THE BROKEN GLASS.

When it was whole, across this mirror fine
What images of strength and beauty passed!
Here was the loveliness of woman glassed,
Of children, too, and, only less divine,
The forms of rocks and trees, the glorious shine
Of suns and stars, and, wondrously amassed,
The journeying clouds; beneath them, oceans vast
Illimitable surge of restless brine.

'Tis shattered now, and all these things and more—
Great thoughts, imaginations strong and free—
Are in this glass reflected brokenly;
Razed is the dance upon that polished floor.
Poor useless frame that held this sacred trust,
Too soon thou canst not crumble into dust!

—John White Chadwick, in Scribner's Magazine.

JEWEL, DOLLY AND THE FIRE KING.

In the kitchen stove there is both sentiment and significance. Not only is it the centerpiece in the engine room of the home, but to it the finger of progress in domestic science is directed. Cooking utensils demonstrate the first marks of development in the civilization of the human race, and in the kitchens of a nation are unmistakable evidences of the nation's civilized or uncivilized condition. There is an immense amount of sentiment in a cook stove. It reflects the personality of the owner, and it stands for harmony or for disorganization, as they case may be. It speaks for the careful cook and for tarift and intelligence, for the genius and the ingenuity of its owner, and for the rise of plain cooking to the plane of domestic science.

This is the story of Jewel, Dolly and the Fire King—and all three are stoves. Jewel was the name of the old stove at home. Jewel was the piece de resistance in the kitchen of the homestead more than fifty years ago. Jewel was the very altar of home. In a spacious, sand-scoured kitchen she reigned supreme, and spoke for progress—successor as she was to the fireplace and the andirons. Her oven was perched on top, and her hearth was one glad, expansive smile. Her breath came in one long, cheery respiration that made the coals glow red and set the tea kettle to singing in merry competition. What a hospitable dark cavern her oven, that never failed in its duty to the family larder! In the evolution of her kind, Jewel's virtues have never been excelled. Never has any stove before or since demonstrated such capacity for furthering the efforts of a patient cook, and Jewel's day was half a century ago. The pumpkin pie at Thanksgiving, the turkeys at Christmas, the plum pudding, the seed cake—all were in harmony with Jewel's character. Jewel entered into the spirit of every festivity, whether it was a dining function or a birthday cake, or whether it was merely to thaw out half frozen fingers and toes whose owners involuntarily turned to her for solace.

Jewel was well named. She was the custodian of the family comfort; she entered into the joys, and when sorrow came she soothed. In her dusky soul was love for her fellow beings—there was compassion and a desire to be of service. How she shone at company time! She was as spotless as her surroundings, and as proud as any human thing—proud of her achievements, proud of the great loaves of bread tinted a beautiful golden brown. None better than she knew when things were done to a turn. Jewel and "ol black mammy" were in league, and their partnership triumphs were of daily occurrence. How Jewel may have conducted without her domestic colleague I can not tell. They understood each other. How it brings out the best in us to be understood! From Jewel there emanated felicitous thought forces that reach out now from the past, and have become sacred things.

Then came Dolly. I can see Dolly now in memory as she looked when first I saw her. Dolly was a range, and she was an alleged improvement on Jewel. She was decorated here and there with colored tiles, and her name shone with silver letters on the oven door. She was the piece de resistance in the little kitchen once owned by a young woman—a bride. Dolly was different from Jewel. She had a reserved look that hinted at untried forces. Belonging to a later generation than Jewel, she also stood for progress. She wore her ornate and foolish decorations ostentatiously—as some people wear badges that mean nothing. Her gravity inspired me with awe, and there was no welcoming smile to greet me. There was no hearthstone, and the oven was misplaced. Like a subject of higher education and development, she seemed to challenge me on the spot. I felt the impertinence of her thought forces. Should I prove capable? Antagonism was in the air. Should I conquer, or would she? Time would tell. Time did tell.

Dolly proved to be a stubborn wench. However wise and noble my intention, Dolly thwarted it from the beginning. She refused to glow, or she glowed tardily and purely for her own amusement. Dolly was capricious. Repeatedly she changed the dinner hour, and defeating me at every turn, appointed a dinner hour to suit herself. She despised me for my lack of experience. The more eager I became, the more stolidly indifferent she. Spitefully she burned my fingers. Dolly was never cozy. Her tea kettle never sang like Jewel's tea kettle. She objected to my dining functions. She had no sympathy whatever with the sentiment of birthdays and their attendant festivities. Whenever I snatched from her malicious embrace the charred remains of what promised so well until intrusted to her vindictive care, she gloated over my failure and consequent distress. Dolly and I invariably failed on our bread. If the bread was sour, then spitefully she baked it to perfection. At other times she incinerated it, or she floated it over the sides of the pan—anything to reflect upon my efficiency. Dolly and I fought bitterly for many months and I now and then victorious, but seldom.

Dolly was emphatically opposed to my literary pursuits. If, after giving her a task to perform, I took up my book for a few moments of mental refreshment, she blazed up in the liveliest manner. When she suspected I had my pen in hand, then she did her worst. I recall an experience with her when we cooked prunes. After placing the prunes over the fire in my bright new saucepan I invoked the muse in an adjoining room. Dolly had doubtless noted the room. Dolly had doubtless noted the preoccupied expression of my eyes as I consigned the new saucepan and its contents to her care. No sooner was my back turned than she and the clock and the prunes entered into a conspiracy, the details of which are too harrowing to relate. The prunes expanded, the clock hands raced around the dial, the fire fanned itself into a fury—and smoke, cinders and ruin were the combined result. Daring Dolly to foil me thus, I prepared the second instalment of fruit, and in my sole remaining stewpan placed the consignment to her care. Again, as soon as my back was turned, Dolly steamed up more fiercely than ever, and the fragrance of parched fruit called me from the land of dreams to the land of realities. Such insubordination was not to be tolerated, and the third invoice of prunes was placed in my preserving kettle, the one with the sacred porcelain lining. The details are not pleasant to remember, much less to relate, for again Dolly emphasized her disapproval of my literary proclivities. Dolly mutinied once too often. This was many years ago.

Since Dolly's day domestic science has invaded the culinary realm. The Fire King is a gas range, and he is a development from Dolly's failures. He represents progress, and he aims toward the solution of the servant problem. He challenges the intelligence of the expert. Brain has driven out brawn, and calmly superior to the perplexities of the past, he extends his hand to the domestic scientist with the silent assurance that he will make rough paths smooth. He is in sympathy with the technic of cookery. He understands high sounding and scientific terms. He knows about proteids and carbohydrates, and he knows bacteria and a thousand things unheard of in Jewel's time. He is a masculine invader in the realm of feminine inefficiency. How "ol' black mammy" would scoff!

The kitchen has changed, too. The domain of the Fire King is no thoroughfare. The children find no responsive smile on his face, no glow that reflects in their own faces. He is no inspiration to the story telling that was a feature of Jewel's reign in the evening when the work of the day was done. Even the bread and the pies and the cookies are no longer made as they were in Jewel's day. When did the Fire King ever achieve a gingerbread man: Whoever called him the altar of home? How "ol' black mammy" would scoff! What would she do without the home sentiment of which her kitchen stove was a regular inspirer! There is but little sentiment in science, and it is from the well of sentiment that the tax on civilization is drawn.—Haryot Holt Dey, in Woman's Home Companion.

THE LOON.

Some of the Peculiarities for Which This Bird Is Noted.

The loon differs from other birds in a number of ways. I have reason to think that many people are unaware of some, at least, of those peculiarities. The loon has a hide as tough as an ox, and its feathers can not be plucked without first scalding the bird as you would a hog. This incident will give some idea of the toughness of the hide. About thirty-five years ago, when I was living in Michigan, a loon was shot at with a shotgun industriously all summer, without apparently doing him any harm. In the fall I killed him with a rifle, just to convince the people that a loon could be shot and killed. He had many times been shot at with a rifle by the same people who had used a shotgun, and they had become convinced that he dove so quickly that he dodged the shot in that way. I had seen them shoot at him a number of times, and I could see the splash of bullet or shot in the water before the loon dove. I ridiculed the idea of the dodging, and that led to my shooting him to support my contention. When I skinned the bird I found and counted over a hundred No. 6 shot, all of them stuck to the inside of the hide, and so doing him no permanent harm. It is remarkable that he was never hit in the eye, nor sustained a broken wing.

Another thing peculiar to the loon is that after the chicks are hatched, if the mother wishes to move far she will make a shallow dive and come up under her babies and swim off with them on her back. The person that succeeds in photographing her under such conditions may well claim the pennant. Only once have I seen a loon shoulder her young, although for over twenty years I lived in the part of Michigan where then there was the best chance imaginable to watch loons. Now the timber has been cut off around most of the lakes and such favorable conditions for observation no longer exist.

Although I have only once seen a loon shoulder her babies, I have seen her swimming with them on her back many times. Once one swam within twenty feet of me and never suspected my presence.

One of their calls when sitting on the water, for volume beats that of any other bird or beast that I know of. I have heard them in the night when they were more than five miles distant, for they only make that kind of call from the water, and there was no lake in that direction short of that distance. To say that the loon is a very interesting bird is as mild as I can express it.—Correspondence in Forest and Stream.

A DEEP WATER MAN.

For This Reason He Didn't "Scare" When the Boat Hit a Sandbar.

Captain Coomers had sailed over all the seven seas and the mighty bay of Penobscot. Therefore he felt only contempt for the little bug-shaped steamer that carried passengers from the mainland to the island resorts, which at that time were just beginning to have a summer population. This was in the days when all good sailing men looked on steam craft as mere landsman's toys. Their contempt was warranted by the habits of the Belle of breaking down in midchannel, of steering off her course in a wind, and of staying at dock discreetly when there was any "considerable breeze of air."

In one passage across the bay she fell foul of a current that pushed her upon a sandbank. The passengers began to run for the boats and hunt in impossible places for life preservers. Capt. Coomers sat on deck, his big frame supported by a camp stool, and his "game leg" stretched on another camp stool. He sat still while the others, crew and passengers, were rushing about in futile activity. He looked at the strip of island, then out at the bay, then at the sky. Then he rested his chin on his chest and studied the deck planking.

A passenger ran up to him and cried: "Oh, captain, we are wrecked!"

"Hum?"

"We are wrecked."

"Be we?"

"Is there any danger?"

"Hum?"

"Are we going to sink?"

"Not fur in this water."

"Are you sure? I'm afraid we—we shall all be drowned!"

"Not if you're more'n four feet high."

The passenger seemed satisfied at last and went away. Capt. Coomers resumed his gaze at the deck. Presently another passenger saw him.

"Oh, captain, I'm so glad you're here!"

"So be I."

"Think there's any danger?"

"I ain't seen any."

"Of course we—we aren't far from shore?"

"No. We're as nigh as two lovers on a slopin' sofa."

"You take it coolly!"

"Well you see I've been wrecked off Cape Horn and I was in a boat that was chawed up by a whale. I don't puppus to get my boots wet out o' any sech land vehicle as this here."—Youth's Companion.

Might Have Been Suspected.

An elderly, well dressed citizen halted in front of a shop door in Market street Monday night and waited placidly for a car. A few feet above his head an iron framework creaked and from the framework fluttered a fringe of canvas which announced that magazines, periodicals, cigars and tobacco were sold within. It was an exposed spot. Other people, who were also waiting, were huddled around the corner of the building, but the subject of this sketch stood his ground, apparently contented with his surroundings, although the snow was sifting down on him at a furious rate and piling up on his hat and shoulders. "That's what comes of having a good name," said an amused observer, pointing at the solitary figure. "That man doesn't know they've taken in that awning for the winter. He sees that flapping border there and thinks he's protected. All last summer he stationed himself there and kept out of the wet, but he hasn't noticed that they've reefed the canopy and he'll never notice it unless he's told. He's near-sighted. But he has no bad habits and so he excites no suspicion. If I stood under that skeleton of an awning three minutes everybody would pity me and somebody would come up and offer to help me home."—Providence Journal.

Clay modeling in schools is condemned by doctors as being worse than slates for transmitting infectious disease.

FOR THE TABLE.

A novelty for the dinner table has appeared in Paris. On the morning of your dinner party you give in the names of all your guests at your florist's. In the evening he sends you a beautiful fresh rose spray for each guest, with his (the guest's) name inscribed on a petal, in white. The writing on the rose is done by electricity.

WHISK BROOM HOLDER.

A clever woman has put her knowledge of basketry to good account in the fashioning of a whisk broom holder. This consists of two disks of basket work similar to those used for the bottom of a fancy basket and caught together at the sides with large, fluffy bows of three-inch satin ribbon, the color being a delicate pink, in harmony with her room furnishings. A band of ribbon of narrow width, but matching in tone, is used to suspend the holder.

HOW TO SERVE ICES.

A charming way of serving ices at a child's party is to line common flower pots, two inches and a half in diameter at the top, with parafin paper, afterward filling nearly full with ice cream. Sprinkle with grated sweet chocolate to represent earth, and stick a flower in the top.

Another pretty way is to make a basket with four ladyfingers, cut square at the ends, and fastened invisibly with little wooden toothpicks. Tie a ribbon around the basket to hold it firmly, and a flower on the plate, and be sure that the ribbon and the flower harmonize in color. At this season yellow ribbons and yellow tulips, or green ribbons and white narcissus, are especially pretty. A little later apple blossoms and pink ribbons will be delightful.

And there are many other attractive ways of sewing, proper taste suggesting much along this line.

TO WASH SILK HOSE.

Colored stockings—silk and otherwise—require a good deal more care in their laundering than the usual black. And colored stockings are promised very definitely to be used during the spring and summer seasons. Tan shoes are to be good again this year, and nothing is so shabby looking as faded tan stockings, even though they may fade the first time they are washed.

Tan silk stockings are extremely pretty, although most of us content ourselves with lisle thread; and red slippers demand red silk stockings; but both of these colors will "run" a little unless you're very careful.

Put them in a pail of cold water, with a generous handful of salt dissolved in it, and let them stand over night, the night before you wash them. The salt water will set the color. In the morning wring them out, and wash them with a suds, soap and water, using water that is warm without being very hot, and very soapy, but never rubbing the soap directly on the stockings. Rinse in cold water, being sure to get every bit of soap out. Don't iron, but pull them into shape when they are half dry and press them, when they are perfectly dry, with a warm—not hot—iron.

This way takes a little longer, but your stockings will be like new.

RECIPES.

Walnut Soup—A little after the German style is this soup: Put a cupful of chopped celery, a third of a cupful of chopped onion, a slice of lemon and a half teaspoonful of cinnamon in a kettle, cover with water and allow to simmer for two hours. Then strain and place over the fire to boil, stirring in a cup of thick sweet cream, a half cup of walnuts which have been pounded to a paste and a tablespoonful of flour made smooth with a little melted butter. If too thick, add more water. Cook for ten minutes, then serve.

Water Cress Salad—Water cress salad is always dainty and refreshing. After the cresses are washed carefully and dried place them in a chilled salad bowl with several cubes of hard bread rubbed with onion or garlic. These are called chapons. Add a French dressing made with lemon juice instead of vinegar, about a teaspoonful of norseradish. Toss lightly and before serving discard the chapons.

Banana Cream—Remove the skins of half a dozen bananas, cut in halves and set to cook in a double boiler with a cupful of milk. When tender, mash through a strainer; add two tablespoonfuls of gelatine dissolved in a little milk, one-half cupful of sugar and any desired flavoring. Turn into a mold and set away to harden. Serve with whipped cream.

Apple Sandwiches—Spread a layer of apple sauce on a thin slice of bread, sprinkle a little nutmeg or cinnamon over it, add a layer of whipped cream, trim and cut in two, this sandwich is left open.

Venus Dessert—Line a mold with sponge, angel cake or lady fingers, and pour over it a little dissolved gelatine. When slightly hardened add some thick orange marmalade, more gelatine and fill the center with whipped cream, sweetened with fine sugar. Set to harden and serve in slices.

Berlin has about 300 miles of paved streets. The total labor cost of street cleaning last year was only $529,000.

COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s "Weekly Trade Review" says:

"Good news still predominates in trade and industry. Easter business is of large volume; dry goods, clothing, footwear and all lines of wearing apparel reporting an unusually good demand, and shipping departments are taxed to their full capacity in many cases. The country as a whole is experiencing more settled weather, which is reflected in a better retail distribution of merchandise.

Jobbing trade in goods for Fall delivery is broadening, and there is more inclination to prepare for the future. Manufacturers report less idle machinery, the iron and steel industry leading with an unprecedented output of pig iron, yet consumption is also above all records, for there is no accumulation at the furnaces.

A few labor controversies are threatened, but none are of sufficient magnitude to materially check progress, even if expected settlements are not attained, for the number of hands involved is comparatively small.

Reports are somewhat conflicting as to mercantile collections, but improvement should follow the liberal distribution of funds in starting agricultural work, Treasury shipments of small change to the interior largely exceeding the amount in transit a year ago.

Car blockades are few, owing to the favorable weather, although traffic is very heavy, as shown by railway earnings for the first week of April, 10.9 per cent. larger than last year.

Faliures this week numbered 214 in the United States, against 225 last year, and 20 in Canada, compared with 16 a year ago.

"Bradstreet's" says:—

Wheat, including flour, exports for the week ending April 13, are 1,292,301 bushels, against 886,017 last week, 1,213,855 this week last year, 2,977,777 in 1903, and 4,118,108 in 1902. Corn, exports for the week are 2,299,767 bushels, against 3,366,347 last week, 583,309 a year ago, 1,677,621 in 1903, and 400,733 in 1902.

WHOLESALE MARKETS.

Baltimore.—FLOUR—Weak and unchanged; receipts, 3,756 barrels.

WHEAT—Dull and firmer; spot contract, 1.06¾@1.07; spot No. 2 red Western, 1.07¼@1.07½; April, 1.06¾@1.07; May, 1.06 asked; June, 1.01½ asked; July, 87 asked; steamer No. 2 red, 97½@97¾; receipts, 7,407 bushels; Southern, by sample, 87@1.05½; Southern, on grade, 96¾@1.06¾.

CORN—Firmer; spot, 52¼@52¾; July, 52½@52¾; September, 53@53¼; steamer mixed, 48¾@48⅞; receipts, 73,788 bushels; Southern white corn, 49@52¼; Southern yellow corn, 49½@53.

OATS—Firm; No. 2 white, 36½@37; No. 2 mixed, 35@35¼; receipts, 9,200 bushels.

RYE—Firm (uptown); No. 2 Western, 90; receipts, 1,429 bushelss.

BUTTER—Firm and unchanged; fancy imitation, 26@27; fancy creamery, 31@32; fancy ladle, 24@25; store packed, 20@21.

EGGS—Firm and unchanged; 16½.

CHEESE—Firm and unchanged; large, 13¾; medium, 14; small, 14¼.

SUGAR—Firm and unchanged; coarse granulated, 6.25; fine, 6.25.

New York.—BUTTER—Firm and unchanged; receipts, 4,490.

CHEESE—Firm and unchanged; receipts, 3,207.

EGGS—Irregular; receipts, 33,669; State, Pennsylvania, and near-by selected, choice, 19@19½; Western storage packed, 18½; do., firsts, 17¾; Southerns, 16@17½.

POULTRY—Alive, steady; Western chickens, 12; fowls, 15; old turkeys, 16; dressed, quiet; Western chickens, 10@12; fowls, 10@14; turkeys, 14@19.

FLOUR—Receipts, 16,509 barrels; exports, 4,173 barrels; steady, but quiet.

RYE FLOUR—Steady; fair to good, 4.25@4.65.

COTTONSEED OIL—Steady; prime yellow, 25½@26.

ROSIN—Quiet; strained, common to good, 3.15 asked.

SUGAR—Raw, firm; fair refining, 4 5-16; centrifugal, 96 test, 4 5-16; molasses sugar, 4 1-16; refined, quiet.

POTATOES—Weak; Long Island, 1.50@2.00; State and Western, 1.00@1.10; Jersey sweets, 2.50@4.50.

PEANUTS — Steady; fancy handpicked, 5¼@5½; other domestic, 3¼@5½.

CABBAGES—Quiet; Florida, per barrel crate, 1.00@2.00.

Live Stock.

New York.—BEEVES—Nothing doing in live cattle; feeling steady. Exports, 24 cattle and 95 sheep.

CALVES—Quiet, but steady. Common to fairly good veals, 4.00@6.50; no prime here; culls, 3.50. City dressed veals, in fair demand, at 8c to 11c per pound; country dressed, at 7c to 9c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Sheep very dull; lambs, 10c to 15c lower. Clipped sheep, 4.50 to 5.50; wooled lambs, 8.00 to 8.50; clipped do., at 5.00 to 6.50.

HOGS—Market about steady. Good to prime State hogs, 6.10 to 6.15.

Chicago.—CATTLE—Market steady to 15c lower. Good to prime steers, 6.00@6.65; poor to medium, 4.60@5.75; stockers and feeders, 2.50@5.10; cows, 2.60@5.60; heifers, 3.00@6.00; canners, 1.60@3.00; bulls, 2.50@4.90; calves, 3.00@7.00.

HOGS—Mixed and butchers', 5.45@5.65; good to choice heavy, 5.57½@5.67½; rough heavy, 5.45@5.55; light, 5.40@5.60; bulk of sales, 5.55@5.57½.

SHEEP—Lambs, steady to lower. Good to choice wethers, 5.75@6.15; fair to choice mixed, 4.50@5.65; native lambs, 4.50@7.40.

MUCH IN LITTLE.

One-third of the 100,000 Japanese in this country are said to be in California.

Official figures show that 100 lives were lost in making the Simplon tunnel.

An English woman a few years ago invented a button hook for gloves, which is now worth $5,000 a year to her.

During the session of Congress which closed on March 4, President Roosevelt signed 1,842 measures passed by the Senate and House of Representatives.

DEMOCRATIC CO. COMMITTEE--1905.

Bellefonte, N. W., J. C. Harper
" S. W., Patrick Gherrity
" W. W., George R. Meek
Philipsburg, 1st W., J. W. Lukens
" 2nd W., Ira Howe
" 3rd W., E. G. Jones
Centre Hall, D. J. Meyer
Howard, Howard Moore
Millheim, Pierce Musser
Milesburg, James Noll
South Philipsburg, Joseph Gates
Unionville, P. J. McDonnel, Fleming
State College, D. G. Meek
Benner, N. P., John F. Grove, Bellefonte
" S. P., John Grove, Bellefonte
Boggs, N. P., Ira Confer, Yarnell
" E. P., W. J. C. Barnhart, Roland
" W. P., Lewis Wallace, Milesburg
Burnside, William Hipple, Pine Glenn
College, Nathan Grove, Lemont
Curtin, R. A. Poorman, Romola
Ferguson, E. P., W. H. Fry, Pine Grove Mills
" W. P., Sumner Miller, Penna. Furnace
Gregg, N. P., Josiah C. Rossman, Spring Mills
" E. P., H. P. Herring, Penn Hall
" W. P., John Smith, Spring Mills
Haines, E. P., L. D. Orndorf, Woodward
" W. P., Ralph E. Stover, Aaronsburg
Halfmoon, Emory McAfee, Stormstown
Harris, John Weiland, Boalsburg
Howard, George D. Johnson, Roland
Huston, Henry Hale, Julian
Liberty, E. P., W. F. Harter, Blanchard
" W. P., Albert Bergner, Monument
Marion, J. W. Orr, Walker
Miles, E. P., H. F. McManaway, Wolfs Store
" M. P., George S. Winters, Smullton
" W. P., G. Edward Miller, Rebersburg
Patton, T. M. Huey, Waddle
Penn, W. F. Smith, Millheim
Potter, N. P., George H. Emerick, Centre Hall
" S. P., George Goodhart, Centre Hall
" W. P., James B. Spangler, Tusseyville
Rush, N. P., W. E. Frank, Philipsburg
" E. P., Fred Wilkinson, Munson Station
" S. P., John T. Lorigan, Retort
Snow Shoe, E. P., Lawrence Redding, Snow Shoe
" W. P., James Culver, Moshannon
Spring, N. P., C. M. Heisler, Bellefonte
" S. P., John Mulfinger, Pleasant Gap
" W. P., John L. Dunlap, Bellefonte
Taylor, P. A. Hoover, Port Matilda
Union, John O. Peters, Fleming
Walker, E. P., Solomon Peck, Nittany
" M. P., John McAuley, Hublersburg
" W. P., John Cole, Zion
Worth, J. A. Williams, Port Matilda

H. S. TAYLOR, Chairman

PENNSYLVANIA R. R.

Philad. & Erie R. R. Division and Northern Central Ry.

TRAINS LEAVE MONTANDON, EASTWARD

7.38 A. M.—Train 64. Week days for Sunbury Harrisburg, arriving at Philadelphia, 11.45 a. m. New York 2.03 p. m., Baltimore 12.15 p. m., Washington 1.20 p. m. Parlor car and passenger coach to Philadelphia.

9.22 A. M.—Train 30. Daily for Sunbury Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Harrisburg and intermediate stations. Week days for Scranton, Hazelton, and Pottsville. Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, Washington. Through passenger coaches to Philadelphia.

1.28 P. M.—Train 12. Week days for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazelton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 6.23 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 32. Week days for Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazelton, Pottsville, and daily for Harrisburg and intermediate points, arriving at Philadelphia 10.47 p. m., New York 2.53 a. m. Baltimore 9.48 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 7.18 a. m., Baltimore, 2.20 a. m., Washington, 3.30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars 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 DuBois, Bellefonte and Pittsburg. On Sundays only Pullman sleeper to Philadelphia.

10.00 A. M.—Train 31. (Daily) For Lock Haven and intermediate stations, and week days for Tyrone, Clearfield, Philipsburg, Pittsburg and the West, with through cars to Tyrone.

1.31 P. M.—Train 61. Week days for Kane, Tyrone, Clearfield, Philipsburg, Pittsburg, Canandaigua and intermediate stations, Syracuse, Rochester, 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. Through Parlor Car and Passenger Coach for Philadelphia.

9.10 P. M.—Train 921. Sunday only, for Williamsport and intermediate stations.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.

Week Days.

WESTWARD. P.M.	A.M.	STATIONS.	EASTWARD. A.M.	P.M.
1 38	5 40	Montandon	9 15	4 35
1 48	6 30	Lewisburg	9 05	4 25
1 55	6 38	Biehl	8 58	4 18
2 00	6 42	Vicksburg	8 53	4 14
2 08	6 50	Mifflinburg	8 45	4 06
2 20	7 02	Millmont	8 33	3 54
2 28	7 09	Glen Iron	8 26	3 46
2 39	7 40	Paddy Mountain	8 00	3 19
2 49	7 50	Coburn	7 50	3 10
2 56	7 57	Zerby	7 43	3 02
3 02	8 05	Rising Springs	7 35	2 54
3 22	8 11	Penn Cave	7 28	2 48
3 28	8 18	Centre Hall	7 22	2 41
3 45	8 24	Gregg	7 17	2 36
3 52	8 31	Linden Hall	7 10	2 30
3 56	8 35	Oak Hall	7 06	2 26
4 00	8 39	Lemont	7 02	2 22
4 04	8 43	Dale Summit	6 57	2 17
4 13	8 52	Pleasant Gap	6 48	2 08
4 16	8 55	Axemann	6 45	2 05
4 20	9 00	Bellefonte	6 40	2 00

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a. m., 7.25 a. m. 9.45 a. m., 1.15, 5.28 and 7.55 p. m., returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 7.40, 9.27 a. m. 10.08 a. m., 4.50, 5.40 p. m. and 8.12 p. m.

On Sundays trains leave Montandon 9.25 and 10.01 a. m. and 4.46 p. m., returning leave Lewisburg 9.25 a. m., 10.03 a. m. and 4.48 p. m.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, General Pass'ger Agt.

CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNSYLVANIA

Condensed Time Table. Week Days.

Read Down. No. 1	No3	No5	Stations	Read Up. No6	No4	No2
A.M.	P M	P M	Lv. Ar.	P M	P M	A M
7 10	2 30	6 40	BELLEFONTE	9 20	5 10	9 40
7 21	2 41	6 51	Nigh	9 07	4 57	9 27
7 26	2 46	6 56	Zion	9 01	4 51	9 21
7 33	2 53	7 03	Hecla Park	8 55	4 45	9 15
7 35	2 55	7 05	Dunkles	8 53	4 42	9 13
7 39	2 59	7 09	HUBLERSBURG	8 49	4 38	9 09
7 43	3 03	7 14	Snydertown	8 46	4 34	9 05
7 45	3 05	7 16	Nittany	8 44	4 31	9 02
7 47	3 07	7 19	Huston	8 42	4 28	9 00
7 51	3 11	7 23	LAMAR	8 39	4 25	8 57
7 53	3 13	7 25	Clintondale	8 36	4 22	8 54
7 57	3 17	7 29	Krider's Spring	8 32	4 18	8 51
8 01	3 21	7 33	Mackeyville	8 28	4 13	8 46
8 07	3 27	7 39	Cedar Springs	8 22	4 07	8 40
8 10	3 30	7 42	Salona	8 20	4 05	8 38
8 15	3 35	7 47	MILL HALL	8 15	4 00	8 33

(N. Y. Central and Hudson River R. R.)

11 45	8 38	Jersey Shore	8 16	7 50
12 20	9 10 Arr.	W'msport	Lve 2 40	7 20
12 29	11 30 Lve.	W'msport	Arr. 2 25	6 50

(Philad. & Reading Ry.)

7 30	6 50	PHILA	8 36	11 30
10 40	9 02	NEW YORK	4 30	7 20

(Via Philad.)

P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M
10 40	Ar New York	Lv	4 00	

(Via Tamaqua)

J. W. GEPHART, General Superintendent

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Week Days.

EASTWARD. 6	4	2	STATIONS.	WESTWARD 1	3	5
PM.	P. M	AM	Ar. Lv.	AM	AM	PM
6 30	2 25	8 50	Bellefonte	6 30	10 30	4 00
6 15	2 10	8 40	Coleville	6 35	10 37	4 07
6 12	2 07	8 37	Morris	6 38	10 42	4 10
6 08	2 02	8 35	Stevens	6 43	10 47	4 15
6 05	1 55	8 31	Hunters	6 46	10 51	4 18
6 03	1 51	8 28	Fillmore	6 50	10 56	4 21
5 59	1 45	8 24	Briarly	6 55	11 02	4 25
5 55	1 40	8 20	Waddles	7 00	11 05	4 28
5 37	1 22	8 07	Krumrine	7 12	11 20	4 40
5 30	1 15	8 00	State College	7 25	11 35	4 45
5 10		7 45	Struble	7 27		4 50
5 05		7 40	Bloomsdorf	7 31		4 55
5 00		7 35	Pine Grove Cro.	7 35		5 00