There Is Sunshine on Every Cloud Says Dr. Talmage.

What We Consider God's Afflictions on Us Are Always Influences for Good-Why the Useful Are Taken.

[Copyright, 1898.] Washington, Dec. 4. In this discourse Dr. Talmage takes an optimistic view of many things that are usually accounted as inexplicable in human experience and shows us that even trouble and affliction may not be wholly without their brighter side. Text, Psalm 49:4: "I will open my dark saying upon the harp."

The world is full of the inexplicable, the impassable, the unfathomable, the insurmountable. We cannot go three steps in any direction without coming up against a hard wall of mystery, riddles, paradoxes, profundities, labyrinths, problems that we cannot solve. hieroglyphics that we cannot decipher, anagrams we cannot spell out, sphinxes that will not speak. For that reason David in my text proposed to take up some of these somber and dark things and try to set them to sweet music. "I will open my dark sayings on a harp." So I look off upon society and find people in unhappy conjunction of circumstances, and they do not know what it means, and they have a right to ask: Why is this? Why is that? And I think I will be doing a good work by trying to explain some of these strange things and make you more content with your lot, and I shall only be answering questions that have often been asked me or that we have all asked ourselves while I try to set these mysteries to music and open my dark sayings on a

Interrogation the first: Why does God take out of the world those who are useful and whom we cannot spare and leave alive and in good health so many who are only a nuisance to the world? I thought I would begin with the very toughest of all the seeming inscrutables. Many of the most useful men and women die at 30 or 40 years of age, while you often find useless people alive at 60 and 70 and 80. John Careless wrote to Bradford, who was soon to be put to death, saying: "Why doth God suffer me and other such caterpillars to live that can do nothing but consume the alms of the church and take away so many worthy workmen in the Lord's vineyard?" Similar questions are often asked. Here are two men. The one is a noble character and a Christian man. He chooses for a lifetime companion one who has been tenderly reared, and she is worthy of him and he is worthy of her. As merchant or farmer or professional man or mechanic or artist he toils to educate and rear his children. He is succeeding, but he has not yet established for his family a full competency. He seems indispensable to that household, but one day, before he has paid off the mortgage on his house, he is coming home through a strong northeast wind, and a chill strikes through him, and four days of pneumonia end his earthly career, and the wife and children go into a struggle for shelter and food. His next door neighbor is a man who, though strong and well, lets his wife support him. He is around at the grocery store or some general loafing place in the evenings, while his wife sews. His boys are imitating his example and lounge and swagger and swear. All the use that man is in that house is to rave because the coffee is cold when he comes to a late breakfast or to say cutting things about his wife's looks, when he furnishes nothing for her wardrobe. The best thing that could happen to that family would be that man's fuperal, but he declines to die. He lives on and on and on. So we have all noticed that many of the useful are early cut off, while the parasites have great

vital tenacity. I take up this dark saying on my harp and give three or four thrums on the string in the way of surmising and hopeful guess. Perhaps the useful man was taken out of the world because he and his family were so constructed that they could not have endured some great prosperity that might have been just ahead, and they all together might have gone down in the vortex of worldliness which every year swallows up 10,000 households. And so he went while he was humble and consecrated, and they were by the severities of life kept close to Christ and fitted for usefulness here and high seats in Heaven, and when they meet at last before the throne they will acknowledge that, though the furnace was hot, it purified them and prepared them for the eternal career of glory and reward for which no other kind of life could have fitted them. On the other hand, the useless man lived on to 50 or 60 or 70 years because all the ease he ever can have he must have in this world, and you ought not therefore begrudge him his earthly longevity. In all the ages there has not a single loafer ever entered Heaven. There is no place for him there to hang around.

Interrogation the second: Why do good people have so much trouble, sickbankruptcy, persecution, the three black vultures, sometimes putting their fierce beaks into one set of jangled nerves? I think now of a good friend I once had. He was a consecrated Christian man, an elder in the church, and as polished a Christian gentleman as ever walked Broadway. First his general health gave way, and he hobbled around on a cane, an old man at 40. After awhile paralysis struck him. Having by poor health been compelled suddenly to quit business, he lost what property he had. Then his beautiful daughter died; then a son became hopelessly demented. Another son, splendid of mind and commanding of presence, resolved that he would take care of his father's house-

BRIGHT SIDE OF LIFE | hold, but under the swoop of yellow fever at Fernandina, Fla., he suddenly expired. So you know good men and women who have had enough troubles, you think, to crush 50 people. No worldly philosophy could take such a trouble and set it to music or play it on violin or flute, but I dare to open that dark saying on a golden harp.

You wonder that very consecrated

people have trouble? Did you ever

know any very consecrated man or

woman who had not had great trouble? Never! It was through their troubles sanctified that they were made very good. If you find anywhere in this city a man who has now and always has had perfect health and never lost a child, and has always been popular, and never had business struggle or misfortune, who is distinguished for goodness, pull your wire for a telegraph messenger boy and send me word, and I will drop everything and go right away to look at him. There never has been a man like that and never will be. Who are those arrogant, self-conceited creatures who move about without sympathy for others and who think more of a St. Bernard dog. or an Alderney cow, or a Southdown sheep, or a Berkshire pig than of a man? They never had any trouble, or the trouble was never sanctified. Who are those men who listen with a moist eye as you tell them of suffering, and who have a pathos in their voice, and a kindness in their manner, and an excuse or an alleviation for those gone astray? They are the men who have graduated at the royal academy of trouble, and they have the diploma written in wrinkles on their countenances. My! my! What heartaches they had! What tears they have wept! What injustice they have suffered! The mightiest influence for purification and salvation is trouble. No diamond fit for a crown until it is cut. No wheat fit for bread till it is ground. There are only three things that can break off a chain-a hammer, a file or a fire-and trouble is all three of them. The greatest writers, orators and reformers get much of their force from trouble. What gave to Washington Irving that exquisite tenderness and pathos which will make his books favorites while the English language continues to be written and spoken? An early heartbreak that he never once mentioned, and when, 30 years after the death of Mathda Hoffman, who was to have been his bride, her father picked up a piece of embroidery and said: "That is a piece of poor Matilda's workmanship," Washington Irving sank from hilarity into silence and walked away. Out of that lifetime grief the great author dipped his pen's mightiest reenforcement. Calvin's "Institutes of Religion," than which a more wonderful book was never written by human hand, was begun by the author at 25 years of age because of the persecution by Francis, king of France. Faraday toiled for all time on a salary of £80 a year and candles. As every brick of the wall of Babylon was stamped with the letter N, standing for Nebuchadnezzar, so every part of the temple of Christian

achievement is stamped with the let-

ter T, standing for trouble. When in England a man is honored with knighthood, he is struck with the flat of the sword. But those who have come to knighthood in the kingdom of God were first struck not with the flat of the sword, but with the keen edge of the scimeter. To build his magnificence of character, Paul could not have spared one lash, one prison, one stoning, one anathema, one poisonous viper from the hand, one shipwreck. What is true of individuals is true of nations. The horrors of the American revolution gave this country this side of the Mississippi river to independence, and the conflict between England and France gave the most of this country west of the Mississippi to the United States. France owned it, but Napoleon, fearing that England would take it, practically made a present to the United States, for he received only \$15,000,000 for Louisiana, Missouri, Arkansas, Kansas, Nebranka, Iowa, Minnesota, Colorado, Dakota, Montana. Wyoming and the Indian Territory. Out of the fire of the American revolution came this country east of the Mississippi, out of the European war came that west of the Mississippi river. The British empire rose to its present overtowering grandeur through gunpowder plot, and Guy Fawkes' conspiracy, and Northampton insurrection, and Walter Raleigh's beheading, and Bacon's bribery, and Cromwell's dissolution of parliament, and the battles of Edge Hill, and the vicissitudes of centuries. So the earth itself, before it could become an appropriate and beautiful residence for the human family, had, according to geology, to be washed by universal deluge and scorched and made incandescent by universal fires, and pounded by sledge hammer of icebergs, and wrenched by earthquakes that split continents, and shaken by volcanoes that lossed mountains and passed through the catastrophes of thousands of years before Paradise became possible, and the groves could shake out their green banners, and the first garden pour its carnage of color between the Gihon and the Hiddekel. Trouble a good thing for the rocks, a good thing for nations, as well as a good thing for individuals. So when you push against me with a sharp interrogation point: Why do the good suffer? I open the dark saying on a harp and, though I can neither play an organ or cornet or hautboy or bugle or clarinet, I have taken some lessons in the Gospel harp, and if you would like to hear me I will play you these: "A'l things work together for good to those who love God." "Now no chastening for the present reemeth to be joyous, but grievous, nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." "Weeping may en-

dure for a night, but joy cometh in the

morning." What a sweet thing is a

harp, and I wonder not that in Wales,

the country of my anzestors, the harp

has become the national instrument.

and that they have festivals where great prizes are offered in the competition between harp and harp, or that weird Sebastian Erard was much of his time bent over this chorded and vibrating triangle and was not satisfied until he had given it a compass of six octaves, from E to E with all the semitones, or that when King Eaul was demented the son of Jesse came before him and, putting his fingers among the charmed strings of the harp, played the devil out of the crazed monarch, or that in Heaven there shall be harpers harping with their harps. So you will not blame me for opening the dark saying on the Gospel harp:

Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud the praise of love Divine
Bid every string awake!

Interrogation third: Why did the good God let sin or trouble come into the world when He might have kept them out? My reply is: He had a good reason. He had reasons that He has never given us. He had reasons which He could no more make us understand in our finite state than the father, starting out on some great and elaborate enterprise, could make the two-year-old child in its armebair comprehend it. One was to demonstrate what grandeur of character may be achieved on earth by conquering evil. Had there been no evil to conquer and no trouble to console, then this universe would never have known an Abraham, or a Moses. or a Joshua, or an Ezekiel, or a Paul, or a Christ, or a Washington, or a John Milton, or a John Howard, and 1,000,000 victories which have been gained by the consecrated spirits of all ages would never have been gained. Had there been no battle there would have been no victory. Nine-tenths of the anthems of Heaven would never have been sung. Heaven could never have been a thousandth part of the Heaven that it is. I will not say that I am glad that sin and sorrow did enter, but I do say that I am glad that after God has given all His reasons to an assembled universe He will be more honored than if sin and sorrow had never entered, and that the unfallen celestials will be outdone and will put down their trumpets to listen. and it will be in Heaven, when those who have conquered sin and sorrow shall enter, as it would be in a small singing school on earth if Thalberg and Gottschalk and Wagner and Beethoven and Rheinberger and Schuman should all at once enter. The immortals that have been chanting 19,000 years before the throne will say, as they close their librettos: "Oh. if we could only sing like that!" But God will say to those who have never fallen, and consequently have not been redeemed: "You must be silent now. You have not the qualification for this authem." So they sit with closed lips and folded hands, and sinners saved by grace take up the harmony, for the Bible says: "No man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand which were redeemed from the earth."

But now I come nearer home and put a dark saying on the Gospel harp, a style of question that is asked a million times every year. Interrogation the fourth: Why do I have it so hard while others have it so easy? Or, Why I have so much difficulty in getting a livelihood, while others go around with a full portmonnaie? Or, Why must I wear these plain clothes, while others have to push hard to get their wardrobes closed, so crowded are they with brilliant attire? Or, Why should I have to work so hard, while others have 365 holidays every year? They are all practically one question. I answer them by saying it is because the Lord has His favorites, and He puts extra discipline upon you and extra trial, because He has for you extra glory, extra

enthronement and extra felicities. That is no guess of mine, but a Divine says so: "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." "Well," says some one: "I would rather have a little less in Heaven and a little more here. Discount my Heavenly robe ten per cent, and let me now put it on a fur-lined overcoat; put me in a less gorgeous room of the house of many mansions and let me have a house here in a better neighbor-1.ood." No. no; God is not going to rob Heaven, which is to be your residence for nine hundred quadrillion of years, to fix up your earthly abode, which you will occupy at most for less than a century, and where you may perhaps stay only ten years longer, or only one year. or perhaps a month more. Now, you had better cheerfully let God have His way, for, you see, He has been taking care of folks for near 6,000 years and knows how to do it and can see what is best for you better than you can yourself. Don't think you are too insignificant to be divinely eared for. It was said that Diana, the goddess, could not be present to keep her temple at Ephesus from burning because she was attending upon the birth of him who was to be Alexander the Great. But I tell you that your God and my God is so great in small things as well as large things, that He could attend the cradle of a babe and at the same time the burning of a world.

And God will make it all right with you, and there is one song that you will sing every hour your first ten years in Heaven, and the refrain of that song will be: "I am so glad God did not let me have it my own way!" Your case willbe all fixed up in Heaven, and there will be such a reversal of conditions that we can hardly find each other for some time. Some of us who have lived in first-rate houses here and in first-rate neighborhoods will be found, because of our lukewarmness of earthly service, living on one of the back streets of the celestial city, and clear down at the end cf it at No. 808 or 909 or 1505, while some who had unattractive earthly abodes, and a cramped one at that, will in the heavenly city be in a house fronting the royal plaza, right by the imperial fountain or on the heights overlooking the river of life, the chariots of salvation halting at your door, while those visit you who are more than conquerors, and those who are kings and

queens unto God forever.

## MARIE'S CHOICE.

Years since, there was in the city of St. Petersburg a young girl so beautiful and lovely that the greatest prince of Europe, had he met her even in a peasant's hut, might well have turned his back upon princesses to offer his hand and throne. But, far from having seen the light in a peasant's hut she was born in the shadow of the proudest throne on the earth. It was Marie Nicolaewna, the adorned daughter of the Emperor of Russia. As her father saw her blooming like the May flower and sought for her all the heirs of royalty, he cast his eyes upon the fairest, the richest, and the most powerful of them, and, with the smile of a father and a king, said to her:

"My child, you are now of an age to marry, and I have chosen for you the prince who will make you a queen, and the man who will render you bappy."

"The man who will render me hap-" stammered the blushing princess, with a sigh-which was the only objection to which her heart gave utterance. "Speak, father!" she said, as she saw a frown gathering on the brow of the czar; "speak, and your majes-

ty shall be obeyed!" "Obeyed!" exclaimed the emperor, trembling for the first time in his life; is it then only as an act of obedience that you will receive a husband from my hands?"

The young girl was silent, and concealed a tear.

"Is your faith already plighted?" "Yes, father-if I must tell you-my heart is no longer my own; it is bestowed upon a young man who knows it not, and who shall never know it. if such be your wish! He has seen ma but two or three times at a distance, and we will never speak to each other, if your majesty forbids it."

The emperor was silent in his turn. He grew pale. Three times he made the circuit of the salon. He durst not ask the name of the young man.

"Yes, father." The Emperor fell back into an armchair and hid his face in his hands, like Agamemnon at the sacrifice of Iphigenia.

"Where shall I see him?" said the czar, rising, with a threatening as-

"To-morrow, at the review."
"How shall I recognize him?" demanded the czar, with a stamp of his

"By his green plume and black

"'Tis well! Go, my daughter, and pray God have pity upon the man!" The princess withdrew in a fainting condition, and the Emperor was soon

lost in thought. "A childish caprice!" he said, at length; "am foolish to be disturbed at it! She will forget it!" and his lips dared not utter what his heart added.

"It must be, for all my power would be weaker than her tears!' On the following day, at the review, the czar, whose eagle eye embraced all at a glance, sought and saw in his bat-

talions naught else than a green plume and black charger.

He recognized in him who wore the one and rode the other a simple colonel of the Bavarian Light Horse-Maximilion Joseph Eugene Auguste Beauharnais, the Duke of Leuchtenberg, youngest child of the son of Josephine, who was a brief time Empress of France, and of Auguste Amelia, daughter of Maximilian Joseph, of Bavaria, an admirable cavaller, in truth; but as far inferior then to Marie Nicolaewa as a common soldier to an emperor.

"Is it possible?" said the czar to himself, as he sent for the colonel, with the design of sending him to Munich. But at the moment when he was about to crush him with a word he stopped at the sight of his daughter fainting in her caleche. "There is no longer a doubt," thought the czar; "'tis indeed

And turning his back upon the stupefied stranger, he returned with Ma-

rie to the imperial palace.

For six weeks all that prudence, tempered with love and severity, could inspire, was essayed to destroy the image of the colonel in the heart of the princess. At the end of the first week she was resigned, at the end of the second, she wept: at the end of the third she wept in public; at the end of the fourth she wished to sacrifice herself to her father; at the end of the fifth, she was dying. Meanwhile, the colonel, seeing himself in disgrace at the court of his host, without daring to confess to himself the cause, did not wait for his dismissal to return to his regiment. He was on the point of setting out for Munich, when an aide-de-camp of the czar came for him.

"I should have set out yesterday," he said to himself; "I might have avoided what awaits me. At the first flash save yourself from the thunder-

He was ushered into the cabinet where kings only are allowed to enter. The emperor was pale and his eye was moist; but his air was firm and resolute.

"Colonel duke," said he, enveloping and penetrating him with a glance, 'you are one of the handsomest officers in Europe. It is said also-and I believe it is true-that you possess an elevated mind, a thorough education, a lively taste for the arts, a noble heart, and a loyal character. What think you of the grand duchess, my daughter, Marie Nicolaewna?"

"The Princess Marie, sire," exclaimed he, reading at last his own heart without daring to read that of the czar, "your anger would crush me if I told you what I think of her, and should die of joy if you permitted

"You love her-'tis well!" resumed the czar, with a benignant smile; and the royal hand from which the duke was awaiting the thunderbolt, delivered to the colonel the brevet of gencral aide-de-camp of the emperor, the brevets of commandant of the cavalry, of the Guards, of the Regiment of Hussars, of chief of the Corps of Cadets, and of Mining Engineers; of president of the Academy of Arts and member of the Academy Sciences of the Universities of St. Petersburg, of Moscow, of Keasan, of the council of the military schools, etc. All this with the fitle of imperial highness, and several millions

of revenues. "You see that I also love my daughter," said the father; pressing his sonin-law in his arms.

### Red Stamps Supplant Green Ones.

After Jan. 1st the stamped envelopes issued by the postoffice department will bear a red stamp of exactly the same shade as the carmine 2-center. This is in accordance with an article in the international postal agreement, which requires all issues of the same denomination of a stamp to be uniform in color. The department will this month begin substituting the red stamp on envelopes for the green.

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES.
In effect on and after May 17, 1897.

VIA. TYRONE-WESTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte 9 53 am, arrive at Tyrone 11 10 am, at Altoona, 1.00 pm; at Pittsburg 5 to p m.
Leave Bellefonte 1 05 p m: arrive at Tyrone
2 15 p m; at Altoona 2 55 p m; at Pittsburg
7 00 p m.
Leave Bellefonte 4 44 p m; arrive at Tyrone
6 00; 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 Beliefonte 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 Beliefonte 932 a m, arrive at Lock Haven 1030 a m. Leave Beliefonte 142 p m. arrive at Lock Haven 243 p m; at Williamsport 350 p m. Leave Beliefonte at 831 p m, arrive at Lock Haven at 9.30 p, m. VIA LOCK HAVEN-EASTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte, 9.22 a.m. arrive at Lock Haven, 10.30, leave Williamsport, 12.40 p.m. arrive at Harrisburg, 2.20 p.m., at Philadel

arrive at Harrisburg, 3.20 p.m., at Philadel phia at 6.23 p.m.

Leave Bellefonte, 1.42 p.m., arrive at Lock Ha-ven, 2.43 p.m., Williamsport, 3.50 p.m., Har-risburg, 7.10 p.m.

Leave Bellefonte, 8.31 p.m., arrive at Lock Ha-ven, 9.30 p.m., leave Williamsport, 12.30 a. m., arrive Harrisburg, 3.22 a.m., arrive at Philadelphia at 6.52 a.m. VIA LEWISBURG.

Leave Bellefonte at 6.39 a.m., arrive at Lewisburg at 9.15 a.m., Harrisburg, il.30 a.m., Philadelphia, 3.00 p.m.
Leave Bellefonte, 2.15 p.m., arrive at Lewisburg, 4.47, at Harrisburg, 7.16 p.m., Philadelphia at 11.15 p.m.

LEWISBURG & TYRONE RAILBOAD. In effect May 17, 189

WE	STWARD				
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WESTWARD.	EASTWARD.
May 17, 1897.	DAYEX MAIL.
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... Waddle ... 8
...Lambourne ... f8
...Krumrine ... f8 

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone, connect with train No. 5 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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despendence	DOA				REA	DUE
No.1	No-3	No.5	STATIONS.	No.2	No.4	No 6
7 10 7 22 7 28 7 33 7 35 7 39 43 48 48 7 51	12 40 2 / 2 2 5 8 3 03 3 05 3 09 3 13 3 16 3 18 3 21 3 27 5 3 2	8 (12 8 08 8 13 8 15 8 23 8 29 8 32 8 35 8 35 8 44	Lv. Ar. BELLEFONTE Nigh Zion Hecla Park Dunkles Hublersburg Snydertown Nittany Huston Lamar Clintondale	9 40 9 27 9 21 9 16 9 14 9 10 9 06 9 03 9 00 8 57 8 54 8 49	5 10 4 57 4 51 4 46 4 44 4 40 4 36 4 33 4 30 4 27 4 24 4 19 4 33	10 04 9 59 9 54 9 52 9 49 9 40 9 44 9 40 9 38 9 34 9 38
8 10	3 40	8 5z	Salona	8 35	4 05	9 55
8 15 L.m		8 57 p.m.	MILL HALL	t8 30 a.m.	14 00	19 17
		Arr	EECH CREEK R. R. Jersey Shore	ve j	1	3 25
8 2 10 4	7 0	(P)	PHILAD NEW YORK Yia Phila.)	de la		18 36 14 36
p. m.	. a. m	. A.1		re. p.	m.	a. m.

bound train from Williamsport at 11:56 and west bound from Philadelphia at 11:56 J. W. GEPHARI

## GARMAN'S EMPIRE HOUSE,

MAIN STREET, TYRONE, PA.

Al. S. Garman, Proprietor.

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