NEW BATTLE CRY.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Says One is Badly Needed.

The World is Staggering Under the Blows , of Crime-Our Cities Becoming More Corrupt and Wicked-The Evils of Profanity and Drunkenness Shown Up.

In the following sermon attention is called by the popular Washington divine to some of the great evils of our time. He suggests that a fresh start be made and a new impetus given to the battle against sin. The text is: Psalms 68: "Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered."

A procession was formed to carry the ark, or sacred box, which, though only three feet nine inches in length and four feet three inches in height and depth, was the symbol of God's presence. As the leaders of the procession lifted this ornamented and brilliant box by two golden poles run through four golden rings, and started for Mount Zion, all the people chanted the battle hymn of my text, "Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered."

The Cameronians of Scotland, outraged by James I., who forced upon them religious forms that were offensive, and by the terrible persecution of Drummond, Dalziel, and Turner, and by the oppressive laws of Charles I. and Charles II., were driven to proclaim war against tyrants, and went forth to fight for religious liberty, and the mountain heather became red with carnage, and at Bothwell Bridge and Aird's Moss and Drumclog the battle hymn and the battle shout of those glorious old Scotchmen was the text I have chosen: "Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered."

What a whirlwind, of power was Oliver Cromwell, and how with his soldiers, named the "Ironsides," he went from victory to victory! Opposing enemies melted as he looked at them. He dismissed Parliament as easily as a schoolmaster at school. He pointed his finger at Berkeley Castle and it was taken. He ordered Sir Ralph Hopton, the general, to dismount and he dismounted. See Cromwell marching on with his army, and hear the battle cry of the "Ironsides," loud as a storm and solemn as a death-knell, standards reeling before it, and cavalry horses going back on their haunches, and armies flying at Marston Moor, at Winceby Field, at Naseby, at Bridgewater, and Dartmour-"Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered!"

' So you see my text is not like a complimentary and tasseled sword that you sometimes see hung up in a parlor, a sword that was never in battle, and only to be used on general training day, but more like some weapon carefully hung up in your home, telling its story of battles, for my text hangs in the Scripture armory, telling of the holy wars of three thousand years in which it has been carried, but still as keen and mighty as when David first unsheathed it. It seems to me that in the Church of God, and in all styles of re formatory work, what we most need now is a battle cry. We raise our little standard, and put on it the name of some man who only a few years ago began to live and in a few years will' cease to live. We go into contest against the armies of iniquity, depending too much on human agencies. We use for a battle-cry the name of some brave Christian reformer, but after awhile that reformer dies, or gets old, or loses his courage, and then we take another battle-cry, and this time, perhaps, we put the name of some one who betrays the cause and sells out to the enemy. What we want for a battle-cry is the name of some leader who will never betray us, and will never surrender, and will never die.

All respect have I for brave men and women, but if we are to get the victory all along the line we must take the hint of the Gideonites, who wiped out the Bedouin Arabs, commonly called Midianites. These Gideonites had a glorious leader in Gideon, but what was the battle-cry with which they flung their enemies into the worst defeat into which any army was ever tumbled? It was "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon." Put God first, whoever you put second. If the army of the American Revolution is to free America, it must be "The sword of the Lord and of Washington," If the Germans want to win the day at Sedan, it must be "The sword of the Lord and Von Moltke." Waterloo was won for the English, because not only the armed men at the front, but the worshipers in the cathedrals at the rear, were crying, "The sword of the Lord and of Wellington."

The Methodists have gone in triumph across nation after nation with the cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Wesley." The Presbyterians have gone from victory to victory with the cry. "The sword of the Lord and of John Knox." The Baptists have conquered millions after millions for Christ with the cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Judson." The American Episcopalians have won their mighty way with the cry, "The sword of the Lord and Bishop McIlvaine." The victory is to those who put God first. But as we want a battle-cry suited to all sects of religionists, and to all lands, I nominate as the battle-cry of Christendom in the opproaching Armageddon the words of my text, sounded before the ark as it was carried to Mount Zion: "Let God arise, let bis enemies be scattered."

As far as our finite mind can judge, it seems about time for God to rise. Does it not see, to you that the abominations of this earth have gone far enough? Was there ever a time when sin was so defiant? Were there ever befor so many fists lifted toward God, telling him to come on if he dare? Look at the blasphemy abroad! What towering profanity! Would it be possible for anyone to calculate the num-ber of times that the name of the Almighty God and Jesus Christ are every day taken irreverently on the Profane swearing is as much light. It is no unusual thing in our

forbidden by the law as theft, or arson, or murder, yet who executes it? Profanity is worse than theft, or arson, or murder, for these crimes are attacks on humanity-that is an attack

on God. This country is as preeminently for blasphemy. A man travelling in Russia was supposed to be a clergyman. "Why do you take me to be a clergy-man?" said the man. "Oh," said the Russian, "all other Americans swear." The crime is multiplying in intensity. God very often shows what he thinks of it, but for the most part the fatality is hushed up. Among the Adirondacks I met the funeral procession of a man who two days before had fallen under a flash of lightning, while boasting, after a Sunday of work in the fields, that he had cheated God out of one day anyhow, and the man who worked with him on the same Sabbath is still living, but a helpless invalid, under the

Years ago, in a Pittsburg prison, two men were talking about the Bible and Christianity, and one of them, Thompson by name, applied to Jesus Christ a very low and villainous epithet, and, as he was uttering it, he fell. A physician was called, but no help could be given. After a day lying with distended pupils and palsied tongue, he passed out of this world. In a cemetery in Sullivan county, New York state, are eight headstones in a line and all alike, and these are the facts: In 1861 dipatheria raged in the village, and a physician was remarkably successful in curing his patients. So confident did he become that he boasted that no case of diphtheria could stand before him, and finally defied Almighty God to produce a case of diphtheria that he could not cure. His youngest child soon after took the disease and died. and one child after another, until all the eight had died of diphtheria. The blasphemer challenged Almighty God,

and God accepted the challenge. Do you think that because God has been silent in your case. O profane swearer! that he is dead. Is there nothing now in the peculiar feeling of your tongue, or nothing in the numbness of your brain, that indicates that God may come to avenge your blasphemies, or is already avenging them? But these cases I have noticed, I believe, are only a few cases where there are hundreds. Families keep them

quiet to avoid the horrible conspicuity. Still the crime rolls on, up through parlors, up through chandeliers with lights all ablaze, and through the pictured corridors of club-rooms, out through busy exchanges where oath meets oath, and down through all the haunts of sin, mingling with the rattling dice and crackling billiard balls, and the laughter of her who hath forgotten the covenant of her God; and round the city, and round the continent, and round the earth a seething. boiling surge flings its hot spray into the face of a long-suffering God. And the ship captain curses his crew, and the master builder his men, and the hack-driver his horse; and the traveler the stone that bruises his foot, or the mud that soils his shoes, or the defective time-piece that gets him too late to the railtrain. I arraign profane swearing and blasphemy, two names for the same thing, as being one of the gigantic crimes of this land, and for its extirpation it does seem as if it were about time for God to arise.

Then look for a moment at the evil of drunkenness. Whether you live in Washington, or New York, or Chicago, or Cincinnati, or Savannah, or Boston, or in any of the cities of this land, count up the saloons on that street as compared with the saloons five years ago, and see they are growing far out of proportion to the increase of the population. You people who are so precise and particular lest there should be some imprudence and rashness in attacking the rum traffic will have your son some night pitched into your front door dead drunk, or your daughter will come home with her children because her husband has, by strong drink, been turned into a demoniac. The drink fiend has despoiled whole streets of good homes in all our cities. Fathers, brothers, sons on the funeral pyre of strong drink! Fasten tighter the victims! Stir up the flames! Pile on the corpses! More men, women, and children for the sacrifice! Let us have whole generations on fire of evil habit; and to the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer let all the people fall down and worship King Alcohol, or you shall be cast into the flery furnace under some political platform.

I indict this evil as the regicide, the fratricide, the patricide, the matricide, the uxorcide of the century. Yet under what innocent and delusive and mirthful names alcoholism deceives the people! It is a "cordial." It is "bitters." It is an "eye-opener." It is an "appetizer." It is a "digester." It is an "invigorator." It is a "settler." It is a "night-cap." Why don't they put on the right labels—"Essence of Perdition," "Conscience Stupefier," "Five tion," "Conscience Stupefier," "Five Drachms of Heart-ache," "Tears of Orphanage," "Blood of Souls." "Scabs of an Eternal Leprosy," "Venom of the Worm that Never Dies?" Only once in a while is there anything in the title of liquors to even hint their atrocity, as in the case of "sour mash." That I see advertised all over. It is an honest name, and aryone can understand it. 'Sour mash!" That is, it makes a man's disposition sour, and his associations sour and his prospects sour; and then it is good to mash his body, and mash his soul, and mash his business, and mash his family. "Sour mash!" One honest name at last for an intoxicant! But through lying labels of many of the apothecaries shops, good people, who are only a little under tone in health, and wanting some invigoration, have unwittingly got on their tongue the fangs of this cobra, that stings to death so large a

ratio of the human race. Then look at the impurities of these great cities. Ever and anon there are in the newspapers explosions of social life that make the story of Sodom quite respectable; "for such things," Christ says, "were more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah" than for the Chorazins and Bethsaidas of greater

cities to see men in high positions with two or three families, or refined ladies willing solemnly to marry the very swine of society, if they be wealthy. The Bible all aflame with denunciation against an impure life, but many of the American ministry uttering not one point-blank word against this iniquity lest some old libertine throw up his church pew. Machinery organized in all the cities of the United States overcome, he has given to the world and Canada by which to put yearly in the grinding-mill of this iniquity thousands of the unsuspecting of the country farm-houses, one procuress confessing in the courts that she had supplied the infernal market with 150 victims in six months. Oh! for 500 taxed his inventive ingenuity so fully, the door of this lazar-house of social corruption! Exposure must come before extirpation.

While the city van carries the scum of this sin from the prison to the police court morning by morning, it is full time, if we do not want high American life to become like that of the court of Louis XV., to put millionaire Lotharios and the Pompadours of your brownstone palaces into a van of popular indignation, and drive them out of respectable associations. What prospect about in such fine particles that it of social purification can there be as long as at summer watering places it methods, and hence has been looked is usual to see a young woman of ex- apon as one of the few great wastes of cellent rearing stand and simper and Nature. This state of affairs was very giggle and roll up her eyes sideways aggravating in view of the peculiar before one of those first-class satyrs of fashionable life, and on the ballroom floor join him in the dance, the mater- rears past the butk of the Bessemen nal chaperon meanwhile beaming from the window on the scene? Matches by reason of the discovery and opening are made in Heaven, they say. Not 1p of immense deposits of high grade such matches; for the brimstone indi- ore in the upper Peninsula of Michicates the opposite region.

The evil is overshadowing all our cities. By some these immoralities are called peccadilloes, gallantries, eccentricities, and are relegated to the realms of jocularity, and few efforts are being made against them. God bless the "White Cross" movement, as it is called—an organization making a of the great mills of the Central West, mighty assault on this evil! God forward the tracts on this subject distributed by the religious tract societies of the land! God help parents in the great work they are doing, in trying to start their children with pure principles! God help all legislators in their attempt to prohibit this crime!

question of time when the last vestige of purity and home will vanish out of been given. Mr. Edison bought many sight. Human arms, human pens, hu- teres of what was regarded as nearly man voices, human talents are not suf- worthless land and put up a plant. He ficient. I begin to look up. I listen for says near his factory are 200,000,000 artillery rumbling down the sapphire one of low grade ore. His machines artillery rumbling down the sapphire boulevards of Heaven. I watch to see if in the morning light there be not the flash of descending scimitars. Oh, for God! Does it not seem time for his appearance? Is it not time for all hands to cry out, "Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered?"

Not only are the affairs of this world so a-twist, a-jangle and rackell, that there seems a need of the divine appearance, but there is another reason. Have you ever noticed that in the history of this planet God turns a leaf onishing men of the age. He is modleaf, and this world was fitted for hu- about his work always in a quiet sort man residence. About 2,000 more years of way. There is nothing of the boomsed along and God turned another leaf, and it was the deluge. About 2,000 more years passed on, and it was the nativity. Almost 2,000 more years passed by, and he will probably soon turn another leaf. What it shall be I cannot say. It may be the demolition of all these monstrosities of turpitude. and the establishment of righteous-ness in all the earth. He can do it, and he will do it. I am as confident as if it were already accomplished. How easily he can do it, my text suggests. It does not ask God to hurl a great thunderbolt of his power, but just to rise from the throne on which he sits. Only that will be necessary. "Let God

It will be no exertion of omnipotence. It will be no bending or bracing for a mighty lift. It will be no sending down the sky of the white horse cavalry of Heaven or rumbling war chariots. He will only rise. Now he is sitting in the majesty and patience of his reign. He is from his throne watching the mustering of all the forces of blasphemy and drunkenness and impurity and fraud and Sabbath-breaking, and when they have done their worst, and are most surely organized, he will bestir himself and say: "My enemies have denied me long enough, and their cup of iniquity is full. I have given them all opportunity for repentance. This dispensation of patience is ended, and the faith of the good shall be tried no longer." And now God begins to rise, and what mountains give way under his right foot I know not; but, standing in the full radiance and grandeur of his nature, he looks this way and that, and how his enemies are scattered! Blasphemers, white and dumb, reel down to their doom; and those who have trafficked in that which destroys the bodies and souls of men and families will fly with cut foot on the down grade of broken decanters; and the polluters of society, that did their bad work with large fortunes and high social sphere, will overtake in their descent the degraded rabble of underground city life, as they tumble over the eternal precipices; and the world shall be left clear and clean for the friends of humanity and the worshipers of Almighty God. The last thorn plucked off, the world will be left a blooming rose on the bosom of that Christ who came to gardenize it. The earth that stood snarling with its tigerish passion, thrusting out its raging claws, shall lie down a lamb at the feet of the Lamb of God, who took away the sins of the world.

And now the best thing I can wish for you, and the best thing I can wish for myself, is that we may be found his warm and undisguised and enthusiastic friends in that hour when God shall rise and his enemies shall be scattered.

An Industrious Old Woman.

Mrs. Smith, a 100-year-old lady, of Grantham, England, does all her own housework, nurses an invalid nephew and sells potatoes, which she planted Winter. and dug up herself.

EDISON'S NEW MARVEL.

An Invention That May Prove to be His Greatest Achievement.

Thomas A. Edison has just completed what may prove to be the greatest achievement of his life. After eight years of incessant work, night and day, in the face of discouragements which seemed almost insurmountable, in spite of obstacles which only a genius could an industrial invention which in the seriousness of its intention may come to rival the kinetoscope, the phonograph or even the electric light. Nothing he has done heretofore has required so much of his individual attention, newspapers in America to swing open or in the aggregate consumed his vital powers more than this latest accomolishment. He has in short at last pointed out a commercial way of utilzing the immense deposits of iron ore which lie under the New Jersey hills. Billions of tons of iron ore lie scat-

tered through the rocks of the Eastern spurs of the Allegheny mountains. Edion himself made this remarkable disovery years ago and geologists ever since have amused themselves with proving how perfectly inexhaustible is the supply. But the ore is scattered could not be mined with the ordinary conditions which prevailed in the iron rade of the extreme East. For some steel trade has been drifting westward çan, suitable for making Bessemer steel, cheaply produced, and carried at a small cost by water transportation to furnaces contagious to the lake ports. The tremendous cheapening in the cost of mining and transportation of these leposits have apparently raised insurmountable obstacles in the way of Eastern iron mills meeting the competition even in the Eastern market, and many nills have ceased to operate. The condition is not a trivial one, for many housands of persons depend upon hese mills and furnaces for a living. Much has been heard in a general way during the past few years of Mr. Edison's plan to extract iron from low But is this all? Then it is only a grade ores by means of electro-magiets, but the details have not until now

tract from this ore every day nearly 1,500 tons of pure iron. The ore is broken up, pulverized, and then passed close to electro-magnets, passed draw away the iron and leave the refuse matter. The whole process is automatic and appears o be very simple, just as most of Mr. Edison's processes are. The most use-'ul inventions are the simplest, but a scientific mind is needed to bring them nto existence. Mr. Edison has long seen regarded as one of the most asabout every 2,000 years? God turned a st, as all really great men are, going

r about Edison

The Part Machinery Plays in Farming. The smallest implement upon a big wheat farm is a plough. And from the slough to the elevator-from the first peration in wheat farming to the ast-one is forced to realize how the spirit of the age has made itself felt sere, and has reduced the amount of auman labor to the minimum. The nan who ploughs uses his muscle only ncidentally in guiding the machine. The man who operates the harrow has half a dozen levers to lighten his lapor. The "sower who goeth forth to tow," walks leisurely behind a drill and works brakes. The reaper needs quick brain and a quick hand-but aot necessarily a strong arm nor a powerful back. He works sitting lown. The threshers are merely assistants to a machine, and the men who heave the wheat into bins only press buttons. The most desirable farm hand is not the fellow who can pound the "mauling machine" most ustily at the county fair. He is the nan with the cunning brain who can get the most work out of a machine without breaking it. The farm laborer n the West to-day, where machinery s employed, finds himself advanced to he ranks of skilled labor, and enjoys a position not widely different from that of the mill-hand in the East. Each is tender of a machine.

A National Collection of Counterfeits. On an average two false coins are reeived every day for examination at he Paris Mint. Those that are not too greatly spoiled in testing are adled to a collection in the museum of he Mint. This collection is said to be very large and very curious, but acess to the museum is prohibited to he public.

Temperance Classes in Paris. According to statistics lately made by a French doctor, there are fewer frunkards among the hair dressers and butchers of Paris than among any other classes in that city. Fairly sober, also, are the tailors, preciousstone cutters, electricians, upholsterers, laundrymen and gendarmes.

Howell's Autograph. Mr. Howells, the American novelist, ence wrote to an applicant for his auograph: "Have you bought my last book?" The young man who wanted he autograph replied: "I have not; I want to sell your autograph in order o get enough money to buy it."

A Sensible Singer. Mme. Materna, the great Wagner singer, will not appear again on the concert stage, preferring to retire when her fame is at its height, so that here may be no memory of failing power in the future.

Corn as Fuel. A Minnesota farmer insists that orn makes a better and cheaper fuel than coal. He raised enough corn on ten acres to heat his house and leed two horses and a cow through the

Crippled by Rheumatism.

Those who have Rheumatism find themselves growing steadily worse all the while. One reason of this is that the remedies prescribed by the doctors contain mercury and potash, which ultimately intensify the disease by causing the joints to swell and stiffen. producing a severe aching of the bones. S. S. S. has been curing Rheumatism for twenty years—even the worst cases which seemed almost incurable.

Capt. O. E. Hughes, the popular railroad conductor, of Columbia, S. C., had an experience with Rheumatism which convinced him that there is only one cure for that painful discase. He says: "I was a great sufferer from muscular Rheumatism for two years. I could get

two years. I could get no permanent relief from any medicine pre-scribed by my physician. I took about a dozen botles of your S. S. i ow I am as we suffering from any blo

Everybody knows that Rheumatism is a diseased state of the blood, and only a blood remedy is the only proper treatment, but a remedy containing potash and mercury only aggravates

S.S.S. For Blood

being Purely Vegetable, goes direct the very cause of the disease and a per manent cure always results. It is th only blood remedy guaranteed to con tain no potash, mercury or other dan zerous minerals.

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> WELL! I GUESS YES!!



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RAILROAD SCHEDULES

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES.
In effect on and after May 17, 1887.

VIA. TYRONE-WESTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9 53 am. arrive at Tyrone 11 10 am, at Altoona, 1.00 pm; at Pittsburg Leave Bellefonte 1 05 p m: arrive at Tyrone 2 15 p m; at Altoona 2 55 p m; at Pittsburg 7 06 p m.

Leave Bellefonte 4 44 p m; arrive at Tyrone 640; at Altoona at 7 40; at Pittsburg at 11 30

VIA TYRONE-EASTWARD. VIA TYRONE—EASTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte 9 53 a m. arrive at Tyrone
11 10; at Harrisburg 2 40 p m; at Philadelphia 5 47 p m.

Leave Bellefonte 1 05 p m. arrive at Tyrone
2 15 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; at Harrisburg at 10 20 p m; at Philadelphia 4 30 a m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN-NORTHWARD. Leave Bellefonte 932 am, arrive at Lock Haven 1630 am. Leave Bellefonte 142 pm. arrive at Lock Haven 243 pm; at Williamsport 350 pm. Leave Bellefonte at 831 pm, arrive at Lock Haven at 930 p.m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN-EASTWARD. Leave Bellefonte, 9.32 a.m. arrive at Lock Haven, 10.30, leave Williamsport, 12.40 p.m. arrive at Harrisburg, 3.20 p.m., at Philadel

arrive at Harrisburg, 3.20 p. in., at Philadel phia at 6.23 p. m. Leave Bellefonte, 1.42 p. m., arrive at Lock Ha-ven, 2.43 p. m., Williamsport, 2.50 p.m., Har-risburg, 7.10 p. m. Leave Bellefonte, 8.21 p. m., arrive at Lock Ha-ven, 9.30 p. m., leave Williamsport, 12.20 a. m., arrive Harrisburg, 3.22 a. m., arrive at Philadelphia at 6.52 a. m.

VIA LEWISBURG. Leave Bellefonte at 8.30 a.m., arrive at Lewisburg at 9.15 a.m., Harrisburg, 11.30 a.m., Philadelphia, 3.00 p.m.

Leave Bellefonte, 2.15 p.m., arrive at Lewisburg, 4.47, at Harrisburg, 7.10 p.m., Philadelphia at 11.15 p.m.

LEWISBURG & TYRONE RAILROAD. In effect May 17, 1897.

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BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE BRANCH. Time Table in effect on and afte May 17, 1897.

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5 40 12 00 % ... Pine Grove... 7 30 1 15 585 Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone, connect with train No. 3 for State College. Afternoon trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penn'a, Railroad at Bellefonte for points east and west.

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1 10:55 a. m. Sunday. Philadelphia Sleeping Car attached to east bound train from Williamsport at 11:30 p.m., and west bound from Philadelphia at 12:01 a.m. J. W. GEPHART.

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