The Witch of Cragenstone

By ANITA CLAY MUNOZ,

Author of "In Love and Truth"

At the earnest solicitation of her lov- vengeance. er Hetty rose and, making her way slowly through the crowded council room, reached the witness bench, where expression in her dark eyes of mournful sympathy. Sharply rebuked for her inattention by the chief councilor, Hetty was instructed to be seated, and the young attorney took his place be-

"Henrietta Taunston," he commenced, with great seriousness, "thou hast been herein summoned as a witness against this woman Margaret Mayland on the representations of thy family that thou didst on several occasions come under the baleful influence of her spell. Hast thou aught to say?"

"Oh, sir," Hetty faltered tearfully in trembling tones, "although the evidence is awful an' convincing, I cannot bring myself to think ill of Margaret, who was ever most kind to me. I can think of her only as my father's sister's child-now both dead-alone among her accusers, forsaken in her hour of trouble by the man she lovedah, how nearly, only one close to her, as I ha' been, could give thee understanding of it."

She began to sob bitterly. "Have pity on her. If she hath done aught of wrong 'tis of the cross she weareth, on account of a promise, good councilmen, given her by a dying papist, mayhap with a dying curse breathed on it. Entreat her to destroy it and let her go away," she cried piteously.

Her brother's face was black as night, and he sat well forward on his seat, glaring at Hetty savagely as if he could strike her words back into her throat. His mother, seeing his agitation, plucked the sleeye of the attorney who stood near her and whispered some instructions in his ear. When she finished he stepped forward sternly, with uplifted hand.

"Enough, Henrietta Taunston! 'Tis not thy place to plead for the prisoner, but to give what evidence thou hast." "Good sir, as I have promised to tell the truth before God," Hetty sobbed, not daring to look toward her mother or brother, "I have never felt any influences of the evil spells attributed to her, but rather have I received much kindness from sweet Margaret."

"Didst thou not one evening meet this woman-the accused-on the road and pass her by with averted face in obedience to thy mother's command?" "I did. sir."

'And did she not in her anger stand rigid, fixing her baleful glance upon thee so that thou didst run with all haste to thy home, falling in a fit on the floor at thy brother's feet, where thou didst lle like a creature possessed by the devil, foaming at the mouth and moving convulsively?"

In her excitement Hetty almost rose from her seat.

"Nay, sir, nay," she cried earnestly. "Thou hath a wrong impression obtained from evil tongues. 'Tis true that I met Margaret, but her glance was not baleful, but, oh, sirs," lifting her tearful, supplicating face toward the tribuna, "'twas so sad that my heart nath not stopped aching since with the memory of it! An' believe that 'twas not our meeting that caused my swooning, but the news brought"-

Here Josiah Taunston, unable to control himself any longer, rose from his seat, white faced and wrathful.

"I do proclaim the witness now to be under the spell of the prisoner," he cried in a loud voice hastily in his desire to stop her further utterances, "who was ever wont to influence my sister easily, and do affirm that she is not responsible for what testimony she giveth.'

Immediately there was a great uproar and wild excitement in the council hall. Hetty, frightened at her brother's violence and bewildered by the confusion, rose from her seat, and, while the attorney consulted with the councilmen and Josiah Taunston on the advisability of questioning her further, the witness, regardless of consequences, made her way hastily to Simon Kempster and, sinking into her place by his side, laid her face against his coat sleeve, sobbing bitterly.

The gaping auditors eyed her curiously, entertaining themselves with coarse comments on her evident fondness for her lover and sneers for her sorrow at the prisoner's predicament. Suddenly there was a loud rapping for order. The council, having decided not to recall Hetty, made the fact known, and when all again was quiet the Widow Dawson, whose child had died of convulsions, was on the witness bench giving an account of that night's ex-

Time and the constant repetition of this story to the credulous, awe struck people of the community had caused it to lose none of its interest, so that the tale the woman related in a low, distinct voice was supernatural in the extreme and grewsome in its horrible de- about the prison in groups, discussing tails. The superstitious listeners, eagerly drinking in every word the widow uttered, expressed their sympathy for her and their fear and detestation of the prisoner, who continued through it all to sit silently with bowed head and | ward home and trudged heavily along clasped hands, by giving vent to louder | the muddy roadway. "Elder Williams

Other accusers followed, each with a tale of some harm having befallen her after passing or coming in contact with she stood, oblivious to all the curious the young mistress of Mayland farm, glances cast in her direction, regarding so that the afternoon was wearing to Margaret's drooping figure with an a close when the last and most important witness, old Adam Browdie, the goldsmith, was called to give his testimony. The old man, whose grief at the loss of Christopher was deep and sincere and who honestly attributed the lad's tragic death to the supernatural powers of Margaret Mayland, contained in the "accurst cross of gold," told his story minutely, giving every detail from the moment the cross was brought to his little cabin to the end, with streaming eyes and quavering voice, growing stern and tragical as he described the storm, weeping tears of agony as he told of the finding of the body; then, suddenly winding up his long and terrible tale, he fell on his knees and, raising his arms to heaven.

> As he was led, trembling and exhausted, to his seat loud talking was heard in the audience, those assembled glaring at the pale faced prisoner with hatred in their eyes. The chief councilor rapping for order, a silence fell upon the crowded room that lasted, with an occasional interruption, for a long half hour while the tribunal delib-

called God's vengeance on the prisoner.

At last the chief councilor rose and. walking with solemn majesty to the railing that separated the council from the audience, addressed the prisoner: "Margaret Mayland, rise."

With a little fluttering sigh Margaret rose and, raising her eyes, looked into

his stern, hard face steadily. "Woman," he said, "although thou hast denied guilt of the wicked crimes attributed to thee, I do announce that. after a patient hearing of all the awful happenings that have occurred in this hitherto peaceful and God loving community since thine advent here and after having accorded thee a legal trial of much fairness, this tribunal doth find the charges true and doth pronounce thee guilty of the blackest crime on the calendar, allegiance to the devil and rebellion against God. Therefore, Margaret Mayland, even as our Lord hath commanded that the wicked spirits of sinners be burned perpetually after death, so do I, by the king ap-



"Margaret Mayland, rise."

pointed to sit in judgment of evil doers, with humble prayers for guidance to order wisely, command that at such time as this council now assembled shall designate, thy body, containing this black and evil spirit, also the accurst cross that thou doth in thy perverse wickedness persist in wearing on thy bosom, be burned at a stake by the scourge of fire!"

There was a breathless silence in the room while the chief councilor was speaking, the assemblage sitting, white faced and trembling, looking at judge and prisoner.

"Prisoner, hath thou aught to sayany reasons to urge why this sentence should not be pronounced upon thee?" The fair young mistress of the Mayland farm, who but a week before was so beloved and loving, winsome and happy, now stood alone, broken hearted, forsaken, a mourning figure in her gown of black, looking at the cold, unsympathetic faces of her accusers with sad, appealing eyes.

"Good sirs," she answered slowly, with gentle, impressive solemnity, "an thou would confer a favor on a friendless maid whose every living hour doth bring her naught but keenest suffering, thou would set her death day speedily.'

CHAPTER XXVI.

HE mist of the morning had lifted somewhat, and the light drizzle had grown to a steady downpour of rain when, the trial over and the prisoner led back to her cell, the crowd of people in the assembly room began to file slowly out of the door, and so great was the interest and excitement that, despite the dampness of the weather, they stood eagerly the scenes they had just wit-

"The councilor made short shrift of her, good gossip," one man said to another as they turned their faces tomurmurings of anger and cries for was always one for swift justice, but

methought he'd give the witch at least a fortnight to make her peace wi' God a fortnight to make her peace wi' God an' to renounce the devil that hath taken such strong possession of her soul. But on the sixth day, three hours after sunrise! 'Tis quick work, man, as I say, but happen the council hath wise reasons for setting an early time that such as we wot not of."

"Prithee, she hath repented!" his companion cried eagerly. "Didst thou not hear the wench say that every living hour was bitter anguish to her?"

He shook his head gloomily. "I doubt not but poor Christopher's body, bruised an' bleeding on the rocks, is before her vision constantly, not to mention the Widow Dawson's infant, distorted in dying convulsions. Marry, methinks the councilor did his duty fairly. The prisoner asked for an early day, an' he, knowing of no good use she could be to any living person, did but grant her request."

The other giving an affirmative grunt, they walked a few paces in "Didst ever hear such screams and shrieks as the old beldame who hath had care of the witch let forth as the councilor did announce the time of

the burning? Methought the prisoner

winced an' grew even paler as the noisy clamor reached her." "Yea, friend, I heard them." replied the first speaker, with rough seriousness. "Such eerie sounds could not but go through the stoutest heart. Who was't that led the faithful old dame from the chamber an' put her on her

"A man by name of Gaston, gossip, the servant of the prisoner's lover,

horse?"

La Fabienne, who hath remained at the Mayland farm as helper. Some say 'tis kindness, but as the fellow's master left him naught of gold to pay for lodging at the inn an' no one without the countersign can go down the mountain past the guards stationed at the rocky ledge on the roadway a ha' mile below the village I doubt not"-with a hoarse laugh-"that he doth make a virtue of necessity."

Still discussing the situation, they passed on, followed by a long stream of stern faced, gray clad men and women, some talking excitedly as they picked their way from stone to stone over the muddy road and others walking in grim silence, with sealed lips, but an expression of triumphant satisfaction at the verdict of the court shining forth on their stern countenances. Others, reluctant to leave and regardless of the steady fall of rain, stood about the prison door, watching with curious interest the mounting and riding away of the chief councilor and the members of the council.

In obedience to a command from her mother Hetty Taunston, frightened and disheartened at the result of the trial, stood waiting a little distance apart, with Simon Kempster at her side

"I give thee good day, Hetty," called her friend, Cynthia Camett, approaching, greatly excited. "Happen I do not see thee before, we'll make sure to his horse, both in complete armor and stand together at the burning. Al- preserved from total decay by the antithough, I ween, 'twill be fearsome an' septic qualities of the peat. Another. an awful sight, I would not miss it story of that peat bog of the Solway for a bright new gold piece. 'Twill be frith is that in November, 1771, the something to talk of o' nights for years to come."

"I will not go to see my cousin burned. Hetty answered soberly. "By the law I was forced to come today, but unless they drag me there with ropes and chains I will not see sweet Margaret burned."

"Oh, fie on thee for a faint heart!" cried the other gayly. "Thou'd best change thy decision," she added as she turned away, "as 'twill be a great day, I do warrant thee.'

Soon Mistress Taunston came toward them, talking volubly to the Widow Dawson.

"Such sleepless nights as I ha" spent," she said dolorously, "expecting every moment that lightning would strike the house or some of us be carried off or struck dumb, I could ne'er describe to thee. Hetty, go now and see that thou dost wear a brighter face."

"Aye," agreed the widow, "none know better than I the pain o' sleepless nights. God be praised, we've only five more now. The councilor showed rare wisdom an' care of us in appointing an early day."

"Mayhap the knowledge that La Fabienne is at large," the other said, "caused him to feel that for the ends of justice the prisoner's evil spirit could not be destroyed too speedily."

"Fear not that he will e'er return," the widow exclaimed, with an ugly sneer, tossing her head contemptuously. "Forsooth, an he doth get through the forest with a whole skin, which I much doubt, he will shake the dust of this mountain from off his feet forever. 'Tis ever the way of those gallants. I wot all he wanted was her estate. Prithee, good dame," she continued after a moment's silence, "at the prisoner's death do her lands go to the old woman, Elsbeth? Will the witch be allowed to make disposition of her

The countenance of Mistress Taunston clouded darkly as she replied in shrill tones: "Is a witch possessed of devils able to dispose of her property? Hast thou not heard, woman, that in her father's will it is stated and legally witnessed that my son Josiah, in case Margaret dieth without issue, is the next heir to the estate? Fare thee well, Widow Dawson, I must ha' speech with Hetty, who, I see, doth lag behind.'

And the dame, to avoid further conversation, abruptly left her companion to continue her way alone.

In those early days, when the belief in witchcraft was universal and people had strong superstitions, an event such as the arrest of Margaret Mayland, followed by her trial and conviction, gave food for much interesting conversation. In the long twilight and after the candles were lighted these simple folk sat about their hearth-

stones speaking the condemned woman's name in whispers, and if a blind rattled or the wind rose they sat erect, listening nervously, the more timid cowering down in their seats and covering up their faces with their hands.

Every movement of the prisoner during the trial, her words, also those of the councilor, were repeatedly discussed, and they spoke of her suffering at the stake, that was to be the expiation of her sins, with grewsome exultation in their voices and gestures. The men killed lambs and fowl and the women rose at an earlier hour to get the churning out of the way and to do extra baking in anticipation of visitors, for it was known that many Puritans from other settlements would ride to Cragenstone that day.

Old Elsbeth, who had been allowed to see Margaret just once, when she took her a change of clothing, spent her time weeping, wringing her hands and praying to God to save her young mistress from the horrible fate that await-

"Sir Godfrey had gold," Gaston would say to her comfortingly, although his own face was downcast and troubled, "an' much can be done with gold. Cheer thee, good mother, and keep in readiness, for who knows but the master '!l return at the head of a great arm; and carry us all away in triumph from this accurst mountain."

"Ah, lackaday, mine ears are strained wi' listening for the sounds of horses' hoofs," she responded disconsolately, "that never come-oh, woe is me, that never come!"

The host of the inn of the Sign of the Red Heart at this time was the busiest man in the village. Men eager to discuss the sensational and tragic events filled his drinking rooms, and a greater number of idlers than usual loitered in the hallway or hung about the doorstep. Newcomers who had ridden far to the trial and were resolved to remain over to witness the last agonies of the condemned woman filled his house to overflowing, some of them paying four times the value in gold for the privilege of sleeping on straw in the barn, and strangers were coming and going constantly.

(To be Continued.)

TREACHEROUS PEAT BOGS. A Grewsome Tradition About the

Battle of Solway. There is an ancient and grewsome tradition connected with the story of the battle of Solway. This battle was fought on the "debatable" borderland

between England and Scotland in the year 1542. A troop of horsemen heavily mounted and heavily armored was put to rout. In the panic of their flight they ran headlong into a peat bog. The bog trembled beneath the feet of their chargers and opened and swallowed them, horses and horsemen, arms and armor. To support this tradition more than 200 years later, at the end of the eighteenth century, a digger of peat came upon one of the troop—a man and bog, surcharged with the moisture of heavy rains, rose, swelled and burst like a torrent, sweeping along with it trees and houses and destroying thirty small villages.

Many thousands of acres of peat are found in the north German lowland. In Ireland estimates place the lowland bog area at 1,576,000 acres and the highland area at 1,254,000 acres. Russia is said to have 6,700 square miles of peat. Several million acres are in Norway and Sweden, France and Holland. The United States and Canada also have extensive tracts. Peat has been used by artisans for ages in the manufacture of tools. By burning peat the old steel workers produced the finest grades of iron and steel on account of the intensity of the heat produced and the absence of anything detrimental to the metal. The elastic and keen Damascus swords are believed to have been made by the use of peat.

Peat itself is the product which results from the partial decay of vegetable material - mosses and other marsh plants-which grows and dies in boggy places where the water stands. It is chiefly composed of sphagnum, or bog moss. This moss has peculiarly absorptive properties owing to the cuplike arrangement of its parts, which take up and hold water like a sponge. Sphagnum continues to grow after its roots have become detached from the ground. These two qualities explain why bogs occasionally slide from their old beds.

Burial Armor and Shrouds. The custom of sewing up a corpse in flannel originated doubtless in the act of parliament, 18 and 19 Charles II.. which was passed for the encouragement of the woolen trade and required all bodies to be buried in woolen shrouds. Two amending statutes were passed - 1678 and 1680 - requiring at the funeral an affidavit to be delivered to the priest stating that the requirements of the law had been carried out; otherwise penalties were incurred. These acts were repealed by 54 George III., although long before that time the penalties for noncompliance with the aw had ceased to be enforced. During the operation of the acts for burying in woolen the law was sometimes evaded by covering the corpse with hay or flowers, notification of which is some times met with in the parish registers.

Burial in armor was not at all uncommon in the middle ages and was considered a most honorable form of burial. Sir Walter Scott in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" thus refers to it:

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud, Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie, Each baron for a sable shroud Sheathed in his iron panoply.

-Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

-Westminster Gazette.

Maid and Men Dead.

Travelers in China often derive amusement from the peculiarities of shop signs there, many of which are couched in the most eloquent and poetical terms. But it is not necessary to leave the British islands in order to find business announcements quite as curious in their way as those in other

lands. In the Isle of Man, over the shop of a barber who supplies customers with all kinds of fishing tackle, the writer was amused to read the following: "Piscatorial Repository, Tonsorial Artist, Physiognomical Hairdresser, Cranium Manipulator and Capillary Abridger, Shaving and Hair Cutting With Ambidextrous Facility, Shampooing on Physiological Principles." On a signboard in the town where the writer lives may be read this phonetic announcement: "Shews Maid and Men dead Hear." And when we add that it is over a cobbler's shop the reader may discover its meaning.—Chambers' Journal.

An Impromptu Vacation.

Percival Somers in his "Diary of a Country Gentleman" tells of an English farmer's wife who on her way home from market drew £60 from the bank and completely disappeared on the instant. She was thought to have been murdered for the money on the lonely roads, and for six months no more was heard of old Nancy. Then she suddenly walked into her old home and went about her work as usual. She had taken it into her head that after forty years of hard work she wanted a holiday, and accordingly this ancient rustic, who had never been more than a few miles from home, steered herself triumphantly to the United States and took the said holiday among relatives whom she had never seen up to the moment of this belated appearance.

Medical.

YEVER TIRED OF IT

BELLEFONTE PEOPLE ARE PLEASED TO SHOW THE GRAT ITUDE THEY FEEL.

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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 to-day. I therefore have no hesitation in recommending Doan's Kidney Pills again. 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 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."

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all you claim for them." Dr. S. M. Devore,
Raven Rock, W. Va., writes: "They give universal satisfaction." Dr. H. D. McGill, Clarksburg, Tenn., writes: "In a practice of 23 years
I have found no remedy to equal yours."
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Call for Free Sample. Call for Free Sample. 50-22-1y MARTIN RUDY, Lancaster, Pa.

Travelers Guide.

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

READ UP.

The same of the sa			Stations			
No 1	No 5	No 3		No 6	No 4	No 2
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3 50	10 57	7 12	Krumrine	8 07	12 07	5 2	
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4 20	SQUARRIES DE	7 35	Pine Grove M'is	7 35		4 20	

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

Travelers Guide.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES. 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.
Leave Bellefonte 1.05 p. m., week-days, arrive at Tyrone, 2.10 p. m., at Altoona, 3.10 p. m., at 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.

Leave Bellefonte, 4.44 daily p. m., 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.
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 Have. 10.30, a. m. leave Williamsport, at Philadelphia at 6.23 p. m., arrive at Harrisburg, 3.20 p. m., at Philadelphia at 6.23 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 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, 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. 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. Nov. 29th,1903

ON SUNDAYS: -a frain 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 5:35

BALD LAGLE VALLEY BRANCH. Nov. 29th, 1903 | P.M. | P.M. | A.M. | AlT. | L.V. | A.M. | P.M. | P.M. | F.M. | A.M. | AlT. | B.M. | AlT. | B.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.

EASTV	VARD.	Nov. 29th 1903.	WESTWAI		
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LEWISBURG & TYRONE RAILROAD.

			UPPER END.		WESTWAR		
	Mixed.	Mixed.	Nov. 29th,1903	Mixed.	Mixed.	10 H	
	P. M.	A. M.	Ar. Lve.	A. M.	P. M.		
•••••	4 05	9 18	Scotia	10 05	4 00		
•••••	3 50	9 03	Fairbrook	10 21	4 36		
	3 45	8 57	Miliager	10 07	4 40		
•••••	3 39 3 34	8 91	Penn. Furnace	10 33	4 50		
••••	3 29	0 40	HOSLIEF		A EM		
••••	3 29	0 98	Marengo	10 49	5 07		
	3 24	0 90	Loveville Furnace Road.		******		
		8 96	Dungarvin	10 57	5 16		
		8 18	Warrior's Mark	10 49	5 25		
	3 05	8 09	Pennington	11 26	5 34		
	2 56	7 58	Stover	11 40	D 44	****	
	2 50	1 001	I Vrone		6 5€		
	P. M.	A. M.	Lve. Ar.	A. W.	6 05 P. M.	•••	
В	ELLE		E & SNOW SHO				
			ffect on and after				
Mix	Mix	1	Stations.	CONTROL DE LA COMPANSION DE LA COMPANSIO	Mix]	-	
5 00	9 53	Th STITMEN	Pallage	A PROPERTY OF	SECTION AND		
5 10	10 01		Snow Shoe Int.	Ar.	9 32	4 2	
5 20	10 04		Snow Shoe Int	******	9 18	4 1	
						4 1	
5 36	f10 18		Gum Stump		8 50	9 0	
B An	11 00	THE PERSON NAMED IN	Court Posse		0 00	a 0	

Money to Loan.

MONEY TO LOAN on good security

for rent.

J. M KEICHLINE,
Att'y at Law. 45-14-1vr.