### **DUR MINOR TROUBLES**

Sermon by Dr. Talmage on Small Annoyances.

He Says It Is These Which Test Christian Fortitude and Patience-The Lesson of Trivial Irritations.

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Washington, Oct. 8. This sermon by Dr. Talmage deals with a subject which appeals to all classes and conditions of men. His text is Deuteronomy 7:20, "The Lord thy God will send the hornet."

It seems as if the insectile world were determined to extirpate the human race. It bombards the grainfields and the orchards and the vineyards, The Colorado beetle, the Nebraska grasshopper, the New Jersey locust, the universal potato beetle, seem to carry on the work which was begun ages ago when the insects buzzed out of Noah's ark as the door was opened.

In my text the hornet flies out on its mission. It is a species of wasp, swift in its motion and violent in its sting. Its touch is torture to man or beast. We have all seen the cattle run bellowing under the cut of its lancet. In boyhood we used to stand cautiously looking at the globular nest hung from the tree branch, and while we were looking at the wonderful covering we were struck with something that sent us shricking away. The hornet goes in swarms. It has captains over hundreds, and 20 of them alighting on one man will produce certain death.

The Persians attempted to conquer a Christian city, but the elephants and the beasts on which the Persians rode were assaulted by the hornet, so that the whole army was broken up, and the besieged city was rescued. This burning and noxious insect stung out the Hittites and the Canaanites from their country. What gleaming sword and chariot of war could not accomplish was done by the puncture of an insect. "The Lord sent the hornet."

My friends, when we are assaulted by great behemoths of trouble we become chivalric and we assault them. We get on the high mettled steed of our courage, and we make a cavalry charge at them, and if God be with us we come out stronger and better than when we went in. But alas for these insectile annoyances of life, these foes too small to shoot, these things without any avoirdupois weight, the gnats and the midges and the flies and the wasps and the hornets! In other words, it is the small stinging annoyances of our life which drive us out and use us up. In the best conditioned life for some grand and glorious purpose God has sent the hornet.

I remark, in the first place, that these small stinging annoyances may come in the shape of a nervous organization. People who are prostrated under typhoid fevers or with broken bones get plenty of sympathy, but who pities anybody that is nervous? The doctors say and the family say and everybody "Oh, she's only a little ne that's all!" The sound of a heavy foot, the harsh clearing of a throat, a discord in music, a want of harmony between the shawl and the glove on the same person, a curt answer, a passing slight, the wind from the east, any one of ten thousand annoyances, opens the door for the hornet. The fact is that the vast majority of the people in this country are overworked, and their nerves are the first to give out. A great multitude are under the strain of Leyden who, when he was told by his physician that if he did not stop working while he was in such poor physical health he would die, responded: "Doctor, whether I live or die, the wheel must keep going round." These sensitive persons of whom I speak have a bleeding sensitiveness. The flies love to light on anything raw, and these people are like the Canaanites spoken of in the text or In the contex-they have a very thin covering and are vulnerable at all points. "And the Lord sent the hornet."

Again, the small insect annoyances may come to us in the shape of friends and acquaintances who are always saying disagreeable things. There are some people you cannot be with for half an hour but you feel cheered and comforted. Then there are other people you cannot be with for five minutes before you feel miserable. They do not mean to disturb you, but they sting you to the bone. They gather up all the yarn which the gossips spin and retail it. They gather up all the adverse criticisms about your person, about your business, about your home, about your church, and they make your ear the funnel into which they pour it. They laugh heartily when they tell you, as though it were a good joke, and you laugh, too-outside.

These people are brought to our attention in the Bible, in the book of Ruth. Naomi went forth beautiful and with the finest worldly prospects into inother land, but after awhile she same back widowed and sick and poor. What did her friends do when she came to the city? They all went out, and instead of giving her common sense consolation, what did they do? Read the book of Ruth and find out. They threw up their hands and said: "Is this Naomi?" as much as to say: "How awful bad you do look!" When I entered the ministry, I looked very pale for years, and every year, for four or five years, many times a year I was asked if I had not consumption, and, passing through the room, I would sometimes hear people sigh and say: "A-ah, not long for this world!" I resolved in those times that I never in any conversation would say anything depressing, and by the help of God I have kept the resolution. These people of whom I speak reap and bind in the great harvest field of discouragement. Some day you greet them with a hilarious "Good morning," and they come buzzing at you with some depress-

ing information. "The Lord sent the hornet."

These small insect disturbances may also come in the shape of business irritations. There are men here who went through the 24th of September, 1869, and the panics of 1873 and of 1893 without losing their balance who are every day unhorsed by little annoyances-a clerk's ill manners, or a blot of ink on a bill of lading, or the extravagance of

a partner who overdraws his account, or the whispering of store confidences in the street, or the making of some little bad debt which was against your somebody else.

It is not the panies that kill the merchants. Panies come only once in ten or 20 years. It is the constant din of these everyday annoyances which is sending so many of our best merchants into nervous dyspepsia and paralysis and the grave. When our national commerce fell flat on its face, these men stood up and felt almost defiant, but their life is going away now under the swarm of these pestiferous annoyances.

"The Lord sent the hornet."

I have noticed in the history of some of my congregation that their annoyances are multiplying and that they have a hundred where they used to have ten. The naturalist tells us that a wasp sometimes has a family of 20,000 wasps, and it does seem as if every annoyance of your life brooded a million. By the help of God, to-day I want to show you the other side. The hornet is of no use? Oh, yes! The naturalist tells us they are very important in the world's economy. They kill spiders, and they clear the atmosphere. And I really believe God sends the annoyances of our life upon us to kill the spiders of the soul and to clear the atmosphere of our skies.

These annovances are sent on us, I think, to wake us from our lethargy. There is nothing that makes a man so lively as a nest of "yellow jackets," and I think that these annoyances are intended to persuade us of the fact that this is not a world for us to stop in. If we had a bed of everything that was attractive and soft and easy, what would we want of Heaven? We think that the hollow tree sends the hornet, or we may think that the devil sends the hornet. I want to correct your opinion. "The Lord sent the hornet."

"Oh," you say, "if I only had the cir- I cumstances of some well to do man I would lie patient, too." You might as well say: "If it were not for this water, I would swim," or, "I could shoot this gun if it were not for the cartridge." When you stand chin deep in annoyances is the time for you to swim out toward the great headlands of Christian attainment, so as to "know Christ and the power of His resurrection and to have fellowship with his sufferings."

Nothing but the furnace will ever burn out of us the clinker and the slag. I have formed this theory in regard to small annoyances and vexations. It takes just so much trouble to fit us for usefulness and for Heaven. The only question is whether we shall take it in the bulk or pulverized and granulated. Here is one man who takes it in the bulk. His back is broken or his eyesight put out, or some other awful calamity befalls him, while the vast majority of people take the thing piecemeal. Which way would you rather have it? Of course, in piecemeal. Better have five aching teeth than one broken jaw; better ten fly blisters than an amputation; better 20 squalls than one cyclone. There may be a difference of opinion as to allopathy and homeopathy, but in this matter of trouble I like homeopathic doses, small pellets of annovance rather than some knockdown dose of calamity. Instead of the thunderbolt give us the hornet. If you have a bank, you would a great deal rather that 50 men would come in with checks less than \$100 than to have two depositors come in the same day, each wanting his \$10,000. In this latter case you cough and look down to the floor and you look up to the ceiling before you look into the safe. Now, my friends, would you not rather have these small drafts of annoyance on your bank of faith than some all staggering demand upon your endurance? But remember that little as well as great annoyances equally require you to trust in Christ for succor and for deliverance from impatience and irritability. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee.'

In the village of Hamelin, tradition says, there was an invasion of rats, and these small creatures almost devoured the town and threatened the lives of the population; and the story is that a piper came out one day and played a very sweet tune, and all the vermin followed him, followed him to the banks of the Weser, and then he blew a blast, and they dropped in and disappeared forever. Of course, this is a fable, but I wish I could on the sweet flute of the Gospel draw forth all the nibbling and burrowing annoyances of your life and play them down into the depths forever.

How many touches did Mr. Church give to his picture of "Cotopaxi" or his 'Heart of the Andes?" I suppose about 50,000 touches. I hear the canvas saying: "Why do you keep me trembling with that pencil so long? Why don't you put it on in one dash?" "No," says Mr. Church; "I know how to make a painting. It will take 50,000 of these sand annoyances which, under God, are making up the picture of your life, to be hung at last in the gallleries of Heaven, fit for angels to look at. God

knows how to make a picture. I go into a sculptor's studio and see him shaping a statue. He has a chisel in one hand and a mallet in the other. and he gives a very gentle stroke-click, click, click! I say: "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way," So he works on, and after awhile the features come out, and everybody that en-

ters the studio is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal nature. It is click, click! I wonder why some great Providence does not come and with one stroke prepare you for Heaven. Ah, no! God says that is not the way, and so He keeps on by strokes of little vexations until at last you shall be a glad spectacle for angels

and for men. You know that a large fortune may be spent in small change, and a vast judgment; but you wanted to please amount of moral character may go away in small depletions. It is the little troubles of life that are having more effect upon you than great ones. A swarm of locusts will kill a grain field sooner than the incursion of three or four cattle. You say: "Since I lost my child, since I lost my property, l have been a different man." But you do not recognize the architecture of little annoyances that are hewing, digging, cutting, shaping, splitting and interjoining your moral qualities. Rats may sink a ship. One lucifer match may send destruction through a block of storehouses. Catherine de Medici got her death from smelling a poisonous rose. Columbus, by stopping and ask ing for a piece of bread and a drink of water at a Franciscan convent, was led to the discovery of a new world. And there is an intimate connection between trifles and immensities, between nothings and everythings.

Now, be careful to let none of these annoyances go through your soul unarraigned. Compel them to administer to your spiritual wealth. The scratch of a sixpenny nail sometimes produces lock jaw, and the clip of a most infinitesimal annoyance may damage you forever. Do not let any annoyance or perplexity come across your soul without its ntak-

ing you better. Our national government when it wanted money did not think it belittling to put a tax on pins and a tax on buckles and a tax on shoes. The individual taxes did not amount to much but in the aggregate to millions and millions of dollars. And I would have you, O Christian man, put a high tariff on every annoyance and vexation that comes through your soul. This might not amount to much in single cases, but in the aggregate it would be a great revenue of spiritual strength and satisfaction. A bee can suck honey even out of a nettle, and if you have the grace of God in your heart you can get sweetness out of that which would otherwise irritate and annoy.

A returned missionary told me that a company of adventurers rowing up the Ganges were stung to death by flies that infest that region at certain seasons. The earth has been strewn with the carcasses of men slain by insect annoyances. The only way to get prepared for the great troubles of life s to conquer these small troubles. What would you say of a soldier who refused to load his gun or to go into the conflict because it was only a skirmish, saying: "I am not going to expend my ammunition on a skirmish. Wait until there comes a general engagement, and then you will see how ageous I am and what battling I will do?" The general would say to such a man: "If you are not faithful in a skirmish, you would be nothing in a general engagement." And I have to tell you. O Christian men, if you cannot apply the principles of Christ's religion on a small scale you will never be able to apply them on a larger scale. If I had my way with you, I would have you possess all possible worldly prosperity. I would have you each one garden, a river flowing through it. geraniums and shrubson the sides and the grass and flowers as beautiful as though the rainbow had fallen. I would have you a house, a splendid mansion. and the beds should be covered with upholstery dipped in the setting sun. would have every hall in your house set with statues and statuettes, and then I would have the four quarters of the globe pour in all their luxuries on your table, and you should have forks of silver and knives of gold, inlaid with diamonds and amethysts. Then you should each one of you have the finest horses and your pick of the quipages of the world. Then I would have you live 150 years, and you should not have a pain or an ache until the

"Not each one of us?" you say. Yes. each one of you. "Not to your enemies?" Yes. The only difference I would make with them would be that I would put a little extra gilt on their walls and a little extra embroidery on their slippers. But, you say: "Why does not God give us all these things?" Ah! I bethink myself. He is wiser. It would make fools and sluggards of us if we had our way. No man puts his best picture, in the portico or vestibule of his house. God meant this world to be only the vestibule of Heaven, that great gallery of the universe toward which we are aspiring. We must not have it too good in this world, or we

would want no Heaven. Polycarp was condemned to be burned to death. The stake was planted. He was fastened to if. The fagots were placed around him, the fires kindled, but history tells us that the flames bent outward like the canvas of a ship in a stout breeze, so that the flames, instead of destroying Polycarp, were only a wall between him and his enetouches." And I want you, my friends, , mies. They had actually to destroy him to understand that it is these ten thou- , with the poniard. The flames would not touch him. Well, my hearer, I want you to understand that by God's grace the flames of trial, instead of consuming your soul, are only going to be a wall of defense and a canopy of blessing. God is going to fulfill to you the blessings and the promises, as He did to Polycarp. "When thou walkest through the fire, though shalt not be burned." Now you do not understand, but you shall know hereafter. In Heaven you will bless God even for the hornet.

> Fiction and friction are common at the literary clubs .- Chicago Dispatch.

BETRAYAL OF THE MOHAWKS. How 1,600 Warriors Were Guided to Their Deaths by Captive

Micmae Squaws.

The annual scalp feast of the Tobique and Micmac Indians is held during the week following the new moon of April, at which time the braves, squaws and papooses of both tribes, together with invited guests from the Abenaki and Passamaquoddy tribes assemble on the Tobique reservation and celebrate the anniversary of the day when more than 1,600 dead bodies of Mohawk warriors came to the surface of the St. John river below Grand falls, thereby furnishing scalps enough to keep both tribes in powder and rum for two years. History and Indian tradition both agree that the Mohawks were the dominant tribe in eastern North America for more than 200 years. They met with a few setbacks in their wars with other tribes, but whenever they got real mad and started out to conquer an adjoining nation they did it so thoroughly that nobody but the victors were left to tell the tale of the engagement. The early part of the eighteenth century was marked by frequent wars between the Mohawks and the tribes of the east. The great tribe from New York state had overrun Massachusetts, Vermont and New Hampshire. It had raided the Iroquois of Canada and exterminated the Norridgwocks of central Maine, but whenever it encountered the tribes along the St. John river the issue was a doubtful one. Every autumn the Mohawks made raids into the ferritory of their old foes, and after fighting for a few weeks returned home, leaving fully as many scalps behind as they carried

The last great invasion was undertaken in September, 1748, when more than 3,000 warriors embarked in canoes for the purpose of sweeping the last hostile Indian from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. When near the head of Lake Champlain the Iroquois ambushed the invaders and killed more than 300, including the son of the chief. From here they made easy journeys to the headwaters of the St. John, reaching the junction of Aroostook river about November 1. The St. John was swollen by heavy autumn rains, compelling the party to use great care. When 30 miles south of Fort Kent a party of six Micmacs, three braves and three squaws, was overtaken. The men were scalped and the women were pressed into service as guides down the

away in their belts.

For two days and two nights the invading army drifted down the river without seeing a person on the shores. On the third night the river drew into a narrow channel and began to rush and roar. The Mohawks asked their Micmae guides the cause, and the squaws replied that there was no occasion for fear, as it was an old habit of the St. John river to rush and roar at that place. Ten minutes later the squaws had jumped overboard and were swimming for the shore under a storm of arrows. The pursuing Indians were so anxious to catch their prisoners that they did not notice the rushing storm and did not hear the roar of the waters below. Shooting around a bend of the river at great risk of upsetting, they came to the brink of Grand falls, over which nearly all the canoes were swept. The next morning when the survivors were mustered there were less than 400 braves. As they were too few to think of battle, the Mohawks turned back, losing half of their number on the way home.

The women made their way to Tobique village, bringing the glad tidings that the Mohawks had perished in the river. The tribe held a pow-wow and war dance for a week. The next spring, when the bodies of the dead Mohawks floated, the Micmacs and Tobiques took more than 1,000 scalps, which they sold to the English garrison at Louisburg at ten shillings each, taking their pay in gunpowder and New England rum. On their return to Tobique the chiefs recognized the services of the three squaws and issued a decree that no woman in the two tribes should ever do any more work. As the men never did any work and as the women ceased from labor in 1749, both tribes have fallen into decay, so that the population to-day is less than 500 .- N. Y. Sun.

Romance of Siam's Great Penks. Siam's greatest mountain range is the Sam Rol Yawt, or the 300 peaks. A quaint legend which explains their origin is set forth by the Siamese geologists as follows: "It appears that one Mong Lai and his wife once inhabited the neighborhood (they were giants), and each promised their daughter in marriage, unknown to the other, to a different suitor. At last the day of the nuptials arrived, and Chao Lai and the lord of Mieang Chin (China) both arrived to claim the bride. When the horrified father found how matters stood-having a regard for the value of a promise, which is not too common in the east-he cut his daughter in half, so that neither suitor should be disappointed. Chao Lai in the meantime, on finding that he had a rival, committed suicide, and the peak of Chaolai is the remains of his body. The unfortunate bride is to be found in the islands off Sam Roi Yawt, the peaks of which are UPON the remains of the gifts which were to be made to the holy man who was to IT. solemnize the wedding, while Kaw Chang and Kaw King, on the east side of the gulf, are the elephant and buffalo cart in which the presents were brought."-N. Y. Journal. The Probable Reason.

Mrs. Hornbeak-I wonder why 'twas that the minister gave the groom at the weddin' last night such a warnin' about the great an' solemn responsibilities of matrimony, and prayed so fervently for strength for the young man to endure the trials an' disappoint ments of the future?

Farmer Hornbeak-Oh, I guess it was b'cus the preacher is a married man himself .- N. Y. World.

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VIA. TYRONE—WESTWARD.
Leave Bellefonte 9 53 a.m., arrive at Tyrone
11 10 a.m., at Altoona, 1.00 p.m.; at Pittsburg

5 50 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 Beliefonte 4 44 p m; arrive at Tyrone 6 00; at Altoona at 7 40; at Pittsburg at 11 2<sub>0</sub>

VIA TYRONE—EASTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte 9 5.2 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 Philadeldeiphia 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, ave Bellefonte 932 a.m., arrive at Lock Haven 1030 a.m. ave Bellefonte 142 p.m. arrive at Lock Haven 243 p.m.; at Williamsport 250 p.m. ave Bellefonte at 831 p.m., arrive at Lock Haven 243 p.m. Leave

Haven at 9.30 p. m. VIA LOCK HAVEN—EASTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte, 9.32 a. m. arrive at Lock
Haven, 10.30, leave Williamsport, 12.46 p.m.
arrive at Harrisburg, 3.29 p. m., at Philadel
phia at 6.23 p. m.

phia at 6.23 p. m., at Philadel Leave Bellefonte, 1,42 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven, 2.43 p. m., Williamsport, 3.50 p.m., Harrisburg, 1,10 n.

ven, 2.43 p. m., Williamsport, 3.50 p.m., Harrisburg, 7.10 p. m.

Leave Beliefonte, 8.31 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven, 9.30 p. m., leave Williamsport, 12.30 a. m., arrive harrisburg, 3.22 a. m., arrive at Philadelphia at 6.52 a. m.

Leave Beliefonte at 6.30 a. m., arrive at Lewisburg at 9.15 a. m., Harrisburg, 11.30 a. m., Philadelphia, 3.00 p. m.

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

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