deep. Against it skill of seamanship, vigilance in watching, avail not. Lights and whistles, beams and buoys proclaim the proximity of land; the throbbing of engines the noises of shipboard life tell of an approaching vessel; icebergs and floes betray themselves by their ghostly radiance and surrounding frigidity of air, but the derelict gives no warning, makes no signal. The first sign of its existence is the crash, the sickening tremble and quaver of the ship suddenly wounded to death.-P. T. McGrath

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Travelers Guide.

MENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNA. Condensed Time Table effective Nov. 28, 1904.

READ UP.

No 1	No 5	No 3	Stations	No 6	No 4	No 2
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Travelers Guide.

DENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND Schedule in effect May 28, 1905.

Trains arrive at and depart from BELLEFONTE as follows:—

Leave Bellefonte, 9.53 a. m., week-days arrive at Tyrone, 11.05 a. m., at Altoona, 1.00 p. m., at Pittsburg 5.50 p. m. teave Bellefonte 1.05 p. m., week-days, arrive at Tyrone, 2.10 p. m., at Altoona, 3.10 p. m., st Pittsburg, 6.5 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 4.44 daily p. m., arrive at Tyrone 6.00, at Aitoona, 6.55, at Pittsburg at 10.45.

VIA TYRONE—EASTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte, 9.53 a. m., week-days, arrive at Tyrone, 11.05, a. m. at Harrisburg, 2.35 p. m., at Philadelphia, 5.47. p. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 1.05 p. m., week-days, 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., daily, 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., week-days, arrive at Lock Haver 2.10 p. m., arrive at Buffalo, 7.40 p. m.

Lock Haver 2.10 p. m., arrive at Buffalo, 7.40 p. m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—EASTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte, 9.32 a.m. week-days, 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., week-days, arrive at Lock Haven 2.10 p. m., leave Williamsport, at 2.53, p. m., arrive Harrisburg, 5.00 p. m., Philadelphia 7.32 p. m.

Leave Belefonte, 8.16 p. m., week-days, 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 7.17a, m.

Leave Bellefonte, at 6.40 a. m., week-days 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., week days, arrive at Lewisburg, 4.35, p. m. at Montandon 4.45 p. Harrisburg, 7.00 p. m., Philadelphia at 10.47 p. m.

For full information, time tables &c. cell control of the second at the second at 10.47 p. m.

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 Nov. 29th, 1903 

P.M. P. M. A. M. Ar. On Sundars -- a train leaves Tyrone at 8:00 a.m. making all the regular stops through to Grampian, arriving there at 11:05. Returning it leaves Grampian at 2:50 p.m., and arrives in Tyrone at 6:35

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