

PARDONED HER.

Dr. Talmage Tells of Christ's Treatment of the Erring Woman.

Jesus Wrote on the Ground to Illustrate How the Sins of the Redeemed Would Be Blotted Out—A Reproof to Hypocrites.

In the following sermon, Dr. Talmage gives heroic treatment to a delicate subject and applies the lesson of the erring woman, taught by Christ, to modern society. The text used is John 8: 6: "Jesus stooped down and with his finger wrote on the ground."

You must take your shoes off and put on the especial slippers provided at the door if you would enter the Mohammedan mosque, which stands now where once stood Herod's temple, the scene of my text. Solomon's temple had stood there, but Nebuchadnezzar had thundered it down. Herod built a temple there, but that had been prostrated. Now we take our places in a temple that great architecture, and he wanted the preceding temples to seem insignificant. Put eight or ten modern cathedrals together, and they would not equal that structure. It covered nineteen acres. There were marble pillars supporting roofs of cedar, and silver tables, on which stood golden cups, and inscriptions resplendent, glittering balustrades and ornamented gateways. The building of this temple kept 10,000 workmen busy forty years.

In that stupendous pile of pomp and magnificence sat Christ, and a listening throng stood about him when a wild disturbance took place. A group of men are pulling and pushing about a woman who had committed a crime against society. When they have brought her in front of Christ, they ask that he sentence her to death by stoning. They are a critical, merciless, disingenuous crowd. They want to get Christ into controversy and public reprehension. If he say "Let her die," they will charge him with cruelty. If he let her go, they will charge him with being in complicity with wickedness. Whichever way he does, they would howl at him.

Then occurs a scene which has not been sufficiently regarded. He leaves the lounge or bench on which he was sitting, and goes down on one knee, or both knees, and with the forefinger of his right hand he begins to write in the dust of the floor, word after word, but they were not to be diverted or hindered. They kept on demanding that he settle this case of transgression, until he looked up and told them that they might themselves begin the woman's assassination, if the complainant who had never done anything wrong himself would open the fire. "Do ahead, but be sure that the man who flings the first missile is immaculate." Then he resumed writing with his finger in the dust of the floor, word after word. Instead of looking over his shoulder to see what he had written, the scoundrels skulked away. Finally, the whole place is clear of pursuers, antagonists, and plaintiffs, and when Christ has finished this strange cryptography in the dust he looks up and finds the woman all alone.

The prisoner is the only one of the courtroom left, the judges, the police, the prosecuting attorney having cleared out. Christ is victor, and he says to the woman: "Where are the prosecutors in this case? Are they all gone? Then I discharge you; go and sin no more." I have wondered what Christ wrote on that ground. For do you realize that is the only time that he ever wrote at all?

My text says he stooped down and wrote on the ground. Standing straight up a man might write on the ground with a staff, but if with his fingers he would write in the dust he must bend clear over. Aye, he must get at least on one knee, or he cannot write on the ground. Be not surprised that he stooped down. Stooping down from castle to barn. Stooping down from celestial homage to monarchical jeer. From residence above the stars to where a star had to fall to designate his landing place. From Heaven's front door to the world's back gate. From writing in round, and silvered letters of constellation and galaxy on the blue scroll of heaven to writing on the ground in the dust which the feet of the crowd had left in Herod's temple. If, in January, you have ever stepped out of a prince's conservatory that had Mexican cactus and magnolias in full bloom into the outside air, ten degrees below zero, you may get some idea of Christ's change of atmosphere from celestial to terrestrial. How many Heavens there are I know not, but there are at least three, for Paul was "caught up into the third Heaven."

Christ came down from the highest Heaven to the second Heaven, and down from the second Heaven to the first Heaven, down swifter than meteors ever fell, down amidst stellar splendors that through atmosphere, through appalling space, down to where there was no lower depth.

Whether the words He was writing were in Greek or Latin or Hebrew, I cannot say, for He knew all those languages. But He is still stooping down, and with His finger writing on the ground; in the winter in letters of crystals, in the spring in letters of flowers, in summer in golden letters of harvest, in autumn in letters of fire on fallen leaves. How it would sweeten up and enrich seed embazon this world, could we see Christ's calligraphy all over it. This world was not flung out into space thousands of years ago, and then left to look out for itself. It is still under the divine care. Christ never for a half second takes His hand off of it, or it would soon be a shipwrecked world, a defunct world, an obsolete world, an abandoned world, a dead world. "Let there be light," was said at the beginning. And Christ stands under the wintry skies and says, let there be snowflakes to enrich the earth; and

under the clouds of spring and says, come ye blossoms and make redolent the orchards and in September, dips the branches in the vat of beautiful colors, and swings them into the hazy air. No whim of mine is this. "Without Him was not anything made that was made." Christ writing on the ground.

If you should see His hand in all the passing seasons, how it would illumine the world! All verdure and foliage would be allegoric, and again we would hear Him say, as of old, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; and we would not the chewing of the whistle of the quail or the cawing of the raven, or the roundelay of a brown-throated thrasher, without saying, "Behold the fowls of the air, they gather not in barns, yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them; and a Dominic hen of the barnyard could not cluck for her brood, but we would hear Christ saying, as of old, "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings;" and through the redolent hedges we would hear Christ saying, "I am the rose of Sharon;" we could not dip the seasoning from the salt-cellar without thinking of the divine suggestion, "Ye are the salt of the earth, but if the salt hath lost its savor it is fit for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men."

Let us wake from our stupidity and take the whole world as a parable. Then, if with gun and pack of hounds we start off before dawn, and see the morning coming down off the hills to meet us, we would cry out with the evangelist, "The dayspring from on high hath visited us;" or, caught in a snowstorm, while struggling home, eyebrows and beard and apparel all covered with the whirling flakes, we would cry out with David, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." In a picture gallery of Europe there is on the ceiling an exquisite fresco, but the people having to look straight up, they wearied and dizzied them and bent their necks almost beyond endurance; so a great looking glass was put near the floor, and now visitors only need to look easily down into this mirror, and they see the fresco at their feet. And so, much of the high Heaven of God's truth is reflected in this world as in a mirror, and things that are above are copied by things around us.

What right have we to throw away one of God's Bibles—aye, the first Bible he ever gave the race; We talk about the Old Testament and the New Testament, but the oldest testament contains the lessons of the natural world. Some people like the New Testament so well they discard the Old Testament. Shall we like the New Testament and the Old Testament so well as to depreciate the oldest; namely, that which was written before Moses was put afloat on the boat of leaves which was calked with asphaltum; or reject the Genesis that was written centuries before Adam lost a rib and gained a wife; No, no! When Deity stooped down and writes on the ground, let us read it.

I would have no less appreciation of the Bible on paper that comes out of the paper mill, but I would urge appreciation of the Bible in the grass, the Bible in the sand hill, the Bible in the geranium, the Bible in the asphodel, the Bible in the dust.

But when Christ stooped down and wrote on the ground, what did he write? The Pharisees did not stop to examine. The cowardly, whipped of their own consciences, fed pell mell. Nothing will flay a man like an aroused conscience.

But what did Christ write on the ground? The Bible does not state. Yet as Christ never wrote anything except that once you cannot blame us for wanting to know what he really did write. But I am certain he wrote nothing trivial or nothing unimportant. And will you allow me to say that I think I know what he wrote on the ground? I judge from the circumstances. He might have written other things, but kneeling there in the temple, surrounded by a pack of hypocrites who were a self-appointed constabulary, and having in his presence a persecuted woman, who evidently was very penitent for her sins, I am sure he wrote two words, both of them graphic and tremendous and reverberating. And the one word was "hypocrisy" and the other word was "forgiveness."

From the way these Pharisees and Scribes vacated the premises and got out into the fresh air, as Christ, with just one ironical sentence unmasked them, I know they were first-class hypocrites. It was then as it is now. The more faults and inconsistencies people have of their own the more severe and censorious are they about the faults of others. Here they are—revengeful stout men arresting and arraigning one weak woman! Magnificent business to be engaged in! They wanted the fun of seeing her faint away under a heavy judicial sentence from Christ, and then, after she had been taken outside of the city and fastened at the foot of the precipice, the Scribes and Pharisees wanted the satisfaction of each coming and dropping a big stone on her head, for that was the style of capital punishment that they asked for. Some people have taken the responsibility of saying that Christ never laughed. But I think as he saw those men drop everything, chagrined, mortified, exposed, and go out quicker than they came in, he must have laughed. At any rate it makes me laugh to read of it. All of these libertines, dramatizing indignation against impurity! Blind beds lecturing on optics! A flock of crows on their way up from a carcass denouncing carrion!

is that dog!" "Yes," said another, "his ears are matted and bleeding." "Yes," said another, "even his hide would not be of any use to the tanner." "Yes," said another, "the odor of his carcass is dreadful." Then Christ, standing there, said: "But pearls cannot equal the whiteness of his teeth." Then the people, moved by the idea that any one could find anything pleasant concerning the dead dog, said: "Why this must be Jesus of Nazareth!" Reproved and convicted they went away.

Surely this legend of Christ is good enough to be true. Kindness in all his words and ways and habits. Forgiveness! Word of eleven letters, and some of them thrones, and some of them palm branches. Better have Christ write close to our names that one word, though he write it in dust, than to have our name cut into monumental granite with the letters that the storms of a thousand years cannot obliterate.

I must not forget to say that as Christ, stooping down, with his finger wrote on the ground, it is evident that his sympathies are with this penitent woman, and that he has no sympathy with her hypocritical pursuers. Just opposite to that is the world's habit. Why didn't these unclean Pharisees bring one of their unclean number to Christ for scouring and capital punishment? No, no. They overlook that in a man which they damnate in a woman. And so the world has had for offending woman scourges and oblation, and for just one offense she becomes an outcast, while for men whose lives have been sodomic for 20 years the world swings open its doors of brilliant welcome, and they may sit in high places. Unlike the Christ of my text, the world writes a man's misdemeanor in dust, but chisels a woman's offense with great capitals upon ineffaceable marble.

For foreign lords and princess whose names cannot even be mentioned in respectable circles abroad because they are the walking lazarettes of abomination some of our American princesses of fortune wait, and at the first beck sail out to them into the blackness of darkness forever. And in what are called higher circles of society there is now not only the imitation of foreign dress and foreign manners, but an imitation of foreign dissoluteness. I like a foreigner, and I like an American, but the sickest creature on earth is an American playing the foreigner. Society needs to be reconstructed on this subject. Treat them alike, masculine crime and feminine crime. If you cut the one in granite, cut them both in granite. If you write the one in dust, write the other in dust. "No, no," says the world, "let the woman go down, and let the man go up." What is that I hear plashing into the Potomac or Hudson at midnight? And then there is a struggle as of strangulation, and all is still. Never mind. It is only a woman too discouraged to live. Let the mills of the cruel world grind right on.

The greatest library in the world that which has the widest shelves and longest aisles, and the most multitudinous volumes and the vastest wealth is the underground library. It is the royal library, the library of the dust. And all these library cases will be opened, and all these scrolls unrolled, and all these volumes unclasped, and as easily as in your library or mine we take up a book, blow the dust off of it, and turn over its pages, so easily will the Lord of the resurrection pick out of this library of dust every volume of human life and open it and read it and display it. And the volume will be rebound, to be set in the royal library of the King's palace, or in the royal library of the self-drowned.

Oh! this mighty literature of the dust. It is not so wonderful, after all, that Christ chose, instead of an inkstand, the impressionable sand on the floor of the ancient temple, and, instead of a hard pen, put forth his forefinger, with the same kind of nerve and muscle and bone and flesh as that which makes up our own forefinger, and wrote the awful doom of hypocrisy, and full and complete forgiveness for repentant sinners, even the worst. We talk about the ocean of Christ's mercy. Put four ships upon that ocean and let them sail out in opposite directions for a thousand years, and see if they can find the shore of the ocean of the Divine mercy.

And now I can believe that which I read, how that a mother kept burning a candle in the window every night for ten years, and one night, very late, a poor wail of the street entered. The aged woman said to her, "Sit down by the fire," and the stranger said, "Why do you keep that light in the window?" The aged woman said, "That is to light my wayward daughter when she returns. Since she went away, ten years ago, my hair has turned white. Folks blame me for worrying about her, but you see I am her mother. But I must not tell you any more about my trouble, for I guess, from the way you cry, you have trouble enough of your own. Why, how cold and sick you seem! Oh, my! can it be? Yes, you are Lizzie, my own lost child! Thank God that you are home again!" And what a time of rejoicing there was in that house that night. And Christ again stooped down, and in the ashes of that hearth, now lighted up, not more by the great blazing logs than by the joy of a reunited household, wrote the same liberating words that had been written more than eighteen hundred years ago in the dust of the Jerusalem temple. Forgiveness! A word broad enough and high enough to let pass through it all the armies of Heaven, a million abreast, on white horses, nostril to nostril, flank to flank.

The heat has been so great in Melbourne, Australia, lately that the asphalt tracks and streets have been melted and completely ruined, and spilling has been out of the question. Forty Old and Still Hot.

Lord Kelvin puts the age of the sun at 100,000,000 years. At its present rate of combustion the sun will last from 7,000,000 to 18,000,000 of years before burning out.

Doctors Can't Cure It!

Contagious blood poison is absolutely beyond the skill of the doctors. They may dose a patient for years on their mercurial and potash remedies, but he will never be rid of the disease; on the other hand, his condition will grow steadily worse. S. S. S. is the only cure for this terrible affliction, because it is the only remedy which goes direct to the cause of the disease and forces it from the system.

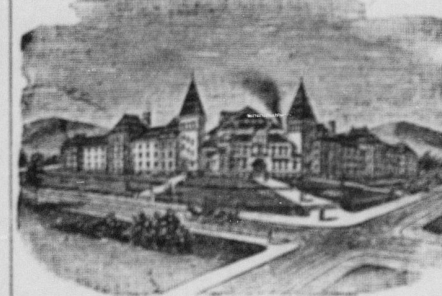
I was afflicted with Blood Poison, and the best doctors did me no good, though I took their treatment faithfully. In fact, I seemed to get worse all the while. I took almost every social and blood remedy, but they did not seem to reach the disease, and had no effect whatever. I was disheartened, for it seemed that I would never be cured. At the advice of a friend I then took S. S. S., and began to improve. I continued the medicine, and it cured me completely, building up my health and increasing my appetite. Although this was ten years ago, I have never yet had a sign of the disease to return.

It is like self-destruction to continue to take potash and mercury; besides totally destroying the digestion, they dry up the marrow in the bones, producing a stiffness and swelling of the joints, causing the hair to fall out, and completely wrecking the system.

S.S.S. For The Blood

is guaranteed Purely Vegetable, and is the only blood remedy free from these dangerous minerals. Book on self-treatment sent free by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

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LEGAL NOTICES.

SHERIFF'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a writ of Levari Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Clearfield county, Pa., and to me directed there will be exposed to public sale in the A. B. RICHARDS' block of real estate, in the borough of Clearfield, in said county, on

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 2ND, 1898.

at one o'clock P. M., the following described real estate, to-wit: In the County of Centre, Pa., the undivided ten-eighths (10/18) and all other rights, titles and interest of Emilia C. de Villavere, in and to the real estate, to-wit: In and to all those six certain contiguous tracts or parcels of land lying on the waters of Moshannon creek, in the counties of Clearfield and Centre, in the State of Pennsylvania, one tract situated on the east side of Moshannon creek, containing 100 acres, more or less, and bounded as follows: Beginning at a post of tracts of John Wideman and Jacob Wideman; thence by John Wideman north 40 degrees, east 90 perches to an old spruce corner near Moshannon creek; thence by tract of Robert Glenn and lands of Johnson & Bowman north 42 1/2 degrees, east 80 perches to a post on the east side of Moshannon creek; thence north 23 1/2 degrees, east 55 perches to post; thence by tract of Jacob Hesh north 40 degrees, east 130 perches to a post; thence by lands of Henry Crawford south 90 degrees, west 50 1/2 perches to post; thence by lands of Jacob Hesh south 40 degrees, west 100 perches to land surveyed under warrant to Jacob Wideman, containing 403 acres and 35 perches and allowances.

One other part situated partly in Rush township, Centre county, Pa., and partly in Morris township, Clearfield county, Pa., adjacent and bounded by tract surveyed on warrant to Jacob Wideman, Robert Glenn, David Lauch, David Hataker and Jesse Yarnell, being a tract containing 24 acres more or less being the same tract conveyed on warrant granted to Peter Yarnell.

Another tract situated principally in Rush township aforesaid, beginning at a maple corner of Jesse Yarnell; thence by same north 90 degrees, west 150 1/2 perches to a maple on bank of Moshannon creek; thence down the same 70 perches to post; thence by land of John Hesh south 60 degrees, west 100 perches to place of beginning, containing 425 1/2 acres and allowances, being same tract conveyed on warrant to Benjamin Martin.

Another tract situated in a white oak corner of Peter Yarnell, beginning at same north 40 degrees, east 90 perches to a post; thence north 72 degrees, east 140 perches to a maple on bank of Moshannon creek; thence by same north 72 degrees, east 140 perches to a maple; thence south 72 degrees, east 180 perches to a black oak; thence by same north 72 degrees, east 180 perches to a white oak; thence south 70 degrees, west 124 perches to place of beginning, containing 41 acres and allowances, being same tract conveyed on warrant to Jesse Yarnell.

Another tract surveyed on warrant to John Wideman, beginning at a post on west side of Erie creek; thence by residue of Peter Yarnell north 40 degrees, west 25 1/2 perches to a post; thence by land of Wm. McLeod north 22 1/2 degrees, east 30 perches to a post; thence north 67 1/2 degrees, west 70 perches to line of Wm. Potter; thence by said tract north 40 degrees, west 100 perches to a post; thence by same north 40 degrees, west 100 perches to a post; thence by John Reed north 70 degrees, east 94 perches to an old oak; thence by survey of Patrick Hays north 40 degrees, east 70 perches to an old hickory stump; thence by the same north 40 degrees, east 70 perches to an old dead birch; thence north 40 degrees, east 35 perches to a post on bank of Moshannon creek; thence by the same north 40 degrees, east 35 perches to a post; thence by Robert Glenn north 60 degrees, east 98 perches to an old hemlock; thence by Jacob Wideman south 40 degrees, east 98 perches to line of tract of Jacob Meyer; thence by said tract and tract of John Meyer south 60 degrees, east 45 perches to post; thence by the Erie creek south 40 degrees, west 40 perches to a post; thence north 65 degrees, west 1 perches, north 65 degrees, west 5 perches, north 75 degrees, west 9 degrees, south 55 degrees, west 30 perches, south 67 degrees, west 21 perches to a post and place of beginning, containing 48 acres, 75 perches and allowances.

And one other tract surveyed under warrant to Jacob Hesh, beginning at a post corner east side of Erie creek; thence by same north 40 degrees, west 142 perches to a post; thence by tracts of Jesse Yarnell north 71 degrees, east 90 perches to an old white oak; thence by same north 11 degrees, east 87 perches to a post; thence by same north 17 degrees, west 190 perches to an old white oak; thence by Benjamin Martin north 40 degrees, west 100 perches to an old chestnut corner near Lake Lombard; thence by John Reed north 40 degrees, east 220 perches to place of beginning, containing 300 acres, and allowances.

ALSO—That certain tract or piece of land situated in the Township of Decatur, in Clearfield county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post corner of Geo. Shultz in the meadow below the coal bank; thence by land of Testis north 20 1/2 degrees, west 120 perches to a post; thence by same north 20 1/2 degrees, west 120 perches to a post; thence by land of Joseph Whitehall south 63 1/2 degrees, west 104 perches to a post; thence by same south 20 degrees, west 2 perches to a post; thence by land of Shultz north 63 1/2 degrees, east 104 perches to place of beginning, containing 40 acres, 16 perches.

ALSO—That certain piece or tract of land situated in Decatur township, Clearfield county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post corner between Hamilton & Zeigler's and the said Geo. Shultz, and running by line of same south 55 degrees, west 100 perches to a post; thence by same south 55 degrees, east 100 perches to a post; thence by same north 73 1/2 degrees, west 29 1/2 perches to a gate post in road; thence by line of Shultz and Hamilton and Zeigler's north 82 degrees, east 21 1/2 perches to place of beginning, containing one acre, 62 perches, more or less.

ALSO—That two certain pieces or tracts of land adjoining each other, situated in Decatur township, Clearfield county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post corner of Shultz & Test and on line between said parties and land of Russell Shultz, and running north 25 1/2 degrees, west 80 perches to a post; thence by other land of Testis south 80 degrees, east four and one-half perches to a post; thence by same south 40 degrees, east 6 perches to a post; thence south 70 1/2 degrees, east about 20 perches to a post on line of Stephen Test and Morgan Hale & Co.; thence south 11 1/2 degrees, west about 25 1/2 perches to place of beginning. These two certain pieces containing about 60 acres, 67 1/2 perches, be the same more or less.

ALSO—All that certain tract or piece of ground lying or situated in the township of Decatur, Clearfield county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post on line of lands now of Robert Lloyd, which post stands at the intersection of line of Derby Coal Co. land with line of Robert Lloyd land; thence by land of Lloyd south 94 1/2 degrees, 100 perches to a point on line of land of Russell Shultz; thence by land of Shultz south 23 1/2 degrees, east 132 perches, more or less, to post; thence white oak and line of land of Geo. Shultz, thence by lands of George Shultz west 54 1/2 degrees, east 100 perches to pine stump on line of land of Derby Coal Co.; thence by line of land of said Derby Coal Co. land north 25 1/2 degrees, west 131 perches, more or less, to place of beginning, containing 87 acres, 72 perches net measure.

ALSO—All that certain tract or piece of land situated in Decatur township, Clearfield county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post on the southwest corner of Elias Halk's second survey; thence by land of R. Lloyd & Bro. south 64 degrees, east 100 perches to post in line of Warring's survey; thence by Warring's land (now Russell Shultz) south 27 degrees, east 20 perches to a maple corner of Geo. Shultz; thence by land of Geo. Shultz north 63 degrees, east 105 perches to a post; thence by southeast corner of Elias Halk's first survey; thence by lands of Elias Halk north 20 1/2 degrees, west 128 1/2 perches to place of beginning, containing 84 acres and 130 perches.

Selized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Emilia C. de Villavere, dec'd. TERMS OF SALE.—The price or sum at which the property shall be struck off must be paid at the time of the sale, or such other arrangements made as will be approved, otherwise the property will be immediately put up and sold again at the expense and risk of the purchaser. If it is struck off, and who in case of deficiency at such resale, shall make good the same, and in no instance will the deed be printed in court for confirmation unless the money is actually paid to the Sheriff.

D. D. GINSBERY, Sheriff.

RAILROAD SCHEDULES.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES.

In effect on and after May 17, 1897.

VIA TYRONE—WESTWARD.
Leave Bellefonte 9:55 a.m. arrive at Tyrone 11:30 a.m. at Altoona, 1:00 p.m. at Pottsville 5:10 p.m.
Leave Bellefonte 1:05 p.m. arrive at Tyrone 2:40 p.m. at Altoona 3:55 p.m. at Pottsville 7:00 p.m.
Leave Bellefonte 4:44 p.m. arrive at Tyrone 6:00 p.m. at Altoona 7:40 p.m. at Pottsville 11:10 p.m.

VIA TYRONE—EASTWARD.
Leave Bellefonte 9:55 a.m. arrive at Tyrone 11:30 a.m. at Harrisburg 2:40 p.m. at Philadelphia 5:30 p.m.
Leave Bellefonte 1:05 p.m. arrive at Tyrone 2:40 p.m. at Harrisburg 7:00 p.m. at Philadelphia 11:15 p.m.
Leave Bellefonte 4:44 p.m. arrive at Tyrone 6:00 p.m. at Harrisburg 9:20 p.m. at Philadelphia 12:30 a.m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—WESTWARD.
Leave Bellefonte 9:32 a.m. arrive at Lock Haven 10:30 a.m.
Leave Bellefonte 1:42 p.m. arrive at Lock Haven 2:40 p.m. at Williamsport 3:50 p.m. at Pottsville 7:00 p.m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—EASTWARD.
Leave Bellefonte 9:32 a.m. arrive at Lock Haven 10:30 a.m. at Williamsport 12:40 p.m. at Pottsville 3:50 p.m. at Harrisburg 7:00 p.m.
Leave Bellefonte 1:42 p.m. arrive at Lock Haven 2:40 p.m. at Williamsport 3:50 p.m. at Harrisburg 7:00 p.m. arrive at Philadelphia 11:15 p.m.

LEWISBURG & TYRONE RAILROAD.

In effect May 17, 1897.

WESTWARD.		EASTWARD.	
STATIONS.	TIME.	STATIONS.	TIME.
11:11 P.M.	Montandon	4:30 P.M.	Montandon
1:45 P.M.	Lewisburg	7:20 P.M.	Lewisburg
5:00 P.M.	Fair Ground	9:00 P.M.	Fair Ground
7:00 P.M.	Vicksburg	11:00 P.M.	Vicksburg
9:00 P.M.	Millsboro	1:00 A.M.	Millsboro
11:00 P.M.	Cherry Run	3:00 A.M.	Cherry Run
1:00 A.M.	Coburn	5:00 A.M.	Coburn
3:00 A.M.	Centre Hall	7:00 A.M.	Centre Hall
5:00 A.M.	Greig	9:00 A.M.	Greig
7:00 A.M.	Lynchburg	11:00 A.M.	Lynchburg
9:00 A.M.	Oriskany	1:00 P.M.	Oriskany
11:00 A.M.	Lemont	3:00 P.M.	Lemont
1:00 P.M.	Dale Summit	5:00 P.M.	Dale Summit
3:00 P.M.	Clearfield	7:00 P.M.	Clearfield
5:00 P.M.	Bellefonte	9:00 P.M.	Bellefonte

BALD EAGLE VALLEY.

WESTWARD.		EASTWARD.	
STATIONS.	TIME.	STATIONS.	TIME.
7:00 P.M.	Tyrone	8:10 P.M.	Tyrone
8:45 P.M.	E Tyrone	10:10 P.M.	E Tyrone
10:30 P.M.	Bald Eagle	12:10 A.M.	Bald Eagle
12:15 A.M.	Dir	2:10 A.M.	Dir
2:00 A.M.	Foster	4:10 A.M.	Foster
3:45 A.M.	Hannah	6:10 A.M.	Hannah
5:30 A.M.	Port Matilda	8:10 A.M.	Port Matilda
7:15 A.M.	Clearfield	10:10 A.M.	Clearfield
9:00 A.M.	Julian	12:10 P.M.	Julian
10:45 A.M.	Unionville	2:10 P.M.	Unionville
12:30 P.M.	Clearfield	4:10 P.M.	Clearfield
2:15 P.M.	Millsboro	6:10 P.M.	Millsboro
4:00 P.M.	Oriskany	8:10 P.M.	Oriskany
5:45 P.M.	Millsboro	10:10 P.M.	Millsboro
7:30 P.M.	Mt Eagle	12:10 A.M.	Mt Eagle
9:15 P.M.	Howard	2:10 A.M.	Howard
11:00 P.M.	Clearfield	4:10 A.M.	Clearfield
12:45 A.M.	Beech Creek	6:10 A.M.	Beech Creek
2:30 A.M.	Mill Hill	8:10 A.M.	Mill Hill
4:15 A.M.	Lock Haven	10:10 A.M.	Lock Haven

For rates, maps, etc., apply to ticket agent at address Thos. E. Watt, P. O. W. D., 34 Sixth Ave., Pittsburg.

J. B. HUTCHINSON, Gen'l. Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Gen'l. Pass Agent.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

To take effect Feb. 7, 1898.

WESTWARD.		EASTWARD.	
STATIONS.	TIME.	STATIONS.	TIME.
7:15 P.M.	Bellefonte	8:30 P.M.	Bellefonte
8:45 P.M.	Morris	10:00 P.M.	Morris
10:15 P.M.	Hunters	11:30 P.M.	Hunters
11:45 P.M.	Fillmore	1:00 A.M.	Fillmore
1:15 A.M.	Brady	3:00 A.M.	Brady
2:45 A.M.	Waukegan	5:00 A.M.	Waukegan
4:15 A.M.	Lamborne	7:00 A.M.	Lamborne
5:45 A.M.	Krumrine	9:00 A.M.	Krumrine
7:15 A.M.	St. Albans	11:00 A.M.	St. Albans
8:45 A.M.	State College	1:00 P.M.	State College
10:15 A.M.	Struble	3:00 P.M.	Struble
11:45 A.M.	Clearfield	5:00 P.M.	Clearfield
1:15 P.M.			