

The group of countrymen, alarmer at his vehemence and evident determi. nation, drew back from him hastily.

"Cowards! If there is a man among ye, let him step out, and once for all we'll put an end to this stabbing in the dark, these innuendoes and insinuations in look and action. What, dastards!" as no one came forward. "None of ye trained to fight in the open? God's death, but thou art valiant mothers' sons! Where is thy brave leader, Master Taunston?" he scornfully cried. "An he's anywhere about, ask him to step out. I'd like to settle with him the first of all. Not come yet?" he repeated, turning to the innkeeper, who stood near and who had ventured to give the information. "I' truth, he hath not come, nor will he until from his skulking place in the forest he hath seen me, the man he hath cause to fear, well out of his way!"

Then he took off his glove and dashed it on the ground before the men.

"When thy leader-thy brave, upright leader-doth arrive, give him that glove; tell him that Sir Godfrey La Fabienne calleth him a woman striker and a coward! And if after that," he continued, with an angry laugh, "he careth not to fight, by heaven, when next we meet he'll take a well deserved horsewhipping." Then he sheathed his sword and, slowly followed by his servant, strode away in the direction of the Mayland farm.

A moment later Josiah Taunston, white faced and looking as if he had heard the loud and angry words just uttered, came around from the back of the inn. The men, excitedly pointing to the glove, told him what had been said. The listened quietly, with a sneer on his face, nor did he move it until one young fellow, stooping to pick up the challienge, was suddenly sent sprawling on the ground by a push from Josiah.

"Heedless callant!" he exclaimed in a low, terrible voice. "Wouldst thou touch aught belonging to an accomplice of a witch? Hathforgotten Christopher? John," calling to the innkeeper, "throw a burning fagot on that devil's instrument that it may be consumed!"

"Wilt thou take the cavalier's words and make no answer, man?" whispered a neighbor, following Josiah into the drinking room of the tavern. "Why, he said he'd horsewhip thee for a coward!"

Taunston turned to him with a black look on his face, sinister and containing evil not unmixed with triumph. He'll get his answer. Yonder po

"Are mine eves evil?"

upon me. For a few seconds she stood still and stared at me, then, throwing up her arms, ran from me, crying wildly: 'God's protection, 'tis the witch! I ha' looked into her eyes! I will be stricken of the devil." Godfrey, tell me what it all doth mean."

Her lover's face reflected the seriousness of her own.

"Sweet, this foolish nonsense hath gone to greater measures than I had ever thought it would," he said. "Thy cousin's influence is strong in this community and the superstitions of the people so great that it takes but little tattling to make great stories and to have them all believed. It is that foul fiend Josiah Taunston's scheme to set all against thee, so that thou wilt be forced to abandon thine estate. Then when thou art gone, as next of kin, he would ride in and take possession."

"The dastard keeps out of my way, or from the very bitterness I hold in my heart against him I would long since have run him through," he said. "But I will deal with him before I leave, for I have sworn that no man may speak evil of thee and live." "Godfrey!" Margaret's eyes were that thou'lt not anger him, for any tilting of words between ye, so hot is each against the other, that a conflict would ensue that might end in-death. Smile"-she swept her hand with affected gayety over his frowning countenance-"chase that angry look from off thy face, and now under this bright

and that tonight is ours." He drew her closer to him, and they

in the roadway at thy horse's heels and cry to thee to take me with thee to sunny France, to Paris, the city I love.'

La Fabienne laughed a joyful, ringing laugh as he clasped her to his heart. "Sweet, when I set foot in this village and saw the set of churls about where thou hadst taken up thy dwelling I resolved when I would begone to take my sweet love with me. Didst think, Margaret," he cried, with sudden passion, "that I would leave thee, my tender flower, raised under the rays of the warm sun of France, to wither away and perish on this bleak mountain? Nav. love: too close I hold thee in my heart!"

The wind rose and blew colder through the trees. Drawing her cloak closer about her. Margaret clung to her lover's arm.

"'Tis a solemn night, Margaret," 'he said whimsically, "thou and I alone together on this high mountain top, miles away from those who love us and in reality among a band of evil wishers and enemies-we two, with our troth plighted and our wedding day so near at hand! Is't not enough to make a man stop to consider when he is on the brink of such a serious undertaking? Sweet Margaret," he continued seriously, pressing her hand, "knowing so well thy worth, seeing thy marvelous beauty and having a fine understanding of thy high character, I tremble lest, imperfect man that I am. I may not live up to thy standard: that I may fail to fill thy life so full of happiness as I hope now and pray God I may

Margaret laughed a sweet, low, happy laugh.

"Hath finished, foolish Godfrey? Then hear mine answer to thy drivelings! In all the world I love no one like thee. Of thy imperfections I know naught. Thou art part of me. Without thee I would die. When, dear Godfrey, thou art near me, 'tis then the sun doth shine, an' when thou'rt gone all is gray, dull and dark, an' naught is bright until thou dost come again. An', Godfrey, I trust thee entirely. I come to thee willingly to be thine own dear wife, to care for thee, to do thy bidding, to go with thee where'er thy fortunes take thee, hand in hand and heart to heart, and to love

thee, Godfrey, until death us do part." "Speak of naught that can part us, sweet Margaret!" he cried, with eager haste. "Let us talk only of bright hopes, long life, happiness, joy and love!"

peated softly.

Suddenly on their ears fell the sound of the steady tramping of many feet. tively. An officer's voice giving a sharp command was brought to them through the dense stillness of the night by the light wind, and soon they could see across the fields, the full moon ilwore, a small band of soldiers on their way to the village. Margaret looked moon, with the breeze stirring so soft- at her lover in questioning amazement, ly, think only that thou art with me and La Fabienne, his face expressing The officer, being a man of lower statquick suspicion, uttered an exclamation and, running down to the stile

and moving about jesting among themselves or calling roughly for bed and supper; the busy landlord cursing and giving angry, excited orders to a simpering housemaid, and horse boys, agape with admiration of the scarlet coats, glittering cuirassiers and helmets of the newcomers-for soldiery was an unusual sight in Cragenstonewere hurriedly piling hay in the corners of the large, low roofed kitchen for the men to sleep upon. Catching a glimpse of Sir Godfrey making his way through the throng to the foot of the

narrow staircase, his host ran after him and, touching him on the shoulder, whispered anxiously, "My lord." La Fabienne paused. "I have been forced to put the young officer in charge of these men into thy

room for the night," the innkeeper said. "He will not annoy thee, sir. We ha' spread a rough pallet in the farthest corner, an' thy man Gaston hath consented to lie in the stable for the night."

The excited man rubbed his hands together propitiatingly.

"Thou'rt ever generous, my lord, and readier with thy gold than most, so I would not offend thee, although there are some as say thy presence in my house doth bode me evil," he ventured to add.

Suppressing the inclination toward anger that he felt, La Fabienne said hastily.

"Say no more, good host. The man may lie in the corner for aught I care, and the worst I wish him is that he may rest easy on his pallet," he concluded indifferently as he walked "When thou canst get thy away. breath, send me a tankard of ale. I will drink in my room tonight." The landlord, whose mind was great-

ly relieved, after profuse bows withdrew hastily, and Sir Godfrey, alone on the dark, crooked stairway, where there was no need of hiding the deep feeling that stirred him by forcing a calm exterior, paused, thinking deeply, great anxiety showing itself on his countenance.

"'Tis well, good landlord, that thou didst give me the proper man, who happen hath a taste for home brew that taken in quantities enough may loosen his tongue," he said under his breath. "If my suspicions are correct, that these

men have been sent here to get evi dence against Margaret upon Josiah Taunston's representations and then to take her into custody, by my faith, tomorrow at sunrise is not one hour too early for us to ride away. Fool, fool that I have been to treat the deep laid schemes of that villian with such contempt! Diable! Almost-almost, I say, the net he threw did catch us in its meshes!"

A few steps brought him to his room, and, throwing open the door, he saw by the flickering light of the candle a man of about twenty-five years of age, a dandified looking fellow, with weak proudly up and down the room in the riding suit that Sir Godfrey had thrown off before his visit to Margaret. ure than La Fabienne, the long leather boots reached fairly to his hips, and his

pet theme-women. "Didst march far today?"

"From Sterndorf," he answered, with darkening face.

"Beshrew my heart! But this country must ha' been intended for wild beasts with claws instead of human beings with only hands and poniards. Our orders came to march at once across the footpath over the mountain, and such crawling, climbing, tearing and cutting our way none will ever know."

"'Twas well when so weary that thou found the Sign of the Red Heart to rest at ere thou pursued the rest of thy journey," his companion observed quietly.

The captain glanced up quickly. "Oh, we have reached our destination," he said. "We have business in this village on the morrow." (To be Continued.)

CASTORIA

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For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

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NEVER TIRED OF IT

BELLEFONTE PEOPLE ARE PLEASED TO SHOW THE GRAT-

ITUDE THEY FEEL.

People cured of lame, weak and aching back, kidney weakness and urinary troubles never tired of letting others know of the remedy which did it; Doan's Kidney Pills. The cures are permanent cures, as people who were cured years ago now testify. Here is a case of the thorough working of Doan's Kidney Pills here in Bellefonte.

James Rine. carpenter, of 239 High Street, says: "Doan's Kidney Pills cured me in 1897 and the statement I made for publication at that time recommending this remedy was a true statement good today. I therefore have no hesitation in recommending Doan's Kidney Pills gain. I was so weak before I took the first dose that I could not put on my shoes and was hardly able to drag myself around. There were severe pains all through my back and all through my limbs. During all the years since Doan's Kidney Pills cured me I have not been troubled in this way. I recommended Doan's Kidney Pills to a good many people and have sent many suffering to F. Potts Green's drug store for the first box. In no case has the re-sult been other than satisfactory."

Travelers Guide.

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

Trains arrive at and depart from BELLEFONTE

as follows :-VIA TYRONE-WESTWARD.
Leave Bellefonte, 9.53 a. m., week-days arrive at Tyrone, 11.05 a. m., at Altoona, 1.00 p. m., at Pitisburg 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., at Pitisburg, 6.5ⁱ p. m.
Leave Bellefonte, 4.44 daily p. m., arrive at Ty-rone 6.00, at Altoona, 6.55, at Pitisburg 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, 1.06 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 Ty-rone, 6.00 p. m, at Harrisburg, at 10.00 p. m. Philadelphia 4.23 a. m.
VIA LOCK HAVEN-WESTWARD.
Leave Lellefonte, 1.25 p. m., week-days, arrive at Lock Haver 2.10 p. m., at Hurrisburg, 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 Haver 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 Haver 2.10 p m., leave Williamsport, at 2.53, p. m., arrive Harrisburg, 5.00 p. m., Philadelphia 7.32 p. m.
 Leave Bellefonte, 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, 3.60 p. m., Montandon, 9.15, Harrisburg, at 9.05 a. m., Montandon, 9.15, Harrisburg, 4.35, p. m. at Montandon, 4.45 p. Harrisburg, 7.00 p. m., week days, arrive at Lewisburg, 7.00 p. m., Philadelphia at 10.47 p. m.

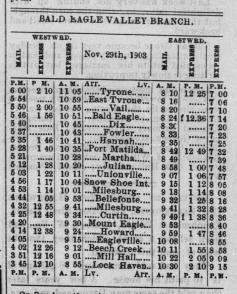
p. m. For full information, time tables, &c., call on ticket agent, or address Thos. E. Watt. Passen-ger Agent Western District, No.360 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburg.

TYRONE AND CLEARFIELD, R. R.

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NOBTHWARD.		ABD.	NAGA LIGAL AN	SOUTHWED.			
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			Ar. Lv.				

Ox SUNDATS- -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 Gram-pian at 2:50 p.m., and arrives in Tyrone at 5:35 p.m.



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.

Nov. 29th 1903.

STATIONS.

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do.'

Sir Godfrey's face grew dark.

"Happiness, joy and love!" she re-

filled with sudden terror, "promise me Both drew apart and listened attenluminating the steel helmets that they blue eyes and light hair, strutting

injay, now at his lady's feet, will get his answer ere the rising of another sun," he said significantly. "Mayhap I will not bring it to him in person, but the answer will be one that will satisfy his worst enemy, an' I wot the fool hath many of them. Ha, ha"-his laughter was cruel and triumphant-"again I do assert that he'll get his answer, neighbor! Forsooth, he'll get his answer!" - -TT. J. RADA



THE dogs tied in the yard at the Mayland farm jumped and barked at the sounds of a man's footsteps approaching as Margaret, opening the door again, stepped out into the moonlit night. Now her appearance was entirely changed, for thrown about her was a long cloak of quilted white silk reaching to the ground, and a hood of the same material covered her soft hair and cast a shadow over the radiant face that was aglow with happiness at the sight of the newcomer.

"Thou laggard!" she exclaimed, going to meet La Fabienne, with hands outstretched. "Didst take thee all of several hours to don thy best attire, foolish Godfrey?"

He regarded her with looks of admiration and content.

"Aye," he replied, "full well canst thou call me that name in earnest, bright eyes, where aught doth concern thee!'

At his words, as if from the return of some unpleasant remembrance, the smile on Margaret's face faded, and, pressing the hand more firmly that still held hers, she led La Fabienne to the middle of the roadway, where there was no shade of trees and where the bright moon, now higher in the sky, hovered over them, casting its radiance down with effulgent sympathy, illumi nating them. Throwing back her hood she raised her head with a sudden swift motion, and there was an expres sion of intense seriousness on her face

"Godfrey," she asked entreatingly "is my look baleful? Have I wicked ness in my glance? Are mine eye evil?"

With a suppressed exclamation o anger La Fabienne encircled her with his arm.

"Thy glance wicked!" he exclaimed passionately. "Thine eyes evil! Nay, pure soul, rather are they like two stars of heaven, pure and holy, leading men to better thoughts and deeds. More are they like the sun, brightening and warming all that they do rest upon. Damme, but thy question doth cause my choler to rise! Hath any man dared to affront thee? Who spoke of thy looks?"

"'Twas an hour or two since," Margaret began softly. "I was standing yonder by the sundial, near the path that leads through the pasture from the Taunston farm, when one of the village women, walking through, came

paced slowly up and down under the shadows of the trees. "Margaret, methinks to journey forth to London in three days. Canst be

ready to go with me, sweet?" At the unexpected announcement a deep flush spread over Margaret's countenance, extending to the roots of her

hair. "Ready to go with thee, Godfrey?" she repeated questioningly.

"Aye, love, as my wife," he replied in a voice touched with emotion, "as my adored, deeply cherished wife-

that is how I will take thee, sweet!" For answer she raised her face to his, and they kissed each other.

"I will go with thee. Godfrey." she said simply.

The moon rose higher in the heavens and seemed to shed a brighter luster on the scene as, pacing slowly up and down, the mistress of the Mayland farm and her lover, talking in low voices, made their plans and arranged for their departure. As there were no servants about the place, Elsbeth taking care of the house and Gaston doing the work among the animals, there was no chance of their intended departure being known. It was La Fabienne's idea to rise before the sun and, with Elsbeth and Margaret, ride down the mountain, leaving the estate

in charge of trusty Gaston. By fast riding they could reach London before the dawn of another day and would go at once to the house of La Fabienne's sister, the Lady Grenville, where they would be married and then

proceed to Paris. Margaret saying, with a little shiver, that she would never care to visit Cragenstone again, Sir Godfrey said that they would offer her estate, including house and animals, to a land dealer he knew in London at such a low figure that he would not refuse to buy it.

"For thy cousin can have naught that doth belong to thee," he announced, with decision.

Their final arrangements being made, their conversation drifted to other matters.

"How truly doth the Scripture speak, dear Godfrey," Margaret said gently, where it saith that 'one day telleth not what another day bringeth forth.' When thou didst come I did not think to go back with thee. Methought thou would come again for me."

"Margaret, tell me truly, had the conditions been happier, had thy stay here been more pleasant, could thou have let me ride down the mountain without thee?"

"Ah, Godfrey," she replied, with a little fluttering sigh, "I am such a weak woman and so overfond of thee that hadst thou wrung a consent from me to let thee go I wot when I saw thy back turned toward me I would fain forget my promise and in my loneliness and despair run after thee, throw myself

watched the soldiers until they turned the corner and disappeared.

"If 'tis as I think," he muttered, "the villian hath me! I had no thought he would dare aught against us. I have played the fool! Margaret," he cried, going to her with quick strides, "methinks at the sight of soldiery that there may be fighting hereabout, so I would take thee from here speedily. On the morrow be ready ere the sun riseth, thou and Elsbeth, and we will ride away without further delay. Farewell, dear love. God keep hee."

He threw his arms about her protectingly as he led her to the door. At the steps they both paused.

"Margaret," he said seriously, "thou saidst erstwhile thou trusted me. Didst mean it, sweet?"

"Godfrey, I trust thee."

"These are dark times. Margaret. darker mayhap than we know," he said, "but whatever cometh, if things go not our way, trust me. Know that thou art in my heart before all else. And now farewell again. I have business in the village and must give my parting instructions to Gaston."

Margaret's eyes were filled with tears at her lover's earnestness, and as he attempted to leave her she clung to him, sobbing bitterly.

"Godfrey, thy words are ominous," sho cried. "Thou knowest something of evil portent. A feeling of fear hath fallen on my heart."

"Take courage, love. Parbleu, Margaret Mayland showing fear of these dull village wights! Didst not hear my promise, sweet, that on the morrow we'd begone before the village is astir?"

As her head still drooped on his shoulder and she did not reply, he repeated:

"Didst thou not hear me. Margaret?" She raised her head, and, although there was an expression of strength and resolution in her eyes, her lips trembled.

"Aye, I heard thee, and at sunrise dressed for the journey thou wilt find me at the door. God be with thee, Godfrey."

"In a few short hours we will ride away," he said, with affected gayety. "Farewell again, and once again farewell," embracing her tenderly. "And now, so much I have to do, perforce I must be gone."

Putting her inside the door and closing it, he walked quickly down the path toward the forest, and when he reached it he had to grope his way to keep from stumbling, for the moon went under a cloud, and a dark shadow fell athwart the mountain.

CHAPTER XXI. T the Sign of the Red Heart La Fabienne found a scene of unusual excitement and commomotion-soldiers just arrived

sword, that he had just adjusted, clank ed against them as he walked. At the sudden appearance of their owner he fell back against the wall, with pale face, hanging jaw and a look of great

abashment on his countenance. La Fabienne entered with easy famillarity, giving the discomfited captain, who at once began to tug at his boots in a desperate endeavor to get them off, a word of friendly greeting.

"Pardon, my lord. I long have wanted such a suit" the fellow explained in great confusion. "an' I but took the opportunity, without meaning offense, of seeing how the fashion would become me."

La Fabienne regarded him with an appearance of the utmost satisfaction and good humor.

"And so well it suits thee, good fellow, and becomes thy dashing style." he said, "that methinks 'twere a pity to deprive thee of it. Thou may keep it and welcome."

Walking to the small window, he threw open the lattice.

"By the mass, but it's warm in here! Such holes as they have cut out to let the air in one can hardly get his hand

through!" The soldier, who had accepted the suit with many expressions of pleasure and gratitude, now approached La Fabienne, but at that moment, a housemaid entering with the ale, he turned about suddenly, drew himself up to his highest stature and strutted before her

conceitedly: Smiling at his airs, his companion took the tankard, bade the girl bring up another, and, inviting his new acquaintance to drink with him, they sat down on the bench together.

"Art fond of ladies, good sir?" the captain inquired, with a roguish shake

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 PHILA

 of his blond head. "I warrant that wench was not ill looking, barring the wart on her chin."

It being his turn, he lifted the tankard and after taking a long draft held it on high, exclaiming with dramatic emphasis, "Whate'er of faults John Bingall hath, a slow eye for a fair lass can ne'er be counted amongst them."

The housemaid returning with the second order, he waved his hand toward La Fabienne with a graceful motion and, still holding the ale above his head, cried gayly:

"Women, lovely women! Let us drink to the ladies, Sir Roommate." Sir Godfrey echoed his companion's boisterous laughter with an appearance of great enjoyment as the maid, blushing and simpering, left the room. By now the house below had fallen into complete quietness, the only sounds audible being the loud breathing of the soldiers, who lay about on

the straw asleep. "Thy men rest heavily and breathe as if greatly fatigued," La Fabienne

observed after further conversation of a light nature regarding the captain's

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name-Doan's-and take

DILES A cure guaranteed if you use RUDYS PILE SUPPOSITORY L RUDYS PILE SUPPOSITORY D. Matt. Thompson, Supt. Graded Schools, Statesville, N. C., writes: "I can say they do all you claim for them." Dr. S. M. Devore, Raven Rock, W. Va., writes: "They give uni-versal satisfaction." Dr. H. D. McGill, Clarks-burg, Tenn., writes: "In a practice of 23 years I have found no remedy to equal yours." Price, 50 cents, Samples Free, Sold by Druggists, and in Bellefonte by C. M. Parrish Call for Free Sample. 50-22-1y MARTIN RUDY, Lancaster, Pa.

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

(N. Y. Central & Hudson River R. R.

 p. m. a.
 m. Arr.
 tWeek Days

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BELLEFONTE CENTRAL

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Schedule to take effect Monday, May 2

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5	2 55	Dun kles	8	53	4	42	9	13	
9	2 59	Hublersburg	8	49	4	38	9	09	
4	3 03	Snydertown Nittany	8	46	4	34	9	05	
6	3 05	Nittany	8	44	4	31	9	02	

icksbu Lewisburg. LEWISBURG & TYRONE RAILROAD.

MILL HALL	and a second	EASTWARD.	UPPER END.	WESTWARD.
WMs'PORT }	Lve 2 40 17 20 Arr. 2 25 6 50	1.000 018	Nov. 29th,1903	Mixed. Mixed.
tWeek Days NEW YORK (Via Tamaqua) WALLACE H	+8 ?6 11 80	- 4 05 - 3 5f - 3 45 - 3 39 - 3 24 - 3 19 - 3 19 - 3 19 - 3 19 - 3 05 - 2 56 - 2 50 P. M. A	M. Ar. Lye. 9 16 Scotia 9 03 Fairbrook 8 57 Musser 8 57 Musser 8 57 Musser 8 58 Mostler 8 38 Mostler 8 38 Moreville 8 38 Loveville 8 38 Dungarvin 18 <warrior's mark<="" td=""> 8 09 9 90 Stover 7 56 Tyrone</warrior's>	10 C5 4 20 10 S1 4 36 10 27 4 42 10 33 4 50 10 41 4 57 10 45 5 07 10 57 5 16 10 57 5 16 11 26 5 34 11 30 5 44 11 42 5 6 11 54 6 05 A.M., P.M.
e effect Monday	A May 29, 1905.	Time Table	in effect on and afte Stations.	r Nov. 29th 1903. Mix Mix
L. LV Ar.	fNo. 2 1No. 4 No. 6	5 10 10 01 . 5 20 10 04 . 5 30 f10 14 .	AvBellefonte Milesburg Snow Shoe Int School House. 	9 18 4 10 9 15 4 10 18 55 3 55
5 Coleville 8 Morris 3Stevens Lime Centre	8 40 12 40 6 1 8 37 12 37 6 0 8 35 12 35 6 0	0 6 40 11 26 A 7 P. M. A. M. 3 "fr" stop on	ArSnow Shoe	Lv. 7 30 2 30 A. M. P. M
6 .Bunter's Park. 0,Fillmore 5Briarly 2Krumrine	8 28 12 28 5 5 8 24 12 24 5 5 8 20 12 20 5 4 8 07 12 07 5 2	5 General	Manager. General	l Passenger Agent
5State College.		0 NAONEY	TO LOAN on	good security

7 27Strubles...... 7 45 7 31 ...Bloomsdorf.... 7 40 7 35 Pine Grove M'ls 7 35 F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

4 25 MONEY TO LOT Tent. 4 20 AND and houses for rent. 4 20 Att'y at Lay