

The Windy Day.

Oh, the windy day is a laughing day!
For the wind is a funny fellow;
He rollicks and shouts when skies are gray
And leaves are turning yellow.
The pines, a moment ago so still,
Fling out their arms and laugh with a will,
Nodding their heads, as who should say,
"The old wind has an amusing way."

Oh, the windy day is a singing day!
For the wind is a minstrel, strolling
Thro' field and wood, with cheery lay,
Insistent, sweet, cajoling:
The strings of his harp are pine and oak,
As he chants his tale to the woodland folk—
Ah, revellers of old are they
When the minstrel wind begins to play!

Oh, the windy day is the vagrant's day!
For the wind is a comrade rover,
Whistling down the great highway
To every hill-road lover;
And whether he whistles or laughs or sings,
Through every vagrant heart there rings
The impelling, world-old call to stray
With the comrade wind for ever and aye.

Luoy L. Cable, in Harper's Magazine.

Two Discoveries.

"I'm always wondering," remarked Elva, reflectively, as she handed me my second cup of tea, "when you're really going to fall in love, and—"

"Don't be too hasty," I interrupted, as I assisted myself to sugar; "perhaps I'm even now consumed with the disquieting fever."

"You're so fat," said Elva, disparagingly.

"Nonsense!" I protested. "Simply well covered. Why, my tailor altered my measurements only yesterday!"

"Oh, of course, if you won't be serious," she sighed, resignedly, and prepared to nibble a judiciously browned muffin; "but, really, Monte, you're—let me see—forty—your independence, and—um—?" she regarded me critically with her head on one side—"passably good looking; and yet you let pretty, nice, suitable girls slip through your fingers by dozens, because you're either too lazy or too conceited to take sufficient interest in them."

"Don't lecture me," I pleaded. Elva is prone to lectures; "you're so dreadfully impulsive, you know. As a matter of fact, I looked in this very afternoon to tell you how—how ambomingly in love I am!"

Something in my tone must have struck her as unusual. The muffin, like Mahomet's coffin, remained suspended while she surveyed me intently, presumably to see if she could detect any latent humor in my countenance.

I did not move a muscle.

"If I was quite certain that you were in earnest," she began, hesitatingly, and I thought—though, of course, I had no business to think—that her voice was a little unsteady, "I should say how very glad I am."

"Please try and believe me," I pleaded.

She studied my face as if undecided what to do.

"Is it recent?" she asked, at last.

"It happened—yesterday," I confessed. "You remember I always promised that you should be the first to know whenever I really had anything to tell, and I was just going to begin when you fell upon me."

"Yesterday?" murmured Elva, in evident surprise. "Then it must have been at Lady Follet's garden party."

I nodded.

"Was it love at first sight, or had you seen her before?"

"I had seen her," I said, guardedly, "once or twice."

"Oh!" said Elva, and I think she flushed. "Then, of course, it's Mollie Richards. I saw you talking to her for ages in the rosary. She's a nice girl, I believe, and I'm really awfully glad, Monte—awfully." Somehow her tone didn't carry the conviction I was doubtless intended to convey; I presumed it was because Miss Richards was never a very particular friend of hers.

"I suppose," she went on, "you'll propose at once. You've no need to wait like most poor creatures."

"I intend," I said, "to offer myself with as little delay as possible."

"And you really don't mind my taking the privilege of an old friend—a very old friend—to ask you all these questions, do you?"

"Not the least in the world," I said, graciously; "I expected them."

"What do you mean by that?" she inquired, with suspicion.

"Nothing, except that you've catechized me about my matrimonial prospects ever since you could toddle. Do you remember, for instance, asking me at a schoolroom tea in your early youth whether it was my intention to marry your Fraulein or not?"

Elva's face brightened promptly. "Rather!" she said; "and Fraulein turned all sorts of colors, and told mother the next day that she really would no longer stay 'with a child so embarrassing.' I really think she had a tendresse for you, Monte."

"Probably," I agreed. "Many people have."

"Don't be conceited!" reprimanded Elva; "but tell me all about Mollie Richards, and exactly what attracted you. Some people call her pretty, I—I rather admire her myself, only—"

"Mollie Richards?" I inquired, with extreme innocence. "Who said anything about Mollie Richards?"

"Why, you did, of course—that is to say—yes—no, suppose you didn't, then—why, I did, I suppose; but anyhow, what's the good of cavilling about her? It is Mollie Richards, isn't it?"

"I wouldn't marry Mollie Richards," I said, decisively, "if they shot me for refusing!"

Elva poured herself out some more tea, and—yes, it was not my imagination—her hand did shake, and she looked as if it would have been a relief to her feelings to have launched the teapot at my head.

"Monte, you are trying," she exclaimed; "upon my word you are! You insist that you've come to tell me as our oldest friend that you could care for at last, and then you sit and twist your mustache and make me guess all the wrong people, and—"

"I never made you guess any one," I said, indignantly, removing my hand from my upper lip with a jerk. I merely informed you that I fell in love yesterday. I suppose there's no objection to that? And when you suggested that it happened at Lady Follet's, I agreed."

"Well," said Elva, in a judicial tone, "you didn't stay more than three-quarters of an hour. Directly you arrived you took me to see the aviary, and the rest of the time you spent in the rosary with Mollie Richards."

"If I'd known you were watching my movements so carefully—" I began.

Elva blushed furiously.

"When people make themselves conspicuous," she said, frostily, "their doings are bound to form the subject of comment. Mollie Richards always persists in wearing maize with her particular shade of red-aurum hair, and—I could see her from all over the garden."

"Almost without looking?" I suggested, carelessly.

Elva passed over this remark with contempt, but I couldn't help noticing that the flush deepened.

"Well, as it's not Mollie," she observed, with dignity, "and as you've called on purpose, perhaps you'll be obliging enough to tell me who it is, so that I may congratulate or condone with you as the case may be."

"You'll condone," said I, with conviction.

"Why, please?"

"Because she—this girl, who isn't Mollie Richards, you know, doesn't care a straw for me—in that way, and the whole thing is hopeless."

Elva softened instantly.

"How can you tell if you've never asked her?" she demanded. "She may be simply pining away for your sake if you only knew"—her gaze wandered through the window and settled on a bed of brilliant begonias in the front garden—"girls don't always wear their hearts on their sleeves, even in these matter-of-fact days, Monte."

I raised my eyes. They had been busily engaged in tracing the pattern of the carpet.

"Do you think it's likely," I asked, "that any girl would really fall in love with a man twice her age, if—"

"Oh, she's young," interrupted Elva, hastily. "Do you know, I'm rather glad of that."

"I held up a deprecating hand. "Please let me finish," I implored. "Twice her age, when she's tyrannized over him, teased him and looked upon him as an old fogey for the greater part of her natural life?"

Elva eyed me sharply. The color came and went in her cheeks in a way that I had never seen it come and go before. I put my eyeglass in order to better admire the effect.

"You said you'd only seen her once or twice," she resumed, severely; but the quiver in her voice robbed the severity of any sting.

I waved my hand.

"Lovers' license!" I said, airily. "I couldn't divulge everything at once."

"If you've known her so long, how comes it that you only—well—discovered the state of your feelings yesterday?"

"There is a tide in the affairs of men," I quoted. "Likewise, there is a psychological moment when a man suddenly realizes a fact that may have been staring him in the face for years."

"And that psychological moment occurred at Lady Follet's?"

"Occurred at Lady Follet's," I echoed. And then there was a long silence.

I let my eyes wander slowly round the room. They lingered vaguely on the ridiculous blue cats with which Elva adorns her mantelshelf, and skimmed the photographs of her numerous admirers—some of them thrust carelessly into the overmantel, and some, the more fortunate, smirking at me from elaborate frames.

I think Elva's eyes must have been wandering, too, for they came to anchor at the same moment as mine, and then, without any rhyme or reason, they filled quite suddenly with tears.

Now, I can never see a woman cry without feeling that something—something drastic must be done at once.

I started up, and then the rest seemed to follow as a natural and easy consequence.

In less time than it takes to chron-

icle, Elva was crying quietly on my shoulder and the blue cats were grinning diabolically from their several coigns of vantage.

"And when," I asked, after we had become more or less normal, and returned to earth once again, "when was your psychological moment, Elva?"

Elva fingered a gardenia in my buttonhole—took it out—smelt it, and returned it carefully.

"When you pretended—I mean, when I thought you weren't pretending, and that it was Mollie Richards, you know," she said, incoherently.

And the blue cats grinned more than ever, as much as to say, "We know something about human nature though we are only china."—Chris Sewell, in the Free Lance.

A PRECIOUS ACCOMPLISHMENT.

Nothing Could Deter a Tenement House Kid From Playing the Piano.

A young girl who has been assisting in settlement work declares that interesting and enlightening as she finds the insight it gives her into lives so different from her own, she is equally interested in the other side of the matter—in discovering what it is her new friends want to know about her, and how the facts impress them.

As soon as the children of her class feel that they know her well enough to ask questions, plenty are asked, and she soon learned to distinguish those innocently propounded, with entirely courteous intention, merely as leading to the understanding necessary between friends, from those of a more casual or more inquisitive kind.

"The six most common questions are these," she says: "What is your father's business? 'How many are there in the family?' 'Have they all got jobs?' 'Do your people own their own house?' 'Have you got a piano?' 'Do you play?'"

"It is the last two, I am sure, which interest them most; and I have learned to feel those two questions coming, and to brace myself to meet them because, you see, I know the disappointment in me that always results. It is all the worse because I have to say, 'Yes, we have a piano,' and then to add, ignominiously, 'But I can't play it.'"

"I can't. I have a stiffened finger, and it was so evident I should never play well that I gave up trying long ago. But you should see the faces when I confess, before I have time to explain! Sometimes it is sheer surprise, sometimes pity, sometimes disgust, sometimes a ludicrously obvious shifting of first impressions and starting in afresh from a new point of view. But it is always something I have to deal with; a drawback to be overcome, a defect for which to atone."

"One small boy simply looked me up and down from my shoe-strings to my topknot, and said, 'Geel' in a tone of contempt that was positively scathing. Then he added, proudly, 'We had a piano once, on the installment plan. We never bought the whole of it, and it went away again. I was a kid then, but my sister learned to play 'My Country 'Tis of Thee,' and you just oughter heard her bang them keys! If we'd had kept that piano, you bet I'd have learned to play it if every finger I had was smashed up except my left little one!'"—Youth's Companion.

Beginnings.

There are moments in the lives of all men when with closed eyes they hear through the silence the pulsing away of the hours and they realize the life beyond time. The smallness of the present moment, made up as it is half of past and half of future, its whole illusory nature, "so helpless a kitten in the star-spangled universal bag," springs upon one, and the calendar upon which we mark out our sense of succession is a futile blank. Birth itself is but "a sleep and a forgetting." It is not time, but content that counts. The one great birthday of the world commemorates a short life, not so much as half the allotted span of man; a life obscure except for a few short years of arduous service and of suffering. It is not the numbered succession of days that is life, but the area a soul covers, its stretch over souls and out beyond space and time. It is, humanly speaking, that we tell of growth in time; growth is in life, in fullness of consciousness, in abundance of giving. For "the transient," said Martineau, "is more to the large soul than the everlasting to the little."

But we cannot think in terms of the eternal; even as in olden myths the gods appeared to mortals only in disguise, so the life everlasting, pitiful of mortals, presents itself to the dawning consciousness under the symbols of time and space. We live in illusion of beginnings and ends.—Harper's Weekly.

Strange Mountain Sickness.

If mountain sickness should come upon you your bitterest enemy will lead your horse for you. The symptoms are those of habitual drunkenness. All the limbs shiver, and in the bloodless face the eyes have that extraordinary look of insanity which is, I think, caused by an inability to focus them. The speech comes with difficulty, and in one case that I saw the mental coherence was as obviously at fault as the physical.—Lander's "Lhamu."

The inventor of the tide table never saw the sea in his life.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

As Congress has been examining the notion of a whipping post for such husbands in the District of Columbia, as beat their wives, it is pertinent to remark that the day of the whipping post was also the day of the ducking stool for such women as nagged their husbands.

Prof. Bailey, of Cornell University, says that dairying is a kind of manufacturing enterprise. The barn is the factory. Cows are the machines. Hay and silage and concentrated foods are raw materials. The factory should run all the year. The barn must be adapted to the health and comfort of the animals, not merely a place in which to keep them or store them for half a year.

A prominent surgeon of St. Louis takes occasion to confute the popular theory that fruit seeds are the cause of appendicitis. He states that during his nineteen years of experience operating on several hundred cases of the disease, he has found no proof in any case that the cause of the trouble was owing to seeds of fruits. No doubt, the use of certain kinds of fruits has been somewhat reduced by the popular fancy regarding the danger of swallowing the seeds, although leading medical authorities have frequently pronounced the fear groundless, at least so far as concerns the disease of appendicitis.

Maxwell, the irrigation expert, declares that the Government has lost \$70,000,000 in the past two years through misuse of the national timber lands. He asserts that the land is going into the possession of sharpers, who obtain it for far less than the timber alone is worth. His remedy is to set apart as forest reserves every acre of public forest land more valuable for timber than for mining or agriculture, and to repeal the timber and stone act, as recommended by the President. At present forest lands are passing into private control at a rapid rate, and like other good things, seem not to be fully appreciated until they are gone.

A writer in Leslie's Weekly thinks that the world is growing better and gives the following reason for so thinking: "A sure indication that the world is growing better is afforded in the change of public sentiment, not only in this country, but in other lands, with reference to the lottery business. Less than half a century ago the lottery device was frequently resorted to in the United States for the purpose of raising money for educational and charitable purposes, and families of the most respectable sort thought nothing of patronizing lotteries for the chances offered in the way of prize dinner sets and other articles for household use. But an enlightened public sentiment, backed up by the law, has done away with all these gambling enterprises, except as they are suffered to exist, under some transparent guise, in church fairs and government land distributions."

There is no place perhaps where at first sight dirt is less avoidable than on the farm, says the Youth's Companion, for the very essence of farm work consists in dealing with the earth, and nearly every farming operation brings the farmer necessarily more or less in contact with the soil. Yet the farmer knows better than most people that what he terms "earth," "soil" and "dirt" do not necessarily mean the same thing, and that there is such a thing as clean earth or clean soil, and on the other hand, soil and earth which are dirty. Of late years bacteriology has shed new light upon these well-known differences, and today science is disposed to restrict the word "dirt" more nearly than formerly to its dictionary meaning, which is "excrement." If this meaning be attached to dirt, then dirty earth is simply earth that has been fouled. On the other hand, clean earth may be really, as it often appears to be, pure and unpolluted; and even garden soil, although frequently manured, may be comparatively clean, for old or rotted manure, as every farmer knows, is very different from that which is fresh.

A woman's club the other day debated the question whether married women should pay their bills. Strange to say, most of the good ladies present were disposed to think that they should not. Even where a woman has no property or earnings of her own to dispose of, it should be a matter of pride with her to pay the debts she incurs in her own person, continues the New York Evening World. To run up accounts at random, leaving it to some one else to settle them when due, is one of the surest ways to cultivate extravagant habits. Thrift is an ornament in every housewife, and the housewife, in spite of all our modern improvements, is the best type of womanhood the world knows.

As a matter of fact, the average woman is a shrewder buyer than the average man within her sphere of experience. She knows when she gets her money's worth, and she insists upon having it. Even where she has not learned the value of money by earning it outside the home, she often can teach her helpmate how it is best spent. At any rate, nothing is more certain than that without responsibility she will never learn. The man who relieves his wife of this routine responsibility has no just reason for complaining if her bills are so heavy as to embarrass him.—Evening World.

BODY IN ICE FIVE YEARS.

Remains of a Norwegian Fisherman is Found on Behring Sea Island.

Had Ole Sjostron's tomb of ice on an arctic island in the Behring sea remained undisturbed 100,000 years, at the end of that ponderous stretch of time the face and form of Ole would have looked as natural and life-like as at the moment of the fisherman's death.

Five years ago this young Norwegian, Sjostron, disappeared from Baranoff station. Nobody knew what became of him, and finally people ceased to wonder. A few weeks ago the body was found completely imbedded in the ice and so thoroughly preserved that not even the slightest indication of change had set in.

The barkentine City of Papeete has arrived from Baranoff and the news of this remarkable discovery was brought by her first mate, Knute Peterson.

"Five years in the ice," said Peterson, "has not made a bit of difference in his appearance. When they found him he looked as if asleep, but, sure enough, he was cold in death—even more so than the ordinary dead man. They suppose that he lay down on the glacier while intoxicated and fell asleep and that after he had frozen to death the ice formed over him."

Strange as this story may seem, the incident is not strange to those who know the arctic icefields. Bodies of the mammoth have been found similarly imbedded in the ice.

The sailor's information about the finding of Sjostron's body is meager, but it is presumable that, instead of being caught and imprisoned in the glacial ice, the fisherman died on the soft soil of the tundra and that his body became covered up and frozen with it.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Myths for Moderns.

Jove looked down ruefully upon the slaughter of the Titans. Olympus was really a sight, but Jove chucked him up a bit. "Brace up, old man; it's all right. Remember Port Arthur," and Jove's brow cleared as he whistled down the tube for the janitor to come and mop up the debris.

Venus was doing her best to persuade the bashful Adonis to let her have just one kiss. The goddess looked entrancing, but Adonis was adamant. "No," he answered sorrowfully to her pleadings. "Don't you know there are microbes in kisses?"

It was Charon's busy day on the Styx. Several souls grumbled because of the crowd, and having to wait while the ghostly ferry made a second trip. Charon glared at them with fiery disgust. "No ads in this subway, anyhow!" he roared.—New York Times.

Caterpillar as a Weather Prophet.

An aged farmer, living near Columbus, Ohio, has for a number of years watched the color of the caterpillar and the way it changes with the weather. The color of that insect, late in the fall, he claims, is a correct index of the weather for the coming winter.

This year the caterpillar was dark at either end, but very light in the middle, showing, according to his theory, the fore part of the winter to be cold, the middle warm, or mild, and the latter cold. Last year, he says, the caterpillar was dark all over, and as proof of his theory this aged farmer points to the severity of last winter's weather.

Chinese Soldiers in New York.

New Yorkers will be surprised in a month or so by the appearance upon Broadway of a battalion of Chinese soldiers, headed by a Chinese band. They will be armed with the latest Krag-Jorgensen rifles and will be uniformed in the latest western style for infantrymen, even down to the so-called "monkey caps." The entire battalion is to be recruited from Chinamen living in New York.

Took Vow to Get Married.

On New Year's day, twelve young men of Louisville, Ky., formed the league of Marry or Bust, each one pledging himself to take a wife within the year or suffer expulsion from the league and to pay a fine of \$100.

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TRAINS LEAVE MONTANDON, EASTWARD.

7:38 A. M.—Train 64. Week days for Sunbury, Harrisburg, arriving at Philadelphia, 11:45 a. m. New York 2:05 p. m. Baltimore 3:15 p. m. Washington 1:30 p. m. Parlor car and passenger coach to Philadelphia.

9:22 A. M.—Train 80. Daily for Sunbury, Williamsport, Scranton, Harrisburg, arriving at Philadelphia, 12:45 p. m. Week days for Scranton, Harrisburg, and Potomac. Through passenger coaches to Philadelphia.

12:24 P. M.—Train 12. Week days for Sunbury, Williamsport, Scranton, Harrisburg, Potomac, Philadelphia, arriving at Philadelphia, 2:45 p. m. New York 9:30 p. m. Baltimore 6:00 p. m. Washington at 7:15 p. m. Parlor car through to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

4:45 P. M.—Train 22. Week days for Williamsport, Scranton, Harrisburg, Potomac, and daily for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 10:47 p. m. New York 3:55 a. m. Baltimore 6:48 p. m. Passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

8:10 P. M.—Train 6. Daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg, and all intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:23 a. m. New York at 7:13 a. m. Baltimore 2:20 a. m. Washington 3:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping car from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleepers undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

WESTWARD.

5:33 A. M.—Train 3. (Daily) For Erie, Canandaigua, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls and intermediate stations, with passenger coaches to Erie and Rochester. Week days for Buffalo, Canandaigua and Pittsburgh. On Sundays only Pullman sleeper to Philadelphia.

10:00 A. M.—Train 31. (Daily) For Look Haven and intermediate stations, and week days for Tyrone, Clearfield, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and the West, with through cars to Tyrone.

1:31 P. M.—Train 61. Week days for Kane, Tyrone, Clearfield, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Canandaigua and intermediate stations, arriving at Harrisburg, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through passenger coaches to Kane and Rochester, and Parlor car to Philadelphia.

5:36 P. M.—Train 1. Week days for Renovo, Elmira and intermediate stations.

10:07 P. M.—Train 67. Week days for Williamsport and intermediate stations, arriving at Harrisburg and Philadelphia. Through Parlor Car and Passenger Coach for Philadelphia.

9:10 P. M.—Train 62. Sunday only, for Williamsport and intermediate stations.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.

WESTWARD. Week Days.

P. M.	A. M.	STATIONS.	A. M.	P. M.
1:35	8:15	Montandon	9:15	4:35
1:45	8:30	Lewistown	9:35	4:55
1:55	8:45	Niagara	9:55	5:15
2:05	9:00	Buffalo	10:15	5:35
2:15	9:15	Canandaigua	10:35	5:55
2:25	9:30	Millport	10:55	6:15
2:35	9:45	Glen Iron	11:15	6:35
2:45	10:00	Paddy Mountain	11:35	6:55
2:55	10:15	Coburn	11:55	7:15
3:05	10:30	Zerby	12:15	7:35
3:15	10:45	Rising Springs	12:35	7:55
3:25	11:00	Penn Cave	12:55	8:15
3:35	11:15	Centre Hall	1:15	8:35
3:45	11:30	Greig	1:35	8:55
3:55	11:45	Linden Hall	1:55	9:15
4:05	12:00	Oak Hall	2:15	9:35
4:15	12:15	Lemont	2:35	9:55
4:25	12:30	Dale Summit	2:55	10:15
4:35	12:45	Fremont Gap	3:15	10:35
4:45	1:00	Alexander	3:35	10:55
4:55	1:15	Bellefonte	3:55	11:15

Additional trains leave Lewistown for Montandon at 3:20 p. m., 7:25 a. m., 9:45 a. m., 1:15 p. m. and 7:30 p. m., returning leave Montandon for Lewistown at 7:40, 9:27 a. m., 10:00 a. m., 4:50 a. m. and 4:15 p. m.

On Sundays trains leave Montandon 8:20 a. m. and 4:45 p. m., returning leave Lewistown 8:25 a. m., 10:00 a. m. and 4:45 p. m.

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CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Condensed Time Table. Week Days.

Read Down.	No. 1.	No. 2.	June 15, 1904.	No. 4.	No. 3.	Read Up.
A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.
7:00	8:30	4:40	BELLEFONTE	Ar.	7:00	8