

The Witch of Cragenstone

By ANITA CLAY MUNOZ

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Author of "In Love and Truth"

"Come, Godfrey, to the portal of my door, where I had hoped to meet thee. Thou didst have but a rough and unpleasant welcome. And thy lady"—she made him a little, mocking courtesy, with a smile on her lips—"would give thee a greeting more befitting thy station and high rank."

He turned and kissed her where she stood. "The rough forest path or this stone, sweet Margaret, an thou art on either, is the portal of welcome that best befits my station," he replied. "But I will go with thee gladly, oh, my love, an thou leadest the way, even to the end of the world."

Just then the moon rose over the horizon, illuminating the mountain so that the lovers could discern the pathway without trouble, and soon they turned the corner of the road, passing out of sight.

CHAPTER XI

IN June the days are longest. The sun, unwilling to remove its warm gaze from the verdant earth, rich in leafy foliage and gay with bright blossoms, roses hanging full and red, distilling with the honeysuckle sweet odors on the soft air, withdraws its last rays lingeringly, reluctant to give place to gray and somber twilight, that ever stealthily and surely comes following in its wake, bringing the boon to all mankind of a restful hour after the heat and turmoil of a working day.

It was on such an evening that Simon Kempster, having taken the road to the village—the long and less frequented one that ran past the Taunston farmhouse—arrived late at the customary lounging place of the villagers, the Sign of the Red Heart, to find the seat he usually occupied in his favorite corner under the small open window taken by Josiah Taunston, who, pale faced and taciturn, sat there grimly holding his tankard of ale in his hand. To Simon's cheerful greeting he returned a solemn nod, and so occupied was he with his own thoughts that he appeared not to notice or hear the talk of those about him.

On the steps at the door, also in the hallway, groups of idlers stood about, idly discussing the affairs of the village and watching with curious interest the movements of the latest arrival, a French peddler, who, dressed in a tawdry suit of purple velvet trimmed profusely with tarnished brass ornaments, huge rings suspended from his ears and high russet leather boots, broken and bursting at the soles, was eating supper greedily. Hardly finishing the last morsel, he sprang from his seat, eager to catch the attention of possible purchasers before the darkness set in and they would depart for their homes.

"I give thee greeting, good sirs," he cried as he pulled a heavy cotton bag from under the table and, falling on the floor in the center of the room, opened it to display his wares, eagerly calling on those present to buy.

"Look, kind sirs and pretty gentlemen," he cried in a shrill, wheedling voice, holding up for their gaze a box of plain gold rings. "Surely some one here about hath marriage on his mind, and where can he buy the wedding circlet cheaper? Solid gold and only 10 shillings! Buy, buy! Who will buy?"

His keen glance, searching about the room, fell on Josiah Taunston, who was regarding the peddler's endeavors coldly, a sneer on his face. The fellow quickly gave him his back, so as not to waste even another glance on such an unpromising customer, when he spied Simon Kempster, red faced and conscious, edging near to him.

"What wilt thou, m'sieur—a marriage circlet? By our lady, with thy yellow locks and sturdy limbs I wot thou'd make a bonny bridegroom!"

The idlers about tittered, nudging each other with sly winks, and Simon to cover his confusion fell on his knees on the floor, making a show of examining some trinkets that were in a chamois skin bag.

"'Twere fool's work, Simon, to buy the ring unless thou hast thy sweetheart's sure promise," young Hugh Haggott called from his place near the door.

The wary peddler thought to try another tack. Fumbling among his wares, he soon produced a handful of silver heart shapes strung on fine chains, and, selecting one, he dangled it enticingly before Simon's eyes.

"Happen thou and thy maid have quarreled," he observed, "an' thou would carry one of these to her for a peace gift. 'Twould bring thee luck in thy courting," he added persuasively as he saw a gleam of desire for the gewgaws in Kempster's eyes. "Oh, rare luck, m'sieur, I do promise thee, and only 4 shillings! Half the price I paid for them in the principal mart in Paris!"

Forcing the chain into Simon's hands as if it were a settled fact that he had purchased it, the vender turned his attention to the securing of other customers. "Silver hearts!" he cried lustily. "Sure harbingers of good luck and a successful wooing! Cheap at 4 shillings! Contains a charm which will cause the most trifling or stubborn maid to overcome her scruples and

name the wedding day." In those early days, at that time of superstition and a firm belief in signs and magic, the word charm had a strong attraction. Men loitering about the door drew closer to the man displaying his wares and regarded the silver hearts with interest. Simon delved into his pocket and brought out the 4 shillings.

"I truth, I ha' not much faith in what thou doth say of the charm," he said, rising awkwardly, with a hot flush on his face, "but as 'tis a pretty trinket I will take one of thee."

"Now who's next?" cried the peddler. "Is this the only gentleman who is to spend well on his wooing?" He wheeled around suddenly, and, his glance falling again on Josiah Taunston, who was now looking on with much interest, he cried, with an appearance of sympathy: "Solemn visage sir, mayhap thy sadness is due to the caprice of thy sweetheart. If 'tis so, carry her one of these, and thy troubles are ended. I warrant thee she is thine in less than a fortnight. Diab! These charms have never failed!"

Taunston put down his tankard and lounged over to the man, assuming an appearance of indifference as he handled the trinket.

"And hast had proof of the value of the charm these contain?" he asked in a low, stern tone.

"Aye, marry," cried the vender, "many more than I can tell. I am known from one end of the country to the other by all languishing lovers! Why, fair sir, with convincing honesty of tone and manner, 'the nobles buy of me, and I have even been admitted at the court. My love charms are world famed! Step up, m'sieurs, only 4 shillings!" he called.

"By the mass! I had a sure proof of their value within the month," he continued, addressing Josiah, but speaking in a loud voice so that all might hear. "At Sterndorf, over the mountain, I was delayed by the storm and had a room in the tavern there next to a gallant gentleman, an English noble, holding high rank at the French court and in high favor with the king, who had missed his way and lay there ill of a pest. All through the hours of his fever and pain he moaned sorely for his lady-love, who, he lamented, was pining for his presence and whom he feared he would ne'er see again. I sold him one of these heart shapes, an', m'sieurs," the peddler announced triumphantly, holding them high aloft in his hand, "that day the storm abated, the next he began to mend, and ere many days he fared forth on his journey. And the first thing I saw as I approached your village, good sirs, was this same gallant riding by the side of a most beautiful lady, both merry an' the light of happy love shining in their eyes. Standing by the wayside, I pulled my hat off to the ground at their approach, an' Sir Godfrey La Fabienne—he said the name proudly—"with kind civility doffed his hat in return an' gave me pleasant greeting."

"With all respect and reverence, my lord," quoth I, 'the love charm hath worked?'"

"The lady blessed and my lord threw me a gold piece."

"Thou chargest not enough for thy valuable wares, good fellow," he quoth, "so I will further compensate thee."

"An' they rode away close together, laughing gently, and so great was the love and happiness on their faces that I watched them with tears in mine eyes until they entered the forest."

Josiah Taunston, who during this recital had grown pale to the lips, with trembling hands clutched the heart shapes tighter.

"Who'll buy, m'sieurs! Love's magic! Who'er buys a heart perforce must soon buy a circlet!" the peddler cried, not seeing his companion's agitation.

"Hast any charm that contains evil?" Josiah said in a voice so low that he almost whispered.

The peddler regarded him curiously. "Surely," he thought, "that sour visaged, might needs not evil charms. The devil is close enough to him already."

But he answered suavely: "It doth happen that I have small call for those. Most folks are afraid of them. Once I had a box of crosses that were said to be possessed of the devil, but they brought me much sickness, sorrow and bad luck, so I soon got rid of them. Gentlemen, step up! Surely there's not only one among ye sweethearting! Who'll buy my wares?" he called out.

"Those crosses, man!" Josiah interposed impatiently. "Wert of gold? Where soldst thou them?"

"Aye, of pure gold. Only the nobility bought them," he replied proudly. "'Twas in Paris I sold them. Ah, good sir, to a timid young Puritan who had approached, 'an thou wilt take a golden circlet thou canst have it for 8 shillings. Cheap, dirt cheap, but I am much in need of money."

But the man, shaking his head as if the price were too much, walked away. "Master, wouldst thou like a silver cross? Diab! There is not much good luck in them!" the vender continued, turning toward Josiah again. But, to his surprise, the man's place was empty, for Taunston, unnoticed by the throng of bystanders that was interested in the peddler and his wares, with glistering triumphant eyes had passed through the doorway and gone out into

the night.

CHAPTER XII

AT about this time Hetty Taunston, having finished her evening task of washing the supper dishes and putting the kitchen in order, sat idly on a little bench beside the doorway of her home. Some pink roses hanging on a bush near at hand attracted her attention. Reaching over, she plucked a handful, then, after bending an ear in the direction her mother had taken to visit a neighbor to assure herself that she was not returning, arranged the blossom coquettishly in the prim little knot of hair wound tightly at the back of her head, saying softly: "When I hear her coming I'll throw them out. Happen she'll not stay long now darkness hath fallen."

Sounds of approaching footsteps crunching the earth heavily fell on her ears, causing the girl to put her hand to her head guiltily. Then as a merry whistle broke out on the evening air she sank back with an appearance of relief, leaving the roses untouched.

"Pah! 'Tis Simon!" she exclaimed. "I might ha' known the sound of his clumsy footsteps! Lord knows I ha' heard them often enough. The callant's forever a-passing!"

Presently Kempster reached the garden gate, paused and, peering through the gloom, saw the glimmer of a white kerchief.

"Hetty, is't thou?" he said as he came toward her.

"Yea, Simon, who else but dreary me, pining all alone?" she said, rising, with an affected sigh. "Wilt enter? The air is chill."

Stepping into the kitchen, she lighted a candle that stood in readiness on a small table and, setting two chairs near the doorway, motioned to her visitor, who stood hesitatingly at the threshold, to be seated and took the other one herself.

"These pink roses become thee, Hetty," Simon ventured to remark, regarding the young woman affectionately, his eyes glistening with admiration of her fresh beauty.

Under the warmth of his glance Hetty flushed slightly. "Mother would be angered an she saw them," she said.

For a time a silence fell between them, both looking out of doors at the peaceful night.

Then Simon observed: "At home now when I sit before the door alone o' nights I look at my bushes hanging full of rose blossoms and think how a woman about the house could make good use o' them to beautify herself."

"As 'tis," with a sentimental sigh and a nervous wriggle, "they wither and die away, the petals blown hither and thither by the wind."

Under the glimmer of the candle his round face wore a pensive expression. Hetty tossed her head as if she did not understand either look or meaning, exclaiming with disinterested friendliness: "There's Sarah Ann Dugaine, Simon. She maketh her boasts on her love for flowers. Happen thou couldst get her to wear thy blossoms."

Kempster shook his head. "I truth, my mind dwelt not on good Sarah," he said, sighing again. "Nay, Hetty, 'tis thoughts o' some one else that doth disturb my peace—a little black eyed maid as pretty and as graceful as—as"

Hetty, who had been listening to his words with an alert, suspicious look on her face, grew quite edgely as she saw him mentally casting about for a suitable comparison.

"Now, Simon, thou hadst best be careful!" she cried hastily in a voice of warning.

At her words the enthusiasm on Kempster's countenance faded away. "I was but thinking on my little young heifer, Hetty, so lost the run o' my words," he concluded lamely.

"There, I knew it!" she exclaimed angrily. "Thou wast going to compare me to thy heifer!"

She sprang from her seat and, hastily pulling in the window casement, said sharply, with no desire to conceal her pettishness: "If thou hast no better talk than that, forsooth, thou'd better be on thy way, Simon. A body'd love to look like an old cow!" she wound up sarcastically.

To Simon, who saw beauty in everything connected with his snug little farm, Hetty's dislike to his gentle fatteries was always a mystery to him, so he scratched his forehead nervously, knowing that he had offended again, unwittingly and wishing from his heart that he had not come, when the reason of his visit occurred to him. Approaching his companion, he thrust his hands awkwardly into his breeches pocket and, pulling out a little packet, handed it to her.

"'Tis a trinket for thee, Hetty." A hot flush was on his face. "There wast a peddler at the Sign of the Red Heart a-selling them, and when I saw the gewgaws I thought at once on thee. Thou'rt so fond of trinkets, Hetty."

Had he succeeded in pleasing her this time? Simon's heart beat rapidly, and he could scarcely breathe with suspense as she slowly undid the wrapping, picked up the chain and hung it on the end of her finger, a dazed expression in her eyes; then she laughed a low, trilling, happy laugh. "Thou didst buy it for me, Simon?" "For thee, sweet Hetty."

The honest fellow's voice trembled with feeling, and tears of delight sprang to his eyes at sign of her pleasure. "Tis a good luck charm for lovers, they say."

clasp and putting the chain about her white throat, said: "Could—couldst thou fasten it, Simon? My fingers are all thumbs, an' I'm all a-fluster with surprise."

He sprang to her assistance, taking the ends of the chain from her small hands.

"Ah, lackaday," she continued in a lower voice, "I must wear it 'neath my kerchief, I ween, as mother is so wrathful at a body's wearing a gewgaw. Shame, Simon! Thou needest not pinch my neck with thy clumsy man's hands. Hst! 'Tis mother!"

They sprang apart. Hetty sank into a chair, hastily covering up the chain and pendant, and Simon, bending over an open Bible, turned over the pages slowly, as if intent on looking for a certain verse.

Mrs. Taunston entered, closing the door after her. "Good even, Simon Kempster. The night air groweth chill."

"A fair greeting, good mistress." Simon pushed a chair toward her. "Yesternorn Josiah told me that some of thy lambs were ill, and I did but stop in to see if they were better of the malady."

The dame seated herself gloomily. "Ah, woe is me!" she sighed. "All's adversity and trouble! Two more sheep lay down with the disease tonight. But, worse than that, Josiah, my good son, who hath ever had a hearty appetite, for the past fortnight almost refuseth food."

"What doth all Josiah?" Simon asked with interest.

"No one can say," she answered, "but methinks 'tis the sight of so much wicked vanity and worldly display that our cousin hath seen fit to bring into this hitherto reverent village that hath upset Josiah. Ah, lackaday, such scenes as we performe must witness! Why, just tonight in going to the village I took the short path through the Mayland farm, and there before the door sat this papist lover of Margaret in a suit of lavender satin trimmed with gilt needlework, stringing a lute, and she, standing by with her hand on his shoulder, was humming the air of some French song. Both were so intent upon their wicked music that they did not even see me, Margaret's aunt. Such a sight sickened me, and I lamented my slothfulness in taking the short way. To be a constant eyewitness of such foolishness, as perforce Josiah is, can ne'er help grieving him. Prithbe, a pious, God fearing man, as he is well known to be, feels a responsibility for his cousin's soul and renews her cool and brazen determination to go her evil way."

"Nay, good dame," Simon ventured to reassure her, "thou must ha' no fears for the loss of Mistress Mayland's soul, for I warrant thee that the spirit that must dwell in such a beautiful body could ne'er find else but a place in heaven."

"There, that is the way w' the men," cried the woman angrily, "ever seeing outward signs, which are devil's snares, and attributing them to the work of the good Lord!"

Her eyes, glaring around wrathfully, chanced to catch a glimpse of the roses dangling from Hetty's little knot of black hair, which that maid in her pleasure at Simon's gift had entirely

forgot to remove. Her mother was at her side in an instant, tore the flowers out, threw them on the floor and stamped on them.

"Thou vain, wicked, empty head!" she cried shrilly. "Thy only thought to lay snares for the senses o' men, forgetting thy father in heaven! Thou'd like to copy the wanton ways of thy cousin, wouldst thou, so that thy good brother could have more cause for grieving an' be kept longer at his prayers?"

Hetty, who was really terrified at her mother's anger, began to weep gently. Mistress Taunston strutted to the large cupboard at the other end of the room to hang up her bonnet, and Simon, troubled beyond expression at the sight of Hetty's tears, contrived to slip a crumpled piece of paper into her hand, whispering quickly: "Happen this will comfort thee, sweet. I writ it at the tallow chandler's of my way up here. 'Tis good verse, Hetty, and of marvelous rhyme. Fare thee well, sweet."

Then, taking up his hat, he strode to the door, calling his adieu loudly to the older woman, who answered in a sentiment. Mayhap 'tis a love verse."

Undoing the crumpled piece of paper, Hetty deciphered the writing with great difficulty:

To sweete Hetty I fane
Would bring thee a chane,
With a love charm of a hart
That will never—no, never—let us part.

Hetty walked to the window and lifted her flushed, pleased face to the calm star lit sky.

"Methought never to have liked that clumsy Simon so well," she whispered. "His comparisons were e'er so homely I much misliked him, but now that he can write such love verses I ween that

he is not without good parts."

muffled voice from the interior of the cupboard.

Once safely in her room, Hetty drew the wooden bolt across the door and, sitting down before the piece of glass that constituted her mirror, removed her kerchief and with sparkling eyes looked at her white throat encircled by the silver chain.

"If mother e'er sees it she will burn it," she whispered, looking toward the door to make sure she had secured it against intruders. "Now for Simon's missive. For all he loves his farm, methinks he is not entirely lacking in (To be Continued.)"

All in the Family.

"My watch," said the young man with the curling tie, "is what might be properly called a family watch."

"How's that?" queried the inquisitive person.

"Well, you see, my 'uncle' has it now," explained the young man.

An Exaggeration.

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

Business Notice.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
CHAS. H. FLETCHER.

Medical.

WHY IT SUCCEEDS.
BECAUSE IT'S FOR ONE THING ONLY, AND BELLEFONTE IS LEARNING THIS.

Nothing can be good for everything. Doing one thing well brings success. Doan's Kidney Pills do one thing only. They're for sick kidneys. They cure backache, every kidney ill. Here is evidence to prove it.

Mrs. James A. Miller, of Tyrone, Pa., living at 1228 Columbia Ave., says: "My husband suffered from rheumatism for years, but it was only a short time ago that he began to complain continually about his back. It kept aching worse and worse until at last he had to lay off work and called in a doctor who told him he had lumbergo. His physician gave him some kind of medicine but it did him no good. One day when he was lying on the lounge unable to move without screaming with pain, a neighbor who dropped in advised him to try Doan's Kidney Pills. He got a box and they certainly have given him surprising relief. They did him so much good that I know he has no hesitation in recommending them to anyone suffering as he did."

Plenty more proof like this from Bellefonte people. Call at F. Potts Green's drug store and ask what his customers report.

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.

Travelers Guide.

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

WESTWARD
No. 1 No. 5 No. 9
No. 1 No. 5 No. 9
No. 1 No. 5 No. 9

EASTWARD
No. 2 No. 6 No. 10
No. 2 No. 6 No. 10
No. 2 No. 6 No. 10

WESTWARD
No. 1 No. 5 No. 9
No. 1 No. 5 No. 9
No. 1 No. 5 No. 9

EASTWARD
No. 2 No. 6 No. 10
No. 2 No. 6 No. 10
No. 2 No. 6 No. 10

Travelers Guide.
PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES.
Schedule in effect May 28, 1905.

Trains arrive at and depart from BELLEFONTE as follows:—

VIA TYRONE—WESTWARD.
Leave Bellefonte, 5.55 a. m., week-days arrive at Tyrone, 11.05 a. m., at Altoona, 1.00 p. m., at Pittsburg, 5.50 p. m.

VIA TYRONE—EASTWARD.
Leave Bellefonte, 5.55 a. m., week-days arrive at Tyrone, 11.05 a. m., at Altoona, 1.00 p. m., at Pittsburg, 5.50 p. m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—WESTWARD.
Leave Bellefonte, 1.25 p. m., week-days, arrive at Lock Haven, 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.

VIA LEWISBURG.
Leave Bellefonte, 6.40 a. m., week-days arrive at Lewisburg, 8.05 a. m., Monday, 9.15 a. m., Harrisburg, 11.30 a. m., Philadelphia, 6.00 p. m., week-days, arrive at Harrisburg, 7.00 p. m., Philadelphia, 10.47 p. m.

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