The Witch of Cragenstone

By ANITA CLAY MUNOZ,

Author of "In Love and Truth"

CHAPTER XIII. HE next morning the sun rose red and hot above the hills. Not a breath of air stirred, and a close sultriness pervaded the atmosphere. Laborers going to their work mopped their brows and looked anxiously at the clear, deep blue arch of the heavens for a glimpse of a cloud that might perchance grow larger as the day advanced and spread itself before the burning sun, but above the horizon not a speck of white could the eye discover.

Josiah Taunston, his homespun shirt of linen thrown open at the neck and his broad brimmed hat pulled down over his eyes, came through the woods with quick strides, his feet crunching down the dry twigs with a crackling sound as he walked. A young robin, having injured its wing in falling out of the nest, fluttered and chirped in his path, and the mother bird, frantic, called sharp, shrill instructions from a tree near by. With an imprecation Josiah kicked the maimed bird out of his path, killing it, and strode on without even a backward look. Nor did he appear to see the mother bird, who in her pain and anguish swooped up and down wildly in all directions, or to hear

her shrieks of agonizing sorrow. Matters of importance having taken up his time, it was late in the day, almost at the hour of noon, when Taunston, homeward bound, reached the spring brook that ran by the door of old Adam Browdie, the goldsmith. Removing his hat and wiping the beads of perspiration from his heated face, he knelt upon the bank and, making a receptacle of the hollow of his hand, proceeded to quench his thirst. The goldsmith, having observed him from the window, hastened toward him with a pewter mug.

"Good morrow, Master Taunston. Happen thou'lt not get enough in thy hand," he said. "Hot days make dry throats."

"Thank thee, Adam." Taking the mug, Josiah filled it and raised it to his, lips, draining the last drop.

"I had a tankard of ale at the tavern, but that papist of a Frenchman, who doth intrude himself here a-dangling after my cousin, Margaret Mayland. with an eye, I trow, to the possession of her estate, lounged about the rooms with such an air of insolent effrontery. walked past me once or twice so close he fairly trod upon my toes, acting, for sooth, as if he desired me to take open offense at his bad manners, clanked his sword and appeared so anxious for all to admire his suit of gaudy finery that I was a'most vomited with disgust, and man, I could scarce get breath until I had put a distance between us."

The goldsmith, evidently busy, had resumed his seat on his bench and was followed closely by Taunston, who now on the subject of his favorite grievance was not inclined to go on his way until he had unbosomed himself to his neighbor; so, taking a lounging position in the doorway, he prepared to go on with a recital of his wrongs when suddenly he made a sharp exclamation, his glance having fallen on a finely wrought chain of gold from which was suspended a small cross that was being forged together

by the skillful hands of the goldsmith. Adam raised his eyes to his visitor's face in surprise. "Hath pain, Josiah?" "Nay," he answered sternly, "but anguish for thee, Adam, that thou in thine ignorance bath been induced to handle a charm of evil magic such as thou holdst in thy hands."

"This necklet evil?" The goldsmith, having completed his task, held up the chain in bewilder-

"This? Why, 'tis the property of thy beauteous cousin, Mistress May land," he answered, "who left it with me more than a fortnight since; but, mine arm being stiff with a sprain I received the day it came, I had ne'er a chance before to mend it."

"Ha, hall Taunston laughed discordantly. "I' truth, 'tis no wonder thou hast sprains," he said, with deep significance, "when thou doth keep such devil's implements about thee. Thou'lt have worse than sprains an thou takest not more care, good neighbor."

At the ominous words and manner of his visitor the goldsmith's face paled, and his jaw dropped as he stared at him, aghast. Almost unconsciously he laid the chain down.

"What meanst thou?" Josiah shook his head sadly and let his long face grow longer as he said: "Oft and many a time have I reasoned with Margaret Mayland against the wearing of that idolatrous emblem, urging her that it would do her harm, but she, ever o'er headstrong, would

not heed me, which fact I much deplore. My mother, a woman widely known for her wisdom, asserteth that from the day our cousin brought that cross among us we have been sorely beset with misfortunes. First the drought. We have ne'er had rain since the big storm. How can planted seed grow? And then the disease among the sheep. Our lambs most all ha' died. Ah, lackaday, 'tis a great loss to a hardworking, saving man!"

He sighed drearily.

• all the day that accurst cross was

brought to this village!"

The goldsmith, possessing even more than the customary large amount of superstition held by his neighbors, glanced fearfully about him, moving farther along the bench from the cross and chain, and Josiah, seeing the impression he was making, continued with solemn emphasis:

"But, mind ye, we would not ha' given blame to our cousin's headstrong persistency so readily had I not held converse with a French peddler, a dealer in magic charms, who told me on his oath that crosses of gold were known among men o' his trade to be possessed of devils and to bring harm to

all who touched them." So great was the superstition of that period, so firm the belief in charms, black art and magic, that the goldsmith, almost overcome by the knowledge of his danger, fairly trembled with apprehension.

"Lord, ha' mercy! I'll-I'll send the wicked gewgaw home by Christopher," he said, "an he comes in from the weeding.'

After an interchange of a few more words Josiah proceeded on his way,



"I'll send the wicked gewgaw home by Christopher.'

room, that was half kitchen, half workshop. At first he walked about nervously, casting timid glances at the golden trinket on the bench, now glittering in the warm embrace of a sunbeam that had fallen on it; then, as if forcing himself to sudden and brave dethem upon it. His hands trembled. Adam's face was white and his breath came in gasps as, barely touching the edges of the wrapping, he hastily made it into a small parcel.

"Other pains I ha' had!" he muttered. "An' all the while I was thinking that my lumbago came from cold! Ah, woe, woe! Such evil days as we ha' fallen on! Good Lord, ha' mercy, I pray, an' keep us safe.'

CHAPTER XIV. NDER a tree that spread its leafy branches over the grass that stretched out before the house the young mistress of the Mayland farm, wearing a dress of thinnest white linen, sat with her lover on a wooden bench. Both were silent, La Fabienne watching with interest the endeavors of a young robin that was struggling with a large ground worm and Margaret absorbed in her own thoughts, that seemed from the

face to be far away and troublesome. Although large clouds had spread themselves over the sky, obscuring the sun the heat of the afternoon seemed to exceed that of the morning. Not a leaf stirred; the dogs lay motionless in the shade panting, and the air was close, surcharged with heat and heavy. Giles, passing with a wagon load of stones, touched his hat respectfully, calling to them that relief was in sight, as the clouds were forming for a thun-

pensive and serious expression on her

derstorm. "An' from the looks of you black cloud methinks 'twill be a heavy one, good Giles," La Fabienne replied; then, turning to Margaret, who at the interruption of her meditation had drawn a quick breath, half a sigh, half an expression of unpleasant thought, inquired, "Hath lightning terrors for

thee, sweet?" "Nay, not now, when thou art here," she said gently, laying her hand on his sleeve with a caressing touch, "but last night, Godfrey, I had a dream of evil omen that, I confess, hath disturbed me. I dreamt that enemies by stratagem took thee from me; then came telling me that thou wert in this place and that to taunt me. Wild eyed, my hair hanging down my back and giving loud piercing shrieks of distress, I followed their directions only to find upon my arrival that thou wert not Oh, Godfrey, 'twas an awful night! An' the terror of it hangs o'er

me today." "Bon Dieu," he exclaimed, pressing is! Away with such megrims, sweet! 'Tis this dull village, filled with scowling Puritans, that weareth on thy

...rves, I do protest. I' truth, Margaret," he continued more thoughtfully, "a man whose Ic hath been to be much at court as mine hath sees many sides of life, but beshrew me if I have ever before encountered such ignorance, intolerance and narrow minded bigotry as doth here exist. Ofttimes when lounging about the inn and perforce listening to the conversations and arguments of these sorry wights I fain must call for another bumper in an endeaver to raise my sinking spirits lest I do myself harm from sheer depression."

He laughed lightly at his jest, and Margaret smiled.

"Then the manner of my cousin Josiah Taunston and his mother doth grieve me," she continued softly. "They make their avoidance of me so plain, and Hetty, whom I love, is forbid my house. Each day I receive an added slight from them, one day this, another that. Only this morning one of the shepherds brought me word that two more lambs were stricken with the disorder that is spreading about among the sheep, causing much loss and damage. So when I was dressed I crossed over to mine aunt's house to ask of her the remedy she hath for the malady. To my civil greeting she returned a surly nod, did not invite me to enter and replied that she knew of no cure for the trouble among my sheep unless it was constant prayer. Then she advised me with sneers and grim insinuations to ask God on my knees to lift the evil out of my heart and to scatter the black and evil spirits that had to all appearances obtained control of

"Talked she so to thee, sweet?" Sir Godfrey cried angrily. "Thou goeth there then no more! She hates thee because thou wilt not love Josiah!"

"And when I was going down the path," Margaret continued, "I met Hetty coming from the brook with the ewers, and when she stopped to give me greeting her mother called to her quite wildly from the doorway to come on at once, as if she feared I would do-Hetty harm," she concluded sadly. For a time La Fabienne sat quietly, maintaining an angry silence; then he-

"Margaret, methought once to go away for the nonce and then come back for thee. But now, when I go,

I'll take thee with me; and we'll return no more." Margaret slipped her hand into his with clinging fingers.

"Godfrey, oh, my love;" she whispered, with tears standing in her eyes, "there is a terror, an apprehension undefined, hanging over me. The cold looks of these people weigh heavy one my heart. Take me with thee whem thou goest."

"An thou say the word we go tomorrow," he exclaimed sternly, holding the small hand strongly in his own. "Right willingly would I. Godfrey. for without my dear father naught pleasant here doth hald me. But cares of the estate the selection of a nermanent overseer, which I find difficult: new buildings for the tenants, now in construction, and many matters of importance to mine interests will keep termination, he stood erect, found a me here a few weeks longer. Clothepiece of paper, laid it on the bench and thy soul in patience for that small. procured a pair of tongs, with which time, dear Godfrey"-she lifted her he lifted the chain and cross, placing head quickly, smiling through her tears -"an' when thou seest a solemn face that doth depress thee"-

> "I'll think of thine, my winsome love," he interrupted happily, pleased at the change in her mood, "a face sobeauteous to mine eyes that when a remembrance of it shall flash across my mental vision I swear that all black horrors will disappear, melted away, verily, by the radiance of it."

"Thou flatterer, Godfrey!" Margaret exclaimed softly, her lips curving into a smile. "Such high sounding praises come easily to a courtier. Nay"-she raised her finger warningly-"swearnot

One of the lads from the village coming around the corner of the house in their direction caused Margaret to pause, the unspoken words on her lips. Much embarrassed at coming upon the person of Sir Godfrey La Fabienne so unexpectedly, the boy hesitated, pulled his forelock bashfully, then stood still, uncertain whether to advance or retreat. Margaret, seeing his confusion, beckoned him to approach.

"What is thine errand, good lad?" "'Tis thy trinket, Mistress Mayland, that my gran'ther, Adam Browdie, the goldsmith, hath mended for thee, an', with your leave, mistress"-timidly giving her the parcel-"he did instruct me to say that he would ha' mended it before had it not been for the inconvenience of a sprain."

La Fabienne, who had unfastened the wrapping, was now examining the workmanship critically.

"'Tis finely wrought and jointed together skillfully, Margaret," he said. "Here, lad," throwing Christopher a gold piece; "here's a coin for thy grandfather's trouble."

The boy, much pleased, caught the gold piece, doffed his cap and walked away. Just then a flash of lightning streaked the sky that by now was thickly covered with black clouds, followed by a low, rumbling sound of thunder, causing the boy to pause and look about him doubtfully.

Margaret, who had risen, called to him to remain; to go back and wait in the kitchen with the maids until the storm was over, but Christopher shook his head and, muttering that the goldsmith would be angry if he delayed, ran down to the turnstile, sprang over it and, hurriedly deciding that the path through the forest would be the quickest way home, plunged into the thicket. Hardly was he under the shelter of the trees when a pattering sound was heard, and the rain beat down in great the small hand affectionately, "how art | drops. Then the wind rose in a wild thou changed from the gay, laughing fury, the tail trees bent and swayed, "An', Adam, I repeat it, woe to us Margaret who but lately dwelt in Par- toesling with its rough strength and

the grass and vines were swept down Fabienne, who bowed in his most stateeven with the earth.

Christopher, holding his jacket close about him, with his cap in his hand, walked on quickly, inwardly congratulating himself upon the fact that he had been wise enough to seek the sheltered path through the woods instead of the open roadway that was unprotected by high trees. Little, sharp flashes of lightning appeared almost constantly, and the thunder was constant, low, threatening, ominous. Innocent of his danger and not understanding the harsh, growling sounds of warning from the heavens, Christopher proceeded on his way. Now the clouds had grown so thick and black that the forest was almost as dark as night, and the rain fell in blinding torrents. Soon a sharp flash of lightning ran zigzag through the sky, then a clap of thunder louder than the report of a cannon resounded from end to end of the village.

Christopher gave a wild scream of terror and stood still, uncertain whether to advance or go back. Although the forest was familiar playground to him, he appeared to lose his way and staggered on blindly until, a long, vivid flash of lightning illuminating his path, he found his bearings, and, remembering the cave on the other side of the precipice now near at hand, he resolved to seek safety and shelter there. With the wind and rain beating him backward, he climbed the steep ascent. elinging with his hands and feet to the roots and bushes in his way until he reached the top, where was a precipice with water rushing in wild turmoil fifty feet beneath. Now the lightning was so near it seemed to be playing through the forest in long flashes of brilliant light, and the dark clouds: almost touched the tops of the trees. Suddenly, with greater intensity, the wind rushed shrilly over the mountain.

The boy, pale with terror, on the edge of the precipiee, wound his arms about the trunk of a tall oak tree, clinging to it for support and protection. He dared not move another step, and all thought of reaching the cave was abandoned. Another blinding flash, followed by two more in quick succession! The poor young lad, alone on this height in the midst of the awful disturbance of the elements, frantie with terror, sent forth scream after scream that the wind and rain defied human ears to hear above their Boisterous noise and din. Then the clouds opened, showing light like the blast from a furnace, and-oh, God!-a peal of thunder so loud that the village people with prayers on their lips fell on their knees, raising their white faces to heaven.

The tall oak tree was struck and rent asunder; flames shot up, were put out by the heavy rifts of rain, and clouds of steaming smoke filled the forest. The large tree staggered, then fell with a sharp noise of erackling branches that drowned the sickening sound of the dull thud of Christopher's body as it fell lifeless from the edge of the precipice into the swirling, tumbling rapids: of the angry waters below. Nor was heard the clanking ring of the gold coin as it fell, striking against the rocks: with a sharp, metallic sound, from hisstiffening fingers.

CHAPTER XV. OON the storm was spent, and

the sun, wearv of hiding its hot face, burst forth through the drifting clouds that even now were dark and moved away with low. thunderous growls.

Margaret, who, with Sir Godfrey, had remained in the sitting room of her house during the awful outburst of the elements, now rose from her seat and, crossing to the window, threw open the lattice, saying with a little shiver: "Heaven be thanked! 'Tis over; with no harm done. That last peal of thunder had a murderous sound that filled my soul with apprehension. God keep all travelers and dumb animals safe!" she added seriously.

La Fabienne came to her side. "If my bird is afraid of storms," he observed smilingly, "she should not have made her nest on the topmost peak of a mountain, so high that when the clouds grow angry and fall low she is perforce in the midst of the commotion."

"Godfrey" - Margaret turned her sweet, serious face to his-"thou knoweth that thy bird rests not lightly in her mountain nest. Although she is free to fly hither and thither as she listeth, there is an unpleasant constraint in all the air about her. Oh, bonny Paris," she exclaimed, throwing out her hand with a swift, dramatic gesture, "right willingly would I exchange the freedom of my village nest for captivity in a cage were it hung in thy bright streets!"

La Fabienne smiled tenderly at her earnestness as he encircled her with his arm.

"Soon, sweet love, by my faith, thou wilt exchange!" he said. "Already a cage, not of gilt bars, but a huge pile of stone and mortar, with doors and windows, is in readiness for thee. From it thou art ever free to come and go, the only bars that will ever seek to stay thee being these two arms that now intwine so lovingly about thee."

"And, prithee, happily will I stay close to their strong protection. Oh, my dear love," she cried, with soft eagerness, "dost know how much thou art to me? Who else in all this cold world have I? I love thee, Godfrey!" For answer he clasped her closer to

his heart. Soon steps were heard and, looking from the window, they saw Hetty Taunston, a white sunbonnet in her hand, running up the path. With a cry of pleasure, Margaret advanced to meet her and, taking her hand, led her into the room.

"Hetty! Stranger! Welcome!" she cried gayly. "Methought thou hadst forsaken thy cousin." the Hetty made a shy courtesy to La

Free Lessons in Languages.

ly fashion, and said in a low, breathless roice, "Mother hast grown strangely stern of late, dear Margaret, and forbids me to visit thee, for what reason I know not."

The smile on Margaret's face faded. "An' thou didst come now with her

consent?" she asked. "Nay, sweet cousin. In the cool of the morning mother rode down the mountain to Brother Haggott's, there to spend the night, so"-with a little toss of her head and a light laugh-"methought not to lose the chance to get a glimpse of thee unknownst to her."

"I' truth, sweet"-Margaret stroked her soft hair fondly-"an thy disobedience is discovered 'twill put thy peo ple against thee sorely."

Hetty sighed. "I wot not why my mother is so hard with me. Happen I put a small flower in my hair she is greatly angered. Dost think such ornament sinful, Margaret?" she asked wistfully.

Her cousin smiled, and La Fabienne broke into a hearty laugh of amuse-

(To be Continued.) Runingen Nation.

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Travelers Guide.

CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNA.

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WALLACE H. GEPHAR'I.

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Travelers Guide.

DENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES. Schedule in effect May 28, 1905.

Trains arrive at and depart from BELLEFONTE

as follows:—

VIA TYBONE—WESTWARD.

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.

Leave 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 Altoona, 6.55, at Pittsburg at 10.45.

VIA TYBONE—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 16.00 p. m. Philadelphia 4.23 a. m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—WESTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte, 1.25 p. m., week-days, arrive at Lock Have, 2.10 p. m., arrive at Buffalo, 7.40 p. m.,

Leave Bellefonte. 9.32 a.m. week-days, arrive at Lock Have. 10.30, a.m. leave Williamsport, 12.35 p.m., arrive a Harrisburg, 3.20 p.m., at Philadelphis at 8.23 p.m. week-days, arrive at Lock Have. 2.10 p.m., week-days, arrive at Lock Have. 2.10 p.m., week-days, arrive at Lock Have. 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 a Philadelphia at 7.17a. m.

Leave Bellefonte, at 6.40 a. m., week-days arrive at Lewis burg, 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., call on ticket agent, or address Thos. E. Watt. Passenger Agent Western District. No.360 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburg.

On Sundays - 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 p. m.

BALD EAGLE VALLEY BRANCH.

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4 02	12 26	9 12	Beech Creek	10 11		8 55	
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3 45		8 55	Lock Haven	10 22			
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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.

EAST W.	ARD.	Nov. 29th 1903.	WESTWARI			
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2 17	6 57	Dale Summit	8 43	4 04		
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2 30	7 10	Linden Hall	8 31	3 5		
2 36	7 37	Gregg	8 24	3 48		
2 41	7 22	Centre Hall	8 18	3 3		
2 48	7 28	Penn's Cave	8 11	3 3		
2 54	7 35	Rising Spring	8 05	3 20		
3 02	7 43	Zerby	7 57	3 1		
3 10	7 50	Cohurn	7 50	3 1		
3 16	7 56	Ingleby	7 43	3 0		
3 19	8 00	Paddy Mountain	7 40	2 5		
3 27	8 08	Cherry Run	7 31	2 50		
3 36	8 12	Lindale	7 26	2 40		
3 34		Weiker	7 21	2 41		
3 37	8 18	1 ardee	7 19	2 38		
3 46	8 26	Glen Iron	7 09	2 2		
3 54	8 33	Milmont	7 02	2 2		
3 56	8 35	Swengle	6 59	2 14		
4 01	8 40	Harber	6 55	2 10		
4 06	8 45	Mifflinhurg	6 50	2 08		
4 14	8 03	Vicksburg	6 42	2 00		
4 19	0 00	Bieni	6 38	1 5		
4 25	9 05	Lewisburg	6 30	1 4		
4 35	9 15	Montandon	5 40	1 38		
P. M.	A. M.	Ar. Lv.	. M.	P. M		

LEWISBURG & TYRONE RAILROAD. TWARD. UPPER END. WESTWARD.

ni s	Mixed.	Mixed.	Nov. 29th,1903	Mixed.	Mixed.	3
	P. M.	A. M.	Ar. Lve.	A. M.	P. M.	
	4 05	9 18	Scotia	10 C5	4 20	
	3 50	9 03	Fairbrook	10 21	4 36	
	3 45	8 57		10 27	4 49	
	3 39	8 51	Penn. Furnace	10 33	4 50	
	3 34	8 45	Hostler	10 41	4 57	
*****	3 29	8 39	Marengo	10 49	5 07	
******		33 653 430	Loveville	RT 9.833		
	3 24	8 32	.Furnace Road.	10 57	5 16	
	3 19	8 26	Dungarvin	10 49	5 25	
	3 12	8 18	Warrior's Mark	17 96	5 34	
	3 05	8 09	Pennington	11 90	b 44	
	2 56	7 58	Stover	11 49	5 5€	
02.06	2 50	7 50	Tyrone	11 54	6 05	
fatit	P. M.	A. M.	Lve. Ar.	A.M.		 "
В	ELLE	FONT	E & SNOW SHO	E BR	ANCE	
Tin	ne Tab	le in e	ffect on and afte	r Nov.	29th 1	903.
	Mix		Stations.			
5 0 5 1 5 2 5 3	0 10 0 0 10 0	1	Bellefonte Milesburg Snow Shoe IntSchool House.		9 15	4 2 4 1 4 1 3 5

Week days only.

I. R. WOOD.

General Passenger Agent Money to Loan.

W, W. ATTERBURY,

MONEY TO LOAN on good security and houses for rent.

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

exclaimed the young man.